

Her ladyship's spouse was the Right Honourable the Earl of Impyene. His lordship owned estates of immense extent in several counties, several coal-mines in the North, and a slate-quarry in Wales; and Impyene-terrace and Bowldout-street, in the cathedral city of Fustyford, belonged to him; but all his broad acres were mortgaged several times over, and he had no money. His wife had no money; that is to say, her lord and her trustees between them had muddled it away, somehow. Carlos de Ven Dunnyop, by courtesy Viscount Bowldout, his lordship's only son, and heir to the earldom, had no money. In the entire family there was not any cash.

Bowldout, the abandoned and hardened prodigal, had expectations, but they all came to nothing. His uncle, Major-general Dunnyop, formerly of the H.K.L.C.'s army, ought to have left him several laes, or crores, of rupees—at all events, a prodigious quantity of money. He did not do anything of the kind, bequeathing his large fortune, his indigo plantations, and his opium farms to a lady of dark complexion and of the Mahometan persuasion, with a numerous young family, all as fat as butter, and of the color of Epp's cocoa. Then old Sir Thomas Roper, one of the judges of the Court of Common Pleas, and his mother's brother, had been contentedly expected to make young Viscount Bowldout his heir. He was a bachelor, and had saved many thousands at the bar before he was made a judge. Sir Thomas died from the effects of indigestion after dining with the Worshipful Company of Bar-tratchers at their Hall in Oatcaton-street, and he left all his money to the Aaylam for Idiots. The Hon. Miss Dunnyop indeed, that wealthy spinster of Grosvenor-square, his aunt, left him a thumping legacy—enough to have rehabilitated the fortunes of the entire family—but the old lady having been, unfortunately, in her latter years somewhat eccentric—keeping squirrels in her bedroom; always dining in a cocked-hat, with nine wax saddles on the table; frequently calling in Italian landygrudy granders, Ethiopian serenaders, and the like to discourse sweet music to her, and regaling them with potted meats and sherry wine—distant relatives, to whom she did not leave anything in her will, started the hypothesis that the Hon. Miss Dunnyop was mad. So the estate was thrown into Chancery, and must have hurt itself in the fall, since it lay in Lincoln's-inn for many years without moving, and apparently unconscious. At all events, nobody got any money, the lawyers excepted. The costs always being costs in the cause.

So there was "nae luck at a" about the noble house of Dunnyop. Chronic poverty did not, however, prevent the Earl of Impyene from living on the fat of the land, from sitting at quarter sessions and sending postchans to gaol for having pheasants' eggs in the crowns of their hats, and imprisoning little children for plucking turnips or sprigs of lavender. Poverty did not hinder him from giving balls and dinners; it did not prevent her ladyship from appearing at court, covered with diamonds, rubies, and emeralds, and with a satin train several feet in length behind her. There are some people who must have a carriage and two horses to it. Lady Impyene always had. If you ask me who paid for it, or for the clothes she wore, or the food she ate, I must reply that I really don't know. In *Yandy Fas* we got occasional glimpses of how the Rawdon Crawleys contrived to get on.—not precisely so as to make both ends meet, but at all events to lace the corset of genteel existence with sufficient closeness to hide the beggar's smock beneath, but their "nothing a year" was, after all, more a *facon de parler* than an absolute reality. Rawdon won money at cards somehow, and Becky borrowed freely from the Marquis of Steyne. Now, the Earl of Impyene had never been accused of a tendency to play: it was his grandfather, the first earl, who had originally "dipped" the estate by gambling; and it was very certain that nobody would lend the Countess of Impyene any money. Yet they robbed along somehow, and the best of everything, and a box at the Opera, and always dined at night. I think they must have lived on air—or on the wind of their nobility, so to speak.

Carlos de Ven Dunnyop, Lord Viscount Bowldout, was deeply in debt when he went to Eton, at the mature age of ten years; at least, the cake-woman, and the lady who sold sweetstuff, and the hunchbacked old man who dealt in marble, balls, and hooky-sticks, in the neighborhood of the residence of the Reverend Lancelot Graves, Montpelier-road, Twickenham, who had the honor to prepare his lordship for the great public seminary just named, all declared that the heir to the earldom of Impyene owed them "no end of money." It may be said, likewise, that he was remotely in debt to the Rev. Lancelot himself; for that respectable private tutor's bill for board and education remained in an unsettled condition when the youthful viscount was transferred to the "distant spires and antique towers" which are visible at the Eton Playing-fields. Who paid the two hundred guineas per annum more or less requisite for keeping a boy at Eton must be accounted one of the mysteries of the noble family I am celebrating, since very little credit, I understand, is given by the tutors and dames at the college where "grateful service still adores her Henry's holy shade." Stay, the Hon. Miss Dunnyop was still alive, and had not yet become so eccentric as to partake of her meals in a cocked-hat, when young Carlos went to Eton. Perhaps she paid her nephew's school-bills. His little bills she assuredly did not pay for

him; and from the barnard at the "Christopher," who had trusted his lordship for beer, cold gin-and-water, Abernethy biscuits, pork pies, and cigars—probably consumed on Sundays, and in church-time—to his purveyor of cricket-bats and rackets, his supplier of tarts and ginger-beer, and the ingenious mechanic who mended the watch—who paid for it—whose works he was always breaking, the memory of Carlos de Ven Dunnyop, Viscount Bowldout, lingered for many sad years in the food hearts of the tradespeople of Eton, Slough, and Windsor. They would never forget him, they said, pathetically. Some of these simple folk went even farther in their affectionate familiarity. They spoke of their absent debtor as a "little scamp."

It is needless to follow the brilliant career of my noble hero at the University of Oxford. He left without taking a degree; but though he

ached friend Viscount Bowldout of the Grenadier Guards.

I think it was for fourteen thousand seven hundred and ninety-seven pounds fifteen shillings and fourpence threefarthings that the young gentleman was bankrupt, in the spring of 18—. Half the Commercial Directory, in the shape of tallows, shirtmakers, bootmakers, hosiery, jewellers, livery-stable and hotel keepers, wine-merchants, and fancy stationers, seemed to be present in Esminghall-street to present their part of debts. Strangely enough, there were no bill-discounters in the list of creditors, and on this circumstance the learned Commissioner warmly complimented the noble bankrupt when he allowed him to pass his examination; the truth being that no discounters in London would have "done" any of his lordship's "paper," even at six times sixty per cent interest. "He never had a rap, and he never

and Wylie, Lombard-street, the famous heronet and banker, when he might have been in marriage and for the asking Clementina Angelina Argentina Gramshovel, the heronet-banker's only child and heiress. It is true that she was much marked with the small-pox and had only one eye, but then how very rich she was to be. Now do you understand why my lord was furious, why my lady wept? and now can you comprehend how Fanny Clearthorn was expelled from Sir John's big house in Eaton-square; how Lady Gramshovel denounced the banished governess as a designing minx; while Clementina Angelina Argentina said meekly that she forgave the crawling serpent from the bottom of her heart—when a woman says that she forgives you from the bottom of her heart, you had better make your will; it is all over with you—and how Lord Viscount Bowldout arrived at the conclusion that he had rather made a mess of matters generally, and that he was in a "doctid fix." It was the opinion of his lordship's former comrades in the Guards, and from which gallant corps he had long since sold out, that Bowley had "gone a mucker," and "come a cropper." They were "horeay" young men, and spoke habitually in the stable argot, so dear to the British youth.

One afternoon, at the height of the London season, Viscount Bowldout was walking somewhat gloomily through Curran-street, Mayfair, into which thoroughfare he had entered by the narrow passage which leads from Hay-hill by the garden wall of Landsdowne House, on his way to Hyde-park. It accorded with his lordship's purpose to avoid the more populous thoroughfares of Piccadilly, in which numbers of his lordship's tradesmen—those he had patronised since his bankruptcy, and who were wont upon occasion to be inconsiderately impertinate (this is a sadly democratic age)—had their places of business. Being utterly ruined, Lord Bowldout had naturally residential chambers in Pall-mall and a stall at the Opera, and carefully kept his name on the books of all his clubs. The Committee of the Jumor Lavender and Glove behaved most handsomely during the trying period of his lordship's bankruptcy. His lordship's want of gaiety on the afternoon in question was not due, I should say, to the general embarrassment of his affairs. He had been born in a muddle, and he very probably thought himself predestined to die in one. He was melancholy because he wanted a flower for his button-hole, and he happened to have overrun his credit—or rather, the credit of his credit; the ghost of his tick, as he pathetically called it—with every one of his florists, and to be without half-a-crown in his pocket wherewith to purchase the wanted floral decoration.

"Halfpenny, my lord," says your lordship's well," the Viscount heard a voice very familiar to him exclaim close by him. He raised his eyes—he had been razing at the pavement, as though in hopes of seeing slices-of-the-valley sprout from the interstices of the flags—and saw standing at the door of a greengrocer's florist's, and fruiterer's shop a face and form very familiar to him. They belonged to John Rooty, formerly butler to his noble father. "There's tick for a flower, then, at all events," thought Viscount Bowldout, as he condescendingly returned the ex-butler's salute, and at his respectful invitation entered his small but davenly-stocked establishment.

"That little matter of the flower for the button-hole was soon settled. "I don't think I need book it, my lord," quoth Mr. Rooty with jocular deference. "It ain't the first bokay your lordship's family had from me. Lord! how her ladyship used to stick it up for sowerin'-plants at her 'omes."

"I've nothing to do with my family's debts," interposed his lordship testily. "They've all cut me—cut me dead, Rooty, because 've gone to smash." He was a simple-minded young nobleman, and was not averse to using the naive *patois* popular at music-halls and on the knife-boards of omnibuses.

"Know hall about it, my lord. No offence," went on the retired cellarer. "Your lordship must be getting hawful 'ard hup."

"Hard up isn't the word," said Viscount Bowldout wearily. "I'm cornered. I can't go to my clubs, because I owe the waiters money. It's a real smash. I shall have to sweep a crossing, or go on the stage and play the hind 'ogs of the hippy-pippy-what-d'ye-call-'em in the pantomime."

"Ope not, my lord. When things come to the worst they must mend, so my old woman says. Maybe, my lord, I could give you a lift that would be of some service to you."

"You, Rooty?"

"Well, look here, my lord. I'm a holdover out of the family. It's true that your pa never paid me my wages, and borrowed money besides, and that your ma went tick with me for sowerin'-plants till flesh and blood couldn't stand it no longer; but the 'unse of Dunnyop's brought me into susstety, and susstety is what I want. My lord, I ham a hambitious man."

"Indeed, Rooty?"

"Hi always were, from a knifeboy upward. This shop is hall very well, and my old woman turns in a good bit o' money. Hi've done pretty comfortable too by attendin' dinner-parties; and the pastrycook's shop opposite, which we send hoat dinners, is mine."

"By Jove, you're a regular financier, Rooty. You'll be a Rot—huh! some of these days," broke in Lord Bowldout, quite interested.

"Hi wouldn't be mean myself to be hanying so low," resumed the vinodical pastrycook,



MR. ROOTY MAKES A PROPOSAL.

made no figure in the schools, he was always immersed in books. There was scarcely a ledger in a tradesman's shop in the High-street without whole pages being devoted to records of the arithmetical indebtedness of Viscount Bowldout.

After this he went into the Guards. I have heard that he had nine tailors; that he "subbed" every morning with three bottles of eau-de-cologne to his bath; that he had fourteen horses in his stable—or somebody else's stable, which amounted to the same thing; and that he thought nothing of giving—or rather giving, the terms are convertible—half-a-guinea for a lily-of-the-valley to wear in the button-hole of his coat. He betted heavily, and stood to win thirty thousand, they say, on Dicky Sam, the Derby favorite, that went dead lame on the morning of the race; and he was associated in some mysterious manner with the Royal Depravity Theatre at the period when that favorite place of entertainment was under the management of Miss Maggie Beaumanois (*vis Scroff*), formerly of the corps de ballet. Maggie lived at the Pallions, S.W., in very grand style. You remember her pishald poles, her Dutch pug, and her diminutive tiger in buckskins and top-boots,—those articles were all gifts from her at-

will have a rap, unless he gets that Chancery suit, and he won't get it," quoth Mr. Leo Vigh Sharp, of Knaves'-inn, to Mr. Solomon Flat-catcher, of Little Sabretasche-street, when the prospects of the youthful bankrupt were discussed.

This, then, was the "hardened and abandoned prodigal" whom his noble papa felt compelled to repudiate and renounce—I will not say to disinherit, since his lordship had nothing to leave his heir save his title and his debts. But why, it may be asked, was the Earl of Impyene in such a terrible rage with his son? Was running into debt unknown in the family? Was not, indeed, the young man rather to be congratulated than censured, on having positively got into debt to the tune of nearly fifteen thousand pounds without a shilling wherewith to discharge his liabilities? I am somewhat of opinion, that Viscount Bowldout's bankruptcy had very little to do with the Earl of Impyene's indignation against him, and that the real reason for the paternal wrath was this: that the imprudent and ungrateful young man had had the inconceivable folly to fall over head and ears in love with Fanny Clearthorn, a pretty but penniless governess in the family of Sir John Gramshovel (Gramshovel, Scalsby,