

VIVIAN GREY.

"Why then the world 's mine oyster,
Which I with sword will open."

VOLS. I. & II.

THIRD EDITION.



LONDON:

HENRY COLBURN, NEW BURLINGTON STREET.

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MAIN

TO

THE BEST AND GREATEST OF MEN

I DEDICATE THESE VOLUMES.

HE, FOR WHOM IT IS INTENDED, WILL ACCEPT AND

APPRECIATE THE COMPLIMENT:

THOSE, FOR WHOM IT IS NOT INTENDED, WILL—

DO THE SAME.

VIVIAN GREY

BOOK THE FIRST

CHAPTER I



VIVIAN GREY.

BOOK THE FIRST.

CHAP. I.

THE CONSULTATION.

I AM not aware that the infancy of Vivian Grey was distinguished by any extraordinary incident. The solicitude of the most affectionate of mothers, and the care of the most attentive of nurses, did their best to injure an excellent constitution. But Vivian was an only child, and these exertions were therefore excusable. For the first five years of his life, Master Vivian, with his curly locks and his fancy dress, was the pride of his own, and the envy of all neighbouring establishments; but, in process of time, the horrible spirit of *boyism*

began to develop itself, and Vivian not only would brush his hair "strait," and rebel against his nurse, but actually insisted upon being — breeched! At this crisis it was discovered that he had been *spoiled*, and it was determined that he should be sent to school. Mr. Grey observed, also, that the child was nearly ten years old, and did not know his alphabet, and Mrs. Grey remarked, that he was getting very ugly. The fate of Vivian was decided.

"I am told, my dear," observed Mrs. Grey, one day after dinner to her husband, "I am told, my dear, that Dr. Flummery's would do very well for Vivian. Nothing can exceed the attention which is paid to the pupils. There are sixteen young ladies, all the daughters of clergymen, merely to attend to the morals and the linen—terms very moderate—100 guineas per annum, for all under six years of age, and few extras, only for fencing, pure milk, and the guitar. Mrs. Metcalfe has both her boys there, and she says their progress is *astonishing!* Percy Metcalfe, she assures me, was quite as backward as Vivian—ah! indeed, much backwarder; and so was Dudley Metcalfe, who was taught at home on the new system, by a

pictorial alphabet, and who persisted to the last, notwithstanding all the exertions of Miss Barrett, in spelling A-P-E—monkey, merely because over the word, there was a monster munching an apple.”

“ And quite right in the child, my dear—*Pictorial* alphabet!—pictorial fool’s head!”

“ But what do you say to Flummery’s, Grey?”

“ My dear, do what you like. I never trouble myself, you know, about these matters;” and Mr. Grey refreshed himself, after this domestic attack, with a glass of claret.

Mr. Grey was a gentleman who had succeeded, when the heat of youth was over, to the enjoyment of a life-interest in an estate of about £2000 per annum. He was a man of distinguished literary abilities, and he had hailed with no slight pleasure, his succession to a fortune, which, though limited in its duration, was still a very great thing for a young *littérateur* about town; not only with no profession, but with a mind utterly unfitted for every species of business. Grey, to the astonishment of his former friends, the wits, made an excellent domestic match; and, leaving the whole management of his household

to his lady, felt himself as independent in his magnificent library, as if he had never ceased to be that true freeman, A MAN OF CHAMBERS.

The young Vivian had not, by the cares which fathers are always heirs to, yet reminded his parent, that children were any thing else but play-things. The intercourse between father and son was, of course, extremely limited; for Vivian was, as yet, the mother's child; Mr. Grey's parental duties being confined to giving his son a glass of claret *per diem*, pulling his ears with all the awkwardness of literary affection, and trusting to God "that the urchin would never scribble."

"I won't go to school, Mamma," bawled Vivian.

"But you must, my love," answered Mrs. Grey; "all good boys go to school;" and in the plenitude of a mother's love, she tried to make her offspring's hair curl.

"I won't have my hair curl, Mamma; the boys will laugh at me," rebawled the beauty.

"Now who could have told the child that?" monologised Mamma, with all a Mamma's admiration.

"Charles Appleyard told me so—*his* hair curl-

ed, and the boys called him *girl*. Papa! give me some more claret—I won't go to school."

CHAPTER II.

PROGRESS.

THREE or four years passed over, and the mind of Vivian Grey most astonishingly developed itself. He had long ceased to wear frills, had broached the subject of boots three or four times, made a sad inroad during the holidays in Mr. Grey's afore-said bottle of claret, and was reported as having once sworn at the footman. The young gentleman began also to hint, during every vacation, that the fellows at Flummery's were somewhat too small for his companionship, and (first bud of puppyism!) the former advocate of straight hair, now expended a portion of his infant income in the purchase of Macassar oil, and began to cultivate his curls. Mrs. Grey could not entertain for a moment, the idea of her son's associating with children, the eldest of whom (to adopt his own account) was not above eight years old; so Flummery's, it was determined, he should leave.

But where to go? Mr. Grey wished Eton, but his lady was one of those women, whom nothing in the world can persuade that a public school is any thing else but a place where boys are roasted alive; and so with tears, and taunts, and supplications, the point of private education was conceded. As for Vivian himself, he was for Eton, and Winchester, and Harrow, and Westminster, all at once; the only point that he made was, "not Rugby, it was so devilish blackguard."

At length it was resolved that *the only hope* should remain at home a season, until some plan should be devised for the cultivation of his promising understanding. During this year, Vivian became a somewhat more constant intruder into the library than heretofore; and living so much among books, he was insensibly attracted to those silent companions, that speak so eloquently.

How far the character of the parent may influence the character of the child, I leave the metaphysician to decide. Sure I am, that the character of Vivian Grey underwent, at this period of his life, a sensible, a prodigious change. Doubtless, constant communion with a mind highly refined, severely cultivated, and much experienced,

cannot but produce a most beneficial impression, even upon a mind formed, and upon principles developed: how infinitely more powerful must the influence of such communion be upon a youthful heart, ardent, innocent, and inexperienced! As Vivian was not to figure in the microcosm of a public school, a place for which, from his temper, he was almost better fitted than any young genius whom the "playing fields" of Eton, or "the hills" of Winton, can remember; there was some difficulty in fixing upon his future *Academus*. Mr. Grey's two axioms were, first, that no one so young as his son should settle in the metropolis, and that Vivian must consequently not have a private tutor; and, secondly, that all private schools were quite worthless; and, therefore, there was every probability of Vivian not receiving any education whatever.

5 | At length, an exception to axiom second started up in the establishment of the Reverend Everard Dallas. This gentleman was a clergyman of the Church of England, a profound Grecian, and a poor man. He had edited the *Alcestis*, and married his laundress—lost money by his edition, and his fellowship by his match. In a few days, the

hall of Mr. Grey's London mansion was filled with all sorts of portmanteaus, trunks, and travelling cases, directed in a boy's sprawling hand to "Vivian Grey, Esquire, at the Reverend Everard Dallas, Burnsley Vicarage, Hants."

"God bless you, my boy! write to your mother soon, and remember your Journal."

CHAPTER III.

PRIVATE EDUCATION.

THE rumour of the arrival of "a new fellow," circulated with rapidity through the inmates of Burnsley Vicarage, and about fifty young devils were preparing to quiz the new-comer, when the school-room door opened, and Mr. Dallas, accompanied by Vivian, entered.

"A dandy, by Jove!" whispered St. Leger Smith. "What a knowing set out!" squeaked Johnson *secundus*. "Mammy-sick!" growled Barlow *primus*. This last exclamation was, however, a most scandalous libel, for certainly no being ever stood in a pedagogue's presence with more

perfect sang froid, and with a bolder front, than did, at this moment, Vivian Grey.

One principle in Mr. Dallas' *regime*, was always to introduce a new-comer in school-hours. He was thus carried immediately *in medias res*, and the curiosity of his co-mates being in a great degree satisfied, at a time when that curiosity could not personally annoy him, the new-comer was, of course, much better prepared to make his way, when the absence of the ruler became a signal for *some moral communication* with "the arrival."

However, in the present instance the young savages at Burnsley Vicarage had caught a Tartar; and in a very few days Vivian Grey was decidedly the most popular fellow in the school. He was "so dashing! so devilish good-tempered! so completely up to every thing!" The magnates of the land were certainly rather jealous of his success, but their very sneers bore witness to his popularity. "Cursed puppy," whispered St. Leger Smith. "Thinks himself knowing," squeaked Johnson *secundus*. "Thinks himself witty," growled Barlow *primus*.

Notwithstanding this cabal, days rolled on at

Burnsley Vicarage only to witness the increase of Vivian's popularity. Although more deficient than most of his own age in accurate classical knowledge, he found himself in talents, and various acquirements, immeasurably their superior. And singular is it, that at school, distinction in such points is ten thousand times more admired by the multitude, than the most profound knowledge of Greek Metres, or the most accurate acquaintance with the value of Roman coins. Vivian Grey's English verses, and Vivian Grey's English themes, were the subject of universal commendation. Some young lads made copies of these productions, to enrich, at the Christmas holidays, their sisters' albums; while the whole school were scribbling embryo prize-poems, epics of twenty lines on "the Ruins of Pæstum," and "the Temple of Minerva;" "Agrigentum," and "the Cascade of Terni."—I suppose that Vivian's productions at this time, would have been rejected by the commonest twopenny publication about town—yet they turned the brain of the whole school; while fellows who were writing Latin Dissertations, and Greek Odes which might have made the fortune of the Classical Journal, were

looked on by the multitude as as great dunderheads as themselves:—and such is the advantage which, even in this artificial world, every thing that is genuine has over every thing that is false and forced. The dunderheads who wrote “good Latin,” and “Attic Greek,” did it by a process, by means of which, the youngest fellow in the school was conscious he could, if he chose, attain at the same perfection. Vivian Grey’s verses were unlike any thing which had yet appeared in the Literary Annals of Burnsley Vicarage, and that which was quite novel was naturally thought quite excellent.

There is no place in the world where greater homage is paid to talent than at an English school. At a public school, indeed, if a youth of great talents is blessed with an amiable and generous disposition, he ought not to envy the minister of England. If any captain of Eton, or præfect of Winchester, is reading these pages, I would most earnestly entreat him dispassionately to consider, in what situation of life he can rationally expect that it will be in his power to exercise such influence, to have such opportunities of obliging others, and be so confident of an *affectionate* and *grateful*

return. Ay, there's the rub!—Bitter, bitter thought! that gratitude should cease the moment we become men.

And sure I am, that Vivian Grey was loved as ardently, and as faithfully, as you might expect from innocent young hearts. His slight accomplishments were the standard of all perfection; his sayings were the soul of all good fellowship; and his opinion, the guide in any crisis which occurred in the monotonous existence of the little commonwealth. And time flew gaily on.

One winter evening, as Vivian, with some of his particular cronies, were standing round the school-room fire, they began, as all schoolboys do when it grows rather dark, and they grow rather sentimental—to talk of HOME.

“Twelve weeks more,” said Augustus Ethege—“twelve weeks more, and we are free! The glorious day should be celebrated.”

“A feast, a feast!” exclaimed Poynings.

“A feast is but the work of a night,” said Vivian Grey: “something more stirring for me! What say you to private theatricals?”

The proposition was, of course, received with enthusiasm, and it was not until they had una-

nimously agreed *to act*, that they universally remembered that acting was *not allowed*. And then they consulted whether they should ask Dallas, and then they remembered that Dallas had been asked fifty times, and then they “supposed they must give it up;” and then Vivian Grey made a proposition which the rest were secretly sighing for, but which they were afraid to make themselves—he proposed that they should act without asking Dallas.—“Well, then, we’ll do it without asking him,” said Vivian;—“Nothing’s allowed in this life, and every thing is done:—in town there’s a thing called the French play, and that’s not allowed, yet my aunt has got a private box there. Trust me for acting—but what shall we perform?”

This question was, as usual, the fruitful source of jarring opinions. One proposed Othello, chiefly because it would be so easy to black a face with a burnt cork. Another was for Hamlet, solely because he wanted to act the ghost, which he proposed doing in white shorts, and a night-cap. A third was for Julius Cæsar, because the murder scene “would be *such fun*.”

“No! no!” said Vivian, tired at these various

and varying proposals, "this will never do. Out upon Tragedies; let's have a Comedy!"

"A Comedy! a Comedy!—oh!—how delightful!"

CHAPTER IV.

PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

AFTER an immense number of propositions, and an equal number of repetitions, Dr. Hoadley's bustling drama was fixed upon. Vivian was to act Ranger, Augustus Etherege was to personate Clarinda, because he was a fair boy and always blushing; and the rest of the characters found able representatives. Every half-holiday was devoted to rehearsals, and nothing could exceed the amusement and thorough fun which all the preparations elicited. All went well—Vivian wrote a most pathetic Prologue, and a most witty Epilogue. Etherege got on capitally in the mask scene, and Poynings was quite perfect in Jack Meggot. There was, of course, some difficulty in keeping all things in order, but then Vivian Grey was such an excellent manager! and then,

with infinite tact, the said manager conciliated the *classiques*, for he allowed St. Leger Smith to select a Greek motto,—from the *Andromache*, if I remember right,—for the front of the theatre; and Johnson *secundus* and Barlow *primus* were complimented by being allowed to act the chairmen.

But, alas! in the midst of all this sunshine, the seeds of discord and dissension were fast flourishing. Mr. Dallas himself was always so absorbed in some freshly imported German commentator, that it was a fixed principle with him, never to trouble himself with any thing that concerned his pupils, “out of school hours.” The consequence was, that certain powers were necessarily delegated to a certain set of beings called USHERS. In the necessity of employing this horrible race of human beings, consists, in a great measure, the curse of what is called, *private education*. Those, who, in all the fulness of parental love, guard their offspring from the imagined horrors of a public school, forget that, in having recourse to “an Academy for Young Gentlemen,” they are *necessarily* placing their children under the influence of *blackguards*; it is of no use to mince the phrase—such is the case. And is not the contagion of

these fellows' low habits and loose principles much more to be feared and shunned, than a system, in which, certainly, greater temptations are offered to an imprudent lad ; but under whose influence boys usually become gentlemanly in their habits and generous in their sentiments ?

The usherian rule had, however, always been comparatively light at Burnsley Vicarage, for the good Dallas never, for a moment, entrusting the duties of tuition to a third person, engaged these deputies merely as a sort of police, to regulate the bodies, rather than the minds, of his youthful subjects. One of the first principles of the new theory introduced into the establishment of Burnsley Vicarage by Mr. Vivian Grey, was, that the ushers were to be considered by the boys as a species of upper servants ; were to be treated with civility, certainly, as all servants are by gentlemen ; but that no further attention was to be paid them, and that any fellow voluntarily conversing with an usher, was to be *cut dead* by the whole school. This pleasant arrangement was no secret to those whom it most immediately concerned, and, of course, rendered Vivian rather a favourite with them. These men had not the tact to conciliate

the boy by a little attention, and were both, notwithstanding, too much afraid of his influence in the school to attack him openly ; so they waited with that patience which insulted beings can alone endure.

One of these creatures must not be forgotten ; his name was Mallett ; he was a perfect specimen of the genuine usher. The monster wore a black coat and waistcoat ; the residue of his costume was of that mysterious colour known by the name of pepper-and-salt. He was a pallid wretch with a pug nose, white teeth, and marked with the small-pox ; and long greasy black hair ; and small black, beady eyes. This dæmon watched the progress of the theatrical company with eyes gloating with vengeance. No attempt had been made to keep the fact of the rehearsal a secret from the police ; no objection, on their part, had as yet been made ; the twelve weeks diminished to six ; Ranger had secretly ordered a dress from town, and was to get a steel handled sword from Fentum's for Jack Meggot ; and every thing was proceeding with the most delightful success, when one morning, as Mr. Dallas was apparently about to take his departure, with a volume of Becker's Thucydides under his

arm, the respected Dominie stopped, and thus harangued: "I am informed that a great deal is going on in this family, with which it is intended that I shall be kept unacquainted. It is not my intention to name any body, or any thing at present; but I must say that of late the temper of this family has sadly changed. Whether there be any *seditions stranger* among you or not, I shall not at present even endeavour to discover; but I will warn my *old* friends of their *new* ones:" and so saying, the Dominie withdrew.

All eyes were immediately fixed on Vivian, and the faces of the *Classiques* were triumphant with smiles; those of the manager's particular friends, the *Romantiques*, we may call them, were clouded; but who shall describe the countenance of Mallett? In a moment the school broke up with an agitated and tumultuous uproar. "No stranger!" shouted St. Leger Smith; "No stranger!" vociferated a prepared gang. Vivian's friends were silent, for they hesitated to accept for their leader the insulting title. Those, who were neither Vivian's friends, nor in the secret, weak creatures who side always with the strongest, immediately swelled the insulting chorus of Mr. St.

Leger Smith. That worthy, emboldened by his success and the smiles of Mallett, contained himself no longer: "Down with the manager!" he cried. His satellites chorussed. But now Vivian rushed forward. "Mr. Smith, I thank you for being so definite;—take that!" and he struck Smith with such force that the Cleon staggered and fell; but Smith instantly recovered, and a ring was as instantly formed. To a common observer, the combatants were most unequally matched; for Smith was a burley, big-limbed animal, alike superior to Grey in years and strength. But Vivian, though delicate in frame, and more youthful, was full his match in spirit, and, thanks to being a Cockney! ten times his match in science. He had not built a white great coat, nor drunk blue ruin at Ben Burn's for nothing!

Oh! how beautifully he fought! how admirably straight he hit! and his stops quick as lightning! and his followings up confounding his adversary with their painful celerity! Smith, alike puzzled and punished, yet proud in his strength, hit round, and wild, and false, and foamed like a furious elephant. For ten successive rounds the result was dubious; but in the eleventh the strength

of Smith began to fail him, and the men were more fairly matched. "Go it! Ranger!—go it, Ranger!" halloed the Greyites; "No stranger!—no stranger!" eagerly bawled the more numerous party. "Smith's floored, by Jove!" exclaimed Poynings, who was Grey's second. "At it again! at it again!" exclaimed all. And now, when Smith must certainly have given in, suddenly stepped forward Mr. Mallett, accompanied by — Dallas! "How, Mr. Grey! No answer, Sir; I understand that you have always an answer ready. I do not quote Scripture lightly, Mr. Grey; but 'Take heed that *you* offend not, even with your tongue.' Now, Sir, to your room."

When Vivian Grey again joined his companions, he found himself almost universally shunned. Etherege and Poynings were the only individuals who met him with their former frankness. "A horrible row, Grey," said the latter. "After you went, the Doctor harangued the whole school, and swears you have seduced and ruined us all:—every thing was happiness until you came, &c. Mallett is of course at the bottom of the whole business: but what can we do? Dallas says you have the tongue of a serpent,

and that he will not trust himself to hear your defence. Infamous shame! I swear! And now every fellow has got a story against you: some say you are a dandy—others want to know, whether the next piece performed at your theatre will be ‘*The Stranger*’;—as for myself and Etherege, we shall leave in a few weeks, and it does not signify to us; but what the devil you’re to do next half, by Jove, I can’t say. If I were you, I would not return.” “Not return, eh! but that will I, though; and we shall see who, in future, can complain of the sweetness of my voice! Ungrateful fools!”

CHAPTER V.

A NEW FRIEND.

THE Vacation was over, and Vivian returned to Burnsley Vicarage. He bowed cavalierly to Mr. Dallas on his arrival, and immediately sauntered up into the school-room, where he found a tolerable quantity of wretches looking as miserable as school-boys, who have left their pleasant homes, generally do, for some four-and-

twenty hours. "How d'ye do, Grey? How d'ye do, Grey?" burst from a knot of unhappy fellows, who would have felt quite delighted, had their newly arrived co-mate condescended to entertain them, as usual, with some capital good story fresh from town. But they were disappointed.

"We can make room for you at the fire, Grey," said Theophilus King.

"I thank you, I am not cold."

"I suppose you know that Poynings and Etherege don't come back, Grey?"

"Every body knew that last half:" and so he walked on.

"Grey, Grey!" halloed King, "don't go in the dining-room; Mallett's there alone, and told us not to disturb him. By Jove, the fellow's going in: there'll be a greater row this half between Grey and Mallett, than ever."

Days—the heavy first days of the half, rolled on, and all the citizens of the little commonwealth had returned.

"What a dull half this will be!" said Eardley; "how one misses Grey's set!—After all, they kept the school alive: Poynings was a first-rate fellow; and Etherege, so deuced good-

natured ! I wonder whom Grey will crony with this half ! Have you seen him and Dallas speak together yet ? He cut the Doctor quite dead at Greek to-day."

"Why, Eardley ! Eardley ! there's Grey walking round playing fields with Mallett !" halloed a sawney who was killing the half-holiday by looking out of the window.

"The devil ! I say, Matthews, whose flute is that ? It's a devilish handsome one !"

"It's Grey's ! I clean it for him," squeaked a little boy. "He gives me sixpence a week !"

"Oh, you sneak !" said one.

"Cut him over !" said another.

"Roast him !" cried a third.

"Whom are you going to take the flute to ?" asked a fourth.

"To Mallett," squeaked the little fellow ; "Grey lends his flute to Mallett every day."—

"Grey lend his flute to Mallett ! The deuce he does ! So Grey and Mallett are going to crony !"

A wild exclamation burst forth from the little party ; and away each of them ran, to spread, in all directions, the astounding intelligence.

If the rule of the ushers had hitherto been light at Burnsley Vicarage, its character was materially changed during this half-year. The vexatious and tyrannical influence of Mallet was now experienced in all directions; meeting and interfering with the comforts of the boys, in every possible manner. His malice was accompanied too by a tact, which could not have been expected from his vulgar mind, and which, at the same time, could not have been produced by the experience of one in his situation. It was quite evident to the whole community that his conduct was dictated by another mind, and that that mind was one versed in all the secrets of a school-boy's life, and acquainted with all the workings of a school-boy's mind: a species of knowledge which no pedagogue in the world ever yet attained. There was no difficulty in discovering whose was the power behind the throne. Vivian Grey was the perpetual companion of Mallett in his walks, and even in the school; he shunned also the converse of every one of the boys, and did not affect to conceal that his quarrel was *universal*. Superior power, exercised by a superior mind, was for a long time more than a match even for the

united exertions of the whole school. If any one complained, Mallett's written answer (and such Dallas always required) was immediately ready, explaining every thing in the most satisfactory manner, and refuting every complaint with the most triumphant spirit. Dallas, of course, supported his deputy, and was soon equally detested. This tyranny had continued through a great part of the long half-year, and the spirit of the school was almost broken, when a fresh outrage occurred, of such a nature, that the nearly enslaved multitude conspired.

The plot was admirably formed. On the first bell ringing for school, the door was to be immediately barred, to prevent the entrance of Dallas. Instant vengeance was then to be taken on Mallett and his companion—*the sneak! the spy! the traitor!*—The bell rang: the door was barred: four stout fellows seized on Mallett—four rushed to Vivian Grey: but stop! he sprang upon his desk, and, placing his back against the wall, held a pistol at the foremost: “Not an inch nearer, Smith, or—I fire. Let me not, however, baulk your vengeance on yonder hound: if I could suggest any refinements in torture, they would be at your

anecdote

service. Vivian Grey smiled, while the horrid cries of Mallett indicated that the boys were “*roasting*” him. He then walked to the door and admitted the barred-out Dominie. Silence was restored. There was an explanation, and no defence ; and Vivian Grey was—expelled.

CHAPTER VI.

THE CLASSICS.

VIVIAN GREY was now seventeen ; and the system of private education having so decidedly failed, it was resolved that he should spend the years antecedent to his going to Oxford, at home. Nothing could be a greater failure than the first weeks of his “*course of study.*” He was perpetually violating the sanctity of the drawing-room by the presence of Scapulas and Hederics, and outraging the propriety of morning visitors by bursting into his mother’s boudoir, with Lexicons and green slippers.

“ Vivian, my dear,” said his father to him one day, “ this will never do : you must adopt some system for your studies, and some locality for

your reading. Have a room to yourself; set apart certain hours in the day for your books, and allow no consideration on earth to influence you to violate their sacredness; and above all, my dear boy, keep your papers in order. I find a Dissertation on 'The Commerce of Carthage,' stuck in my large paper copy of 'Dibdin's Decameron,' and an 'Essay on the Metaphysics of Music' (pray my dear fellow beware of magazine-scribbling) cracking the back of Montfaucon's 'Monarchie.'"

Vivian apologized, promised, protested, and finally sat down "TO READ." He had laid the first foundations of accurate classical knowledge under the tuition of the learned Dallas; and twelve hours a-day, and self-banishment from society, overcame, in twelve months, the ill effects of his imperfect education. The result of this extraordinary exertion may easily be conceived. At the end of twelve months, Vivian, like many other young enthusiasts, had discovered that all the wit and wisdom of the world were concentrated in some fifty antique volumes, and he treated the unlucky moderns with the most sublime spirit of hauteur imaginable. A chorus in the Medea,

that painted the radiant sky of Attica, disgusted him with the foggy atmosphere of Great Britain; and while Mrs. Grey was meditating a *séjour* at Brighton, her son was dreaming of the gulf of Salamis. The spectre in the Persæ was his only model for a ghost, and the furies in the Orestes were his perfection of tragical machinery.

Most ingenious and educated youths have fallen into the same error; but few, I trust, have ever carried such feelings to the excess that Vivian Grey did; for while his mind was daily becoming more enervated under the beautiful but baneful influence of CLASSIC REVERIE, the youth lighted upon PLATO.

Wonderful is it, that while the whole soul of Vivian Grey seemed concentrated and wrapped in the glorious pages of the Athenian,—while, with keen and almost inspired curiosity, he searched, and followed up, and meditated upon, the definite mystery, the indefinite developement,—while his spirit alternately bowed in trembling and in admiration, as he seemed to be listening to the secrets of the Universe revealed in the glorious melodies of an immortal voice;—wonderful is it, I say, that the writer, the study of whose works

appeared to the young scholar, in the revelling of his enthusiasm, to be the sole object for which man was born and had his being, was the cause by which Vivian Grey was saved from being all his life a dreaming scholar.

Determined to spare no exertions, and to neglect no means, by which he might enter into the very *penetralia* of his mighty master's meaning, Vivian determined to attack the latter Platonists. These were a race of men with whom he was perfectly unacquainted, and of whose existence he knew merely by the references to their productions, which were sprinkled in the commentaries of his "best editions." In the pride of boyish learning, Vivian had limited his library to Classics, and the proud leaders of the later schools did not consequently grace his diminutive bookcase. In this dilemma he flew to his father, and confessed by his request that his favourites were not all-sufficient.

"Father! I wish to make myself master of the latter Platonists. I want Plotinus, and Porphyry, and Iamblichus, and Syrianus, and Maximus Tyrius, and Proclus, and Hierocles, and Sallustius, and Damascius."

Mr. Grey stared at his son, and burst into a fit of laughter.

“ My dear Vivian! are you quite convinced that the authors you ask for are all *pure* Platonists? or have not some of them placed the great end rather in *practical* than *theoretic* virtue, and thereby violated the first principles of your master, which would be very shocking! Are you sure, too, that these gentlemen have actually ‘ withdrawn the sacred veil, which covers from profane eyes the luminous spectacles?’” Are you quite convinced that every one of these worthies lived at least five hundred years after the great master; for I need not tell so profound a Platonist as yourself, that it was not till that period that even glimpses of the great master’s meaning were discovered. Strange! that TIME should alike favour the philosophy of theory, and the philosophy of facts. Mr. Vivian Grey, benefiting, I presume, by the lapse of further centuries, is about to complete the great work which Proclus and Porphyry commenced.”

“ My dear sir, you are pleased to be very amusing this morning.”

“ My dear boy! I smile, but not with joy, sit

down, and let us have a little conversation together. Father and son, and father and son on such terms as we are, should really communicate oftener together than we do. It has been, perhaps, *my* fault; it shall not be so again."

"My dear sir!"

"Nay, nay, it *shall* be my fault *now*. Whose it shall be in *future*, Vivian, time will show. My dear Vivian, you have now spent upwards of a year under this roof, and your conduct has been as correct as the most rigid parent might require. I have not wished to interfere with the progress of your mind, and I regret it. I have been negligent, but not wilfully so. I *do* regret it; because, whatever may be your powers, Vivian, I at least have the advantage of *experience*. I see you smile at a word which I so often use. Well, well, were I to talk to you for ever, you would not understand what I mean by that *single word*. The time *will* come, when you will deem that *single word—every thing*. Ardent young men in their closets, Vivian, too often fancy that they are peculiar beings; and I have no reason to believe that you are an exception to the general rule. In passing one whole year of your life, as you have

done, you doubtless imagine that you have been spending your hours in a manner which no others have done before. Trust me, my boy, thousands have done the same; and, what is of still more importance, thousands *are doing*, and *will do* the same. Take the advice of one who has committed as many, ay, more follies than yourself; but who would bless the hour that he had been a fool, if his experience might be of benefit to his beloved son."

"My father!"

"Nay, nay, don't agitate yourself; we are consulting together. Let us see what is to be done. Endeavour to discover, when you are alone, what are the chief objects of your existence in this world. I want you to take no theological dogmas for granted, nor to satisfy your doubts by ceasing to think; but, whether we are in this world in a state of probation for another, or whether we cease altogether when we cease to breathe, human feelings tell me that we have some duties to perform,—to our fellow-creatures—to our friends—to ourselves. Pray, tell me, my dear boy, what possible good your perusal of the latter Platonists can produce to either of these three interests? I trust that

my child is not one of those who look with a glazed eye on the welfare of their fellow-men, and who would dream away an useless life by idle puzzles of the brain:—creatures who consider their existence as an unprofitable mystery, and yet are afraid to die. You will find Plotinus in the fourth shelf of the next room, Vivian. Good morning to you.”

CHAPTER VII.

THE CLASSICS.

THE communications between father and son after this day were very constant; and for some weeks Vivian employed his time rather in conversing with his father, than with *books*. It must not be concealed (and when the fact is stated, it must not be conceived that Vivian's mind was a weak one) that his *fixed principles* became daily loosened, and that his opinions were very soon considerably modified. He speedily began to discover that there were *classics* in other languages besides Greek and Latin, and patient inquiry and dispassionate examination soon convinced him of the futility of that mass of insanity and imposture

—the Greek philosophy. Introduced to that band of noble spirits, the great poets, and legislators, and philosophers of modern Europe, the mind of Vivian Grey recovered, in a study of their immortal writings, a great portion of its original freshness and primal vigour. Nor in his new worship did he blaspheme against the former objects of his adoration. He likened the ancient and the new literatures to the two Dispensations of Holy Writ : —the one arose to complete the other. Æschylus was to him not less divine, because Shakspeare was immortal ; nor did he deny the inspiration of Demosthenes, because he recognised in Burke the divine *afflatus*. The ancient literature, lost in corruption, degraded, and forgotten, ceased to benefit society ; the new literature arose. It hurled from “ the high places,” the idols of corrupt understandings and perverted taste ; but while “ it purified the altars of the Lord,” while it commanded our reverence and our gratitude, the new literature itself veiled to the first grey Fathers of the human mind.

CHAPTER VIII.

SOCIETY.

IN England, personal distinction is the only passport to the society of the great. Whether this distinction arise from fortune, family, or talent, is immaterial ; but certain it is, to enter into high society, a man must either have blood, a million, or a genius.

Neither the fortune nor the family of Mr. Grey entitled him to mix in any other society than that of what is, in common parlance, termed, the middling classes ; but from his distinguished literary abilities he had always found himself an honoured guest among the powerful and the great. It was for this reason that he had always been anxious that his son should be at home as little as possible ; for he feared for a youth the fascination of London society. Although busied with his studies, and professing “ not to visit,” Vivian could not avoid occasionally finding himself in company, in which *boys* should never be seen ; and, what was still

worse, from a certain *esprit de société*, an indefinable *tact*, with which Nature had endowed him, this boy of nineteen began to think this society very delightful. Most persons of his age would have passed through the ordeal with perfect safety; they would have entered certain rooms, at certain hours, with stiff cravats, and Nugee coats, and black velvet waistcoats; and after having annoyed all those who condescended to know of their existence, with their red hands, and their white kid gloves, they would have retired to a corner of the room, and conversationised with any stray four year older not yet sent to bed.

But Vivian Grey was an elegant, lively lad, with just enough of dandyism to preserve him from committing *gaucheries*, and with a devil of a tongue. All men, I am sure, will agree with me when I say, that the only rival to be feared by a man of spirit is—a clever boy.—What makes them so popular with the women, it is not for me to explain; however, Lady Julia Knighton, and Mrs. Frank Delmington, and half a score of dames of fashion, (and some of them very pretty!) were always patronizing our hero, who really found an evening spent in their company not al-

together dull ; for there is no fascination so irresistible to a boy, as the smile of a married woman. Vivian had really passed such a recluse life for the last two years and a half, that he had quite forgotten that he was once considered a very agreeable fellow ; and so, determined to discover what right he ever had to such a reputation, master Vivian dashed into all these amourettes in very beautiful style.

But Vivian Grey was a young and tender plant in a moral hot-house. His character was developing itself too soon. Although his evenings were now generally passed in the manner we have alluded to, this boy was, during the rest of the day, a hard and indefatigable student ; and having now got through an immense series of historical reading, he had stumbled upon a branch of study certainly the most delightful in the world,—but, for a boy, as certainly the most pernicious,—THE STUDY OF POLITICS.

And now every thing was solved ! the inexplicable longings of his soul, which had so often perplexed him, were at length explained. The *want*, the indefinable *want*, which he had so constantly experienced, was at last supplied ; the

grand object on which to bring the powers of his mind to bear and work was at last provided. He paced his chamber in an agitated spirit, and panted for the Senate.

It may be asked, what was the evil of all this? and the reader will, perhaps, murmur something about an honourable spirit and youthful ambition. The evil is *too* apparent. The time drew nigh for Vivian to leave his home for Oxford—that is, for him to *commence* his long preparation for entering on his career in life. And now this person, who was about to be a *pupil*—this boy, this stripling, who was going to begin his education,—had all the desires of a matured mind—of an experienced man, but without maturity and without experience. He was already a cunning reader of human hearts; and felt conscious, that his was a tongue which was born to guide human beings. The idea of Oxford to such an individual was an insult!

CHAPTER IX.

THE NEW THEORY.

I MUST endeavour to trace, if possible, more accurately the workings of Vivian Grey's mind at this period of his existence. In the plentitude of his ambition, he stopped one day to inquire in what manner he could obtain his magnificent ends.

“THE BAR—pooh! law and bad jokes till we are forty; and then, with the most brilliant success, the prospect of gout and a coronet. Besides, to succeed as an advocate, I must be a great lawyer; and, to be a great lawyer, I must give up my chance of being a great man. THE SERVICES in war time are fit only for desperadoes (and that truly am I); but, in peace, are fit only for fools. THE CHURCH is more rational. Let me see: I should certainly like to act Wolsey; but the thousand and one chances against me! And truly I feel *my* destiny should not be on a chance. Were I the son of a Millionaire, or a noble, I

might have *all*. Curse on my lot! that the want of a few rascal counters, and the possession of a little rascal blood, should mar my fortunes!"

Such was the general tenor of Vivian's thoughts, until, musing himself almost into madness, he at last made, as he conceived, the GRAND DISCOVERY. "*Riches are Power*, says the Economist:—and is not *Intellect*? asks the philosopher. And yet, while the influence of the Millionaire is instantly felt in all classes of society, how is it that 'Noble Mind' so often leaves us unknown and unhonoured? Why have there been statesmen who have never ruled, and heroes who have never conquered! Why have glorious philosophers died in a garret? and why have there been poets whose only admirer has been Nature in her echoes? It must be that these beings have thought only of themselves, and, constant and elaborate students of their own glorious natures, have forgotten or disdained the study of all others. Yes! we must mix with the herd; we must enter into their feelings; we must humour their weaknesses; we must sympathise with the sorrows that we do not feel; and share the merriment of fools. Oh, yes! to *rule* men, we must *be* men; to prove that we are strong, we

must be weak ; to prove that we are giants, we must be dwarfs ; even as the Eastern Genie was hid in the charmed bottle. Our wisdom must be concealed under folly, and our constancy under caprice.

“ I have been often struck by the ancient tales of Jupiter’s visits to the earth. In these fanciful adventures, the God bore no indication of the Thunderer’s glory ; but was a man of low estate, a herdsman, or other hind ; and often even an animal. A mighty spirit has in *Tradition*, Time’s great moralist, perused ‘ the wisdom of the ancients.’ Even in the same spirit, I would explain Jove’s terrestrial visitings. For, to govern man, even the God appeared to feel as a man ; and sometimes as a beast, was apparently influenced by their vilest passions. Mankind, then, is my great game.

“ At this moment, how many a powerful noble wants only wit to be a Minister ; and what wants Vivian Grey to attain the same end ? That noble’s influence. When two persons can so materially assist each other, why are they not brought together ? Shall I, because my birth baulks my fancy—shall I pass my life a moping misanthrope in an old château ? Supposing I am in contact with

this magnifico, am I prepared? Now, let me probe my very soul. Does my cheek blanch? I have the mind for the conception; and I can perform right skilfully upon the most splendid of musical instruments—the human voice—to make those conceptions beloved by others. There wants but one thing more—*courage*, pure, perfect, courage;—and does Vivian Grey know fear?" He laughed an answer of bitterest derision.

CHAPTER X.

A LOUNGE.

Is any one surprised that Vivian Grey, with a mind teeming with such feelings, should view the approach of the season for his departure to Oxford, with sentiments of thorough disgust? After many hours of bitter meditation he sought his father; he made him acquainted with his feelings, but concealed from him his actual views, and dwelt on the misery of being thrown back in life, at a period when society seemed instinct with a spirit peculiarly active, and when so many open-

ings were daily offered to the adventurous and the bold.

“Vivian,” said Mr. Grey, “beware of endeavouring to become a great man in a hurry. One such attempt in ten thousand may succeed: these are fearful odds. Admirer as you are of Lord Bacon, you may perhaps remember a certain parable of his, called ‘Memnon, or a youth too forward.’ I hope you are not going to be one of those sons of Aurora, ‘who, puffed up with the glittering show of vanity and ostentation, attempt actions above their strength.’

“You talk to me about the peculiarly active spirit of society; if the spirit of society be so peculiarly active, Mr. Vivian Grey should beware lest it outstrip him. Is neglecting to mature your mind, my boy, exactly the way to win the race? This is an age of unsettled opinions and contested principles:—in the very measures of our administration, the speculative spirit of the present day is, to say the least, not impalpable. Nay, don’t start, my dear fellow, and look the very Prosopeia of Political Economy! I know exactly what you are going to say, but, if you please, we’ll leave Turgot and Galileo to Mr. Canning

and the house of Commons, or your cousin Hargrave and his Debating Society. However, jesting apart, get your hat, and walk with me as far as Evans's; where I have promised to look in, to see the Mazarin Bible, and we'll talk this affair over as we go along.

“ I am no bigot, you know, Vivian. I am not one of those who wish to oppose the application of refined philosophy to the common business of life. We are, I hope, an improving race; there is room, I am sure, for great improvement, and the perfectibility of man is certainly a very pretty dream. (How well that Union Club House comes out now, since they have made the opening;) but, although we may have steam kitchens, human nature is, I imagine, much the same this moment that we are walking Pall-Mall East, as it was some thousands of years ago, when as wise men were walking on the banks of the Ilyssus. When our moral powers increase in proportion to our physical ones, then huzza for the perfectibility of man! and respectable, idle loungers, like you and I, Vivian, may then have a chance of walking in the streets of London without having their heels

trodden upon; a ceremony which I have this moment undergone. In the present day we are all studying science, and none of us are studying ourselves. This is not exactly the Socratic process; and as for the *γνωσις σεαυτου* of the more ancient Athenian, that principle is quite out of fashion in the *nineteenth century* (I believe that's the phrase). Self is the only person whom we know nothing about.

“ But, my dear Vivian, as to the immediate point of our consideration:—in my library, uninfluenced and uncontrolled by passion or by party, I cannot but see that it is utterly impossible that all that we are wishing and striving for can take place, without some—without much evil. In ten years' time, perhaps, or less, the fever will have subsided, and in ten years' time, or less, your intellect will be matured. Now, my good Sir, instead of talking about the active spirit of the age, and the opportunities offered to the adventurous and the bold, ought you not rather to congratulate yourself, that a great change is being effected, at a period of your life when you need not, individually, be subjected to the possibility of

being injured by its operation; and when you are preparing your mind to take advantage of the system, when that system is matured and organized?

“As to your request, it assuredly is one of the most modest, and the most rational, that I have lately been favoured with. Although I would much rather that any influence which I may exercise over your mind, should be the effect of my advice as your friend, than of my authority as your father; still I really feel it my duty, parentally, to protest against this very crude proposition of yours. However, if you choose to lose a term or two, do. Don't blame me, you know, if afterwards you repent it.”

Here dashed by the gorgeous equipage of Mrs. Ormolu, the wife of a man who was working all the gold and silver mines in Christendom. “Ah! my dear Vivian,” said Mr. Grey, “it is *this* which has turned all your brains. In this age every one is striving to make an immense fortune, and what is most terrific, at the same time a speedy one. This thirst for sudden wealth it is, which engenders the extravagant conceptions, and fosters that wild spirit of speculation which is now stalking abroad; and which, like the Dæmon in Franken-

stein, not only fearfully wanders over the whole wide face of nature, but grins in the imagined solitude of our secret chambers. Oh! my son, it is for the young men of the present day that I tremble—seduced by the temporary success of a few children of fortune, I observe that their minds recoil from the prospects which are held forth by the ordinary, and, mark me,—by the *only* modes of acquiring property—fair trade, and honourable professions. It is for you and your companions that I fear. God grant! that there may not be a moral as well as a political disorganization! God grant that our youth, the hope of our state, may not be lost to us! For, oh! my son, the wisest has said ‘He that maketh haste to be rich, shall not be innocent.’ Let us step into Clarke’s and take an ice.”



BOOK THE SECOND.

CHAP. I.

THE MARQUESS OF CARABAS.

THE Marquess of Carabas started in life as the cadet of a noble family. The earl, his father, like the woodman in the fairy tale, was blessed with three sons—the first was an idiot, and was destined for the Coronet; the second was a man of business, and was educated for the Commons; the third was a *Roué*, and was shipped to the Colonies.

The present Marquess, then the Honourable Sidney Lorraine, prospered in his political career. He was servile, and pompous, and indefatigable, and loquacious—so whispered the world:—his friends hailed him as, at once, a courtier and a

sage, a man of business, and an orator. After revelling in his fair proportion of commissioner-ships, and under-secretaryships, and the rest of the milk and honey of the political Canaan, the apex of the pyramid of his ambition was at length visible, for Sidney Lorraine became President of a Board, and wriggled into the adytum of the cabinet.

At this moment his idiot brother died. To compensate for his loss of office, and to secure his votes, the Earl of Carabas was promoted in the peerage, and was presented with some magnificent office, meaning nothing—swelling with dignity, and void of duties. As years rolled on, various changes took place in the administration, of which his Lordship was once a component part; and the ministry, to their surprise, getting popular, found that the command of the Carabas interest was not of such vital importance to them as heretofore, and so his Lordship was voted a bore, and got shelved. Not that his Lordship was bereaved of his splendid office, or that any thing occurred, indeed, by which the *uninitiated* might have been led to suppose that the beams of his Lordship's consequence were shorn; but the Marquess's secret applications at the Treasury were no longer listened to; and

pert under-secretaries settled their cravats, and whispered "that the Carabas interest was gone by."

The most noble Marquess was not insensible to his situation, for he was what the world calls *ambitious*; but the vigour of his faculties had vanished beneath the united influence of years and indolence and ill-humour; for his Lordship, to avoid ennui, had quarrelled with his son, and then having lost his only friend, had quarrelled with himself.

Such was the distinguished individual who graced, one day at the latter end of the season of 18—, the classic board of Horace Grey, Esquire. The reader will, perhaps, be astonished, that such a man as his Lordship, should be the guest of such a man as our hero's father; but the truth is, the Marquess of Carabas had just been disappointed in an attempt on the chair of the President of the Royal Society; which, for want of something better to do, he was ambitious of filling, and this was a conciliatory visit to one of the most distinguished members of that body, and one who had voted against him with particular enthusiasm. The Marquess, still a politician, was now, as he

imagined, securing his host's vote for a future St. Andrew's day.

The *cuisine* of Mr. Grey was *superbe*; for although an enthusiastic advocate for the cultivation of the mind, he was an equally ardent supporter of the cultivation of the body. Indeed, the necessary dependence of the sanity of the one on the good keeping of the other, was one of his most favourite theories, and one which, this day, he was supporting with very pleasant and facetious reasoning. His Lordship was delighted with his new friend, and still more delighted with his new friend's theory. The Marquess himself was, indeed, quite of the same opinion as Mr. Grey; for he never made a speech without previously taking a sandwich, and would have sunk under the estimates a thousand times, had it not been for the juicy friendship of the fruit of Portugal.

The guests were not numerous. A regius professor of Greek; an officer just escaped from Sockatoo; a man of science, and two M. P.'s with his Lordship; the host, and Mr. Vivian Grey, constituted the party. Oh, no! there were two others. There was a Mr. John Brown, a fashionable poet, and who, ashamed of his own name

published his melodies under the more euphonious and romantic title of "*Clarence Devonshire*," and there was a Mr. Thomas Smith, a fashionable novelist;—that is to say, a person who occasionally publishes three volumes, one-half of which contain the adventures of a young gentleman in the country; and the other volume and a-half, the adventures of the same young gentleman in the metropolis;—a sort of writer, whose constant tattle about beer and billiards, and eating soup, and the horribility of "*committing*" puns, give truly a most admirable and accurate idea of the conversation of the refined society of the refined metropolis of Great Britain. These two last gentlemen were "*pets*" of Mrs. Grey.

The conversation may be conceived. Each person was of course prepared with a certain quota of information, without which no man in London is morally entitled *to dine out*; and when the quota was expended, the amiable host took the burthen upon his own shoulders, and endeavoured, as the phrase goes, "*to draw out*" his guests.

Oh, London dinners! empty artificial nothings! and that beings can be found, and those too the flower of the land, who, day after day, and day

after day, can act the same parts in the same dull, dreary farce! The officer had discoursed sufficiently about "his intimate friend, the Soudan," and about the chain armour of the Sockatoo cuirassiers; and one of the M. P's., who was in the Guards, had been defeated in a ridiculous attempt to prove, that the breast-plates of the household troops of Great Britain were superior to those of the household troops of Timtomtamtomtoo. Mrs. Grey, to whose opinion both parties deferred, gave it in favour of the Soudan. And the man of science had lectured about a machine which might destroy fifteen square feet of human beings in a second, and yet be carried in the waistcoat-pocket. And the *Classique*, who, for a professor, was quite a man of the world, had the latest news of the new Herculean process, and was of opinion that, if they could but succeed in unrolling a certain suspicious-looking scroll, we might be so fortunate as to possess a minute treatise on &c., &c., &c. In short, all had said their say. There was a dead pause, and Mrs. Grey looked at her husband and rose.

How singular it is, that when this move takes place every one appears to be relieved, and yet

every one of any experience must be quite aware that the *dead bore* work is only about to commence. Howbeit, all filled their glasses, and the Peer, at the top of the table, began to talk politics. I am sure that I cannot tell what the weighty subject was that was broached by the ex-minister; for I did not dine with Grey that day; and had I done so, I should have been equally ignorant; for I'm a dull man, and always sleep at dinner. However, the subject was political, the claret flew round, and a stormy argument commenced. The Marquess was decidedly wrong, and was sadly badgered by the civil M.P. and the Professor. The host, who was of no party, supported his guest as long as possible, and then left him to his fate. The Military M. P. fled to the drawing-room to philander with Mrs. Grey; and the man of science, and the African had already retired to the intellectual idiotism of a May Fair "At Home." The novelist was silent, for he was studying a scene—and the poet was absent, for he was *musings* a sonnet.

The Marquess refuted, had recourse to contradiction, and was too acute a man to be insensible to the forlornness of his situation; when, at this

moment, a voice proceeded from the end of the table, from a young gentleman, who had hitherto preserved a profound silence, but whose silence, if the company were to have judged from the tones of his voice, and the matter of his communication, did not altogether proceed from a want of confidence in his own abilities. "In my opinion," said Mr. Vivian Grey, as he sat lounging in his father's vacated seat—"in my opinion his Lordship has been misunderstood; and it is, as is generally the case, from a slight verbal misconception in the commencement of this argument, that the whole of this difference arises."

The eyes of the Marquess sparkled—and the mouth of the Marquess was closed. His Lordship was delighted that his reputation might yet be saved; but as he was not perfectly acquainted in what manner that salvation was to be effected, he prudently left the battle to his youthful champion.

Mr. Vivian Grey proceeded with the utmost sang froid: he commented upon expressions, split and subtilized words, insinuated opinions, and finally quoted a whole passage of Bolingbroke to prove that the opinion of the most noble the

Marquess of Carabas was one of the soundest, wisest, and most convincing of opinions that ever was promulgated by mortal man. The tables were turned, the guests looked astounded, the Marquess settled his ruffles, and perpetually exclaimed, "*Exactly* what I meant!" and his opponents, full of wine, and quite puzzled, gave in.

It was a rule with Vivian Grey, never to advance any opinion *as his own*. He had been too deep a student of human nature, not to be aware that the opinions of a boy of twenty, however sound, and however correct, stand but a poor chance of being adopted by his elder, though feebler, fellow-creatures. In attaining any end, it was therefore his system always to advance his opinion as that of some eminent and considered personage; and when, under the sanction of this name, the opinion or advice was entertained and listened to, Vivian Grey had no fear that he could prove its correctness and its expediency. He possessed also the singular faculty of being able to *improvise quotations*, that is, he could unpremeditatedly clothe his conceptions in language characteristic of the style of any particular author:

and Vivian Grey was reputed in the world as having the most astonishing memory that ever existed; for there was scarcely a subject of discussion in which he did not gain the victory, by the great names he enlisted on his side of the argument. His father was aware of the existence of this dangerous faculty, and had often remonstrated with his son on the use of it. On the present occasion, when the buzz had somewhat subsided, Mr. Grey looked smiling to his son, and said: "Vivian, my dear, can you tell me in what work of Bolingbroke I can find the eloquent passage you have just quoted?"—"Ask Mr. Hargrave, Sir," replied the son, with the most perfect coolness; then, turning to the member: "You know, Mr. Hargrave, you are reputed the most profound political student in the House, and more intimately acquainted than any other person with the works of Bolingbroke."

Mr. Hargrave knew no such thing;—but he was a weak man, and, seduced by the compliment, he was afraid to prove himself unworthy of it by confessing his ignorance of the passage.

Coffee was announced.

Vivian did not let the Peer escape him in the

drawing-room. He soon managed to enter into conversation with him; and certainly the Marquess of Carabas never found a more entertaining companion. Vivian discoursed on a new Venetian liqueur, and taught the Marquess how to mull Moselle, an operation of which the Marquess had never heard (as who has?); and then the flood of anecdotes, and little innocent personalities, and the compliments so exquisitely introduced, that they scarcely appeared to be compliments; and the voice so pleasant, and conciliating, and the quotation from the Marquess's own speech! and the wonderful art of which the Marquess was *not* aware, by which, during all this time, the lively, chattering, amusing, elegant conversationist, so full of scandal, politics, and cookery, did not so much appear to be Mr. Vivian Grey as the Marquess of Carabas himself.

"Well, I must be gone," said the fascinated noble; "I really have not felt in such spirits for some time; I almost fear I have been vulgar enough to be amusing, eh! eh! eh!—but you young men are sad fellows, eh! eh! eh!—Don't forget to call on me—good evening! and Mr. Vivian Grey! Mr. Vivian Grey!" said his Lord-

ship returning, "you'll not forget the receipt you promised me for making tomahawk punch."

"Certainly not, my Lord," said the young man;—"only it must be invented first," thought Vivian, as he took up his light to retire. "But never mind, never mind;—

Chapeau bas! chapeau bas!

Gloire au Marquis de Carabas!!"

CHAPTER II.

THE RECEIPT.

A FEW days after the dinner at Mr. Grey's, as the Marquess of Carabas was sitting in his library, and sighing, in the fulness of his ennui, as he looked on his large library-table, once triply covered with official communications, now thinly besprinkled with a stray parliamentary paper or two, his steward's accounts, and a few letters from some grumbling tenants; Mr. Vivian Grey was announced.

"I fear I am intruding on your Lordship, but I really could not refrain from bringing you the receipt I promised."

“ Most happy to see ye, most happy to see ye.”

“ This is exactly the correct receipt, my Lord. TO EVERY TWO BOTTLES OF STILL CHAMPAIGNE, ONE PINT OF CURAÇOA.” The Peer’s eyes glistened, and his companion proceeded; “ ONE PINT OF CURAÇOA; CATCH THE AROMA OF A POUND OF GREEN TEA, AND DASH THE WHOLE WITH GLENLIVET.”

“ Splendid !” ejaculated the Marquess.

“ The nice point, however, which it is impossible to define in a receipt, is *catching the Aroma*. What sort of a genius is your Lordship’s gastrical *chêf*?”

“ Splendid !” re-ejaculated the Marquis; “ La-porte is a genius.”

“ Well, my Lord ! I shall be most happy to superintend the first concoction for you ; and remember particularly,” said Vivian, rising, “ remember, it must be *iced*.”

“ Certainly, my dear fellow : but pray don’t think of going yet.”

“ I am very sorry, my Lord ; but such a pressure of engagements—your Lordship’s kindness is so great, and, really, I fear, that *at this moment*

especially, your Lordship can scarcely be in a humour for my trifling.”

“Why this moment *especially*, Mr. Vivian Grey?”

“Oh, my Lord! I am perfectly aware of your Lordship’s talents for business; but still I had conceived, that the delicate situation in which your Lordship is *now* placed, requiring such anxious attention, such——”

“Delicate situation; anxious attention! why man! you speak riddles. I certainly have a great deal of business to transact: people are so obstinate, or so foolish, they will consult me, certainly,—and certainly I feel it my duty, Mr. Vivian Grey,—I feel it the duty, Sir, of every Peer in this happy country (here his Lordship got parliamentary);—yes, Sir, I feel it due to my character, to my family, to—to—to assist with my advice, all those who think fit to consult me.” Splendid peroration!

“Oh, my Lord!” carelessly remarked Vivian, “I thought it was a mere *on dit*.”

“Thought *what*, my dear Sir! you really quite perplex me.”

“ I mean to say, my Lord—I, I thought it was impossible the overtures had been made.”

“ Overtures, Mr. Vivian Grey ?”

“ Yes, my Lord ! Overtures—hasn’t your Lordship seen the Post ?—but I knew it was impossible,—I said so, I——”

“ Said *what*, Mr. Vivian Grey ?”

“ Said that the whole paragraph was unfounded.”

“ *Paragraph !* what paragraph ?” and his Lordship rose, and rang the library bell, with a vehemence worthy of a Marquess—“ Sadler, bring me the Morning Post.”

The servant entered with the paper : Mr. Vivian Grey seized it from his hands before it reached the Marquess, and glancing his eye over it with the rapidity of lightning, doubled up the sheet in a convenient readable form, and pushing it into his Lordship’s hands, exclaimed, “ There, my Lord ! there, that will explain *all*.”

His Lordship read :—

“ We are informed that some alteration in the composition of the present administration is in contemplation ; Lord Past Century, it is said, will retire ; Mr. Liberal Principles will have

the —————; and Mr. Charlatan Gas the —————. A noble peer, whose practised talents have already benefited the nation, and who, on vacating his seat in the Cabinet, was elevated in the peerage, is reported as having had certain overtures made him, the nature of which may be conceived; but which, under the present circumstances, it would be indelicate in us to hint at."

It would have been impossible for a hawk to have watched its quarry with eyes of more fixed and anxious earnestness, than did Vivian Grey the Marquess of Carabas, as his Lordship's eyes wandered over the paragraph. Vivian drew his chair close to the table opposite to the Marquess, and when the paragraph was read, their eyes met.

"Utterly untrue," whispered the peer with an agitated voice, and with a countenance which, for a moment, seemed intellectual. "But why, Mr. Vivian Grey should deem the fact of such overtures having been made, '*impossible*,' I confess, astonishes me."

"*Impossible*, my Lord!"

"Ay, Mr. Grey, *impossible*, that was your word."

“ Oh, my Lord ? what should I know about these matters ? ”

“ Nay, nay, Mr. Grey, something must have been floating in your mind—why *impossible*, why *impossible* ? Did your father think so ? ”

“ My father ! Oh ! no, he never thinks about these matters ; our’s is not a political family ; I’m not sure that he ever looks at a newspaper. ”

“ But, my dear Mr. Grey, you would not have used the word without having some meaning. *Why* did you think it impossible ? *impossible* is such a peculiar word. ” And here the Marquess looked up with great earnestness to a portrait of himself, which hung over the fire-place. It was one of Sir Thomas’s happiest efforts ; but it was not the happiness of the likeness, nor the beauty of the painting, which now attracted his Lordship’s attention ; he thought only of the costume in which he appeared in that portrait—*the court dress of a Cabinet Minister* ; “ *Impossible*, Mr. Grey, you must confess is a *very* peculiar word, ” reiterated his Lordship.

“ I said *impossible*, my Lord, because I *did* conceive, that had your Lordship been of a disposition to which such overtures might have been

made with any *probability* of success, the Marquess of Carabas would have been in a situation which would have precluded the *possibility* of those overtures being made at all."

"Hah!" and the Marquess nearly started from his seat.

"Yes, my Lord, I am a young, an inexperienced young man, ignorant of the world's ways; doubtless I was wrong, but I have much to learn," and his voice faltered; "but I did conceive, that having power at his *command*, the Marquess of Carabas did not exercise it, merely because he despised it:—but what should *I* know of such matters, my Lord?"

"Is power a thing *so easily* to be despised, young man?" asked the Marquess. His eye rested on a vote of thanks from the "Merchants and Bankers of London to the Right Honourable Sidney Lorraine, President, &c. &c. &c.," which, splendidly emblazoned, and gilt, and framed, and glazed, was suspended opposite the President's portrait.

"Oh, no! my Lord, you do mistake me," eagerly burst forth Vivian, "I am no cold-blooded philosopher, that would despise *that*, for which, in

my opinion, men, *real* men, should alone exist. Power! Oh! what sleepless nights, what days of hot anxiety! what exertions of mind and body! what travel! what hatred! what fierce encounters! what dangers of all possible kinds, would I not endure with a joyous spirit to gain it! But such, my Lord, I thought were feelings peculiar to inexperienced young men; and seeing you, my Lord, so situated, that you might command *all and every thing*, and yet living as you *do*, I was naturally led to believe that the object of my adoration was a vain glittering bauble, of which those who could possess it, knew the utter worthlessness."

The peer sat in a musing mood, playing the Devil's tattoo on the library table; at last, he raised his eyes from the French varnish, and said to Vivian, in a low whisper, "Are you so certain that I can command *all and every thing*?"

"*All and every thing*! did I say all and every thing? Really my Lord, you scan my expressions so critically!—but I see your Lordship is smiling at my boyish nonsense! and really I feel that I have already wasted too much of your Lordship's valuable time, and displayed too much of my own ignorance."

“ My dear Sir, I am not aware that I was smiling.”

“ Oh ! you Lordship is so *very* kind.”

“ But, my dear Sir ! you are really labouring under a very great mistake. I am desirous, I am *particularly* desirous, of having your opinion upon this subject.”

“ *My* opinion, my Lord ! what should *my* opinion be, but an echo of the circle in which I live, but a faithful representation of the feelings of general society.”

“ And, Mr. Grey, I should be glad to know what can possibly be more interesting to me than a faithful representation of the feelings of general society on this subject ?”

“ The many, my Lord, are not *always* right.”

“ Mr. Grey, the many are not often wrong. Come, my dear Sir, do me the favour of being frank, and let me know why the public is of opinion that *all and every thing* is in my power, for such, after all, *were* your words.”

“ If I did use them, my Lord, it was because I was thinking, as I often am, what after all in this country is public life ? Is it not a race in which the swiftest must surely win the prize—and is not

that prize *power*?—Has not your Lordship treasure? There is your moral steam which can work the world. Has not your Lordship treasure's most splendid consequences, pure blood and aristocratic influence? The Millionaire has in his possession the seeds of every thing, but he must wait for half a century till his descendant finds himself in your Lordship's state—till he is yclept noble, and then he starts fair in the grand course. All these advantages your Lordship has apparently at hand, with the additional advantage (and one, oh! how great!) of having already proved to your country, that you know *how to rule*."

There was a dead silence, which at length the Marquess broke. "There is *much* in what you say; but I cannot conceal it from myself, I have no wish to conceal it from you—*I am not what I was*."—Oh, ambition! thou art the parent of truth.

"Ah, my Lord!" eagerly rejoined Vivian, "here is the terrible error into which you great statesmen have always fallen. Think you not, that *intellect* is as much a purchaseable article as fine parks and fair castles? With your Lordship's tried and splendid talents, *every thing* might

be done ; but, in my opinion, if, instead of a practised, an experienced, and wary Statesman, I was now addressing *an idiot Earl*, I should not see, that the great end might not equally be consummated."

" Say you so, my merry man, and how ?"

" Why, my Lord,—but,—but, I feel that I am trespassing on your Lordship's time, otherwise I think I could show *why* society is of opinion that your Lordship can do *all and every thing*—how, indeed, your Lordship might, in a very short time, be—Prime Minister."

" No, Mr. Grey ;—this conversation must be finished. I'll first give orders that we may not be disturbed, and then we'll proceed immediately. Come, now ! your manner takes me, and we will converse in the spirit of the most perfect confidence."

Here, as the Marquess settled at the same time his chair and his countenance, and looked as anxious as if Majesty itself was consulting him on the formation of a ministry, in burst the Marchioness, notwithstanding all the remonstrances, entreaties, threats, and supplications of Mr. Sadler.

Her Ladyship had been what they style a *splendid woman*; she was now *passata*, although with the aid of cachemeres, diamonds, and turbans, her tout ensemble was still very striking. Her Ladyship was not remarkable for any thing, save a correct taste for poodles, parrots, and bijouterie, and a proper admiration of Theodore Hook, and John Bull.

“Oh! Marquess,” exclaimed her Ladyship, and a favourite green parrot, which came flying in after its accustomed perch, her Ladyship’s left shoulder, shrieked at the same time in concert—“Oh! Marquess, my poor Julie! You know we’ve noticed how nervous she has been for some days past, and I had just given her a saucer of arrow-root and milk, and she seemed a little easier, and I said to Miss Graves, ‘I really do think she is a *leetle* better,’ and Miss Graves said, ‘Yes, my Lady, I hope she is;’ when just, as we flattered ourselves, that the dear little creature was enjoying a quiet sleep, Miss Graves called out, ‘Oh, my Lady! my Lady! Julie’s in a fit!’ and when I turned round she was lying on her back, kicking, with her eyes shut.” And here the Marchioness detected Mr. Grey, and gave him as fashionable

a stare as might be expected from a Lady Patroness of Almack's.

“The Marchioness—Mr. Vivian Grey—My love, I assure you we're engaged in a most important, a most——”

“Oh! my life, I wouldn't disturb you for the world, only if you will just tell me what you think ought to be done; leeches, or a warm bath; or shall I send for Doctor Blue Pill?”

The Marquess looked a little annoyed, as if he wished her Ladyship—in her own room again. He was almost meditating a gentle reprimand, vexed that his grave young friend should have witnessed this frivolous intrusion, when that accomplished stripling, to the astonishment of the future minister, immediately recommended “the warm bath,” and then lectured with equal rapidity and erudition, on dogs, and their diseases in general.

The Marchioness retired, “easier in her mind about Julie, than she had been for some days,” as Vivian assured her “that is was not apoplexy, but only the first symptom of an epidemic.” And as she retired, she murmured her gratitude most gracefully to Julie's young physician, and her

prime minister, the parrot, on her left shoulder, at the same time cackled a compliment.

“Now, Mr. Grey,” said his Lordship, endeavouring to recover his dignity, “we were discussing the public sentiments, you know, on a certain point, when this unfortunate interruption—”

Vivian had not much difficulty in collecting his ideas, and he proceeded, not as displeased as his Lordship, with the domestic *scena*.

“I need not remind your Lordship, that the two great parties into which this State is divided, are *apparently* very unequally proportioned. Your Lordship well knows how the party to which your Lordship is *said* to belong, your Lordship knows, I imagine, how that is constituted. We have nothing to do with *the other*. My Lord, I must speak out. No thinking man,—and such, I trust, Vivian Grey is,—no *thinking* man can for a moment suppose, that your Lordship’s heart is *very warm* in the cause of a party, which—for I will not mince my words—*has betrayed you*. How is it, it is asked by *thinking* men, how is it that the Marquess of Carabas is—the *tool* of a faction?”

The Marquess breathed loud, "They say so, do they?"

"Why, my Lord, listen even to your servants in your own hall—need I say more? How, then! is this opinion true? Let us look to your conduct to the party, to which you are *said* to belong. Your votes are theirs, your influence is theirs; and for all this, what return, my Lord Marquess, what return? My Lord, I am not rash enough to suppose, that your Lordship, *alone and unsupported*, can make yourself the arbiter of this country's destinies. It would be ridiculous to entertain such an idea for a second. The existence of such a man would not be endured by the nation *for a second*. But, my Lord, *union is strength*. Nay, my Lord, start not—I am not going to advise you to throw yourself into the arms of opposition; leave such advice for greenhorns. I am not going to adopt a line of conduct, which would, for a moment, compromise the consistency of your high character; leave such advice for fools. My Lord, it is to preserve your consistency, it is to vindicate your high character, it is to make the Marquess of Carabas perform the duties which society requires from him, that I, Vivian Grey, a member of that

society, and an humble friend of your Lordship, speak so boldly."

"My friend," said the agitated Peer, "you cannot speak *too* boldly. My mind opens to you. I have felt, I have long felt, that I was not what I ought to be, that I was not what society requires me to be:—but where is your remedy, what is the line of conduct that I should pursue?"

"The remedy, my Lord! I never conceived, for a moment, that there was any doubt of the existence of means to attain *all and every thing*. I think that was your Lordship's phrase. I only hesitated as to the existence of the *inclination*, on the part of your Lordship."

"You cannot doubt it *now*," said the Peer, in a low voice; and then his Lordship looked anxiously round the room, as if he feared that there had been some mysterious witness to his whisper.

"My Lord," said Vivian, and he drew his chair close to the Marquess, "the plan is shortly this. There are others in a similar situation with yourself. All *thinking* men know,—your Lordship knows still better,—that there are others

equally influential—equally ill-treated. How is it that I see no concert among these individuals? How is it that, jealous of each other, or each trusting that he may ultimately prove an exception to the system of which he is a victim; how is it, I say, that you look with cold hearts on each other's situations? My Lord Marquess, it is at the head of these that I would place you; it is these that I would have act with you—and this is the *union* which is *strength*."

"You are right, you are right; there is Courtown, but we do not speak. There is Beaconsfield, but we are not intimate,—but much might be done."

"My Lord, you must not be daunted at a few difficulties, or at a little exertion. But as for Courtown, or Beaconsfield, or fifty other offended men, if it can be shown to them that their interest is to be your Lordship's friend, trust me, that ere six months are over, they will have pledged their troth. Leave all this to me—give me your Lordship's name," said Vivian, whispering most earnestly in the Marquess's ear, and laying his hand upon his Lordship's arm—"give me your Lordship's name, and your Lordship's

influence, and I will take upon myself the whole organization of the CARABAS PARTY."

"The Carabas party!—Ah! we must think more of this."

The Marquess's eyes smiled with triumph, as he shook Vivian cordially by the hand, and begged him to call upon him on the morrow.

CHAPTER III.

THE MOTTO.

THE intercourse between the Marquess and Vivian, after this interview, was constant. No dinner-party was thought perfect at Carabas House, without the presence of the young gentleman; and as the Marchioness was delighted with the perpetual presence of an individual whom she could always consult about Julie, there was apparently no domestic obstacle to Vivian's remaining in high favour.

The Earl of Eglamour, the only child in whom were concentrated all the hopes of the illustrious House of Lorraine, was in Italy. The

only remaining member of the domestic circle who was wanting, was the Honourable Mrs. Felix Lorraine, the wife of the Marquess's younger brother. This lady, exhausted by the gaiety of the season, had left town somewhat earlier than she usually did, and was inhaling fresh air, and of course studying botany, at the magnificent seat of the Carabas family, CHÂTEAU DESIR, at which splendid place Vivian was to pass the summer.

Mr. Grey watched the movements of his son with an anxious, but apparently with no curious eye. "If the Marquess will give my son a good place, why Master Vivian's new system works rather better than I conceived it would; but how the young knave hath so managed, shall I say? the old fool,—does, I confess, puzzle my philosophy."

Alas! when Mr. Grey jocosely used the phrase, "*new system*," he was little aware of the workings of his son's mind. But so it is in life; a father is, perhaps, the worst judge of his son's capacity. He knows too much—and too little.

In the meantime, as we before stated, all was sunshine with Vivian Grey. His noble friend

and himself were in perpetual converse, and constantly engaged in deep consultation. As yet, the world knew nothing, except that, according to the Marquess of Carabas, "Vivian Grey was the most astonishingly clever and prodigiously accomplished fellow that ever breathed." And as the Marquess always added, "resembled himself very much when *he* was young."

But it must not be supposed, that Vivian was to all the world the fascinating creature that he was to the Marquess of Carabas. Many complained that he was reserved, silent, satirical, and haughty. But the truth was, Vivian Grey often asked himself, "who is to be my enemy to-morrow?" He was too cunning a master of the human mind, not to be aware of the quicksands upon which all greenhorns strike;—he knew too well the danger of *unnecessary intimacy*. A SMILE FOR A FRIEND, AND A SNEER FOR THE WORLD, is the way to govern mankind, and such was the motto of Vivian Grey.

CHAPTER IV.

CHÂTEAU DESIR.

How shall I describe CHÂTEAU DESIR, that place fit for all princes? In the midst of a park of great extent, and eminent for scenery, as varied as might please Nature's most capricious lover; in the midst of green lawns, and deep winding glens, and cooling streams, and wild forest, and soft woodland, there was gradually formed an elevation, on which was situate a mansion of great size, and of that bastard, but picturesque, style of architecture, called the Italian Gothic. The date of its erection was about the middle of the sixteenth century. You entered by a noble gateway, in which the pointed style still predominated; but in various parts of which, the Ionic column, and the prominent keystone, and other creations of Roman architecture, intermingled with the expiring Gothic, into a large quadrangle, to which the square casement windows, and the triangular pediments or gable ends, supplying the place of

battlements, gave a varied and Italian feature. In the centre of the court, from an immense marble basin, the rim of which was enriched by a splendidly sculptured lotus border, rose a marble group, representing Amphitrite with her marine attendants, whose sounding shells and coral sceptres sent forth their subject element in sparkling showers. This work, the chef d'œuvre of the celebrated artist of Vicenza, had been purchased by Valerian, first Lord Carabas, who having spent the greater part of his life as the representative of his monarch at the Ducal Court of Venice, at length returned to his native country; and in the creation of Château Desir, endeavoured to find some consolation for the loss of his gay palazzo on the banks of the Adige.

Over the gateway there rose a turreted tower, the small square window of which, notwithstanding its stout stanchions, illumined the muniment room of the House of Carabas. In the spandrils of the gateway, and in many other parts of the building, might be seen the arms of the family; while the innumerable stacks of chimneys, which appeared to spring from all parts of the roof, were carved and built in such curious and quaint devices, that

they were rather an ornament than an excrescence. When you entered the quadrangle, you found one side solely occupied by the old hall, the immense carved rafters of whose oaken roof rested on corbels of the family supporters, against the walls. The walls of the hall were of stone, but these were covered half way from the ground with a panelling of curiously carved oak ; whence were suspended, in massy frames, the family portraits, painted partly by Dutch, and partly by Italian artists. Near the Dais, or upper part of the Hall, there projected an oriel window, which, as you beheld, you scarcely knew what most to admire, the radiancy of its painted panes, or the fantastic richness of Gothic ornament, which was profusely lavished in every part of its masonry. Here too the Gothic pendent, and the Gothic fan-work, were intermingled with the Italian arabesques, which, at the time of the building of the Château, had been recently introduced into England by Hans Holbein and John of Padua.

How wild and fanciful are those ancient arabesques ! Here at Château Desir, in the panelling of the old hall, might you see fantastic scrolls, separated by bodies ending in *termini*, and whose

heads supported the Ionic volute, while the arch, which appeared to spring from these capitals, had, for a keystone, heads more monstrous than those of the fabled animals of Ctesias ; or so ludicrous, that you forgot the classic Griffin in the grotesque conception of the Italian artist. Here was a gibbering monkey, there a grinning Pulcinello ; now you viewed a chattering devil, which might have figured in the Temptation of St. Anthony ; and now a mournful, mystic, bearded countenance, which might have flitted in the back scene of a Witches' Sabbath.

A long Gallery wound through the upper story of two other sides of the quadrangle, and beneath were the show suite of apartments, with a sight of which the admiring eyes of curious tourists were occasionally delighted.

The grey stone walls of this antique edifice were, in many places, thickly covered with ivy, and other parasitical plants, the deep green of whose verdure beautifully contrasted with the scarlet glories of the pyrus japonica, which gracefully clustered round the windows of the lower chambers. The mansion itself was immediately surrounded by numerous ancient forest trees.

There was the elm, with its rich branches, bending down like clustering grapes; there was the wide spreading-oak, with its roots fantastically gnarled; there was the ash, with its smooth bark and elegant leaf; and the silver beech, and the gracile birch; and the dark fir, affording with its rough foliage, a contrast to the trunks of its more beautiful companions, or shooting far above their branches, with the spirit of freedom worthy of a rough child of the mountains.

Around the Castle were extensive pleasure-grounds, which realized the romance of the Gardens of Verulam. And truly, as you wandered through their enchanting paths, there seemed no end to their various beauties, and no exhaustion of their perpetual novelty. Green retreats succeeded to winding walks; from the shady berçeau, you vaulted on the noble terrace; and if, for an instant, you felt wearied by treading the velvet lawn, you might rest in a mossy cell, while your mind was soothed by the soft music of falling waters. Now, your curious eyes were greeted by Oriental animals, basking in a sunny paddock; and when you turned from the white-footed antelope, and the dark-eyed gazelle, you viewed an

aviary of such extent, that within its trelliced walls the imprisoned songsters could build, in the free branches of a tree, their natural nests.

“Oh, fair scene!” thought Vivian Grey, as he approached, on a fine summer’s afternoon, the splendid Château. “Oh, fair scene! doubly fair to those who quit for you the thronged and agitated city. And can it be, that those who exist within this enchanted domain, can think of any thing but sweet air, and do aught but revel in the breath of perfumed flowers?” And here he gained the garden-gate: so he stopped his soliloquy, and gave his horse to his groom.

CHAPTER V.

A NEW CHARACTER.

THE Marquess had preceded Vivian in his arrival about three or four days, and of course, to use the common phrase, the establishment “was quite settled.” It was, indeed, to avoid the possibility of witnessing the domestic arrangements of a nobleman in any other point of view, save that of perfection, that Vivian had declined

accompanying his noble friend to the Château. Mr. Grey, junior, was an epicurean, and all epicureans will quite agree with me, that his conduct on this head was extremely wise. I am not very nice myself about these matters; but there are, we all know, a thousand little things that go wrong on the *arrivals* of even the best regulated families; and to mention no others, for any rational being voluntarily to encounter the awful gaping of an English family, who have travelled one hundred miles in ten successive hours, appears to me to be little short of madness.

“Grey, my boy, quite happy to see ye!—later than I expected; first bell rings in five minutes—Sadler will show you your room. Father, I hope, quite well?”

Such was the salutation of the Marquess; and Vivian accordingly retired to arrange his toilet.

The first bell rang, and the second bell rang, and Vivian was seated at the dinner-table. He bowed to the Marchioness, and asked after her poodle, and gazed with some little curiosity at the vacant chair opposite him.

“Mrs. Felix Lorraine—Mr. Vivian Grey,” said the Marquess, as a Lady entered the room.

Now, although I am one of those historians, who are of opinion that the nature of the personages they celebrate, should be developed rather by a recital of their conduct, than by a set character au commencement; I feel it, nevertheless, incumbent upon me to devote a few lines to the Lady who has just entered, which the reader will be so good as to get through, while she is accepting an offer of some white soup; by this means he will lose none of the conversation.

The Honourable Felix Lorraine, we have before laconically described as a *Roué*. To the initiated, I need say no more; they will all know what sort of a person a *roué* must be, who has the honour of being the son of an English Earl. To the uninitiated, I shall only observe, that after having passed through a career with tolerable credit, which would have blasted the character of any common personage, Felix Lorraine ended by pigeoning a young nobleman, whom, for that purpose, he had made his intimate friend. The affair got wind—after due examination, was proclaimed, “*too bad*,” and the guilty personage was visited with the heaviest vengeance of modern society—he was expelled his club. By this unfor-

fortunate exposure, Mr. Felix Lorraine was obliged to give in a match, which was on the tapis, with the celebrated Miss Mexico, on whose million he had determined to set up a character and a chariot, and at the same time pension his mistress, and subscribe to the Society for the Suppression of Vice. Felix left for the Continent, and in due time was made drum-major at Barbadoes, or fiscal at Ceylon, or something of that kind; I forget which. While he loitered in Europe, he made a conquest of the heart of the daughter of some German baron, who was ambassador extraordinary from his Serene Highness the Palsgrave of * * * * to his most Supreme Excellency the Landgrave of * * * * and after six weeks passed in the most affectionate manner, each of the happy couple performing their respective duties with perfect propriety, Felix left Germany for his colonial appointment, and also left—his lady behind him.

Mr. Lorraine had duly and dutifully informed his family of his marriage; and they, as amiably and affectionately, had never answered his letters, which he never expected they would. Profiting by their example, he never answered his wife's,

who, in due time, to the horror of the Marquess, landed in England, and claimed the protection of her "beloved husband's family." The Marquess vowed he would never see her; the lady, however, one morning gained admittance, and from that moment she had never quitted her brother-in-law's roof, and not only had never quitted it, but now made the greatest favour of her staying.

The extraordinary influence which Mrs. Felix Lorraine possessed, was certainly not owing to her beauty, for the lady opposite Vivian Grey had apparently no claims to admiration, on the score of her personal qualifications. Her complexion was bad, and her features were indifferent, and these characteristics were not rendered less uninterestingly conspicuous, by what makes an otherwise ugly woman, quite the reverse, namely, a pair of expressive eyes; for certainly this epithet could not be applied to those of Mrs. Felix Lorraine, which gazed in all the vacancy of German listlessness.

The Lady *did* bow to Mr. Grey, and that was all; and then she negligently spooned her soup, and then after much parade, sent it away un-

touched. As Vivian wined with the Marchioness, he was not under the necessity of paying any immediate courtesy to his opposite neighbour, whose silence, he plainly perceived, was for the nonce, and consequently for him. But the day was hot, and Vivian had been fatigued by his ride, and the Marquess's champagne was excellent; and so, at last, the floodgates of his speech burst, and talk he *did*. He complimented her Ladyship's poodle, quoted German to Mrs. Felix Lorraine, and taught the Marquess to eat cabinet pudding with curaçoâ sauce (a custom which, by the bye, I recommend to all); and then his sentiment;—stories for the Marquess, scandal for the Marchioness, and sentiment for the Marquess's sister! That lady, who began to find out her man, had no mind to be longer silent, and although a perfect mistress of the English language, began to articulate a horrible patois, that she might not be mistaken for an Englishwoman, an occurrence which she particularly dreaded. But now came her punishment, for Vivian saw the effect which he had produced on Mrs. Felix Lorraine, and that Mrs. Felix Lorraine now wished to produce a corresponding effect upon him, and this he was determined she

should not do ; so new stories followed, and new compliments ensued, and finally he anticipated her sentences, and sometimes her thoughts. The lady sat silent and admiring ! At last the important meal was finished, and the time came when good dull English dames retire ; but of this habit Mrs. Felix Lorraine did not approve ; and although she had not yet prevailed upon Lady Carabas to adopt her ideas on field days, still en domestique, the good-natured Marchioness had given in, and to save herself from hearing the din of male voices at a time, at which during her whole life she had been unaccustomed to them, the Marchioness of Carabas—dozed. Her worthy spouse, who was prevented by the presence of Mrs. Felix Lorraine, from talking politics with Vivian, passed the bottle pretty briskly, and then conjecturing that “ from the sunset we should have a fine day to-morrow,” fell back in his easy chair, and—snored.

Mrs. Felix Lorraine looked at her noble relatives, and shrugged up her shoulders with an air which baffleth all description. “ Mr. Grey, I congratulate you on this hospitable reception ; you see we treat you quite *en famille*. Come ! ’tis a

fine evening, you have seen, as yet, but little of Château Desir: we may as well enjoy the fine air on the Terrace.

CHAPTER VI.

THE TERRACE.

“You must know, Mr. Grey, that this is my favourite walk, and I therefore expect that it will be yours.”

“It cannot indeed fail to be such, the favourite as it alike is, of Nature, and Mrs. Felix Lorraine.”

“On my word, a very pretty sentence!—and who taught you, young gentleman, to bandy words so fairly?”

“I never can open my mouth, except in the presence of a woman,” bolted out Vivian, with the most impudent mendacity, and he looked interesting and innocent.

“Indeed!—and what do you know about such wicked work, *as talking to women?*” and here Mrs. Felix Lorraine imitated Vivian’s sentimental voice. “Do you know,” she continued, “I feel quite happy that you have come down here;—

I begin to think that we shall be very great friends."

"Nothing appears to me more evident," said Vivian.

"How delicious is friendship," exclaimed Mrs. Felix Lorraine: "delightful sentiment, that prevents life from being a curse! Have you a friend, Mr. Vivian Grey?"

"Before I answer that question, I should like to know what meaning Mrs. Felix Lorraine attaches to that important monosyllable, *friend*."

"Oh, you want a definition; I hate definitions; and of all the definitions in the world, the one I've been most unfortunate in, has been a definition of friendship,—I might say"—and here her voice sunk,—“I might say, of all the sentiments in the world, friendship is the one which has been most fatal to me; but I must not inoculate you with my bad spirits, bad spirits are not for young blood like yours, leave them to old persons like myself."

"Old!" said Vivian, in a proper tone of surprise.

"Old! ay *old*,—how old do you think I am?"

"You may have seen twenty summers," gallantly conjectured Vivian.

The lady looked pleased, and almost insinuated, that she had seen one or two more. Mrs. Felix Lorraine was about thirty.

“A clever woman,” thought Vivian, “but vain; I hardly know what to think of her.”

“Mr. Grey, I fear you find me in bad spirits to-day; but, alas! I—I have cause. Although we see each other to-day for the first time, yet there is something in your manner, something in the expression of your eyes, that make me believe *my* happiness is not altogether a matter of indifference to *you*.” These words, uttered in one of the sweetest voices by which ever human being was fascinated, were slowly and deliberately spoken, as if it were intended that they should *rest* on the ear of the object to whom they were addressed.

“My dear Mrs. Lorraine! it is impossible that *I* can have but one sentiment with regard to you, that of———”

“Of *what*, Mr. Grey?”

“Of solicitude for your welfare.”

The lady gently took the arm of the young man, and then with an agitated voice, and a troubled spirit, dwelt upon the unhappiness of her

lot, and the cruelty of her fortunes. Her husband's indifference was the sorrowful theme of her lamentations; and she ended by asking Mr. Vivian Grey's advice, as to the line of conduct which she should pursue with regard to him; first duly informing Vivian, that this was the *only* time, and he the *only* person, to whom this subject had been ever mentioned.

“And why should I mention it here—and to whom? The Marquess is the best of men, but—” and here she looked up in Vivian's face, and spoke volumes; “and the Marchioness is the most amiable of women,—at least, I suppose her lap-dog thinks so.”

The advice of Vivian was very concise. He sent the husband to the devil in two seconds, and insisted upon the wife's not thinking of him for another moment; and then the lady dried her eyes, and promised to do her best.

“And now,” said Mrs. Felix Lorraine, “I must talk about your own affairs—I think your plan *excellent*.”

“Plan! Madam.”

“Yes, *plan*, Sir! the Marquess has told me *all*. I have no head for politics, Mr. Grey; but if I

cannot assist you in managing the nation, I perhaps *may* in managing the family, and my services are at your command. Believe me, you'll have enough to do: there, I pledge you my troth. Do you think it a pretty hand?"

Vivian did think it a very pretty hand, and he performed due courtesies in a very gallant style.

"And now, good even to you," said the lady; "this little gate leads to my apartments. You'll have no difficulty in finding your way back:"—so saying, she disappeared.

CHAPTER VII.

EARLY RISING.

WHEN Vivian retired to his room, he found a notellette on his dressing-case, which contained two lines. They were as follows:—"A walk on the terrace before breakfast, is the fashion at *Château Desir*." The esprit of the note sufficiently indicated the authoress, even if the perfumed paper, and the diminutive French gem, with its piquant and *peculiar* motto, had allowed him, for an instant, to hesitate.

In spite of his travelling, and his champagne, and his sound sleep, Vivian rose early, and was on the Terrace at a most reasonable hour, at least for him: Mrs. Felix Lorraine was already there.

“I congratulate Mr. Grey,” said the lady, as she extended him a finger, “on being an early riser. Nothing is so vulgar as getting up late. Oh! what a pretty morning gown that is! and how nice your hair curls! and that velvet stock! why I declare you’ve quite a taste in *costume*! but it does not set quite right. *There*, that’s better,” said Mrs. Lorraine, adjusting the stock for him, “not much beard yet, I see; you must take care to have one before you’re a—*privy counsellor*.”

“I rejoice,” said Vivian, “that I can in return sincerely compliment you on your own good taste in costume. That buckle is, of course, fresh from Berlin, or—Birmingham—it’s all the same, you know, at least at Howell and James’s; and of all things in the world, what I most admire, are your black velvet slippers! But, where’s the Marquess?”

“Oh! we’re not very early honoured with the

presence of the Marquess of Carabas in his own house."

"Why, what do you mean?"

"Oh! I mean nothing, except that the future minister never rises till noon—bad habits, Mr. Grey, for a man of business!"

"Bad habits, indeed! we must endeavour to cure him, now that he's going, as you say, to be a man of business."

"Oh, certainly! cure him by all means. He'll give you, I don't doubt, plenty of occupation. I advise you regularly to reform the whole house. Your influence is so great, that you can do any thing with the Marquess. Well, I hope he'll behave better in *future*, for the Castle will be full in a few days. There are the Courtowns coming, and Sir Berdmore and Lady Scrope, and the Beaconsfields—all next week; and crowds of all sorts of people, whose names I forget, pawns in the great game of chess, which is to be played by Vivian Grey, Esq. and the most noble the Marquess of Carabas—against all England. There, there's the breakfast bell; I hope your appetite's good."

CHAPTER VIII.

THE FIRST WEEK.

THE first week at Château Desir, passed pleasantly enough. Vivian's morning was amply occupied in maturing with the Marquess the grand principles of the new political system: in weighing interests, in balancing connections, and settling "what side was to be taken on the *great questions*?" Oh! politics, thou splendid juggle!—The whole business, although so magnificent in its result, appeared very easy to the two counsellors, for it was one of the first principles of Mr. Vivian Grey, "*that every thing was possible.*" Men did fail in life to be sure, and after all, very little *was* done by the generality; but still all these failures, and all this inefficiency, might be traced to a want of physical and mental courage. Some men were bold in their conceptions, and splendid heads at a grand system, but then, when the day of battle came, they turned out very cowards; while others, who

had nerve enough to stand the brunt of the hottest fire, were utterly ignorant of military tactics, and fell before the destroyer, like the brave untutored Indians, before the civilized European. Now Vivian Grey was conscious, that there was at least *one* person in the world, who was no craven either in body or in mind, and so he had long come to the comfortable conclusion, that it was impossible that his career could be any thing, but the most brilliant. And truly, employed as he now was, with a peer of the realm, in a solemn consultation on that realm's most important interests, at a time when creatures of his age were moping in Halls and Colleges, is it to be wondered at, that he began to imagine that his theory was borne out by experience, and by fact? Not that it must be supposed, even for a moment, that Vivian Grey was, what the world calls, *conceited*.—Oh, no! he knew the measure of his own mind, and had fathomed the depth of his powers with equal skill and impartiality; but in the process he could not but feel, that he *could* conceive *much*, and *dare* do *more*.

I said the first week at Château Desir passed pleasantly enough; and so it did, for Vivian's

soul revelled in the morning councils on his future fortunes, with as much eager joy, as a young courser tries the turf, preliminary to running for the plate. And then, in the evening, were moonlit walks with Mrs. Felix Lorraine! and then the lady abused England so prettily, and initiated her companion in all the secrets of German Courts, and sang beautiful French songs, and told the legends of her native land in such an interesting, semi-serious tone, that Vivian almost imagined that she believed them—and then she would take him beside the luminous lake in the park, and vow it looked just like the dark blue Rhine! and then she remembered Germany, and grew sad, and abused her husband; and then she taught Vivian the guitar, and—some other fooleries besides.

CHAPTER IX.

TACTICS.

THE second week of Vivian's visit had come round, and the flag waved proudly on the proud tower of Château Desir, indicating to the admiring county, that the most noble Sidney, Marquess

of Carabas, held public days twice a week at his grand Castle. And now came the neighbouring peer, full of grace and gravity, and the mellow baronet, with his hearty laugh, and the jolly country squire, and the middling gentry, and the jobbing country attorney, and the flourishing country surveyor—some honouring by their presence, some who felt the obligation equal, and others bending before the noble host, as if paying him adoration, was almost an equal pleasure with that of guzzling his venison pasties, and quaffing his bright wines.

Independent of all these periodical visitors, the house was full of permanent ones. There was the Viscount and Viscountess Courtown, and their three daughters, and Lord and Lady Beaconsfield, and their three sons, and Sir Berdmore and Lady Scrope, and Colonel Delmington of the Guards, and Lady Louisa Manvers, and her daughter Julia. Lady Louisa was the only sister of the Marquess—a widow, proud and pennyless.

To all these distinguished personages, Vivian was introduced by the Marquess as “a monstrous clever young man, and his Lordship’s most par-

ticular friend"—and then the noble Carabas left the game in his young friend's hands.

And right well Vivian did his duty. In a week's time it would have been hard to decide with whom of the family of the Courtowns Vivian was the greatest favourite. He rode with the Viscount, who was a good horseman, and was driven by his Lady, who was a good whip; and when he had sufficiently admired the tout ensemble of her Ladyship's pony phaeton, he entrusted her, "*in confidence*," with some ideas of his own about Martingales, a subject which he assured her Ladyship "had been the object of his mature consideration." The three honourable Misses were the most difficult part of the business; but he talked sentiment with the first, sketched with the second, and romped with the third.

Ere the Beaconsfields could be jealous of the influence of the Courtowns, Mr. Vivian Grey had promised his Lordship, who was a collector of medals, an unique, which had never yet been heard of; and her Ladyship, who was a collector of autographs, the private letters of every man of genius that ever had been heard of. In this division of the Carabas guests, he was not bored

with a family; for *sons*, he always made it a rule to cut dead; they are the members of a family who, on an average, are generally very uninfluential, for, on an average, they are fools enough to think it very knowing, to be very disagreeable. So the wise man but little loves them, but woe to the fool who neglects the daughters!

Sir Berdmore Scrope, Vivian found a more unmanageable personage; for the baronet was confoundedly shrewd, and without a particle of sentiment in his composition. It was a great thing, however, to gain him; for Sir Berdmore was a leading country gentleman, and having quarrelled with Ministers about the corn laws, had been accounted disaffected ever since. The baronet, however, although a bold man to the world, was luckily henpecked; so Vivian made love to the wife, and secured the husband.

CHAPTER X.

MARRIAGE.

I THINK that Julia Manvers was really the most beautiful creature that ever smiled in this

fair world. Such a symmetrically formed shape, such perfect features, such a radiant complexion, such luxuriant auburn hair, and such blue eyes, lit up by a smile of such mind and meaning, have seldom blessed the gaze of admiring man! Vivian Grey, fresh as he was, was not exactly the creature to lose his heart very speedily. He looked upon marriage as a certain farce in which, sooner or later, he was, as a well-paid actor, to play his part; and could it have advanced his views one jot, he would have married the Princess Caraboo to-morrow. But of all wives in the world, a young and handsome one was that which he most dreaded; and how a statesman, who was wedded to a beautiful woman, could possibly perform his duties to the public, did most exceedingly puzzle him. Notwithstanding, however, these sentiments, Vivian began to think that there really could be no harm in talking to so beautiful a creature as Julia, and a little conversation with her would, he felt, be no unpleasing relief to the difficult duties in which he was involved.

To the astonishment of the Honourable Buckhurst Stanhope, eldest son of Lord Beaconsfield, Mr. Vivian Grey, who had never yet conde-

scended to acknowledge his existence, asked him one morning, with the most fascinating of smiles, and with the most conciliating voice, "whether they should ride together?" The young heir apparent looked stiff, and assented. He arrived again at Château Desir in a couple of hours, desperately enamoured of the eldest Miss Courtown. The sacrifice of two mornings to the Honourable Dormer Stanhope, and the Honourable Gregory Stanhope, sent them home equally au desespoir as to the remaining sisters. Having thus, like a man of honour, provided for the amusement of his former friends, the three Miss Courtowns, Vivian left Mrs. Felix Lorraine to the Colonel, whose mustache, by the bye, that lady considerably patronized, and then, having excited an universal feeling of gallantry among the elders, Vivian found his whole day at the service of Julia Manvers.

"Miss Manvers, I think that you and I are the only faithful subjects in this Castle of Indolence. Here am I lounging on an Ottoman, my ambition reaching only so far as the possession of a cigar, whose aromatic and circling wreathes I candidly confess, I dare not here excite; and

you, of course, much too knowing to be doing any thing on the first of August, save dreaming of races, archery feats, and county balls—the three most delightful things which the country can boast, either for man, woman, or child.”

“Of course, you except sporting for yourself—shooting especially, I suppose.”

“Shooting, oh! ah! there is such a thing. No, I’m no shot;—not that I have not in my time cultivated a Manton; but the truth is, having, at an early age, mistaken my most intimate friend for a cock pheasant, I sent a whole crowd of ‘*fours*’ into his face, and thereby spoilt one of the prettiest countenances in Christendom; so I gave up the field. Besides, as Tom Moore says, I have so much to do in the country, that, for my part, I really have no time for killing birds and jumping over ditches: good work enough for country squires, who must, like all others, have their hours of excitement. Mine are of a different nature, and boast a different locality; and so when I come into the country, ’tis for pleasant air, and beautiful trees, and winding streams, things, which, of course, those who live all the year round among, do not suspect to be lovely

and adorable creations. Don't you agree with Tom Moore, Miss Manvers?"

"Oh, of course! but I think it's very improper, that habit, that every one has, of calling a man of such eminence as the author of *Lalla Rookh*, *Tom Moore*."

"I wish he could but hear you! But, suppose I were to quote *Mr. Moore*, or *Mr. Thomas Moore*, would you have the most distant conception whom I meant? No, no, certainly not. By the bye, did you ever hear the pretty name they gave him at Paris?"

"No! what was it?"

"One day, Moore and Rogers went to call on Denon. Rogers gave their names to the Swiss, *Monsieur Rogers et Monsieur Moore*. The Swiss dashed open the library-door, and, to the great surprise of the illustrious antiquary, announced, *Monsieur l'Amour!* While Denon was doubting whether the God of Love was really paying him a visit or not, *Rogers* entered. I should like to have seen Denon's face!"

"And Monsieur Denon did take a portrait of Mr. Rogers as Cupid, I believe, Mr. Grey?"

"Come, Madam, 'no scandal about Queen

Elizabeth, I hope.' Mr. Rogers is one of the most elegant-minded men in the country."

"Nay! don't lecture me with such a *riant* face, or else your *morale* will be utterly thrown away."

"Ah! you have Retsch's Faust there. I did not expect on a drawing-room table at Château Desir, to see anything so old, and so excellent. I thought the third edition of Tremain would be a very fair specimen of your ancient literature, and Major Denham's hair-breadth escapes of your modern. There was an excellent story about town, on the return of Denham and Clapperton. The travellers took different routes, in order to arrive at the same point of destination. In his wanderings, the Major came unto an unheard-of Lake, which, with the spirit, which they of the Guards surely approved, he christened "*Lake Waterloo*." Clapperton arrived a few days after him; and the pool was immediately re-baptised "*Lake Trafalgar*." There was a hot quarrel in consequence. Now, if I had been there, I would have arranged matters, by proposing as a title to meet the views of all parties, "*The United Service Lake*."

"That would certainly have been very happy."

“How beautiful Margaret is!” said Vivian, rising from his Ottoman, and seating himself on the sofa by the lady. “I always think, that this is the only Personification where Art has not rendered Innocence insipid.”

“Do you think so?”

“Why, take Una in the Wilderness, or Goody Two Shoes. These, I believe, were the most innocent persons that ever existed, and I’m sure you will agree with me, they always look the most insipid. Nay, perhaps I was wrong in what I said; perhaps it is Insipidity that always looks innocent, not Innocence always insipid.”

“How can you refine so, Mr. Grey, when the thermometer is at 250°! Pray, tell me some more stories.”

“I cannot, I’m in a refining humour: I could almost lecture to-day at the Royal Institution. You would not call these exactly Prosopopeias of Innocence?” said Vivian, turning over a bundle of Stewart Newton’s beauties, languishing, and lithographed. “Newton, I suppose, like Lady Wortley Montague, is of opinion, that the face is not the most beautiful part of woman; at least, if I am to judge from these elaborate ancles. Now

the countenance of this Donna, forsooth, has a drowsy placidity worthy of the easy chair she is lolling in, and yet her ankle would not disgrace the contorted frame of the most pious Faquir."

"Well! I'm an admirer of Newton's paintings."

"Oh! so am I. He's certainly a cleverish fellow, but rather too much among the blues; a set, of whom, I would venture to say, Miss Manvers knoweth little about?"

"Oh, not the least! Mamma does not visit that way. What are they?"

"Oh, very powerful people! though '*Mamma does not visit that way.*' They live chiefly about Cumberland Gate. Their words are Ukases as far as Curzon Street, and very Decretals in the general vicinity of May Fair; but you shall have a further description another time. How those rooks bore! I hate staying with ancient families; you're always *cawed* to death. If ever you write a novel, Miss Manvers, mind you have a rookery in it. Since Tremaine, and Washington Irving, nothing will go down without."

"Oh! by the bye, Mr. Grey, who *is* the author of Tremaine?"

“ I ’ll tell you who is *not*.”

“ Who ?”

“ Mr. Ogle.”

“ But, really, who *is* the author ?”

“ Oh ! I ’ll tell you in a moment. It ’s either Mr. Ryder, or Mr. Spencer Percival, or Mr. Dyson, or Miss Dyson, or Mr. Bowles, or the Duke of Buckingham, or Mr. Ward, or a young Officer in the Guards, or an old Clergyman in the North of England, or a middle-aged Barrister on the Midland Circuit.

“ You ’re really so giddy, Mr. Grey,—I wish you could get me an autograph of Mr. Washington Irving ; I want it for a particular friend.”

“ Give me a pen and ink ; I ’ll write you one immediately.”

“ Oh ! Mr. Grey.”

“ There ! now you ’ve made me blot Faustus.”

At this moment the room-door suddenly opened, and as suddenly shut.

“ Who was that, Mr. Grey ?”

“ Mephistophiles, or Mrs. Felix Lorraine ; one or the other,—perhaps *both*.”

“ Mr. Grey !”

“What do you think of Mrs. Felix Lorraine, Miss Manvers?”

“Oh! I think her a very amusing woman, a very clever woman, a very—but—

“But what?”

“But I can't exactly make her out.”

“Nor I, nor I—she's a dark riddle; and, although I am a very Œdipus, I confess I have not yet unravelled it. Come, there's Washington Irving's autograph for you; read it, isn't it quite in character? Shall I write any more? One of Sir Walter's, or Mr. Southey's, or Mr. Milman's, or Mr. D'Israeli's? or shall I sprawl a Byron?”

“Mr. Grey! I really cannot patronize such unprincipled conduct. You may make me one of Sir Walter's, however.”

“Poor Washington, poor Washington!” said Vivian, writing; “I knew him well in London. He always slept at dinner. One day, as he was dining at Mr. Hallam's, they took him, when asleep, to Lady Jersey's rout; and, to see the *Sieur Geoffrey*, when he opened his eyes in the illumined saloons, was really quite admirable! quite an Arabian tale!”

“Oh, how delightful! I should have so liked

to have seen him ! He seems quite forgotten now in England. How came we to talk of him ?”

“ Forgotten—oh ! he spoilt his elegant talents in writing German and Italian twaddle with all the rawness of a Yankee. He ought never to have left America, at least in literature :—there was an uncontested and glorious field for him. He should have been managing Director of the Hudson Bay Company, and lived all his life among the beavers.”

“ I think there’s nothing more pleasant, Mr. Grey, than talking over the season in the country, in August.”

“ Nothing more agreeable. It was dull, though, last season, very dull ; I think the game cannot be kept going another year. If it wasn’t for the General Election, we really must have a war for variety’s sake. Peace gets quite a bore. Every body you dine with commands a good *cuisine*, and gives you twelve different wines, all perfect. And as for Dr. Henderson, he is the amateur importer for the whole nation. We cannot bear this any longer ; all the lights and shadows of life are lost. The only good thing I heard this year, was an ancient gentlewoman going up to Gunter, and asking him for ‘ the receipt for that white stuff,’

pointing to his Roman punch. I, who am a great man for receipts, gave it her immediately :—‘ *One hod of mortar to one bottle of Noyau.*’”

“ Oh, that was too bad! and did she thank you?”

“ Thank me! ay, truly; and pushed a card into my hand, so thick and sharp, that it cut through my glove. I wore my arm in a sling for a month afterwards.”

“ And what was the card?”

“ Oh, you need not look so arch! The old lady was not even a faithless duenna. It was an invitation to an assembly, or something of the kind, at a *locale*, somewhere, as Theodore Hook, or John Wilson Croker, would say, ‘between Mesopotamia and Russell-square.’”

“ Do you know Mr. Croker, Mr. Grey?”

“ Not in the least. I look upon Mr. Croker and myself as the two sublimest men in the United Kingdom. When we do meet, the interview will be interesting.”

“ Pray, Mr. Grey, is it true that all the houses in Russell-square are tenantless?”

“ Quite true; the Marquess of Tavistock has

given up the county in consequence. A perfect shame—is it not? Let's write it up."

"An admirable plan! but we'll take the houses first; of course we can get them at a pepper-corn rent."

"What a pity, Miss Manvers, the fashion has gone out of selling oneself to the devil."

"Good gracious, Mr. Grey!"

"On my honour, I am quite serious. It does appear to me to be a very great pity. What a capital plan for younger brothers! It's a kind of thing I've been trying to do all my life, and never could succeed. I began at school with toasted cheese and a pitch-fork; and since then I've invoked, with all the eloquence of Goethe, the evil one in the solitude of the Hartz; but without success. I think I should make an excellent bargain with him: of course, I don't mean that ugly vulgar savage with a fiery tail. Oh, no! Satan himself for me, a perfect gentleman! Or Belial,—Belial would be the most delightful. He's the fine genius of the Inferno, I imagine, the Beranger of Pandemonium."

"Mr. Grey, I really cannot listen to such non-

sense one moment longer. What would you have if Belial were here?"

"Let us see. Now, you shall act the spirit, and I, Vivian Grey. I wish we had a short-hand writer here to take down the Incantation Scene. We'd send it to Arnold—*Commençons*—Spirit! I'll have a fair castle."

The lady bowed.

"I'll have a palace in town."

The lady bowed.

"I'll have lots of the best Havannah cigars."

The lady bowed.

"I'll have a fair wife.—Why, Miss Manvers, you forget to bow!"

"Oh, dear! Mr. Grey, I really beg your pardon!"

"Come, this *is* a novel way of making an offer, and, I hope, a successful one."

"Julia, my dear," cried a voice in the veranda, "Julia, my dear, I want you to walk with me."

"Say you are engaged with the Marchioness," whispered Vivian, with a low but distinct voice; his eyes fixed on the table, and his lips not appearing to move.

"Mamma, I'm——"

“ I want you immediately and *particularly*, Julia,” cried Lady Louisa, with an earnest voice.

“ I’m coming, I’m coming. You see I *must* go, Mr. Grey.

CHAPTER XI.

THE PARK.

“ CONFUSION on that old hag ! Her eye looked evil on me, at the very moment ! Although a pretty wife is really the destruction of a young man’s prospects, still, in the present case, the niece of my friend, my *patron*—high family—perfectly unexceptionable, &c. &c. &c. Such blue eyes ! upon my honour, this must be an exception to the general rule.” Here a light step attracted his attention, and, on turning round, he found Mrs. Felix Lorraine at his elbow.

“ Oh ! you’re *here* ! Mr. Grey, acting the Solitaire in the park. I want your opinion about a passage in “ Herman and Dorothea.”

“ My opinion is always at your service ; but, if the passage is not perfectly clear to Mrs. Felix

Lorraine, it will be perfectly obscure, I am convinced, to me."

"Ah! yes of course. Oh, dear! after all my trouble, I've forgotten my book. How mortifying! Well, I'll show it you after dinner: adieu!—and, by the bye, Mr. Grey, as I am here, I may as well advise you not to spoil all the Marquess's timber, by carving a certain person's name on his park trees. I think your plans in that quarter are admirable. I've been walking with Lady Louisa the whole morning, and you can't think how I puffed you! *Courage, Cavalier*, and we shall soon be connected, not only in friendship, but in blood."

The next morning at breakfast, Vivian was surprised to find that the Manvers party was suddenly about to leave the Castle. All were disconsolate at their departure, for there was to be a grand entertainment at Château Desir that very day; but particularly Mrs. Felix Lorraine, and Mr. Vivian Grey. The sudden departure was accounted for by the arrival of "unexpected," &c. &c. &c. There was no hope,—the green post-chariot was at the door—a feeble promise of a speedy return; Julia's eyes were filled

with tears. Vivian was springing forward to press her hand, and bear her to the carriage, when Mrs. Felix Lorraine—seized his arm, vowed she was going to faint, and, ere she could recover herself, or loosen her grasp, the Manvers—were gone.

CHAPTER XII.

A MORNING VISIT.

THE gloom which the parting had diffused over all countenances, was quite dispelled when the Marquess entered.

“Lady Carabas,” said he, “you must prepare for crowds of visitors to-day. There are the Amershams, and Lord Alhambra, and Ernest Clay, and twenty other young heroes, who, duly informed that the Miss Courtowns were honouring us with their presence, are pouring in from all quarters—Isn’t it so, Juliana?” gallantly asked the Marquess of Miss Courtown: “but whom do you think is coming besides?”

“Who, who?” exclaimed all.

“Nay, you shall guess,” said the peer.

“The Duke of Waterloo?” guessed Cynthia Courtown, the romp.

“Prince Hungary?” asked her sister Laura.

“Is it a gentleman?” asked Mrs. Felix Lorraine.

“No, no, you’re all wrong, and all very stupid. It is Mrs. Million.”

“Oh, how delightful!” said Cynthia.

“Oh, how annoying!” said the Marchioness.

“You need not look so agitated, my love,” said the Marquess; “I have written to Mrs. Million, to say that we shall be most happy to see her; but as the Castle is very full, she must not come with fifty carriages in four, as she did last year.”

“And will Mrs. Million dine with us in the hall, Marquess?” asked Cynthia Courtown.

“Mrs. Million will do what she likes; I only know that I shall dine in the hall, whatever happens, and whoever comes; and so, I suppose, will Miss Cynthia Courtown?”

Vivian rode out alone, immediately after breakfast, to cure his melancholy by a hard gallop. He left his horse to choose its own road; and at length he found himself plunged in a corn field.

“Halloo, sir! beg pardon; but your horse’s feet will do no good to that standing corn; for when there’s plenty of roads to ride over—my maxim is—keep out of inclosures.”

Vivian turned round, and recognised a friend in the person of a substantial and neighbouring farmer.

Daniel Groves, or as he was commonly called *Mister Groves*, was one of those singular personages whose eccentricities procure them, from all the surrounding neighbourhood, the reputation of being “quite a character.” Daniel was a stout-built, athletic man, with a fine florid countenance, and a few grey hairs straggling over his forehead, and beautifully contrasting with his carnationed complexion. His hazel eyes were very small, but they twinkled with perpetual action. A turned-up nose gave his countenance a somewhat conceited expression; and as he was in the habit of being *consulted* by the whole county, this expression became so habitual, that Mr. Groves always looked as if he himself quite agreed with the general opinion—that he was “one of the most long-headed fellows in these parts,” and “quite a character.” Daniel was not only opulent but flou-

rishing ; but he was not above attending to all the details of his farm, though frequently admitted to the tables of the principal neighbouring gentry.

But by this time Mister Groves, with a peculiarly large pet pitchfork over one shoulder, and a handful of corn in the other hand, with which he occasionally nourished his ample frame in his toilsome march over the stubble, has reached the trespasser.

“What ! is it you, Mr. Grey ? who thought of seeing you here ?”

“Oh ! Mr. Groves, I wasn't aware I was trespassing on your corn.”

“Oh ! no matter, no matter : friends are always welcome, that's my maxim. But if you could keep a *leettle* nearer to the hedge.”

“Oh ! I'll come out immediately. Which way are you going ? I've been thinking of calling on you.”

“Well now, do, Sir ; ride home with me and take a bit of something to eat. My mistress will be remarkable glad to see you. There's some nice cold pickled pork—we've an excellent cheese

in cut ; and as fine a barrel of ale in broach as you ever tasted."

" Why, Groves ! really I cannot turn back to-day, for I want to look in at Conyers, and ask him about that trout stream."

" Well Sir ! I'm sorry you're so pushed, but I do wish you'd come in some day quite promiscuous. You said you would, for I want your opinion of some port wine I'm going to take with a friend."

" So I will with the greatest pleasure, but I'm not at all a good judge of port, it is too heavy for me ; I'd sooner taste your ale."

" Ah ! it's the fashion of you young squires to cry down port wine ; but depend upon't, it's the *real* stuff. We never should have beat the French, if it hadn't been for their poor sour wines. That's my maxim."

" Shall you dine at the Château to-day ?"

" Why you see the Markiss makes such a point of it, that I can't well be off. And the county should be kept together sometimes.—That's the ground I go upon."

" Oh ! do come—you must come—we cannot

do without you: It's nothing without you, Groves."

"Well, really, you're very good to say so, so I can't say but what I will; but I hope there'll be something to eat and drink, which I know the name of, for the last time I 'tended, there was nothing but kickshaws; my stomach's not used to such Frenchified messes, and I was altogether *no-howish* by the time I got home. I said to my mistress, 'really,' says I, 'I don't know what's the matter with me, but my stomach's going remarkable wrong;' so she advised me to take a good stiff glass of brandy and water, while she got a couple of ducks roasted for supper, for peas were just in; sure enough that's all I wanted, for I slept well after it, and got up quite my own man again. There's nothing like a glass of brandy and water, cold, without sugar, when you're out of sorts. That's my maxim."

"And a very good maxim too, Mr. Groves. I wish I could get you one of these mornings to look at a horse for me."

"I shall be very glad. The one you're on seems rather weak in the fore legs: I should blister him, if he belonged to me. But as to

getting you a horse, why, it's the wrong time of year; and I'm so remarkably pushed on that point, that I hardly know what to say, but still I always like to do a good turn for a friend, that's my maxim, so I can't say but what I'll see about it. There's Harry Mounteney now, he wants me to ride over to Woodbury, to look at a brown mare; Stapylton Toad too, he says he's never satisfied without my opinion, though he generally takes his own in the long run. Ah! those Londoners know nothing about horseflesh. Well, any day you'll call, I'm your man."

"Well, thank you, thank you, I shall keep you to your promise."

"Well, Sir! good morning, pleasant ride to you. You'll keep to the roads, I'm sure, till harvest's in: though they mayn't be over good for a carriage, they're very fair for a bridle. That's the ground I stand upon."

As Vivian was returning home, he intended to look in at a pretty cottage near the park, where lived one John Conyers, an honest husbandman, and a great friend of Vivian's. This man had, about a fortnight ago, been of essential service to our hero, when a vicious horse, which he was en-

deavouring to cure of some ugly tricks, had nearly terminated his mortal career.

“Why are you crying so, my boy?” asked Vivian of a little Conyers, who was sobbing bitterly at the cottage door. He was answered only with desperate sobs. “Is your father at home?”

“Oh, ’tis your honour!” said a decent-looking woman, who came out of the cottage; “I thought they had come back again.”

“Come back again! why, what is the matter, dame?”

“Oh! your honour, we’re in sad distress; there’s been a seizure this morning, and I’m mortal fear’d the good man’s beside himself!”

“Good Heavens! why did not you come to the castle? The Marquess surely never gave orders for the infliction of this misery.”

“Oh! your honour, we a’n’t his Lordship’s tenants no longer; there’s been a change for Purley Mead, and now we’re Lord Mounteney’s people. John Conyers has been behind-hand ever sin he had the fever, but Mr. Sedgwick always gave time: but Lord Mounteney’s gem’man says the system’s bad, and so he’ll put an end to it; and so all’s gone, your honour; all’s gone,

and I'm mortal fear'd the good man's beside himself."

"And who is Lord Mounteney's man of business?"

"Mr. Stapylton Toad," sobbed the good dame.

"Here, boy, leave off crying, and hold my horse; keep your hold tight, but give him rein, he'll be quiet enough then. I will see honest John, dame Conyers."

"I'm sure your honour's very kind, but I'm mortal feared the good man's beside himself, and he's apt to do very violent things when the fit's on him. He hasn't been so bad, since young Barton behaved so wickedly to his sister."

"Never mind! I will see him; there is nothing like a friend's face in the hour of sorrow."

"I wouldn't advise your honour," said the good dame, with a fearful expression of countenance; "It's an awful hour when the fit's on him; he knows not friend or foe, and scarcely knows me, your honour."

"Never mind, never mind, I'll see him."

Vivian entered the cottage,—but, oh! the scene of desolation, who shall describe? The room was entirely stripped, literally of every thing; there

was nothing left, save the bare white-washed walls, and the red tiled flooring. The room was darkened ; and seated on an old block of wood, which had been pulled out of the orchard, since the bailiff had left, was John Conyers. The fire was out, but his feet were still among the ashes. His head was buried in his hands, and bowed down nearly to his knees. The eldest girl, a fine sensible child of about thirteen, was sitting with two brothers on the floor in a corner of the room, motionless, their faces grave, and still as death, but tearless. Three young children, of an age too tender to know grief, were acting unmeaning gambols near the door.

“ Oh ! pray beware, your honour,” earnestly whispered the poor dame, as she entered the cottage with the visitor.

Vivian walked up with a silent step to the end of the room, where John Conyers was sitting. He remembered this little room, when he thought it the very model of the abode of an English husbandman. The neat row of plates, and the well scoured utensils, and the fine old Dutch clock, and the ancient and amusing ballad, purchased at some neighbouring fair, or of some itinerant bibli-

opole, and pinned against the wall—all, all were gone!

“John Conyers!” exclaimed Vivian.

There was no answer, nor did the miserable man appear in the slightest degree to be sensible of Vivian’s presence.

“My good John Conyers!”

The man raised his head from his resting place and turned to the spot whence the voice proceeded. There was such an unnatural fire in his eyes, that Vivian’s spirit almost quailed. Any one, but Vivian Grey, would have fled the house. His alarm was not decreased when he perceived that the master of the cottage did not recognize him. The fearful stare was, however, short, and again the sufferer’s face was hid.

The wife was advancing, but Vivian waved his hand to her to withdraw, and she accordingly fell into the back ground; but her fixed eye did not leave her husband for a second.

“John Conyers, it is your friend, Mr. Vivian Grey, who is here,” said Vivian.

“Grey!” moaned the husbandman, “Grey! who is he?”

“Your friend, John Conyers. Do you quite

forget me?" said Vivian advancing, and with a tone which Vivian Grey could alone assume.

"I think I have seen you, and you were kind," and the face was again hid.

"And always will be kind, John Conyers. I have come to comfort you. I thought that a friend's voice would do you good in this hour of your affliction. Come, come, my good Conyers, cheer up, my man!" and Vivian dared to touch him. His hand was not repulsed. "Do you remember what good service you did me when I rode white-footed Moll. Oh! John Conyers, when the mare was plunging on the hill-top, I was much worse off than you are now; and yet, you see, a friend came and saved me. You must not give way so, my good fellow. After all, a little management will set every thing right," and he took the husbandman's sturdy hand. John Conyers looked wildly round, but the unnatural fire that had glistened in his eyes was extinguished.

"I do remember you," he faintly cried; "I do remember you. *You* were always very kind."

"And always will be, John Conyers; always

to friends like you. Come, come, there's a man, cheer up and look about you, and let the sunbeam enter your cottage:" and Vivian beckoned to the wife to open the closed shutter.

Conyers stared around him, but his eye rested only on bare walls, and the big tear coursed down his hardy cheek.

"Nay, never mind, man!" said Vivian, "we'll soon have chairs and tables again. And as for the rent, think no more about that at present."

The husbandman looked up to heaven, and then burst into the most violent hysterics. Vivian could scarcely hold down the powerful, and convulsed, frame of Conyers on his rugged seat; but the wife advanced from the back of the room, and her husband's head rested against her bosom. Vivian held his honest hand, and the eldest girl rose unbidden from her silent sorrow, and clung to her father's knee.

"The fit is over," whispered the wife. "There, there, there's a man, all is now well;" and Vivian left him resting on his wife's bosom.

"Here, you curly-headed rascal, scamper down

to the village immediately, and bring up a basket of something to eat; and tell Morgan Price, that Mr. Grey says he is to send up a couple of beds, and some chairs here immediately, and some plates and dishes, and every thing else, and don't forget a bottle of wine;" so saying, Vivian flung the urchin a sovereign.

"And now, Dame Conyers, for Heaven's sake! light the fire. As for the rent, John Conyers, do not waste this trifle on *that*," whispered Vivian, slipping his purse into his hand, "for I will see Stapyhton Toad, and get time. Why, woman, you'll never strike a light, if your tears drop so fast into the tinder-box. Here give it me. You're not fit for work to-day. And how is the trout in Ravelly Mead, John, this hot weather? You know you never kept your promise with me. Oh! you are a sad fellow! There! there's a spark! I wonder why old Toad did not take the tinder-box. It is a very valuable piece of property, at least to us. Run and get me some wood, that's a good boy. And so white-footed Moll is past all recovery? Well, she was a pretty creature! There, that will do famously," said Vivian, fanning the flame with his hat. "See, it mounts

well! And now, God bless you all! for I'm an hour too late, and must scamper for my very life."

CHAPTER XIII.

THE ARRIVAL.

Mrs. MILLION arrived, and kept her promise; only three carriages and four! Out of the first descended the mighty lady herself, with some noble friends, who formed the most distinguished part of her suite: out of the second came her physician, Dr. Sly; her toad-eater, Miss Gusset; her secretary, and her page. The third carriage bore her groom of the chambers, and three female attendants. There were only two men servants to each equipage; nothing could be more moderate, or, as Miss Gusset said, "in better taste."

Mrs. Million, after having granted the Marquess a private interview in her private apartments, signified her imperial intention of dining in public, which, as she had arrived late, she trusted she might do in her travelling dress. The Marquess kotooed like a first-rate mandarin, and vowed "that her will was his conduct."

The whole suite of apartments was thrown open; and was crowded with guests. Mrs. Million entered; she was leaning on the Marquess's arm, and in a travelling dress, namely, a crimson silk pelisse, hat and feathers, with diamond earrings, and a rope of gold round her neck. A train of about twelve persons, consisting of her noble fellow travellers, toad-eaters, physicians, secretaries, &c. &c. &c. followed. The entrée of his Majesty could not have created a greater sensation, than did that of Mrs. Million. All fell back. Gartered peers, and starred ambassadors, and baronets with titles older than the creation, and squires, to the antiquity of whose blood chaos was a novelty; all retreated, with eyes that scarcely dared to leave the ground—even Sir Plantagenet Pure, whose family had refused a peerage regularly every century, now, for the first time in his life, seemed cowed, and in an awkward retreat to make way for the approaching presence, got entangled with the Mameluke boots of my Lord Alhambra.

At last, a sofa was gained, and the great lady was seated, and the sensation having somewhat subsided, conversation was resumed; and the

mighty Mrs. Million was not slightly abused, particularly by those who had bowed lowest at her entrée; and now the Marquess of Carabas, as was wittily observed by Mr. Septimus Sessions, a pert young barrister, "went the circuit," that is to say, made the grand tour of the suite of apartments, making remarks to every one of his guests and keeping up his influence in the county.

"Ah, my Lord Alhambra! this is too kind. and how is your excellent father, and my good friend?—Sir Plantagenet, your's most sincerely; we shall have no difficulty about that right of common.—Mr. Leverton, I hope you find the new plough work well—your son, sir, will do the county honour.—Sir Godfrey, I saw Barton upon that point, as I promised.—Lady Julia, I'm rejoiced to see ye at Château Desir, more blooming than ever!—Good Mr. Stapylton Toad, so that little change was effected!—My Lord Devildrain, this is a pleasure indeed!"

"Why, Ernest Clay," said Mr. Buckhurst Stanhope, "I thought Alhambra wore a turban—I am quite disappointed."

"Not in the country, Stanhope; here, he only

sits cross-legged on an ottoman, and carves his venison with an ataghan."

"Well, I'm glad he doesn't wear a turban—that would be bad taste, I think;" said Fool Stanhope. "Have you read his poem?"

"A little. He sent me a copy, and as I'm in the habit of lighting my cigar or so occasionally with a leaf, why I can't help occasionally seeing a line—it seems quite first-rate."

"Indeed!" said Fool Stanhope, "I must get it."

"My dear Puff! I am quite glad to find you here," said Mr. Cayenne, a celebrated reviewer, to Mr. Partenopex Puff, a small litterateur and smaller wit. "Have you seen Middle Ages lately?"

"Not very lately," drawled Mr. Partenopex. "I breakfasted with him before I left town, and met a Professor Bopp there, a very interesting man, and Principal of the celebrated University of Heligoland, the model of the London."

"Ah! indeed! talking of the London, is Foaming Fudge to come in for Westmoreland?"

"Doubtless! Oh! he is a prodigious fellow! What do you think Booby says? he says, that

Foaming Fudge can do more than any man in Great Britain: that he had one day to plead in the King's Bench, spout at a tavern, speak in the house, and fight a duel—and that he found time for every thing but *the last*."

"Excellent!" laughed Mr. Cayenne.

Mr. Partenopex Puff was reputed in a certain set, a sayer of good things, but he was a modest wit, and generally fathered his bon mots on his valet Booby, his monkey, or his parrot.

"I saw you in the last number," said Cayenne. "From the quotations from your own works, I imagine the review of your own book was by yourself?"

"What do you think Booby said?"

"Mr. Puff, allow me to introduce you to Lord Alhambra," said Ernest Clay, by which means Mr. Puff's servant's last good thing was lost.

"Mr. Clay, are you an archer?" asked Cynthia Courtown.

"No, fair Dian; but I can act Endymion."

"I don't know what you mean—go away."

"Aubrey Vere, welcome to ——shire. Have you seen Prima Donna?"

“ No, is he here ? How did you like his last song in the Age ? ”

“ *His* last song ! Pooh ! he only supplies the scandal.”

“ Groves,” said Sir Hanway Etherington, “ have you seen the newspaper this morning ? Baron Crupper has tried fifteen men for horse stealing at York, and acquitted every one.”

“ Well then, Sir Hanway, I think his Lordship’s remarkable wrong ; for when a man gets a horse to suit him, if he loses it, ’tis n’t so easy to suit himself again. That’s the ground I stand upon.”

“ Well, there is a good deal in what you say, Groves. By the bye, have you let that nice house which your father used to live in ? ”

“ No, Sir Hanway, no ! I keep it, in case any thing should happen to Tom, for he’s getting a very likely young man, and he’ll be fittish to marry soon. That’s the ground I stand upon.”

All this time the Marquess of Carabas had wanted Vivian Grey twenty times, but that gentleman had not appeared. The important moment arrived, and his Lordship offered his arm to Mrs. Million, who, as the Gotha Almanack says,

“takes precedence of all Archduchesses, Grand Duchesses, Duchesses, Princesses, Landgravines, Margravines, Palsgravines, &c. &c. &c.”

CHAPTER XIV.

THE HALL.

IN their passage to the Hall, the Marquess and Mrs. Million met Vivian Grey, booted and spurred, and covered with mud.

“Oh! — Mrs. Million — Mr. Vivian Grey. How is this, my dear fellow? you will be too late.”

“Immense honour!” said Vivian, bowing to the ground to the lady. “Oh! my Lord, I was late, and made a short cut over Fearnley Bog. It has proved a very Moscow expedition. However I am keeping you. I shall be in time for the guava and liqueurs, and you know that is the only refreshment I ever take.”

“Who is that, Marquess?” asked Mrs. Million.

“That is Mr. Vivian Grey, the most monstrous clever young man, and nicest fellow I know.”

“He does indeed seem a very nice young man,”

said Mrs. Million ; for she rather admired Vivian's precocious taste for liqueurs.

I wish some steam process could be invented for arranging guests when they are above five hundred. In the present instance all went wrong when they entered the Hall ; but, at last, the arrangements, which, of course, were of the simplest nature, were comprehended, and the guests were seated. There were three tables, each stretching down the Hall ; the Dais was occupied by a military band. The number of guests, the contrast between the antique chamber, and their modern costumes, the music, the various liveried menials, all combined to produce a tout ensemble, which at the same time was very striking, and "*in remarkable good taste.*"

In process of time, Mr. Vivian Grey made his entrée. There were a few vacant seats at the bottom of the table, "luckily for him," as kindly remarked Mr. Grumbleton. To the astonishment and indignation, however, of this worthy squire, the late comer passed by the unoccupied position, and proceeded onward with the most undaunted coolness, until he came to about the middle of the

middle table, and which was nearly the best situation in the hall.

“Beautiful Cynthia,” said Vivian Grey, softly and sweetly whispering in Miss Courtown’s ear, “I am sure you will give up your place to me; you have nerve enough, you know, for *any thing*, and would no more care for standing *out*, than I for sitting *in*.” There’s nothing like giving a romp credit for a little boldness. To keep up her character, she will out-herod Herod.

“Oh! Grey, is it you? certainly, you shall have my place immediately—but I am not sure that we cannot make room for you. Dormer Stanhope, room must be made for Grey, or I shall leave the table immediately;—you men!” said the hoyden, turning round to a set of surrounding servants, “push this form down, and put a chair between.”

The men obeyed. All who sat lower in the table on Miss Cynthia Courtown’s side, than that lady, were suddenly propelled downwards about the distance of two feet. Dr. Sly, who was flourishing an immense carving-knife and fork, preparatory to dissecting a very gorgeous haunch, had

these fearful instruments suddenly precipitated into a trifle, from whose sugared trellice-work he found great difficulty in extricating them; while Miss Gusset, who was on the point of cooling herself with some exquisite iced jelly, found her frigid portion as suddenly transformed into a plate of peculiarly ardent curry, the property, but a moment before, of old Colonel Rangoon. Every thing, however, receives a civil reception from a toad-eater, so Miss Gusset burnt herself to death by devouring a composition, which would have reduced any one to ashes who had not fought against Bundoolah.

“Now, that’s what I call a very sensible arrangement;—what could go off better?” said Vivian.

“You may think so, Sir,” said Mr. Boreall, a sharp-nosed and conceited-looking man, who, having got among a set whom he didn’t the least understand, was determined to take up Dr. Sly’s quarrel, merely for the sake of conversation. “You, I say, Sir, may think it so, but I rather imagine that the ladies and gentlemen lower down, can hardly think it *a very sensible arrangement* ;” and here Boreall looked as if he had

done his duty, in giving a young man a proper reproof.

Vivian glanced a look, which would have been annihilation to any one, not a freeholder of five hundred acres. "I had reckoned upon two deaths, Sir, when I entered the hall, and finding, as I do, that the whole business has apparently gone off without any fatal accident, why, I think the circumstances bear me out in my expression."

Mr. Boreall was one of those unfortunate men who always take things *au pied de lettre* : he consequently looked amazed, and exclaimed, "Two deaths, Sir?"

"Yes, Sir, two deaths ; I reckoned, of course, on some corpulent parent being crushed to death in the scuffle, and then I should have had to shoot his son through the head for his filial satisfaction. Dormer Stanhope, I never thanked you for exerting yourself : send me that *fricandeau* you have just helped yourself to."

Dormer, who was, as Vivian well knew, something of an epicure, looked rather annoyed, but by this time he was accustomed to Vivian Grey,

and sent him the portion he had intended for himself—could epicure do more?

“Whom are we among, bright Cynthia?” asked Vivian.

“Oh! an odd set,” said the lady, looking dignified; “but you know we can be *exclusive*.”

“*Exclusive!* pooh! trash—talk to every body—it looks as if you were going to stand for the county. Have we any of the Millionaires near us?”

“The Doctor and Toadey are lower down.”

“Where is Mrs. Felix Lorraine?”

“At the opposite table, with Ernest Clay.”

“Oh! there’s Alhambra, next to Dormer Stanhope. Lord Alhambra, I am quite rejoiced to see you.”

“Ah! Mr. Grey—I am quite rejoiced to see you. How is your father?”

“Extremely well—he is at Paris—I heard from him yesterday. Do you ever see the Weimar Literary Gazette, my Lord?”

“No;—why?”

“There is a most admirable review of your poem, in the last number I have received.”

The young nobleman looked agitated. “I

think, by the style," continued Vivian, "that it is by Goëthe. It is really quite delightful to see the oldest poet in Europe, dilating on the brilliancy of a new star in the poetical horizon."

This was uttered with a perfectly grave voice, and now the young nobleman blushed—"Who is *Gewter*?" asked Mr. Boreall, who possessed such a thirst for knowledge, that he never allowed an opportunity to escape him of displaying his ignorance.

"A celebrated German writer," lisped the modest Miss Macdonald, who was, of course, *beginning* German.

"I never heard his name," persevered the indefatigable Boreall;—"how do you spell it?"

"G O E T H E," relisped modesty.

"Oh! *Goty*!" exclaimed the querist—"I know him well: he wrote the Sorrows of Werter."

"Did he indeed, Sir?" asked Vivian, with the most innocent and inquiring face.

"Oh! don't you know that?" said Boreall;—"and poor stuff it is!" and here the worthy, and vulgar, landholder laughed loud and long.

"Lord Alhambra! I will take a glass of Johan-

nisberg with you, if the Marquess's wines are in the state they *should* be—

‘The Crescent warriors sipped their sherbet spiced,
For Christian men the various wines were *iced*.’

I always think that those are the two most admirable lines in your Lordship's poem," said Vivian.

His Lordship did not exactly remember them: it would have been a wonder if he had:—but he thought Vivian Grey the most delightful fellow he ever met, and determined to ask him to Helicon Castle, for the Christmas holidays.

“Flat! flat!” said Vivian, as he dwelt upon the flavour of the Rhine's glory. “Not exactly from the favourite binn of Prince Metternich, I think. By-the-bye, Dormer Stanhope, you have a taste that way; I will tell you two secrets, which never forget: decant your Johannisberg, and ice your Maraschino. Ay, do not stare, my dear Gastronome, but do it.”

“Oh, Vivian Grey, you little love! why did not you come and speak to me?” exclaimed a lady who was sitting at the side opposite Vivian, but much higher in the table.

“ Ah! adorable Lady Julia! and so you were *done* on the grey filly.”

“ *Done!*” said the sporting beauty with pouting lips;—“ but it is a long story, and I’ll tell it you another time.”

“ Ah! do. How is Sir Peter?”

“ Oh! he’s had a fit or two, since you saw him last.”

“ Poor old gentleman! let us drink his health;” and the Baronet’s recovery was quaffed by the lady, and Vivian, with a very piquant expression of countenance.

“ Do you know Lady Julia Knighton?” asked Vivian of his neighbour. Before he could receive an answer, he was again rattling on:—“ This hall is bearable to dine in; but I once breakfasted here, and I never shall forget the ludicrous effect produced by the sun through the oriel window. Such complexions! Every one looked like a prize-fighter ten days after a battle. After all, painted glass is a bore; I wish the Marquess would have it knocked out, and have plated.”

“ Knock out the painted glass!” said Mr. Boreall; “ well, I must confess I cannot agree with you.”

“I should have been extremely surprised if you could. If you do not insult that man, Miss Courtown, in ten minutes I shall be no more. I have already a nervous fever.”

“May I have the honour of taking a glass of Champagne with you, Mr. Grey?” said Boreall.

“*Mr. Grey*, indeed!” muttered Vivian: “Sir, I never drink anything but brandy.”

“Allow me to give *you* some Champagne, Miss,” resumed Boreall, as he attacked the modest Miss Macdonald; “Champagne, you know,” continued he, with a smile of agonising courtesy, “is quite the lady’s wine.”

“Cynthia Courtown,” whispered Vivian with a sepulchral voice, “’tis all over with me—I have been thinking what could come next. This is *too* much—I am already dead—have Boreall arrested; the chain of circumstantial evidence is very strong.”

“Baker!” said Vivian, turning to a servant, “Go and enquire if Mr. Stapylton Toad dines at the Castle to-day.”

A flourish of trumpets announced the rise of the Marchioness of Carabas, and in a few minutes the most ornamental portion of the guests had disappeared. The gentlemen made a general “move

up," and Vivian found himself opposite his friend, Mr. Hargrave.

"Ah! Mr. Hargrave, how d'ye do? What do you think of the Secretary's state paper?"

"A magnificent composition, and quite unanswerable. I was just speaking of it to my friend here, Mr. Metternich Scribe. Allow me to introduce you to—Mr. Metternich Scribe."

"Mr. Metternich Scribe—Mr. Vivian Grey!" and here Mr. Hargrave introduced Vivian to an effeminate-looking, perfumed, young man, with a handsome, unmeaning face, and very white hands. In short, as dapper a little diplomatist as ever tatted about the Congress of Verona, smirked at Lady Almack's supper after the Opera, or vowed "that Richmond Terrace was a most convenient situation for official men."

"We have had it with us many weeks, before the public received it," said the future under-secretary, with a look at once condescending, and conceited.

"Have you?" said Vivian: "well, it does your office credit. It's a singular thing, that Canning, and Croker, are the only official men who can write grammar."

The dismayed young gentleman of the Foreign Office was about to mince a repartee, when Vivian left his seat, for he had a great deal of business to transact. "Mr. Leverton," said he, accosting a flourishing grazier, "I have received a letter from my friend, M. De Noé. He is desirous of purchasing some Leicestershires for his estate in Burgundy. Pray, may I take the liberty of introducing his agent to you?"

Mr. Leverton was delighted.

"I also wanted to see you about some other little business. Let me see what was it. Never mind, I'll take my wine here, if you can make room for me; I shall remember it, I dare say, soon. Oh! by-the-bye—ah! that was it. Stapylton Toad—Mr. Stapylton Toad; I want to know all about Mr. Stapylton Toad—I dare say you can tell me. A friend of mine intends to consult him on a little parliamentary business, and he wishes to know something about him before he calls."

As I am a great lover of conciseness, I shall condense, for the benefit of the reader, the information of Mr. Leverton.

Stapylton Toad had not the honour of being

acquainted with his father's name; but as the son found himself, at an early age, apprenticed to a solicitor of eminence, he was of opinion that his parent must have been respectable. *Respectable!* mysterious word! Stapylton was a very diligent and faithful clerk, but was not so fortunate in his apprenticeship as the celebrated Whittington, for his master had no daughter, and many sons; in consequence of which, Stapylton, not being able to become his master's partner, became his master's rival.

On the door of one of the shabbiest houses in Jermyn-street, the name of Mr. Stapylton Toad for a long time figured, magnificently engraved on a broad brass plate. There was nothing, however, otherwise, in the appearance of the establishment, which indicated that Mr. Toad's progress was very rapid, or his professional career extraordinarily prosperous. In an outward office one solitary clerk was seen, oftener stirring his office fire, than wasting his master's ink; and Mr. Toad was known by his brother attorneys, as a gentleman who was not recorded in the courts as ever having conducted a single cause. In a few years, however, a story was added to the Jermyn-street

abode, which new pointed, and new painted, began to assume a most mansion-like appearance. The house-door was also thrown open, for the solitary clerk no longer found time to answer the often agitated bell; and the eyes of the entering client were now saluted by a gorgeous green baize office door; the imposing appearance of which was only equalled by Mr. Toad's new private portal, splendid with a brass knocker, and patent varnish. And now his brother attorneys began to wonder "how Toad got on! and who Toad's clients were."

A few more years rolled over, and Mr. Toad was seen riding in the Park at a most classical hour, attended by a groom in a most classical livery. And now "the profession" wondered still more, and significant looks were interchanged by "the respectable houses;" and flourishing practitioners in the City shrugged up their shoulders, and talked mysteriously of "money business," and "some odd work in annuities." In spite, however, of the charitable surmises of his brother lawyers, it must be confessed, that nothing of even an *equivocal* nature ever transpired against the character of the flourishing Mr. Toad; who,

to complete the mortification of his less successful rivals, married, and at the same time moved from Jermyn-street to Cavendish-square. The new residence of Mr. Toad, had previously been the mansion of a noble client, and one whom, as the world said, Mr. Toad "had got out of difficulties." This significant phrase will probably throw some light upon the nature of the mysterious business of our prosperous practitioner. Noble Lords who have been *in* difficulties, will not much wonder at the prosperity of those who get them *out*.

About this time Mr. Toad became acquainted with Lord Mounteney, a nobleman in great distress, with fifty thousand per annum. His Lordship "really did not know how he had got *involved*: he never gamed, he was not married, and his consequent expenses had never been unreasonable; he was not extraordinarily negligent—quite the reverse, was something of a man of business, remembered once looking over his accounts; and yet, in spite of this regular and correct career, found himself quite *involved*, and must leave England."

The arrangement of the *Mounteney property*

was the coup finale of Mr. Stapylton Toad's professional celebrity. His Lordship was *not* under the necessity of quitting England: and found himself, in the course of five years, in the receipt of a clear rental of five-and-twenty thousand per annum. His Lordship was in raptures: and Stapylton Toad purchased an elegant villa in Surrey, and became a Member of Parliament. Goodburn Park, for such was the name of Mr. Toad's country residence, in spite of its double lodges, and patent park paling, was not, to Mr. Toad, a very expensive purchase; for he "took it off the hands" of a distressed client, who wanted an immediate supply, "merely to convenience him," and, consequently, became the purchaser at about half its real value. "Attorneys," as Bustle the auctioneer says, "have *such* opportunities!"

Mr. Toad's career in the House, was as correct as his conduct out of it. After ten years regular attendance, the boldest conjecturer would not have dared to define his political principles. It was a rule with Stapylton Toad, *never to commit himself*. Once, indeed, he wrote an able pamphlet on the Corn Laws, which excited the dire indignation of that egregious body, the Political Eco-

nomy Club. But Stapylton cared little for their subtle confutations, and their loudly expressed contempt. He had obliged the country gentlemen of England, and ensured the return, at the next election, of Lord Mounteney's brother for the county. At this general election also, Stapylton Toad's purpose in entering the House became rather more manifest; for it was found, to the surprise of the whole country, that there was scarcely a place in England—county, town, or borough—in which Mr. Stapylton Toad did not possess some influence. In short, it was discovered, that Mr. Stapylton Toad had “a first rate parliamentary business;” that nothing could be done without his co-operation, and every thing with it. In spite of his prosperity, Stapylton had the good sense never to retire from business, and even to refuse a baronetcy—on condition, however, that it should be offered to his son.

Stapylton, like the rest of mankind, had his weak points. The late Marquess of Almacks was wont to manage him very happily, and Toad was always introducing that minister's opinion of his importance. “ ‘ My time is quite at your service,

General,' although the poor dear Marquess used to say, 'Mr. Stapylton Toad, *your time is mine.*' He knew the business I had to get through!" The family portraits also, in most ostentatious frames, now adorned the dining-room of his London mansion; and it was amusing to hear the worthy M. P. dilate upon his likeness to his respected father.

"You see, my Lord," Stapylton would say, pointing to a dark, dingy, picture of a gentleman in a rich court dress, "you see, my Lord, it is not in a very good light, and it certainly is a very dark picture—by Hudson; all Hudson's pictures were dark. But if I were six inches taller, and could hold the light just there, I think your Lordship would be astonished at the resemblance; but it's a dark picture, certainly it is dark,—all Hudson's pictures were."

CHAPTER XV.

THE DRAWING ROOM.

THE Cavaliers have left the ancient hall, and the old pictures frown only upon empty tables. The Marquess immediately gained a seat by Mrs.

Million, and was soon engrossed in deep converse with that illustrious lady. In one room, the most eminent and exclusive, headed by Mrs. Felix Lorraine, were now winding through the soothing mazes of a slow waltz, and now whirling, with all the rapidity of Eastern dervishes, to true double Wien time. In another saloon, the tedious tactics of quadrilles commanded the exertions of less civilized beings: here, Liberal Snake, the celebrated Political Economist, was lecturing to a knot of terrified country gentlemen; and there a celebrated Italian improvisatore poured forth to an ignorant and admiring audience, all the dullness of his inspiration. Vivian Grey was holding an earnest conversation in one of the recesses with Mr. Stapyton Toad.—He had already charmed that worthy, by the deep interest which he took in every thing relating to elections, and the House of Commons, and now they were hard at work on the Corn Laws. Although they agreed upon the main points, and Vivian's ideas upon this important subject had, of course, been adopted after studying with intenseness Mr. Toad's "most luminous and convincing pamphlet," still there were a few minor points, on which Vivian

“ was obliged to confess,” that “ he did not exactly see his way.” Mr. Toad was astonished, but argumentative, and of course, in due time, had made a convert of his companion; “ a young man,” as he afterwards remarked to Lord Mounteny, “ in whom, he knew not which most to admire, the soundness of his own views, or the candour with which he treated those of others.” If you wish to win a man’s heart, allow him to confute you.

“ I think, Mr. Grey, you must admit, that my definition of *labour* is the correct one?” said Mr. Toad, looking earnestly in Vivian’s face, his finger just presuming to feel a button.

“ That exertion of mind or body, which is not the involuntary effect of the influence of natural sensations,” slowly repeated Vivian, as if his whole soul was concentrated in each monosyllable—
“ Y—e—s, Mr. Toad, I do admit it.”

“ Then, my dear Sir, the rest follows of course,” triumphantly exclaimed the Member.
“ Don’t you see it?”

“ Although I admit the correctness of your definition, Mr. Toad, I am not free to confess, that I am ex—act—ly convinced of the soundness of

your conclusion," said Vivian, in a very musing mood.

"But, my dear Sir, I am surprised that you don't see, that—"

"Stop, Mr. Toad," eagerly exclaimed Vivian, "I see my error. I misconceived your meaning: you *are* right, Sir, your definition is correct."

"I was confident that I should convince you, Mr. Grey."

"This conversation, I assure you, Mr. Toad, has been to me a peculiarly satisfactory one. Indeed, Sir, I have long wished to have the honour of making your acquaintance. When but a boy, I remember at my father's table, the late Marquess of Almack—"

"Yes, Mr. Grey."

"One of the ablest men, Mr. Toad, after all, that this country ever produced."

"Oh, poor dear man!"

"I remember him observing to a friend of mine, who was at that time desirous of getting into the House.—'Hargrave,' said his lordship, 'if you want any information upon points of *practical politics*'—that was his phrase; you remember, Mr. Toad, that his lordship was peculiar in his phrases?"

“ Oh ! yes, poor dear man ; but you were observing, Mr. Grey——”

“ Ay, ay ! ‘ If you want any information,’ said his lordship, ‘ on such points, there is *only one* man in the kingdom whom you should consult, and he’s one of the soundest heads I know, and that’s Stapylton Toad, the member for Mounteney ;’ you know you were in for Mounteney then, Mr. Toad.”

“ I was, I was, and accepted the Chilterns to make room for Augustus Clay, Ernest Clay’s brother ; who was so involved, that the only way to keep him out of the House of Correction, was to get him into the House of Commons. But the Marquess said so, eh ?”

“ Ay, and much more, which I scarcely can remember ;” and then followed a long dissertation on the character of the noble statesman, and his views as to the agricultural interest, and the importance of the agricultural interest ; and then a delicate hint was thrown out, as to “ how delightful it would be to write a pamphlet together,” on this mighty agricultural interest ; and then came an éloge on the character of country gentlemen, and English yeomen, and the importance of keep-

ing up the old English spirit in the peasantry, &c. &c. &c.; and then, when Vivian had led Mr. Toad to deliver a most splendid and patriotic oration on this point, he “just remembered, (quite apropos to the sentiments which Mr. Toad had just delivered, and which he did not hesitate to say, ‘did equal honour to his head and heart,’) that there was a little point, which, if it was not trespassing too much on Mr. Toad’s attention, he would just submit to him; and then he mentioned poor John Conyers’ case, although “he felt convinced from Mr. Toad’s well-known benevolent character, that it was quite unnecessary for him to do so, as he felt assured that it would be remedied immediately it fell under his cognizance; but then Mr. Toad had really so much business to transact, that perhaps these slight matters might occasionally not be submitted to him,” &c. &c. &c.

What could Stapylton Toad do but, after a little amiable grumbling about “bad system, and bad precedent,” promise every thing that Vivian Grey required?

“Mr. Vivian Grey,” said Mrs. Felix Lorraine, “I cannot understand why you’ve been talking to Mr. Toad so long; will you waltz?”

Before Vivian could answer, a tittering, so audible, that considering the rank of the parties, it might almost be termed a loud shout, burst forth from the whole room. Cynthia Courtown had stolen behind Lord Alhambra, as he was sitting on an Ottoman, à la Turque, and had folded a Cachemere shawl round his head, with a most Oriental tie. His Lordship, who, notwithstanding his eccentricities, was really a most amiable man, bore his blushing honours with a gracious dignity, worthy of a descendant of the Abencerrages. The sensation which this incident occasioned, favoured Vivian's escape from Mrs. Felix, for he had not left Mr. Stapylton Toad with any intention of waltzing.

But he had hardly escaped from the waltzers, ere he found himself in danger of being involved in a much more laborious duty; for now he stumbled on the Political Economist, and he was earnestly requested by the contending theorists, to assume the office of moderator. Emboldened by his success, Liberal Snake had had the hardihood to attack a personage of whose character he was not utterly ignorant, but on whom he was extremely desirous of "making an impression."

This important person was Sir Christopher Mowbray, who, upon the lecturer presuming to inform him "what *rent* was," "damned himself if he didn't know what rent was, a damned deal better than any damnationed French smuggler." I don't wish to be coarse, but Sir Christopher is a great man, and the sayings of great men, particularly when they are representative of the sentiment of a species, should not pass unrecorded.

Sir Christopher Mowbray is member for the County of — ; and member for the county he intends to be next election, although he is in his seventy-ninth year, for he can still follow a fox, with as pluck a heart, and with as stout a voice, as any squire in Christendom. Sir Christopher, it must be confessed, is rather peculiar in his ideas. His grandson, Peregrine Mowbray, who is as pert a genius as the applause of a common-room ever yet spoiled, and as sublime an orator as the cheerings of the Union ever yet inspired, says "the Baronet is not up to the nineteenth century;" and perhaps this very significant phrase will give the reader a more significant idea of Sir Christopher Mowbray, than a character as long, and as labour-ed, as the most perfect of my Lord Clarendon's.

The truth is, the good Baronet had no idea of "liberal principles," or anything else of that school. His most peculiar characteristic, is a singular habit which he has got of styling political economists, *French smugglers*. Nobody has ever yet succeeded in extracting a reason from him for this singular appellation, and even if you angle with the most exquisite skill for the desired definition, Sir Christopher immediately salutes you with a volley of oaths, and damns French Wines, Bible Societies, and Mr. Huskisson. Sir Christopher for half a century has supported in the senate, with equal sedulousness and silence, the constitution, and the corn laws; he is perfectly aware of "the present perilous state of the country," and watches with great interest all "the plans, and plots" of this enlightened age. The only thing which he does not exactly comprehend, is the London University. This affair really puzzles the worthy gentleman, who could as easily fancy a county member not being a freeholder, as an University not being at Oxford or Cambridge. Indeed, to this hour the old gentleman believes that the whole business is "a damned hoax;" and if you tell him, that, far from the plan par-

taking of the visionary nature he conceives, there are actually four acres of very valuable land purchased near White Conduit House for the erection; and that there is little apprehension, that in the course of a century, the wooden poles which are now stuck about the ground, will not be as fair, and flourishing, as the most leafy bowers of New College gardens; the old gentleman looks up to heaven, as if determined not to be taken in, and leaning back in his chair, sends forth a sceptical and smiling "No! no! no! that won't do."

Vivian extricated himself with as much grace as possible from the toils of the Economist, and indeed, like a skilful general, turned this little rencontre to account, in accomplishing the very end, for the attainment of which he had declined waltzing with Mrs. Felix Lorraine.

"My Lord," said Vivian, addressing the Marquess, who was still by the side of Mrs. Million, "I am going to commit a most ungallant act; but you great men must pay a tax for your dignity. I am going to disturb you. You are wanted by half the county! What could possibly induce you ever to allow a Political Economist to enter Château Desir? There are, at least, three

Baronets and four Squires in despair, writhing under the tortures of Liberal Snake. They have deputed me to request your assistance, to save them from being defeated in the presence of half their tenantry; and I think, my Lord," said Vivian, with a serious voice, "if you could possibly contrive to interfere, it would be desirable. That lecturing knave never knows when to stop, and he is actually insulting men before whom, after all, he ought not dare to open his lips. I see that your Lordship is naturally not very much inclined to quit your present occupation, in order to act Moderator to a set of political brawlers; but come, you shall not be quite sacrificed to the county,—I will give up the waltz in which I was engaged, and keep your seat until your return."

The Marquess, who was always "keeping up county influence," was very shocked at the obstreperous conduct of Liberal Snake. Indeed he had viewed the arrival of this worthy with no smiling countenance, but what could he say—as he came in the suit of Lord Pert, who was writing, with the lecturer's assistance, a pretty little pamphlet on the Currency? Apologising to Mrs. Million, and promising to return as soon as possible, and

lead her to the music room, the Marquess retired, with the determination of annihilating one of the stoutest members of the Political Economy club.

Vivian began by apologising to Mrs. Million, for disturbing her progress to the hall, by his sudden arrival before dinner; and then for a quarter of an hour poured forth the usual quantity of piquant anecdotes, and insidious compliments. Mrs. Million found Vivian's conversation no disagreeable relief to the pompous prosiness of the late attaché; and, although no brilliant star dangled at his breast, she could not refrain from feeling extremely pleased.

And now—having succeeded in commanding Mrs. Million's attention by that general art of pleasing, which was for all the world, and which was, of course, formed upon his general experience of human nature,—Vivian began to make his advances to Mrs. Million's feelings, by a particular art of pleasing; that is, an art which was for the particular person alone, whom he was at any time addressing, and which was founded on his particular knowledge of that person's character.

“How beautiful the old hall looked to-day!

It is a scene which can only be met with in ancient families."

"Ah! there is nothing like old families!" remarked Mrs. Million, with all the awkward feelings of a *nouveau riche*.

"Do you think so?" said Vivian; "I once thought so myself, but I confess that my opinion is greatly changed.—After all, what is noble blood? My eye is now resting on a crowd of honourables; and yet, being among them, do we treat them in a manner differing in any way from that which we should employ to individuals of a lower caste, who were equally uninteresting?"

"Certainly not," said Mrs. Million.

"The height of the ambition of the less exalted ranks is to be *noble*, because they conceive to be noble, implies to be superior; associating in their minds, as they always do, a pre-eminence over their equals.—But, to be noble, among nobles, where is the pre-eminence?"

"Where indeed?" said Mrs. Million; and she thought of herself, sitting the most considered personage in this grand castle, and yet with sufficiently base blood flowing in her veins.

"And thus, in the highest circles," continued

Vivian, "a man is of course not valued because he is a Marquess, or a Duke; but because he is a great warrior, or a great statesman, or very fashionable, or very witty. In all classes but the highest, a peer, however unbefriended by nature or by fortune, becomes a man of a certain rate of consequence; but to be a person of consequence in the highest class, requires something else, except high blood."

"I quite agree with you in your sentiments, Mr. Grey. Now what character, or what situation in life, would you choose, if you had the power of making your choice?"

"That is really a most metaphysical question. As is the custom of all young men, I have sometimes, in my reveries, imagined what I conceived to be a lot of pure happiness: and yet Mrs. Million will perhaps be astonished that I was neither to be nobly born, nor to acquire nobility; that I was not to be a literary man, nor a warrior, nor a merchant, nor indeed any profession—not even a professional dandy."

"Oh! love in a cottage, I suppose;" interrupted Mrs. Million.

"Neither love in a cottage, nor science in a cell."

“Oh! pray tell me what it is.”

“What it is? Oh! Lord Mayor of London, I suppose; that is the only situation which answers to my oracular description.”

“Oh! then you have been joking all this time!”

“Oh! no; not at all. Come then, let us imagine this perfect lot. In the first place, I would be born in the middling classes of society, or even lower, because I would wish my character to be impartially developed. I would be born to no hereditary prejudices, nor hereditary passions. My course in life should not be carved out by the example of a grandfather, nor my ideas modelled to a preconceived system of family perfection. Do you like my first principle, Mrs. Million?”

“I must hear every thing before I give an opinion.”

“When, therefore, my mind was formed, I would wish to become the proprietor of a princely fortune.”

“Yes!” eagerly exclaimed Mrs. Million.

“And now would come the moral singularity of my fate. If I had gained this fortune by commerce, or in any other similar mode, my disposition, before the creation of this fortune, would

naturally have been formed, and been permanently developed; and my mind would have been similarly affected, had I succeeded to some ducal father; for I should then, in all probability, have inherited some family line of conduct, both moral and political; but under the circumstances I have imagined, the result would be far different. I should then be in the singular situation of possessing, at the same time, unbounded wealth, and the whole powers and natural feelings of my mind, unoppressed and unshackled. Oh! how splendid would be my career! I would not allow the change in my condition to exercise any influence on my natural disposition. I would experience the same passions, and be subject to the same feelings, only they should be exercised, and influential in a wider sphere. Then would be seen the influence of great wealth, directed by a disposition similar to that of the generality of men, inasmuch as it had been formed like that of the generality of men; and consequently, one much better acquainted with their feelings, their habits, and their wishes. Such a lot would indeed be princely! Such a lot would infallibly ensure the affection, and respect, of the great majority of man-

kind ; and, supported by them, what should I care, if I were misunderstood by a few fools, and abused by a few knaves?"

Here came the Marquess to lead the lady to the concert. As she quitted her seat, a smile, beaming with graciousness, rewarded her youthful companion. "Ah!" thought Mrs. Million; "I go to the concert, but leave sweeter music than can possibly meet me there. What is the magic of these words? It is not flattery; such is not the language of Miss Gusset! It is not a refacimento of compliments: such is not the style with which I am saluted by the Duke of Doze, and the Earl of Leatherdale! Apparently I have heard a young philosopher delivering his sentiments upon an abstract point in human life; and yet have I not listened to the most brilliant apology for my own character, and the most triumphant defence of my own conduct. Of course it was unintentional, and yet how agreeable to be unintentionally defended!" So mused Mrs. Million, and she made a thousand vows, not to let a day pass over, without obtaining a pledge from Vivian Grey, to visit her on their return to the metropolis.

Vivian remained in his seat for some time

after the departure of his companion. "On my honour, I have half a mind to desert my embryo faction, and number myself in her gorgeous retinue. Let me see—what part should I act? her secretary, or her toad-eater—or her physician, or her cook? or shall I be her page? Methinks I should make a pretty page, and hand a chased goblet as gracefully, as any monkey that ever bent his knee in a Lady's chamber. Well! at any rate, there is this chance to be kept back, as the gambler does his last trump, or the cunning fencer his last ruse."

He rose to offer his arm to some stray fair one; for crowds were now hurrying to pine apples and lobster salads: that is to say, supper was ready in the LONG GALLERY.

In a moment Vivian's arm was locked in that of Mrs. Felix Lorraine.

"Oh, Mr. Grey, I have got a much better ghost story than even that of the Leyden Professor for you; but I am so wearied with waltzing, that I must tell it you to-morrow. How came you to be so late this morning? Have you been paying many calls to-day? I quite missed you at dinner. Do you think Ernest Clay handsome? I

dare not repeat what Lady Scrope said of you! You're an admirer of Lady Julia Knighton, I believe?—I do not much like this plan of supping in the Long Gallery—it is a favourite locale of mine, and I have no idea of my private promenade being invaded by the uninteresting presence of trifles and Italian creams. Have you been telling Mrs. Million that she was very witty?" asked Vivian's companion, with a very significant look.

CHAPTER XVI.

TOADEYS.

SWEET reader! you know what a Toadey is? That agreeable animal which you meet every day in civilized society. But perhaps you have not speculated very curiously upon this interesting race. Tant pis! for you cannot live many lustres, without finding it of some service to be a little acquainted with their habits.

The world in general is under a mistake as to the nature of these vermin. They are by no means characterised by that similarity of dispo-

sition, for which your common observer gives them credit. There are Toadeys of all possible natures.

There is your Common-place Toadey, who merely echoes its feeder's common-place observations. There is your Playing-up Toadey, who, unconscious to its feeder, is always playing-up to its feeder's weaknesses—and, as the taste of that feeder varies, accordingly provides its cates and confitures. A little bit of scandal for a dashing widow, or a pious little hymn for a sainted one; the secret history of a newly discovered gas for a May Fair feeder, and an interesting anecdote about a Newgate bobcap, or a Penitentiary apron, for a charitable one. Then there is your Drawing-out Toadey, who omits no opportunity of giving you a chance of being victorious, in an argument where there is no contest, and a dispute where there is no difference; and then there is —— but I detest essay writing, so I introduce you at once to a party of these vermin. If you wish to enjoy a curious sight, you must watch the Toadeys, when they are unembarrassed by the almost perpetual presence of their breeders—when they are animated by “the spirit of freedom”—when, like

Curran's Negro, the chain bursts by the impulse of their swelling veins. The great singularity is the struggle between their natural and their acquired feelings: the eager opportunity which they seize of revenging their voluntary bondage, by their secret taunts on their adopted task-masters; and the servility, which they habitually mix up, even with their scandal. Like veritable Grimalkins, they fawn upon their victims previous to the festival—compliment them upon the length of their whiskers, and the delicacy of their limbs, prior to excoriating them, and dwelling on the flavour of their crashed bones. Oh! 'tis a beautiful scene, and ten thousand times more piquant than the humours of a Servants' Hall, or the most grotesque and glorious moments of high life below stairs.

“Dear Miss Graves,” said Miss Gusset, “you can't imagine how terrified I was at that horrible green parrot flying upon my head! I declare it pulled out three locks of hair.”

“Horrible green parrot, my dear madam! why it was sent to my Lady by Prince Xttnprqtosklw, and never shall I forget the agitation we were in

about that parrot. I thought it would never have got to the Château, for the Prince could only send his carriage with it as far as Toadcaster; luckily my Lady's youngest brother, who was staying at Desir, happened to get drowned at the time,—and so Davenport, very clever of him! sent her on in my Lord Dormer's hearse."

"In the hearse! Good heavens, Miss Graves! How could you think of green parrots at such an awful moment! I should have been in fits for three days. Eh! Dr. Sly?"

"Certainly you would, Madam—your nerves are very delicate."

"Well! I, for my part, never could see much use in giving up to one's feelings. It is all very well for commoners," rather rudely exclaimed the Marchioness' Toadey—"but we did not choose to expose ourselves to the servants, when the old General died this year. Every thing went on as usual. Her Ladyship attended Almacks; my Lord took his seat in the House; and I looked in at Lady Doubtful's; where we do not visit, but where the Marchioness wishes to be civil."

"Oh! we do not visit Lady Doubtful either,"

replied Miss Gusset: "she had not a card for our fête champêtre. Oh! I was so sorry you were not in town. It was so delightful!"

"Oh! do tell me who was there. I quite long to know all about it. I saw an account of it in the papers. Every thing seemed to go off so well. Do tell me who was there?"

"Oh! there was plenty of Royalty at the head of the list. Really I cannot go into particulars, but every body was there—who is any body—eh! Dr. Sly?"

"Certainly, Madam. The pines were most admirable; there are few people for whom I entertain a higher esteem than Mr. Gunter."

"The Marchioness seems very fond of her dog and parrot, Miss Graves—but she is a sweet woman!"

"Oh, a dear, amiable creature! but I cannot think how she can bear the eternal screaming of that noisy bird."

"Nor I, indeed. Well, thank goodness, Mrs. Million has no pets—eh! Dr. Sly?"

"Certainly—I am clearly of opinion that it cannot be wholesome to have so many animals about a house. Besides which, I have noticed that the

Marchioness always selects the nicest morsels for that little poodle ; and I am also clearly of opinion, Miss Graves, that the fit it had the other day arose from repletion."

" Oh ! I have no doubt of it in the world. She consumes three pounds of arrow-root weekly, and two pounds of the finest loaf sugar, which I have the trouble of grating every Monday morning.—Mrs. Million appears to be a most amiable woman, Miss Gusset?"

" Oh ! quite perfection—so charitable, so intellectual, such a soul ! it is a pity though her manner is so abrupt, she really does not appear to advantage sometimes—eh ! Dr. Sly ?"

The Toadey's Toadey bowed assent as usual. " Well," rejoined Miss Graves, " that is rather a fault of the dear Marchioness,—a little want of consideration for another's feelings, but she means nothing."

" Oh, no ! nor Mrs. Million, dear creature ! *she* means nothing ; though, I dare say, not knowing her so well as we do—eh ! Dr. Sly ?—you were a little surprised at the way in which she spoke to me at dinner."

" All people have their oddities, Miss Gusset.

I am sure the Marchioness is not aware how she tries my patience about that little wretch Julie;—I had to rub her with warm flannels for an hour and a-half, before the fire this morning;—that is that Vivian Grey's doing."

"Who is this Mr. Grey, Miss Graves?"

"Who, indeed!—Some young man the Marquess has picked up, and who comes lecturing here about poodles, and parrots, and thinking himself quite Lord Paramount, I can assure you; I am surprised that the Marchioness, who is a most sensible woman, can patronize such conduct a moment; but whenever she begins to see through him, the young gentleman has always got a story about a bracelet, or a bandeau, and quite turns her head."

"Very disagreeable, I am sure—eh! Dr. Sly?"

"Some people are so easily managed! By the bye, Miss Gusset, who could have advised Mrs. Million to wear crimson? So large as she is, it does not at all suit her: I suppose it's a *favourite* colour."

"Dear Miss Graves, you are always so insinuating. What can Miss Graves mean—eh! Dr. Sly?"

A Lord Burleigh shake of the head.

“Cynthia Courtown seems as lively as ever,” said Miss Gusset.

“Yes, lively enough, but I wish her manner was less *brusque*.”

“*Brusque*, indeed! you may well say so: she nearly pushed me down in the hall; and when I looked as if I thought she might have given me a little more room, she tossed her head and said “Beg pardon, never saw you!”

“I wonder what Lord Alhambra sees in that girl?”

“Oh! those forward Misses always take the men—eh! Dr. Sly?”

“Well,” said Miss Graves, “I have no notion that it will come to any thing—I am sure, I, for one, hope not,” added she with all a Toadey’s venom.

“The Marquess seems to keep a remarkably good table, said the Physician. “There was a haunch to-day, which I really think was the finest haunch I ever met with: but that little move at dinner,—it was, to say the least, very ill-timed.”

“Yes, that was Vivian Grey again,” said Miss Graves, very indignantly.

“ So, you have got the Beaconsfields here, Miss Graves:—nice, unaffected, quiet, people ?”

“ Yes! very quiet.”

“ As you say, Miss Graves, *very* quiet, but a little heavy.”

“ Yes, heavy enough.”

“ If you had but seen the quantity of pine apples that boy Dormer Stanhope devoured at our Fête Champêtre!—but I have the comfort of knowing that they made him very ill—eh! Dr. Sly?”

“ Oh! he learnt that from his uncle,” said Miss Graves—“ it is quite disgusting to see how that Vivian Grey encourages him.”

“ What an elegant, accomplished, woman Mrs. Felix Lorraine seems to be, Miss Graves!—I suppose the Marchioness is very fond of her?”

“ Oh, yes,—the Marchioness is so good-natured, that I dare say she thinks very well of Mrs. Felix Lorraine. She thinks well of every one—but I believe Mrs. Felix is rather a greater favourite with the *Marquess*.”

“ O——h!” drawled out Miss Gusset with a very significant tone. “ I suppose she is one of

your playing-up ladies. I think you told me she was only on a visit here."

"A pretty long visit though, for a sister-in-law—if sister-in-law she be. As I was saying to the Marchioness the other day—when Mrs. Felix offended her so violently by trampling on the dear little Julie—if it came into a Court of Justice, I should like to see the proof—that's all. At any rate, it is pretty evident that Mr. Lorraine has had enough of his bargain."

"Quite evident, I think—eh! Dr. Sly?—Those German women never make good English wives," continued Miss Gusset, with all a Toadey's patriotism.

"Talking of wives, did not you think Lady Julia spoke very strangely of Sir Peter, after dinner to-day? I hate that Lady Julia, if it be only for petting Vivian Grey so. She positively called him 'little love'—very flighty, and sickening."

"Yes, indeed—it is quite enough to make one sick—eh! Dr. Sly?"

The Doctor shook his head mournfully, remembering the haunch.

“ They say Ernest Clay is in sad difficulties, Miss Gusset.”

“ Well, I always expected his dash would end in that. Those wild harum-scarum men are monstrous disagreeable.—I like a person of some reflection—eh! Dr. Sly?”

Before the doctor could bow his usual assent, there entered a pretty little page, very daintily attired in a fancy dress of green and silver. Twirling his richly chased dirk with one tiny white hand, and at the same time playing with a pet curl, which was most picturesquely flowing over his forehead, he advanced with ambling gait to Miss Gusset, and, in a mincing voice and courtly phrase, summoned her to the imperial presence.

The lady's features immediately assumed the expression which befitted the approaching interview, and in a moment Miss Graves and the physician were left alone.

“ Very amiable young woman, Miss Gusset appears to be, Dr. Sly?”

“ Oh! the most amiable being in the world—I owe her the greatest obligations.”

“ So gentle in her manners.”

“ O yes, *so* gentle.”

“ So considerate for every body.”

“ Oh, yes! *so* considerate,” echoed the Aberdeen M. D.

“ I am afraid though, she must sometimes meet with people who do not exactly understand her character; such extraordinary consideration for others is sometimes liable to misconstruction.”

“ Very sensibly remarked, Miss Graves. I am sure Miss Gusset means well; and that kind of thing is all very admirable in its way—but—but—

“ But what, Dr. Sly?”

“ Why, I was merely going to hazard an observation, that according to my feelings—that is, to my own peculiar view of the case,—I should prefer some people thinking more about their own business, and, and—but I mean nothing.”

“ Oh, no, of course not, Dr. Sly; you know we always except our own immediate friends—at least, when we can be sure they *are* our friends; but as you were saying, or going to say, those persons who are so very anxious about other people's affairs, are not always the most agreeable

persons in the world to live with. It certainly did strike me, that that interference of Miss Gusset's about Julie to-day, was, to say the least, very odd."

"Oh, my dear madam! when you know her as well as I do, you will see she is always ready to put in a word."

"Well! do you know, Dr. Sly, between ourselves, that was exactly my impression; and she is then very, very—I do not exactly mean to say meddling, or inquisitive; but—but you understand me, Dr. Sly?"

"Perfectly; and if I were to speak my mind, which I do not hesitate to do in confidence to you, Miss Graves—I really should say, that she is the most jealous, irritable, malicious, meddling, and at the same time *fawning*, disposition, that I ever met with in the whole course of my life—and I speak from experience."

"Well, do you know, Dr. Sly, from all I have seen, that was exactly my impression; therefore I have been particularly careful not to commit myself to such a person."

"Ah! Miss Graves! if all ladies were like you!—O——h!"

"My dear Dr. Sly!"

CHAPTER XVII.

THE CABINET DINNER.

VIVIAN had duly acquainted the Marquess with the successful progress of his negotiations with their intended partizans, and his Lordship himself had conversed with them singly on the important subject. It was thought proper, however, in this stage of the proceedings, that the parties interested should meet together; and so the two Lords, and Sir Berdmore, and Vivian, were invited to dine with the Marquess alone, and in his library.

There was abundance of dumb waiters, and other inventions, by which the ease of the guests might be consulted, without risking even their secret looks to the gaze of liveried menials. The Marquess's gentleman sat in an antichamber, in case human aid might be necessary, and every thing, as his Lordship averred, was "on the same system as the Cabinet Dinners."

In the ancient kingdom of England, it hath ever been the custom to dine previously to transacting

business. This habit is one of those few which are not contingent upon the mutable fancies of fashion, and at this day we see Cabinet Dinners, and Vestry Dinners, alike proving the correctness of my assertion. Whether the custom really expedites the completion, or the general progress of the business which gives rise to it, is a grave question, which I do not feel qualified to decide. Certain it is, that very often, after the *dinner*, an appointment is made for the transaction of the *business* on the following morning: at the same time it must be remembered, that had it not been for the opportunity which the banquet afforded of developing the convivial qualities of the guests, and drawing out, by the assistance of generous wine, their most kindly sentiments, and most engaging feelings, it is very probable that the appointment for the transaction of the business would never have been made at all.

There certainly was every appearance that "the great business," as the Marquess styled it, would not be very much advanced by the cabinet dinner at Château Desir. For, in the first place, the table was laden "with every delicacy of the season,"

and really when a man is either going to talk sense, fight a duel, or make his will, nothing should be seen at dinner, save rump steaks, and the lightest Bourdeaux. And, in the second place, it must be candidly confessed, that when it came to the point of all the parties interested meeting, the Marquess's courage somewhat misgave him. Not that any particular reason occurred to him, which would have induced him to yield one jot of the *theory* of his sentiments, but the putting them in practice rather made him nervous. In short, he was as convinced as ever, that he was an ill-used man of first rate talent; but then he remembered his agreeable sinecure, and his dignified office, and he might *not* succeed.—“The thought did not please.”

But here they were all assembled; receding was impossible; and so the Marquess dashed off a tumbler of Burgundy, and felt more courageous. His Lordship's conduct did not escape the hawk eye of one of his guests; and Vivian Grey was rather annoyed at seeing the Marquess's glass so frequently refilled. In fact the Marquess was drinking deep, and deep drinking was neither my

Lord Carabas' weak, nor strong point, for he was neither habitually a toper, nor one who bore wine's sweet influence like a docile subject.

The venison was so prime, that not one word relative to the subject of their meeting was broached during the whole dinner; and Lord Beaconsfield, more than once, thought to himself, that had he ever been aware that business was so agreeable, he too would have been a statesman. But the haunch at last vanished, and the speech from the throne commenced.

“My Lords and Gentlemen,” began the Marquess, “although I have myself taken the opportunity of communicating to you singly my thoughts upon a certain subject, and although, if I am rightly informed, my excellent young friend has communicated to you more fully upon that subject; yet, my Lords and gentlemen, I beg to remark, that this is the first time, that we have collectively assembled to consult on the possibility of certain views, upon the propriety of their nature, and the expediency of their adoption.” Here the bottle passed, and the Marquess took a bumper. “My Lords and Gentlemen, when I take into consideration the nature of the various

interests, of which the body politic of this great empire is regulated; (Lord Courtown, the bottle stops with you) when I observe, I repeat, this, I naturally ask myself what right, what claims, what, what, what,—I repeat, what right, these governing interests have to the influence which they possess? (Vivian, my boy, you'll find Champagne on the waiter behind you.) Yes, gentlemen, it is in this temper (the corkscrew's by Sir Berdmore,) it is, I repeat, in this temper, and actuated by these views, that we meet together this day. Gentlemen, to make the matter short, it is clear to me that we have all been under a mistake; that my Lord Courtown, and my Lord Beaconsfield, and Sir Berdmore Scrope, and my humble self, are not doing our duty to our country, in not taking the management of its affairs into our own hands! Mr. Vivian Grey, a gentleman with whom you are all acquainted,—Mr. Vivian Grey is younger than myself, or you, my Lord Courtown, or you, my Lord Beaconsfield, or even you, I believe, Sir Berdmore. Mr. Vivian Grey has consequently better lungs than any of us, and he will—I make no doubt, do, what

I would, if I were of his age—explain the whole business to us all; and now my Lords, and Gentlemen, let us have a glass of Champagne.”

A great deal of “desultory conversation,” as the reporters style it, relative to the great topic of debate, now occurred; and, as the subject was somewhat dry, the Carabas Champagne suffered considerably. When the brains of the party were tolerably elevated, Vivian addressed them. The tenor of his oration may be imagined. He developed the new political principles, demonstrated the mistake under the baneful influence of which they had so long suffered, promised them place, and power, and patronage, and personal consideration, if they would only act on the principles which he recommended, in the most flowing language, and the most melodious voice, in which the glories of ambition were ever yet chaunted. There was a buzz of admiration when the flattering music ceased; the Marquess smiled triumphantly, as if to say, “Didn’t I tell you he was a monstrous clever fellow?” and the whole business seemed settled. Lord Courtown gave in a bumper, “*Mr. Vivian Grey, and success to his maiden speech;*”

and Vivian dashed off a tumbler of Champagne to "the *New Union*," and certainly the whole party were in extreme good spirits. At last, Sir Berdmore, the coolest of them all, raised his voice: "He quite agreed with Mr. Grey in the principles which he had developed; and, for his own part, he was free to confess, that he had the most perfect confidence in that gentleman's very brilliant abilities, and augured from their exertion the most complete and triumphant success. At the same time, he felt it his duty to remark to their Lordships, and also to that gentleman, that the House of Commons was a new scene to him; and he put it, whether they were quite convinced that they were sufficiently strong, as regarded talent in that assembly. He could not take it upon himself to offer to become the leader of the party. Mr. Grey *might* be capable of undertaking that charge, but still, it must be remembered, that, in that assembly, he was, as yet, *untried*. He made no apology to Mr. Grey for speaking his mind so freely; he was sure that his motives could not be misinterpreted. If their Lordships, on the whole, were of opinion that this charge should be entrust-

ed to him, he, Sir Berdmore, having the greatest confidence in Mr. Grey's abilities, would certainly support him to the utmost."

"He can do any thing," shouted the Marquess; who was now quite tipsy.

"He's a surprising clever man!" said Lord Courtown.

"He's a surprising clever man!" echoed Lord Beaconsfield.

"Stop, my Lords," burst forth Vivian, "your good opinion deserves my gratitude, but these important matters do *indeed* require a moment's consideration. I trust that Sir Berdmore Scrope does not imagine that I am the vain idiot, to be offended at his most excellent remarks, even for a moment. Are we not met here for the common good—and to consult for the success of the common cause? Whatever my talents are, they are at your service—and, in your service, will I venture any thing; but surely, my Lords, you will not unnecessarily entrust this great business to a raw hand! I need only aver, that I am ready to follow any leader, who can play his great part in a becoming manner."

“ Noble !” halloed the Marquess ; who was now quite drunk.

But who was the leader to be ? Sir Berdmore frankly confessed that he had none to propose ; and the Viscount and the Baron were quite silent.

“ Gentlemen !” bawled the Marquess, and his eye danced in his beaming face, “ Gentlemen ! there is a man, who could do our bidding.” The eyes of every guest were fixed on the haranguing host.

“ Gentlemen, fill your glasses—I give you our leader—Mr. Frederick Cleveland !”

“ Cleveland !” was the universal shout. A glass of claret fell from Lord Courtown’s hand ; Lord Beaconsfield stopped as he was about to fill his glass, and stood gaping at the Marquess, with the decanter in his hand ; and Sir Berdmore stared on the table, as men do when something unexpected, and astounding, has occurred at dinner, which seems past all their management.

“ Cleveland !” shouted the guests.

“ I should as soon have expected you to have given us Lucifer !” said Lord Courtown.

“Or the present Secretary!” said Lord Beaconsfield.

“Or yourself,” said Sir Berdmore Scrope.

“And does any one mean to insinuate that Frederick Cleveland is not capable of driving out every minister, that has ever existed since the days of the deluge?” demanded the Marquess, with a fierce air.

“We do not deny Mr. Cleveland’s powers, my Lord; we only humbly beg to suggest that it appears to us, that, of all the persons in the world, the man with whom Mr. Cleveland would be least inclined to coalesce, would be the Marquess of Carabas.”

In spite of the Champagne, the Marquess looked blank.

“Gentlemen,” said Vivian, “do not despair; it is enough for me to know that there is a man who is capable of doing our work. Be he animate man, or incarnate fiend, provided he can be found within this realm, I pledge myself that, within ten days, he is drinking my noble friend’s health at this very board.”

The Marquis halloed, “Bravo!”—the rest

laughed, and rose in confusion; Lord Beaconsfield fell over a chair, and, extricating himself with admirable agility, got entangled with a dumb-waiter, which came tumbling down with a fearful crash of plates, bottles, knives, and decanters. The pledge was, however, accepted; and the Marquess and Vivian were left alone. The worthy Peer, though terrifically tipsy, seemed quite overcome by Vivian's offer and engagement.

“Vivian, my boy! you don't know what you've done—you don't, indeed—take care of yourself, my boy,—you're going to call on the Devil; you are, indeed—you're going to leave your card at the Devil's. Didn't you hear what Lord Beaconsfield,—a very worthy gentleman, but, between ourselves, a damned fool—that's *entre nous*, though, *entre nous*—I say, didn't you hear Lord Beaconsfield—no, was it Lord Beaconsfield? No, no, your memory, Vivian, is very bad; it was Lord Courtown: didn't you hear him say that Frederick Cleveland was Lucifer.—He *is* Lucifer; he is, upon my honor—how shocking! What times we live in! To think of you, Vivian Grey; you, a respectable young man, with a worthy and respect-

able father; to think of you leaving your card at — the Devil's!—Oh! shocking! shocking! But never mind, my dear fellow! never mind, don't lose heart.—I'll tell you what to do—*talk* to him, and by Jove, if he doesn't make me an apology, I'm not a Cabinet Minister. Good night, my dear fellow; he's sure to make an apology; don't be frightened; remember what I say, *talk* to him,—*talk—talk.*”—So saying, the worthy Marquess reeled and retired.

“What have I done?” thought Vivian; “I am sure that Lucifer *may* know, for I do not. This Cleveland is, I suppose, after all but a *man*. I saw the feeble fools were wavering; and to save all, made a leap in the dark. Well! is my skull cracked? *Nous verrons.* How hot, either this room or my blood is! Come, for some fresh air; (he opened the library window) how fresh and soft it is! Just the night for the balcony. Hah! music! I cannot mistake that voice. Singular woman! I'll just walk on, till I am beneath her window.”

Vivian accordingly proceeded along the balcony, which extended down one whole side of the Châ-

teau. While he was looking at the moon he stumbled against some one. It was Colonel Delmington. He apologised to the militaire for treading on his toes, and wondered "how the devil he got there!"

VIVIAN GREY.

VOL. II.

END OF VOL. I.

While he was looking at the moon he stam-
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 He apologized to the millionaire for treading
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 there?"

BOOK THE THIRD.

VIVIAN GREY.

VOL. II.

BOOK THE THIRD
VIVIAN GREY.

CHAP. I.

VOL. II.

BOOK THE THIRD.

CHAP. I.

A COLLEAGUE.

FREDERICK CLEVELAND was educated at Eton, and at Cambridge; and after having proved, both at the school and the University, that he possessed talents of the first order, he had the courage, in order to perfect them, to immure himself for three years in a German University. It was impossible, therefore, for two minds to have been cultivated on more contrary systems, than those of Frederick Cleveland and Vivian Grey. The systems on which they had been educated were not, however, more discordant than the respective tempers of the pupils. With that of

Vivian Grey the reader is now somewhat acquainted. It has been shown that he was one, precociously convinced of the necessity of managing mankind, by studying their tempers and humouring their weaknesses. Cleveland turned from the Book of Nature with contempt; and although his was a mind of extraordinary acuteness, he was, at three-and-thirty, as ignorant of the workings of the human heart, as when, in the innocence of boyhood, he first reached Eton. The inaptitude of his nature to consult the feelings, or adopt the sentiments of others, was visible in his slightest actions. He was the only man who ever passed three years in Germany, and in a German University, who had never yielded to the magic influence of a Meerschaum; and the same inflexibility of character which prevented him from smoking in Germany, attracted in Italy the loud contempt of those accomplished creatures—the Anglo-Italians. The Duchess of Derwentwater, who saluted with equal naïveté a Cardinal, or a Captain of banditti, was once almost determined to exclude Mr. Cleveland from her conversazione, because he looked so much like an Englishman; and at Florence he was still more unpopular;

for he abused Velluti, and pasquinaded his patroness.

Although possessed of no fortune, from the respectability of his connexions, and the reputation of his abilities, he entered Parliament at an early age. His success was eminent. It was at this period that he formed a great friendship with the present Marquess of Carabas, many years his senior, and then Under Secretary of State. His exertions for the party to which Mr. Under Secretary Lorraine belonged were unremitting; and it was mainly through their influence, that a great promotion took place in the official appointments of the party. When the hour of reward came, Mr. Lorraine and his friends unfortunately forgot their youthful champion. He remonstrated, and they smiled: he reminded them of private friendship, and they answered him with political expediency. Mr. Cleveland went down to the House, and attacked his old comrades in a spirit of unexampled bitterness. He examined in review the various members of the party that had deserted him. They trembled on their seats, while they writhed beneath the keenness of his satire: but when the orator came to Mr. Pre-

sident Lorraine, he flourished the tomahawk on high, like a wild Indian chieftain; and the attack was so awfully severe, so overpowering, so annihilating, that even this hackneyed and hardened official trembled, turned pale, and quitted the house. Cleveland's triumph was splendid, but it was only for a night. Disgusted with mankind, he scouted the thousand offers of political connexions which crowded upon him; and, having succeeded in making an arrangement with his creditors, he accepted the Chiltern Hundreds.

By the interest of his friends, he procured a judicial situation of sufficient emolument, but of local duty; and to fulfil this duty he was obliged to reside in North Wales. The locality, indeed, suited him well, for he was sick of the world at nine-and-twenty; and, carrying his beautiful and newly-married wife from the world—which, without him she could not love—Mr. Cleveland enjoyed all the luxuries of a cottage ornée, in the most romantic part of the Principality. Here were born unto him a son and daughter, beautiful children, upon whom the father lavished all the affection which Nature had intended for the world.

Four years had Cleveland now passed in his solitude,—it must not be concealed, an unhappy man. A thousand times, during the first year of his retirement, he cursed the moment of excitation which had banished him from the world; for he found himself without resources, and restless as a curbed courser. Like many men who are born to be orators—like Curran, and like Fox,—Cleveland was not blessed, or cursed, with the faculty of composition; and indeed, had his pen been that of a ready writer, pique would have prevented him from delighting or instructing a world, whose nature he endeavoured to persuade himself was base, and whose applause ought consequently to be valueless. In the second year he endeavoured to while away his time, by interesting himself in those pursuits which Nature has kindly provided for country gentlemen. Farming kept him alive six months; but, at length, his was the prize ox; and, having gained a cup, he got wearied of kine too prime for eating; wheat, too fine for the composition of the staff of life; and ploughs so ingeniously contrived, that the very ingenuity prevented them from being useful. Cleveland was now seen wandering over the

moors, and mountains, with a gun over his shoulder, and a couple of pointers at his heels; but ennui returned in spite of his *patent percussion*; and so, at length, tired of being a sportsman, he almost became what he had fancied himself in an hour of passion,—a misanthrope.

With the aid of soda-water and Mr. Sadler, Vivian had succeeded, the morning after the Cabinet-dinner, in getting the Marquess up at a tolerably early hour; and, after having been closeted with his Lordship for a considerable time, he left Château Desir.

Vivian travelled night and day, until he stopped at KENRICH LODGE.—Such was the correct style of Mr. Cleveland's abode. What was he to do now? After some deliberation, he despatched a note to Mr. Cleveland, informing him, "that he (Mr. Grey) was the bearer, from England, to Mr. Cleveland, of a 'communication of importance.' Under the circumstances of the case, he observed that he had declined bringing any letters of introduction. He was quite aware, therefore, that he should have no right to complain, if he had to travel back three hundred miles without having the honour of an interview; but he trusted

that this necessary breach of etiquette would be overlooked."

The note produced the desired effect; and an appointment was made for Mr. Grey to call at Kenrich Lodge on the following morning.

Vivian, as he entered the room, took a rapid glance at the master of Kenrich Lodge. Mr. Cleveland was a tall and elegantly formed man, with a face which might have been a model for manly beauty. He came forward to receive Vivian, with a Newfoundland dog on one side, and a large black greyhound on the other; and the two animals, after having elaborately examined the stranger, divided between them the luxuries of the rug. The reception which Mr. Cleveland gave our hero, was cold and constrained in the extreme, but it did not appear to be purposely uncivil; and Vivian flattered himself that his manner was not unusually stiff.

"I do not know whether I have the honour of addressing the son of the author of ——?" said Mr. Cleveland, with a frowning countenance, which was intended to be courteous.

"I have the honour of being the son of Mr. Grey."

“Your father, Sir, is a most amiable, and able man. I had the pleasure of his acquaintance when I was in London many years ago, at a time when Mr. Vivian Grey was not entrusted, I rather imagine, with missions ‘*of importance.*’—Although Mr. Cleveland smiled when he said this, his smile was anything but a gracious one. The subdued satire of his keen eye burst out for an instant, and he looked as if he would have said, “Who is this younker who is trespassing upon my retirement?”

Vivian had, unbidden, seated himself by the side of Mr. Cleveland’s library-table; and, not knowing exactly how to proceed, was employing himself by making a calculation, whether there were more black than white spots on the body of the old Newfoundland, who was now apparently most happily slumbering.

“Well, Sir!” continued the Newfoundland’s master, “the nature of your communication? I am fond of coming to the point.”

Now this was precisely the thing which Vivian had determined not to do; and so *he diplomatized*, in order to gain time.—“In stating, Mr. Cleveland, that the communication which I had to

make was one of *importance*, I beg it to be understood, that it was with reference merely to *my* opinion of its nature that that phrase was used, and not as relative to the possible, or, allow me to say the probable, opinion of Mr. Cleveland."

"Well, Sir!" said that gentleman, with a somewhat disappointed air.

"As to the purport or nature of the communication, it is," said Vivian, with one of his sweetest cadences, and, looking up to Mr. Cleveland's face, with an eye expressive of all kindness,—“it is of a *political* nature.”

“Well, Sir!” again exclaimed Cleveland; looking very anxious, and moving restlessly on his library chair.

“When we take into consideration, Mr. Cleveland, the present aspect of the political world; when we call to mind the present situation of the two great political parties, you will not be surprised, I feel confident, when I mention that certain personages have thought that the season was at hand, when a move might be made in the political world with very considerable effect—”

“Mr. Grey, what am I to understand?” inter-

rupted Mr. Cleveland, who began to suspect that the envoy was no greenhorn.

“ I feel confident, Mr. Cleveland, that I am doing very imperfect justice to the mission with which I am intrusted ; but, Sir, you must be aware that the delicate nature of such disclosures, and——”

“ Mr. Grey, I feel confident that you do not doubt my honour ; and, as for the rest, the world has, I believe, some foolish tales about me ; but, believe me, *you* shall be listened to with patience. I am certain that, whatever may be the communication, Mr. Vivian Grey is a gentleman, who will do its merits justice.”

And now Vivian, having succeeded in exciting Cleveland's curiosity, and securing himself the certainty of a hearing, and having also made a favourable impression, dropped the diplomatist altogether, and was explicit enough for a Spartan.

“ Certain Noblemen and Gentlemen of eminence, and influence, hitherto considered as props of the —— party, are about to take a novel and decided course next Session. It is to obtain the aid, and personal co-operation of Mr. Cleveland, that I am now in Wales.”

“ Mr. Grey, I have promised to listen to you with patience :—you are too young a man to know much perhaps of the history of so insignificant a personage as myself ; otherwise, you would have been aware, that there is no subject in the world on which I am less inclined to converse, than that of politics. If I were entitled to take such a liberty, I would beseech you to think of them as little as *I* do ;—but enough of this : who is the mover of the party ?”

“ My Lord Courtown is a distinguished member of it.”

“ Courtown—Courtown ; respectable certainly : but surely the good Viscount’s skull is not exactly the head for the chief of a cabal ?”

“ There is my Lord Beaconsfield.”

“ Powerful—but a dolt.”

“ Well,” thought Vivian, “ it must out *at last* ; and so to it boldly. And, Mr. Cleveland, there is little fear that we may secure the powerful interest, and tried talents of—the Marquess of Carabas.”

“ The Marquess of Carabas !” almost shrieked Mr. Cleveland, as he started from his seat and paced the room with hurried steps ; and the grey-



hound and the Newfoundland jumped up from their rug, shook themselves, growled, and then imitated their master in promenading the apartment, but with more dignified and stately paces.—

“The Marquess of Carabas! Now, Mr. Grey, speak to me with the frankness which one high-bred gentleman should use to another;—is the Marquess of Carabas privy to this application?”

“He himself proposed it.”

“Then, Sir, is he baser than even *I* conceived. Oh! Mr. Grey, I am a man spare of my speech to those with whom I am unacquainted; and the world calls me a soured, malicious man. And yet, when I think for a moment, that one so young as you are, endued as I must suppose with no ordinary talents, and actuated as I will believe with a pure and honourable spirit, should be the dupe, or tool, or even present friend, of such a creature as this perjured Peer, I could really play the woman —— and weep.”

“Mr. Cleveland,” said Vivian—and the drop which glistened in his eye, properly responded to the tear of passion which slowly quivered down his companion’s cheek,—“I am grateful for your kindness; and although we shall most

probably part, in a few hours, never to meet again, I will speak to you with the frankness which you have merited, and to which I feel you are entitled. I am *not* the dupe of the Marquess of Carabas ; I am *not*, I trust, the dupe, or tool, of any one whatever. Believe me, Sir, there is that at work in England, which, taken at the tide, may lead on to fortune. I see this, Sir,—I, a young man, uncommitted in political principles, unconnected in public life, feeling some confidence, I confess, in my own abilities, but desirous of availing myself, at the same time, of the powers of others. Thus situated, I find myself working for the same end as my Lord Carabas, and twenty other men of similar calibre, mental and moral ; and, Sir, am I to play the hermit in the drama of life, because, perchance, my fellow-actors may be sometimes fools, and occasionally knaves. Oh ! Mr. Cleveland, if the Marquess of Carabas has done you the ill service which Fame says he has, your sweetest revenge will be to make *him*, *your* tool ; your most perfect triumph, to rise to power by his influence.

“ I confess that I am desirous of finding in you the companion of my career. Your splendid talents have long commanded my admiration ; and,

as you have given *me* credit for something like good feeling, I will say that my wish to find in you a colleague is greatly increased, when I see that those splendid talents are even the least estimable points in Mr. Cleveland's character. But, Sir, perhaps all this time I am in error,—perhaps Mr. Cleveland is, as the world reports him, no longer the ambitious being who once commanded the admiration of a listening Senate;—perhaps, convinced of the vanity of human wishes, Mr. Cleveland would rather devote his attention to the furtherance of the interests of his immediate circle;—and, having schooled his intellect in the Universities of two nations, is probably content to pass the hours of his life in mediating in the quarrels of a country village.”

Vivian ceased. Cleveland heard him, with his head resting on both his arms. He started at the last expression, and something like a blush suffused his cheek, but he did not reply. At last he jumped up, and rang the bell. “Come, come, Mr. Grey,” said he, “I am in no humour for politics this morning. You shall not, at any rate, visit Wales for nothing. Morris! send down to the village for all the sacs and portmanteaus be-

longing to this gentleman. Even we cottagers have a bed for a friend, Mr. Grey:—come, and I will introduce you to my wife.”

CHAPTER II.

A COLLEAGUE.

AND Vivian was now an inmate of Kenrich Lodge. It would have been difficult to have conceived a life of more pure happiness, than that which was apparently enjoyed by its gifted master. A beautiful wife, and lovely children, and a romantic situation, and an income sufficient, not only for their own, but for the wants of all their necessitous neighbours;—what more could man wish? Answer me, thou inexplicable myriad of sensations, which the world calls human nature!

Three days passed over in most delightful converse. It was so long since Cleveland had seen any one fresh from the former scenes of his life, that the company of any one would have been delightful; but here was a companion who knew every one, every thing, full of wit, and anecdote,

and literature, and fashion; and then so engaging in his manners, and with such a winning voice.

The heart of Cleveland relented: his stern manner gave way; all his former warm and generous feeling gained the ascendant; he was in turn amusing, communicative, and engaging. Finding that he could please another, he began to be pleased himself. The nature of the business on which Vivian was his guest, rendered confidence necessary; confidence begets kindness. In a few days, Vivian necessarily became more acquainted with Mr. Cleveland's disposition, and situation, than if they had been acquainted for as many years; in short,

They talked with open heart and tongue,

Affectionate and true,

A pair of friends.

Vivian, for some time, dwelt upon every thing but the immediate subject of his mission; but when, after the experience of a few days, their hearts were open to each other, and they had mutually begun to discover, that there was a most astonishing similarity in their principles, their tastes, their feelings, then the magician poured forth his incantation, and raised the once-laid

ghost of Cleveland's ambition. The recluse agreed to take the lead of *the Carabas party*. He was to leave Wales immediately and resign his place; in return for which, the nephew of Lord Courtown was immediately to give up, in his favour, an office of considerable emolument; and, having thus provided some certainty for his family, Frederick Cleveland prepared himself to combat for a more important office.

CHAPTER III.

THE ARRIVAL.

“Is Mr. Cleveland handsome?” asked Mrs. Felix Lorraine of Vivian, immediately on his return, “and what colour are his eyes?”

“Upon my honour, I have not the least recollection of ever looking at them; but I believe he is not blind.”

“How foolish you are! now tell me, pray, *point de moquerie*, is he amusing?”

“What does Mrs. Felix Lorraine mean by *amusing*?” asked Vivian with an arch smile.

“ Oh ! you always tease me with your definitions ; Go away—I ’ll quarrel with you.”

“ Oh ! by the bye, Mrs. Felix Lorraine, how is Colonel Delmington ?”—

Vivian redeemed his pledge : Mr. Cleveland arrived. It was the wish of the Marquess, if possible, not to meet his old friend till dinner-time. He thought that, surrounded by his guests, and backed by his bottle, certain awkward senatorial reminiscences might be got over. But, unfortunately, Mr. Cleveland arrived about an hour before dinner, and, as it was a cold autumnal day, most of the visitors, who were staying at Château Desir, were assembled in the drawing-room. The Marquess sallied forward to receive his guest with a most dignified countenance, and a most aristocratic step ; but, before he had got half-way, his coronation pace degenerated into a strut, and then into a shamble, and with an awkward and confused countenance, half impudent, and half flinching, he held forward his left hand to his newly-arrived visitor. Mr. Cleveland looked terrifically courteous, and amiably arrogant. He greeted the Marquess with a smile, at once gracious, and

grim, and looked something like Goliath, as you see the Philistine depicted in some old German painting, looking down upon the pigmy fighting men of Israel.

As is generally the custom, when there is a great deal to be arranged, and many points to be settled, days flew over, and very little of the future system of the party was matured. Vivian made one or two ineffectual struggles to bring the Marquess to a business-like habit of mind, but his Lordship never dared trust himself alone with Cleveland, and indeed almost lost the power of speech when in presence of the future leader of his party; so, in the morning, the Marquess played off the two lords, and the Baronet against his former friend, and then to compensate for not meeting Mr. Cleveland in the morning, he was particularly courteous to him at dinner-time, and asked him always "how he liked his ride?" and invariably took wine with him. As for the rest of the day, he had particularly requested his faithful counsellor, Mrs. Felix Lorraine, "for God's sake to take this man off his shoulders;" and so that lady, with her usual kindness, and merely to

oblige his Lordship, was good enough to patronize Mr. Cleveland, and on the fourth day was taking a moon-lit walk with him.

Mr. Cleveland had now been ten days at Château Desir, and was to take his departure the next morning for Wales, in order to arrange every thing for his immediate settlement in the Metropolis. Every point of importance was postponed until their meeting in London. Mr. Cleveland only agreed to take the lead of the party in the Commons, and received the personal pledge of Lord Courtown as to the promised office.

It was a September day, and to escape from the excessive heat of the sun, and at the same time to enjoy the freshness of the air, Vivian was writing his letters in the conservatory, which opened into one of the drawing-rooms. The numerous party, which then honoured the Château with their presence, were out, as he conceived, on a pic nic excursion to the Elfin's Well, a beautiful spot about ten miles off; and among the adventurers were, as he imagined, Mrs. Felix Lorraine, and Mr. Cleveland.

Vivian was rather surprised at hearing voices in the adjoining room, and he was still more so,

when, on looking round, he found that the sounds proceeded from the very two individuals whom he thought were far away. Some tall American plants concealed him from their view, but he observed all that passed distinctly, and a singular scene it was. Mrs. Felix Lorraine was on her knees at the feet of Mr. Cleveland; her countenance indicated the most contrary passions, contending, as it were, for mastery—Supplication—Anger—and, shall I call it?—*Love*. Her companion's countenance was hid, but it was evident that it was not wreathed with smiles: there were a few hurried sentences uttered, and then both quitted the room at different doors—the lady in despair,—and the gentleman—in disgust.

CHAPTER IV.

THE ELFIN'S WELL.

AND now Château Desir was almost deserted. Mrs. Million continued her progress northward. The Courtowns and the Beaconsfields, and the Scropes, quitted immediately after Mr. Cleveland; and when the families that form the materiel of

the visiting corps retire, the nameless nothings that are always lounging about the country mansions of the great, such as artists, tourists, litterateurs, and other live stock, soon disappear. Mr. Vivian Grey agreed to stay another fortnight, at the particular request of the Marquess.

Very few days had passed, ere Vivian was exceedingly struck at the decided change which suddenly took place in his Lordship's general behaviour towards him.

The Marquess grew reserved and uncommunicative, scarcely mentioning "the great business," which had previously been the sole subject of his conversation, but to find fault with some arrangement, and exhibiting, whenever his name was mentioned, a marked acrimony against Mr. Cleveland. This rapid change alarmed, as much as it astonished Vivian, and he mentioned his feelings and observations to Mrs. Felix Lorraine. That lady agreed with him, that something certainly was wrong; but could not, unfortunately, afford him any clue to the mystery. She expressed the liveliest solicitude that any misunderstanding should be put an end to, and offered her services for that purpose.

In spite, however, of her well-expressed anxiety, Vivian had his own ideas on the subject; and, determined to unravel the affair, he had recourse to a person, with whom he seldom interchanged a sentence—the Marchioness.

“I hope your Ladyship is well to-day. I had a letter from Count Caumont this morning. He tells me, that he has got the prettiest poodle from Paris that you can possibly conceive! waltzes like an angel, and acts proverbes on its hind feet.”

Her Ladyship’s eyes glistened with admiration.

“I have told Caumont to send it me down immediately, and I shall then have the pleasure of presenting it to your Ladyship.”

Her Ladyship’s eyes sparkled with delight.

“I think,” continued Vivian, “I shall take a ride to-day. By the bye, how is the Marquess? he seems in low spirits lately.”

“Oh! Mr. Grey, I do not know what you have done to him,” said her Ladyship, settling at least a dozen bracelets; “but—but—”

“But *what*, my lady?”

“He thinks—he thinks—”

“Thinks what, my lady?”

“That you have entered into a conspiracy, Mr. Grey.”

“Entered into a conspiracy !”

“Yes ! Mr. Grey, a conspiracy—a conspiracy against the Marquess of Carabas, with Mr. Cleveland. He thinks that you have made him serve your purpose, and now you are going to get rid of him.”

“Well, that is excellent ; and what else does he think ?”

“He thinks you talk too loud,” said the Marchioness, still working at her bracelets.

“Well ! that is shockingly vulgar ! Allow me to recommend your Ladyship to alter the order of those bracelets, and place the blue and silver against the maroon. You may depend upon it, that is the true Vienna order—and what else does the Marquess say ?”

“He thinks you are generally too authoritative. Not that I think so, Mr. Grey ; I am sure your conduct to me has been most courteous—the blue and silver *next* to the maroon, did you say ? Yes, —certainly it does look better. I have no doubt the Marquess is quite wrong, and I dare say you will set things right immediately. You will remember

the pretty poodle, Mr. Grey? and you will not tell the Marquess I mentioned any thing."

"Oh! certainly not. I will give orders for them to book an inside place for the poodle, and send him down by the coach immediately. I must be off now. Remember the blue and silver *next* to the maroon. Good morning to your Ladyship!"

"Mrs. Felix Lorraine, I am your most obedient slave," said Vivian Grey, as he met that lady on the landing-place;—"I can see no reason why I should not drive you this bright day to the Elfin's Well; we have long had an engagement to go there."

The lady smiled a gracious assent; the pony phaeton was immediately ordered.

"How pleasant Lady Courtown and I used to discourse about martingales! I think I invented one, did not I? Pray, Mrs. Felix Lorraine, can you tell me what a martingale is? for upon my honour I have forgotten, or never knew."

"If you found a martingale for the mother, Vivian, it had been well if you had found a curb for the daughter. Poor Cynthia! I had intended once to advise the Marchioness to interfere; but one forgets these things."

“One does.—Oh! Mrs. Felix,” exclaimed Vivian, “I told your admirable story of the Leyden Professor to Mrs. Cleveland. It is universally agreed to be the best ghost story extant.—I think you said you knew the Professor?”

“Oh, well! I have seen him often, and heard the story from his own lips. And, as I mentioned before, far from being superstitious, he was an esprit fort.—Do you know, Mr. Grey, I have such an interesting packet from Germany to-day; from my cousin, Baron Rodenstein; but I must keep all the stories for the evening;—come to my boudoir, and I will read them to you—there is one tale which I am sure will make a convert even of you. It happened to Rodenstein himself, and within these three months:” added the lady in a serious tone.—“The Rodensteins are a singular family. My mother was a Rodenstein.—Do you think this beautiful?” said Mrs. Felix, showing Vivian a small miniature which was attached to a chain round her neck. It was the portrait of a youth habited in the costume of a German student. His rich brown hair was flowing over his shoulders, and his dark blue eyes beamed with

such a look of mysterious inspiration, that they might have befitted a young prophet.

“Very, *very* beautiful!”

“’Tis Max—Max Rodenstein,” said the lady with a faltering voice. “He was killed at Leipzig, at the head of a band of his friends and fellow-students. Oh! Mr. Grey, this is a fair work of art, but if you had but seen the prototype, you would have gazed on this as on a dim and washed out drawing. There was one portrait, indeed, which did him more justice—but then, that portrait was not the production of mortal pencil.”

Vivian looked at his companion with a somewhat astonished air, but Mrs. Felix Lorraine’s countenance was as little indicative of jesting, as that of the young student whose miniature rested on her bosom.

“Did you say *not* the production of a mortal hand, Mrs. Felix Lorraine?”

“I am afraid I shall weary you with my stories, but the one I am about to tell is so well evidenced, that I think even Mr. Vivian Grey will hear it without a sneer.”

“A sneer! Oh! Lady love, do I ever sneer?”

“Max Rodenstein was the glory of his house.

A being so beautiful in body, and in soul, you cannot imagine, and I will not attempt to describe. This miniature has given you some faint idea of his image, and yet this is only the copy of a copy. The only wish of the Baroness Rodenstein, which never could be accomplished, was the possession of a portrait of her youngest son—for no consideration could induce Max to allow his likeness to be taken. His old nurse had always told him, that the moment his portrait was taken, he would die. The condition upon which such a beautiful being was allowed to remain in the world was, she always said, that his beauty should not be imitated. About three months before the battle of Leipsic, when Max was absent at the University, which was nearly four hundred miles from Rodenstein Castle, there arrived one morning a large case directed to the Baroness. On opening it, it was found to contain a picture—the portrait of her son. The colouring was so vivid, the general execution so miraculous, that for some moments they forgot to wonder at the incident in their admiration of the work of art. In one corner of the picture, in small characters, yet fresh,

was an inscription, which on examining they found consisted of these words, '*Painted last night. Now, lady, thou hast thy wish.*' My aunt sunk into the Baron's arms.

"In silence and in trembling the wonderful portrait was suspended over the fire-place of my aunt's most favourite apartment. The next day they received letters from Max. He was quite well, but mentioned nothing of the mysterious painting.

"Three months afterwards, as a lady was sitting alone in the Baroness's room, and gazing on the portrait of him she loved right dearly, she suddenly started from her seat, and would have shrieked, had not an indefinable sensation prevented her. The eyes of the portrait moved. The lady stood leaning on a chair, pale, and trembling like an aspen, but gazing stedfastly on the animated portrait. It was no illusion of a heated fancy; again the eyelids trembled, there was a melancholy smile, and then they closed. The clock of Rodenstein Castle struck three. Between astonishment and fear the Lady was tearless. Three days afterwards came the news

of the battle of Leipsic, and at the very moment that the eyes of the portrait closed, Max Rodenstein had been pierced by a Polish Lancer."

"And who was this wonderful lady, the witness of this wonderful incident?" asked Vivian.

"That lady was myself."

There was something so singular in the tone of Mrs. Felix Lorraine's voice, and so peculiar in the expression of her countenance, as she uttered these words, that the jest died on Vivian's tongue; and for want of something better to do, he lashed the little ponies, who were already scampering at their full speed.

The road to the Elfin's Well ran through the wildest parts of the park; and after an hour and a half's drive, they reached the fairy spot. It was a beautiful and pellucid spring, that bubbled up in a small wild dell, which, nurtured by the flowing stream, was singularly fresh and green. Above the spring, the taste of the Marquess, or the Marquess's steward, had erected a Gothic arch of grey stone, round which grew a few fine birch trees. In short, Nature had intended the spot for *pic nics*. There was fine water, and an interesting tradition; and as the parties always

bring, or always should bring, a trained punster, champagne, and cold pasties, what more ought Nature to have provided?

“Come, Mrs. Lorraine, I will tie Gypsey to this ash, and then you and I will rest ourselves beneath these birch trees, just where the fairies dance.”

“Oh, delightful!”

“Now truly, we should have some book of beautiful poetry to while away an hour. You will blame me for not bringing one. Do not. I would sooner listen to your voice; and, indeed, there is a subject on which I wish to ask your particular advice.”

“Is there?”

“I have been thinking that this is a somewhat rash step of the Marquess,—this throwing himself into the arms of his former bitterest enemy, Cleveland.”

“You really think so?”

“Why, Mrs. Lorraine, does it appear to you to be the most prudent course of action, which could have been conceived?”

“Certainly not.”

“You agree with me, then, that there is, if

not cause for regret at this engagement, at least for reflection on its probable consequences?"

"I quite agree with you."

"I know you do. I have had some conversation with the Marquess upon this subject, this very morning."

"Have you?" eagerly exclaimed the lady, and she looked pale, and breathed short.

"Ay; and he tells me you have made some very sensible observations on the subject. 'Tis pity they were not made before Mr. Cleveland left, the mischief might then have been prevented."

"I certainly have made *some* observations."

"And very kind of you; what a blessing for the Marquess to have such a friend!"

"I spoke to him," said Mrs. Felix, with a more assured tone, "in much the same spirit as you have been addressing me. It does, indeed, seem a most imprudent act, and I thought it my duty to tell him so."

"Ay, no doubt; but how came you, lady fair, to imagine that *I* was also a person to be dreaded by his Lordship—*I*, Vivian Grey?"

“ Did I say *you* ?” asked the lady, pale as death—

“ Did you *not*, Mrs. Felix Lorraine ? Have you not, regardless of my interests, in the most unwarrantable and unjustifiable manner—have you not, to gratify some private pique which you entertain against Mr. Cleveland, have you not, I ask you, poisoned the Marquess’s mind against one, who never did aught to you, but what was kind and *honourable* ?”

“ I have been imprudent—I confess it—I have spoken somewhat loosely.”

“ Now, madam, listen to me once more,” and Vivian grasped her hand—“ What has passed between you and Mr. Cleveland, it is not for me to inquire—I give you my word of honour, that he never even mentioned your name to me. I can scarcely understand how any man could have incurred the deadly hatred which you appear to entertain for him. I repeat, I can contemplate no situation in which you could be placed together, which would justify such behaviour. It could *not* be justified, even if he had spurned you while——*kneeling at his feet.*”

Mrs. Felix Lorraine shrieked and fainted. A sprinkling from the fairy stream soon recovered her. "Spare me! spare me!" she faintly cried: "do not expose me."

"Mrs. Lorraine, I have no wish. I have spoken thus explicitly, that we may not again misunderstand each other—I have spoken thus explicitly, I say, that I may not be under the necessity of speaking again, for if I speak again, it must not be to Mrs. Felix Lorraine—there is my hand, and now let the Elfin's Well be blotted out of our memories."

Vivian drove rapidly home, and endeavoured to talk in his usual tone, and with his usual spirit; but his companion could not be excited. Once, ay twice, she pressed his hand, and as he assisted her from the phaeton, she murmured something like a—blessing. She ran up stairs immediately. Vivian had to give some directions about the ponies; Gypsy was ill, or Fanny had a cold, or something of the kind, and so he was detained for about a quarter of an hour before the house, speaking most learnedly to grooms, and consulting on cases with a skilled gravity worthy of Professor Coleman.

When he entered the parlour he found the luncheon prepared, and Mrs. Felix pressed him very earnestly to take some refreshment. He was indeed wearied, and agreed to take a glass of hock and seltzer.

“Let me mix it for you,” said Mrs. Felix; “do you like sugar?”

Tired with his drive, Vivian Grey was leaning on the mantel-piece, with his eyes vacantly gazing on the looking-glass, which rested on the marble slab. It was by pure accident that, reflected in the mirror, he distinctly beheld Mrs. Felix Lorraine open a small silver box, and throw some powder into the tumbler which she was preparing for him. She was leaning down, with her back almost turned to the glass, but still Vivian saw it—*distinctly*. A sickness came over him, and ere he could recover himself, his Hebe tapped him on the shoulder—

“Here, drink, drink while it is effervescent.”

“I cannot drink,” said Vivian, “I am not thirsty—I am too hot—I am anything——”

“How foolish you are! It will be quite spoiled.”

“No, no, the dog shall have it. Here, Fidele, you look thirsty enough—come here—”

“Mr. Grey, I do not mix tumblers for dogs,” said the lady, rather agitated: “if you will not take it,” and she held it once more before him, “here it goes for ever.” So saying, she emptied the tumbler into a large globe of glass, in which some gold and silver fishes were swimming their endless rounds.

CHAPTER V.

THE CONSERVATORY.

THIS last specimen of Mrs. Felix Lorraine was somewhat too much, even for the steeled nerves of Vivian Grey, and he sought his chamber for relief.

“Is it possible? Can I believe my senses? Or has some dæmon, as we read of in old tales, mocked me in a magic mirror? I can believe any thing.—Oh! my heart is very sick! I once imagined, that I was using this woman for my purpose. Is it possible, that aught of good can

come to one who is forced to make use of such evil instruments as these? A horrible thought sometimes comes over my spirit. I fancy, that in this mysterious foreigner, that in this woman, I have met a kind of *double* of myself. The same wonderful knowledge of the human mind, the same sweetness of voice, the same miraculous management which has brought us both under the same roof: yet do I find her the most abandoned of all beings; a creature guilty of that, which, even in this guilty age, I thought was obsolete. And is it possible that I am like her? that I can resemble her? that even the indefinite shadow of my most unhallowed thought, can, for a moment, be as vile as her righteousness? Oh, God! the system of my existence seems to stop: I cannot breathe." He flung himself upon his bed, and felt for a moment as if he had quaffed the poisoned draught so lately offered.

"It is not so—it cannot be so—it shall not be so! In seeking the Marquess, I was unquestionably impelled by a mere feeling of self-interest; but I have advised him to no course of action, in which his welfare is not equally consulted with my own. Indeed, if not Principle, Interest would

make me act faithfully towards him, for my fortunes are bound up in his. But am I entitled—I, who can lose nothing; am I entitled to play with other men's fortunes? Am I, all this time, deceiving myself with some wretched sophistry? Am I then an intellectual Don Juan, reckless of human minds, as he was of human bodies—a spiritual libertine? But why this wild declamation? Whatever I have done, it is too late to recede; even this very moment, *delay* is *destruction*, for now, it is not a question as to the ultimate prosperity of our worldly prospects, but the immediate safety of our very bodies. Poison! Oh, God! Oh, God! Away with all fear—all repentance—all thought of past—all reckoning of future. If I be the Juan that I fancied myself, then, Heaven be praised! I have a confidant in all my trouble; the most faithful of counsellors; the craftiest of valets; a Leporello often tried, and never found wanting—my own good mind. And now, thou female fiend! the battle is to the strongest; and I see right well, that the struggle between two such spirits will be a long and a fearful one. Woe, I say, to the vanquished! You must be dealt with by arts, which even yourself cannot

conceive. Your boasted knowledge of human nature shall not again stand you in stead; for, mark me, from henceforward, Vivian Grey's conduct towards you shall have no precedent in human nature."

As Vivian re-entered the drawing-room, he met a servant carrying in the globe of gold and silver fishes.

"What, still in your pelisse, Mrs. Lorraine," said Vivian. "Nay, I hardly wonder at it, for surely, a prettier pelisse never yet fitted prettier form. You have certainly a most admirable taste in dress; and this the more surprises me, for it is generally your plain personage, that is the most *recherché* in frills, and fans, and flounces."

The lady smiled.

"Oh! by the bye," continued her companion, "I have a letter from Cleveland this morning. I wonder how any misunderstanding could possibly have existed between you, for he speaks of you in *such* terms."

"What does he say?" was the quick question.

"Oh! *what does he say?*" drawled out Vivian; and he yawned, and was most provokingly uncommunicative.

“Come, come, Mr. Grey, *do* tell me.”

“Oh! tell you—certainly. Come, let us walk together in the conservatory:” so saying, he took the lady by the hand, and they left the room.

“And now for the letter, Mr. Grey!”

“Ay, now for the letter;” and Vivian slowly drew an epistle from his pocket, and there-from read some exceedingly sweet passages, which made Mrs. Felix Lorraine’s very heart blood tingle. Considering that Vivian Grey had never in his life received a single letter from Mr. Cleveland, this was tolerably well: but he was always an admirable Improvisatore! “I am sure that when Cleveland comes to town everything will be explained; I am sure, at least, that it will not be *my* fault, if you are not the *best* friends. I am heroic in saying all this, Mrs. Lorraine; there was a time, when—(and here Vivian seemed so agitated that he could scarcely proceed)—there was a time when I could have called that man—*liar!* who would have prophesied that Vivian Grey could have assisted another in rivetting the affections of Mrs. Felix Lorraine;—but enough of this. I am a weak inexperienced boy, and misinterpret, perhaps, that, which is merely the compassionate kindness

natural to all women, into a feeling of a higher nature. But, I must learn to contain myself; I really do feel quite ashamed of my behaviour about the tumbler to-day: to act with such unwarrantable unkindness, merely because I had remembered that you once performed the same kind office for Colonel Delmington, was indeed too bad!"

"Colonel Delmington is a vain, empty-headed fool. Do not think of him, my dear Mr. Grey," said Mrs. Felix, with a countenance beaming with smiles.

"Well, I will not; and I will try to behave like a man; like a man of the world, I should say: but indeed you must excuse the warm feelings of a youth: and truly, when I call to mind the first days of our acquaintance, and then remember that our moon-lit walks are gone for ever—and that our—"

"Nay, do not believe so, my dear Vivian; believe me, as I ever shall be, your friend, your—"

"I will, I will, my dear, my own Amalia!"

CHAPTER VI.

THE LONG GALLERY.

IT was an Autumnal night—the wind was capricious and changeable as a petted beauty, or an Italian greyhound, or a shot silk. Now the breeze blew so fresh, that the white clouds dashed along the sky, as if they bore a band of witches, too late for their sabbath meeting—or some other mischief: and now, lulled and soft as the breath of a slumbering infant, you might almost have fancied it Midsummer's Eve; and the bright moon, with her starry court, reigned undisturbed in the light blue sky. Vivian Grey was leaning against an old beech tree in the most secluded part of the park, and was gazing on the moon.

Oh! thou bright moon! thou object of my first love! thou shalt not escape an invocation, although, perchance at this very moment, some varlet sonneteer is prating of 'thy boy Endymion,' and 'thy silver bow.' Here to thee, Queen of the Night! in whatever name thou most de-

lightest ! Or Bendis, as they hailed thee in rugged Thrace ; or Bubastis, as they howled to thee in mysterious Egypt ; or Dian, as they sacrificed to thee in gorgeous Rome ; or Artemis, as they sighed to thee on the bright plains of ever glorious Greece ! Why is it, that all men gaze on thee ? Why is it, that all men love thee ? Why is it, that all men worship thee ?

Shine on, shine on, Sultana of the soul ! the Passions are thy eunuch slaves ; Ambition gazes on thee, and his burning brow is cooled, and his fitful pulse is calm. Grief wanders in her moonlit walk, and sheds no tear ; and when thy crescent smiles, the lustre of Joy's revelling eye is dusked. Quick Anger, in thy light, forgets revenge ; and even dove-eyed Hope feeds on no future joys, when gazing on the miracle of thy beauty.

Shine on, shine on ! although a pure Virgin, thou art the mighty mother of all abstraction ! The eye of the weary peasant returning from his daily toil, and the rapt gaze of the inspired poet, are alike fixed on thee ; thou stillest the roar of marching armies ; and who can doubt thy influence o'er the waves, who has witnessed the wide Atlantic sleeping under thy silver beams ?

Shine on, shine on! they say thou art Earth's satellite; yet when I do gaze on thee, my thoughts are not of thy Suzerain. They teach us that thy power is a fable, and that thy divinity is a dream. Oh, thou bright Queen! I will be no traitor to thy sweet authority; and verily, I will not believe that thy influence o'er our hearts, is, at this moment, less potent, than when we worshipped in thy glittering fane of Ephesus, or trembled at the dark horrors of thine Arician rites. Then, hail to thee, Queen of the Night! Hail to thee, Diana, Triformis, Cynthia, Orthia, Taurica, ever mighty, ever lovely, ever holy! Hail! hail! hail!

If I were a metaphysician, I would tell you why Vivian Grey had been gazing two hours on the moon; for I could then present you with a most logical programme of the march of his ideas, since he whispered in his last honied speech in the ear of Mrs. Felix Lorraine, at dinner time, until this very moment, when he did not even remember that such a being as Mrs. Felix Lorraine breathed. Glory to the metaphysician's all perfect theory! When they can tell me why, at a bright banquet, the thought of death has flashed

across my mind, who fear not death; when they can tell me, why, at the burial of my beloved friend, when my very heart-strings seemed bursting, my sorrow has been mocked by the involuntary remembrance of ludicrous adventures, and grotesque tales; when they can tell me why, in a dark mountain pass, I have thought of an absent woman's eyes; or why, when in the very act of squeezing the third lime into a beaker of Burgundy cup, my memory hath been of lean apothecaries, and their vile drugs;—why then, I say again, glory to the metaphysician's all perfect theory! and fare you well, sweet world, and you my merry masters, whom, perhaps, I have studied somewhat too cunningly: *nosce teipsum* shall be my motto—I will doff my travelling cap, and on with the monk's cowl.

There are mysterious moments in some men's lives, when the faces of human beings are very agony to them, and when the sound of the human voice is jarring as discordant music. These fits are not the consequence of violent or contending passions; they grow not out of sorrow, nor joy, nor hope, nor fear, nor hatred, nor despair. For in the hour of affliction, the tones of our fellow-

creatures are ravishing as the most delicate lute ; and in the flush moment of joy, where is the smiler, who loves not a witness to his revelry, or a listener to his good fortune ? Fear makes us feel our humanity, and then we fly to men, and Hope is the parent of kindness. The misanthrope and the reckless, are neither agitated, nor agonized. It is in these moments, that men find in Nature that congeniality of spirit, which they seek for, in vain, in their own species. It is in these moments, that we sit by the side of a waterfall, and listen to its music the live day long. It is in these moments, that we gaze upon the moon. It is in these moments, that Nature becomes our Egeria ; and refreshed and renovated by this beautiful communion, we return to the world, better enabled to fight our parts in the hot war of passions, to perform the great duties, for which man appears to have been created,—to love, to hate, to slander, and to slay.

It was past midnight, and Vivian was at a considerable distance from the Château. He proposed entering by a side-door, which led into the billiard-room, and from thence crossing the Long Gallery, he could easily reach his apartment,

without disturbing any of the household. His way led through the little gate, at which he had parted with Mrs. Felix Lorraine on the first day of their meeting.

As he softly opened the door which led into the Long Gallery, he found he was not alone: leaning against one of the casements, was a female. Her profile was to Vivian as he entered, and the moon, which shone bright through the window, lit up a countenance, which he might be excused for not immediately recognising as that of Mrs. Felix Lorraine. She was gazing stedfastly, but her eye did not seem fixed upon any particular object. Her features appeared convulsed, but their contortions were not momentary, and pale as death, a hideous grin seemed chiselled on her idiot countenance.

Vivian scarcely knew whether to stay or to retire. Desirous not to disturb her, he determined not even to breathe; and, as is generally the case, his very exertions to be silent made him nervous; and to save himself from being stifled, he coughed.

Mrs. Lorraine immediately started, and stared wildly around her; and when her eye caught

Vivian's, there was a sound in her throat something like the death-rattle.

“Who are you?” she eagerly asked.

“A friend, and Vivian Grey.”

“Grey! how came you here?” and she rushed forward and wildly seized his hand—and then she muttered to herself, “’tis flesh—’tis flesh.”

“I have been playing, I fear, the mooncalf to-night; and find, that though I am a late watcher, I am not a solitary one.”

Mrs. Lorraine stared earnestly at him, and then she endeavoured to assume her usual expression of countenance; but the effort was too much for her. She dropped Vivian's arm, and buried her face in her own hands. Vivian was retiring, when she again looked up. “Where are you going?” she asked, with a quick voice.

“To sleep—as I would advise all: ’tis much past midnight.”

“You say not the truth. The brightness of your eye belies the sentence of your tongue. You are *not* for sleep.”

“Pardon me, my dear Mrs. Lorraine, I really have been gaping for the last hour,” said Vivian, and he moved on.

“Mr. Grey! you are speaking to one who takes her answer from the eye, which does not deceive, and from the speaking lineaments of the face, which are Truth’s witnesses. Keep your voice for those who can credit man’s words. You *will* go, then. What! are you afraid of a woman, because ‘*’tis past midnight,*’ and you are in an old gallery?”

“Fear, Mrs. Lorraine, is not a word in my vocabulary.”

“The words in your vocabulary are few, boy! as are the years of your age. He who sent you here this night, sent you here not to slumber. Come hither!” and she led Vivian to the window: “what see you?”

“I see Nature at rest, Mrs. Lorraine; and I would fain follow the example of beasts, birds, and fishes.”

“Yet gaze upon this scene one second. See the distant hills, how beautifully their rich covering is tinted with the moonbeam! These nearer fir-trees—how radiantly their black skeleton forms are tipped with silver! and the old and thickly-foliaged oaks bathed in light! and the purple lake reflecting in its lustrous bosom another heaven! Is it not a fair scene?”

“ Beautiful ! Oh, most beautiful ! ”

“ Yet, Vivian, where is the being for whom all this beauty existeth ? Where is your mighty creature—Man ? The peasant on his rough couch enjoys, perchance, slavery’s only service-money—sweet sleep ; or, waking in the night, curses at the same time his lot and his lord. And that lord is restless on some downy couch ; his night thoughts, not of this sheeny lake and this bright moon, but of some miserable creation of man’s artifice, some mighty nothing, which Nature knows not of, some offspring of her bastard child—Society. Why then is Nature loveliest when man looks not on her ? For whom, then, Vivian Grey, is this scene so fair ? ”

“ For poets, lady ; for philosophers ; for all those superior spirits who require some relaxation from the world’s toils ; spirits who only commingle with humanity, on the condition that they may sometimes commune with Nature.”

“ Superior spirits ! say you ? ” and here they paced the gallery. “ When Valerian, first Lord Carabas, raised this fair castle—when, profuse for his posterity, all the genius of Italian art and Italian artists was lavished on this English pa-

lace; when the stuffs, and statues, the marbles and the mirrors, the tapestry, and the carvings, and the paintings of Genoa, and Florence, and Venice, and Padua, and Vicenza, were obtained by him at miraculous cost, and with still more miraculous toil; what think you would have been his sensations, if, while his soul was revelling in the futurity of his descendants keeping their state in this splendid pile, some wizard had foretold to him, that ere three centuries could elapse, the fortunes of his mighty family would be the sport of two individuals; one of them, a foreigner unconnected in blood, or connected only in hatred; and the other, a young adventurer alike unconnected with his race, in blood, or in love; a being, ruling all things by the power of his own genius, and reckless of all consequences, save his own prosperity. If the future had been revealed to my great ancestor, the Lord Valerian, think you, Vivian Grey, that you and I should be walking in this long gallery?"

"Really, Mrs. Lorraine, I have been so interested in discovering what people think in the nineteenth century, that I have had but little time

to speculate on the possible opinions of an old gentleman who flourished in the sixteenth."

"You may sneer, sir; but I ask you, if there are spirits so superior to that of the slumbering Lord of this castle, as those of Vivian Grey and Amalia Lorraine; why may there not be spirits proportionately superior to our own?"

"If you are keeping me from my bed, Mrs. Lorraine, merely to lecture my conceit by proving that there are in this world wiser heads than that of Vivian Grey, on my honour, madam, you are giving yourself a great deal of unnecessary trouble."

"You *will* misunderstand me, then, you wilful boy!"

"Nay, lady, I will not affect to misunderstand your meaning; but I recognise, you know full well, no intermediate essence between my own good soul, and that ineffable and omnipotent spirit, in whose existence philosophers and priests alike agree."

"Omnipotent, and ineffable essence! Oh! leave such words to scholars, and to school-boys! And think you, that such indefinite nothings, such unmeaning abstractions, can influence beings

whose veins are full of blood, bubbling like this?" And here she grasped Vivian with a feverish hand—"Omnipotent, and ineffable essence! Oh! I have lived in a land, where every mountain, and every stream, and every wood, and every ruin, has its legend, and its peculiar spirit; a land, in whose dark forests, the midnight hunter, with his spirit-shout, scares the slumbers of the trembling serf; a land, from whose winding rivers, the fair-haired Undine welcomes the belated traveller to her fond, and fatal, embrace; and you talk to *me* of omnipotent and ineffable essences! Oh! miserable mocker!—It is not true, Vivian Grey; you are but echoing the world's deceit, and even at this hour of the night, you dare not speak as you do think. You worship no omnipotent and ineffable essence—you believe in no omnipotent and ineffable essence; shrined in the secret chamber of your soul, there is an image, before which you bow down in adoration, and that image is—YOURSELF. And truly when I do gaze upon your radiant eyes," and here the lady's tone became more terrestrial,—“and truly when I do look upon your luxuriant curls,” and here the lady's small white hand played like lightning through Vivian's

dark hair,—“and truly when I do remember the beauty of your all-perfect form, I cannot deem your self-worship—a false idolatry;” and here the lady’s arms were locked round Vivian’s neck, and her head rested on his bosom.

“Oh! Amalia! it would be far better for you to rest here, than to think of that, of which the knowledge is vanity.”

“Vanity!” shrieked Mrs. Lorraine, and she violently loosened her embrace, and extricated herself from the arm, which, rather in courtesy, than in kindness, had been wound round her delicate waste—“Vanity! Oh! if you knew but what I know—Oh! if you had but seen what I have seen”—and here her voice failed her, and she stood motionless in the moonshine, with averted head and outstretched arms.

“Amalia! this is very madness; for Heaven’s sake calm yourself!”

“Calm myself! Oh! it is madness; very, very madness! ’tis the madness of the fascinated bird; ’tis the madness of the murderer who is voluntarily broken on the wheel; ’tis the madness of the fawn, that gazes with adoration on the lurid glare of the anaconda’s eye; ’tis the madness of

woman who flies to the arms of her—*Fate* ;” and here she sprang like a tigress round Vivian’s neck, her long light hair bursting from its bands, and clustering down her shoulders.

And here was Vivian Grey, at past midnight, in this old gallery, with this wild woman clinging round his neck. The figures in the ancient tapestry looked living in the moon, and immediately opposite him was one compartment of some old mythological tale, in which were represented, grinning, in grim majesty,—THE FATES.

The wind now rose again, and the clouds which had vanished, began to re-assemble in the heavens. As the blue sky was gradually being covered, the gigantic figures of Clotho, Lachesis, and Atropos, became as gradually dimmer, and dimmer, and the grasp of Vivian’s fearful burthen looser, and looser. At last the moon was entirely hid, the figures of the Fates vanished, and Mrs. Felix Lorraine sank lifeless into his arms.

Vivian groped his way with difficulty to the nearest window, the very one at which she was leaning, when he first entered the gallery. He played with her wild curls ; he whispered to her in a voice sweeter than the sweetest serenade ;

but she only raised her eyes from his breast, and stared wildly at him, and then clung round his neck with, if possible, a tighter grasp.

For nearly half an hour did Vivian stand leaning against the window, with his mystic and motionless companion. At length the wind again fell: there was a break in the sky, and a single star appeared in the midst of the clouds, surrounded with a little heaven of azure.

“ See there, see there !” the lady cried, and then she unlocked her arms. “ What would you give, Vivian Grey, to read that star ?”

“ Am I more interested in that star, Amalia, than in any other of the bright host ?” asked Vivian, with a serious tone, for he thought it necessary to humour his companion.

“ Are you *not* ? is it not the star of your destiny ?”

“ Are you learned in all the learning of the Chaldeans too, lady ?”

“ Oh, no, no, no !” slowly murmured Mrs. Lorraine, and then she started ; but Vivian seized her arms, and prevented her from again clasping his neck.

“ I must keep these pretty hands close pri-

soners," he said, smiling, " unless you promise to behave with more moderation. Come, my Amalia ! you shall be my instructress ! Why am I so interested in this brilliant star ?" and holding her hands in one of his, he wound his arm round her waist, and whispered her such words, as he thought might calm her troubled spirit. The wildness of her eyes gradually gave way ; at length, she raised them to Vivian with a look of meek tenderness, and her head sank upon his breast.

" It shines, it shines, it shines, Vivian !" she softly whispered, " glory to thee, and woe to me ! Nay, you need not hold my hands, I will not harm you. I cannot—'tis no use. Oh, Vivian ! when we first met, how little did I know to whom I pledged myself !"

" Amalia, forget these wild fancies, estrange yourself from the wild belief which has exercised so baneful an influence, not only over your mind, but over the very soul of the land from which you come. Recognize in me only your friend, and leave the other world to those who value it more, or more deserve it. Does not this fair earth contain sufficient of interest and enjoyment ?"

" Oh, Vivian ! you speak with a sweet voice,

but with a sceptic's spirit. You know not what I know."

"Tell me then, my Amalia; let me share your secrets, provided they be your sorrows."

"Oh, Vivian! almost within this hour, and in this park, there has happened that—which——" and here her voice died, and she looked fearfully round her.

"Nay, fear not, fear not; no one can harm you here, no one shall harm you. Rest, rest upon me, and tell me all thy grief."

"I dare not—I cannot tell you."

"Nay, my own love, thou shalt."

"I cannot speak, your eye scares me. Are you mocking me? I cannot speak if you look so at me."

"I will not look on you; I will play with your long hair, and gaze on yonder star.—Now, speak on, my own love."

"Oh! Vivian, there is a custom in my native land—the world calls it an unhallowed one; you, in your proud spirit, will call it a vain one. But you would not deem it vain, if you were the woman now resting on your bosom. At certain hours of particular nights, and with peculiar

ceremonies, which I need not here mention—we do believe, that in a lake or other standing water, fate reveals itself to the solitary votary. Oh! Vivian, I have been too long a searcher after this fearful science; and this very night, agitated in spirit, I sought yon water. The wind was in the right direction, and every thing concurred in favouring a propitious divination. I knelt down to gaze on the lake. I had always been accustomed to view my own figure performing some future action, or engaged in some future scene of my life. I gazed, but I saw nothing but a brilliant star. I looked up into the heavens, but the star was not there, and the clouds were driving quick across the sky. More than usually agitated by this singular occurrence, I gazed once more; and just at the moment, when with breathless and fearful expectation, I waited the revelation of my immediate destiny, there flitted a figure across the water. It was there only for the breathing of a second, and as it passed, it mocked me." Here Mrs. Lorraine writhed in Vivian's arms; her features were moulded in the same unnatural expression as when he first entered the gallery, and the hideous grin was again

sculptured on her countenance. Her whole frame was in such a state of agitation, that she rose up and down in Vivian's arms; and it was only with the exertion of his whole strength, that he could retain her.

“Why, Amalia—this—this was nothing—your own figure.”

“No, not my own—it was *yours!*”

Uttering a loud and piercing shriek, which echoed through the winding gallery, she fainted.

Vivian gazed on her in a state of momentary stupefaction, for the extraordinary scene had begun to influence his own nerves. And now he heard the tread of distant feet, and a light shone through the key-hole of the nearest door. The fearful shriek had alarmed some of the household. What was to be done? In desperation Vivian caught the lady up in his arms, and dashing out of an opposite door bore her to her chamber.

CHAPTER VII.

SOUTH AMERICAN ORNITHOLOGY.

WHAT is this chapter to be about? Come, I am inclined to be courteous! You shall choose the subject of it. What shall it be—sentiment or scandal? a love scene, or a lay-sermon—or a lecture on omelettes soufflées? I am sick of the world! Do not be frightened, sweet reader! and Pearson, bring me a bottle of soda-water! I am sick of the world, and actually am now hesitating whether I shall turn misanthrope, or go to the Ancient Music. Not that you are to imagine that I am a dissatisfied, disappointed, moody monster, who lectures the stars, and fancies himself Rousseau secundus—not in the least. I am naturally a very amiable individual; but the truth is, I have been suffering the last three weeks under a tremendous attack of bile, and if I chance to touch a quill in this miserable state, why unfortunately, I have the habit of discharging a little of that ever-to-be abhorred juice. This,

therefore, must be my excuse for occasionally appearing to be a little peevish. Far from disliking the world, I am always ready to do its merits the most poetical justice. Oh! thou beautiful world! thou art a very pleasant thing—to those who know thee not. Pah! I cannot get on: and now, on looking in the glass again, I do find myself a little yellow under the eyes still, a twitch in the left temple, tongue like snow in a fog, a violent nausea, pulse at one hundred and ten, yet with the appetite of a Bonassus. Another fit of the bile, by all that is sacred!—Oh! thou vile world! now for a libel!

When Vivian awoke in the morning, he found a note upon his pillow.

“Did you hear the horrid shriek last night? It must have disturbed every one. I think it must have been one of the South American birds, which Captain Tropic gave the Marchioness. Do not they sometimes favour the world with these nocturnal shriekings? Is not there a passage in Spix apropos to this? “A——”

“Did you hear the shriek last night, Mr.

Grey?" asked the Marchioness, as Vivian entered the breakfast-room.

"Oh yes! Mr. Grey, did you hear the shriek?" asked Miss Graves.

"Who did not?"

"Oh! what could it be?" said the Marchioness.

"Oh! what could it be?" said Miss Graves.

"Oh! what should it be—a cat in a gutter, or a sick cow, or a toad dying to be devoured, Miss Graves."

Always snub toadeys, and fed captains. It is only your greenhorns who endeavour to make their way by fawning and cringing to every member of the establishment. It is a miserable mistake. No one likes his dependants to be treated with respect, for such treatment affords an unpleasant contrast to his own conduct. Besides, it makes the toadey's blood unruly. There are three persons, mind you, to be attended to:—my lord, or my lady, as the case may be (usually the latter), the pet daughter, and the pet dog. I throw out these hints en passant, for my principal objects in writing this work are to amuse myself, and to instruct society. In some future book, probably the twentieth or twenty-fifth, when the

plot begins to wear threadbare, and we can afford a digression, I may give a chapter on Domestic Tactics.

“My dear Marchioness,” continued Vivian, “see there—I have kept my promise—there is your bracelet. How is Julie to-day?”

“Oh! Julie, poor dear, I hope she is better.”

“Oh! yes, poor Julie! I think she is better.”

“I do not know that, Miss Graves,” said her Ladyship, somewhat tartly, not at all approving of a toadey *thinking*. “I am afraid that scream last night must have disturbed her. Oh dear! Mr. Grey, I am afraid she will be ill again.”

Miss Graves looked mournful, and lifted up her eyes, and hands to Heaven, but did not dare to speak this time.

“I thought she looked a little heavy about the eyes this morning,” said the Marchioness, apparently very agitated; “and I have heard from Eglamour this post; he is not well too—I think every body is ill now—he has caught a fever going to see the ruins of Pæstum; I wonder why people go to see ruins!”

“I wonder indeed,” said Miss Graves; “I never could see any thing in a ruin.”

“ Oh dear Grey !” continued the Marchioness, “ I really am afraid Julie is going to be very ill.”

“ Oh ! let Miss Graves pull her tail, and give her a little mustard seed ; she will be better to-morrow.”

“ Well, Graves, mind you do what Mr. Grey tells you.”

Oh ! y-e-s, my Lady !”

“ Mrs. Felix Lorraine,” said the Marchioness, as that lady entered the room, “ you are late to-day ; I always reckon upon you as a supporter of an early breakfast at Desir.”

“ Oh ! I have been half round the park.”

“ Did you hear the scream, Mrs. Felix ?”

“ Do you know what it *was*, Marchioness ?”

“ No—do you ?”

“ Ay ! ay ! see the reward of early rising, and a walk before breakfast. It was one of your new American birds, and it has half torn down your aviary.”

“ One of the New Americans ! Oh, the naughty thing ! and has it broke the new fancy wire-work ?”

Here a little odd-looking, snuffy old man, with a brown scratch wig, who had been very busily

employed the whole breakfast-time with a cold game pie, the bones of which Vivian observed him most scientifically pick and polish, laid down his knife and fork, and addressed the Marchioness with an air of great interest.

“ Pray, will your Ladyship have the goodness to inform me what bird this is ?”

The Marchioness looked astounded at any one presuming to ask her a question ; and then she drawled, “ Vivian, you know every thing—tell this gentleman what a bird is.”

Now this gentleman was Mr. Mackaw, the most celebrated ornithologist extant, and who had written a treatise on Brazilian parroquets, in three volumes folio. He had arrived late at the Château the preceding night, and, although he had the honour of presenting his letter of introduction to the Marquess, this morning was the first time he had been seen by any of the party present, who were of course profoundly ignorant of his character.

“ Oh ! we were talking of some South American bird given to the Marchioness by the famous Captain Tropic ; you know him perhaps, Bolivar’s brother-in-law, or aid-de-camp, or something of that

kind ;—and which screams so dreadfully at night, that the whole family is disturbed. The Chowchoutow it is called—is not it, Mrs. Lorraine ?”

“ The Chowchoutow !” said Mr. Mackaw ; “ I don’t know it by that name.”

“ Oh ! do not you ? I dare say we shall find an account of it in Spix ; however,” said Vivian, rising, and taking a volume from the book-case ; “ ay ! here it is—I will read it to you.”

“ The Chowchoutow is about five feet seven inches in length, from the point of the bill, to the extremity of the claws. Its plumage is of a dingy, yellowish white : its form is elegant, and in its movements, and action, a certain pleasing and graceful dignity is observable ; but its head is by no means worthy of the rest of its frame ; and the expression of its eye is indicative of the cunning, and treachery, of its character. The habits of this bird are peculiar : occasionally most easily domesticated, it is apparently sensible of the slightest kindness ; but its regard cannot be depended upon, and for the slightest inducement, or with the least irritation, it will fly at its feeder. At other times, it seeks the most perfect solitude, and can only be captured with the greatest skill

and perseverance. It generally feeds three times a-day, but its appetite is not rapacious: it sleeps little; is usually on the wing at sunrise, and proves that it slumbers but little in the night by its nocturnal and thrilling shrieks."

"What an extraordinary bird! Is that the bird you meant, Mrs. Felix Lorraine?"

Mr. Mackaw was extremely restless the whole time that Vivian was reading this interesting extract. At last, he burst forth with an immense deal of science, and a great want of construction—a want which scientific men often experience, always excepting those mealy-mouthed professeurs who lecture "at the Royal," and get patronized by the blues—the Lavoisiers of May Fair!

"Chowchowitzow, my Lady!—five feet seven inches high! Brazilian bird! When I just remind your Ladyship, that the height of the tallest bird to be found in Brazil,—and in mentioning this fact, I mention nothing hypothetical,—the tallest bird does not stand higher than four feet nine. Chowchowitzow! Dr. Spix is a name—accurate traveller—don't remember the passage—most singular bird! Chowchowitzow! don't know it by that name. Perhaps your Ladyship is not

aware—I think you called that gentleman Mr. Grey—perhaps Mr. Grey is not aware, that I am Mr. Mackaw—I arrived late here last night—whose work in three volumes folio, on Brazilian Parroquets, although I had the honour of seeing his Lordship is, I trust, a sufficient evidence that I am not speaking at random on this subject; and consequently, from the lateness of the hour, could not have the honour of being introduced to your Ladyship.”

“Mr. Mackaw!” thought Vivian. “The deuce you are! Oh! why did not I say a Columbian cassowary, or a Peruvian penguin, or a Chilian condor, or a Guatemalan goose, or a Mexican mastard—any thing but Brazilian. Oh! unfortunate Vivian Grey!”

The Marchioness, who was quite overcome with this scientific appeal, raised her large, beautiful, sleepy eyes, from a delicious compound of French roll and new milk, which she was working up in a Sevre saucer for Julie; and then, as usual, looked to Vivian for assistance.

“Grey, dear! You know every thing. Tell Mr. Mackaw about a bird.”

“Is there any point on which you differ from

Spix in his account of the Chowchoutow, Mr. Mackaw?"

"My dear sir, I don't follow him at all. Dr. Spix is a most excellent man; a most accurate traveller—quite a name—but to be sure, I've only read his work in our own tongue; and I fear from the passage you have just quoted—five feet seven inches high! in Brazil! It must be a most imperfect version. I say, that four feet nine is the greatest height I know. I don't speak without some foundation for my statement. The only bird I know above that height is the Paraguay cassowary; which, to be sure, is sometimes found in Brazil. But the description of your bird, Mr. Grey, does not answer that at all. I ought to know. I do not speak at random. The only living specimen of that extraordinary bird, the Paraguay cassowary, in this country, is in my possession. It was sent me by Bonpland; and was given to him by the dictator of Paraguay himself. I call it, in compliment, *Doctor Francia*. I arrived here so late last night—only saw his Lordship—or I would have had it on the lawn this morning."

"Oh! then, Mr. Mackaw," said Vivian, "that was the bird which screamed last night!"

"Oh, yes! Oh, yes! Mr. Mackaw," said Mrs. Felix Lorraine.

"Marchioness! Marchioness!" continued Vivian, "it is found out. It is Mr. Mackaw's particular friend, his family physician, whom he always travels with, that awoke us all last night."

"Is he a foreigner?" asked the Marchioness, looking up.

"My dear Mr. Grey, impossible! the Doctor never screams."

"Oh! Mr. Mackaw, Mr. Mackaw!" said Vivian.

"Oh! Mr. Mackaw, Mr. Mackaw!" said Mrs. Felix Lorraine.

"I tell you he never screams," reiterated the man of science, "I tell you he can't scream, he's *muzzled*."

"Oh! then, it must have been the Chowchowtow."

"Yes; I think it must have been the Chowchowtow."

“I should very much like to hear Spix’s description again,” said Mr. Mackaw, “only I fear it is troubling you too much, Mr. Grey.”

“Read it yourself, my dear Sir,” said Vivian, putting the book into his hand, which was the third volume of Tremaine.

Mr. Mackaw looked at the volume, and turned it over, and sideways, and upside downwards: the brain of a man who has written three folios on parroquets is soon puzzled. At first, he thought the book was a novel; but then, an essay on predestination, under the title of *Memoirs of a Man of Refinement*, rather puzzled him; then he mistook it for an Oxford reprint of Pearson on the Creed; and then he stumbled on rather a warm scene in an old Château in the South of France.

Before Mr. Mackaw could gain the power of speech, the door opened, and entered—who?—Doctor Francia.

Mr. Mackaw’s travelling companion possessed the awkward accomplishment of opening doors, and now strutted in, in quest of his beloved master. Affection for Mr. Mackaw was not, however, the only cause which induced this entrée.

The household of Château Desir, unused to

cassowarys, had neglected to supply Dr. Francia with his usual breakfast, which consisted of half a dozen pounds of rump steaks, a couple of bars of hard iron, some pig lead, and brown stout. The consequence was, the dictator was sadly famished.

All the ladies screamed ; and then Mrs. Felix Lorraine admired the Doctor's violet neck, and the Marchioness looked with an anxious eye on Julie, and Miss Graves, as in duty bound, with an anxious eye on the Marchioness.

There stood the Doctor, quite still, with his large yellow eye fixed on Mr. Mackaw. At length, he perceived the cold pasty, and his little black wings began to flutter on the surface of his immense body.

“ Che, che, che, che !” said the ornithologist, who did not like the symptoms at all : “ Che, che, che, che,—don't be frightened, ladies ! you see he's muzzled—che, che, che, che,—now, my dear doctor, now, now, now, Franky, Franky, Franky, now go away, go away, that's a dear doctor—che, che, che, che !”

But the large yellow eye grew more flaming and fiery, and the little black wings grew larger, and larger ; and now the left leg was dashed to

and fro, with a fearful agitation. Mackaw looked agonized.—Pop!—what a whirr!—Francia is on the table!—All shriek, the chairs tumble over the Ottomans—the Sevre china is in a thousand pieces—the muzzle is torn off and thrown at Miss Graves; Mackaw’s wig is dashed in the clotted cream, and devoured on the spot; and the contents of the boiling urn are poured over the beautiful, and beloved Julie!

CHAPTER VIII.

THE VIVIAN PAPERS.

MR. COLBURN insists, that this is the only title, under which I can possibly publish the letters, which Vivian Grey received on the — day of —, 18—. I love to be particular in dates.

The Honourable Miss Cynthia Courtown, to
Vivian Grey Esq.

Alburies, Oct. 18—.

“DEAR GREY,

“We have now been at Alburies for a fortnight. Nothing can be more delightful. Here is every body in the world that I wish to see,

except yourself. The Knightons, with as many outriders as usual:—Lady Julia and myself are great allies; I like her amazingly. The Marquess of Grandgoût arrived here last week, with a most delicious party; all the men who write John Bull. I was rather disappointed at the first sight of Stanislaus Hoax. I had expected, I do not know why, something juvenile, and squibbish—when lo! I was introduced to a corpulent individual, with his coat buttoned up to his chin, looking dull, gentlemanly, and apoplectic. However, on acquaintance, he came out quite rich—sings delightfully, and improvises like a prophet—ten thousand times more entertaining than Pistrucci. We are sworn friends; and I know all the secret history of John Bull. There is not much, to be sure, that you did not tell me yourself; but still there are *some things*. I must not trust them, however, to paper, and therefore pray dash down to Alburies immediately; I shall be most happy to introduce you to Lord Devildrain. There *was* an interview. What think you of that? Stanislaus told me all, *circumstantially*, and *after dinner*—I do not doubt that it is quite true. What would you give for the secret history of the ‘rather

yellow, rather yellow,' chanson. I dare not tell it you. It came from a quarter that will quite astound you, and in a very elegant, small, female hand. You remember Lambton did stir very awkwardly in the Lisbon business. Stanislaus wrote all the songs that appeared in the first number, except that; but he never wrote a single line of prose for the first three months: it all came from Vivida Vis.

“I like the Marquess of Grandgoût so much! I hope he will be elevated in the peerage:—he looks as if he wanted it so! Poor dear man!

“Oh! do you know I have discovered a liaison between Bull and Blackwood. I am to be in the next Noctes; I forget the words of the chorus exactly, but *Courtown* is to rhyme with *port down*, or something of that kind, and then they are to dash their glasses over their heads, give three cheers, and adjoin to whiskey-toddy, and the Chaldee chamber. How delightful!

“The Prima Donnas are at Cheltenham, looking most respectable. Do you ever see the Age? It is not proper for me to take it in. Pray send me down your numbers, and tell me all about it; that's a dear. Is it true that his Lordship paragraphises a little?

“I have not heard from Ernest Clay, which I

think very odd. If you write to him, mention this, and tell him to send me word how Dormer Stanhope behaves at mess. I understand there has been a *mélée*, not much—merely a *rouette*: do get it all out of him.

“Colonel Delmington is at Cheltenham, with the most knowing beard you can possibly conceive; Lady Julia rather patronizes him. Lady Doubtful has been turned out of the rooms; fifty challenges in consequence, and one duel; missed fire, of course.

“I have heard from Alhambra; he has been wandering about in all directions. He has been to the Lakes, and is now at Edinburgh. He likes Southey. He gave the laureate a quantity of hints for his next volume of the Peninsular War, but does not speak very warmly of Wordsworth; gentlemanly man, but only reads his own poetry. I made him promise to go and see De Quincy; and, like a good boy, he did; but he says he is a complete humbug. What can he mean? He stayed some days at Sir Walter's, and met Tom Moore. Singular, that our three great poets should be together this summer! He speaks in raptures of the great Baronet, and of the beauties of Abbotsford. He met Moore again in Edin-

burgh and was present at the interview between him and Hogg. Lalla Rookh did not much like being called 'Tam Muir,' and rather kicked at the shepherd.

"Edinburgh is more delightful than you can possibly conceive. I certainly intend to go next summer. Alhambra is very intimate with John Wilson, who seems indeed a first rate fellow, full of fun and genius; and quite as brilliant a hand at a comic song, as at a tragic drama. Do you know it struck me the other day, that comic songs and tragedies are 'the lights and shadows' of literature. Pretty-idea, is it not?"

"Here has been a cousin of your's about us; a young barrister going the circuit; by name, Hargrave Grey. The name attracted my notice, and due enquiries having been made, and satisfactorily answered, I patronised the limb of law. Fortunate for him! I got him to all the fancy balls and pic nics that were going on. He was in heaven for a fortnight, and at length, having overstayed his time, he left us, also leaving his bag, and only brief behind him. They say he is ruined for life. Write soon. "Your's ever,"

"CYNTHIA COURTOWN."

Battier business : but, with the greatest desire to make a fool of myself, I have a natural repugnance to mimicking the foolery of others : so with some little exertion, and very fortunately for young Premium, I got the tenth voted vulgar, on the score of curiosity, and we were civil to the man. As it turned out, it was all very well, for Premium is a quiet gentlemanly fellow enough, and exceedingly useful. He will keep extra grooms for the whole mess, if they want it. He is very grateful to me for what does not deserve any gratitude, and for what gave me no trouble ; for I did not defend him from any feeling of kindness. And both the Mounteneys, and young Stapylton Toad, and Augustus, being in the regiment, why, I have very little trouble in commanding a majority, if it come to a division.

“ I dined the other day at old Premium’s, who lives near this town in a magnificent old hall ; which, however, is not near splendid enough, for a man who is the creditor of every nation from California, to China ; and, consequently, the great Mr. Stucco is building a plaster castle for him in another part of the park. Glad am I enough, that I was prevailed upon to patronize the Pre-

mium ; for I think, I never witnessed a more singular scene than I did the day I dined there.

“ I was ushered through an actual street of servitors, whose liveries were really cloth of gold, and whose elaborately powdered heads would not have disgraced the most ancient mansion in St. James’s Square, into a large and very crowded saloon. I was, of course, received with the most miraculous consideration ; and the ear of Mrs. Premium seemed to dwell upon the jingling of my spurs, (for I am adjutant,) as upon the most exquisite music. It was *bona fide* evidence of ‘ the officers being there.’ She will now be visited by the whole county.

“ Premium is a short, but by no means vulgar looking man, about fifty, with a high forehead covered with wrinkles, and with eyes deep sunk in his head. I never met a man of apparently less bustle, and of a cooler temperament. He was an object of observation from his very unobtrusiveness. There were, I immediately perceived, a great number of foreigners in the room. They looked much too knowing for Arguelles and Co., and I soon found that they were members of the different embassies, or missions of the various Go-

vernments, to whose infant existence Premium is foster-father. There were two very striking figures in Oriental costume, who were shown to me as the Greek Deputies—not that you are to imagine that they always appear in this picturesque dress. It was only as a particular favour, and to please Miss Premium;—there, Grey, my boy! there is a quarry!—that the illustrious envoys appeared, habited, this day in their national costume.

“ Oh! Grey, you would have enjoyed the scene. In one part of the room was a naval officer, just hot from the mines of Mexico, and lecturing eloquently on the passing of the Cordillera. In another was a man of science, dilating on the miraculous powers of a newly-discovered amalgamation process, to a knot of merchants, who, with bent brows and eager eyes, were already forming a Company for its adoption. Here floated the latest anecdote of Bolivar; and there a murmur of some new movement of Cochrane's. And then the perpetual babble about ‘ rising states,’ and ‘ new loans,’ and ‘ enlightened views,’ and ‘ juncture of the two oceans,’ and ‘ liberal principles,’ and ‘ steam boats to Mexico;’ and the earnest

look which every one had in the room. Oh! how different to the vacant gaze that we have been accustomed to! I was really particularly struck by this circumstance. Every one at Premium's looked full of some great plan; as if the fate of empires was on his very breath. I hardly knew whether they were most like conspirators, or gamblers, or the lions of a public dinner, conscious of an universal gaze, and consequently looking proportionately interesting. One circumstance particularly struck me: as I was watching the acute countenance of an individual, who, young Premium informed me, was the Chilian minister, and who was listening with great attention to a dissertation from Captain Tropic, the celebrated traveller, on the feasibility of a rail road over the Andes—I observed a very great sensation among all those around me; every one shifting and shuffling, and staring, and assisting in that curious, and confusing, ceremony, called *making way*. Even Premium appeared a little excited, when he came forward with a smile on his face to receive an individual, apparently a foreigner, and who stepped on with great, though gracious dignity. Being very curious to know who this great man was, I found that

this was an *ambassador*—the representative of a recognised state.

“ ‘Pon my honour, when I saw all this, I could not refrain from moralizing on the magic of wealth ; and when I just remembered the embryo plot of some young Huzzar Officers to *cut* the son of the magician, I rather smiled ; but while I, with even greater reverence than all others, was making way for his *Excellency*, I observed Mrs. Premium looking at my spurs—‘ Farewell Philosophy ! ’ thought I, ‘ Puppyism for ever ! ’

“ Dinner was at last announced, and the nice etiquette which was observed between *recognised* states, and *non-recognised* states, was really excessively amusing : not only the ambassador would take precedence of the mere political agent, but his *Excellency*’s private secretary was equally tenacious as to the agent’s private secretary. At length we were all seated :—the spacious dining-room was hung round with portraits of most of the *successful* revolutionary leaders, and over Mr. Premium was suspended a magnificent portrait of Bolivar. Oh ! Grey, if you could but have seen the plate ! By Jove ! I have eaten off the silver of most of the first families in England, yet, never

in my life, did it enter into my imagination, that it was possible for the most ingenious artist that ever existed, to repeat a crest half so often in a table spoon, as in that of Premium. The crest is a bubble, and really the effect produced by it is most ludicrous.

“ I was very much struck at table, by the appearance of an individual who came in very late ; but who was evidently, by his bearing, no insignificant personage. He was a tall man, with a long hooked nose, and high cheek bones, and with an eye—(were you ever at the Old Bailey ? there you may see its fellow) ; his complexion looked as if it had been accustomed to the breezes of many climes, and his hair, which had once been red, was now silvered, or rather iron-greyled, not by age. Yet there was in his whole bearing, in his slightest actions, even in the easy, desperate, air with which he took a glass of wine, an indefinable—something, (you know what I mean,) which attracted your unremitting attention to him. I was not wrong in my suspicions of his celebrity ; for, as Miss Premium, whom I sat next to, (eh ! Grey, my boy, how are you ? ‘ ’tis a very fine thing for a father-in-law,’ &c. &c.) whispered, ‘ he was quite a lion.’

It was Lord Oceanville. What he is after, no one knows. Some say he is going to Greece, others whisper an invasion of Paraguay, and others of course say other things; perhaps equally correct. I think he is for Greece. I know he is the most extraordinary man I ever met with. I am getting prosy. Good bye! Write soon. Any fun going on? How is Cynthia? I ought to have written. How is Mrs. Felix Lorraine? she is a d——d odd woman!

“Your’s faithfully,

“ERNEST CLAY.”

Mr. Daniel Groves, to Vivian Grey, Esq.

“SIR,

“I have just seen Sir Hanway, who gave me a letter from you, requesting me to furnish you with my ideas on the state of the agricultural interest; and to think of John Conyers for the farm of Maresfield, now vacant.

“With respect to the former, I can’t help thinking Ministers remarkable wrong on the point of the game laws particularly, to say nothing of the duty on felled timber, malt, and brown mus-

tard. 'Tayn't the greatness of the duty that makes the increase of the revenue. That's my maxim.

“As for Maresfield, I certainly had an eye to it for my second son, William; as my mistress says, he's now getting fittish to look out for himself in the world;—and then there's my nephew at Edgecombe, the son of my sister Mary, who married one of the Wrights at Upton, and I always promised old Mr. Wright to see Tom well done by. That's the ground I stand upon. But, certainly, to oblige your honour, I can't say but what I'll think of it.

“Sir Hanway says, Conyers told him that White-footed Moll died on Wednesday. She was, as your honour always said, a pretty creature. Talking of this, puts me in mind, that if your honour comes in for Mounteney, which they're talking of in these parts, I hope you'll say something about the tax on cart-horses. This is the ground I stand upon—if a gentleman keeps a horse for pleasure, it's only right Government should have the benefit; but when it's to promote the agricultural interest, my maxim is, it's remarkable wrong to tax 'em all promiscuous.

“As for Conyers, I can't help thinking his cottage might be removed : it stands in the midst of one of the finest pieces of corn-land in this country ; and I said so the other day to Mr. Stapylton Toad, but he's not a man as'll take advice. That Maresfield Farm is a nice bit for game, as I believe your honour well knows. I took out Snowball, and Negro, the other morning, with young Fletcher of Upton—he's the third cousin of old Mrs. Wright's sister-in-law's niece—we coursed three hares, and killed one just opposite Gunter's on the hill, who's a bit of a relation again on my wife's side ; so I just looked in and took a crust of bread and cheese, for civility costs nothing—that 's my maxim.

“The new Beer bill is felt a grievance.—John Sandys says as my men won't be satisfied with less than ten strike to the hogshead ; this is remarkable wrong. So you may make your mind easy about John Conyers : I've been talking to my mistress, and the upshot of it is, that I'll take my old horse and ride over to Stapylton Toad, and settle with him about the removal ; and if I can give you any more information on this point, or any thing else relating to our part of the world, or

the corn-laws in general, I shall be very happy to remain

“Your honour’s obedient servant,

“DANIEL GROVES.

“P. S. The half pipe of Port wine I told you of is come in, and I think it promises to be as good, sterling, stuff as ever you need wish to taste—some *body* in it—none of your French vinegary slip-slop. Depend on’t, Port’s the wine for Englishmen—there’s some stamina in it: that’s the ground I stand upon.”

Hargrave Grey, Esq., to Vivian Grey, Esq.

October—, 18—.

“DEAR VIVIAN,

“You ought not to expect a letter from me. I cannot conceive why you do not occasionally answer your correspondent’s letters, if correspondents they may be called. It is really a most unreasonable habit of yours; any one but myself would quarrel with you.

“A letter from Baker met me at this place, and I find that the whole of that most disagreeable, and annoying, business is arranged. From

the promptitude, skill, and energy, which are apparent in the whole affair, I suspect I have to thank the very gentleman, whom I was just going to quarrel with. You are a good fellow, Vivian, after all. For want of a brief, I sit down to give you a sketch of my adventures on this, my first, circuit.

“ This circuit is a cold, and mercantile adventure, and I am disappointed in it. Not so either, for I looked for but little to enjoy. Take one day of my life as a specimen; the rest are mostly alike. The sheriff’s trumpets are playing,—one, some tune of which I know nothing, and the other no tune at all. I am obliged to turn out at eight. It is the first day of the Assize, so there is some chance of a brief, being a new place. I push my way into court through files of attorneys, as civil to the rogues as possible, assuring them there is plenty of room, though I am at the very moment gasping for breath, wedged in, in a lane of well-lined waistcoats. I get into court, take my place in the quietest corner, and there I sit, and pass other men’s fees and briefs like a twopenny postman, only without pay. Well! ’tis six o’clock—dinner-time—at the bottom of the table—carve for

all—speak to none—nobody speaks to me—must wait till last to sum up, and pay the bill. Reach home quite devoured by spleen, after having heard every one abused, who happened to be absent.

“ You wished me many briefs, but only one of your wishes has come to pass, and that at this place ; but I flatter myself I got up the law of the case in a most masterly style ; and I am sure you will allow me to be capable of so doing, when I relate the particulars :

“ Indictment states, that prisoner on, &c., at, &c., from out of a certain larder, stole a pork pie.

“ 2d. count—a meat pie.

“ 3d. count—a pie in general.

“ The great question was, whether the offence was complete or not, the *felon* not having carried it out of the larder, but only conveyed it into his pocket :—that is, all he could not eat.

“ Plea :—he was hungry.

“ Per Bolter Baron.—‘ He must not satisfy his appetite at another person’s expense ; so let him be whipped, and discharged ; and let the treasurer of the county pay the expenses of this prosecution.’

Which were accordingly allowed, to the amount of something under fifty pounds.

“ Do not turn up the whites of your eyes, Vivian; and, in the fulness of your indignation, threaten us with all the horrors of parliamentary interference. The fact is; on this circuit, to judge of the number of offences tried, such a theft is as enormous as a burglary, with one or two throats cut, in London; for pork pies are the staple of the county; and they export them by canal, to all parts of the world, whereto the canals run, which the natives imagine to be to parts beyond seas at least.

“ I travelled to this place with Manners, whom I believe you know, and amused myself by getting from him an account of my fellows, anticipating, at the same time, what in fact happened;—to wit, that I should afterwards get his character from them. It is strange how freely they deal with each other—that is, the person spoken of being away. I would not have had you see our Stanhope for half a hundred pounds; your jealousy would have been so excited. To say the truth, we are a little rough,—our mane wants pulling, and our hoofs trimming, but we jog along without

performing either operation: and, by dint of rattling the whip against the splash-board, using all one's persuasion of hand and voice, and jerking the bit in his mouth, we do contrive to get into the circuit town, usually, just about the time that the sheriff and his *posse comitatus* are starting to meet my Lord, the King's Justice:—and that is the worst of it; for their horses are prancing and pawing coursers just out of the stable,—sleek skins, and smart drivers. We begin to be knocked up just then, and our appearance is the least brilliant of any part of the day. Here I had to pass through a host of these powdered, scented fops; and the multitude who had assembled to gaze on the nobler exhibition, rather scoffed at our humble vehicle. As Manners had just then been set down to find the inn, and lodging, I could not jump out, and leave our equipage to its fate, so I settled my cravat, and seemed not to mind it—only I *did*.

“Manners has just come in, and insists upon my going to the theatre with him. I shall keep this back another post, to tell you whether I receive another letter from Baker, at——d.

19th.

“No letter from Baker, but I find it so dull

sitting in court with nothing to do, that I shall trouble you with a few more lines from myself. The performance last night was rather amusing : Romeo and Juliet turned into a melo-drame, to suit the taste of the vicinity. The nasal tones of Juliet's voice in the love scenes, must have been peculiarly moving to any Romeo ; but to that for whom they were intended they seemed so much in earnest, that he must have been quite enraptured. There were no half meetings. Juliet entered fully into the feeling of the poet ; and hung about his neck, and kissed his lips—all like life, to the great edification of the audience assembled ; which, as it was assize week, was a very brilliant one. In such a company, there must necessarily be economy used in the actors and actresses. Thus, as Mercutio is killed off in the first act, he afterwards performs the Friar, and the Friar himself figures as the chief dancer in the masquerade : but I was most charmed at discovering Juliet's nasal tones in her own dirge—a wonderful idea, never before introduced on any stage. I was led to make this discovery, not merely by the fact of her voice being undisguised, but from an unfortunate accident which occurred at the funeral. As the deceased

heroine was a chief mourner, her beloved corpse had to be performed by a bundle of rags, or something of the kind, laid upon a sort of school form, and carried by herself and five other ladies in white:—so, as the music was rather quick, and the mourners had to perform *pas de zephyr* all round the stage, and Juliet did not keep very good time, while the virgins on one side were standing on their left legs towards the audience—as nearly in a horizontal posture as possible—the daughter of Capulet, and her battalion, began performing on the wrong leg, and in the consequent scuffle, the bier overturned! The accident, however, was speedily rectified, and the procession moved on to the music of two fiddles and one bell. Juliet's tomb was a snug little parlour with blue pannels, and Romeo drank gin instead of poison, which Shakspeare must have surely intended, or else it was quite out of nature to make Juliet exclaim, 'What, churl! not left one drop!'

“But I must leave off this nonsense, and attend to his Lordship's charge, which is now about to commence. I have not been able to get you a single good murder, although I have kept a

sharp look out as you desired me; but there is a chance of a first-rate one at ——n.

“ I am quite delighted with Mr. Justice St. Prose. He is at this moment in a most entertaining passion, preparatory to a ‘ *conscientious*’ summing up; and in order that his ideas may not be disturbed, he has very liberally ordered the door-keeper to have the door oiled immediately, *at his own expense*. Now for my Lord, the King’s justice.

“ ‘ Gentlemen of the Jury !’

“ ‘ The noise is insufferable—the heat is intolerable—the door-keepers let the people keep shuffling in—the ducks in the corner are going quack, quack, quack—here’s a little girl being tried for her life, and the judge can’t hear a word that’s said. Bring me my black cap, and I’ll condemn her to death instantly.’

“ ‘ You can’t, my Lord,’ shrieks the infant sinner; ‘ it’s only for petty larceny !’

“ This is agreeable, is it not? but let us see what the next trial will produce:—this was an action of trespass, for breaking off the pump handle, knocking down the back kitchen door, spit-

ting on the parlour carpet, and tumbling the maid's head about.

“Plea.—That the defendants, eight in number, entered in aid of the constable, under warrant of a magistrate, to search for stolen goods.

“John Staff, examined by Mr. Shuffleton.

“ ‘ Well, Mr. Constable, what have you to say about this affair ?’

“ ‘ Why, Sir, I charged them men to assist me in the King's name.’

“ ‘ What, eight of you ? why, there was only an old woman, and a boy, and the servant girl in the house. You must have been terribly frightened at them, eh ?’

“ ‘ Can't say for that, Sir, only they was needful.’

“ ‘ Why, what could you want so many for ?’

“ ‘ Why, you see, Sir, I couldn't read the warrant myself, so I charged Abraham Lockit to read it for me ; and when he came, he said as it was Squire Jobson's writing, and so he could not ; and then I had occasion to charge Simon Lockit, and he read it.’

“ ‘ Well, that's only two : what were the rest for ?’

“ ‘ Why, your honour, they was to keep the women quiet.’

“ Mr. Justice St. Prose.—‘ Take care what you are about, witness. I consider it my duty to advise you not to laugh; it is, in my opinion, a contempt of court, and I therefore desire you to restrain yourself.’

“ Mr. Shuffleton.—‘ But you have not told me why you wanted these other six men?’

“ ‘ Why, the women, d’ye see, Sir, was so very unruly in the kitchen; and so I charged them to keep ’em quiet.’

“ ‘ Now, Sir, what do you call keeping the women quiet, pulling the maid’s cap off, and—?’

“ Mr. Justice St. Prose. (To a person opposite.)—‘ You will excuse me, Sir, but I think that those two little gentlemen had better leave the court, till this examination is over.’

“ His Lordship ‘ thought it his duty’ to give a similar warning to two very pretty young ladies in pink bonnets and green pelisses. They were, however, so obstinate as to remain in court, until they had heard the whole circumstantial, and improper, evidence, of the destruction of the maid’s

cap. When it was all over, his Lordship once more fixed his large eyes on the constable, and thus delivered himself:—

“ ‘Now, Mr. Constable, to remove the sting of any remark which may have dropped from me during this trial, I will allow that, very probably, you had reason to laugh.’—Mr. Constable looked quite relieved.

“ By way of variety, I will give you a specimen of his Lordship’s style of cross-examination.

“ Enter a witness with a flourishing pair of whiskers, approximating to a King Charles.

“ Mr. Justice St. Prose.—‘ Pray, Sir, *who* are you?’

“ Whiskered Witness.—‘ An architect, my Lord.’

“ Mr. J. St. Prose.—‘ An architect! Sir; are you not in the army?’

“ W. W. (agitated).—‘ No, my Lord.’

“ Mr. J. St. Prose.—‘ Never were?’

“ W. W. (much browbeat).—‘ No, my Lord.’

“ Mr. J. St. Prose.—‘ Then, Sir, what right have you to wear those whiskers? I consider that you cannot be a respectable young man, and I shall not allow you your expenses.’

“ I have just got an invite from the Kearneys. Congratulate me.

“ Dear Vivian, your’s faithfully,

“ HARGRAVE GREY.”

Lady Scrope to Vivian Grey, Esq.

Ormsby Park, Oct. —, 18—.

“ MY DEAR VIVIAN,

“ By desire of Sir Berdmore, (is not this pretty and proper ?) I have to request the fulfilment of a promise, upon the hope of which being performed, I have existed through this dull month. Pray, my dear Vivian, come to us immediately. Ormsby has at present little to offer for your entertainment. We have had that unendurable bore, Vivacity Dull, with us for a whole fortnight. A report of the death of the Lord Chancellor, or a rumour of the production of a new tragedy, has carried him up to town ; but whether it be to ask for the seals, or to indite an ingenious prologue to a play which will be condemned the first night, I cannot inform you. I am quite sure he is capable of doing either. However, we shall have other deer in a few days.

“I believe you have never met the Mounteney—no, I am sure you have not. They have never been at Hallesbrooke, since you have been at Desir. They are coming to us immediately. I am sure you will like them very much. Lord Mounteney is one of those kind, easy-minded, accomplished men, who, after all, are nearly the pleasantest society one ever meets. Rather wild in his youth, but with his estate now unincumbered, and himself perfectly domestic. His lady is an unaffected, agreeable woman. But it is Caroline Mounteney whom I wish you particularly to meet. She is one of those delicious creatures who, in spite of not being married, are actually conversable. Spirited, without any affectation or brusquerie; beautiful, and knowing enough to be quite conscious of it; perfectly accomplished, and yet never annoying you with tattle about Bochsá, and Ronzi de Begnis, and D’Egville.

“We also expect the Delmonts, the most endurable of the Anglo-Italians that I know. Mrs. Delmont is not always dropping her handkerchief like Lady Gusto, as if she expected a miserable cavalier servente to be constantly upon his knees; or giving those odious expressive looks,

which quite destroy my nerves whenever I am under the same roof as that horrible Lady Soprano. There is a little too much talk, to be sure, about Roman churches, and newly-discovered Mosaics, and Abbate Maii, but still we cannot expect perfection. There are reports going about that Ernest Clay is either ruined, going to be married, or about to write a novel. Perhaps all are true. Young Premium has nearly lost his character, by driving a square-built, striped green thing, drawn by one horse. Ernest Clay got him through this terrible affair. What can be the reasons of the *Sieur Ernest's* excessive amiability?

“Both the young Mounteneys are with their regiment, but Aubrey Vere is coming to us, and I have half a promise from——; but I know you never speak to unmarried men, so why do I mention them? Let me, I beseech you, my dear Vivian, have a few days of you to myself, before Ormsby is full, and before you are introduced to Caroline Mounteney. I did not think it was possible that I could exist so long without seeing you: but you really must not try me too much, or I shall quarrel with you. I have received all your letters, which are very very agreeable; but

I think rather, rather impudent. If you do not behave better, I shall not pet you—I shall not indeed; so do not put off coming a single moment. Adieu!

“HARRIETTE SCROPE.”

Horace Grey, Esq., to Vivian Grey, Esq.

Paris, Oct. 18—.

“MY DEAR VIVIAN,

“I have received your’s of the 9th, and have read it with mixed feelings of astonishment, and sorrow.

“You are now, my dear son, a member of what is called, *le grand monde*—society formed on anti-social principles. Apparently you have possessed yourself of the object of your wishes; but the scenes you live in are very moveable; the characters you associate with are all masked; and it will always be doubtful, whether you can retain that long, which has been obtained by some slippery artifice. Vivian, you are a juggler; and the deceptions of your slight-of-hand tricks depend upon instantaneous motions.

“When the selfish combine with the selfish, bethink you how many projects are doomed to

disappointment! how many cross interests baffle the parties, at the same time joined together without ever uniting. What a mockery is their love! but how deadly are their hatreds! All this great society, with whom so young an adventurer has trafficked, abate nothing of their price in the slavery of their service, and the sacrifice of violated feelings. What sleepless nights has it cost you to win over the disobliged, to conciliate the discontented, to cajole the contumacious! You may smile at the hollow flatteries, answering to flatteries as hollow, which, like bubbles when they touch, dissolve into nothing: but tell me, Vivian, what has the self-tormentor felt at the laughing treacheries, which force a man down into self-contempt?

“Is it not obvious, my dear Vivian, that true Fame, and true Happiness, must rest upon the imperishable social affections? I do not mean that coterie celebrity, which paltry minds accept as fame; but that which exists independent of the opinions, or the intrigues of individuals: nor do I mean that glittering show of perpetual converse with the world, which some miserable wanderers call Happiness; but that which can only be drawn

from the sacred and solitary fountain of your own feelings.

Active as you have now become in the great scenes of human affairs, I would not have you be guided by any fanciful theories of morals, or of human nature. Philosophers have amused themselves by deciding on human actions by systems; but, as these systems are of the most opposite natures, it is evident that each philosopher, in reflecting his own feelings in the system he has so elaborately formed, has only painted his own character.

“ Do not, therefore, conclude with Hobbes and Mandeville, that man lives in a state of civil warfare with man; nor with Shaftesbury, adorn with a poetical philosophy our natural feelings. Man is neither the vile, nor the excellent being, which he sometimes imagines himself to be. He does not so much act by system, as by sympathy. If this creature cannot always feel for others, he is doomed to feel for himself; and the vicious are, at least, blessed with the curse of remorse.

“ You are now inspecting one of the worst portions of society, in what is called the great world; (St. Giles' is bad, but of another kind;) and it may

be useful, on the principle, that the actual sight of brutal ebriety was supposed to have inspired youth with the virtue of temperance; on the same principle, that the Platonist, in the study of deformity, conceived the beautiful. Let me warn you not to fall into the usual error of youth in fancying that the circle you move in is precisely the world itself. Do not imagine that there are not other beings, whose benevolent principle is governed by finer sympathies; by more generous passions; and by those nobler emotions, which really constitute all our public and private virtues. I give you this hint, lest, in your present society, you might suppose these virtues were merely historical.

“Once more, I must beseech you, not to give loose to any elation of mind. The machinery by which you have attained this unnatural result, must be so complicated, that in the very tenth hour, you will find yourself stopped in some part where you never counted on an impediment; and the want of a slight screw, or a little oil, will prevent you from accomplishing your magnificent end.

“We are, and have been, very dull here.

There is every probability of Madam de Genlis writing more volumes than ever. I called on the old lady, and was quite amused with the enthusiasm of her imbecility. Chateaubriand is getting what you call *a bore*; and the whole city is mad about a new opera by Boieldieu. Your mother sends her love, and desires me to say, that the *salmi* of woodcocks, *à la Lucullus*, which you write about, does not differ from the practice here in vogue; but we have been much pleased with ducks, with olive sauce, about which she particularly wishes to consult you. How does your cousin Hargrave prosper on his circuit? The Delmingtons are here, which makes it very pleasant for your mother, as well as for myself; for it allows me to hunt over the old bookshops at my leisure. There are no new books worth sending you, or they would accompany this; but I would recommend you to get Meyer's new volume from Treüttel and Wurtz, and continue to make notes as you read it. Give my compliments to the Marquess, and believe me

“Your most affectionate father,

“HORACE GREY.”

CHAPTER IX.

THE DEPARTURE.

It was impossible for any human being to behave with more kindness than the Marquess of Carabas did to Vivian Grey, after that young gentleman's short conversation with Mrs. Felix Lorraine, in the conservatory. The only feeling which seemed to actuate the peer, was an eager desire to compensate, by his present conduct, for any past misunderstanding, and he loaded his young friend with all possible favour. Still Vivian was about to quit Château Desir; and in spite of all that had passed, he was extremely loth to leave his noble friend under the guardianship of his female one.

About this time, the Duke and Duchess of Jugernaut, the very pink of aristocracy, the wealthiest, the proudest, the most ancient, and most pompous couple in Christendom, honoured Château Desir with their presence for two days; *only two days*, making the Marquess's mansion a convenient

resting-place in one of their princely progresses, to one of their princely castles.

Vivian contrived to gain the heart of her Grace, by his minute acquaintance with the Juggernaut pedigree; and having taken the opportunity, in one of their conversations, to describe Mrs. Felix Lorraine as the most perfect specimen of divine creation with which he was acquainted, at the same time the most amusing, and the most amiable of women, that lady was honoured with an invitation to accompany her Grace to HIMALAYA CASTLE. As this was the greatest of all possible honours, and as Desir was now very dull, Mrs. Felix Lorraine accepted the invitation, or rather, obeyed the command; for the Marquess would not hear of a refusal, Vivian having dilated in the most energetic terms, on the opening which now presented itself of gaining the Juggernaut. The coast being thus cleared, Vivian set off the next day for Sir Berdmore Scrope's.



BOOK THE FOURTH.

CHAP. I.

THE PARKS.

THE important time grew nigh. Christmas was to be passed by the Carabas family, the Beaconsfields, the Scropes, and the Clevelands, at Lord Courtown's villa at Richmond; at which place, on account of its vicinity to the Metropolis, the Viscount had determined *to make out* the holidays; notwithstanding the Thames entered his kitchen windows, and the Donna del Lago was acted in the theatre with real water,—Cynthia Courtown performing Elena, paddling in a punt.

“ Let us order our horses, Cleveland, round

to the Piccadilly gate, and walk through the Guards. I must stretch my legs. That bore, Horace Buttonhole, captured me in Pall-Mall East, and has kept me in the same position for upwards of half an hour. I shall make a note to blackball him at the Athenæum. How is Mrs. Cleveland?"

"Extremely well. She goes down to Buckhurst Lodge with the Marchioness. Is not that Lord Lowersdale?"

"His very self. He is going to call on Vivida Vis, I have no doubt. Lowersdale is a man of very considerable talent—much more than the world gives him credit for."

"And he doubtless finds a very able counselor in Monsieur le Secrétaire?"

"Can you name a better one?"

"You rather patronize Vivida, I think, Grey?"

"Patronize him! he is my political pet!"

"And yet Kerrison tells me, you reviewed the Suffolk Papers in the Edinburgh."

"So I did—what of that? I defended them in Blackwood."

"This, then, is the usual method of you lite-

rary gentlemen. Thank God! I never could write a line."

"York House rises proudly—if York House be its name."

"This confounded Catholic Question is likely to give us a great deal of trouble, Grey. It is perfect madness for us to advocate the cause of the 'six millions of hereditary bondsmen;' and yet, with not only the Marchese, but even Courtown and Beaconsfield *committed*, it is, to say the least, a very delicate business."

"Very delicate, certainly; but there are *some* precedents, I shrewdly suspect, Cleveland, for the influence of a party being opposed to measures, which the heads of that party had pledged themselves to adopt."

"Does old Gifford still live at Pimlico, Grey?"

"Still."

"He is a splendid fellow, after all."

"Certainly, a mind of great powers—but bigotted."

"Oh! yes—I know exactly what you are going to say. It is the fashion, I am aware, to abuse the old gentleman. He is the Earl of Eldon of literature:—not the less loved, because a little

vilified. But, when I just remember what Gifford has done—when I call to mind the perfect and triumphant success of every thing he has undertaken—the Anti-Jacobin—the Baviad and Mæviad—the Quarterly—all palpable hits—on the very jugular—upon my honour, I hesitate before I speak of William Gifford in any other terms, or in any other spirit, than those of admiration and of gratitude.

“And to think, Grey, that the Tory administration, and the Tory party of Great Britain, should never, by a single act, or in one single instance, have indicated, that they were in the least aware, that the exertions of such a man differed in the slightest degree from those of Hunt and Hone!—Oh! Grey, of all the delusions which flourish in this mad world, the delusion of that man is the most frantic, who voluntarily, and of his own accord, supports the interest of a party. I mention this to you, because it is the rock on which all young politicians strike. Fortunately, you enter life under different circumstances from those which usually attend most political debutants. You have your connexions formed, and your views ascertained. But if, by any chance,

you find yourself independent and unconnected, never, for a moment, suppose that you can accomplish your objects by coming forward, unsolicited, to fight the battle of a party. They will cheer your successful exertions, and then smile at your youthful zeal—or, crossing themselves for the unexpected succour, be too cowardly to reward their unexpected champion. No, Grey; make them *fear* you,—and they will kiss your feet. There is no act of treachery, or meanness, of which a political party is not capable;—for in politics there is no honour.

“As to Gifford, I am surprised at their conduct towards him,—although I know better than most men, of what wood a minister is made, and how much reliance may be placed upon the gratitude of a party: but Canning—from Canning I certainly did expect different conduct.”

“Oh, Canning! I love the man: but, as you say, Cleveland, ministers have short memories, and Canning’s—that was Antilles that just passed us; apropos to whom, I quite rejoice that the Marquess has determined to take such a decided course on the West India Question.”

“Oh, yes! curse your East India sugar.”

“To be sure—slavery, and sweetmeats, for ever!”

“I was always for the West India interest, from a boy, Grey. I had an aunt who was a Creole, and who used to stuff me with guava jelly, and small delicate limes, that looked, for all the world, like emeralds powdered with diamond dust.”

“Pooh! my dear Cleveland, they should not have looked like any such thing. What your Creole aunt gave you must have been *candied*. The delicate fruit should swim in an ocean of clarified sugar.”

“I believe you are right, Grey: I sacrificed truth to a trope. Do you like the Barbados ginger?”

“If it be mild, and of a pale golden colour. How delicious the Bourdeaux flows after it! Oh! the West India interest for ever!”

“But, aside with joking, Grey, I really think, that if any man of average ability dare rise in the House, and rescue many of the great questions of the day from what Dugald Stuart, or D’Israeli, would call the spirit of *Political Religionism*, with which they are studiously mixed up, he would not fail to make a great impression upon

the House, and a still greater one upon the country."

"I quite agree with you; and certainly I should recommend commencing with the West India Question. Singular state of affairs! when even Canning can only insinuate his opinion, when the very existence of some of our most valuable colonies is at stake, and when even his insinuations are only indulged with an audience, on the condition that he favours the House with an introductory discourse of twenty minutes on 'the divine Author of our faith'—and an eulogium of equal length on the *génie du Christianisme*, in a style worthy of Chateaubriand."

"Miserable work, indeed! I have got a pamphlet on the West India Question sent me this morning. Do you know any raving lawyer, any mad Master in Chancery, or something of the kind, who meddles in these affairs?"

"Oh! Stephen! a puddle in a storm! He is for a crusade for the regeneration of the Antilles—the most forcible of feeblers—the most energetic of drivellers,—Velluti acting Pietro L'Eremita."

"Do you know, by any chance, whether Sou-

they's *Vindiciæ* is out yet? I wanted to look it over during the holidays."

"Not out—though it has been advertised some time: but what do you expect?"

"Nay, it is an interesting controversy, as controversies go. Not exactly Milton, and Salmasius—but fair enough."

"Oh! I do not know. It has long degenerated into a mere personal bickering between the Laureate and Butler. Southey is, of course, revelling in the idea of writing an English work with a Latin title; and that, perhaps, is the only circumstance for which the controversy is prolonged."

"But Southey, after all, is a man of splendid talents."

"Doubtless—the most philosophical of bigots, and the most poetical of prose writers."

"Apropos to the Catholic Question—there goes Colonial Bother'em, trying to look like Prince Metternich;—a decided failure."

"What can keep him in town?"

"Writing letters, I suppose. Heaven preserve me from receiving any of them!"

“Is it true, then, that his letters are of the awful length that is whispered?”

“True! Oh! they are something beyond all conception! Perfect epistolary Boa Constrictors. I speak with feeling, for I have myself suffered under their voluminous windings.”

“Have you seen his quarto volume—‘The Cure for the Catholic Question?’”

“Yes.”

“If you have it, lend it to me. What kind of thing is it?”

“Oh! what should it be!—ingenious, and imbecile. He advises the Catholics, in the old nursery language, to behave like good boys—to open their mouths, and shut their eyes, and see what God will send them.”

“Well, that is the usual advice. Is there nothing more characteristic of the writer?”

“What think you of a proposition of making Jocky of Norfolk Patriarch of England, and of an ascertained *credo* for our Catholic fellow-subjects? Ingenious—is not it?”

“Have you seen Puff’s new volume of Ariosto?”

“I have. What could possibly have induced

Mr. Partenopex Puff to have undertaken such a duty? Mr. Puff is a man destitute of poetical powers; possessing no vigour of language, and gifted with no happiness of expression. His translation is hard, dry, and husky, as the outside of cocoa-nut. I am amused to see the excellent tact with which the public has determined not to read his volumes, in spite of the incessant exertions of a certain set to ensure their popularity; but the time has gone by, when the smug coterie could create a reputation."

"Do you think the time ever existed, Cleveland?"

"What could have seduced Puff into being so ambitious? I suppose his admirable knowledge of Italian; as if a man were entitled to strike a die for the new sovereign, merely because he was aware how much alloy might legally debase its carats of pure gold.

"I never can pardon Puff for that little book on Cats. The idea was admirable; but, instead of one of the most delightful volumes that ever appeared, to take up a dull, tame, compilation from Bingley's Animal Biography!"

"Yes! and the impertinence of dedicating such

a work to the Officers of His Majesty's Household Troops! Considering the quarter from whence it proceeded, I certainly did not expect much, but still I thought that there was to be some little esprit. The poor Guards! how nervous they must have been at the announcement! What could have been the point of that dedication?"

"I remember a most interminable proser, who was blessed with a very sensible-sounding voice, and who, on the strength of that, and his correct and constant emphases, was considered by the world, for a great time, as a sage. At length it was discovered that he was quite the reverse. Mr. Puff's wit is very like this man's wisdom. You take up one of his little books, and you fancy, from its title-page, that it is going to be very witty; as you proceed, you begin to suspect that the man is only a wag, and then, surprised at not "seeing the point," you have a shrewd suspicion that he is a great hand at dry humour. It is not till you have closed the volume, that you wonder who it is, that has had the hardihood to intrude such imbecility upon an indulgent world."

“Come, come! Mr. Puff is a worthy gentleman. Let him cease to dusk the radiancy of Ariosto’s sunny stanzas, and I shall be the first man who will do justice to his merits. He certainly tattles prettily about tenses, and terminations, and is not an inelegant grammarian.”

“Another failure among the booksellers to-day!”

“Indeed! Literature, I think, is at a low ebb.”

“Certainly. There is nothing like a fall of stocks to affect what it is the fashion to style the Literature of the present day—a fungus production, which has flourished from the artificial state of our society—the mere creature of our imaginary wealth. Every body being very rich, has afforded to be very literary—books being considered a luxury, almost as elegant and necessary as Ottomans, bonbons, and pier-glasses. Consols at 100 were the origin of all book societies. The Stockbrokers’ ladies took off the quarto travels, and the hot-pressed poetry. They were the patronesses of your patent ink, and your wire wove paper. That is all passed. Twenty per cent. difference in the value of our public securities from

this time last year—that little incident has done more for the restoration of the old English feeling, than all the exertions of Church and State united. Oh! there is nothing like a fall in Consols to bring the blood of our good people of England into cool order. It is your grand state medicine—your veritable Doctor Sangrado!

“A fall in stocks! and halt! to ‘the spread of knowledge!’ and ‘the progress of liberal principles’ is like that of a man too late for post-horses. A fall in stocks! and where are your London Universities and your Mechanics’ Institutes, and your new Docks?—Where your philosophy, your philanthropy, and your competition? National prejudices revive, as national prosperity decreases. If the Consols were at sixty, we should be again bellowing, God save the King! eating roast beef, and damning the French.”

“And you imagine literature is equally affected, Grey?”

“Clearly. We were literary, because we were rich. Amid the myriad of volumes which issued monthly from the press, what one was not written for the mere hour? It is all very well to buy mechanical poetry, and historical novels, when our

purses have a plethora ; but now, my dear fellow, depend upon it, the game is up. We have no scholars now—no literary recluses—no men who ever appear to *think*. ‘Scribble, scribble, scribble,’ as the Duke of Cumberland said to Gibbon, should be the motto of the mighty ‘nineteenth century.’”

“Southey, I think, Grey, is an exception.”

“By no means. Southey is a political writer—a writer for a particular purpose. All his works, from those in three volumes quarto, to those in one duodecimo, are alike political pamphlets. Sharon Turner, in his solitude, alone seems to have his eye upon Prince Posterity ; but, as might be expected, the public consequently has not its eye upon Sharon Turner. Twenty years hence they may discover that they had a prophet among them, and knew him not.”

“His history is certainly a splendid work, but little known. Lingard’s, which in ten years time will not be known even by name, sells admirably, I believe.”

“I was very much amused, Cleveland, with Allen’s review of Lingard in the Edinburgh. His opinion of ‘the historian’s’ style—that it combined, at the same time, the excellencies of Gibbon, and

Hume—was one of the most exquisite specimens of irony that, I think, I ever met with: it was worthy of former days. I was just going to give up the Edinburgh, when I read that sentence, and I continued it in consequence.”

“ We certainly want a master-spirit to set us right, Grey. Scott, our second Shakspeare, we, of course, cannot expect to step forward to direct the public mind. He is too much engaged in delighting it. Besides, he is not the man for it. He is not a litterateur. We want Byron.”

“ Ah! there was the man! And that such a man should be lost to us, at the very moment that he had begun to discover why it had pleased the Omnipotent to have endowed him with such powers!”

“ If one thing were more characteristic of Byron’s mind than another, it was his strong, shrewd, common sense—his pure, unalloyed sagacity.”

“ You knew the glorious being, I think, Cleveland?”

“ Well; I was slightly acquainted with him, when in England; slightly, however, for I was then very young. But many years afterwards I met him in Italy. It was at Pisa, just before he

left that place for Genoa. I was then very much struck at the alteration in his appearance."

"Indeed!"

"Yes; his face was very much swollen, and he was getting fat. His hair was grey, and his countenance had lost that spiritual expression which it once so eminently possessed. His teeth were decaying; and he said, that if ever he came to England, it would be to consult Wayte about them. I certainly was very much struck at his alteration for the worse. Besides, he was dressed in the most extraordinary manner."

"Slovenly?"

"Oh! no, no, no—in the most dandified style that you can conceive; but not that of an English dandy either. He had on a magnificent foreign foraging cap, which he wore in the room, but his grey curls were quite perceptible; and a frogged surtout; and he had a large gold chain round his neck, and pushed into his waistcoat pocket. I imagined, of course, that a glass was attached to it; but I afterwards found that it bore nothing but a quantity of trinkets. He had also another gold chain tight round his neck, like a collar."

“How extraordinary! And did you converse much with him?”

“I was not long at Pisa, but we never parted, and there was only one subject of conversation—England, England, England. I never met a man in whom the *maladie du pays* was so strong. Byron was certainly at this time restless and discontented. He was tired of his dragoon captains, and pensioned poetasters, and he dared not come back to England with, what he considered, a tarnished reputation. His only thought was of some desperate exertion to clear himself. It was for this he went to Greece. When I was with him, he was in correspondence with some friends in England, about the purchase of a large tract of land in Colombia. He affected a great admiration of Bolivar.”

“Who, by the bye, is a great man.”

“Assuredly.”

“Your acquaintance with Byron must have been one of the most gratifying incidents of your life, Cleveland?”

“Certainly; I may say with Friar Martin, in Goetz of Berlichingen, ‘The sight of him touched

my heart. It is a pleasure to have seen a great man.’”

“Hobhouse was a very faithful friend to him?”

“His conduct has been beautiful—and Byron had a thorough affection for him in spite of a few squibs, and a few drunken speeches, which damned good-natured friends have always been careful to repeat.”

“The loss of Byron can never be retrieved. He was indeed a man—a *real man*; and when I say this, I award him, in my opinion, the most splendid character which human nature need aspire to. At least, I, for my part, have no ambition to be considered either a divinity, or an angel; and truly, when I look round upon the creatures alike effeminate in mind and body, of which *the world* is, in general, composed, I fear that even my ambition is too exalted. Byron’s mind was like his own ocean—sublime in its yesty madness—beautiful in its glittering summer brightness—mighty in the lone magnificence of its waste of waters—gazed upon from the magic of its own nature—yet capable of representing, but, as in a

glass darkly, the natures of all others. I say, Cleveland, here comes the greatest idiot in town; Craven Bucke. He came to me the other day complaining bitterly of the imperfections of Johnson's Dictionary. He had looked out *Doncaster St. Leger* in it, and could not find the word."

"How d'ye do, Bucke? you are just the man I wanted to meet. Make a note of it while I remember. There is an edition of Johnson just published, in which you will find every single word you want. Now put it down at once. It is published under the title of John Bees' Slang Lexicon. Good b'ye! How is your brother?"

"Pray, Cleveland, what do you think of Milman's 'new dramatic poem,' Anne Boleyn?"

"I think it is the dullest work on the Catholic Question that has yet appeared."

"Is it true, that Lockhart is going to have the Quarterly?"

"It was told me as a positive fact to-day. I believe it."

"Murray cannot do better. It is absolutely necessary that he should do something. Lockhart is a man of talents. Do you know him?"

"Not in the least.—He certainly is a man of

great powers, but I think rather too hot for the Quarterly."

"Oh! no, no, no—a little of the Albemarle Anti-attrition will soon cool the fiery wheels of his bounding chariot. Come! I see our horses,"

"Hyde Park is greatly changed since I was a dandy, Vivian. Pray, do the Misses Otranto still live in that house?"

"Yes—blooming as ever."

"It is the fashion to abuse Horace Walpole, but I really think him one of the most delightful writers that ever existed. I wonder who is to be the Horace Walpole of the present century? some one perhaps we least suspect."

"Vivida Vis, think you?"

"More than probable. I will tell you who ought to be writing Memoirs—Lord Dropmore. Does my Lord Manfred keep his mansion there, next to the Misses Otranto?"

"I believe so, and lives there."

"I knew him in Germany—a singular man, and not understood. Perhaps he does not understand himself."

"I will join you in an instant, Cleveland. I just want to speak one word to Master Osborne,

whom I see coming down here. Well, Osborne! I must come and knock you up one of these mornings. I have got a nice little commission for you from Lady Julia Knighton, to which you must pay particular attention."

"Well, Mr. Grey, how does Lady Julia like the bay mare?"

"Very much, indeed; but she wants to know what you have done about the chesnut?"

"Oh! put it off, Sir, in the prettiest style, on young Mr. Feoffment, who has just married, and taken a house in Gower-street. He wanted a bit of blood—hopes he likes it!"

"Hopes he does, Jack. There is a particular favour which you can do me, Osborne, and which I am sure you will. Ernest Clay—you know Ernest Clay—a most excellent fellow is Ernest Clay, you know, and a great friend of yours, Osborne;—I wish you would just step down to Connaught Place, and look at those bays he bought of Harry Mounteney. He is in a little trouble, and we must do what we can for him—you know he is an excellent fellow, and a great friend of yours. Thank you, thank you—I knew you would. Good morning:—remember Lady Julia.

So you really fitted young Feoffment with the chesnut. Well, that was admirable!—Good morning;—good morning.

“I do not know whether you care for these things at all, Cleveland, but Premium, a famous Millionaire, has gone this morning, for I know not how much! Half the new world will be ruined; and in this old one, a most excellent fellow, my friend Ernest Clay. He was engaged to Premium’s daughter—his dernière resource; and now, of course, it is all up with him.”

“I was at College with his brother, Augustus Clay. He is a nephew of Lord Mounteney’s, is he not?”

“The very same. Poor fellow! I do not know what we must do for him. I think I shall advise him to change his name to *Clay-ville*; and if the world ask him the reason of the euphonious augmentation, why, he can swear it was to distinguish himself from his brothers. Too many roués of the same name will never do.—And now spurs to our steeds! for we are going at least three miles out of our way, and I must collect my senses, and arrange my curls before dinner; for I have to flirt with, at least, three fair ones.”

CHAPTER II.

DEVELOPEMENT OF THE PLOT.

THESE conversations play the very deuce with one's story. I had intended to have commenced this book with something quite terrific—a murder or a marriage: and I find that all my great ideas have ended in a lounge. After all it is, perhaps, the most natural termination. In life surely, man is not always as monstrously busy, as he appears to be in novels and romances. We are not always in action—not always making speeches, or making money, or making war, or making love. Occasionally we talk,—about the weather, generally—sometimes about ourselves—oftener about our friends—as often about our enemies—at least, those who have any; which, in my opinion, is the vulgarest of all possessions;—I have no enemies. Am I not an amiable fellow? At this moment, I am perfectly happy—am I not a lucky fellow?

And what is your situation, Mr. Felicity, you will ask? Have you just made a brilliant speech

in the House? or have you negotiated a great loan for a little nation? or have you touched, for the first time, some fair one's cheek? In short, what splendid juggle have you been successful in? Have you deluded your own country, or another? Have you deceived another's heart—or, are you, yourself, a dupe? Not at all, my sweet questioner—I am strolling on a sunny lawn, and flanking butterflies with a tandem whip.

I have not felt so well for these six months. What would I have given to have had my blood dancing as it is now, while I was scribbling the first volume and a half of this dear book. But there is nothing like the country! I think I was saying that these lounges in St. James's Park do not always very materially advance the progress of our narrative. Not that I would insinuate that the progress of our narrative has flagged at all; not in the least, I am sure we cannot be accused of being prosy. There has been no *Balaam* (I don't approve this neologism; but I am too indolent, at present, to think of another word,) in these books. I have withstood every temptation; and now, though I scarcely know in what way to make out this volume, here I am, without the least intention

of finally proving that our Vivian Grey is the son of the Marquess of Carabas, by a former and secret marriage—in Italy, of course,—Count Anselmo—Naples—and an old nurse, &c. &c.; or that Mrs. Felix Lorraine is Horace Grey, Esquire, in disguise; or of making that much neglected beauty, Julia Manvers, arrive in the last scene with a chariot with four horses and a patent axle-tree—just in time!—Alas! dear Julia! we may meet again. In the meantime the memory of your bright blue eyes shall not escape me; and when we *do* meet, why you shall talk more and laugh less. But you were young when last you listened to my nonsense; one of those innocent young ladies, who, on entering a drawing-room, take a rapid glance at their curls in a pier glass, and then, flying to the eternal round table, seek refuge in an admiring examination of the beauties of the Florence Gallery, or the binding of Batty's views.

This slight allusion to Julia is a digression. I was about to inform you, that I have no intention of finishing this book by any thing extraordinary. The truth is, and this is quite confidential, invention is not to be “the feature” of this work. What I have seen, I have written about; and what

I shall see, I shall perhaps, also write about. Some day I may, perchance, write for fame; at present, I write for pleasure. I think, in that case, I will write an epic, but it shall be in prose. The reign of Poesy is over, at least for half a century; and by that time my bones will be bleached. I think I should have made a pretty poet. Indeed, it is with great difficulty that I prevent my paragraphs from hobbling into stanzas.

Stop! I see the finest PURPLE EMPEROR, just alighting upon that myrtle. Beautiful insect! thy title is too humble for thy bright estate! for what is the pageantry of princes to the splendour of thy gorgeous robes? I wish I were a purple Emperor! I came into the world naked—and you in a garment of glory. I dare not subject myself to the heat of the sun, for fear of a coup de soleil; nor to a damp day for fear of the rheumatism; but the free sky is your proper habitation, and the air your peculiar element. What care you, bright one, for Dr. Kitchener, or the Almanach des Gourmands—you, whose food is the dew of heaven, and the honied juices which you distil from every flower? Shadowed by a leaf of that thick shrub, I could for a moment fancy that your colour is

sooty black ; and yet now that the soft wind has blown the leaf aside, my eye is suddenly dazzled at the resplendent glow of your vivid purple. Now I gaze in admiration at the delightful, and amazing variety of your shifting tints, playing in the sunbeam ; now, as it is lighting up the splendour of your purple mantle, and now lending fresh brilliancy to your rings of burnished gold !

My brilliant purple Emperor ! I must have you—I must indeed :—but I wish, if possible, to bring you down, rather by the respiration of my flank than the impulse of my thong.—Smack !—Confound the easterly wind playing up my nostril. I have missed him—and there he flies, mounting higher and higher, till at last he fixes on the topmost branch of yon lofty acacia. What shall I do ? I am not the least in the humour for writing.

There is the luncheon bell ! Luncheon is a meal, if meal it may be called, which I do not patronise. 'Tis very well for school-boys and young ladies ; acceptable to the first because they are always ready to devour—and to the second, because a glass of sherry and a slice of reindeer's tongue, and a little marmalade, and a little Neuf-châtel, enable them to toss their pretty little heads

at dinner, and "not touch any thing;" be proportionately pitied, and look proportionately interesting. Luncheon is the modern mystery of the Bona Dea. I say nothing, but I once acted Clodius, in this respect. I never wondered afterwards at a woman's want of appetite.

But in the dear delicious country, and in a house where no visitor is staying, and where I am tempted to commit suicide hourly, I think I must take a very thin crust, or one traveller's biscuit, and a little Hock and Seltzer; although I am in that horrid situation, neither possessing appetite, nor wanting refreshment. Now for Vivian Grey again; though who can write when the sun shines? Come, a pen! there is nothing like energy.

Mr. Cleveland and Mrs. Felix Lorraine again met, and the gentleman scarcely appeared to be aware that this meeting was not their first. The lady sighed, and fainted, and remonstrated; and terrific scenes followed each other in frightful succession. She reproached Mr. Cleveland with passages of letters. He stared, and deigned not a reply to an artifice, which he considered equally impudent and shallow. Vivian was forced to interfere; but as

he deprecated all explanation, his interference was of little avail; and, as it was ineffectual for one party, and uncalled for by the other, it was, of course, not encouraged. At length Mrs. Felix broke through all bounds. Now the enraged woman insulted Mrs. Cleveland, and now humbled herself before Mrs. Cleveland's husband. Her insults, and her humility, were treated with equal hauteur; and at length the Cleverlands left Buckhurst Lodge.

Peculiar as was Mrs. Lorraine's conduct in this particular respect, we should in candour, confess, that, at this moment, it was in all others most exemplary. Her whole soul seemed concentrated in the success of the approaching struggle. No office was too mechanical for her attention, or too elaborate for her enthusiastic assiduity. Her attentions were not confined merely to Vivian, and the Marquess, but were lavished with equal generosity on their colleagues. She copied letters for Sir Berdmore, and composed letters for Lord Courtown, and construed letters to Lord Beaconsfield; they, in return, echoed her praises to her delighted relative, who was daily congratu-

lated on the possession of "such a fascinating sister-in-law."

"Well, Vivian," said Mrs. Lorraine, to that young gentleman, the day previous to his departure from Buckhurst Lodge; you are going to leave me behind you."

"Indeed!"

"Yes! I hope you will not want me. I am very much annoyed at not being able to go to town with you, but Lady Courtown is so pressing! and I have really promised so often to stay a week with her, that I thought it was better to make out my promise at once, than in six months hence."

"Well! I am exceedingly sorry, for you really are so useful! and the interest you take in every thing is so encouraging, that, really, I very much fear we shall not be able to get on without you. The important hour draws nigh."

"It does indeed, Vivian—and I assure you that there is no person awaiting it with intenser interest than myself. I little thought," she added, in a low, but distinct voice, "I little thought, when I first reached England, that I should ever

again be interested in any thing in this world." Vivian was silent—for he had nothing to say.

"Vivian!" very briskly resumed Mrs. Lorraine, "I shall get you to frank all my letters for me. I shall never trouble the Marquess again. Do you know it strikes me you will make a very good speaker!"

"You flatter me exceedingly—suppose you give me a few lessons."

"But you must leave off some of your wicked tricks, Vivian! You must not improvise Parliamentary papers!"

"Improvise papers, Mrs. Lorraine! what can you mean?"

"Oh! nothing. I never mean any thing."

"But you must have had some meaning."

"Some meaning! Oh! yes, I dare say I had;—I meant—I meant—do you think it will rain to-day?"

"Every prospect of a hard frost. I never knew before that I was an improvisatore."

"Nor I. Have you heard from papa lately. I suppose he is quite in spirits at your success?"

"My father is a man who seldom gives way to any elation of mind."

“ Ah, indeed ! a philosopher, I have no doubt, like his son.”

“ I have no claims, I believe to the title of philosopher, although I have had the advantage of studying in the school of Mrs. Felix Lorraine.”

“ Lord ! what do you mean ? If I thought you meant to be impertinent, I really would pull that pretty little curl ; but I excuse you — I think the boy means well.”

“ Oh ! the boy ‘ means nothing — he never means any thing.’ ”

“ Come, Vivian ! we are going to part. Do not let us quarrel the last day. There, my little pet, there is a sprig of myrtle for you !

‘ What ! not accept my foolish flower ?
Nay then, I am indeed unblest !’

and now you want it all ! Oh, you unreasonable young man ! If I were not the kindest lady in the land I should tear this little sprig into a thousand pieces sooner ; but come, my pretty pet ! you shall have it. There ! it looks quite imposing in your button-hole. How handsome you look to-day !”

“How agreeable you are to-day! I do so love compliments!”

“Oh! Vivian—will you never give me credit for any thing but a light and callous heart? Will you never be convinced that—that—but why make this humiliating confession? Oh! no, let me be misunderstood for ever! The time may come, when Vivian Grey will find that Amalia Lorraine was—”

“Was what, Madam?”

“You shall choose the word, Vivian.”

“Say then my *friend*.”

“’Tis a monosyllable full of meaning, and I will not quarrel with it. And now, adieu! Heaven prosper you! Believe me, that my first thoughts, and my last, are for you, and of you!”

CHAPTER III.

THE POST.

“THIS is very kind of you, Grey! I was afraid my note might not have caught you. You have not breakfasted? Really I wish you would take up your quarters in Carabas House, for I want you now every moment.”

“What is the urgent business of this morning, my Lord?”

“Oh! I have seen Beresford.”

“Hah!”

“And every thing is most satisfactory. I did not go into detail; I left that for you: but I ascertained sufficient to convince me, that management is now alone required.”

“Well, my Lord, I trust that will not be wanting.”

“No, Vivian—you have opened my eyes to the situation in which fortune has placed me. The experience of every day only proves the truth, and soundness, of your views. Fortunate, indeed, was the hour in which we met.”

“My Lord, I do trust that it was a meeting, which neither of us will live to repent.”

“Impossible! my dearest friend. I do not hesitate to say, that I would not change my present lot for that of any peer of this realm; no, not for that of His Majesty's most favoured counsellor. What! with my character and my influence, and my connections, I to be a tool! I, the Marquess of Carabas! I say nothing of my own powers; but, as you often most justly, and truly,

observe, the world has had the opportunity of judging of them; and I think, I may recur, without vanity, to the days in which my voice had some weight in the Royal Councils. And as I have often remarked, I have friends—I have you, Vivian. My career is before you. I know what I should have done, at your age; not to say, what I did do—I to be a tool! The very last person that ought to be a tool. But I see my error: you have opened my eyes, and blessed be the hour in which we met. But we must take care how we act, Vivian; we must be wary—eh! Vivian—wary—wary. People must know what their situations are,—eh! Vivian?”

“Exceedingly useful knowledge, my Lord, but I do not exactly understand the particular purport of your Lordship’s last observation.”

“You do not, eh?” asked the peer, and he fixed his eyes as earnestly, and expressively, as he possibly could upon his young companion. “Well, I thought not. I was positive it was not true,” continued the Marquess, in a murmur.

“What, my Lord?”

“Oh! nothing, nothing; people talk at ran-

dom—at random—at random. I feel confident you quite agree with me,—eh ! Vivian ?”

“ Really, my Lord, I fear I am unusually dull this morning.”

“ Dull ! no, no, you quite agree with me. I feel confident you do. People must be taught what their situations are—that is what I was saying, Vivian. My Lord Courtown,” added the Marquess in a whisper, “ is not to have every thing his own way,—eh ! Vivian ?”

“ Oh, oh !” thought Vivian, “ this then is the result of that admirable creature, Mrs. Felix Lorraine, staying a week with her dear friend, Lady Courtown.”—“ My Lord, it would be singular, if, in the Carabas party, the Carabas interest was not the predominant one.”

“ I knew you thought so. I could not believe, for a minute, that you could think otherwise : but some people take such strange ideas into their heads—I cannot account for them. I felt confident what would be your opinion. My Lord Courtown is not to carry every thing before him, in the spirit that I have lately observed—or rather, in the spirit which I understand, from very good

authority, is exhibited. Eh! Vivian—that is your opinion, is not it?”

“Oh! my dear Marquess, *we* must think alike on this, as on all points.”

“I knew it. I felt confident as to your sentiments upon this subject. I cannot conceive, why some people take such strange ideas into their heads! I knew that you could not disagree with me upon this point. No, no, no, my Lord Courtown must feel which is the predominant interest, as you so well express it. How choice your expressions always are! I do not know how it is, but you always hit upon the right expression, Vivian.—*The predominant interest*—the pre-do-mi-nant—in-te-rest. To be sure. What! with my high character and connections—with my stake in society, was it to be expected that I, the Marquess of Carabas, was going to make any move which compromised the predominancy of my interests. No, no, no, my Lord Courtown—the predominant interest must be kept predominant,—eh! Vivian?”

“To be sure, to be sure, my Lord; explicitness and decision will soon arrange any desagrémens.”

“I have been talking to the Marchioness, Vi-

vian, upon the expediency of her opening the season early. I think a course of Parliamentary dinners would produce a good effect. It gives a tone to a political party."

"Certainly; the science of political gastronomy has never been sufficiently studied."

"Egad! Vivian, I am in such spirits this morning. This business of Beresford so delights me; and finding you agree with me about Lord Courtown, I was confident as to your sentiments on that point. But some people take such strange ideas into their heads! To be sure, to be sure, the predominant interest, mine—that is to say, our's, Vivian, is the predominant interest. I have no idea of the predominant interest, not being predominant; that would be singular! I knew you would agree with me—we always agree. 'Twas a lucky hour when we met. Two minds so exactly alike! I was just your very self when I was young; and as for you—my career is before you."

Here entered Mr. Sadler with the letters.

"One from Courtown. I wonder if he has seen Mounteney. Mounteney is a very good-natured fellow, and I think might be managed. Ah! I

wish you could get hold of him, Vivian; you would soon bring him round. What it is to have brains, Vivian!" and here the Marquess shook his head very pompously, and at the same time, tapped very significantly on his left temple. "Hah! what—what is all this! Here, read it, read it, man.—I have no head to-day."

Vivian took the letter, and his quick eye dashed through its contents in a second. It was from Lord Courtown, and dated far in the country. It talked of private communications, and premature conduct, and the suspicious, not to say dishonest, behaviour of Mr. Vivian Grey: it trusted that such conduct was not sanctioned by his Lordship, but "nevertheless obliged to act with decision—regretted the necessity," &c. &c. &c. &c. In short, Lord Courtown had deserted, and recalled his pledge as to the official appointment promised to Mr. Cleveland, "because that promise was made while he was the victim of delusions created by the representations of Mr. Grey."

"What can all this mean, my Lord?"

The Marquess swore a fearful oath, and threw another letter.

"This is from Lord Beaconsfield, my Lord,"

said Vivian, with a face pallid as death, "and apparently the composition of the same writer; at least, it is the same tale, the same refacemento of lies, and treachery, and cowardice, doled out with diplomatic politesse. But I will off to —shire instantly. It is not yet too late to save every thing. This is Wednesday; on Thursday afternoon, I shall be at Norwood Park. Thank God! I came this morning."

The face of the Marquess, who was treacherous as the wind, seemed already to indicate, "Adieu! Mr. Vivian Grey!" but that countenance exhibited some very different passions, when it glanced over the contents of the next epistle. There was a tremendous oath—and a dead silence. His Lordship's florid countenance turned as pale as that of his companion. The perspiration stole down in heavy drops. He gasped for breath!

"Good God! my Lord, what is the matter?"

"The matter!" howled the Marquess, "the matter! That I have been a vain, weak, miserable fool!" and then there was another oath, and he flung the letter to the other side of the table.

It was the official congé of the Most Noble

Sydney Marquess of Carabas. His Majesty had no longer any occasion for his services. His successor was Lord Courtown!

I will not affect to give any description of the conduct of the Marquess of Carabas at this moment. He raved! he stamped! he blasphemed! but the whole of his abuse was levelled against his former "monstrous clever" young friend; of whose character he had so often boasted that his own was the prototype, but who was now an adventurer—a swindler—a scoundrel—a liar—a base, deluding, flattering, fawning villain, &c. &c. &c. &c.

"My Lord!"—said Vivian.

"I will not hear you—out on your fair words! They have duped me enough already. That I, with my high character, and connections! that I, the Marquess of Carabas, should have been the victim of the arts of a young scoundrel!"

Vivian's fist was once clenched—but it was only for a moment. The Marquess leant back in his chair, with his eyes shut. In the agony of the moment, a projecting tooth of his upper jaw, had forced itself through his under lip, and from the wound, the blood was flowing freely over his dead white countenance. Vivian left the room.

CHAPTER IV.

THE RACK.

HE stopped one moment on the landing-place, ere he was about to leave the house for ever.

“ ’Tis all over! and so, Vivian Grey, your game is up! and to die too, like a dog!—a woman’s dupe! Were I despot, I should perhaps satiate my vengeance upon this female fiend, with the assistance of the rack—but that cannot be; and after all, it would be but a poor revenge in one who has worshipped the EMPIRE OF THE INTELLECT, to vindicate the agony I am now enduring, upon the base body of a woman. No! ’tis not all over. There is yet an intellectual rack of which few dream: far, far more terrific than the most exquisite contrivances of Parysatis.—Jacinte,” said he to a female attendant that passed, “is your mistress at home?”

“She is, Sir.”

“ ’Tis well,” said Vivian, and he sprang up stairs.

“Health to the lady of our love!” said Vivian Grey, as he entered the elegant boudoir of Mrs. Felix Lorraine. “In spite of the easterly wind, which has spoiled my beauty for the season, I could not refrain from enquiring after your prosperity, before I went to the Marquess. Have you heard the news?”

“News! no; what news?”

“’Tis a sad tale,” said Vivian, with a melancholy voice.

“Oh! then, pray do not tell it me. I am in no humour for sorrow to-day. Come! a bon mot, or a calembourg, or *exit* Mr. Vivian Grey.”

“Well then, good morning! I am off for a black crape, or a Barcelona kerchief.—Mrs. Cleveland is—*dead*.”

“Dead!” exclaimed Mrs. Lorraine.

“Ay; cold dead. She died last night—suddenly.—Is it not horrible?”

“Shocking!” exclaimed Mrs. Lorraine, with a mournful voice, and an eye dancing with joy. “Why! Mr. Grey, I do declare you are weeping.”

“It is not for the departed!”

“Nay, Vivian! for Heaven’s sake, what is the matter?”

“ My dear Mrs. Lorraine!”—But here the speaker’s voice was choaked with grief, and he could not proceed.

“ Pray compose yourself.”

“ Mrs. Felix Lorraine, can I speak with you half an hour, undisturbed ?”

“ Oh ! certainly, by all means. I will ring for Jacinte. Jacinte ! mind, I am not at home to any one. Well ! what is the matter ?”

“ Oh ! Madam, I must pray your patience—I wish you to shrieve a penitent.”

“ Good Good ! Mr. Grey ! for Heaven’s sake, be explicit.”

“ For Heaven’s sake—for your sake—for my soul’s sake, I would be explicit ; but explicitness is not the language of such as I am. Can you listen to a tale of horror ; can you promise me to contain yourself ?”

“ I will promise any thing. Pray, pray proceed.”

But in spite of her earnest solicitations her companion was mute. At length he arose from his chair, and leaning on the chimney-piece, buried his face in his hands, and wept most bitterly.

“ Vivian,” said Mrs. Lorraine, “ have you seen the Marquess yet ?”

“ Not yet,” he sobbed ; “ I am going to him ; but I am in no humour for business this morning.”

“ Oh ! compose yourself, I beseech you. I will hear every thing. You shall not complain of an inattentive, or an irritable auditor. Now, my dear Vivian, sit down and tell me all.” She led him to a chair, and then, after stifling his sobs, with a broken voice he proceeded.

“ You will recollect, Madam, that accident made me acquainted with certain circumstances connected with yourself, and Mr. Cleveland. Alas ! actuated by the vilest of sentiments, I conceived a violent hatred against that gentleman—a hatred only to be equalled by my passion for you ; but, I find difficulty in dwelling upon the details of this sad story of jealousy and despair.”

“ Oh ! speak, speak ! compensate for all you have done, by your present frankness ;—be brief—be brief.”

“ I will be *brief*,” shouted Vivian, with terrific earnestness ; “ I will be *brief*. Know then, Madam, that in order to prevent the intercourse between you and Mr. Cleveland from proceeding, I obtained his friendship, and became the confidant

of his heart's sweetest secret. Thus situated, I suppressed the letters, which which I was entrusted from him to you, and poisoning his mind, I accounted for your silence, by your being employed *in other* correspondence; nay, I did more, with the malice of a fiend, I boasted of—nay, do not stop me; I have more to tell.”

Mrs. Felix Lorraine, with compressed lips, and looks of horrible earnestness, gazed in silence.

“The result of all this you know,—but the most terrible part is to come; and, by a strange fascination, I fly to confess my crimes at your feet, even, while the last minutes have witnessed my most heinous one. Oh! Madam, I have stood over the bier of the departed; I have mingled my tears with those of the sorrowing widower,—his young, and tender, child was on my knee; and, as I kissed his innocent lips, methought it was but my duty to the departed, to save the father from his mother's rival—” He stopped.

“Yes,—yes,—yes,” said Mrs. Felix Lorraine, in a low whisper.

“It was then, even then, in the hour of his desolation, that I mentioned your name, that it might the more *disgust* him; and, while he wept over

his virtuous and sainted wife, I dwelt on the vices of his rejected *Mistress*."

Mrs. Lorraine clasped her hands, and moved restlessly on her seat.

"Nay! do not stop me;—let me tell *all*. 'Cleveland,' said I, 'if ever you become the husband of Mrs. Felix Lorraine, remember my last words:—it will be well for you, if your frame be like that of Mithridates of Pontus, and proof against—*poison*.'"

"And did you say this?" shrieked the woman.

"Even these were my words."

"Then may all evil blast you!" She threw herself on the sofa: her voice was choked with the convulsions of her passion, and she writhed in the most fearful agony.

Vivian Grey, lounging in an arm-chair, in the easiest of postures, and with a face brilliant with smiles, watched his victim with the eye of a Me-
phistophiles.

She slowly recovered, and with a broken voice poured forth her sacred absolution to the relieved penitent.

"You wonder I do not stab you,—hah! hah! hah! there is no need for *that*!—the good powers

be praised, that you refused the draught I once proffered. Know, wretch, that your race is run. Within five minutes, you will breathe a beggar, and an outcast. Your golden dreams are over—your cunning plans are circumvented—your ambitious hopes are crushed for ever—you are blighted in the very spring of your life. Oh! may you never die! May you wander for ever, the butt of the world's malice! and may the slow moving finger of scorn, point where'er you go at the ruined Charlatan!"

"Hah, hah! is it so, my lady? Oh! think you, that Vivian Grey would fall by a woman's wile? Oh! think you that Vivian Grey, could be crushed by such a worthless thing as *you*! Know, then, that your political intrigues have been as little concealed from *me*, as your personal ones;—I have been acquainted with all. The Marquess has, himself, seen the Minister, and is more firmly established in his pride of place than ever. I have, myself, seen our colleagues, whom you tampered with, and their hearts are still true, and their purpose still fixed. All, all prospers; and ere five days are passed, 'the *Charlatan*' will be a *Senator*."

The shifting expression of Mrs. Lorraine's countenance, while Vivian was speaking, would have baffled the most cunning painter. Her complexion was capricious as the chameleon's, and her countenance was so convulsed, that her features seemed of all shapes and sizes. One large vein protruded nearly a quarter of an inch from her forehead; and the dank light which gleamed in her tearful eye, was like an unwholesome meteor quivering in a marsh. When he ended, she sprang from the sofa, and looking up, and extending her arms with unmeaning wildness, she gave one loud shriek, and dropped like a bird shot on the wing—she had burst a blood-vessel.

Vivian raised her on the sofa, and paid her every possible attention. There is always a vile apothecary lurking about the mansions of the noble, and so a Mr. Andrewes soon appeared, and to this worthy, and the attendant Jacinte Vivian delivered his patient.

Had Vivian Grey left the boudoir a pledged bridegroom, his countenance could not have been more triumphant; but he was labouring under the most unnatural excitation: for it is singular, that when, as he left the house, the porter told him

that Mr. Cleveland was with his Lord, Vivian had no idea at the moment, what individual bore that name. The fresh air of the street revived him, and somewhat cooled the bubbling of his blood. It was then that the man's information struck upon his senses.

"So, poor Cleveland!" thought Vivian, "then he knows all!" His own misery he had not yet thought of; but, when Cleveland occurred to him, with his ambition once more baulked—his high hopes once more blasted—and his honourable soul once more deceived,—when he thought of his fair wife, and his infant children, and his ruined prospects; a sickness came over his heart, he grew dizzy, and fell.

"And the gentleman's ill, I think," said an honest Irishman; and, in the fulness of his charity, he placed Vivian on a door step.

"So it seems!" said a genteel passenger in black; and he snatched, with great sang-froid, Vivian's gold watch. "Stop thief!" halloed the Hibernian. Paddy was tripped up. There was a row; in the midst of which, Vivian Grey crawled to an hotel.

CHAPTER V.

THE CLUB.

IN half an hour Vivian was at Mr. Cleveland's door.

"My master is at the Marquess of Carabas', sir; he will not return, but is going immediately to Richmond, where Mrs. Cleveland is staying."

Vivian immediately wrote to Mr. Cleveland. "If your master have left the Marquess's, let this be forwarded to him at Richmond immediately."

"Cleveland!

"You know all. It would be mockery were I to say, that at this moment I am not thinking of myself. I am a ruined man, in body, and in mind. But my own misery is nothing; I can die—I can go mad—and who will be harmed? But you! I had wished that we should never meet again; but my hand refuses to trace the thoughts with which my heart is full, and I am

under the sad necessity of requesting you to see me *once more*. We have been betrayed—and by a woman ; but, there has been revenge ! oh ! what revenge !

VIVIAN GREY."

When Vivian left Mr. Cleveland's, he actually did not know what to do with himself. Home, at present, he could not face, and so he continued to wander about, quite unconscious of locality. He passed in his progress many of his acquaintance, who, from his distracted air and rapid pace, imagined that he was intent on some important business. At length he found himself in one of the most sequestered parts of Kensington Gardens. It was a cold, frosty day, and as Vivian flung himself upon one of the summer seats, the snow drifted from off the frozen board ; but Vivian's brow was as burning hot, as if he had been an inhabitant of Sirius. Throwing his arms on a small garden table, he buried his face in his hands, and wept—as men can but once weep in this world !

Oh ! thou sublime and most subtle philosopher, who, in thy lamp-lit cell, art speculating upon the passions which thou hast never felt ! Oh !

thou splendid and most admirable poet, who, with cunning words, art painting with a smile a tale of woe! tell me what is Grief, and solve me the mystery of Sorrow?

Not for himself—for after the first pang, he would have whistled off his high hopes with the spirit of a Ripperda—not even for Cleveland—for at this moment, it must be confessed, his thoughts were not for his friend—did Vivian Grey's soul struggle as if it were about to leave its fleshly chamber. I said he wept, as men can weep but once in this world; and yet it would have been impossible for him to have defined what, at that fearful moment, was the cause of his heart's sorrow. Incidents of childhood, of the most trivial nature, and until this moment forgotten, flashed across his memory; he gazed on the smile of his mother—he listened to the sweet tones of his father's voice—and his hand clenched, with still more agonized grasp, his rude resting-place; and the scalding tears dashed down his cheek in still more ardent torrents. He had no distinct remembrance of what had so lately happened; but characters flitted before him as in a theatre in a dream—dim and shadowy, yet full of mysterious and undefinable interest; and then

there came a horrible idea across his mind, that his glittering youth was gone, and wasted ; and then there was a dark whisper of treachery, and dissimulation, and dishonour ; and then he sobbed as if his very heart were cracking. All his boasted philosophy vanished—his artificial feelings fled him. Insulted Nature re-asserted her long spurned authority, and the once proud Vivian Grey felt too humble, even to curse himself. Gradually his sobs became less convulsed, and his brow more cool ; and calm from very exhaustion, he sat for upwards of an hour motionless.

At this moment there issued, with their attendant, from an adjoining shrubbery, two beautiful children. They were so exceedingly lovely, that the passenger would have stopped to gaze upon them. The eldest, who yet was very young, was leading his sister hand in hand, with slow and graceful steps, mimicking the courtesy of men. But when his eye caught Vivian's, the boy uttered a loud cry of exultation, and rushed, with the eagerness of infantine affection, to his gentle and favourite playmate. They were the young Clevelands. With what miraculous quickness will man shake off the outward semblance of grief, when his

sorrow is a secret! The mighty Merchant, who knows that in four-and-twenty hours the world must be astounded by his insolvency, will walk in the front of his confident creditor, as if he were the lord of a thousand argosies—the meditating Suicide will smile on the arm of a companion, as if to breathe in this sunny world, were the most ravishing and rapturous bliss. We cling to our stations in our fellow-creatures' minds, and memories; we know, too well, the frail tenure on which we are in this world, great and considered personages. Experience makes us shrink from the specious sneer of Sympathy; and when we are ourselves falling, bitter Memory whispers, that we have ourselves been neglectful.

And so it was, that, even unto these infants, Vivian Grey dared not appear other than a gay, and easy-hearted man; and in a moment he was dancing them on his knee, and playing with their curls, and joining in their pretty prattle, and pressing their small and fragrant lips.

It was night when he paced down —. He passed his club; that club, to become a member of which, had once been the object of his high ambition, and to gain which privilege had cost

such hours of canvassing ; such interference of noble friends ; and the incurring of favours from five thousand people, “ which never could be forgotten !”

I know not what desperate feeling actuated him, but he entered the Club-house. He walked into the great saloon, and met some fifty “ most particular friends,” all of whom asked him, “ how the Marquess did,” or “ have you seen Cleveland ?” and a thousand other as comfortable queries. At length, to avoid these disagreeable rencontres, and indeed, to rest himself, he went to a smaller and more private room. As he opened the door, his eyes lighted upon Cleveland.

He was standing with his back to the fire. There were only two other persons in the room : one was a friend of Cleveland's, and the other an acquaintance of Vivian's. The latter was writing at the table.

When Vivian saw Cleveland, he would have retired, but he was bid to “ come in,” in a voice of thunder.

As he entered, he instantly perceived that Cleveland was under the influence of wine. When in this situation, unlike other men, Mr.

Cleveland's conduct was not distinguished by any of the little improprieties of behaviour, by which a man is always known by his friends "to be very drunk." He neither reeled, nor hiccupped, nor grew maudlin. The effect of drinking upon him, was only to increase the intensity of the sensation by which his mind was, at the moment, influenced. He did not even lose the consciousness of identity of persons. At this moment, it was clear to Vivian that Cleveland was under the influence of the extremest passion: his eyes rolled widely, and seemed fixed only upon vacancy. As Vivian was no friend to scenes before strangers, he bowed to the two gentlemen, and saluted Cleveland with his wonted cordiality; but his proffered hand was rudely repelled.

"Away!" exclaimed Cleveland, in a furious tone; "I have no friendship for traitors!"

The two gentlemen stared, and the pen of the writer stopped.

"Cleveland!" said Vivian, in an earnest whisper, as he came up close to him;—"for God's sake, contain yourself. I have written you a letter which explains all—but—"

"Out! out upon you! Out upon your honied

words, and your soft phrases! I have been their dupe too long;" and he struck Vivian with tremendous force.

"Sir John Poynings!" said Vivian, with a quivering lip, turning to the gentleman who was writing at the table—"we were school-fellows; circumstances have prevented us from meeting often in after-life, but I now ask you, with the frankness of an old acquaintance, to do me the sad service of accompanying me in this quarrel—a quarrel which, I call Heaven to witness, is not of my seeking."

The Baronet, who was in the Guards, and, although a great dandy, quite a man of business in these matters, immediately rose from his seat, and led Vivian to a corner of the room. After some whispering, he turned round to Mr. Cleveland, and bowed to him with a very significant look. It was evident that Cleveland comprehended his meaning, for, though he was silent, he immediately pointed to the other gentleman—his friend, Mr. Castleton.

"Mr. Castleton," said Sir John, giving his card, "Mr. Grey will accompany me to my rooms in Pall Mall; it is now ten o'clock; we shall wait

two hours, in which time I hope to hear from you. I leave time, and place, and terms, to yourself. I only wish it to be understood, that it is the particular desire of my principal that the meeting should be as speedy as possible."

About eleven o'clock, the communication from Mr. Castleton arrived. It was quite evident that Cleveland was sobered, for in one instance, Vivian observed that the style was corrected by his own hand. The hour was eight, the next morning, at ——— Common, about six miles from town.

Poynings wrote to a professional friend to be on the ground at half-past seven, and then he and Vivian retired.

Did you ever fight a duel? No! nor send a challenge either? Well! you are fresh indeed! 'Tis an awkward business after all—even for the boldest. After an immense deal of negociation, and giving the party every opportunity of coming to an *honourable* understanding, the fatal letter is, at length, signed, sealed, and sent. You pass your mornings at your second's apartments, pacing his drawing-room, with a quivering lip, and uncertain step. At length he enters with an answer; and while he reads, you endeavour to look

easy, with a countenance merry with the most melancholy smile. You have no appetite for dinner, but you are too *brave* not to appear at table; and you are called out after the second glass by the arrival of your solicitor, who comes to alter your will. You pass a restless night, and rise in the morning as bilious as a Bengal general. Urged by impending fate, you make a desperate effort to accommodate matters; but in the contest between your pride and your terror, you, at the same time, prove that you are a coward, and fail in the negociation. You both fire—and miss—and then the seconds interfere, and then you shake hands, every thing being arranged in the most *honourable* manner, and to the mutual satisfaction of both parties. The next day you are seen pacing Bond Street, with an erect front, and a flashing eye—with an air at once dandyish, and heroic—a mixture, at the same time, of Brummell, and the Duke of Wellington.

It was a fine February morning. Sir John drove Vivian to the ground in his cabriolet.

“Nothing like a cab, Grey, for the business you are going on. I only keep it for *meetings*. You glide along the six miles in such style, that it

actually makes you quite courageous. I remember once going down, on a similar purpose, in a post and pair; and 'pon my soul, when I came to the ground, my hand shook so that I could scarcely draw. But I was green then. Now, when I go in my cab, with Philidor with his sixteen-mile-an-hour paces, egad! I wing my man in a trice; and take all the parties home to Pall Mall, to celebrate the event with a grilled bone, Havannahs, and Regent's punch. Ah! there! that is Cleveland that we have just passed, going to the ground in a chariot: he is a dead man, or my name is not Poynings—"

"Come, Sir John; no fear of Cleveland's dying," said Vivian with a smile.

"What, you mean to fire in the air, and all that sort of thing?—sentimental, but slip-slop!"

The ground is measured—all is arranged. Cleveland, a splendid shot, fired first. His pistol grazed Vivian's elbow. Vivian fired in the air. The seconds interfered. Cleveland was implacable—and "in the most irregular manner," as Sir John declared, insisted upon another shot. To the astonishment of all, he fired quite wild. Vivian shot at random; and his bullet pierced Cleve-

land's heart. Cleveland sprang nearly two yards from the ground, and then fell upon his back. In a moment Vivian was at the side of his fallen antagonist; but the dying man 'made no sign'—he stared wildly, and then closed his eyes for ever!

CHAPTER VI.

TRAVEL.

WHEN Vivian Grey remembered his existence, he found himself in bed. The curtains of his couch were closed; but, as he stared around him, they were softly withdrawn, and a face that recalled every thing to his recollection, gazed upon him with a look of affectionate anxiety.

"My father!" exclaimed Vivian—but the finger pressed on the parental lip warned him to silence. His father knelt by his side, and softly kissed his forehead, and then the curtains were again closed.

Six weeks, unconsciously to Vivian, had elapsed since the fatal day, and he was now recovering from the effects of a fever, from which, his medical attendants had supposed he never could have

escaped. And what had been the past? It did, indeed, seem like a hot and feverish dream. Here was he, once more in his own quiet room, watched over by his beloved parents; and had there then ever existed such beings as the Marquess, and Mrs. Lorraine, and Cleveland, or were they only the actors in a vision? "It must be so," thought Vivian; and he jumped up in his bed, and stared wildly around him. "And yet it was a horrid dream! Murder! horrible murder!—and so real! so palpable!—I muse upon their voices, as upon familiar sounds, and I recall all the events, not as the shadowy incidents of sleep—that mysterious existence, in which the experience of a century seems caught in the breathing of a second—but as the natural, and material consequences of time and stirring life. Oh! no! it is too true!" shrieked the wretched sufferer, as his eye glanced upon a desk which was on the table, and which had been given to him by the Marquess; "it is true! it is true! Murder! murder!" He foamed at the mouth, and sunk exhausted on his pillow.

But the human mind can master many sorrows, and after a desperate relapse, and another miraculous rally, Vivian Grey rose from his bed.

“ My father ! I fear that I shall live !”

“ *Hope*, rather, my beloved !”

“ Oh ! why should I hope !” and the sufferer’s head sank upon his breast.

“ Do not give way, my son ; all will yet be well, and we shall all yet be happy,” said the father, with streaming eyes.

“ Happy ! oh, not in this world, my father !”

“ Vivian, my dearest, your mother visited you this morning, but you were asleep. She was quite happy to find you slumbering so calmly.”

“ And yet my dreams were not the dreams of joy.—Oh ! my mother, you were wont to smile upon me—alas ! you smiled upon your sorrow.”

“ Vivian, my beloved ! you must indeed restrain your feelings. At your age, life cannot be the lost game you think it. A little repose, and I shall yet see my boy the honour to society which he deserves to be.”

“ Alas ! my father, you know not what I feel ! The springiness of my mind has gone. Oh ! man, what a vain fool thou art ! Nature has been too bountiful to thee. She has given thee the best of friends, and thou valuest not the gift of exceeding price, until thy griefs are past even

friendship's cure. Oh! my father! why did I leave thee!" and he seized Mr. Grey's hand with convulsive grasp.

Time flew on, even in this house of sorrow. "My boy," said Mr. Grey to his son one day, "your mother and I have been consulting together about you; and we think, now that you have somewhat recovered your strength, it may be well for you to leave England for a short time. The novelty of travel will relieve your mind, without too much exciting it; and if you can manage by the autumn, to settle down any where within a thousand miles of England, why we will come and join you, and you know that will be very pleasant. What say you, my boy, to this little plan?"

In a few weeks after this proposition had been made, Vivian Grey was in Germany. He wandered for some months in that beautiful land of rivers, among which flows the Rhine, matchless in its loveliness; and at length, the pilgrim shook the dust off his feet at Heidelberg, in which city Vivian proposed taking up his residence. It is, in truth, a place of surpassing loveliness; where all the romantic wildness of German

scenery, is blended with the soft beauty of the Italian. An immense plain, which, in its extent and luxuriance, reminds you of the most fertile tracts of Lombardy, is bordered on one side by the Bergstrasse mountains, and on the other by the range of the Vosges. Situated on the river Neckar, in a ravine of the Bergstrasse, amid mountains covered with vines, is the city of Heidelberg: its ruined castle backing the city, and still frowning from one of the most commanding heights. In the middle of the broad plain, may be distinguished the shining spires of Mannheim, Worms, and Frankenthal; and pouring its rich stream through this luxuriant land, the beautiful and abounding Rhine receives the tribute of the Neckar. The range of the Vosges forms the extreme distance.

To the little world, of the little city, of which he was now an habitant, Vivian Grey did not appear a broken-hearted man. He lived neither as a recluse, nor a misanthrope. He became extremely addicted to field sports, especially to hunting the wild boar; for he feared nothing so much as thought, and dreaded nothing so much as the solitude of his own chamber. He was an

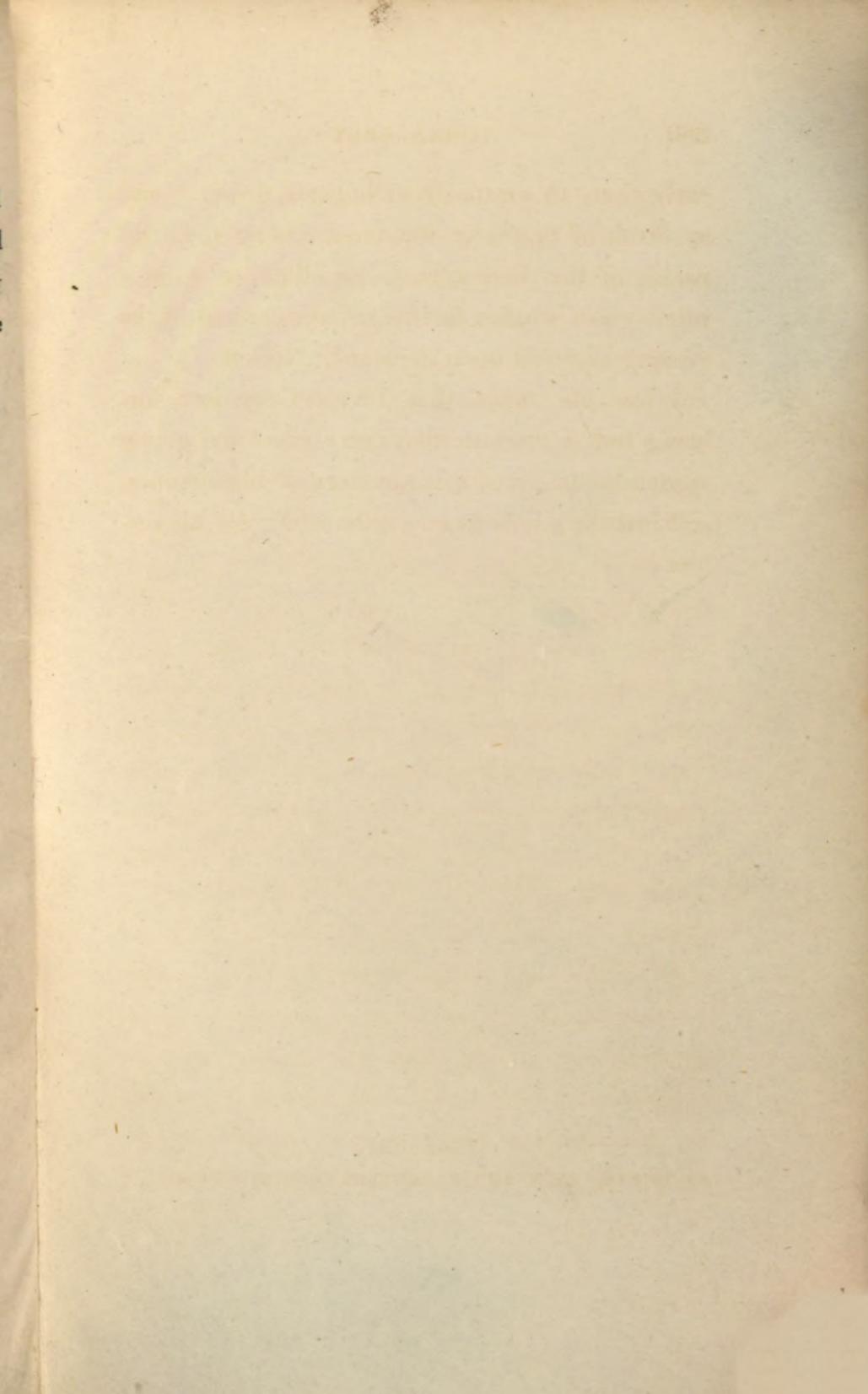
early riser, to escape from hideous dreams; and at break of dawn, he wandered among the wild passes of the Bergstrasse; or climbing a lofty ridge, was a watcher for the rising sun; and in the evening he sailed upon the star-lit Neckar.

I fear me much, that Vivian Grey is a lost man; but, I am sure that every sweet and gentle spirit who has read this sad story of his fortunes, will breathe a holy prayer this night, for his restoration to society, and to himself.

END OF VOLS. I. & II.

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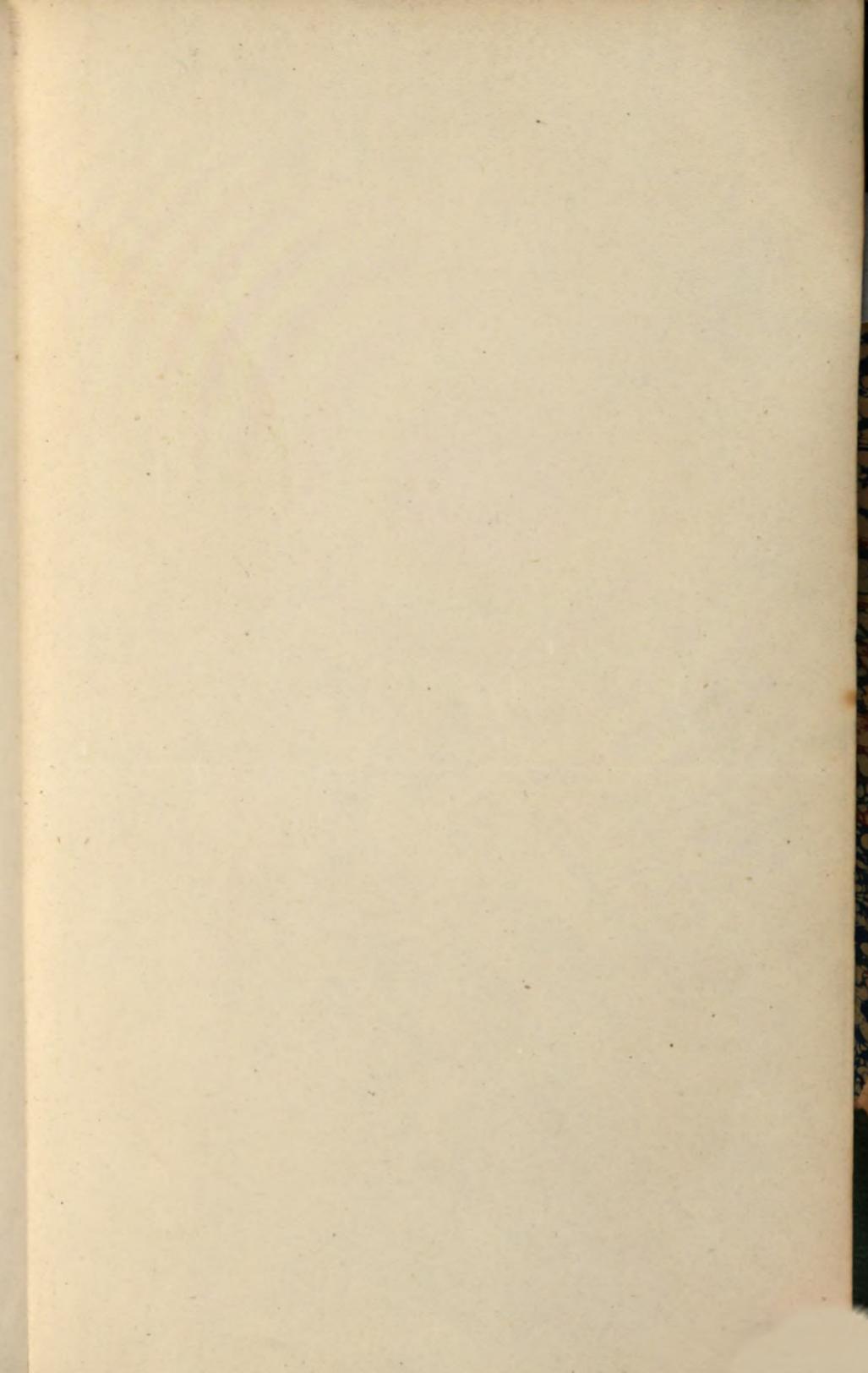


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