

when a tall, stout-built person, slipped out from behind the arras, and advanced with hasty steps, toward him, exclaiming,

"Soho! friend Caddy Cuddle, you're come at last!"

"What, in the name of all that's good art thou?" exclaimed Caddy, feeling surprised that he was not more frightened;—"who art thou?"

"Don't you know me, Caddy?" said the intruder, laying his hands on Cuddle's arm; who was very much pleased to feel that his visiter possessed the property of tangibility, and was, therefore, no ghost.—"Don't you know me, Caddy?" repeated the figure, in rather a reproachful tone.

"I dare say I should, sir, if you would permit me to put on my spectacles,—bad as they are," replied Caddy; "and if you'd step back a yard or two, so as to get, as it were, at the proper focus of my sight:—suppose you take a chair."

The tall man retreated some paces, and Caddy put on his spectacles.—"Now, sir," said he, "we shall see: where are you?—Oh! I perceive—Why, bless my soul, sir—is it—can it be? Are these glasses really playing me tricks? or have I, in truth, leaped out of the frying-pan into the fire?—You surely cannot be my very unfortunate friend, Caddy Caddy, of Caddy Castle!"

"The same," replied the tall old man, with a sigh:—"Caddy Caddy, sir, of Caddy Castle!"

"And how the nipperkins did you break loose?" cried Cuddle, rising from the chair, and advancing two or three steps.

"Where now, where now, sir?" said Caddy Caddy, taking a gentle hold of Cuddle's arm.—"Where now, friend Cuddle?"

"Where?—why, to the door, doubtless!—Am I doomed to do nothing but alarm the castle?"

"Alarm the castle!" exclaimed Caddy Caddy; "are you out of your senses? why, they'd lock me up, if you did."

"To be sure they would, and that's precisely what I want them to do.—My dear sir, I beg pardon; I wouldn't give offence, I'm sure,—neither to you nor the people of the castle; but I can't help it.—You must allow me to give the alarm.—I cannot submit to be shut up with a madman."

"So, then, you join in the slander, do you?" said Caddy Caddy; "Cuddle! you hurt me to the soul!"

"Well, well.—my dear friend,—my respected friend,—I am sorry I said so;—it was but in joke."—"Cuddle," replied Caddy, "I was ruined by a joke:—somebody called me a madman, in jest; the rest of the world joined in the cry, though it was a fool who gave tongue; and, at last, they ran ran me down; proved, to their own satisfac-

tion, that I was out of my wits, for being in a passion with, and turning upon, those who were hunting me. Nothing is more easy than to prove a man mad—begin by throwing a slur on his mental sanity; watch him narrowly; view all he does with a jaundiced eye; rake up a score of facts, which occurred a year apart,—facts that are really frolics, freaks, whims, vagaries, or what you will, of the like nature; place them all together, and the business is done; you make as fine a picture of lunacy as a man would wish to look at. I assure you, Caddy Cuddle, I am no more a lunatic than you are,—take my word for it; so sit down and tune the fiddle."

"Fiddle! what?—where?—which fiddle?"

"Oh! they allow me my fiddle; I should go crazy in earnest without that. I left it behind the arras;—come—"

"Come! come where?"

"Come and fetch it," said Caddy, dragging Cuddle toward the place from which he had issued.

"Nipperkins. cousin!" cried Cuddle, "go and get it yourself."

"No, no," replied the other, with a knowing look; "if I were to do so, you'd slip out, while my back was turned, and raise the castle. I've had trouble enough to elude their vigilance during the bustle, to lose my liberty so easily again. By-and-bye, we'll go down stairs together, and break open the cellar;—it's all my own, you know, if right was cock of the walk. I'm for gambocks and junketting, I forewarn you, and we'll have a jolly night of it."

By this time, Caddy had approached the arras with Cuddle fast in his clutch; he stooped down, and drawing forth an old fiddle and stick, put them into the hands of Cuddle; who, as may be imagined, was by no means enamoured of his situation.

"Now," said Caddy, "in the first place, my friend, play Rowley Waters. I have been trying to recollect the two last bars of it for these three years, but I cannot. Do you remember how beautifully my drunken old butler, Barnaby, used to troul it?"

"Ay, those were merry days, cousin," said Cuddle; "poor Barnaby! his passion for ale laid him low, at last."

"And many a time before."

"What! was it in time of your sanity? I beg pardon. Do you remember, then, our finding him, flat on his back, by the side of an untapped vat of the stoutest beer that ever Caddy Castle could boast?—Methinks I can see him now, with the gimlet in his hand, with which he had made an aperture in the cask, and sucked the blood of