

barley-corn, to such an abominable extent—the old beast did—that—”

“Don’t asperse him, Cuddle,” said Caddy; “he put a peg in the hole before he died. He was the best of butlers; if he drank a skinful, he never wasted a noggin. But now for Rowley Waters;—play up, and I’ll jig.”

“No, no,” said Cuddle, laying down the instrument; “I’ll do no such thing; I won’t, by Jupiter!—that’s resolute.”

“Well, then, I’ll play, and you shall dance.”

“Don’t make me swear,” said Cuddle; “don’t, Caddy, Caddy!—What! raise a riot again?—You don’t know, perhaps, that I have already sinned egregiously;—although, I protest, without the least evil intention. Besides, it would produce that very effect which you wish to—Eh! what was I saying?—Well, I don’t mind if I *do* give you one tune.”

“Thank you kindly, cousin Cuddle,” said Caddy, taking up the fiddle; “but you have raised an objection, which I admit to be of great weight. Oh! cousin Cuddle! Did you want to betray me?—I thank you for the hint:—we should, indeed, alarm my enemies. You overreached yourself, and saved me, cousin.”

“Well, I scorn a lie,” replied Cuddle; “such a thought as you suspect did occur to me: for I protest I am not very comfortable in your company, much as I respect you. Go back to your bed;—for your own sake, go.”

“Oh! what a thing self-interest is!” exclaimed Caddy; “‘for your own sake, go,’ quoth he, when it is solely for his! Cousin Cuddle, I shall not!—that’s a plain answer for you.”

Caddy now placed a chair immediately opposite to that on which he had found Cuddle sitting on his entrance; he forced the alarmed little gentleman into his seat; and in a few moments, resumed the conversation.

“Cuddle,” said he, looking very seriously, “as the world goes, I take you to be an honest man, and my friend. Now, I’ll confide something to your ear that will perfectly astonish you. The people about me don’t know a syllable of the matter; I kept it snug from them; if I had not, they would have restricted me to one room, instead of allowing me the liberty and use of three. —Draw your chair close.—About three years since I broke loose.”

“So I heard,” said Cuddle, trembling as he remembered what had been related of Caddy’s violence on that occasion. The great staircase of the better part of Caddy Castle, was circular, and surmounted by a magnificent dome, which lighted it completely down to the hall; Caddy had thrown himself over the banisters, and must inevitably

have been dashed to pieces, had it not been for a scaffolding, which some workmen had erected within the circle of the staircase, for the purpose of repairing some part of the masonry, a few days before. Caddy fell among the people on the temporary platform, and was taken up, apparently lifeless; but in the course of a couple of months, his bodily health was restored,—his mental malady remaining nearly in its former state.

“You know,” continued Caddy, “of my leap; I gave them the slip, then, cousin, in good earnest. I fell a terrific depth, and did the business at once. I recollect the near approach to the scaffolding, of the erection of which I was ignorant; but, as it happened, it did not frustrate my intentions.”

“I feel very ailing—very indisposed, indeed,” said Cuddle; “pray, cousin Caddy, permit me to—”

“Nonsense!” exclaimed Caddy; “you are as well as ever you were in your life; I am sure of it; so hear me out:—of course, you heard their account of restoring me to health;—but they knew nothing of the matter, cousin Cuddle—when I seemed to them to revive, I felt that I was *disembodied!*”

“Disembodied!” cried Cuddle, staring wildly at Caddy.

“Ay, disembodied, cousin,” said Caddy; “and my sole wish, except for liberty, now is, to obtain a disembodied companion, who—”

Cuddle could hear no more. To describe his thoughts or feelings at this moment, would be a task beyond the power of our feeble pen. We shall attempt only to relate his actions. He threw himself back in the capacious chair which he had hitherto occupied, but by no means filled; brought his knees on a level with, and as near as possible could to, his face; and then, suddenly throwing out his legs, with all the energy he possessed, struck Caddy in the breast with his feet, so violently, as, in an instant, to turn him and his chair topsy-turvy on the floor. He exhibited a specimen of that agility for which he had been famed in his younger days, as well in this, as in his subsequent proceedings. Skipping over Caddy and the chair, he flew to the door, and made for the staircase at full speed. It is useless to conceal that Cuddle was dreadfully frightened; he heard Caddy striding after him at a fearful rate; and felt satisfied, by the evidence of his ears, that his dreaded pursuer would very speedily overtake him. People in similar situations adopt plans for escaping, which men, sitting calmly over their coffee, would never dream of. Cuddle knew that he should have no chance in a grapple with Caddy: it was ridiculous to hope for help if