

## VIOLET HAMILTON; OR, THE TALENTED FAMILY.

(Continued from our January Number.)

## CHAPTER III.

"KNOWLEDGE IS POWER," said the philosopher; and that knowledge of the world, of Life, and of "the Town," is power to gull the town handsomely, at least for a time, if not finally to lead it by the nose, thought Professor Cripps. This sort of knowledge, with its many subordinate requisites and appliances, was already in the possession of the principal branch of the talented Cripps family; and they had fairly taken post in that arena where those faculties are most successfully cultivated, and displayed to the best advantage.

"Right, right, Sir George; London, after all, is the great magnet, the grand mart for talent. Sir, I have lost twenty years of my life!" Thus spoke "Professor Cryppes, Mus. Doc. No. —, Regent's Park," so designated on his handsome cards of address, as he looked round the elegant saloon of his new dwelling, and almost fancied that his life, for the last month, had been a fairy tale. But there are no effects without adequate causes, save, perhaps, in novels; so we shall glance back for an instant upon those which had produced this sudden and brilliant transformation; not that all was yet gold that glittered in the establishment of Professor Cryppes.

Let us first, however, beat a word upon talented families in general. There are persons so ill-natured as sometimes to term them adventurers, swindlers, and what not. We are, we trust, more just and discriminating. Though it be not, at all times, easy to trace the exact line which divides classes that are so apt to converge into each other, from having no original fixed position in society, success, we should say, is the general distinction of a *talented family* or individual, as opposed to the *adventurers*; who, without the presence of that essential element to British respectability, may remain, though gifted with the higher quality of genius, adventurers or swindlers to the last hour of their career. Talented families are found, in every luxurious society, the instruments of its amusements and pleasures: but the mixed government and free institutions of this happy country, which throw open the path to wealth and to the highest distinction, to every man possessed of ability, perseverance, and honourable ambition, are alleged to be peculiarly favourable to the development of talent. And it does happen that a scheming, supple, servile lawyer, of obscure birth, may, once in a half century or so, creep very high; or the tutor or chaplain of an influential patrician house be somewhat oftener beheld transformed into a bishop; though one never hears of a General being found in the ranks, or an Admiral before the mast. Talented families, in their first generation at least, are rarely met in the regular or learned professions. The education of their members is usually accidental and immethodical; and their highest line of enterprise is generally confined to the arts, and

the lower walks of literature. They are painters, players, sculptors, adepts in new petty inventions of the decorative kind, quack-doctors, ushers, itinerant-lecturers on elocution, dentists; manufacturers of shoe-blackening, patent coffee-powders, and soda-water. They are, in short, to be found in all the fluctuating grades of middle-class society, though more generally among its loose-fish and *raffish* members. It is not less true that, in Talented Families, are found many of those individuals who form the grace and ornament if not the strength of society. The Sheridans, the Burneys, the Kembles, and, in their own walk, the Porters, for example, belonged to the better order of *talented families*. From such households have arisen individuals illustrious from genius and worth, and not a few charlatans, impudent pretenders, and worthless though successful political adventurers.

London, as Professor Cryppes and Sir George Lees have declared in the eyes of our readers, is the great mart of such families; which, like all other families, succeed best when numerous and united. As a general rule, they may be pronounced eminently successful, when, after struggling on through one generation, they fairly emerge and take place in the next, and when all the daughters make good matches, and all the sons obtain lucrative posts. A nice moral sense, a scrupulous conscience, and a dignified self-respect, would be serious obstacles to the success of a Talented Family: but, on the other hand, regular conduct, so far as the observance of the decorums and appearances, and the most punctilious attention to pecuniary engagements, are as indispensable to success as good lodgings and handsome dress. Such individuals as Sheridan or Wilkes, gifted with consummate ability, or insuperable effrontery and ready wit, might, in their own day, have got off from the tribunal of decorum by pleading the dispensing power of genius; but this plea would scarcely avail even those great geniuses in our *moral age*, and would at once be quashed if urged by inferior rogues. A woman, by surpassing beauty and accomplishments, or a man, by fine address and great intellectual power, may succeed for a short time, in spite of reckless extravagance and irregularity of life; but Professor Cryppes was early aware, however unsteadily he might at times act upon his convictions, that, in England, the foundations of solid prosperity are not so laid. It was, however, equally his belief, that the enterprising spirit which "bodes a robe of gold and wears it," when accompanied by knowledge of the world and a modest assurance, will generally realize its own ambitious expectations; where reflecting and strait-laced persons may regard them as altogether extravagant or preposterous. They look only to the ends, and the small means for accomplishing them, which they, burthened with

conscience, have power to employ, without capacity of taking into account all the resources of unrestrained talent.

The nicety in such cases lies in hitting the delicate medium, and seizing Time by the forelock; of taking prompt advantage of that tide in the affairs of men, which our Mr and Mrs Cripps both fancied set strongly in for them on the evening of their Musical Soirée, and when, accordingly, they launched their adventurous bark, without a moment's delay. There was no sleep for their eyes on that night; nor had our poor heroine, their young inmate, enjoyed four hours of repose, when she was abruptly roused by Miss Cripps, attired in travelling costume, and in the highest spirits, joyfully announcing the sudden journey, and entreating her to dress herself in all haste. Miss Cripps could imagine only one cause of dubiety or delay—the attention necessary to trunks and bandboxes.

"How wildly you do stare, Mademoiselle! quite an Ophelia," cried the excited young lady. "Never mind about your dresses and things; mamma and Susan will manage all that. Just dress in anything. Here is your black silk —; and throw your cloak over all. Do let me shake you up, Gabrielle. Here is Susan with a cup of coffee for you. My mother and father have not been in bed at all. As soon as papa learned, after they went, that our gentlemen were booked for London for this morning, he got our places. Fancy the delightful chance of having such fellow-travellers as Sir George and Mr Herbert."

"But why should I go—to London—so abruptly;—why with these gentlemen?" said the bewildered girl, folding back her hair under her nightcap, as if to clear her brains.

"Gracious, Mademoiselle! surely you are not awake yet; surely prudery does not go the length of not being able to sit in the same stage-coach with gentlemen whom we know, and under the protection of Mr Cripps."

The heart of Miss Cripps was on this cast. Her father, as the most delicate means of carrying his own purpose, had said—"If you can get my pupil ready in time, you shall both go to town with me, Maria; both, or neither."

"Do, dear Mademoiselle, get up; I assure you Mrs Cripps is not in the humour of listening to *whys* and *wherefores* this morning; and papa is so anxious that you should have the immense advantage of seeing the *Pasta* before she leaves England. Fancy, Gabrielle, how delightful! London! Pray do make haste; that's the coach horn, I am sure; and mamma scolding below, and papa swearing. The coach is to take us up; think how kind! Here, Susan, sleepy Susan, do lace Mademoiselle's stays;" and the half-mad Miss Cripps darted away, as Violet began, with trembling hands, and painful and confused thoughts, to dress herself. Her reason chided her alarm. She was under the protection of her master; sooner or later she was aware the family were to remove to London; Mrs Somers Stocks had made no sign; and, above all, the sorrows of another at this moment came in contrast with

her own lighter grief; for here was Susan breathing in despairing accents:—

"O Violet! how I wish that I were you—going to London!" And, after a pause, spent in stay-lacing, to recover breath and courage, she went on:—"Perhaps, dear Violet, you will hear something of one of whom you must have heard, though I never could find courage to speak of—*him*. Quintin knows him well, and also his haunts. I know how foolish I am: but I am indeed very wretched; and not one of my own family, not even one, to pity me. You know how hard my mother is on some points; you know the unhappy affair which drove him away? For months now, long, long, dreary months—years of misery they seem—I have not even heard his name whispered. You know all that; but not how deeply, how tenderly, with all his faults!"

"Yes, dear Susan; if I can give you comfort, rely on me," replied Violet, turning round and kissing the pale face of her friend, now interesting, nay, almost beautiful, from emotion, in spite of its natural homeliness of feature; and as Susan fervently returned the embrace, she hastily placed a letter in the bosom of Violet's dress, which the latter had not heart to forbid. She had heard of the unfortunate and indiscreet attachment of Susan to a young man who had been a clerk in the banking-house of Mr Somers Stocks, and who had been dismissed for some of those improprieties which commercial men cannot, ought not, to overlook; and thrown, with all his weaknesses about him, into the wilderness of London. In the hurry and tumult of her own feelings, Violet could still sympathize with the deeper unhappiness of her young friend; though short time was allowed for thought or word, when a new train of ideas was awakened in her fancy, as the lamps of the coach flashed, for an instant, against the stately columns of the new bank. "What must he think of this sudden journey—of my change of purpose; for sure he heard, last night, my application to Mrs Stocks, when, like a fool, I ran away?" was the timidly admitted and rapidly discarded idea, as Sir George Lees and Miss Cripps exchanged salutations; and the former, in answer to the young lady's inquiry, replied that "Mr Charles Herbert was aloft."

When the travellers stopped for breakfast, Violet declined to alight. She "had breakfasted;" and, at mid-day, the new M.P., apparently bored by the taciturnity of the lackadaisical *Prima Donna*, and the fippancy of her companion, requested Herbert to exchange seats with him for a stage, that he might enjoy a cigar, and a sight of the country. To the courteous, if somewhat over lively greeting of Mr Herbert, which jarred upon her feelings, the *Prima Donna* replied by a silent bow, pressed herself yet closer up into her corner, and drew her cloak more tightly around her. The sudden change of purpose of the young lady, in whom he had felt a rather singular interest, had passed for a moment unpleasantly across the memory of Herbert: but, bowling along, at a spanking rate, through an

open country, in a clear bracing winter's morning, it is probable that the *insides* had thought mere about the outides than the latter had leisure to reciprocate.

"I am afraid you have had a chill drive, Mademoiselle"—Herbert's feelings checked him. He remembered Juliana Stock's affecting history of the nickname, and would not, could not, adopt the style of the Cripps family; and one glance at the averted countenance, turned to the window, as if gazing out into the country, completely recalled his feelings of the former night. Juliana's "Fair Lily" was drooping, bent by the storm, "surcharged with rain." The few more words which he addressed to Violet, were spoken in a voice which had softened involuntarily with the changed character of his feelings. There is, perhaps, no expression of sympathy more touching to delicate sensibility, than that which cannot be counterfeited, cannot deceive, the tones of the voice, involuntarily attuning themselves to the tone of the heart that is spoken to, more by their music than by any form of words. Violet half looked up; but she did not yet reply.

"Mademoiselle Gabrielle is scarcely awake yet," said her lively companion, as if to atone for Violet's want of courtesy. "Our journey was rather an *impromptu*, in which I delight. Mademoiselle so longs to hear Pasta; and I am wild to meet my brother; and, to say truth, to be in London."

To Violet the painful thought would ever return as they journeyed, "What must he think of me; and what does it signify what he thinks." As they drew nearer the metropolis, deep, long-buried memories awoke in her heart. It so chanced that the whole W—— party were now inside, as Mr and Miss Cripps had insisted upon accommodating every one. The afar-off hum of London, the low growling thunder of its mighty voice, and the sight of the lamps, together, probably, with the rapidity with which wine, which must be paid for, had been swallowed by Mr Cripps, after dinner, had raised the spirits of the long-exiled man to an extravagant pitch. He talked incessantly, became boastful and hyperbolical, and pointed out, at intervals, the rapid succession of objects, with the authority of a man to the manner of town-life born.

"What a philosopher you are, Miss Hamilton!" whispered Charles Herbert, leaning over, towards the wrapped-up silent *Prima Donna*, who had declined to dine, as she had to breakfast, from very shame of shewing her tear-stained, wan face, and who, for many miles back, had not spoken one word. "I had imagined it impossible for one so young to enter mighty London for the first time without some token of excitement."

"But this is not the first time—oh no!—not the first!"

The rest of the reply was lost in the inaudible or inarticulate voice, which silenced Mr Herbert's observation. Violet well remembered that, when between six and seven years of age, she had come from her convent in France to London with her father, on their way to Scotland. She

remembered something of the river and the ships, and, especially, of a dismal chamber in the Tower, in which the two boy princes, the sons of Edward the Fourth, were said to have been murdered. But her most vivid memory was, sleeping in a crib in her father's chamber at the hotel, lest, as he said, she should be stolen; and of a kind Scottish woman, hired to be her attendant to Scotland. These were a few, among the multiplicity of broken images, which floated back upon the mind of the orphan girl, and shut out present scenes. That sense of utter loneliness and desolation; that sinking and inanition of the affections of the heart, to which we give the name of low spirits; was stealing over her. In all that "Mighty Heart," throbbing tumultuously around, there was no memory or thought for her—no place for her image. It would have been a relief could she, at that moment, have recalled one human being, as existing in London, whom she had ever before beheld or spoken to. When Mr Charles Herbert placed her in the hackney coach, which was to convey the Crippses to the hotel selected, Violet felt as if she parted with a friend; almost her last friend; yet they were not even acquainted. This day their intercourse had been merely in dumb show; and when he returned to the coach door, saying, "You have dropped this letter, ma'am,"—as he held out the epistle of Susan Cripps, which had fallen from Violet's dress, in getting from the mail-coach into the other vehicle—from fear that Susan's secret might be detected, and a nameless feeling of shame and vexation, she blushed and faltered, and, eagerly grasping at the letter, forgot to return thanks to its preserver. "A billet-doux, ready prepared," said Maria Cripps, with a laugh.

Prompt, active, and indefatigable person as was Mr Cripps, and much as lay before him to do, nothing could be accomplished that night, though much might be planned and discussed. He was still in unusual good humour and good spirits. Tea was ordered, and was immediately followed by a slight supper and mulled wine, as "Mademoiselle had fasted all day." A hundred plans for pleasure and amusement were chalked out; visits to the theatres and concert-rooms holding the first place. The season was just opening; and London promised to be unusually full and gay. It was the first year of a new Parliament, and of a new and popular reign. Mr Cripps enjoined his pupil to sleep long, and recover her spirits and good looks before she faced London; though they were to be quite incognito, save to a few particular friends, until Mr Cripps had 'got a house. A house, a *good* house, was his first object. "Much, young ladies, very much depends on the sort of house and establishment one launches with in London," was his text. Violet strove to be edified by the sermon; strove to be grateful and cheerful, and to school her reason to her fortunes.

Fatigue and exhaustion seconded the kind injunctions of Mr Cripps; and his pupil slept profoundly, long after the complicated machinery of the Modern Babel was snorting and roaring

around her. When she descended late to the drawing-room, which Mr Cripps had engaged, that gentleman had gone abroad. Breakfast stood untouched; Miss Cripps had not appeared; and Mike Twig, with an extra polish on his shoes, and an extra brush on his blue livery, (both in honour of London,) stood at the door, in waiting. Violet thought of Susan's letter: Would Mike prove either an intelligent or a faithful emissary? for, beyond the simple name, "Mr Robert Mortimer," Susan's letter bore no address; the want of that was no small part of Susan's affliction.

Violet's pride and delicacy revolted from tampering with the awkward booby, who amused her by his more awkward imitation of the airs of the alert and smartly-dressed waiters, whisking about the passages, or lounging in the outer lobbies. Mike placed a chair for her; poked the fire, in their style; and pushed over the morning papers, in which his master had been house-hunting. The imitation was hopeful: Mike was an improvable subject.

#### CHAPTER IV.

A house is, as Professor Cryppes had remarked, a most important affair to every man settling in London. In country towns, a family may give the respectability to a dwelling which, in London, they must borrow from it. There the man belongs rather to the house than the house to the man. But to an unknown professional man, or an artist, a dwelling is more than to any one else. A house is much, but a locality, be it street or square, row or terrace, is often more. The long estrangement of Mr Cripps from the metropolis, though he had made a run up occasionally, to refresh his musical tastes, had thrown him far behind the age in knowledge of eligible localities. It was an anxious subject; and, like the Irishman's pig, Mr Cripps, on his mind's locomotives, "ran up all manner of streets." In his heyday of youth, some of the Picadilly streets were "tiptop;" such a place as Upper Baker Street, most respectable; and Harley Street, if somewhat *passé*, still almost an aristocratic quarter; Grosvenor Street and Albemarle Street, were then more than unexceptionable; and New Bond Street, for a professional man, had its eligibilities. A fashionable quarter was, at all events, indispensable; and, that gained, not to be too far out of the way of the Clubs, the State offices, and the Houses of Parliament, came next: but the great desideratum was, to unite a good style of house with some regard to economy. Even frugal Mrs Cripps herself had said—"Now Cripps, don't be pennywise." For the Professor was, in theory, a rigid economist; as he well knew that no man could long get on agreeably who did not manage, by hook or by crook, to make both ends meet on the 31st of December; and his only mistake was the capital one, of imagining that impossible results were to be brought about by that knowledge of the Town on which he piqued himself, together with Mrs Cripps' management. Now, that a guinea (and, still more easily, a thousand of them) will, in London or anywhere

else, go farther under one system of economy than another, is undeniable; but we defy it to do the *fair* business of two, or even of one and a half:—Mr Cripps' details were faultless, it was the magnitude of his scale that was wrong.

He had taken a cabriolet on this morning, and driven to several places, which, by the antediluvian notions of 1814, were perfectly unexceptionable; and was still absent, thus engaged, when Mike Twig announced to Violet, as he nearly swung the door off its hinges,

"Maister Squintin Cripps, Marmozell;" and a phenomenon of the Yellow Glove School entered. Violet had previously seen some rather remarkable specimens of the genuine provincial dandy, and caricature engravings of rampant metropolitan samples: but the real and tangible Jack Quintin Cripps out-Heroded all her imaginary Herods. Every point about him—person, features, and equipments—appeared the very caricature of exaggerated low dandyism: his mother's large nose—not Roman, but approaching the order—was enlarged to absurdity; an eyeglass, fixed permanently in his left eye, could not conceal a comical, rather than disagreeable, obliquity of vision; and from the bristly jungle covering the most of his face, those features looked fiercely forth, the whole crowned by the admired and studied disorder of a redundant fell of coarse black hair. Violet could scarce take note of the accoutrements of this extraordinary personage, of the embroidered satin cravat, the ditto waistcoat, the snip-tailed amber-coloured coat, the French *bootikins*, into which midland-county feet were most mercilessly squeezed—and the badge of the order, the yellow (soiled) gloves—from very wonderment at the wearer, and the air with which, by a swinging bow, he threw himself forward, hat in hand, *à la* —. But we must not mention the ultra-exquisite, whom Jack Cripps had the audacity to copy, as happily as a man-monkey may a monkey-man. "I have produced a sensation," was Jack's thought. "Such a figure for Maria to rave so much about," was the thought of Violet. "Oh, enviable eyes of sisterly affection, what *glamour* lurks in ye!"

In the meantime, Mike Twig, totally forgetting his manners, with the door-handle in his paw, gazed upon the transfiguration of Jack—like Tam O'Shanter upon the madly hilarious dance of the witches—

Glowered like ane bewitched,

And thought his very een enriched,  
and at a loss where to fix his chief admiration. It must probably have been on the mustachios, which, from that day, Mike began to cultivate on his own upper lip.

"I presume I have the honour to see Mademoiselle Gabrielle, the talented pupil of Professor Cryppes," said the figurant, with another swinging bow.

"If you address me, sir, I am called Miss Hamilton," said Violet, with sudden dignity. She had risen without advancing.

"And I am, at your service, Ma'm'selle, Mr

John Quintin Crypp-es. I must introduce myself, I find. The Governor is abroad, it seems; and I suppose my sister, whose note I found at my chambers, when I returned from the—the opera, this morning, has not appeared yet. Will you, Mister—what is your name? My father's man, I suppose you are? Will you inform Miss Crypp-es that Mr Quintin Crypp-es is below?"

"Dunna ye know mae, then, Meister Squintin?" grinned Twig, "Mikie Twig; but I has growed some, I reckon." And Mike drew up his head like a plough-boy at his first drill, as if pleasantly conscious of the change for the better in person and demeanour, which had rendered Mr Squintin oblivious of an old friend.

"Sir!" enunciated the dandy, in a voice meant to change Mike Twig into stone, and which for the moment did freeze his smiling cheeks into the consistence of ill-set, muddy jellies, "carry my message to Miss Crypp-es, fellow."

"A wull tell Miss Polly," said Mike, doggedly, and rather slamming the door,—that favourite organ, upon which an angry domestic plays off his wrathful fancies.

"Where can Professor Crypp-es have picked up that animal? His good-nature is ever leading him into such scrapes." No reply.

"Chawming mawning this, Ma'm'selle!" And now Mr Quintin exhibited his paces and dress, to the admiration of the young lady, by lounging about the room. "I understand that my friend, Mr Charles Herbert, and Sir George Lees, travelled up with my father yesterday?"

Violet bowed slightly; scornfully thinking, "His friend! Mr Herbert never even spoke to him, I am sure."

"Hot work at the election, I understand. No doubt, the W—— Dons fancy *they* carried it; not aware of the great guns bearing on them from the centre, the London Press, Mademoiselle—thunder directed by—to speak more plainly——"

"Quintin! dear Quintin!" exclaimed Miss Cripps, jumping into her brother's arms with real joy.

"One touch of nature makes the whole world kin." The lovely face of Violet kindled into sweet smiles, as she beheld the affectionate greeting; and she turned next to the placable domestic, whose mouth, that potato and bacon-trap so abhorrent to Mrs Cripps, widened from ear to ear in sympathy.

"Dear Quintin, I am so overjoyed to meet you in London! How charmingly you are dressed, and looking so handsome; don't you think so, Gabrielle? But you never saw my brother before. Let me introduce you; Mademoiselle, papa's pupil, of whom you have heard so much. My eldest brother, Mr John Quintin, Mademoiselle:—there now, do be friends!" and the introduction ended in a giggling whisper, which made Mr Quintin fix his eyes, as directly as apparently they could be fixed on any object, upon Violet.

"We will be quite one family, by and by, Quint; and you such an acquisition to us as a

beau; for, at first, we shall have so much to see, you know. But you don't inquire for the poor souls in dull, stupid W——. Thank my stars, we have cut it at last!"

"How are Suke, and Neddy, and the old lady, and little Bmmy?—does she grow up a beauty, the little creature?"

"Quite lovely, I assure you. Is not my sister Emily quite a beauty, Mademoiselle?"

"She is a very sweet, pretty girl, indeed," replied Violet, glad to be able to say this much with a safe conscience; for the youngest Miss Cripps was certainly a pretty girl. Mr Quintin was protesting the delight it would give him to run about everywhere, to fashionable sights and places, with his two beautiful sisters, and their "chawming" friend, when "the Governor," as he affected to call his father, returned from his early house-hunt, and, after a cordial greeting, breakfast was begun. As it proceeded, Mr Cripps made a furtive examination of his elder hope; who was now in full career of second-hand metropolitan small-talk. Whatever personal improvement was apparent the paternal heart of Mr Cripps acknowledged to the utmost: but, to his critical and experienced eye, many faults were visible in those very points on which Mr Quintin prided himself most,—dress, air, and language; faults which might have been overlooked in a high-born, superlative coxcomb, but which would never pass in a Jack Cripps, who had his way to push by talents and address, and neither fortune nor connexion to bear him out. Mr Quintin was loud in speech; so loud in laughter as to horrify the nerves of the old Court-bred singing-boy of Windsor; dictatorial, and affected. But his father was aware that Jack did not wholly want for the instinct or the tact necessary to the success of talent; and his own experience was fully equal to giving both paternal hints and checks. Both were required.

In the meantime, the conversation turned upon the search for houses, which, after breakfast, Mr Cripps proposed to resume with the ladies.

"Hang it, Governor," said Jack, with a touch of swagger which delighted his sister, "you surely do not intend to plant yourself, and grow into house-leeks and cabbages in those dingy holes? Whereabouts is Harley Street? Depend upon it, I know something of the town. There is an order of persons who may live anywhere—your old-fashioned, high nobility—Duchesses of three tails, as my friend Barker calls them: but, for persons of our style, the Regent's Park, sir, or that vicinage, is the thing."

Mr Jack Quintin squeezed an egg-shell in confirmation of this decision; and Miss Cripps exclaimed—"O yes, the Regent's Park; I vote for it; Mrs Herbert lives there, and Sir George." The elder Cripps was rather nettled by the disparagement cast by implication on his knowledge of "the town" by his gifted son—and before his daughter and his pupil too. There might be something in what Quintin alleged; and it is certain that the character or fair fame of a street, like that

of a woman, once whispered away, can never be restored, though those having an interest in the buildings and ground-rents cannot sue for damages. But with all this momentary superiority of knowledge as to the localities calumniated, Mr Cripps felt that the young gentleman knew the town only on its surface; and feared, moreover, that he had fallen among a horridly bad set of under-bred fashionables and literati.

"Have you forgotten how to speak English since you came to London, Jack," said the father. "Say *Park*, if you please, sir, and leave under-bred persons to establish their claims to fine breeding by slang and superfine pronunciation." Mr Cripps himself spoke English with such perfect purity and nicety, and freedom from all peculiarity of accent, that, when he had first settled in *W*—, it became a doubt, with the higher classes of that town, whether he was a native Englishman or not; so much had early association with the "best society" simplified his speech.

Mr Jack was, in his turn, offended at the open rebuke on a point where he was keenly susceptible; but he affected to laugh while he repeated *Parr-r-k* with a running fire of *r's* like a Norman or Northumbrian; and his father prudently reserved his opinion on Jack's slang and strange "set-out" for a morning, for a private opportunity. The only caution, or rather command, which he directly and decidedly gave was, that Mr Jack should not venture to introduce any one of those five hundred learned friends of his who had each a play coming out at Drury Lane or Covent Garden, an article on the Turf to appear in the next *Quarterly*, or a historical painting in progress, by private command of his Majesty, until his father or mother gave permission. Jack was sulky for a minute, not more, for the ladies were now equipped to go out.

Though the senior Cripps was satisfied that he knew "the town," from its core to its cuticle, much better than his son, the industrious Jack, might, he thought, in his few well-employed months, have learned something of its ever-changing garbs and usages, which had escaped his sire. He had daily perambulated every fashionable quarter, and freely ranged from the Opera-House, on the one hand, to the lowest haunts where pleasure is sought and life seen, on the other. New shops, fashionable tailors, popular eating-houses, clubs, and hells, &c., &c., were, at least externally, quite familiar to him; and this "Regent's Park" sounded well. Jack knew of one very elegant though small house, exquisitely furnished, and to be let on very moderate terms.

"'Tis only a bachelor establishment," said Jack; "you would require to huddle; but, it is exquisitely appointed, and the reception rooms are splendid; the coach-house and stables, first-rate. No more knowing fellow in the city of Westminster, than was the Honourable Frederick Shuffleton."

"And where has he shuffled to?" inquired Miss Cripps.

"Levanted, my dear, to Brussels, I believe,

or somewhere at these German watering-places, where black-legs most do congregate, to see if he can't find a Hungarian, a Russian, or, haply, an American pigeon. Plucked himself, he plucks again."

"And his creditors let his house for him. Well, Jack, what is your wondrously cheap—supposing the place should suit my views?"

"Oh, not above some fifty or eighty guineas a month! The house is small; but a conservatory—capital place for a sly flirtation—capital coach-house, and airy stables for four horses. I have seen them."

"For which papa has no manner of use, you know," said Miss Cripps, looking at papa, suggestively; as if prompting, if not a new chariot, yet some sort of showy vehicle of the genus phaeton.

"You don't suppose, Pol, that the Professor is to pad the hoof among his fashionable pupils, or, on rainy days, job a cab? That would be no go. What lady, as Barker said to me when we talked the thing over, would give five sovereigns for a half-hour's lesson for her daughter, if the *Maestro* walked up to her door on his own legs, and left his clogs and Mackintosh with the porter?—No, no, pretty Pol, that won't do."

Mr Cripps' opinion of his son's wisdom rose with every word.

"The Barker you mean is the clever journalist, Jack? We must know *him*. He has some place in society; and the pen is an instrument!"

"You need not call me Polly, however, Quintin," said Polly, in a tone of pique. "It is vulgar, and I hate it:—that was an old quarrel of ours. But I fancy you are quite right about the difference, to a professional man in London, of walking and riding in his own carriage. I have often heard my mother say, that, till papa got a pupil among the County people at *W*—, he had scarce one pupil." But, Jack Quintin could not tarry for his mother's words of wisdom. "Not call you Poll, my dear; for sure I did not call you Polly? I shall though. You like to be called Maria, perhaps?"

"'Tis my baptismal name, Jack."

"And you may use it again in your marriage settlements, and in your will; but, till then, I shall call you Poll. The Marias are all gone down in fashionable life, down to the basement floors and the provinces, with the Lauras and Louisas, and Carolina Wilhelmina Amelia Skeggs. In drawing-rooms and green-rooms, it is now Jack and Kate, Meg and Ned, Pat and Poll."

Mr Cripps feared there might be some truth in the vulgarity hinted at by his son. The elegant manners of his youth were evidently at a discount in fashionable life. Nobody seemed to mind anybody or anything, save their own ease and convenience; and the only recognisable rule of good breeding, was the greatest amount of selfish enjoyment and egotistical indulgence, with the least possible interference with the selfishness or egotism of one's neighbours.

"Suppose, Jack, we take a look of this toy-

shop, or bird's cage, at eighty pounds a-month. It may amuse the ladies."

Mr Cripps rung to order Mike Twig to call a coach.

"*Volontiers, mon chere gouverneur,*" cried the elastic Jack, springing to his feet.

"However you manage about Poll and Suke, I don't choose to be 'the governor,' sir."

"Million pardons, *aimable papa*; the Professor, only."

Jack bowed, and his father smiled. The compact was established; the honorary dignity ratified. The idea, though Jack's, was good. Something of the kind had before crossed the mind of the Professor. He was not like Juliet. To lovers, there may be nothing in a name, though very much to a talented gentleman, hunting for patronage, among the vulgar great, in the jostling herds of London.

"Mike, call a coach, and look it be a decent one, with brutes not quite fit for the knacker's yard." Jack interferred

"With deference, Professor, I say no; from sunrise to gas-blaze, there is no longer any *hackney* medium between one's own bit of blood or one's own carriage, and one's proper legs; unless a man is on a lark, or bound for his solicitor's or his banker's, or a visit, on the sly, to some of the by-streets."

"What perize species of vehicle would you want, sur," inquired Mike Twig, desirous of displaying the knowledge he had already attained of the names of queer conveyances never seen in W—.

"The Professor don't require a coach, Mister Michael; you may withdraw. . . . Never, Poll, my love, throw away a Mike upon a lout like that, or any menial. Mike, like Jack, is for our familiars; that easy familiarity among ourselves, in our ordinary intercourse, which is now the order of the day, renders it indispensably requisite to be strictly punctilious with our domestics. Were the creature your brother, you could only call him Mike. I can't imagine, by the way, what tempted you to lumber yourselves with the animal: he is far too overgrown for a tiger, too clumsy for a page; and he knows nothing of town, or of his duties."

They were now at the door of the hotel.

"Shall I have the honour of giving my arm to la Belle Hamilton, as De Grammont says—ah, the witty rogue;" and Jack suited the action to the word. Violet shrunk back among the attendant and observant waiters. The elder Mr Cripps was more than suspicious that the flashy cravat and waistcoat, and swallow-tailed amber coat, and dirtyish yellow gloves, were not quite apropos to morning pedestrian exercise. He came to the instant rescue of Violet, with, "Jack, take care of your sister;" and the somewhat discomfited Jack walked off; but soon rallied. The girls might not be quite the thing; their W— bonnets were of a past mode; but it was something to have the amber swallow-tail, with its gilt buttons, seen in Regent Street, near a petticoat of unsuspected character. Jack's acquaintance in London

did not yet lie among young ladies to whom very particular introductions were required. He had got much better on among the men than the women. The English are a sadly unsocial set. He might have said, with Lord Dudley—"There is not a respectable house in London into which I can walk and get a cup of tea." Now, he had, in his own town, mother, sisters, sweethearts; and it did him good this morning to be in female society *once* again. Besides, the girls were worth casting a second look after, at least at so early and empty an hour, in any street of Westminster. Polly Cripps was what is termed a showy girl. Without peculiar grace or elegance, she had a good figure; carried her head well; beat time wonderfully well to Jack's pace, for a rustic then first on the stones; and had enough, and to spare, of fresh complexion, with large black eyes which might be defined, mathematically, as a superficies, "having length and breadth, but no depth." They deepened in time. Polly already made more violent use of these orbs than her father fancied in good taste, or altogether to the purpose, though they were eyes which the mass admire in prescriptive right of colour.

As they advanced, Mr Jack looked back at proper junctures, to establish publicly his claim to the intimacy of the respectable, compact, and neatly-dressed little gentleman in black, and the sylph-like creature that hung on his arm.

The spirits of Violet improved with the air and the animated scene around her. She was particularly attracted by the print-shops; and Mr Cripps was desirous of gratifying her curiosity, especially as it afforded him an opportunity of keeping an eye on his offspring, and estimating their real standing in street society. In the course of the walk, two or three young men, also of the order of *les gants jaunes*, nodded familiarly to Jack as they passed, and honoured his companion with a broad stare; and two other young men, resembling rakish medical students, in pea-jackets, with knowing caps set to the side of their heads, and cigars on full puff, who were much oftener to be found walking the streets than the hospitals, honoured their friend Jack Crippes and his companion with a deliberate survey. While Violet stood absorbed in the plate of a Holy Family, from a painting by Raphael, Mr Crippes could hear the one say—

"What bouncer is that Crippes has picked up? She goes well on her pasterns."

"Don't you know her? Sir George Lees' mistress; an extravagant little devil. She has about cleared out Lees. And now that he has got into the House, and must do the moral, I fancy, he has no objection that Crippes, or any one else, get the reversion of her."

"You are wrong, my Trojan; that girl is not Lees' mistress. I have seen the real nymph in his phaeton fifty times; and I believe I should know every kept woman in May Fair, or belonging to it."

"To be sure you must be deeply learned, Tom; this is your *second* winter."

"That is the girl who came out at the Adel-

phi last Wednesday. She is paying off Cryppes for getting Barker to puff her, by taking his arm, the puppy, just up two streets, before, as she thinks, any one is abroad."

"Mercenary jades all of them, Dick. It is not what a man is, but what he has to pamper their vanity, that one of the harpies thinks of."

"Why, Tom, thou art an absolute philosopher this morning; a sage, a Hippocrates, a Galen. I fear me the expected remittance has not come to hand. Have you quarrelled with ——?"

The loitering pair of friends got beyond ear-shot of Professor Cryppes, whose attention was by this time otherwise engaged. A middle-aged, handsome-looking man, well put up, and admirably well-appointed, from the trouser-strap, under the sole of the boot, to the bridle-rein, so jauntily held in doe-skin gauntlet; a man that, in the Professor's younger days, wont to be described as "a Parkish" or "Hyde-Park-looking" cavalier, faced his West End charger up to the edge of the pavement, and graciously extended a forefinger to salute Jack Cryppes, evidently for the purpose of taking a bold scrutinizing stare at the lady in company. Even the easy self-possessed Miss Cripps seemed somewhat abashed and indignant, until Jack stopped short to announce to the rest of the party his friend Colonel Rivers, one of the most stylish fellows of his years in London, who would be their neighbour if they took Shuffleton's house. "He has contrived to fix himself," said Jack—"as one of his most ostensible ways and means—upon a widowed sister, with a single heiress and a fat jointure. I wish mother or daughter would take me. Don't you think they might do worse, Poll?"

"How you do rattle, Quintin; you will make Mademoiselle stare as if you were in earnest."

"Earnest! and am I not? . . . There, next house, a capital one, dwells another wealthy widow, Charles Herbert's stepmother; a devilish fine woman she is, and in such excellent preservation, that I dare say Herbert sometimes wishes there were no such canonical prohibition as 'a man may not marry his stepmother, his father's wife.' I would not make bones about accepting her;—that's her house—the third off, with the what-d'ye-call-'ems in the balcony."

"Camellias," said Violet, looking with admiration upon some beautiful and tree-like specimens of the camellia, set out for air on this soft and sunny winter's morning. A lady of very youthful appearance, in a handsome morning-dress, was giving orders to a footman about placing the jars; and Violet fancied, though it might be only fancy, that she had disappeared abruptly before her business was completed, as if dissatisfied by the staring of the undaunted Jack and the very curious Miss Cripps.

"Marry you, indeed!" was Violet's thought. "That lovely, graceful woman, a Mrs Jack Cripps!" The idea diverted her, and so did the odd person from whom it sprung; so unconsciously impudent, and yet occasionally so clever and amusing in his impudence.

"Did you see Mrs Herbert, Gabrielle? Such a love of a cashmere over her dress; a clear-muslin morning robe, lined with pale lilac, and a Mary Stuart cap; I have seen nothing so truly elegant. Blowzy Mrs Somers Stocks wont to wear a Mary Stuart" —

"Apropos, Poll, how is my little sweetheart, Juliana," interrupted Jack. "She will be worth a Jew's eye by-and-by, that girl; . . . but there is your home, ladies; that is, if the Professor does not play stingy."

Mr Jack Cripps rung at the gate of a very pretty house, somewhere between the style of the cottage ornée and the ornamented suburban villa. There were, at least, abundant white-plaster architectural enrichments of all sorts, French plate-glass windows, a veranda, shrubs, winter flowers, verdure and all in the highest order.

"So finished, and in such exquisite taste," said Jack. "It is a nonesuch."

"So enchanting!" exclaimed Miss Cripps.

"So fresh and airy,—and so sweetly clean," said Violet.

"Atweel an' it is clean, if it be nae mair," said the respectable-looking matron who admitted them, and who lived in the house to shew it.

"Do you like it, Mademoiselle?" inquired the gratified Mr Cripps, pleased to see his pupil take interest in anything. "Then, I hope, we shall find a pretty apartment for you, and your music, and books."

"Oh, never mind me," replied Violet; "all houses are much the same to me."

The custodian of this fairy palace, whose homely or uncouth appearance formed a grotesque contrast with the flimsy elegancies around her, stood ready with her keys. The furniture, if not the richest that could be procured, was of a description which surpassed all the previous ideas of Mr Cripps and his daughter, notwithstanding their experience at the Grove, where the purse of the doting old banker had been an Aladdin's lamp to his gay young bride, realizing honeymoon dreams of enchantment. In this small establishment there was an exquisite adaptation of the parts to the whole; a selection of whatever Taste, as the Minister of luxurious refinement, could procure from France, England, or the East; of whatever Italian Art could contribute to embellish and enrich, or the most refined English notions of comfort and domestic privacy suggest for personal accommodation. Every one was delighted, but Miss Cripps was enraptured. The music-room, one of the suite of drawing-rooms, was declared exquisite; and the pale yellow silken-damask furniture, and rich golden, or golden-like fringe of the suite, left her, she declared, "nothing to wish for." As the gentlemen went off to examine the stables, she protested that Mrs Cripps would be quite satisfied with the kitchen range and the closets. Violet admired the implied condescension.

"Is it not a perfection of a house, Mademoiselle?"

"It is very pretty—for London, very. One



can see the blue sky—to-day, at least; and there is a promise of verdure and flowers." And though there was neither sea nor river, hill nor meadow, village church nor farm house, cot nor mill—essential attributes of a home view to the imagination of Violet—she again said, "It is very pretty, indeed, for London."

"For London! really, Gabrielle, one might fancy sometimes you had dropt out of the moon. What place is there, on the face of the earth, to be compared to London."

Violet sighed deeply.

"The young Miss may think, that brave and bonny as the muckle Toun is, it's no just *hame*," said the old housekeeper. Violet looked up with eager emotion; while Miss Cripps stared at the odd-looking creature, Dutchwoman or Scotchwoman, most probably the former; for Miss Cripps had seen both Jeanie Deans and Moggy Macgilpin on the stage at W—, and the old woman's dress, though peculiar, was not like theirs in the least. But this idea, with Miss Cripps, was short lived. The mirrors, the stoves, the couches, the ottomans, the pier-tables, the large China vases, in one room, and the endless nick-nackeries in all, were to be examined; and were each, down to footstools, and bell-ropes, and gilt-bellows, and feather-dusters, themes of admiration. Polly finally tested the truth of every looking-glass; proved the softness and elasticity of every *fauteuil*.

"O do, Violet, coax Papa to take this darling pet of a house," exclaimed the young lady, now squatted, *à la Turque*, on an ottoman, in the attitude which she had heard was become fashionable among English fine ladies, though the more prudish still scrambled to their perpendicular legs when gentlemen were approaching.

"I wish he may better bruik it than him that's left it," said the old housekeeper, in an accent much more broadly Doric than the Doric of these refined days; for she had left her native country nearly forty years before, and still retained in original perfection, the sweet speech on which sad innovation has been made.

"You are from Scotland?" said Violet.

"Indeed am I; and, what's mair, I'm neither ashamed of my kintra nor my tongue. Whatfor should I?"

"I know not, I am sure," said Violet, smiling. "Proud rather, I should say."

"Ay, that is as it may be; though pride is no for man, let a be woman. But there's flory fules frae my kintra that's ashamed of baith the ta'en and the tither; the mair misleard are they for their pains. Scotland may hae gude reason to be ashamed o' them:—they hae nae reason, I trow, to be ashamed o' Scotland. Na, na."

Violet was amused and pleased with this natural ebullition of nationality, and paid some compliments to the old lady's country; while the latter peered closer into her face, as they stood alone.

"The other Miss named ye Violet. She'll Miss mair than she'll Catch that ane, or I'm mista'en;" and the old woman grinned scornfully at the

grimaces which Polly Cripps was making to her own image reflected in the mirror, ere she continued—"I went *hame*, about a dozen years syne, wi' a widow gentleman, who had a dochter, a bairn named Violet, to take care o' her; and a bonny, weel-conditioned bit lassie she was, poor motherless thing." Violet was now gazing intently into the old woman's face, as if trying to remember its features. "Ye canna be—such a lang slender miss as ye are, just like a willow wand—the Major's wee Miss Violet, that was sae fond o' our auld-wairld tales o' the Riding times, and our ballants, sic as 'Gil Morice;' and wha grat sae sair for the 'Bawbes in the Wude.'"

"I do hope I am, though," said Violet, holding out her hand, while a glow of pleasure kindled at her heart, which had not visited her bosom for many months. "And you—you are—I am almost sure—my most kind nurse Marion Swinton. Is it not so?"

"Gude be about us!—and its yoursel! But I'm no a gentle Swinton; only Linton, hinny—though the Lintons had their day. And the Major? Oh, I see—I see—poor dear young leddy! I'm a rash woman o' my tongue, and wae to vex ye; but I meant nae ill.

"I am sure not," said Violet, trying to restrain her tears.

"Ay, hinny, ye maun e'en try to be resigned to His will, wha orders a' things richt. A' flesh is grass, and the glory o' man like the flower o' the field. First the mother ta'en away; and sair, sair the Major took that to heart: he never could name her name. Then the father; the parent stem, cut down, or e'er the blossom could weel susteen its ain wecht. But ye maun strive to be resigned to His will. . . . And it will be like, an uncle, or some ane near o' kin, ye are bideing wi' now?" continued the Scotswoman, in whom the unconquerable spirit of curiosity, inborn, and cherished by early habits, was as sharp as on the day when she, and every man, woman, and child, "up the Water, and down the Water," knew exactly what every other man woman, and child was saying, doing, or projecting. The teeming wilderness of London had not, in thirty years, been able to extinguish this hereditary disposition; the natural growth of a thinly peopled country; and it now mingled strongly with more kindly and delicate feelings.

The tears of Violet could no longer be restrained as she tried to whisper, "No friends!—no kin!" And she retreated to a window.

With a natural, if not very amiable, mixture of kindly interest and eager curiosity, Mrs Marion Linton, leaving Violet to recover her composure as she might, applied for information to Miss Cripps, who was again upon the ottoman, acting the languishing sultana.

"So Miss Violet has lost her father, poor dear. And she wadna be that ower weel left, I'm jalousing. Short outcome frae the half-pay, Miss; and, it may be, that same fore-nailed. The Major, though nae sma drink, as we say at *hame*, in the way of blude and connexion, wadna ower walthy in wairld's gear—

M

which to some is a snare. It's no ay the world to the worthy, I trow, in this dispensation o' Time."

"I don't understand Scotch," replied Miss Cripps, disdainfully: and the Scotch blood flew up.

"Scotch! Ca ye that Scotch? My truly, I hae knappit English ower lang wi the best o' ye no to be able to speak your tongue now, to my sorrow, when it suits my turn. Scotch, quo she!"

Miss Cripps rose with dignity, and walked to a window; but instantly started, exclaiming, "Heavens, Gabrielle! there is Charles Herbert below, with Papa and Jack. He is entering the house, I declare!"

"And a good right *Maister* Charles Herbert has to do that same, Miss," said the housekeeper, laying strong emphasis on the *Maister*, so unceremoniously dispensed with by Miss Cripps. "A gude right to come into his ain cousin Maister Shuffleton's house, although I hadna sent for him on particular business.—Come away, Maister Charles," continued the old lady, smiling very graciously, her opinion of the *responsibility* of the candidates for the lodging, rising considerably from their apparent intimacy with Herbert.

"Good morning, Mrs Linton. I have been out of my duty to you: but I only found Mr Shuffleton's letter when I returned from the country last night, enjoining me to write him how you and the turtle-doves were flourishing."

"Bravely baith, Mr Charles," replied the companion and contrast to turtle-doves, with those radiant smiles which shewed how prime a favourite Herbert was. They were evidently upon the most cordial terms. The old lady took the liberty of offering him refreshments for his friends, probably with a hospitable eye to her newly-discovered friend, "Miss Violet."

Mistress Linton was a person of trust; she was honoured to carry keys, both of cellars and cellarets, which she did with sobriety and fidelity that did credit to her country. She might also have an eye, in her civilities, to the letting of the premises; for, although she neither admired "the young fule, wi' the hassock o' hair on his mouth," nor "the upsettin' Miss," the old gentleman in his blacks looked like a respectable person, who could pay his way; and he, moreover, "wore linens like a drap o' May dew." Mistress Linton had her own way of judging of character and circumstances—and she was seldom far wrong.

When the young girl, who acted as her adjutant, or orderly, returned after her, carrying a tray, Herbert was paying his respects to Violet in the window.

"His presence be about us!—an' do ye ken Miss Violet too! This *has* been a mornin' for the forgathering o' auld freends. Ane might think the fairies and warlocks had been among us; for Miss Violet is just a bairn o' my ain, if I may be sae bald; and a bonny bairn she was—and will be again; wan and shilpy as she now looks

in this reeky unhalosome toun. . . . But d'ye think the gentleman, your friend, is like to come to terms for the house?—for I have ither twa or three jobs i' my offer."

The confidential business of Mistress Linton for some years back, had been that of taking charge of the houses of absent families of distinction which were to be let; and she had found it both profitable and creditable. Business of this sort now quite flowed upon her. If houses were to be let furnished, she could guess, at a glance, who would take proper care of the furniture; and who would promptly pay the rent; or the reverse. And her fidelity and shrewdness had so generally recommended her, that if Mrs Linton had been able to divide herself into quarters, she would have found two houses to take care of for each. Her first impression of the Cripps party had not been favourable: but she was a Scotswoman; Miss Violet Hamilton appeared domesticated among them, and Mr Charles Herbert was their friend.

Whether this young gentleman shirked appearing *en famille* in very public and fashionable streets with so gay and striking a division of the Talented Family, or whether he really had the document to seek out and despatch by that day's post to his cousin at Brussels, of which he spoke, he remained to search for it, with the help of Mrs Linton; and perhaps with another thought. He had been much struck with the manner of Violet on the former day. He had followed the party for some time, when she was walking with little Cripps. It was the first time, save for a few hurried moments, on the morning of the hustings, that he had seen her in day-light. She was beautiful—yes, very beautiful; and there was around her the "something than beauty dearer"—sympathy, affinity, fascination. Charles Herbert did not then attempt to trace the source of the emotion or interest with which this fair girl was suddenly inspiring him. He pitied her; that he distinctly knew. And she seemed so ingenuous, so sweetly modest, so unlike all around her, so ill-placed; so truly the "fair lily" of Juliana Stocks. Mr Herbert escaped out of the maze of reverie by thinking, "She is a fine-spirited girl that Juliana Stocks, and will turn out a fine woman, in spite of her mother's nonsense."

"This looks like—this is, the paper which Mr Shuffleton wants—'MS. *Hints for the Game of Short Whist, by the late Colonel S*——.' Yes, this is it. And so you knew Miss Violet Hamilton in Guernsey? You have been a great traveller, Mrs Linton."

"'Deed, sir, I did nae sic thing. It was at *hame* (her constant term for Scotland) that I kenn'd Miss Violet, and her father, the Major, afore her; though as to what Hamiltons they properly belong I never could get satisfaction. The Hamiltons lie mostly west awa, the way of Lenerickshire and Renfrewshire. And I'm no just sure—that is, a'thegether sure—whether the Major was *hame-born*, or in America. I defy ye, now, to ken a Scot by his mother tongue; were

it but the skipper o' a Berwick smack, they maun a' knap and yaff English. When I gaed hame with the Major and Miss Violet, I met a sair change, let me tell ye, on the kintra, Mr Charles: but as for speakin' English, ye ken we beat ye clean at that, like a' thing else, ance we begin." And Mistress Linton gave a patriotic chuckle.

"You went with them to Scotland, then?"

"Ay, to be sure I did, wi' the Major and his little daughter; I was head cham'ermaid—that's, I had charge o' the napery, in thae days, at the hotel where they put up—M——'s, that now is: but a thought o' hame often cam owre my heart; there was a child—but, touts, what need I tell you o' that! I had enouch o' warld's gear gathered amang ye; and I thought if I could get a bit cot-house, like, and a kail-yard, about the Borthwick water-side, and sit under a gospel ministry; though Lon'on is no scant o' savoury preachers, nor yet o' kirk ordinances, I maun say that for't; and if I might, after my experience, set a pattern to the wives o' the parish, and maybe mortify a trifle for the poor in the hands o' the Kirk Session, and set up a bit grave-stane to my honoured and godly parents, under which I might at last lay me down in peace mysel', as the Psalmist says"—

"But you came back to London," interrupted Herbert, anxious to come to the main point; though in so fair a train of obtaining the whole personal history of Mistress Marion Linton.

"Ye may say that;—cam back! and am mair than ashamed o't. But I found some alteration yonder; and though in spirituals, and the wechtier matters o' the law, we may hae the heels o' the English—which they darna deny!—yet there are a hantle slaistry, clarty ways o' doin' about a house, and a table, that I had fallen out o' the use o', to say nae worse, while in Lon'on."

"But Major Hamilton? he was a gentleman;—a man of good family, I mean. His profession made him a gentleman."

"A gentleman, Maister Charles! Gude save us!" cried Mistress Linton, making wide her gleg, grey-green eyes, in very wonderment; "wasna he a Major o' Licht Horse, a Hamilton, and a Scotsman? I'll uphaid him gentle to the day o' Judgment, if I should haud him by the lug till then—ay, every inch o' him;

though the gentry at hame have a confounded trick o' pride, in stapping a' into the auldest son and trooping aff the lave wi' deil-be-licket, an it be na a bit post, or a commission at an orra time; and that foul-mouthed tinkler ye ca' Cobbett, casting it in our teeth, till I'm sure, if I had the means, I would rather pay it out o' my ain pouch than disgrace the kintra. . . . You English have more sense than divide your gear amang your bairns that gait."

"It is an abominable trick, indeed, Mrs Linton: then, I fear, the Major was not very rich?"

"Ye may say that. Rich! And the pair young leddy. Do ye ken onything, Maister Charles, of how she gets her bread? She says she has neither kith nor kin alive; and she does na look very fit for hard wark neither; though, to be sure, there's the manty-making line was ance very respectable for born gentlewomen at hame, as weel as the millendrey and the gum-flowers. Your ain mother, Maister Charles, could put mony a bit job in Miss Violet's way for a word o' your mouth. She is bound up in you, that leddy; and the best of leddies she is. It was her wished me to this house."

Charles Herbert could stand this maundering no longer; so he left his garrulous informant abruptly; and, without answering one of her official queries relating to the probable solvency of the house of Cripps.

\* \* \* \* \*

A month had passed; the domestic arrangements of Professor Cryppes were completed, though his family had not yet joined him; his house was open to company; and, much to the relief of Violet, he had peremptorily settled that Mr Jack should remain in the Temple, and cultivate the muses, politics, and knowledge of the town; merely graced by the knowledge diligently spread among his cronies, that he had a handsome sister, and a father, the celebrated Professor Cryppes, who had a fine house, and kept an equipage, somewhere about the Regent's Park.

During this eventful month, the Professor had been most diligent in the use of every possible means available to Talent; but his patient labours and admirable tact, while his fortunes were thus between winning and losing, must be reserved for another chapter.

(To be continued.)

## LITERARY REGISTER.

### *The Poetical Works of Ebeneser Elliott, the Corn-Law Rhymers.*

THE first complete edition of the works of the most eminent of the Poets of the People has appeared, in a form which renders it universally accessible. The contents of four ordinary volumes of poetry are given in one, at the cost of four shillings; and in a handsome form, and clear type. Since the works of Burns were presented to the world, no such popular gift as this has been bestowed upon working, thinking, feeling, immortal men. For us

to speak at this time of the day of Elliott and his poetry, would be more than superfluous; though we wish we could here refer to the high, but not more high than just, opinions of the *Edinburgh Review*, *Blackwood's Magazine*, and the *New Monthly Magazine*, while Bulwer was its editor; all pronounced when Elliott was much less truly appreciated as a poet than he is now; and since which period nearly all his admirable lyrics, those compositions in which are combined the strength with the beauty of his genius, have appeared.