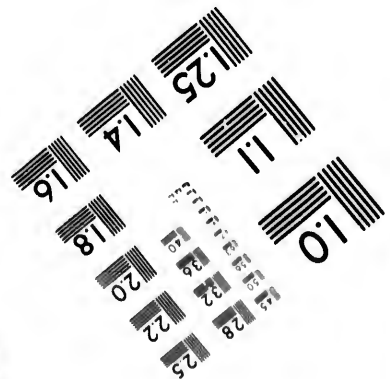
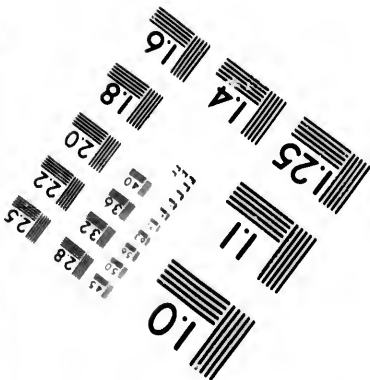
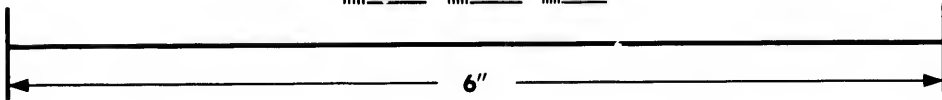
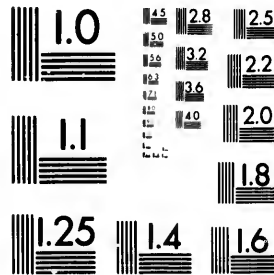


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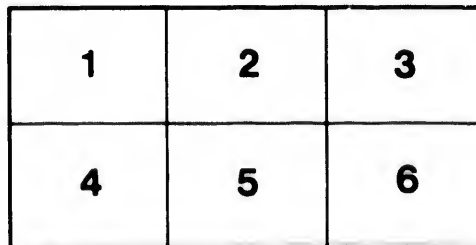
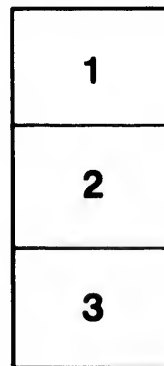
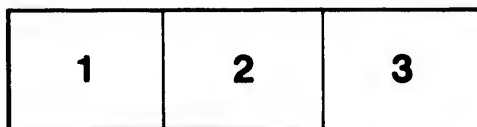
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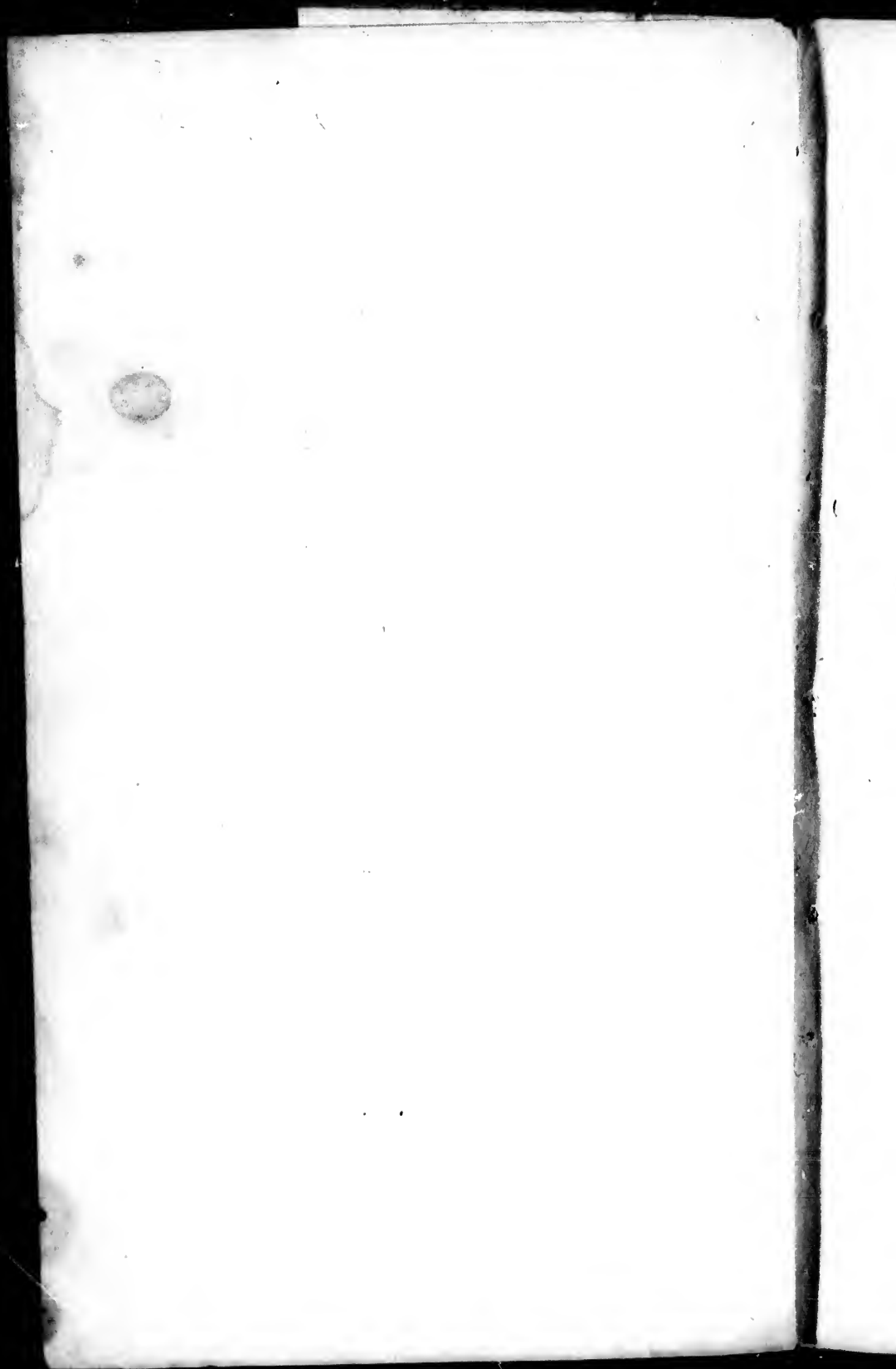
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THE  
**LADY AND THE DRESS-MAKER**

OR,

**A PEEP AT FASHIONABLE FOLLY.**

**A STORY**

FOUNDED ON CIRCUMSTANCES THAT  
OCCURRED SOME TIME SINCE,  
IN THIS CITY.

---

By a "Bluenose."  
(George E. Deuty)

---

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR.

---

St. John N. B. 71  
1842.

154,058

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TO  
**THE HONORABLE JEREMIAH JENKINS,**  
POLITICIAN, MEMBER OF THE EXECUTIVE  
COUNCIL;

And Fellow of the Rag, Tag, and Bobtail Society ;

**THE AUTHOR**

Respectfully begs leave to dedicate the following work, as a token of admiration for his industry and perseverance in assisting to work out the principles of "Responsible Government" in this Province, by which means the "Family Compact" has been destroyed ; the Loafers have been turned out of office, and an opening made for the knaves and cunning politicians to creep in.

A "BLUENOSE."



Lord  
Duke  
Bishop  
Baronet  
Esquire  
M<sup>r</sup>.  
M<sup>rs</sup>.  
D<sup>o</sup>.  
M<sup>r</sup>.  
M<sup>rs</sup>.  
M<sup>rs</sup>.  
Lord  
Hon.  
Hon.  
Capt.  
Lieut.  
De.  
M<sup>r</sup>. C.  
John  
M<sup>r</sup>. C.  
M<sup>r</sup>. P.  
Quo

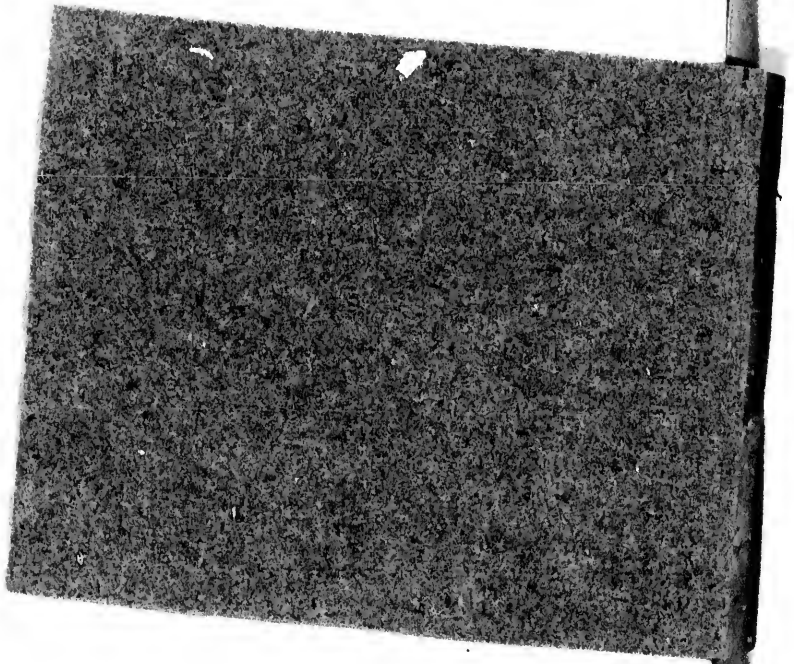
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INTRODUCTORY PREFACE

CHARACTERS REPRESENTED

Lady Conscience—Gill of Ipswich, Cornwall Street			
Dr. Parson—See Appendix page 10			
Miss Conscience	} Names unknown		
Miss Eliza Smith			
Miss Smith			
Mr. Grundy	} Well known		
Dolly Binn			
Mr. Wood			
Mr. Jones			
Mr. Green			
Lord Alford—Bishop	} Names unknown		
Hon. George Alford			
Cap. Swagger of the Guards			
Lieut. Peppercorn			
Dr. Bantam			
Mr. Croesus—Editor	} Editors		
Johnny Necker—do			
Mr. Crocodile, Publisher			
Mr. Pincus—do			
Quaker—a name unknown			

ed form: I will endeavour to satisfy your curiosity. When I first commenced writing it, my intention was, not to extend it through more than a few columns of the "Morning News," and my object, to pourtray in simple language, a few incidents connected with *living characters*. I thought that by showing around virtue a pure and modest garb, by pointing out the unalloyed happiness which ever attends her votaries, that perhaps I might be the



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## INTRODUCTORY PREFACE.

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CRITIC. "Well, Sir, so you intend to publish "THE LADY AND THE DRESS-MAKER" in cheap family numbers: pray, may I ask the reasons which have induced you to take such an egotistical step? Do you not imagine that you have already outraged the public taste sufficiently, by printing the story (as you are pleased to term it,) in the columns of your tri-weekly Journal?"

The Critic, apparently secure in having put such an unanswerable question to the Author, looked exceedingly grave, and paused for a reply.

AUTHOR. "You have asked me, Sir, for my reasons in publishing this Story in a new and improved form: I will endeavour to satisfy your curiosity. When I first commenced writing it, my intention was, not to extend it through more than a few columns of the "Morning News," and my object, to portray in simple language, a few incidents connected with *living characters*. I thought that by showing around virtue a pure and modest garb, by pointing out the unalloyed happiness which ever attends her votaries, that perhaps I might be the

humble means of saving many from a life of mortification and pain. And, on the other hand, experience led me to believe that if I could picture the vicious practices of the age in their true and odious colours, some, who are now tottering in their revolution, might be induced to pursue an upright and honourable course. Another leading object which I had in view, was to combat the absurd notions and prejudices of mankind—to caricature the follies and humiliation of what is artificially called “fashionable life;” and finally, to recommend an adherence to correct principles, as the only method of securing the hallowed blessings of the social circle. This, Sir, as I premised, was my original intention; but finding, as each succeeding chapter made its appearance before the public, that so great an interest was taken in several of the characters, and such an unprecedented demand created for the previous numbers, that I felt myself bound at once to throw off my *dishabille*, and commence re-writing my work in a more careful and methodical manner. I deny, however, that in any instance I have “outraged the public taste;” I may, ever and anon, have made a home-thrust; I may, indeed, in a few instances, have levelled my ridicule at particular individuals, but if so, I trust I have not descended to discuss private matters, nor wounded the feelings of any man.”

The Author ceased, and the Critic, with a flushed cheek and impatient eye, quickly retorted—

CRITIC. "Sir, I am astonished at your unparalleled effrontery. Your defence of what you have written is even less justifiable than the motives which induced you to undertake it. Your burlesques—your satires—and your caricatures, are unpardonable, because they *are* true; had they been merely ideal, nothing more than the effervescence of an exuberant fancy, they might be overlooked or forgiven. But, remember Sir, you *have* trespassed on the secrecy of the family compact, and carried your shafts into the bosom of privacy. The lady whom you style Lady Consequence is well known in this community, as being connected with the circumstances of your story; and I must say, you must have been really deficient in genius, by rendering your fiction so outrageous as to place her in the position of a *merchant's* wife. But, as authors as well as mariners often get astray in their reckoning, I presume you expect to be excused for this anomaly. But how can you reconcile the smarting reply of Miss Smith to her Ladyship, when she was asked "were you not Lady Usher's maid?" It is plain, Sir, to me, you have never been in England: *there*, for such an impudent answer, the young woman would have irretrievably lost her character. Again, how can you justify her insolence in refusing to wait upon Lady Consequence, after repeated summonses to do so? Your story, Sir, is a failure!"

AUTHOR. "The very faults of which you complain, are the greatest beauties—if any beauties

there be—of my story. It is not for me to state who the particular characters in the plot are ; but since a discerning public have thought fit to give “ a local habitation and a name” to some of the most prominent, it would be uncourteous in me to dispel from their minds the pleasing illusion. When you say, Mr. Critic, that the reply made by the Dressmaker to Lady Consequence would, in England, have lost that amiable young person her reputation, I cannot but regret the existence of such a factious state of society. The answer of Miss Smith, though perhaps a little too spirited, was one prompted by strong natural feeling, and spoken in the tone of a woman who conceived herself gratuitously insulted.”

CRITIC. “ Well, sir, we will pass that portion by, and come to what I consider a greater absurdity. Who ever heard of a milliner or seamstress mixing in the same quadrille with her patroness ?”

AUTHOR. “ Here again, Mr. Critic, you display an ignorance of Colonial manners and customs. Having always been accustomed to observe the *castes and grades* of society at home, you naturally enough infer, that the same conventional regulations exist here ; but in this you are mistaken, and upon inquiry you will find my observations correct, ‘ that a ball-room in the Colonies, may be likened to a miniature republic, where the company are all placed on an equality. The Plebeian and the Patrician may be

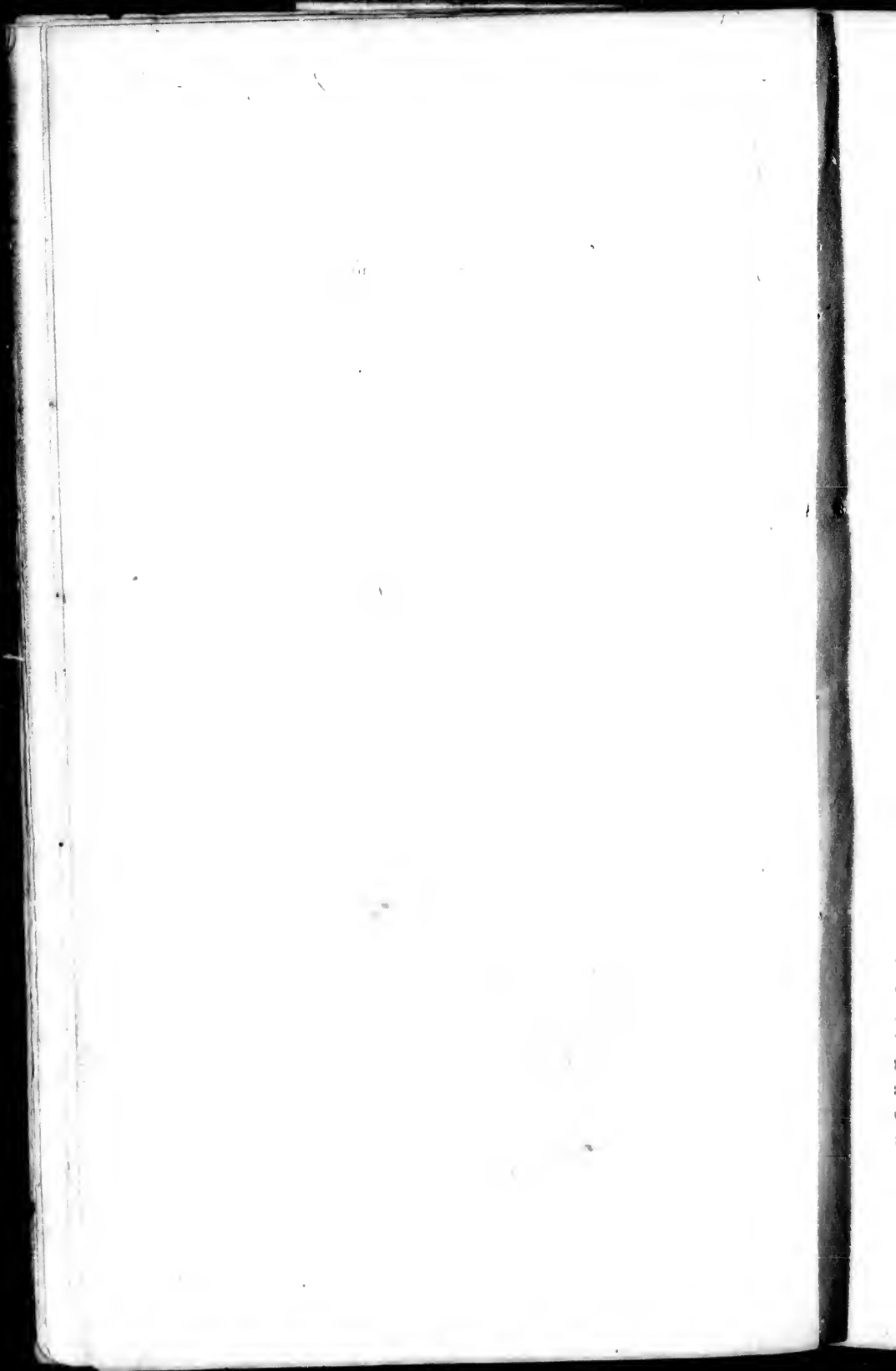
seen moving in the same set—they dance to the same music.’ ”

A short parley ensued, and the Author was beginning to think his antagonist had quitted the discussion, when suddenly he re-commenced, talking upon the subject of the conduct of Officers in the army.

CRITIC. “ Indeed, sir, after what you have said, I shall no longer wonder at any notion you may entertain, however preposterous. Still, I must confess, I am totally at a loss to understand the nonsensical jargon put into the mouths of Lieut. Pop-pinjay and Capt. Swagger.”

AUTHOR. “ As no good is likely to result from our conversation, I propose that we close the question, and that I may be allowed to proceed with my labours in peace. I shall throw myself on the discrimination of a sensible public—and not yield to the opinion of one man—and abide by their decision. You will remember that I have made no charge against the general conduct of Her Majesty’s Officers; my strictures are confined to a few raw young men, who come to our Colonies with very weak notions of men and things, at this side of the Atlantic. Many of them, no doubt, are persons of education and good breeding; from whom we may gather both polish and information. I might thus go on with a defence of the scope of my work to a tedious length; but in place of doing this, I prefer leaving the reader to form his own conclusions by what he reads.”





## AN ORIGINAL TALE.

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THE  
**LADY AND THE DRESS-MAKER ;**  
OR,  
**A PEEP AT FASHIONABLE FOLLY.**

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### CHAPTER I.

IN no country, perhaps, do we find the aristocracy, or nobility, more refined and purely selfish in their manners, customs, and pursuits, than in England. Genealogical descent with them, is almost every thing. They pride themselves on the deeds of their ancestors, whether in literature, arts, or arms ; and the more remote a nobleman can trace back his title, just in proportion will be his estimation in the public eye. For instance, if the veriest Tyro, who struts up and down Regent's Park, and gains admittance at Almacks, can date the origin of his house back to the days of the conquest, he is considered more famous than he on whom has been conferred by his sovereign, a patent of Nobility for his worth, and the service he has done the state. Thus it is, the Patrician halls of a nobleman, ornamented with escutcheons, on which are emblazoned symbolic characters, illustrative of his ancestor's deeds in the senate, or the field, factiously reflect upon the descendant as much credit as is really due to the brightest ornament of his

line; while at the same time, the proprietor may not possess sufficient merit to give his own memory perpetuity beyond the term of his natural life. But, if these men are great in their own land, they become still greater when they cross the water, and come amongst us poor colonists, whose ancestors were the hardy pioneers of the forest—or rough-handed artizans, and whose chief fame consisted in being masters of their craft. Their little wisdom, perhaps, was only ample enough to keep them from starvation—and out of difficulties. When such men as we are speaking of come to visit us, they assume airs of so supercilious a character, that they render themselves intollerable, if not disgusting; and in some cases they so far carry their point, as to cause many of the colonists, or such as feel that they ought to have been born under a brighter star, to ape them in their lordly bearing, and imbibe notions of haughtiness which ill comport with their breeding. The ladies too, are not invulnerable to these weak foibles—for with the ascent of their husbands up the ladder of folly, do they keep pace. “My husband now associates with my Lord Fiddlestick, and I must be a little more circumspect with whom I associate. To mingle in the society of my former friends would be degrading—I must think now of a better circle—a few extra airs will serve every purpose, and be the means of securing me a passport into the society of my Lord Fiddlestick’s lady. Dresses I have plenty—my husband’s credit is good, if his purse is not—and I can deck out in silks and satins, no matter who is to pay the piper.” The husband thinks this reasoning perfectly correct; good-hearted soul, he indulges his wife to the gratification of her utmost vanity! But mark! how fatal sometimes is the result.

In illustration of the folly which we have endeavoured thus feebly to describe, we shall now commence our narrative; the scene is laid in this city—and the circumstances will tend to prove that in introducing our text on Patrician grandeur, we have not gone out of the way, inasmuch as it furnishes us with the cause of of the Colonist and his wife, in many cases, rendering themselves ridiculously conspicuous. Though a little fiction may adorn our tale, in order to render it more characteristic of persons in general,

still we shall endeavour to preserve all the facts connected with it, or a sufficient number of them, to preserve its identity. It would be as well also to add, that the names of the characters mentioned are of course fictitious; but the individuals will understand themselves, as represented, though the public may not.

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## CHAPTER II.

### LADY CONSEQUENCE.

This lady was the daughter of a *Farmer*—not very wealthy, nor yet very poor—but he lived in what is considered “middling circumstances.” Like many a volatile and thoughtless maiden, she imbibed strange notions of grandeur, at a very early age—notwithstanding she lived in the country, and seldom mingled in society, while she considered herself, what is sometimes called “the Paragon of perfection.” As such maidens often make a “slip” in securing a partner for life, fit for their vain tastes; yet do they sometimes have the good luck of getting their utmost wishes gratified; and in such cases they become truly dangerous creatures. Lady Consequence then, was one of these sort of bodies. As a maiden, she felt that a country life was too limited for her “sphere of action;” and when she became a wife, and removed with her husband to the city, the same disposition accompanied her—for she then felt that the city was not large enough; or in other words, its society did not come up to her sublime ideas of the *beau monde*. Her husband was of a-piece with herself—although he could boast of his descent, as being a little more illustrious than her’s; nevertheless, they were a pair well matched, and it was dangerous even to look at them.

Gentleman Consequence now became acquainted with the Hon. George Allspice, just from across the water, and who

like my Lord Fiddlestick, could trace his ancestors back to the days of the Heptarchy—a circumstance quite sufficient to render him famous in the world's eye. As soon as this important fact became known to Lady Consequence, it operated upon her like a charm; and it is said by an "eye witness" that she would have soared aloft, like an inflated balloon—by the buoyancy of her spirits—in spite of the laws of gravitation, were it not that she possessed remarkably large feet, which preserved her equilibrium, and kept her stationary. This singular circumstance then, clearly proves that large feet, at all times, are not to be despised. The first impulse having subsided, was followed by a second, and the second by a third, and fourth, until my Lady's fancy finally became so overcharged, by that prospective grandeur which ever waits upon rank, that though she did not actually faint, she came so very near it (as her dressing maid afterwards said,) that "it appeared a miracle she did not." A coach and four, with liveried servants, now rolled before her phrenzied imagination; splendid furniture and equipage held alternate sway; lords and ladies beat in to render the picture still more alluring and delusive; in short, her present condition was entirely forgotten in the future; her husband was *now* acquainted with a nobleman, and she felt that she was already fit society for a Duchess, if she was not actually a Duchess herself. Balls and routes now became the order of the day—or rather night—at the house of the Consequences; officers and their ladies were among the first on the list for invitation, while former real friends and associates were forgotten. The Hon. George Allspice was a partition between the society of equals and superiors. Many enemies, in consequence, were created amongst those who thought they were overlooked, or forgotten. The gossips, who are ever on the tiptoe to catch at any, and every thing, that can be handled, began to grow very loquacious about the Consequences; "they wondered" among other things, "where they could have got all their money!" One supposition was, that his *lordship* must have met with the luck of Ali Baba, and found a cave with valuable treasures in it. Another, that he must be on good terms with the Directors of the Banks, and receives large accommodations.

A third, that he entertained his company at the expence of the public; perhaps he enjoyed a *fat* office; or if not, that he was dashing at the expence of a host of creditors, who, bye-and-bye were to fall victims to his extravagance. The latter surmise, perhaps, was the most probable—but the sequel will tell. No matter—the Consequences *did* enjoy themselves; and perhaps, it was only *envy* that caused people to talk!

The Honorable George now became a constant visitor at the house of his friend—for he now assumed that character—and would have continued as such, so long as there was good cheer in the way, and plenty of adulation—if through no other cause. The entertainer felt as happy as the entertained; the first, on account of the honor of the company; the second, on account of the entertainment, as much as any thing else; while Lady Consequence daily increased—not in size, or wisdom—but in importance. Her former friends forsook her—"she was too fine for them; she thought too much of herself, and she a ploughman's daughter too! she had better go back to the country again, and weed her father's garden, instead of sticking herself up in a drawing-room to receive noblemen and their ladies." Such were the denunciations thrown out against her reputation, accompanied, no doubt, by a due share of scandal, if not inuendoes against her virtue.

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### CHAPTER III.

#### THE DRESS-MAKERS.

We must now leave Lady Consequence for a short time "in her glory," until we introduce the reader to a young lady, who depended upon her industry for a livelihood. This was a dress-maker, and perhaps it will be as well to give the reader some idea of her—since she is to form a conspicuous character in our narrative—in order that he may be prepared for the part she is about to play.—

She was a young woman then, of prepossessing exterior, and possessed, what was still more valuable, a sweet disposition, and a refined taste; also a noble spirit, without pride, unless it was that pride which belongs to virtue, and ever ready to resent an insult. She was one of five sisters, who were all of the same calling, and equally chaste and spirited in their demeanour. Their business was extensive; they sewed for all the first ladies in the city; and they were patronized as much for their obliging and amiable dispositions, as for the satisfaction they gave in their work. No dress-makers knew better how to straighten a crooked form, by means of pads and bustles, and divers other strange appliances and enormities, common among ladies, than these same girls; nor were they more remarkable for setting off others, than for setting off themselves; although nature had done a great deal for *their* persons, which rendered their cunning in the art, of little service to their persons. At home, in their domestic affairs, they were neat and tidy; when walking abroad the same characteristics were visible; in short, *those who knew them* always spoke of them in terms of the highest commendation; and some persons even ventured so far as to call them *ladies*, notwithstanding that they were only *dress-makers*. Perhaps the reader would now like to know what their names were? Since then we have not yet *christened* them, we will dub them the Miss Smiths; and in order that he may the better identify them, we will state that they were JOHN SMITH'S sisters—which name being very *uncommon* in this city, we think the public will be at no loss to imagine who this remarkable family were. Having great partiality for the name ELIZA, we shall call the heroine of the family by this cognomen; the second we shall call MARY, inasmuch as it was a favorite name with Byron; the names of the other sisters need not be mentioned, as they will have but a small part to perform in our narrative. The Miss Smiths could sing as well as sew; when plying their needles they were constantly warbling, and indeed on this account alone, were they considered very charming girls.

Eliza, one beautiful summer afternoon was seated beside her sisters, carolling forth a favourite air, called "On the margin of fair

Zurick's waters," when a loud rap was given at the front door.—  
 "O ho!" concluded the chorus to the song, and also served as an  
 exclamation of astonishment, at the knocker being so badly treated.  
 Eliza, without any ceremony—such as giving the curls an extra  
 twist, pulling out the sleeves, etc., very peculiar to young ladies  
 who expect to meet strangers, tripped down stairs; no doubt she  
 considered, by the loudness of the rap, that it was given by some  
 person of consequence. On opening the door, a curly pated negro  
 stood before her; at first she felt inclined to rebuke him for his ill  
 manners in making so free with the knocker; but her good judg-  
 ment at once got the mastery of her temper, and she merely frown-  
 ed upon the intruder, without opening her lips, until she could learn  
 his errand.

"Is Miss Smid in de house—cos I wants to see her?"

"I'm Miss Smith;—what do you want?"

"Lady Consequence send me down to say she mus see you;  
 she wants you come up right 'way strait."

"Tell Lady Consequence—very well—I'll call!"

It appears that the Miss Smiths were about making a dress for  
 her ladyship, and had it half completed; and, as it afterward prov-  
 ed, she wished Eliza to go up and fit the dress on, in order to get  
 the set of it. Eliza accordingly equipped herself, and forthwith  
 directed her steps toward the splendid mansion of my Lady Con-  
 sequence. On arriving there, she knocked at the door, but with  
 much more modesty than did her ladyship's black menial at her  
 own. The same ebony, who had reached the house before her,  
 came to the door.

"Is Lady Consequence in?"

"Yes, she in, but she can't be seen; 'cos she not out—top a  
 minit till I go see—I tink she'll see you, weder she in or out—a fac."

Up stairs Caleb—for his name was Caleb—posted; and shortly  
 after, returned with his message.

"Walk up! Lady Consequence in de drawin-room. Turn to  
 your right, den go strait forard—den knock at de fuss door you  
 come to on de luft—I'se got to go down in de kitchen, or I go wid  
 you, and show you de way!"



Eliza thought if this were all the manners Lady Consequence taught her servants, she was but a very poor teacher. At all events, she obeyed Caleb's directions, and in the next moment was knocking at the drawing-room door.

"Come in!" was faintly drawled forth from a weak voice inside, which found vent through the key-hole. Eliza opened the door, and presented herself before her ladyship, who was busily engaged at a centre-table, drawing. The room was most elegantly furnished; the windows were hung with rich damask curtains, ornamented with gilt; while every thing corresponded in gorgeous uniformity and splendour. The apartment, indeed, might have been compared to an Eastern harem, and, perhaps, even then a correct idea of its grandeur and costliness, could not be conveyed. Her ladyship was richly attired; artificial flowers adorned her temples in profusion. Cleopatra might have seemed enchanting to Mark Antony in the splendour of her trappings; but not more so than did Lady Consequence to the unostentatious Eliza Smith.

Eliza broke the silence.

"I have called up about *the* dress, as I understood your ladyship sent for me."

No reply! Her ladyship was too deeply engaged with painting her flowers, to attend to her dress-maker; nor did she even raise her head, in token that she "knew there was somebody in the room besides herself." She pencilled on, while the poor girl, like a mute, stood beside her, awaiting her ladyship's pleasure to give an answer; her maidenly spirit and pride at the same time kindling in her bosom at such rude treatment. That she should attend on her ladyship by her ladyship's request, and then be insulted for her trouble! The ready assistance of woman, in all trying cases—tears—would have come to her relief, had not her fearless spirit controlled her heart, and forbade them; a hectic glow merely suffused her countenance, which was sufficiently indicative of the mortification she experienced. Her ladyship at length condescended to look up, but not until several minutes had elapsed from the time that Eliza had spoken.

"Were you not Lady Usher's maid?" at length inquired Lady Consequence.

Now, no greater insult could possibly be given to a female (particularly one of spirit and pretensions, as Eliza Smith evidently was) than to call her a "serving maid;" if there be one indignity greater than another that can be offered, this one to a proud girl, is the most touching. If she did not meet with respect from a servant at the door, she attributed it to his ignorance, but she certainly expected to meet with respect from a lady in the drawing-room, where etiquette is regarded. Alas! this conviction was quickly superseded by another, for she now saw that the mistress displayed even greater ignorance than the servant. Besides, Eliza was at a loss to know what Lady Usher's maid had to do with the business which she was upon—that of trying on a dress, and taking her ladyship's dimensions.

"No!" was the brief and emphatic reply—"I was *not* Lady Usher's maid!"

An answer so haughty and spirited, at once found its way to the most sensitive chord in her ladyship's bosom, for she was not accustomed to expect any thing but the most crouching submission from those whom she considered her inferiors. Taken by surprise, her usual conceit forsook her, and she presented the humiliating spectacle, of being *humbled* by her dress-maker. She had, however, no time for reflection: a crowd of ideas, confused and indistinct, flitted across her mind; but, endeavouring to affect what she could not feel, with an air of offended dignity, she quitted the room, leaving Miss Smith its sole mistress. If Eliza entertained doubts before, concerning Lady Consequence's bad manners, they were now entirely confirmed by this last movement.—"Pon my word," thought she, "if this is not aggravating!"—Such was the impression on her mind, when the same door, through which Lady Consequence made her exit, gradually opened, and Drucilla Pert, her ladyship's dressing-maid, entered, rubbing her hands in the most dignified manner, and with a variety of airs which ill accorded with her station, (being copied from her mistress,) she thus accosted Eliza:

"I am *requesteth* by Lady Conthequenth, to inform you that her ladyship ith not to be theen to day; thee saith to call again in three dayth from thith!"

Eliza now thought it was time to go; although it seemed to her rather paradoxical that she should but just have seen her ladyship, and yet her ladyship *was not to be seen!* She had attended upon her by her own special orders, at that very time; and after doing so, had not only to brook insult, but also be duped into the bargain.

"It is too bad!" thought she, and she left the house, fully resolved to be even with Lady Consequence—if possible.

On reaching home, Miss Smith found her sisters, as usual, busily engaged with their dresses; she took a seat on the sofa, and hiding her face in her hands, burst into tears; the tempest which had been gathering in her bosom, got the mastery over her, and broke forth in loud and audible sobs; the fountains of her heart were opened, and she wept bitter tears.

"Why—what's the matter with Eliza?" inquired her mother, who had just entered the room, "why—what's the matter child?"

As soon as Eliza's emotion had subsided, she recapitulated all that happened in the drawing room of Lady Consequence. Nor did she exaggerate, or give colouring to the circumstances; they were sufficiently forcible already, and any addition would only have rendered them incredible to Mrs. Smith, and her daughters.

"The fright!—the audacious fright!" ejaculated Mary, alluding to Lady C. "had it been me——"

"Stop—stop, my dear," said her mother, interrupting Mary, "don't talk so fast; perhaps Eliza was a little to blame herself.—How did you answer Lady Consequence, when she spoke to you? Of course you styled her *my lady?*"

"No, mother! indeed I did not!" replied Eliza, the colour mantling in her cheeks, "I did not; nor would England's Queen have received from me the homage of Majesty, had she treated me with the same indignity. It is true I have to work with my needle for a living; but is that any disparagement to me? does that render me inferior in virtue, though it may in rank, to the first lady

in the land? Heaven forbid!—If it were so, then I should renounce my vocation and call virtue by another name; but, until my disposition changes, I shall hold to the opinion, that it is far more creditable for a girl to earn her own living in a respectable way, than to be wasting her time trumming at a piano, and depending on chance for a livelihood.”

“You just think as I do, Eliza!” said Mary, “and so do the young men, else why do they pay so much attention to dress-maker-girls, as that Susan Spinnage thinks proper to call us.—She could’nt get a beau to save her life—although she thinks herself such great things. She makes a perfect fright of herself in church, tossing her head about, as if every body was admiring her.”

“Hold your tongue, Mary; you mus’nt talk so fast!” said Mrs. Smith, “this is no time to be talking about Susan Spinnage.”—Turning to Eliza, she continued—“you had better do what you can to her ladyship’s dress, until you have an opportunity of trying it on her. *Three days!*—that will be on Saturday. Perhaps she will then be more placid; and no doubt offer some explanation for her unaccountable conduct.”

“I will do what I can to the dress, Mother! but it shall not be *finished* by me, nor I hope by any body else, until I am *even with her Ladyship,*” answered Eliza.

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## CHAPTER IV.

### GOSSIP CIRCLE.

In the train of events, our scene is now shifted to an apartment in a house up town, where several elderly ladies, and old maids, are seated around a tea-table. We will stile them the “*gossip circle.*” These ladies usually congregated about once a week, in order to attend to their neighbours’ business, (in the way of talking,) and re-

port to one another how things were going on in Mrs. Jones', Mrs. Hinckelby's, or Mrs. Tuckamuging's kitchen; how many loads of wood had been deposited at either of their doors, in the course of a month; what was seen going into their houses every day, from market; and such like valuable information. We will imagine Mrs. Jones pouring out a cup of tea, and handing it to Miss Dolly Blab, a celebrated old maid; a real moving catamaran of all the furies.

MRS. JONES.—That is shocking news, Dolly; 'spose you haird it, for its all about?

MISS BLAB.—Why, law me, no!—Why, what is it? you quite confound me! who'se going to be married now; for pity's sake do tell me?

MRS. JONES.—Well, well, I thought it was in every body's ears, for it's in every body's mouth. (All the ladies now cocked up their ears in mute astonishment, expecting of course to get something worth retailing out again.) Well, then, one of the Smiths was sent for the other morning, by Lady Consequence, to order her to make her a dress, for (is your tea sweet enough, Mrs. Mouth? if not, here's more sugar: just all help yourselves, and don't make strange; take another piece of toast) she opened her ladyship's drawing-room door without knocking, (that's Lize Smith for all the world, interrupted Dolly Blab,) and did'nt even take the trouble of cleaning her feet on the mat, before she entered; (now do help yourself, Mrs. Grundy,) her ladyship, of course, got quite angry, and rebuked Miss Smith: but she, just like her aunt Peggy for all the world, instead of apologizing, answered her ladyship in a very unbecoming manner; and you know great ladies are very quick, and soon fly into a pucker, so her ladyship, without any ado, took off her slipper and beat it about Eliza's ears, which was a broad hint for her to leave the room—(pass over your cup, and let me give you another, Miss Tongue—why you're doing nothing.)—ever since then the Smiths have been up in arms, and they abuse her ladyship worse than a pickpocket.

DOLLY BLAB.—I'm glad of it; that Lize Smith thinks there's nobody like her—I'm glad her pride's cut down for once. To see

her going along the streets a-Sundays, with the young men, its enough to make any body sick. She hasn't a very good name either.

MRS. GRUNDY.—I never allows my gals to go gadding about the streets in that way—(Perhaps it would be as well here to inform the reader, that the Miss Grundys were not the handsomest girls in the world, and perhaps this accounts for their being seldom seen in the streets with the young men, and so obedient to their mama; besides they are a little on the wrong side of thirty,)—they are much better at home: there is so much scandal in this city, that girls soon get their names up.

MRS. MOUTH.—That's very true, Mrs. Grundy, and so does the young men; my Sam can't be seen goin' along with a gal, but he's going' to be married to her right off. The other day Susan Riley came to me in a great fease, and said she saw Sam the night before with Miss Clutterbuck, at the Institute; whatever that is, I don't know, but I believe it's a place where all the Mechanics go to larn to *sifer*. [O, no! interrupted Mrs. Tongue, my man goes there—it's a place where the men go to get *lectured*, by a man picked out on purpose, because they think he knows somefin; John (her husband) has been invited to lecture, by one of the men they call the Board of Directors—men made of *wood* I b'lieve—because he is known; but he says he would'nt like to try until he can read a little better. John says it would be no trouble to lecture if he could only read, because he could do like the other lecturers do, take it all out of a book.]—Mrs. Mouth resumed—O that's it, is it? my man lectures me sometimes without knowing how to read, and very often 'afore I rises of a mornin.' Well, as I was a-sayin' Susan would have it that Sam did'nt take Miss Clutterbuck to the Institute for nothin'; Susan, herself, I know always thought a good deal of Sam; and I spose this was the reason of her talkin' so—but I told her not to be afeard, for Sam would be any girl's man who put herself in his way. That Institute is a dangerous place, mind I tell you; for if a gal is seen there with a young chap, she must be a-going to be married to him, right off the reel.

MISS BLAB.—Why, law me! I never thinks of sich a thing, myself! Susan Riley has very queer notions sometimes; I never see sich a jealous thing in all my life!

MRS. TONGUE.—Yes; but you know people *will blab!* 'praps Susan has good cause to feel uneasy. She's gettin' older every day, and if she do'nt soon get off, nobody will have her. Now, Mrs. Mouth, I know that Sam, although he's your son, does'nt treat Susan rite; he tries to tantalize her by goin' with other gals. (We must here inform the reader of the cause of Mrs. Tongue taking up the matter so warmly. Her own daughter, like other girls, had been more than once duped by Sam's inconstancy; and she thought it a capital time to "let out.") You may say what you like, and abuse Eliza Smith, but Sam Mouth has too much *tongue*; but not of the right sort.

The old lady had reference to her daughter as being the right sort of a *Tongue* for Sam. The conversation was here broken off; and whilst the ladies are sipping their *tenth* cup of tea, we will resume the thread of our narrative.

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## CHAPTER V.

### LADY CONSEQUENCE—DRUCILLA—AND CALEB.

THE third day had now arrived; the day on which Lady Consequence expected Eliza's visit, to try on the dress. Her ladyship was seated in the drawing-room, as usual, painting; and when she found the time gliding on, and no dress-maker, she began to think there was some misunderstanding in the matter—that her maid, perhaps, had not been sufficiently explicit with Miss Smith, in giving directions about the time. Accordingly she rang the bell, and in a few moments Drucilla opened the door, curtsying low enough to place in jeopardy some of the strings which gave her body symmetry, and kept her in trim.

"Drucilla, are you sure you delivered my message to Miss Smith, about calling up to-day, correctly?"

"Yeth my lady! I told her yer orders were that thee thoud come up on Thaterday."

"Well—'tis very strange she does not come! Call Caleb!—(Enter Caleb)—Caleb go down to Miss Smith, and tell her it is my pleasure that she should come up immediately!"

Caleb darted from his mistress' presence like a shooting star—but not a very *light* one—threw off his white apron, and took the road for Miss Smith's house; but as he had a tremendous heavy pair of heels to drag after him, we got the start, and arrived at the young ladies house before him.



## BALL—CALEB—AND MISS SMITH.

The Ladies were busily engaged in making ball-dresses, as a Ball was about to take place at the St. James Hotel, on Monday night; they had what is called in business parlance, their 'hands full'—that is, they had about a dozen dresses for about as many ladies to transmogrify, in taking a piece off here, and putting it on there, turning inside out, altering skirts, perhaps putting extra plaits in the bosom, or letting out a flounce at the bottom, or adding one—according to taste and the fashions.

(Rap-rap-rap-e-te-tap !) at the front door. Of course the reader anticipates the intruder. (It was Caleb.)

Mary went to the door, and ushered the negro up stairs, into the room amongst her sisters.

"Lady Consequence berry angry! She say she want you go up dis moment—come long wid dis child, rite off—can't go widout yer, or Caleb get he wool pul'd."

This speech was too much for the girls' risibles; they, simultaneously, burst out into a fit of laughter, which was loud enough, as the gossips said, to be heard half-a-mile off. Eliza—like all other young girls—had not such sovereign contempt for beaux, as old maids generally have; but still she thought a beau of Caleb's hue, might very well be dispensed with, particularly as she felt like staying at home that day. Nevertheless, she enjoyed the laugh at Caleb's expence, with as much enthusiasm as any of her sisters, and excused the messenger for his impertinence.

"Tell your mistress," said Eliza, "that Miss Smith is engaged to-day, and cannot come; but that she will call up when she has time."

"Miss Smid in a rage t' day, and fond o' run; but will go up if she can get wine—whoy well, me tell lady dat. Misses got plenty wine—come 'long—she gib you semic; she drink it out a tumbler kos woinc-glass not large 'nuf, an neber gib dis nigger any. Gore-a-massy how she swig it."

Eliza, perceiving that Caleb misunderstood her, repeated the message that he was to carry to his mistress; nor did she impress it upon his mind, until after she had repeated it half a dozen times. (Exit Caleb)

"Why—Eliza, you had better go up and see her Ladyship to day ; if you incur her displeasure, it may operate against you very seriously, in more ways than one—she has a great deal of influence among the ladies whom you work for, you know ; and no doubt she will misrepresent you, very much against your interests ; her story will be listened to, while you will have no one to represent your case ; now *do* go up"—was Mrs Smith's advice to Eliza.

"Mother ! I will obey you in all things reasonable ; and if I considered your present request such, I would show my filial duty and take your advice ; but I conceive, since Lady Consequence has not shown herself a lady to me, I ought to attend to those first who have better manners. Besides, these dresses must be finished by Monday evening—and now it's Saturday—and if I neglect them, to serve Lady Consequence, I shall have to disappoint nearly all these customers ; that would'nt be right you know. I have also to get my own dress ready, and even that alone will keep me busy.

The Colonial reader will not be at all astonished at the idea that "dress-makers" should mix in the same brilliant circle—with those ladies for whom they work—at a Public Ball. Nothing is more common than this. All distinctions in the ball-room, are, comparatively, levelled down ; there, all are *ladies* and *gentlemen* who represent the character, and behave as such—a ball-room in the Colonies may be likened to a miniature republic, where persons are all on an equality. The Plebeian and Patrician are seen in the same set—they dance to the same music.

"What are you going to wear, Eliza ?" interrogated Mary. "Ellen Splash last year, took all the young men's fancies, and was invited up in every dance, just because she wore at the Officers' Ball, a sky-blue dress—besides a certain Editor in this City, got quite bedazzled with her, just on account of her dress, and made some allusions to her, they say, in his paper ; now if I were you Eliza, I would just dress in the same way, and see what effect it will have with you. I know what I should do if I was going—but you can just do as you please. I only wish I was old enough to go to a Ball."

“ To hear Mary talk ”—said the elder Miss Smith, “ a person would be led to suppose that dress is everything with her, to make a conquest among the young men. Now, I think differently ; although no doubt some young men look more to dress in a ball-room, than in a kitchen—still I think the majority of them study action, as much as even Demosthenes did—(who’s e that, interpolated Mary ?)—and manners too. Do you take my advice Eliza, and dress plain and neat—that’s the way Cinderalla did, and she conquered a Prince ; but my stars ! whatever you do, don’t, like Cinderalla, drop your slipper, or there’s no knowing what may happen.

“ Ellen McIvers told me last night what she was going to wear ”—said another Miss Smith ; “ She’s going to have on a crimson satin dress, figured with large flowers, decorated with various elaborate *arabesques* of piping, and flounced with blond, on the skirt, sleeves and corsage.—The front of her hair is to be decked out with crimson flowers and marabout feathers, and gold cable ; on the back of her head she is to wear a tiara of wild roses. She is to have on white satin slippers, and stockings embroidered with gold thread—and oh ! what a beautiful embroidered lace handkerchief she has bought for the occasion ! Her dress altogether won’t cost less than £20 ; she has been saving up all her earnings for this purpose for the last twelve months.”

“ The fright ! ” ejaculated Mary “ that’s the way she always tries to dress—just like a butterfly, for all the world ; she carries all her plumage in her wings, and don’t care whether she has holes in her stockings or not. For *my* part I would’nt be seen in the same dance with her, nor——”

“ Mary—Mary—how often must I speak to you about your foolish prattling,” interrupted the mother, “ you had better mind your work ! now don’t let me have to speak to you again ! ”

We will now leave the Miss Smiths, and let them enjoy their colloquy—for it would not do to hear too much, particularly since balls, beaux, and dresses are being discussed—while we turn our attention once more to Lady Consequence.

## CHAPTER VI.

Caleb delivered the message from Eliza to her Ladyship ; but it was no sooner out of his mouth than his hat—which was a remarkable one—was driven over his eyes. Before explaining how this was done, perhaps it will amuse the reader to give him some idea of this

### REMARKABLE HAT.

In size and shape it resembled very much, they say, a certain one in this City, intended as a sign. It was singularly large and fashionable at the top, but tapered like a sugar loaf, as you approached the brim ; it was an excellent fit—(that is if the same rule will apply to beaver that will to leather)—by fitting very *tight*. It was always with much difficulty that Caleb could screw this remarkable hat on his head ; and when he got it on he had nearly as much difficulty in getting it off again, as its affinity for his temples was very strong ; and he has been known to go about the house for a whole day, with his hat on his head, in order to prevent the trouble of putting on and taking off ; and it is also said—although we cannot exactly vouch for it—that he did not unfrequently turn into bed, and wear it as a night-cap, in order that he might be as expeditious as possible in performing the duties of his toilet, in the morning. Caleb, with all his other peculiarities, could also boast of possessing a fine head of wool, which, by the way, served to keep him in pocket money ; for he used to get it sheared about once a month, and converted into an article of merchandize. An old lady who used to *spin*

*yarns*—living in rear of the City—always afforded him a market, by purchasing his wool, at the rate of 6d. a pound. Just before shearing time it was a curiosity to witness Caleb's head, on account of the inroads made around his temples, by this remarkable hat ; a perfect trench, like a ditch before a parapet, was quite visible, all round his sconce, a little above the ears.

Caleb's message threw his mistress into a tremendous passion, which was, no doubt, superinduced by her having made too free, a little before, with the large tumbler, which Caleb quoted in the presence of Miss Smiths, in referring to Lady Consequence's propensities at home, when her husband was abroad. In her fury she seized hold of an ottoman which was lying by her ; and so unprepared was Caleb for a salutation from her ladyship, that before he found time to dodge, the ottoman was upon his head, or rather hat, with all the impetus that the *muscular* arm of a *lady* could possibly give it ; the hat not being used to such severe treatment, gave way in the crown—although it had stood the storms and tempests of ten years—and it did not only take liberty with his eyes, by blindfolding him, but found its way clean down to his chin ;—and the chin being rather protruberant, and the hat rather pliable, a co-partnership was immediately formed—or, in other words, the chin served as a peg, or rather like a harpoon in a whale's back—and held the hat so tight that it could not be removed. Caleb roared out *murder !* from under the hat, as loud as he could ball—and that was'nt very loud—for he was nearly gagged, while there was very little room for the sound to escape.

Her ladyship seeing what she had done, began to get alarmed ; her passion, like Bob Acre's courage, had now oozed out, and sympathy, for once, supplied its place. Caleb by this time was prostrate upon the floor—he was nearly suffocated. Lady C. rang the bell, and at the same time screamed at the top of her voice, for *help* ; the servants from below ran up, pell-mell, in every direction, and rushed into the room, with less ceremony than they ever did before. By this time Lady C. had fainted, and was lying beside Caleb on the floor, insensible. The servants unani-

mously concluded that Caleb must have been abusing the mistress—that he had given her impudence—or, it was not improbable, that he had struck her, as he was a mischievous dog, and that he was merely cutting up the pranks they witnessed, (from his convulsions,) with pretension of insanity. The footman applied the toe of his boot to Caleb's nether parts, without mercy, in order to arouse and punish him by the same process; which was certainly, as Caleb afterwards said, rather a cruel way of ministering to a person in agony—viz: by kicking him out of the world, when he was already going out as fast as he could.

By means of Drucilla Pert's smelling-bottle, which she usually carried round her neck, suspended by a piece of black ribbon, as an ornament, Lady Consequence was gradually restored to her senses. On opening her eyes she gave a loud scream, which reverberated through the spacious room and hall of the mansion with alarming effect.

“Attend to Caleb—attend to Caleb—never mind me!”—commanded her ladyship.

Caleb was still struggling on the floor, under the big hat, in convulsive agony, and kicking like a malefactor. The footman attempted to remove the hat, but it held on to Caleb's physog with the tenacity of Burgamese pitch—and for the first time the footman saw that something was wrong with the poor blackamoor. Finding he could not remove the hat, he took out his penknife and made an incision in the front of it, immediately opposite Caleb's mouth, when the poor fellow once more breathed freely. He was then put upon his feet, with the hat still upon his head, and his nose and lips protruding through the aperture. His organs of vision, after restoration, was even more distorted than his mistress'; it is true he did not imitate her ladyship by screaming out; perhaps it was on account of a defect in his lungs; but like a frantic maniac he jumped and skipped about the room, upsetting every thing in his way, and very nearly run his head through a large pier-glass of enormous value. The footman being very muscular, managed at length to pinion his arms to his sides, by embracing him with the hug of a bear; while another servant grasped his legs, and between the

two he was prevented from doing further mischief. The fact of the matter was, Caleb was stunned by the blow from the ottoman; his head upon examination was found to be very much bruised—his liberation from the hat at that moment, alone saved his life—he was in a state of bewilderment for some time after, and was very much in doubt, at first, whether he existed in this world, or the adjoining one; and this accounts for the extraordinary antics he cut up. By another application of the knife, the hat was finally removed from Caleb's head, and his woolly crop once more was visible. His first exclamation after being emancipated, was—"by gore-amity, you you don't kotch dis child in dat hat agin"—and with a vicious kick he sent the hat out of the window and turned upon his heel, which served him as a pivot, and the next moment he was rattling among the pots and kettles in the regions below.

Lady Consequence, though she was restored to sense, was not restored to reason—far from it. Her dignity she considered touched. Miss Smith's message, if Caleb brought it correctly, was insulting; and if there was no misunderstanding in the way, she was determined to have an apology from the *impudent jade*, as she thought proper to style her; or never give her *another stitch of work*.

"Drucilla, go down to Miss Smith immediately, and ask her what she mean't by sending me back such an impertinent message; tell her I cannot possibly excuse her, unless she sends me the most humble apology—the audacious creature!"

"Yeth—my lady!"

And away trudged Drucilla Pert for the house of Miss Smith.

As usual, when Drucilla arrived, the Miss Smiths were busily engaged preparing their dresses for the Ball on Monday evening. In answer to a most amiable tap at the door, given by Drucilla, she entered, with all the dignity of a new made Countess. The maid generally looked finer than the mistress, and on this occasion she looked 'killing fine'—no doubt she considered that an assumed hauteur, beneath the garb of a fine lady, might have greater effect upon the plain dress-makers, and cause them to capitulate to her mistress' commands, with marked contri-

tion. But alas for human folly and short-sightedness! Miss Smith's education had not been neglected in early life, to such a degree, as to cause her to forget her place, and become a weathercock, subject to be changed by every idle breath, that should blow in that quarter. Drucilla's airs then, were of very little avail among girls who felt themselves superior to her; ay, equal to her mistress, in every thing that constituted female virtue and amiability. After twisting herself about in divers ways, for some moments, in the most approved fashion among coquets, in order to display her importance, Drucilla thus interrogated the dress-makers—

“What wath that methage you thent up to Lady Conthequenth; thee ith greatly indignant, I can athure ye; and thee demanth an apology immediately—thee ith very muth offended indeed—I'm quite athtonithed mythelf—(Mary had to laugh right out)—you had better rite an apology, and I will favour you by carrying it.”

Eliza thought by the earnestness of the maid, that Caleb could not have delivered the same message she gave him; but must have substituted something impertinent of his own, else her ladyship would not be so wroth, according to the maid's representation. She thought it well to enquire, however, before giving a hasty answer.

“What did the man tell her ladyship? he must have exaggerated on what I said.”

“No heth not a *cabbage pate*—nor will I hear any of her ladythip's houthhold abuthed in that way; I wanth your apology.” Eliza interrupted her—seeing that she was misunderstood—and repeated the question; to which Drucilla answered. There was no mistake in Caleb this time; he delivered the message nearly *verbatim*, as it was given him.—Being perfectly satisfied then on this point, Eliza replied to the maid's—or rather her ladyship's—strange request, in this wise:

“Tell Lady Consequence that Miss Smith is not in the habit of apologizing to ladies; particularly in this instance. when she feels that she has done, or said nothing, so heinous, as to make an apology requisite.”



"Yeth—but Lady Conthequenth ith not like any other ladies you deal with"—meaning of course that her ladyship was of more importance.

"That's very true; I found that out on Thursday for the first time"—replied Eliza ironically.

"Well—if you do not apologeth, I mutht only acquaint you that you can never get another stitch of work from Lady Conthequenth; thee won't be trifled with; and if you expect any more of her ladythip's work, you mutht apologeth in the moathit humble manner."

The girls—five in number—could contain themselves no longer—they roared out laughing, most boisterously; nor could even the old woman—the mother—restrain her gravity, but likewise joined in the laughing chorus, in spite of her age. A scene so unexpected, took Drucilla by surprise; she felt that she was getting quite cheap in the Miss Smiths' estimation, notwithstanding her gear; indeed she felt very awkward; and thought it almost 'time to go.' As soon as Eliza's risibles permitted, she informed Drucilla, that it was immaterial whether Lady Consequence gave her any more work or not; she could very well dispense with her ladyship's patronage—and the only apology she had to send by the maid to Lady Consequence, was *the dress, half-finished*, and also her bill for the same.

"Yes!—and she had better send down the money very quick—or Lady Consequence will find herself in the News-Papers, for her impudence"—added chatterbox—little Mary.

Drucilla tied up the dress in her pocket-handkerchief, while Eliza sat down to the *escritoir* and made out the bill—thus:

LADY CONSEQUENCE,	To	ELIZA SMITH, Dr.
18--.	July 24.—To half finishing a Satin Dress,	
	with trimmings, &c. : : : : :	£0 15 0.
		Received Payment.

The bill was presented, and Drucilla—without bidding 'good morning'—left the Miss Smiths 'masters of the field,' and returned home to acquaint her mistress of the rude treatment she had received from 'the dress-maker-girls.' Her ladyship, on hearing the news, did not, as

might be supposed, fly into a pucker, as she did before with Caleb, but merely said—"nothing better could be expected, from such low bred things—they have been brought up in ignorance, and don't know any better." It will be as well to add, that her ladyship immediately settled the bill; but whether it was from an apprehension of being put in the News Papers, or not, as Mary threatened, we have not been able to learn.

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## CHAPTER VII.

### BLOOD CIRCLE.

The ball, before alluded to, took place on Monday evening, and was attended by all the elite and fashionables of the city; it was not confined, however, to a certain class of *exclusives*; but was open to all—even to *dress-makers*. Eliza was there, and so were two of her sisters. Many hearts were lost and won; ay, many a lover can now trace back the origin of his joys, or sorrows, to that eventful night. The officers of the garrison were also present, and enjoyed themselves much after the fashion of other folks—though they were *officers*. Among them were the Hon. George Allspice, Lord Augustus Blood, Capt. Swagger of the Guards, and Lieut. Poppinjay; and as the opinions of these gentlemen are worth something to a Colonist, we take the liberty of giving the result of their impressions of the ball, and other matters, as expressed by them next evening, at the 'mess table.'

POPPINJAY—O'i say Blood, dem me if Iv'nt lost my art—what a charming creataw I daunced with lost ev'ning; she was all pawfection itself.

BLOOD—Did'nt I twig you! what will the Lady Mary say when she hears of it? Allspice seemed busily engaged too—(Allspice coloured

up)—I say All, what's her name?—(Allspice gave a sigh, which he tried to suppress, but not in time)—A red coat plays the devil with the girls in the Colonies—it has a *uniform* effect upon them. Come gentlemen, fill up, let us drink to the girls we danced with last evening—to Allspice's girl particularly! (They drank.) Now All, whatever you do, don't deceive the girl; she has beauty on her side, if she has'nt rank and wealth. Be honourable you know, be honourable! that's one of the mottos on our regimental colours.

ALLSPICE—O drop the subject—that's all nonsense!

SWAGGER—Wull, that expression clarly proves that Aulspice is not as deeply in love as you conjectaw—for it is said, that lovers love to hear their mistresses sporken of—no mattaw when or war.

POPPINJAY—Dem me if he isn't! O'im not joking; no by — if I am! He's in love, look at him now! O'll bet Lady Mary and all her fortune, that he's in love with that Plebeian thing he daunced with three or four times lost ev'ning.

Allspice finding he was made the butt of the party, thought it was best to leave the room, and so he did; at the same time he thought it was very hard that he could not dance with a lady without being twitted for it.

SWAGGER—O'i foind that the men here as well as the women, are led into strange absurdities, thro' means of our red coats—whoi man, in London, we would not be noticed at all strutting up and down Bondstreet; but dem me, here, we're all the go; whoi the mothers call their children to the windows to look at us as we pass by; and the little boys ask their farthaws to make officers of them when they grow up. Even the young men troy to ape us, as nearly as it is possible for a sawwillian to do—particularly when they get on the Militia coarts. We are great men in this place, I can assuaw you, gentlemen—I can assuaw you we har. A fellow by — who had no farthaw, (father,) his name I b'lieve is Consequener, had the audaucity yesterday, to ask me to doine with him! The oidea of a Plebeian like him asking one of Hor Majesty's hofficers of the Gawds to doine with him—whoi it's perfectly absard!

If o'i wor to aukcept of such an invitation, I would deserve to be degraded to the ronks, and hove my oppilets torn from my shoaldaws.

BLOOD—You can't make a silk glove out of a sow's ear ! Excuse my vulgarity. Colonial Society is very meagre ; the reason of this is, the Colonists are not born rich, as we were ; they have to work for their money, and have but few opportunities of schooling themselves into the nice punctilios which peculiarise good English Society. Why, gentlemen, if some of those persons in this city, who think so much of themselves, were to be introduced at Court, before the sovereign and her nobility, they would feel as awkward as did Allspice just now, when we spoke to him about his amours with that young lady, last night. No ! it is only constant intercourse and observation that can improve and give polish, dignity, and ease to the manners, and fit a person for the society to which *we* have the honour to belong. It amuses me to see the weakness and folly of some men ! I have known certain gentlemen in this city, dodge about the corners of the streets for half a day, in order to fall in with some of Her Majesty's Officers, to have a bit of a *tete-a-tete* with them, and to let their fellow citizens see that they are taken notice of by us. This is a fact, gentlemen ; you may laugh as much as you please—but it is a fact. Small communities are made up of many classes ;—first come the judges of the land, and those enjoying high offices ; such persons would belong to about the *fifth* class in England ; that is, if our Society had as many divisions ; then comes the merchant, who among us, would be equally respected with the judge ; then the mechanic, who is not appreciated according to his worth in small places, like as in London, except he live in a republic where worth and merit always make the man ; we then descend downwards, until we come to the refuse of the earth—such plodding individuals I mean as that portion of our tenantry who live from hand to mouth—who starve that we may live.

POPPINJAY—O hang your judges, merchants, and so forth, and let us replenish our glasses.

BLOOD—O No ! that would never do ! the judges would 'nt stand hanging ; they hang too well together for that. But improving upon your

suggestion, *Pop*, I think it would'nt be a bad plan to hang half the lawyers, then there would be more honest men in the world. Talking of lawyers, it affords another instance in exemplification of Colonial vanity. If fathers would train up their sons to vocations which nature intended them for, instead of sticking law-books and musty records into their hands, they would display a little judgment. It is enough to make a pig squeal, and the critics open their mouths, to hear one half of those persons called lawyers, pleading at the Bar. I have often been amused to hear them address a Jury—ay, many a time have I seen even the judge laugh in his big sleeve, and at the same time try to look grave beneath his wig, when a young lawyer was addressing a box of jurymen—every one of whom was old enough to be his grandfather. First, in his charge, came the introduction, which like introductions generally, displayed pretensions to a vast fund of classical lore; while the obsolete laws of *Lycurgus* were raked up to establish precedents. Then, in order, followed the argument, which was about as connected in reasoning, as the buttons on a soldier's coat, and about as bright; facts on the opposite side, were met by hypothesis—while the very stubborn ones, that could not possibly be controverted, were met by a side-wind, or rather a squall, which spent itself upon the ears of the jurymen, without going home to their convictions. Then the appeal to the passions, or rather sympathies! O what an appeal! It was what *Dominic Sampson* would call—*prodigious*. Instead of melting the rocks, as *Mark Antony* would, in his case, it melted the jurymen's hearts; but more in pity for the lawyer than the client. Again, some fathers are extremely fond of *Physic*—i. e. they usually select the wildest of their sons, and thrust them, by way of *exordium*, into an *apothecary's shop*—there to learn how to label drugs, and manufacture pills and boluses, without acquiring a knowledge of their chemical properties; and ere they have cleverly worked out their *teens*, they are presented with a diploma, through the influence of friends. Having acquired this, they are admitted—in a professional way—into a lady's bed-chamber to attend to the most delicate duties, and with as little ceremony as the females of the household. One half of those

fellows they call Physicians ; I look upon them, gentlemen, as so many Executioners ; they help to fill the church-yards, however, and give employment to the sextons. Yon long fellow who dined with us yesterday, in company with the doctor of the regiment—he of leg and whisker notoriety, and equatorial complexion, I mean—well, that fellow for instance, would make a better grenadier, than what he professes to be—he could handle the bayonet better than the lance, I'll vouch for it. Again, sons with the roundest heads, and most sombre visages, are usually converted into Parsons or expounders of the gospel ; one half of these shepherds only become famous for making long sermons, and keeping hungry people from their dinners—they excel in nothing else. Now, if fathers could only adopt some rule by which they could estimate the quantity and quality of their sons' brains, before putting them to such professions, they might be able to judge whether they would ever become a credit to them or not, in their old days. College education is of little avail in making a man great, unless nature assists him.

SWAGGER—Whoy Blood have you done ? 'Pon honour, you would make an hexcellent commoner. A most suparb speech ! O'i move that Blood be nominated a Candidate for Pawliament, as soon as we get home, to represent Colonial customs and sowoiety.

Such is a specimen of the conversation which transpired amongst these gallant worthies on the evening after the ball ; but we must leave them for the present to enjoy their cups, and return to the Miss Smiths again, who, doubtless, are expecting us.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### THE MISS SMITHS AFTER THE BALL.

“ When the glow worm gilds the elfin flower,  
That clings around the ruin'd shrine,  
Where first we met, where first we lov'd,  
And I confess'd me thine ;  
'Tis thro' I'll fly to meet thee still,  
At sound of vesper bell,  
In the starry light of a summer's night,  
On the banks of the Blue Moselle.”

“ Do for pity's sake Eliza, leave off singing that mournful song—I'm really tired of hearing it. It has been nothing but the “ Banks of the Blue Moselle” ever since you came home from the Ball. One would suppose that you had lost your heart with Henry Sprout, last evening, (Eliza smiled,) and that a pleasing melancholy was brooding in your mind, at the recollection of him. I think you had better drop your work, and take up Ovid's “ Art of Love” and study that. If it were me I think I would sing something more lively ; Rory O'Moore, for instance. I'm sure I don't see what there is about Sprout, that should cause you to look so sad, and sing such melancholy tunes to-day. I danced with much handsomer men than he—but I don't think it is worth while to sing about it. Why my stars—you are doing your work all wrong ! What awful stitches ! I declare you had better go to bed again—you surely could not have had sleep enough last night!”—said Eliza's eldest sister.

Eliza melted into tears! were they tears of love? They could not be—for she loved once and her loved one died, and she declared she would never love again for the best man in the world. Was it fatigue from being up all night and dancing, that overcame her? It could not be—for fatigue is rather a balm to the spirits, and always ends in refreshing sleep. Was she offended by the imperious tone of her sister's voice? It could not be—for she never took offence at that before, but rather thanked her sister for chiding her when she felt herself in error. Then why that melancholy song, again and again? Why those tears? If she had nothing to weep for why did she weep? There was a mystery.

"Those Balls must be strange places," said little Mary "there's so many nice clerks go there—I think I should be so happy for a month after going to one that I should'n't know what to do. My turn'll come next winter; I shall then be fifteen—and if I don't cut you all out, it'll not be my fault. 'Lize seems to be so lucky, she gets invitations to all the balls There's that song again! Do 'Lize, for pity's sake, sing something else."

Eliza suddenly stopped—for she had broken out into the song again, unwittingly—and looked confused.

A SOLILOQUY.

"I'm sure," said Eliza—soliloquizing to herself—"his attentions to me were marked—he danced with me three times—yes, *three times!*—three times to dance with one young lady in the course of an evening, means something; and when I danced with others, his eyes were always upon me. In the supper room his attentions were very kind—for a stranger; he helped me to all that was going; he ruled my diffidence by his off-handed and familiar manner. At first I only believed that his regard emanated from friendship; but when I found his attentions unremitting, and his language that of the heart, I felt safe in attributing his conduct to something more than belongs to friendship. It is true, our ranks are unequal; he is wealthy and I am poor—horrible! Should I not then banish the idea that he is in love with me? But, poorer girls



than I have made good matches; so I will still encourage hope. If he deceives me—but that can never be, for deception could not lurk beneath such smiles as his. He danced with Lady Consequence—so he did—Lady Consequence is greater than me! now would he have condescended to notice me, had he known that I made her Ladyship's dresses? Perhaps not! Perhaps he took me by my looks, and thought I was a *lady*! Would he have danced with me, had he supposed I was a—a—*dress-maker*? He asked me for my number that he might call upon me. I gave it to him on my eard. He will soon find out who I am and all about me, and then if his pride be not greater than his love, I think, though I am a *dress-maker*, he will meet me again. Now if—Ah No!—Why should it?—Virtue—Yes!—A dress-maker—Lady Consequence—beauty. “When the glow-worm gilds the elfin flower—”

“There it is again! the elfin flower. I wish you had the elfin flower and the glow-worm down your throat. I'll get mother to bridle your tongue, and see if that won't keep it quiet. I hope it'll be the last Ball you'll go to this winter if this is the time we're to have”—said Mary petulently.

It must appear very evident to the reader, that Eliza Smith was love—judging by her conduct; although

“She never told her love,  
But let concealment like a canker worm i' the bud,  
Feed on her damask cheek.”

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## CHAPTER IX.

We will now introduce the reader to

HENRY SPROUT, ESQ. (AND HIS FRIEND TAGO.)

The young gentleman who danced several times with Eliza at the Ball, and the person whom her sister alluded to, on account of her singing the “Banks of the Blue Moselle” so often. Sprout was a clerk in Mr. Hardeash’s store; and among the ladies, was very remarkable, for possessing a great head of hair—that is, he was very extravagant in the prevailing fashion, and wore his hair—which he curled twice a week—in great profusion down about the collar of his coat. He was about five feet in height, which is rather below the middle standard, and he looked as though he generally dressed to please the ladies. He wore gold on his fingers, around his neck, and a diamond breastpin in his bosom; he was very extravagant with his linen, judging by the length and breadth of his shirt collar and wristbands; indeed his collar took up so much space about his mouth, that it is said he used to jump up whenever he wanted to spit, in order to clear the corners. ‘Take him for all in all’ he was a very peculiar, snug, tidy looking little fellow, and what was better, a great beau amongst the ladies. As little men generally possess a great deal of the bull-dog ferocity, it is natural to suppose that Henry Sprout was not an exception to this rule. He had a temper as inflammable as gunpowder, and when it was excited he would just as soon quarrel as let it alone—particularly if he thought the person who incurred

his displeasure was too great a coward to show him any resentment.-- But the most remarkable ingredient in this little man's metal was—*jealousy*, or *selfishness*; he wished to monopolize all the girls; and if any young man thought of the same girl that he did, he considered it an infringement upon his privilege, and was for duelling. On several occasions he challenged young men—through fits of jealousy—merely because they were seen in company with certain young ladies which he had a fancy for; but was never honoured with a meeting. He could not be reconciled by explanation—he would only have satisfaction by fighting—the consequence was, he never got it. Feeling himself then a great man in his own way—by stumping all his rivals with the pistol—he daily grew more conceited, and finally became a terror to all the young men in the city—or such of them as felt like going among the girls.

Mr. Sprout's affection for Eliza, was considerable—or at least he thought so—although many young ladies were in doubts whether he really had any heart or not.

Henry had an acquaintance, or rather bosom friend, in a young man, likewise a clerk, whom we shall call *Iago*, by reason of his character and disposition bearing so strong a resemblance to the Shaksperian *Isca-riot*. This friend was always bent on mischief, and nothing gave him greater delight than to see a fellow being suffer from mental agony. From such friends very little good can be expected—they are dangerous. The cause of Iago's conduct, in love matters, generally, was attributed to a mortified disposition. It appears that he was once crossed in love; and he swore a solemn oath that since he could not get married himself, he would exert his influence, as often as he had an opportunity, and prevent others from enjoying that happiness. How far the evil spirit of his mind satisfied his thirst for revenge, will be seen by his conduct with Henry Sprout, Esq.

One day, about a month after the Ball, these two worthies happened to meet in the Market Square.

“ Good morning,” said Sprout, accosting Iago.

“ Morning,” answered Iago, “ what's the news to-day—any more

failures? How does your establishment stand the pressure?—'spose we'll next be hearing of Hardecash, shelling out two shillings to the pound, to be in company with his neighbours?"

"O no—no danger of that!—our business is conducted upon *principle*, and not upon *peculation*."

"But I say, Sprout—talking of *hard* times—how came you to let that girl slip through your fingers? she's going to be married, I understand, shortly," said Iago.

Sprout coloured up, and tried as much as possible to conceal his emotion. His pride was stung! It was the first intimation he had of the affair, and he thought it very strange how such a report could be in circulation without its coming to his knowledge.

"Who to?" was his first inquiry, as soon as his embarrassment permitted—"it's the first I've heard of it!"

"O thunder!" (then in another tone of voice)—those infernal officers, with their red coats! they are always getting in some poor devil's way. They are a complete nuisance," answered Iago.

Now, the word officer, to Mr. Sprout, was one of the most repulsive in the English language, and the way it was introduced by Iago, broke upon his ear like a battering-ram, and nearly paralyzed his senses. He always thought, vain as he was, that there was a possibility of persons so designated, being able to 'cut him out;' but still he never thought that an opportunity could present itself, for a trial. He was mistaken, however, as the sequel will prove.

"An *officer*!" exclaimed he in a weak tone of voice, which betrayed strong feelings. "What do you mean? Who? An officer I think you said?—did you say an officer or an officious character?" wishing, if possible, to mistrust his apprehension.

"I said an officer! Yes! Eliza Smith's going to be married to an officer; I think they call him, if I am not mistaken, Poppinjay—Lieut. Poppinjay—and it's going to be soon. They are seen walking every night together, as lovers generally walk, at a slow pace, and quite cosy; besides, the house is getting furnished—I know that—and orders have been given

to Huckleberry, the confectioner, to prepare the cake. There will be a great time of it, I can assure ye. Who'd-a-thought that Eliza Smith would be so fortunate!—that's the effect of beauty," said Iago.

"It cannot be—it *shall not* be!" said Henry, and in great trepidation he turned upon his heel, and without bidding his friend adieu, posted up the street as hard as his legs could carry him, for the Hotel, where he boarded, and shortly after he was in his bedroom lying prostrate on his couch—a slave to the most harrowing thoughts. He lay for some time, like a bewildered maniac; his reason had forsaken him; in whatever direction he turned his eyes, he there beheld Eliza, smiling upon him as if in mockery; every object in the room partook of her form and features; she seemed more beautiful and fascinating, yet more cruel, than ever; he felt himself the dupe of her deception. But, did *she* deceive him? No! that were impossible!—it was not in her nature. She had been allured from her humble path, and himself, by a tinsel buffoon, an *officer*—by his title, his rank, his money, and his flattering and 'honied words.' Such thoughts as these struggled in the young man's mind, a deep fever was seated on his brow; and his agony became more and more intense with the return of reason. For the first time he considered himself conquered by the unerring darts of love, the most cruel enemy of all, and which appears more horrible when the object of it is snatched away, or placed beyond reach. Eliza danced with him three several times; her conduct towards him was not changed; it was natural, unaffected, familiar, even affectionate; her smiles upon him were as benignant as ever—their eyes met often, and responsively flashed the feelings of the heart. If she were on the eve of marriage, surely these things could not be! if she was plighted to another, her judgement and virtue would have forbade her acting the part of a hypocrite; besides, he could not believe that it was in the nature of so sweet an angel, as he thought Eliza, to be his tormentor. Surely then there must be some mistake! Iago was always friendly; he would not certainly communicate such unpleasant news to him, if it was real, but rather leave that office for another. There must be some mistake then about this marriage, (conti-

nued Henry, in his thoughts,) a mere rumour got up by the gossips. Before fully making up his mind to commit suicide, he would first tent the matter a little more closely; but if unfortunately the news should prove true—he *knew his course*."

After a few moments more of consoling reflection, and debating in his own mind, Henry resolved, as the most certain and prudent course, to address a note to Eliza; the answer of which would remove all doubts, and either make him happy or miserable. He accordingly sat down and wrote the following billetdeaux.

*Thursday afternoon, ———, 1842.*

DEAREST ELIZA:

I am sure you will excuse me for not calling upon you since the Ball, when I tell you that I have been very busily engaged. Do not, I beseech you, attribute the cause to neglect. I am still Henry Sprout, and will ever continue so, as long as you show yourself Eliza Smith. But dear Eliza, there is news abroad—I do not, cannot, believe it, however—it is that you are going to be married to an officer! If this be true, it is all over with me; but I shall not think it possible until it is confirmed by your own hand writing.

Your affectionate

HENRY SPROUT.

P. S.—Please seal the note in such a way that none of the reading may be injured on the opening of it.

H. S.

After doing up the note very carefully, with regard to the folding; and sealing and stamping it with his crest—(which gave an imprint of a wolf's head)—Henry put it into the Post Office, through which channel it was to find its destination.

## CHAPTER X

### THE CONSEQUENCES AND DRUCILLA.

Lady Consequence and husband had now become the lions of the walk ; she amongst the ladies, and he amongst the gentlemen. They gave large dinner parties, almost every evening, and generally a ball every week ; which were regularly attended by the officers and *elite* of the city. They also kept pace with their dignity, by increasing the number of their servants ; one dressing maid was not sufficient for her ladyship, she must have two ; while Drucilla's office became quite a sinecure—she was inaugurated mistress of the robes, and had very little else to attend to, except airing her mistress's dresses, whenever she wished to change them. Drucilla would have been a handsome girl, had nature in the onset, perfected all her parts—we say nothing in reference to her mental organization—her optics were blue, and considered rather handsome ; the only objection to them was, they were planted rather wide apart. But nature never designs without having some specific object in view ; for Drucilla, like an insect called a fly, could see out of both sides of her head at one gaze ; that is, she could eye both sides of the room at once, without taking the trouble of turning her head. Her nose, if it could be called a nose, was, like Caleb's hat, a remarkable one, a very distinguished feature ; it was about half an inch in length, and like the sparks, which we read of in Scripture, showed a

propensity for soaring upwards ; it was very lean too ; all the flesh it could boast of, was in the skin that covered the bone. Notwithstanding these imperfections in Drucilla's nasal organ, her olfactory nerves were just in as good trim as other people's—so she thought ; for she could invariably tell when Caleb was on his journey between the kitchen and the parlour, merely by scenting—particularly in the summer time. Drucilla's mouth, which is a very important part of a female, would have been handsome, had it not displayed an inclination to be in keeping with her nose and eyes. It extended, from corner to corner, a long distance—perhaps four inches, more or less ; it was a very convenient mouth, too ; for whenever the maiden was eating, and in a hurry to attend to a summons from the mistress, she could shove the whole contents of her plate into her maw at one time, and run. The shape of the mouth, however, appeared to better advantage when she pronounced the word—*prove*, which was quite a favorite monosyllable with Drucilla ; and in more instances than one, has Caleb been known to fall out with his humour, and threaten to *kick* the maiden, because he thought she was making faces at him, when she was only attempting to *prove* something. On such occasions her mouth resembled that of a tea-kettle, emitting steam ; and as her front teeth were rather out of kilter, it may well be supposed that her enunciation was none of the best.

Having thus attempted to give a description of Drucilla's features, we will leave the anatomizing of her lower parts, with those who are better calculated for the task, whilst we turn our attention to the subject from which we have diverged.

If Lady Consequence was not thoroughly acquainted with her station, and the space she now filled, it was not her husband's fault—for he not only endeavoured to instil into her mind by long chapters, three or four times a day, what great personages they had become ; but he also enjoined upon her the necessity of cutting all former acquaintances, or such of them as did not associate with officers and their ladies ; besides, he expected to be created an *honorable* soon, by being made a Councillor ; and if this was not reason sufficient to justify them in forgetting



their former associates, he thought then there was no such thing as honour or distinction in the world. Her ladyship, we may be sure, profitted by such lessons ; her mind was of the right kind for that, and she daily improved in conceit to a dangerous degree. Her dressing and waiting maids, like ministering angels, were continually about her, ready to do her bidding ; and a little girl, nine years old, followed her about the house to hold up her train—called a demi-train—a thing of enormous length. When she went out to ride, she required no less than four horses to drag her ; while her equipage consisted of a coachman and two footmen, in livery, with gold bands and cockades on their hats.—The family arms were beautifully emblazoned on the door of the coach—the device was a gull's head, and beneath it the motto—“ *Money makes the Mare go!* ” While Lady Consequence rode out to take the air, her husband entertained the officers at home, drinking champagne, and scandalizing, by abusing the poor and humble, because they were not fortunate. Thus, day by day, did the Consequences dash, and increase in dignity and importance. But the longest road has a turn ; water will find its level ; smoke will ascend ; all bodies will subtend to the earth ; and if the laws of nature are so unerring, how can man expect to defy the laws which regulate him in society, particularly if his means are artificially based ?

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## CHAPTER XI

### NO ANSWER.

A week had gone by, and Henry Sprout received no answer to his note. What can be the cause of it, thought he, surely Eliza must have received it? But no—she could not! if she had, she was too much of a lady to treat it with silent contempt. There must be some mistake somewhere; he could swear he put it into the office, and even took the precaution of shoving it well down into the hole, and then waited a few moments—in order to make assurance doubly sure—to see that it did not jump out again. Perhaps his friend Iago spoke true; and Eliza did not wish to answer the note and develop the facts, for fear of making him uncomfortable. But he was determined to know the worst. Accordingly he sallied forth to meet Iago, in order to sound him a little closer, and find out, if possible, from his friend, all the particulars touching the talked-of marriage. After considerable search, he at length fell in with him at the

### BAR ROOM OF THE ST. JAMES HOTEL,

where all the politicians of the day were usually to be found, particularly at night, discussing corporation matters. Iago was a great politician himself, that is if loud talking could render him such; and he usually repaired to the Bar-Room of the Hotel, in order to spout, in company with several Aldermen, and two or three Assistants. When Henry entered, Iago was earnestly engaged in debate with an Alderman of enor-

mous size, and great power of lungs. He could not, consequently, get an opportunity of speaking to Iago; and in order to employ his mind in the interim, and dissipate his sorrows, he seated himself on the end of the counter, and took out his pencil—for he was an excellent etcher—and caricatured to the life, several of the gentlemen who were present, and in earnest conversation.

One he represented with grey head and mottled whiskers, and intended him to be about five feet six inches in height; this figure held a big stick in its hand, and he designated it Falstaff.

Another he represented as having on a black coat, very long in the skirts, which appeared as if it had been made in the olden time; his sight was rather dim; and his hair, which was light, hung, in pig-tail ringlets, from under a hat that had scarcely any brim, and would have become a boy much better than a man. This figure he called Johnny Brag.

Henry had just finished his second sketch, and was about commencing a third, when he was politely told by the landlord to get off the counter; besides, he said he did not wish people to come into his Bar-Room to “take off” his customers.

“I’m not taking them off,” said Henry, “they can stay here just as long as they please.”

“Now you please to take yourself off, or put up your pencil; the deputy sheriff has his eye upon you now; and he is bound to take up all suspicious looking characters, and if you don’t look sharp he’ll ‘take you off’—for he *draws* well. If you are determined to use your pencil, you can sit down on this keg, (pointing to one behind the counter,) where no one can see you, and figure away as long as you please.”

“If he is bound to take up all suspicious looking characters, as you say he is,” said Henry, “he ought to pounce upon half-a-dozen of them fellows there—for there’s hardly an honest looking man among them—not even excepting the Aldermen.”

The landlord thought there was “*more fact than fiction*” in Henry Sprout’s remark, and he immediately changed the subject, with a

smile ; at all events, Henry took the hint—for a hint to a sensitive man is better than a kick—and jumped off his rostrum ; the next moment he mingled with the crowd of angry politicians—and he noted down, amidst a great deal of elbowing, the following conversation. We give it in the true spirit of scan. mag.—i. e. *verbatim et literatim*—exactly as it occurred.

JOHNNY BRAG—Yes Sir ! the Corporation are a disreputable set of villains, who spend the public money by putting it into their own pockets. They ought to have in such men as me.

“ The Corporation are what Sir, did you say ? ” inquired Falstaff, at the same time raising the aforesaid stick to a parallel with his nose, “ I’m a peaceable man, Sir, but mind you’re about. Remember, Sir, I am a member of that august body myself ; and though only a bushman, I will not sit and let them branded as cold-blooded villains. If you say that again, I’ll give you a smash over the calabash.”

Several of the company here interfered, and Clam Shells remarked, that it was very foolish for gentlemen to lose their tempers. Falstaff at once admitted that he was too warm, and Mr. Brag said he did not use the offensive word in a literal sense. Each took a glass of gin—every man paying for himself—and order was restored.

After a short pause, Johnny Brag re-commenced hostilities against the Corporation, which drew forth an animadversion from Corporal Long. The Corporal said he was not surprised that some individuals were dissatisfied with the acts of the Corporate body, but due allowance should be made for the twinges of wounded vanity and blighted ambition. He was of opinion that Mr. Brag, who was formerly the scavenger of the Corporation, (roars of laughter,) had of all men no right to complain. That gentleman, by his own admission, had helped to increase the public debt ; and he (the Corporal) thought that was a dirty bird that dirtied its own nest. (Cheers—the noise of which set all the decanters and tumblers ringing.)

Mr. SAM. NOODLE, a gentleman with a very thin grave looking phiz, now drew a puff from his cigar, and gave a long “ whew ! ” He did

not say a word, however, but looked wondrous wise, as though he felt that he knew as much as any of the company, if he choose to 'let out.'

MR. BRAG replied—The Corporation paid to a Chamberlain, a large sum, when there were many who would be willing to perform the duty for a much less sum, himself for instance; he was cut out for a Chamberlain—the only thing against him was, his ears did'nt stop growing soon enough.

JOHNNY PAILER observed that he understood Mr. Dandy had tendered to do it for £75. He (Mr. Brag,) had a little daughter of eight years old who could do all the duties of Chamberlain; ne should like the Aldermen to give her a *trial*—(laughter.)

MR. SAMMY FUNK said, he had no doubt, the child partook of the precocious genius of its daddy, but was its daddy a good accountant? He would try him with a very simple question. He would bet £10 against an old shoe, that Johnny Brag could not, in five minutes, multiply £19 19s. 11½d. by the same sum, and show the rule by which it was done.

MR. BRAG replied, that he could do it by *logarithms*.

MR. FUNK said, he would'nt give a d—n for logarithms—he liked plain sailing. (Cheers, in which Sprout joined, although he did not know exactly what they were for; his thoughts were employed about Eliza.)

MR. BRAG was considerably irritated; and muttered to the company that he was not accustomed to discuss such *pot-house* questions.

A strange scene now followed—the Bar-Room became a perfect Babel; such a jargon of tongues was never heard before—all were spouting at once, and every one was satisfied that he had the best of the argument. The big ones stood the best chance of being heard, as they blew their steam over the heads of the little ones. Clam Shells was completely surrounded, and the man with the big stick, assisted in keeping the crowd off, lest they should crush Clam to death. The landlord, seeing a tempest was gathering, interposed his authority, and told the company if they did not make less noise, he would treat them all to a glass of whiskey punch, and see how they would like that. Astonishing to add,

this witticism had a wonderful effect upon the angry politicians ; it restored them all to reason and good humour, and the landlord saved his punch.

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## CHAPTER XII.

The controversy being cut short, Henry had an opportunity of speaking to his friend Iago—he clapped him on the shoulder, and beckoned him aside. Shortly after, they left the Hotel in close confab, and went down the street together.

“ It is true as the Scriptures” said Iago, “ I know it ! I saw them together no later than last evening—indeed there is scarcely an evening in the week but they pass by our door, quite cosily, together ; and I believe the marriage licence has been bought. Let me see—(taking out his watch)—it is now nearly 6 o'clock—suppose you sip with me to-night ? Come along, and after tea I think I will be able to make good my words, by demonstrating to you, oocularly, that Poppinjay and Eliza are no *strangers* to each other. We will sit by the window, and if I am not mistaken, I think we will have an opportunity of seeing them pass. This is a beautiful evening for them.”

Iago boarded at the Acadian Hotel, in Prince Edward street ; and this street being the most fashionable one in the city, for promenaders, it was a very reasonable conjecture with Iago, that he would be able to satisfy his friend, particularly as he had several times seen the *lovers* pass by his window. Mr. Sprout, after some hesitation, consented to his friend's proposal, and they went along.

### AN ODDITY—AND A STREET SPOUTER.

“ Who the deuce is that fellow talking to himself ?” said Iago, on turning the corner leading into Germain street--“ why the fellow is

cracked as sure as he is alive ! suppose we follow and hear what he has to say ?”

Sprout agreed to his friend's request.

Iago had reference to a very singular looking genius—a man about five feet six in height ; he was encased in a long brown surtout coat ; his legs were shoved rather far through his pantaloons, which exposed a pair of grey stockings—as he wore shoes—rather worse of darns ; in his right hand he held a leg of mutton ; in his left, a large basket, which appeared rather heavy—perhaps it was filled with clams—under his arm he carried a walking stick, and he trudged along at a high pressure rate. This *oddlity* had a peculiar faculty of talking to himself in the street—perhaps it was because he could get nobody to talk to.—He was a perfect ‘dabating society’ of himself ; he argued all points, for and against, and generally got through with his business by the time he reached home.

“ Let me see !” said this singular character to himself, “ I can hardly believe it is so—forty ? No !—twenty-five per cent. ? Yes—that will do ; a capital shave—how will I have this cooked (referring to his leg of mutton)—this part will do for soup, this for roasting, or mutton chops. I only wish that old uncle of mine would slip his cable—what pickings I would have ; stop ! my share will be about twenty-five thousand ; well, that's not so bad—Lord how I will live then —d—m that Morning News, I say ; it's good for nothing—it ought to be suppressed—I'll leave these things home, and then I'll go and get shaved—I wonder if my wife, Biddy, can make noodle soup ; the easiest thing in the world ; just roll out the dough well, and cut it into thin slices ; the shin of this leg shall be converted into soup—that is, if Biddy has any taste for soup—I don't think as much of the News Room as I ‘used to did’—how I used to lay off there—one leg cocked up on a chair, and the other on the table, among the magazines ; once in a while I used to pocket some of the papers, and take them home to read ; but I never thought of taking them back again. Biddy used to convert them into cap-patterns—what'll I make that son of mine—a Parson ? No !

that won't do for me—a broker then? Yes! that will do for his daddy, capitally. Last night about nine o'clock, a man——”

(Bow—wow—wow)

Here the little man's reverie was cut short by the barking of a huge black dog, who took a fancy to the leg of mutton, and made a snap to get hold of it. The dog was disappointed, however—for the little man could much better defend his dinner than he could his honesty; he gave the dog a slap over the jowl with the mutton, and the fellow ran off howling most hideously.

“Well if that's not a queer chap” said Sprout, “to be going about the streets talking that way to himself! are not people afraid of him doing some mischief to himself, or to somebody else, one of these days?—he is certainly not right; he ought to have a straight jacket on.”

“O” said Iago, “he's been that way ever since I knew him; as to his doing mischief to himself, there is no danger of that; he is too great a coward, although he does belong to the militia, unless he does it in the way of *stuffing*—for he is one of the greatest gormandizers in all creation. Suppose we turn down this way, and let that fellow go his own road; we have already heard enough to satisfy us that he is crazy or in *love*—(hereupon Sprout sighed)—with his belly.

The friends now turned down Prince-street, the topic of their conversation being devoted chiefly to Eliza, and Poppinjay. Iago would occasionally try to divert his friend's mind from the subject, seeing that it occasioned him a great deal of melancholy; but like a tennis-ball, Henry would rebound back, with symptoms of even greater distress. “If any person is desperately in love,” thought Iago, “it is Henry Sprout, Esq.; what it will result in, Heaven only knows; for my part I think the sooner such fools commit suicide the better, as the world could very well wag on without them. What mischief has come from *love*? Paris ran off with the beautiful *Hellen*, and Greece was deluged in blood full forty years afterwards, in consequence. Petrarch, the Prince of Italian Poets, was enamoured with another man's wife—*Laure*—and the inspiration rendered his genius vividly poetical and transcendent



Shelly in modern times, and likewise Byron, became dupes of the same passion; neither of them were successful in their first loves, and the latter siumered out his days a miserable misanthrope, whose chief pride consisted in abusing the frailties of his fellow mortals. "The defender of the faithful" renounced his allegiance to the Pope, and brought about one of the world's most mighty events—the Reformation—because his sighs for his mistress would not be listened to by the Father of the Church. The most extreme happiness, and the most extreme wretchedness kindle in the human bosom, from that vital of all sparks—the spark of love." Iago became so lost in reflection, that he at length began to imagine he was in love with somebody himself; or if he actually were not, he thought he ought to be, in order to be like others, as well as his friend. "But no!" he again mentalized, "he was deceived once, and it should be the last time—no girl should play the coquette with him again."

"What are you thinking about?" interrogated Henry of his friend, as they entered Prince Edward street, and were directly opposite the Bank

"O—nothing particularly; I was thinking—O yes! I was a-thinking if that little fellow there —(pointing to a fat little man standing opposite the Bank door)—had his head cut off, what a singular looking object he would present; he would resemble a Bologne sausage as much as any thing else. That fellow now—small as he is—thinks himself a large man; see how he holds his head up—he is all mouth and arms, and talks even louder than that six-footer with whom he is conversing. Hear him."

A STREET SPOUTER.

"Take off the timber duties, and we are ruined; were I in Parliament—(here he flourished his arms with a most animated gesture)—I would defend the present system even to the last drop of my life's blood. Yes! I would suffer my right arm to be cut off, rather than see this Province converted into a desert—"

"How patriotic!"—exclaimed Sprout.

"O yes!" said Iago—"we have plenty such patriots in our city. I have heard such fellows talk before to-day, about *lesing their right arms*, particularly when they were hunting after offices, or favours of any kind. They are all like the Roman Curtius, very willing to offer themselves up victims to the public good; but when the time comes round for showing themselves what they professed to be, they invariably forget their promises. For example, was there ever a candidate for Parliamentary or Municipal honours, but who did not (by hoodwinking the green horns) declare to the people at the hustings, that he would aid in retrenching and reforming all abuses? but after the goal of his ambition was gained, did he prove himself a man of his word? No! in ninety-nine out of a hundred cases, such men have become as monstrous in office, as they were *patriotic* before they got there. Take my advice, Henry, and never vote for a man who tries to force himself on the public by a forensic display of words. Such fellows ought only be trusted as far as they can be seen."

"Well—I don't know but what you are about half right," answered Sprout.

Sundry other characters came beneath the observation of the *travelers*, and were commented upon, during their journey to the Hotel. We have not time, however, to report progress at present, but shall pass on and imagine Henry and Iago seated in the second story of the Acadian Hotel—one at each window.

"It is a beautiful evening, certainly!" said Iago, on casting his eyes toward the heavens; "had I a lady-love, I think I should take advantage of such a night, and invite her to a walk."

"So would I!" said Sprout.

"So would you? then you mean to say you are up in the market for the next fair *moselle* that comes along? that's an acknowledgement that you have relinquished all claims to Eliza; come, come, Sprout, 'faint heart never won fair lady,' you know. Don't give up the *craft* yet awhile—rather fight than yield, particularly in a noble cause like yours. I trust all the days of chivalry have not yet departed! You have as great a cause

at stake as ever had any of the Knights Errant of old. What would Eliza say if she heard your affection could be so easily diverted? It may not be true—for people cannot always answer for the truth—that Poppinjay and Eliza's arrangements have been so far completed that a *copartnership* must follow. I think the report nothing but a weak invention of the enemy. (Iago began to cheer up at this unexpected consolation.) I have, it is true, seen the two together several times, but that can afford no earthly reason that they are going to be married; although the gossips will not agree in this. Why man, it was reported fifty times at least by these old hags, that I was going to be married; and they were so nice in their calculations, as to appoint the wedding-day. There is not a girl in the city with whom I have been in company, but has been pointed out as my future spouse. I have got so used to these reports now, that I merely listen to them for the sake of laughing. If you should ever be so fortunate, Sprout, as to get a wife, do for heaven's sake keep her at home, and don't allow her to go among the gossips—particularly if you get one that does'at know how to mind her own business as well as your's; tie her to the bed-post by all means, if you can't keep her home by any other means."

"Well—women are anomalous creatures; there's a great deal of jealousy amongst them. (The idea of Henry talking of jealousy!) Such reports have been raised about me more than once; but they originated, I know, through pique. One girl, in particular, has been trying to brew mischief against me for some time, because she thought I had slighted her in going with other girls," said Henry.

"You don't mean Eliza, I hope? No—no—I should rather think that all *her* jealousy might be crammed into a nut-shell. You must mean Miss Swisel, I think—that rattle-brained thing. (Henry nodded assent.) Well, all she can say will do no harm. Now I come to think of it—'tis very likely that it was her that raised the report about Huckel-berry baking *the* wedding cake, in order to tantalize you. Depend upon it it is the case!"

"I think so too!" said Henry, in rather a plaintive mood. "Drown-

ing men will catch at straws.' Henry was willing to catch at any thing that offered hope and consolation; so that he at once agreed with his friend that Miss Swisel was at the bottom of the wedding cake report.

"I hate jealousy as I do the devil," said Iago. "Shakspeare tells us that it is a 'green-eyed monster.' I hope I shall never fall into his toils. If I do, then I think I will take leave of my senses by a very summary method. I will try gunpowder as a medicine, and see what virtue there is in that. I have seen many a poor fellow with the complaint, writhing like a criminal mounting the gallows—his countenance pale, haggard, and care-worn; he imagined that every one he met in the streets stared harder at him than at any body else, as if he had been guilty of some misdemeavour. Now, if such a complaint is as easily cured as the tooth-ache, why not apply the remedy?"

"Life is sweet," said Iago, "life is sweet—it is not a very pleasant thing to die, particularly if you are not *prepared* for it."

"No—that's true, but a man who gives way to the distraction of his mind, is committing suicide every moment. No—no—I go in for blowing brains out—that's the way to cure love."

Henry did not exactly approve of this advice. He thought his own case rather desparate, and was of opinion, should fate decide against him, that alcohol was just as good as powder in assisting a mind diseased.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### A VICTIM OF LOVE.

"There's a poor unfortunate thing going along," said Iago—pointing to a woman in the street, apparently about forty years of age. She was very tall, and slender, and looked the picture of distress.

"Who is that?" inquired Henry.

"Her name is Miss M'Quivers—she was once the *belle* of the city, and was generally admired by every one who saw her, for her beauty. Her father was a poor but industrious man, but notwithstanding, he managed to give his daughter an accomplished education. At the age of seventeen, she had a host of suitors, of the first respectability, knocking at her door. She was the sovereign of all their hearts, and had the option of choosing for a partner, which one she thought best. But girls then, as now, had the same penchant for the red-coat gentry. A lieutenant in the 8th, or King's Own, likewise became acquainted with the fair *enamored*, and made proposals of marriage to her, which were accepted, and the day was set apart for the wedding. But alas! her wedding day never came; the soldier's heart changed—he married another; and now you perceive in the disappointed victim, the effects of a monster's wiles."

"'Tis awful!" aspirated Henry—and Eliza was in his mind. "Might not that fellow (Poppinjay) likewise deceive her?—(thought he)—certainly! and he *will* deceive her, unless she have a friend to give her timely advice. Her brother John is absent, and knows nothing of the

matter. She has sisters, it is true ; but they and all other young girls, are like moths, easily caught by glare. They ought to have a man among them. He would, as a *friend*, volunteer *his* services as a *counsellor* ! But then Eliza did not answer his epistle, and a second might meet with the same disdain—he therefore concluded, that if all was true that was uttered—although he had some doubts about it—it was a great pity for the girl.

“ Well friend, Iago” said Henry, “ I think I’ll start—I have had sufficient *evidence* to convince me that reports ought never be credited, until confirmed. I came here, through your persuasion, expecting to see the *lovers*—as you called them more than once—pass by the house. I am satisfied they came not in this street to-night. Eliza Smith has been sadly misrepresented. She does not walk with Poppinjay. She will yet be mine—marriages are made in heaven, they say, and I *think* my name, and Eliza’s, stand recorded together, in the same book.”

“ I’ll accompany you as far as the Hotel,” said Iago “ as the Evening Club is about meeting. We meet to-night in ‘ No. 6’—the elections are coming on, and we have a political discussion in that room every night. I hope the adage, Hen. about marriages being made in heaven, will prove true in your case, and that your prophecy may be fulfilled—but I have some doubts about it. It is no use, however, taking time by the fore-lock, or saying much about the matter now. Keep a stiff upper lip, my old fellow, and all may yet be well.

#### CHAPTER XIV.

The friends left the house in company, to go to the St. James Hotel, Iago to debate, and Henry to reflect.

"Hallo—see here, Hen.—there they are sure enough!" said Iago—"Poppinjay and Eliza, walking by 'moon-light alone.' Now I suppose you will believe in your own eyes, and acknowledge that the gossips have been right for once. No—no—keep at this side of the street—don't make a fool of yourself; there is a time for all things. It would be the height of folly to cross over to intercept them. If Eliza has been unfaithful, don't remind her of it now. You will have plenty opportunities. If she has any affection for you at all, and you now attempt to cut up any mad pranks, you will only excite her prejudice against you. Besides, you may run a chance of getting a 'licking' from that long-legged strut—he is much stouter and heavier than either you or I; and you may depend if he has any gallantry at all, he would not suffer you to make a charge against a lady under his protection. I'll put you up to a scheme—take my advice—I have a remedy; and as I said before, all may yet be well. Tut man, don't make a child of yourself—listen!" Henry, who as we are led to suppose, was rather overcome by this unexpected sight, now turned an ear to his friend.

"Listen to what? There can be *no* remedy for a bankrupt lover. My credit is now below par with Eliza—'courting goes by favour'—

that's enough. What'll the young men say? She will only discount the treasures of her heart to that infamous scoundrel, who will yet deceive her; yes! he'll deceive her, as sure as her name's Eliza. O that girls should be such fools as to——"

"Nonsense man, nonsense; what's the use of going on at that incoherent rate? You *have* a remedy. Challenge the fellow; challenge him; put him out of the way; shoot him; he deserves to be shot. What say you?"

"I'll take your advice, Iago; I'll challenge him to-morrow; I'll do any thing! Yes, by heavens I'll do any thing!" said Sprout hurriedly, and the friends separated.

Although Henry was fully resolved upon fighting, he was not without a hope that he would be able to bluff off his rival, as he had others; that is, that Poppinjay would be afraid to meet him on duelling ground, soldier though he was; and so he would be able to save both powder and credit.

Henry did not sleep much that night. He felt himself the most miserable being in existence; the canker-worm—*jealousy*—was gnawing at his heart, while his *pride* was more than ever mortified; and more than once in the course of the night, did he think of destroying himself, and so put an end to his miseries.

Next morning he wrote the following challenge to Poppinjay, which he entrusted to his friend Iago, to deliver:

ST. JAMES HOTEL, July 30.

Sir—

Of all the detestable beings in this world, I know of none more so than you are. Start not, and I will explain! Fiend-like, you are making advances to a young and virtuous lady of my acquaintance, for the purpose of seducing, or deceiving her; and as I feel interested in the matter, on account of her *brother*, who is absent from the city, I beg that you will either desist in your reckless and imprudent course, or meet me as a gentleman with such weapons as you may think fit to choose. I demand satisfaction, whether by explanation, or otherwise.

Your Obedient Servant,

HENRY SPROUT.

To Lieutenant Poppinjay, }  
of H. M. 59th Reg't. }

P. S.—The bearer of this will await your answer.

H. S.



Now—thought Henry, after he had despatched the challenge by his friend—if I can only work my cards well, Eliza will yet be mine. Poppinjay, like all my old rivals, will be afraid to meet me—he is a coward, and I will then post him as such; and what is more contemptible to a spirited girl than a cowardly man? and what is more gratifying to a man like me, than to gain a victory without firing a shot? Eliza will reject him, and then the champion of the ‘ring,’ the defender of the virtuous, the bravest of the brave, myself, Henry Sprout, Esq., will be looked upon by Eliza with more than ordinary complacency.

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## CHAPTER XV.

### IAGO WITH THE CHALLENGE.

Iago posted off, full speed, with the note for Lieutenant Poppinjay’s quarters. It was capital sport for Iago; it was a love affair, and would very probably end in an affair of honour. On the road he settled in his mind, that if Poppinjay did not answer the challenge, he would answer it himself, and pay somebody a handsome sum to counter it Poppinjay, and fight his friend, which was certainly very *friendly*. This might have been done, as neither Iago nor Henry could identify Poppinjay—never having seen him by daylight. There was very little doubt he thought, about getting a substitute, for the times were so bad, that almost any fellow would stand up to be shot at, if he was only paid well for it. He thought he knew several persons (usually to be seen loitering among a small bevy of *male gossips*, whose place of meeting was in a mud puddle, near a certain printing office) who would not hesitate a moment to come forward; they had only employment for their tongues and not their hands; consequently there would be no difficulty in finding a substitute, who, if not worth a *rap*, certainly might be worth a

*shot*. Poppinjay, he thought, would not accept a challenge from a Plebeian—it would be rather *doigrading*; besides, he thought Poppinjay was like a good many more of his brother officers—that is, he set a higher value upon life than he did upon honour. It is not every man (thought Iago) that wears a red coat with a sword buckled to his side, who is a champion. No—no—indeed: most of these fellows do well enough in peace, when there is no danger, to strut before the girls like peacocks displaying their plumage; but take them to battle, amidst the clashing of arms, the thundering of artillery, and the groans of the dying, and they would wish themselves at their mammy's apron strings once more. It is all very well to hold a commission in peaceable times, and wear a red coat, trimmed with gold lace; but a red coat will never make a brave man out of a coward. At all events, (continued Henry, in his thoughts,) he would soon see what sort of stuff Poppinjay was made of—he hoped *he* was not a coward, for that would spoil all the fun, unless he could carry out his plans.

When Iago arrived at the Barracks, the officers were seated round the mess-table, busily engaged discussing the merits of roast beef, and champaign; and no doubt, as was their wont, offering a few reflections upon Colonial Society—not forgetting the Consequences, who took such delight in *feteing* them two or three times a-week, at the expense, no doubt, of their creditors.

“O! say it is—dem me if it is'nt,” said Poppinjay. We do not know exactly what *it was*, but Pop. was in great earnest. “What's this—fallow?” said he to the servant who handed him a note.

“A note Sir—gentleman waiting at the door for an answer—says he's in a hurry.”

Poppinjay opened the note, and very carefully read its contents—some of the words not being very legible, he got the Hon. George Allspice, who was sitting beside him, to help him to decipher.

“Satisfaction!” exclaimed Pop., after he had finished reading, “why the fallow! who the daval is he? Satisfaction for what?—(Allspice chuckled)—dem me but the fallow's cracked!”

"Hallo!" said Blood, what's going on there in the corner? (The note was handed to Blood—he being a senior officer—and he read it.) Ha! ha! my old lad—then Allspice is not the only gentleman among us bewitched by girl-craft. How sly Pop. has kept it! who is the young lady Pop.—is she rich? I think the sooner our Regiment moves from this garrison the better; for if we stay here much longer our baggage waggons will be pretty well *lumbered* by the time we go."

Poppinjay—finding that he was, in turn, like Allspice some time before, quizzed rather freely—became quite exasperated, and he was determined to wreak his vengeance upon the head or hide of the intruder, and instigator—the author of the challenge, Henry Sprout, Esq., clerk to Mr. Hardecash—whoever *he* was?

He accordingly repaired to his room and wrote the following reply:

BARRACKS, July 30.

"Lieut. Poppinjay in reply to a note received from one Sprout, begs to say, that he has not the honour of that gentleman's acquaintance—but as an officer in H. M. 59th Regt. he certainly cannot decline the *kind* invitation of Mr. Sprout, to a *friendly* meeting, particularly as he has had the *kindness* to call him a *detestable* being, for reasons best known to himself. As *game* then is rather scarce in this Province, Lieut. P. has not the least objection to take a shot at the first bird that comes along. Lieut. P. will be on the ground—rear of Flap's barn, near the Frog Tavern—precisely at 5 o'clock, to-morrow morning, with pistol and second.

To a young man called }  
HENRY SPROUT. }

The note was carelessly folded and given to the servant to put into the hands of Iago.

Henry was in his bed-room when Iago arrived at the Hotel; his mind filled with 'strange fancies!' When he heard the footsteps of his friend on the stairs, like Mackbeth, he trembled—not knowing whether he was about to receive a summons to prepare for *death*, or the gratifying intelligence that Poppinjay had refused to meet him, in honourable combat. His doubts were soon relieved. Iago opened the door, and stalked into the room as unconcernedly as if he was the bearer of a bank notice, instead of a note that savoured very strongly of brimstone and leaden ball. He drew the note quite leisurely from his pocket, and gave it to

Henry; he then seized hold of a newspaper, which was lying on the floor, and seated himself on the foot of the bedstead, and pretended to be reading, in order that Henry might see his epistle, undisturbed. Iago knew well the contents of the note, for he peeped into it going along, by way of paying himself postage; he suspected well the effect it would have, and he merely took up the newspaper by way of divertisement, and to be the better able to eye Henry while he was devouring the contents of the reply. If Henry before trembled from imaginary fears, he now trembled with interest; for alas! there was reality in the way, awfully real. There was no misunderstanding Poppinjay. He was *willing to fight*. There was no alternative then left to Henry, since he sent the challenge but to go forward; if he 'backed out,' he would be posted as a coward, and be disgraced and despised, not only in the estimation of the young men he challenged before, but also in Eliza's, which would be worse than all

"*One Henry Sprout—ahem! One!!*" Henry pronounced this word *one* with peculiar emphasis, and considerable emotion. He thought all the world knew him, if for no other reason than because of his *courage* in duel matters.

"What are you *oneing* about?" interrogated Iago, pretending to a great deal of ignorance in the affair—"won't he fight with *one* of your *caste*—the jackdaw! does he think you beneath his notice—or what?"

"No—I believe not—(although Henry on this occasion, no doubt, wished he did)—he calls me *one* Henry Sprout; for that word alone, I think I ought to treat Poppinjay with contempt, and not put myself *out of the way* to get in his."

"What?—Pop him for his impudence—that's the way to fix him! if you let him off when you have such an excellent opportunity of making a hole in his carcase, you ought to be kicked from Dan to Bersheba, and back again—you ought to be stuck in the pillory and pelted with rotten eggs—he kicked to death by grasshoppers—or what is worse still, be doomed to hunt after newspaper accounts, all the remaining days of your life. Let *him* off indeed! a pretty how-do-you-do!--

let off his wind—a steady hand can do that. (He took the note out of Henry's hand and read it.) I'm your second—would just as soon stand up with you by the grave as the altar. Just take my advice now, and prepare yourself; if you have any friends to see, you had better slope off and see them at once, and shake hands with them; you can pretend you are going to the country—(Henry turned more pale than ever)—if you have any accounts to settle you might as well settle them to-night, so if you go out of the world in the morning, you may go out with a clear conscience, which is more than every man can say. There will be no occasion to make a will; I will distribute your effects—your shirt collars and wristbands shall go among the officers of the Mechanics Institute, or such of the men as know how to keep their hands and faces clean; your jewellery I will take care of myself. Come man, pluck up; I only wish I had such an opportunity of immortalizing myself; it's only one out of a thousand duellists who get killed. I merely give you this advice, that you may be prepared for the worst, although there is no danger whatever; besides, only think! you will be gazetted next day, under the head '*an affair of honour!*' Why the mere circumstance of a man's name being dragged before the public, is a feather in his cap; this circumstance alone induces half the duellists to take the field."

"It is all very well to talk," said Henry, faintly; "I think duelling too hap-hazard a game to expect any gain by it. It does well enough to *talk* about fighting, but to *fight* is another thing. Now Iago, I always considered you a friend of mine—(Iago nodded)—I'll tell you what might be done—for a good deal can be done by scheming. If you will consent, and prove yourself the friend you have always professed to be, I think my honour can be preserved without fighting. Will you consent—?"

"Consent to what? Why man, you would not have me consent to a thing until I knew what it was about; as well might you ask me to consent to a proposal of marriage from a young lady before she made it, by merely anticipating her on account of the beseeching witchery of her eyes; or expect me to sign a deed before I had read it. Tell

me what you mean, and then I will satisfy you ; if the proposal be rational, why of course I will think of it !”

“ I was going to explain when you interrupted me. Well, to tell you the truth Iago, I don't care about getting up so early in the morning ; I know I should be sick for a week afterwards, (if I don't get killed,) as my usual hour of rising is eight o'clock. Besides, Poppinjay is a soldier, and of course a better shot than me—a civilian. Now, suppose you go to some Alderman to-night, and secretly apprise him of what is going to happen in the morning ; and of course, he, in duty bound, will have to interpose his authority, and come out and prevent the duel occurring, and bind us both over to keep the peace. If you will do this, our *honour* may be preserved, without getting any blood spilt. What say you, friend Iago—(slapping him on the shoulder)—what say you ?” and he ‘ paused for a reply.’

“ Don't know how that would answer,” said Iago, after considerable hesitation ; “ 'fraid it would'nt do very well ; can't place much dependence in those Aldermen getting up at 5 o'clock in the morning ; (even in a case of life and death ;) they drink too much *lemon-aid* at night for that. However,” continued Iago, after a pause, “ it is not a bad idea of your's ; certainly an *original* one.” But, he said to himself, it shall never be carried into effect by me ; if it was in a case of my own, it might do very well ; but Henry *shall* fight. “ I will go immediately to an Alderman, as you request ; now I come to think of it again, it is the best thing that can be done, under the circumstances. This fighting is all humbug. Believe me your hint has saved your life,” continued this snake in the grass ; and he bade his friend adieu, to go down—as he said—to acquaint an Alderman with the circumstances. We will, in the next chapter, show how he kept his promise.

## CHAPTER XVI.

### EDITORS AND PUBLISHERS.

Instead of going to an Alderman, Iago posted off to acquaint several Editors and Publishers, of the affair, in order that *they*, instead of the Alderman, might be present in the morning to take notes, and if necessary, write an obituary, on the one who should fall. He first called at the "Acadian Scratcher" office, and whispered the secret into its Editor—Johnny Noakes's—ear. Johnny jumped three feet off the floor, with delight; for his paper was to come out next day, and he was sadly in want of an original paragraph for his Editorial column. Perhaps it will be as well to give the reader a description of this Mr. Noakes. He was of pigmy notoriety—a little man about four feet in height, and of considerable rotundity—of irascible temperament—and endowed with no small share of literary conceit. He was continually on the *qui vive*—in every body's way—always ready for a treat, but seldom treated himself. He had a good voice for *talking*; a stranger to hear him in the dark, would think by the sound of his voice, that he was a *large* man; the shallow ones feared him as an extraordinary genius, in argument—in addition to which they thought that as he was an Editor, he of course knew more than any body else. On average, he was a singular nonentity, and made up of heterogeneous and discordant materials. More of him hereafter.

From the "Acadian Scratcher" office, Iago proceeded to the "Lamp-Post" office, to give the Editor of that paper, Mr. Crosscut, the same information. From thence he carried the news to the "Nova-scarcity" office, to Mr. Pungent; from thence to the "Morning Herald" office, to Mr. Credible.

Having communicated the news to the different Editors and Publishers in the city—and cautioned them, at the same time, to maintain the strictest secrecy, lest the affair *might* reach an Alderman's ear—Iago went home, as much pleased as if he were going to attend a wedding in the morning, instead of a duel.

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## CHAPTER XVII

### THE MISS SMITHS AGAIN—A DISCOVERY.

"Now—Eliza, it does not do to be seen so often with him. What he says *may* be true—but I have heard men before to-day, talk just in that way to the girls, and after all deceive them. These men are not to be trusted—particularly officers—until you are certain of them. There's Mrs. Grundy trying to make all the mischief she can about the matter. There was another large tea-party last night down at Mrs. Jones', and Dolly Blab tells me your name was severely handled during all tea-time. I really don't like it, Eliza. If he is in earnest, he ought to avow himself immediately, and not keep dilly-dallying in the way he does"—said Mrs. Smith.

"Mother, you are too nice!"—said the elder Miss Smith; "you wouldn't have him make proposals of marriage to Eliza until after he had done a reasonable share of courting, I hope? They have only been acquainted now a few weeks; hardly sufficient time for them to understand each other's disposition—ha, Eliza?—besides, hasty marriages



seldom end well ; that's what Marm Jacobs used to tell the scholars, in her lectures, after catechism, always on Saturday."

"What a figure 'Lize will cut by-and-by,"—said little Mary ; "'spose she'll hardly notice us ? 'Lize, 'spose you make me your dressing-maid ; I think I would do as well as Lady Consequences', and I am sure I'm handsomer." (Mary cast a furtive glance at the looking glass, opposite her.)

"And I'm sure," interrupted Mrs. Smith, "you have more gab!—yes, more than all the waiting maids in the city put together. You'll be just as great a blabber by-and-by as Mrs. Grundy. Lord help the man that'll get you ; (Mary pouted) he will have a sorry time of it."

"Did any of you see that reel of black silk ?" inquired Eliza, rummaging in the work-basket—and almost in the same breath—"Why ! what is this ? who is this note from ? (Mary was taken 'a-back,' and looked quite confused.) I suppose it is about that pellerine again, from Mrs. Tab ? (She commenced opening the note quite deliberately. Mary attempted to take it from her.) "What!—why what does this mean ? a note from Mr. Sprout, I do declare ! Why, how is it that I did not get this before ? it is now nearly three weeks old ! Now, mother, if this is not provoking. This is some of Miss Mary's work, I know ; such impudence, to go and open my letters, and then to try and hide them from me besides !"

Mary made full confession. It appears that she received Henry's note, addressed to Eliza, which the reader will recollect of, from the Post-man, at the hall-door, the next day after it was written ; and full of curiosity as well as mischief, she took the liberty of prying into the end of it, in order to see if she could not discover a secret ;—as young girls are more fond of getting hold of secrets, than keeping them. Her eye fell upon Sprout's autograph, and not feeling at the best of times much friendship for that gentleman, she cracked the seal, and read the epistle. "He talk of love to Eliza ; he might as well try to woo a Cleopatra!" said she, after she had read it ; "pretty thing indeed ! Eliza'll have somebody better than he is, or ever will be ; she's going to have

an officer, that's what she's going to have. She'll not get this note, I know, for she might answer it, and encourage that Cabbage Sprout to come to the house again; then the lieutenant will keep away. Henry Sprout, indeed!—ha! Henry Sprout! 'pon my word!"—and Mary turned up the end of her nose quite superciliously, until it nearly formed a parallel line with her eye-brows. After reading the note over half-a-dozen times, she very incautiously put it in the work-basket—(where it was found by Eliza)—with the intention of burning it, as soon as she should go down stairs to the kitchen; but it slipped her memory—for her mind was like a sieve, rather leaky, it could retain nothing for a longer time than five minutes; and so she betrayed herself.

"Now, Mary," said Eliza "had it been Kate Pry, who served me such a trick, I should not have wondered."

"Well—I did it all for your own good;" answered Mary, pertly.

"Little girls ought'nt to take so much upon themselves," said the mother, "why did you not show the note to me, after you opened it, and ask my advice? Why even your poor father, when he was alive, would not do any thing without my knowledge! you ought to be ashamed of yourself—indeed and you ought."

Mary slipped out of the room; she saw that a storm was gathering; and to get out of danger took her work and went down stairs."

"It would be of very little use now to answer the note—it is so out of date. That's been the reason of Sprout's staying away from the house, depend upon it"—said Eliza.

"I don't wonder at it"—said the elder Miss Smith; "but perhaps it is just as well after all; had he continued his visits, you would have felt yourself in duty bound to encourage him, as you have always done, Eliza; consequently, the lieutenant and you would not now be so intimate."

"Yes—but I would like to disabuse his mind by asserting my innocence. It is hard to be blamed when one is not in the wrong. To be accused without feeling guilty, is a torture I can hardly suffer."

"But, Eliza," said her sister, "no excuse now, however plausibly worded, would be admitted by Sprout; he would not credit any state-

ment; besides, it would only be the means of throwing disgrace upon Mary, consequently upon the family; and depend upon it, Sprout would make the most out of the matter; he'd proclaim it among all the clerks in the city, just by way of retaliation."

After a few minutes more of debate, it was finally concluded that it would be as well not to answer Henry's note at so unseasonable a time.

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## CHAPTER XVIII

### A NIGHT OF HORROR

"Here to-night, to-morrow, where?" said Henry, (unconsciously repeating the soliloquy of the Bosworth Hero,) after his friend Iago had left him for the night. To-morrow never comes, they say! Were weeks not portioned into days, that would do very well. To-morrow always is at hand. But to-morrow—Friday!—ah! Friday will come! that's the closest morrow to *me*. Would it were not so! would that Friday had been blotted out of the Calendar some six months since, then fate had not ordained for me this night of gloom; (he took out his watch and wound it up—the hands pointed to twelve.) By this time to-morrow, 'twill all be over. I will then either be lying below stairs in a winding-sheet—(he shuddered)—or walking about the streets a new crowned champion. But, Iago is my friend. He'll stick to his promise, and apprise an Alderman! But again, should the Alderman oversleep himself, which is not improbable, what then? There will be no appeal! No alternative left but to fight. Stop! Could I not manage to oversleep the hour myself? That would be the surest plan. Now, it cannot be expected that a man can wake up and take possession of his senses, any moment he pleases. It is against the rules of philosophy; and if I

oversleep myself it will not be *my* fault—it will be an *error* in nature. I'll do it! and perhaps the extra nap may serve me!"

With these reflections upon his mind, Henry—after taking a farewell peep into his mirror for the night—turned into bed. Although he found consolation in his scheme of oversleeping himself, still he had enough fears left upon his mind to keep him awake. The truth of the matter was, he felt himself upon the threshold of a great event; a crisis was approaching—no matter how it was to end—which he never anticipated, although he had often thrown himself in the way. He tried to sleep but could not—he turned from side to side full twenty times within an hour—he tried to banish all thoughts of the morrow; but in vain. The town clock struck *two*, with dismal tone, and still he was awake; and as the bell chimed the hours away, he felt his situation still more awful; the clock struck *three*, and still he was awake; two hours more were only left him to prepare for—*death* (?) He never knew before the true value of time; it was now to him an inestimable treasure. At length nature became exhausted, and Henry, for the first time that night, fell asleep—but it was not that sleep which 'knits up the ravelling sleeve of care;' he slept, but with a fevered brain; his imagination was still awake, and roaming in scenes of terror; ever and anon he would start from his fitful slumbers, as if beset by earth and hell's most deadly foes. Now he saw serpents with fiery stings issuing from their mouths, hissing and turning somersets beneath his feet, and ready to dart upon him. The scene changed, and he was in a charnel-house, surrounded by bodies in a state of putrefaction, and empty skulls piled up in pyramidal heaps. Again it changed, and his mother, who had been dead some dozen years, stood before him in her shroud, and beckoned him with phrenzied eye, to follow her, which he attempted to do, but his feet appeared rivetted to the floor. Again it changed, and he stood in a beautiful trellised arbour, on which entwined flowers of variegated hues, and of sweetest perfume. It changed again, and he was in the *battle*-field; all the officers in the regiment were present, and every one was armed with pistols, which they pointed at him; he had not only *one* but fifty Poppinjays to encounter;

and all seemed eager for his destruction. It changed again, and Eliza was his *enemy*; she stood before him with dishevelled hair, and attenuated features, and frowned upon him, as if he had been guilty of doing her some wrong. Once more it changed, and he was in the midst of darkness; he heard the rumbling of distant thunder, which gradually approached him, and grew more distinct and terrific, until at length it peeled into his ears like musketry, fired in a volley; the noise awoke him—(it was Iago knocking at the hall-door)—and immediately the clock struck *five*. He jumped up, more dead than alive, ran down stairs, opened the door, and Iago presented himself, with a green bag slung over his right shoulder.

“ Good morning, my old cock; could’nt have a better morning for it if we waited ’till October; come, bear-a-hand, it’s getting late; buckle on your clothes as fast as possible; the Alderman might get there before us, and start off again, thinking he had been deceived.”

“ Is’nt it most too late?” it’s after five—*why did’nt you come sooner?*—very likely Poppinjay has been there and gone again. I’m sorry you did’nt come sooner.”

“ Plenty time man—plenty time—only bear-a-hand,” said Iago.

“ What is that bag for?” inquired Henry.

“ This bag? O—I’ve got Poppinjay’s breakfast in it—a pair of as fine bull-dogs as ever you looked at”—and he opened the bag and exposed its contents, which consisted of a pair of pistols, twenty or thirty balls, and as many cartridges of powder; also, four or five newspapers—weekly ones, which clearly proves that these kind of papers, bad as they are, are good for something—as wadding—“ there’s no flash in them chaps—(meaning the pistols); they are sure to go off; first rate article; they’ll almost go off without loading; and what is more, they’ll take aim themselves, only point right, and keep a steady hand.”

Henry left Iago talking at the door, while he ran up stairs to dress himself. Strange to say, now that the time for fighting had actually come, and there was no getting off, Henry became quite hardened to his fate; his fears dwindled into nothing, and he now almost began to

upbraid himself for having entertained such cowardly feelings. At all events, he thought it would be as well to take as many precautions as possible, to secure the safety of his life ; accordingly he encased his body in half a dozen cotton and flannel shirts, outside of which he rolled a large piece of stout canvas ; he next put on his vest, which was wadded well with cotton wool—and above all, his coat, which he found much difficulty in buttoning, owing to his unnatural proportions. It would be as well to add, that he did not leave his legs out of fashion with his body—in addition to his usual covering about these parts, he put on a pair of corderoy breeches, over which a pair of leather ones. Having thus habilitated himself with a coat of armour, that seemed to him impervious, he put on his hat, which was a fealt one, and sallied forth to meet his rival, Lieutenant Poppinjay, of His Majesty's 59th Regiment.

## CHAPTER XIX.

It was a delightful morning when the friends went forth; the sun was about an hour high, and the dew yet hung upon the leaves; the little birds were leaping from bough to bough, dashing the spray as they went, and chirruping forth their innocent notes of life and love. The whole forest seemed vocal with the feathered choir. The air was filled with odours, which ascended from the wild flowers of the forest—not a zephyr came to waft them away to other tropics—all, all, was tranquillity, as if earth and heaven were blended into one.

At length the friends reached the fatal ground—fatal, because a death-scene was about being enacted there. It was half past five, and no Poppinjay and friends, were visible.

“What can be the matter?” said Henry, “I expect not only the Alderman must have overslept himself, but also one of the *principals* in this matter,” and he felt pleased to think it might be so, for in such case, he would come off victor, without going through the ugly ordeal of trigger-pulling.

“Tut, man—we must give them half-an-hour’s grace—they’ll be here in a few minutes, I’ll venture.”

And the words were no sooner out of Iago’s mouth than suddenly there appeared on the verge of the horizon, three black *specks*, moving towards them; they were equidistances apart—perhaps a quarter of a mile—and they were so far off, that it was impossible, at first, to define

whether they were *men* or *mules*--as mules generally grazed on the hills in the vicinity. At length, as the specks approached, two of them were recognized quite distinctly, as human beings, and not *mules*; there were some doubts, however, about the third, which, as it turned out afterwards, was so very small, that it took a longer time to become visible, so that no accurate idea could yet be formed of the class of animals to which it belonged.

"Yes!--there they are, sure enough" said Iago.

"That's a fact," said Henry, in rather an uncomfortable tone.

"There's Poppinjay on a-head; I can tell him by his length, and the way he swings his arms, for he swaggers very much," said Iago.

"The other must be his second--no doubt the Hon. George Allspice," said Henry.

By this time the three, although widely separated at first, had nearly converged to a point; the reason was, they had to cross an abideau, which was the only pass leading to Flapp's barn, from that direction, owing to a long creek that intervened.

"And the third (which now proved to be a little man with an umbrella over his shoulder to keep the rays of the sun off) must be the Doctor."

"Yes! that's Doctor Squint," said Iago, "I know him by his size; he's the littlest man I know of--(another look)--yes, that's Doctor Squint, sure enough."

"The Alderman then certainly must have overslept himself, for he comes not," said Henry.

"I anticipated as much last night when I spoke to one--(this was uttered without conscience)--you can place no dependence in those fellows. Like that 'debating society' we saw moving down Germain street, on Wednesday, they think more of their dinners than they do of their duties. They are seldom troubled with compunctious visitings. Why man! I saw one of them steal a goose out of a countryman's waggon, a few days ago--under pretence of fining him--because the countryman happened to take up his stand, and sell his produce, in the street, contrary to law, instead of the Market place."



At length the supposed Poppinjay, Hon. George Allspice, and last and least, Doctor Squint, came up, and who should they turn out to be but Mr. Crosscut, Editor of the Lamp Post—(Poppinjay); Mr. Pungent, Publisher of the Nova-scarcity—(Hon. George Allspice); and Johnny Noakes, Editor of the Acadian Scratcher—(Dr. Squint.) Great was Iago's disappointment, as well might be supposed, by this arrival. He thought after all, there would be no duel; the time was going fast, and his patience much faster. Why did not Poppinjay come up to the mark? He must be a coward—he was a coward, or he'd come forth like a man. All eyes, as if by common consent, were now suddenly turned to the East—a three legged poney was visible, hobbling along, as if under a great weight. It was straddled by a man wearing a white hunting coat, with a brass horn slung round his neck; the bottoms of his pantaloons were up even with his knee-pans, for want of straps to keep them down; his feet almost touched the ground, and served as balances whenever the poney lost his equilibrium, and gave a lee-lurch. The name of this eccentric looking character was Paul Black; by profession a vender of "penny papers." As the poney approached nearer, it was discovered that Paul was not the only man on horseback—behind him, on the same nag, sat his master, Mr. Credible, with one hand grasping the poney's tail, and the other the skirt of Paul's hunting coat, in order to preserve his seat, and prevent himself from falling off. This arrival helped to swell the company; but the principal actors were yet absent, and those who were present now become quite impatient for the fray; some began to think the officers had been making fools of them; others, among whom was Sprout, were of opinion that Poppinjay was too much of a coward to come out. The conversation was held immediately adjoining the barn, and the party, consisting of seven in all, wished to improve the time as much as possible; they entered into debate upon various topics, in which Johnny Noakes, Mr. Crosscut, and Mr. Pungent, took active parts. After having discussed and disposed of minor matters, they at length introduced the subject of *Responsible Government*, upon broad principles. The debating of this question was attend-

ed with a great deal of warmth of feeling; and it was supposed at one time, that something serious would occur between Mr. Crosscut and Johnny Noakes, who were leaders in the contest, on opposite sides.—From “Responsible Government” the party took up the subject that more immediately concerned them—Henry Sprout, Esq. in particular—the subject of the duel.

JOHNNY NOAKES.—This fighting with pistols is all lumbng. I admire the old fisticuff system—(here Johnny Noakes threw himself back in a pugilistic attitude)—a small man has as good a chance in a duel as a big one—in fact better, because the balls are very apt to fly over his head.

Henry Sprout thought Johnny was about two-thirds right, and he scanned his shadow on the ground.

PURGENT.—Then Mr. Noakes I should think that you would approve of the modern system of settling differences—*you* (and he ran his eye from head to foot, and back again, on Johnny’s body) would stand a capital chance before a pistol, while my long friend Crosscut here, would be very apt to get his teeth deranged.

IAGO.—Excuse me gentlemen; but this is rather tedious work. Here we have been standing full half an hour for our adversaries to come up, and yet they appear to be as far off as ever. I always said that there were more cowards to be found amongst *soldiers* than *civilians*. We have sufficient evidence of it this morning I think

JOHNNY NOAKES.—Very likely they’ve been on a spree at Consequence’s last night, and went home *squizzled*.—(After a pause.)—Now I come to think on’t, I saw that black fellow of Consequence’s who used to wear the big hat I mean, lugging into the house jars and baskets full of something, all the forenoon; and ——

(“Dat’s a lie—by gor-a-mity it’s a lie.”)

Johnny suddenly stopped, and the whole company looked at one another, and then up at the sky, on account of the interruption, which came in quite an unearthly tone of voice. They thought if the devil had not actually got among them, his majesty could not be far off. They were quite confounded for a few moments, not knowing which

way to look, or what to think of the matter. At last, after a good deal of speculation, one way and another, they concluded that the strange sound was nothing more nor less than the echo of Johnny Noakes's voice. Johnny resumed—"I also saw two or three officers' servants running in and out of the house half a dozen times; one of them I recognized as Poppinjay's; I knew him by his size; he is quite a large man and very strong, because I saw him once taking his master home, after an evening's debauch, on his back."

("That's a confounded lie—you little rascal!")

From another unknown voice again broke forth; and suddenly the barn-door opened, when out sallied Lieutenant Poppinjay, looking pitch-forks; George Allspice; Dr. Squint; a man with a large gown on, who was intended to represent a parson; and last, not least, Caleb bearing a coffin on his back.

The company were now more than ever staggered, and looked unutterable things, from so intrusive and unexpected a meeting with the very men about whom they were just conversing, and whom they considered at home, and in their beds, out of hearing. Before proceeding farther, we will explain the mystery which appears to envelope this part of our narrative

## CHAPTER XX.

### A MYSTERY EXPLAINED.

It seems that after Poppinjay had sent his answer to Henry's challenge, he and his *mess-mates* went into a "committee of ways and means," in order to arrange preliminaries for the duel, and to devise some scheme for rendering the affair as effective as possible, in subduing Henry. They agreed that nothing could disarm a man quicker than *fright*. Accordingly they had a coffin prepared, and deputed Caleb to carry it to the scene of action; and they selected a private soldier from the regiment, and put a cloak on him, in order that he should represent a Parson. Caleb at all times was on hand, whenever there was a chance of earning a penny—he was every body's servant, whenever there was money to be made; and as he had been in the habit of running backwards and forwards, with notes, between his master's house and the 'Mess,' he became quite a favourite with the officers, and did many *jobs* for them, whenever their servants happened to be absent. How far the cloak and coffin idea operated will be shown.

The officers had reached the ground, a few minutes before five o'clock, and walked about for some time, looking out for Sprout and Iago. At length they descried them in the distance, and they all went into the barn to listen, in secret, to what might be said outside. They were highly amused, no doubt, by the conversation we have already recorded. They had a great deal of difficulty at first in preserving silence in the barn, on account of Caleb; who, not being in the habit of rising at so early an hour, would occasionally fall into a doze, and snore loud enough to be heard across the pond, opposite the barn. The private—or rather

*parson*—was placed as a sentinel over him with a stick to keep him awake ; by divers application of said stick on Caleb's shins, every time he fell asleep, he was, after the first nap or two, brought under subjection. He was strictly cautioned by the Hon. George, from the first moment they entered the barn, to keep as quiet as death, which injunction he obeyed admirably well—barring the snoring—*un.* he heard his own name brought on the carpet, by Johnny Noakes. Now Caleb bore a strong prejudice to Noakes. It appears that this individual employed Caleb's wife—for Caleb had a wife—to mend his shirts, and afterwards he refused to pay her ; because, forsooth, there was no law specifying '*shirt mending,*' consequently he thought that payment could not be enforced, and he was determined not to pay.

As above stated, when Caleb heard his name mentioned, by no less an individual than Johnny Noakes, he put his mouth to a knot-hole in the side of the barn, immediately over the head of the defendant, and sent forth most venomously, a flat contradiction, as before noticed. Poppinjay being a man of spirit as well as pride, likewise felt mortally *wounded* on hearing Johnny trying to traduce *his* character, by stating that he saw his (Poppinjay's) servant carry his master home one night on his back--which implied a great deal. Such a charge was more than any gentleman could stand, and he was determined it should be contradicted before it got cool. He followed Caleb's plan, and let his steam out of the first chink that could be found, and then made a rush to the door, with his friends and supporters at his beck.

#### THE DUEL.

"Stand back, and let the coffin pass ; or by Heavens I'll make a ghost of him who disobeys," said Poppinjay, in the language of Shakespeare, modified, as he issued from the barn, and seeing Paul Black, and several others, trying to trip Caleb up, with his burthen.

"Tand back, why cant you, and let de coffin pass ; don't you hear massa speakin' to you's ? Get out de way, or by gosh one o' you git in't 'fore long," said Caleb, sweating beneath his burthen, and blowing like a war-steed

Poppinjay made up to Johnny Noakes.

"Fallow! what did you mean by that observation you just now 'threw out' about me and my servant, under the barn?" inquired Pop. with an air of offended dignity.

"Me?—O—ah—yes—no—O—I did not allude to you. I was—yes, I was speaking of another person. I beg pardon Sir; no offence," answered Mr. Noakes.

"Wall o'im mistaken then—of course your apology is aukcepted" returned Lieut. Poppinjay.

It is a lucky thing that this difference was so easily arranged, or there's no knowing what might have found its way into the columns of the newspapers; instead of one duel, it is very likely there would have been two to report.

Let us now turn our attention for a few moments to Henry Sprout, Esq., who was standing alone, while the seconds were arranging preliminaries. As might well be imagined, as soon as Henry saw the coffin, and the counterfeit parson make their appearance, he felt more uncomfortable than ever. His old complaint, viz: palpitation of the heart, and weakness in the joints, returned to him, with aggravated symptoms. He would have done very well had it not been for these *grave* objects. Now he was completely unmanned. He very naturally thought that the coffin was intended for the one who should fall, and his prescience led him to believe that that *one* was to be himself; and the parson was present to read over the burial service.

"Where has the grave been dug?" interrogated Poppinjay of Allspice, with considerable nonchalance, within the hearing of Sprout. Allspice could not repress a smile, as he replied:

"In the woods, a short distance off." And he put his hand up to his face to cover the smile.

Perhaps it is unnecessary to inform the reader that there was a great deal of romance in this question and answer, and that no grave had been prepared.

## CHAPTER XXI.

The two seconds, Hon. George Allspice and Iago, had now arranged the preliminaries for the duel. Iago took his principal aside, and in a subdued tone of voice, entered into conversation with him, as if he were putting Henry up to mischief; ever and anon he would ogle Poppinjay over his friend's shoulder, which seemed to imply "your time has come at last my old fellow." He now drew the pistols forth from the bag, likewise the powder and balls, and last of all, the newspapers for wadding. He hesitated for some time which paper to choose; he wished to select the *stiffest* one—as they all seemed rather *soft*—the one most likely to drive a ball through Poppinjay's ribs. At length he concluded that as the '*Scratcher*' was more rabid than any of its cotemporaries, he would make use of it, so he rammed this paper into the pistol at a *tearing* rate, put in the ball, placed the weapon in Henry's hand, and slowly said:

"There you are—now keep a steady hand, my hearty."

This advice was of very little avail to Henry; he had his eyes continually bent upon the coffin and the parson, which objects seemed to affect him as much as they could a culprit, for he had a presentiment that *he* was to die, and not Poppinjay.

Allspice and Poppinjay were likewise engaged with each other, at the same time, a short distance off. At length signal was given that the parties were prepared for action. The Editors and Publishers, Paul

Black, and Caleb, ran in different directions, to select the best and most eligible sites (out of danger) to witness the conflict. Mr. Crosscut seated himself on a tree-stump, some thirty yards off, and took out his pencil, and a large roll of writing paper, for the purpose of taking notes. Johnny Noakes got immediately opposite him, opened his umbrella—which was to serve as a shield to keep the balls from falling down behind it, fully satisfied that *he* was out of danger, and anon Johnny might be seen peeping over the top of his umbrella like a turtle from under its shell, to squint round and see how things were going on outside; he would then haul it in for a few moments, and repeat the action. Mr. Pungent mounted a spruce tree, in the neighborhood, and like Charles of old, hid himself amongst its branches. Mr. Credible still retained his seat in the saddle, rear of Paul Black, on the three-legged poney. The poney was hobbled over to a thicket of woods, a short distance off, to graze. Caleb got behind a poplar tree, on a parallel line, left of Henry, and nothing of him could be seen but his knees and heels, which were sticking out in opposite directions.

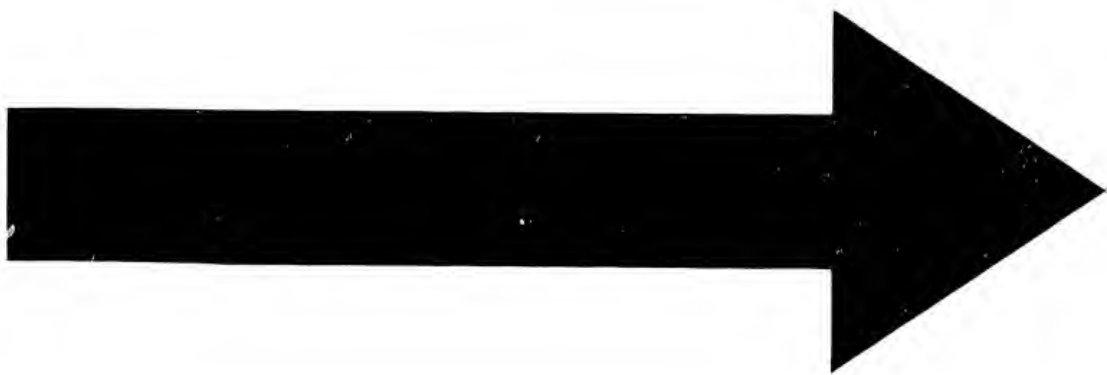
The ground was next measured off, and the seconds took their places. A death-like silence reigned.

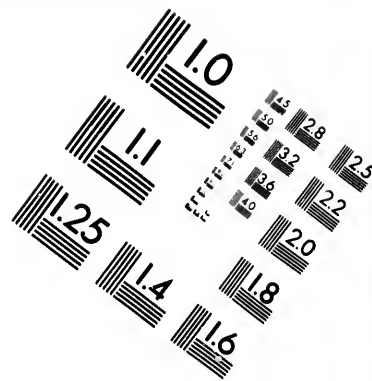
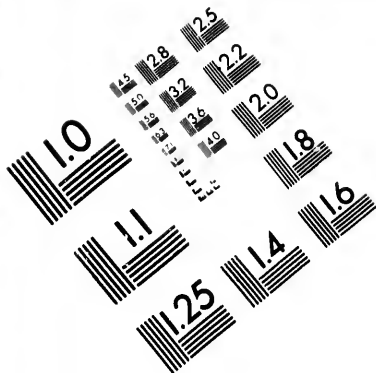
“Gentlemen are you ready?” shouted the Doctor.

The combatants raised their arms—it was a trying moment—the next, and one or the other, perhaps both, might be launched into eternity. A cloud suddenly passed athwart the sun, for the first time that morning, and darkened the landscape—the parties thought it ominous, and were impatient for the signal in order to know the worst.

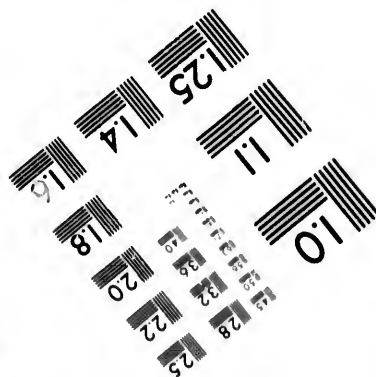
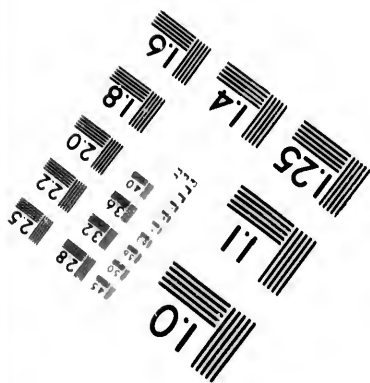
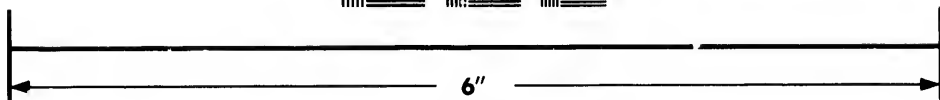
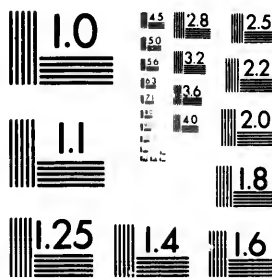
“Look dar!”—shouted Caleb at the top of his lungs and with a most animated gesture, at this dreadful moment, and when the word *fire* was on the Doctor's lips. This interruption fell like a thunder clap upon the ears of the duellists and seconds, as it prolonged suspense—they turned their eyes in the direction that Caleb pointed, and what think you reader, they beheld? Johnny Noakes and Mr. Crosscut taking liberties with one another's ‘ribs’ by means of their knuckles. By the time some of the parties got up Johnny was *down*, with Mr. Crosscut on







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top of him, and Mr. Pungent, who had descended from his perch, in the spruce tree, trying to separate them. Mr. Pungent explained. It appeared that Mr. Crosscut was not aware that any body was behind the umbrella, before alluded to, and finding that it impeded his view, he seized a brick-bat, and threw it at it. The *landlord*, Johnny Noakes, ran out, and made over to Crosscut in a tremendous passion, to punish him for his mischievous conduct; a fist-fight ensued, and the *claret* flew in all directions. Johnny Noakes got the worst of the battle. A vote of thanks was afterwards moved to Mr. Pungent, for his philanthropy in separating the pugilists—a committee was appointed to prepare an address; also a piece of plate, which was to have on it a suitable inscription. The address and plate were to be presented to Mr. Pungent as soon as they could be got ready. We did not learn whether these mementoes of Mr. P.'s philanthropy were ever presented or not.

"Suppose," said Henry, with a very inquiring look at his friend, "that Poppinjay and I settle our difference in the same way—with our fists? Propose it will you?"

"What!" said Iago, with a most significant stare, as if he doubted the sanity of his friend—"never shall it be said that a friend of mine would stoop to such a cowardly and debasing resort! Shame, Sprout! shame! Banish such an idea from your head—'tis childish! Take your place and behave like a man. Poppinjay is ready."

"Gentlemen are you ready?" again inquired the Doctor; and shortly after he shouted *Fire*, with a stentorian voice, which reverberated through the woods far and wide—the report of the pistols immediately followed—the birds flew in every direction with consternation. Henry fell, mortally wounded with—*fright*. Poppinjay danced furiously, and appeared to be in doubt whether to keep his feet, or fall to the ground—upon examination afterwards, it was discovered that one of his shins was severely barked, and strange to say by his own pistol. But poor Caleb was the greatest sufferer. As soon as the smoke cleared away—for it blew towards the poplar—Caleb was seen kicking on the ground, as if writhing under the most acute agony. It appears

that Sprout's arm became so nervous when the signal—*fire*—was given, that his ball took an oblique direction, and spent itself in Caleb's heel, which was as we before stated, quite exposed. The poor fellow bellowed like a mad-man, which made every thing appear awful round about. At first the Doctor swore the ball had lodged in the thorax of the sufferer, judging by the way he kicked ; but upon farther investigation, his decision was given in *favour* of the heel. He immediately set to work and extracted the ball, and the patient's sufferings were somewhat relieved.

During the interval between the shot and the extraction, the seconds were busy in conversation concerning a second shot. Now it was altogether optional with Henry, whether the experiment should be repeated, and when Iago asked him in the hearing of all present, whether he *was satisfied*, he replied :

“ *Yes—perfectly!*”

Henry thought he had gained glory enough for one day—to say nothing of the probable embarrassment a second shot might occasion him. It was a happy moment for him ; he felt that his valour was now *proved*, and it would redound to the immortality of his name ; and the more he thought of it the less he thought of Eliza—for the fame he had achieved as a duellist, was worth to him more than the conquest of ten thousand female hearts.

The principals and seconds in this memorable affair of honour, now shook hands in friendship (such friendship as peculiarizes prize fighters) and parted—each party going their own road. Caleb was put into the coffin, as he was unable to walk, and carried home upon the shoulders of the counterfeit Parson and Paul Black—while Mr. Credible bestrode the nag by himself, and rode on. The Editors and Publishers followed—Johnny Noakes keeping well in the rear, to pick up any thing that might be dropped ahead.

“ Well,” said Allspice to Poppinjay and the Doctor, on going off the ground, “ this is about as rich a treat as I've enjoyed for a long time,” and he laughed.

"Pop. does'nt think it's rich," said Doctor Squint, "it's given him the limps. He'll be on my list for a few weeks to come."

"Woll—better on the Doctor's list than the Undertaker's" said Pop-pinjay, and he limped again.

"Decidedly!" said Allspice. "Besides you gave the fellow *satisfaction*."

"Yes!" interrupted the Doctor, "and Sprout—I think that's what they call him—gave the poor black fellow *dis-satisfaction*, judging by the way he bellowed."

"Dem me," said Pop. "if I know yet what I faught the fallow for; it appears, however, there was a geyrl in the way."

"O—you'll find that out after a while—you was'nt challenged for nothing, depend upon't," said Allspice, and he looked as cunning as a person pretending to be asleep.

## CHAPTER XXII.

### A NEW SCENE.

By the time Sprout and Iago reached the city, the morning was far spent. They felt pretty much fatigued from their morning's *recreation*; besides, they had not yet breakfasted, and they had a strong appetite for drinking as well as eating; so they stepped into a Coffee House, to stimulate themselves with a 'sherry cobbler.' This Coffee House was kept by a German Jew, named Snoggings, a very eccentric character, and a man who had seen a great deal of service of one kind and another. The moment a customer appeared on his threshold, he would, usually, sing out—

"Vat you vant?" meaning—in bar-room parlance—"what'll you take?"

Several persons were sitting round a table in the Bar-Room, conversing, when Henry and Iago entered.

Henry called for a sherry cobbler, and asked his friend Iago, what he would take? for it was 'his treat;' indeed he could well afford to treat after having acted the part of a Knight-Valiant, *so well*.

"I think I heard your name mentioned, Hen.," said Iago, looking in the direction of the table round which the strangers were seated, smoking their cigars. "Who is that stout chap, I wonder? he appears to be the Demosthenes of the crowd. It is impossible for a stout man to speak in a secret tone of voice, so we'll have a chance of hearing him developo his resources; listen!"

("Here ish do sherry cobler, shentlemens," said Snog., at the same time handing Henry and Iago a glass a-piecke, and then retiring with bar-room modesty, rubbing the palm of his hands together, as if he thought of the pay.)

"I don't know him that I am aware of; they say he is Hardcash's book-keeper," said the fat man at the table, in a suppressed tone.

"Why, I thought every one in the city knew him, if only by his shirt collar and wristbands," answered a lantern-jawed youth—in flesh, the very antipodes of the fat man opposite him.

"He's a brave fellow!" said another young man, (with astonishingly large eyes, and awkward looking nose,) deliberately pulling his cigar from his mouth, and puffing forth a tremendous volume of smoke, which ascended to the ceiling in spiral wreaths.

"Do you hear that Hen.? they are talking over the duel affair; it's all about town ere this depend upon it. They have not the smallest idea that *we* are the *important* personages, of whom they are speaking," said Iago, and he took a sip of his 'cobler,' and so did Henry.

"They've changed the subject," said Henry; "they've got into Politics."

"So they have; you'll hear fun now! that fat man is an ultra Tory, and the one opposite—(with the lantern-jaws)—is an out-and-out Radical."

"*Responsible Government!*—Yes, it's Responsible Humbug, that's what it is!" said the fat man very earnestly.

Now it would be as well to inform the reader that this fat man had enjoyed a government office for a number of years—or ever since his father's death. It was an office that had always been monopolized in his family, even as far back as the 'third and fourth generation;' and it might well be imagined that the introduction of any system of government which seemed to threaten the perpetuity of his sinecure, would not be considered by him in a very favourable light.

"There is a good deal of humbug, I'll admit in "*Responsible Government*" said the thin faced man—"but that's not owing to the system; it is owing to the manner in which it is carried out."



"That's a fact!" said a phlegmatic looking bilious subject, who was seated at one corner of the table, and who now opened his mouth for the first time.

"A fact? to be sure it is!" said lantern-jaws. "No one can deny it."

"Why alter the old system," said the fat man, "the people were contented enough with it, and would have continued so, had not a few demagogues come in to stir up discord, and impress the people with wrong notions; we have no proof that the old system of government was a bad one?"

"*We have!* the proof is before us," said a wag, with a grin on his countenance—"you show it by your corpulency and colour—you have gained all that flesh and blood by the spoils of office; while my lean friend here, (alluding to lantern-jaws,) equally talented and meritorious, has grown thin because he has had no opportunity of fattening upon a sinecure; his only crime was, his father happened to be a poor man, and had no influence at Government House. The proof is given in your *countenances*."

"Bah!" said the fat man, "don't believe a word of it. A man will thrive as well upon potatoes and salt, if he have a *good constitution*, as upon roast beef and plumb-pudding."

"If he have a *good constitution*? Of course he will! A good constitution is the very thing we have been trying to obtain, and ought we to be blamed for that? it is now within our reach, plenty of exercise—(of mind)—will give every man an opportunity, henceforward, of enjoying a *good constitution*."

"Bravo! bravo!" said Snoggins, behind the counter, who gave himself the habit, once in a while, of poking a word in, when his customers would be conversing—"dat's vat you all wants, a good constishusan; sherry coblers ish te ting tat'll fatten yers."

Snog thought it was time for one of the Politicians to 'make a call,' as they had been making a great deal of noise in his room, and he threw out this *hint* as a kind of *feeler*. Lantern-jaws father'd it, as he was the last man who spoke, and treated.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

"You appear to have a great deal of excitement here, Mr. Snoggins," said Iago.

"O yes—plenty excitement—the politicians come here ev'ry morning to take in *steam* and let steam off. Tey boils like a cauldron sometimes, when tey trinks, and ten tey makes a great teal of noise mit tier Politics."

A gentleman attired in black, who now entered the room, stepped up to the bar, and called for a mint-juclap. He appeared to be very familiar, and entered into conversation with Henry and Iago, upon common-place topics, as if he had been acquainted with them for years. There are persons who are only in their element when they can find some one to talk to, as 'f it were pain for them to retain any thing they wished to communicate—such was the character of this gentleman in black. He was what is called 'a gentleman about town'—i. e. he was in possession of an annuity sufficiently large to live upon without working, and had nothing else to do but walk about, and gather up all the news that was going. He appeared to know every body, and every body's business, and was not niggardly in imparting all the information he gathered, to whoever fell in his way.

"Do you see that little fellow there?" said the gentleman casting one eye at Iago, and the other at Sprout. He had reference to a thin little

man who wore spectacles, and was sitting by himself at a table, reading a newspaper and smoking a cigar.

"Yes!" answered Sprout and Iago, simultaneously.

"Well—that little fellow is one of the most useful citizens we have; his name is Quilps; but he is nick-named by the boys 'invisible Bill,' and by some folks, 'the Spy'—on account of his having an *invisible coat*, which he puts on upon certain occasions. By means of this coat he is enabled to attend all kinds of secret meetings, and hear every thing that is said and done, unobserved. He is a dangerous subject among Free Masons. He is as familiar with their secret 'doings' as if he were a mason himself—and has a knowledge of all their forms and ceremonies. But I must say this of Quilps: he has never yet developed any of the secrets of the Lodge; no doubt he has been bribed by the Worshipful Grand Master, to this. Several times he has been earnestly solicited to become one of the brethren, but he always declined, for reasons best known to himself; perhaps he did not exactly approve of their system, but that is neither here nor there. Well—Quilps in addition to his invisible coat popularity, is quite a scholar; he is a walking Encyclopædia, and running over with information; although to look at him you would'nt think he holds much. He very often writes for the newspapers, and is quite a genius in print. Last week there was a good deal of excitement in town, owing to some high-handed movement of a certain 'Political Debating Club,' and Quilps was deputed by a 'hole and corner' conventicle—held for the express purpose—to put on his invisible coat, and attend one of the meetings.

#### POLITICAL DEBATING CLUB.

"This celebrated 'debating club' is composed of gentlemen of the highest standing and respectability. The President of it is a Nobleman; his name is Lord Stickland. Quilps put on his invisible coat, one afternoon last week, and slipped into the room where the members usually hold their meetings, which by the way is up town, in a large free-stone building, surrounded with trees. The members had all assembled—about twelve in number—and were discussing politics quite earnestly.

They usually conduct their business in secret, and have a sentinel placed in the lobby, to keep away listeners, should any have the curiosity to pay them a visit. 'Invisible Bill,' by means of his coat, passed the sentinel, and took a seat on a large cushioned arm-chair, in one corner of the apartment, immediately behind the Hon. Jerry Blowhard. Various subjects were discussed; some of them with a great deal of warmth—although the members generally, restrained their tempers with wonderful equanimity, inasmuch as they entertained an awe, commingled with respect, for their President. In that circle the gentleman who acted as President was potent—it was quite an honour to belong to the club, although the members were subject to expulsion at any moment the President thought proper to exercise his prerogative in that way. At one time in the course of a debate, the President was called out of the room, and Quilps said it was amusing to see how the members took advantage of his absence—no sooner was his back turned, than they commenced wrangling and growling at one another, like so many terriers. They appeared to be of opposite politics; a real mongrel set, and agreed together, when the master was absent, about as well as oil and water thrown in the same cruet—but when the master was present, all was peace and harmony. Whoever then advanced an opinion would be listened to with attention. Responsible Government was likewise discussed, during Quilps' sojourn in the big chair. There were only *three* in the club, however, who supported the side of the 'Responsibles,' but those three had the President on their side, or he pretended to be, and *his* influence was worth a great deal. Besides—this trio knew that they were in comfortable quarters, and on the high road to office and emolument—and in consideration of this, they were not very tenacious about opposing their views to those of the tories. In fact, said Quilps, the members seemed to be a real set of fanatics, for their own interests; and if he could form an estimate of their several characters, by their countenances, he said he did not think that he would trust one of them with the loan of a York-shilling; and yet they were all considered '*honourable men.*' He said, further, that they made use of so much nonsense, and

superfluous stuff, in the course of their observations, that it gave him the headache to listen—otherwise he would have taken notes of some of the theoretical ideas advanced, for the purpose of having them printed.”

Quilps now made over towards the Bar, while the gentleman was yet speaking. This of course prevented him saying more.

“ Good morning Sir,” said Quilps, addressing the gentleman.

“ Good morning to you—good morning to you—any thing new this morning ?” was the response and query in nearly the same breath.

Quilps looked quite astonished.

“ What ! have you heard nothing ? Why I thought *you* would have heard of it”—and Quilps put his hand up to his mouth and whispered something in the gentleman’s ear.

The gentleman, in turn, looked equally astonished, and said—

“ Is it possible—you don’t say so ?” and he looked at Henry and Iago very earnestly, as if they both owed him something.

(“ It’s about us, and the duel,” said Iago to Henry, aside.)

“ It’s a fact—so people say,” said Quilps to the gentleman.

“ Then I’m ruined,” said the gentleman, “ it’s all over with me,” and he left the room quite agitated, and with hurried steps.

Quilps followed.

“ Stop—stop !” cried out Snoggings from behind the bar, with a glass in his hand, which he was rubbing with a napkin—“ dat’s the vay tey runs off, vitout paying for vat tey trinks. Tat man about town, as tey calls him, often does tat ting, and ten ven he comes back agin, he forgets all ’bout it. Tat ‘invisible Pill’ just’s bad—te little monkey. Tit you see how tey run’d off pretenden tey was in a hurry ?—te tam rascals—would’nt trust ’em mit a copper.”

“ What were they talking about—do you know ?” inquired Iago of Snoggings.

“ ’Bout noting ’tall, but cheaten—tey were plannen up to start off, vitout payen me for te shuleps—te tam rascals.”

A boy now entered the bar room in great haaste, and made over to

the aforesaid table, where the fat man, the lean man, the wag, &c. &c., were discussing over the 'affairs of state' as before alluded to. Suddenly the whole company sprang to their feet, as if they had sat upon pins, and rushed to the door, apparently anxious to see who should get out into the street first. It would be as well here to state that *they* paid for their liquor before going.

"Very mysterious—is'nt it?" said Sprout—"surely all this excitement can't be about the duel?"

"Very strange indeed!"—said Iago. "No—no! there must be something more than the duel at the bottom of all this."

"There's one thing certain! if it is not about the duel, it is about something else; but it can't be about the duel—for how could that *ruin* the gentleman who ran out 'in such a hurry, with Quilps"—said Henry.

"No—I'm certain it's about something else, for they were talking of the duel when we entered the room"—said Iago.

"We'll know more about it when we get farther into town, no doubt, said Sprout"—and they both turned upon their heels, and left the Coffee House together.

As they proceeded onward, they noticed a great many merchants, standing at the corners of the streets, in little knots, apparently engaged in secret conversation. Some appeared to be quite agitated, and in distress, as if a plague had got among their families, and robbed them of all that was near and dear to them—others, by their gestures and looks, seemed to be offering consolation. The whole city indeed was full of excitement; men were afraid to open their mouths wide; their conversation was conducted in almost inaudible whispers.

"Well," said Iago, "it is very strange we cannot meet with any one communicative enough to inform us what all this whispering is about."

"Nobody appears to be looking at us," said Sprout, "consequently it cannot be the duel that puts people in such a flurry."

"Stop! I'll ask that tall chap yonder; perhaps he'll tell us," said Iago.

"O, you might just as well save your breath," said Sprout; "he is one of the most disobliging fellows in this city; his name is Hog—that's enough."

"Hog!—is that Hog?" said Iago. "Is that the Hog who owns one of them brick buildings in Prince Edward street? I've heard of him before. He's what is called a half-and-halfer; that is, he is half farmer and half citizen; his locality is something like his nature—mid-way between a 'clearing' and a wilderness—*that's Hog*, is it? Well I never knew Hog before. If Lavater were here, I think he would form a very accurate idea of his disposition, by his physiognomy; it is the most miserly looking countenance I ever saw."

"Look at him now!" said Sprout, "he is framing in his mind new schemes for 'raising the wind.' Why, he can make money in the dullest times, and when nobody else can; and what is more, he knows how to keep it when he gets it. Like Jaffier, he has an 'itching palm.' I don't believe he ever gave a poor man a penny in all his life."

"You may depend upon that, if we can believe all we hear," said Iago. "However, never mind that now! I will speak to him and see what he is made of;" and Iago forthwith marched up to Mr. Hog.

"Pray sir, can you inform me why all these merchants are standing about the corners this morning?" inquired Iago of Hog.

Hog looked a few seconds at Iago—quite *hoggish*—with a kind of contemptuous air, which seemed to imply, "your question is an impertinent one—you're a stranger to me!" But suddenly his countenance changed, as if animated by a new thought, while a hypocritical smile became visible, and he answered:

"O—yes!—You're name's Iago, I believe, (Iago nodded.) These people you see about, are looking after stores to move into. Don't you want a *flat*? I understand you are about going into business; come now, I'll let you have one cheap."

("Very strange indeed," said Iago, aside, to his friend, "that all this stir should be about hiring houses.")

"Is that all? (addressing Hog) Why I thought there was something

more. I don't see why people need *whisper* so much about houses, when there are so many of them in the city."

"O, it's about the rents. They don't want to let on to one another what they are going to pay until they are certain of their bargains; a good deal of policy is required sometimes," said Hog, rather indifferently.

"Don't mind the fellow," said Henry, aside, "he lies *faster* than he walks. All he thinks of is letting his building, and getting a high rent, no matter what is going on in the city."

And Henry and Iago abruptly turned away from Hog, to look after a more credible source to obtain the wished-for information. On leaving him, they saw the strange gentleman whom they met in the bar-room of the Coffee House, coming towards them. He was coming at a quick pace; the perspiration was running down his face in streams, and he appeared to be very much agitated. Iago took the liberty of stopping him, to ascertain what was the matter. The mystery was explained, and the gentleman put his legs in motion again. Iago communicated the news to Henry. Both were *astonished!* Shortly after, the friends parted, and went to their respective homes, to ponder over the event of the morning.

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## CHAPTER XXIV.

### A NEW CHARACTER.

Lady Consequence's daughter (whom we shall now introduce to the reader, in order, for the first time) had attained the age of eighteen—that bewitching age when maidens are so mischievous to young men's hearts. Miss Consequence was not exceedingly handsome, but she possessed all the accomplishments which education, and intercourse with society, could give her. Like her mother, she entertained lofty ideas of grandeur, and expected, one day or other, to become a Countess! nor was this



to be wondered at, for she thought herself on 'the list for promotion'—inasmuch as she was intimate with the Hon. George Allspice; and if the intimacy should ripen into love, and end in matrimony, such a consummation would not be improbable—the Hon. George was the son of an Earl, consequently if he married Miss Consequence, her expectations would be realized, whenever he inherited his father's titles and estates. But this was mere speculation—the Hon. George *was not yet married*, nor were there any serious reasons for apprehending that such was his intention. It is true he was very assiduous in his visits at the house of the young lady—so much so, indeed, that the gossips, from whom nothing could be concealed, made the most out of the circumstance, and said 'it was soon going to be.' But there was no reason exactly in that; as his visits were not confined to this house only; he was acquainted with many other young ladies beside Miss Consequence—some of whom, perhaps, had a prior claim to his affections, by virtue of their superior charms and beauty. In going among the ladies the Hon. George managed to keep it concealed very closely. He conducted all his amours at night. The reason may have been, that he was induced to observe that course from other motives. Perhaps he did not wish to throw himself a second time in the way of the witticisms of his brother officers; he had not forgotten the ball, before alluded to—how he was twitted on that occasion, because he happened to dance three or four times with one young lady. He saw how Poppinjay was getting it on all sides, for fighting a duel in the cause of the fair sex.

There is one thing certain, however—if the Hon. George was not exactly in love with Miss Consequence, that was no reason that she was not in love with him. No! This scion of a noble house occupied a large space in the young lady's heart; nor was it to be wondered at, when his rank, wealth and manly beauty, came to be considered; besides, in addition to these advantages, he possessed a head and heart which rendered him even more conspicuous and noble. He was an admirer of virtue, no matter under what garb; and he never thought it degrading to descend from his lofty sphere to inquire into, and relieve

the distresses of the unfortunate. He had only one *fault* in the eyes of the ladies, and that was—he was a *bachelor*; and those who exclaimed the most against him on this account, had reasons for so doing, which they did not think proper to disclose. Miss Consequence was one of the most severe of his accusers; but she accused most in her mind, without allowing her lips to betray the secrets of her heart. She would dwell at times upon his *unfortunate* condition of ‘single misery’ with wonderful concern; and, no doubt, would have been very willing, at any moment, to have assisted him out of his dilemma, if he would only have said the word. *His* age was thirty, while her’s was only eighteen, which was certainly a disparity in years. But the young lady thought herself quite old enough for him, whatever he might have thought of the matter.

Lady Consequence—like all mothers who pretend to fashion, and wish to thrust their daughters upon the affections of gentlemen far superior to them in rank—performed her part of the play very adroitly. Whenever the Hon. George absented himself from the house for a longer period than usual, she would make up an evening party, for the express purpose of inviting him, in order to ascertain by his conduct, whether his mind was changed from her daughter to any other earthly object. Indeed a watchful and jealous eye was kept upon all his movements; wherever he went, a spy—commissioned by her ladyship—was at his heels; if he nodded to a lady in the street, it was noted down, and placed to his account. If ever a man then was under petticoat surveillance, it was the Hon. George Allspice, son of the Earl of ———.

At length the Hon. George became less attentive in paying his visits at the house of the Consequences; and when he did call, a marked difference was apparent in his behaviour. That familiarity which was one of the most striking features in his character, had settled down into the ceremonial forms of a *stranger*. At length he forsook the house altogether. There was a *cause* for it, and a very good one too, which shall be explained hereafter. In the meanwhile we will only add, before closing this chapter, that Lady Consequence and her daughter, thought it ‘very strange conduct indeed.’

## CHAPTER XXV.

### GOSSIP CIRCLE.

#### *Another Tea Party among the Gossips.*

Mrs. GRUNDY—It may be so, but I can hardly 'bieve it ; seem's believin', but hearin is 'nt, now-a-days.

DOLLY BLAB—I know it ! John Smith has come to town on purpose to 'tend the weddin'. Why, has'nt 'Lize Smith been seen buyin' silks and ribbons, every day this week.

Miss TONGUE—She ought to be ashamed of herself for the way she deceived young Sprout.

Mrs. MOUTH—I think her mother's not in her senses, for allowing her to behave as she docs.

Miss TONGUE—Well, I always thought that the Smiths would turn out to be no great shakes ; and I have guessed purty rite, I think.

Mrs. MOUTH—That you have, Dolly. That Officer's no more going to have Eliza Smith, than he's going to have me. He jist goes to see her for the sake of makin' fun of her—so he docs.

DOLLY—Yes ! and if she does'nt look out, he'll make fun of her the wrong way. I've heard of officers gettin' among the gals afore now

Mr. Grundy entered the room at this moment ; he came for the purpose of seeing his wife home—for it was 10 o'clock, P. M.

" Good evening ladies," saluted Mr. Grundy, which of course the Ladies responded to.

" Awful times coming," continued Mr. Grundy ; " we'll all have to pack up and go off' to the States afore long "

Mrs. GRUNDY—Why John, how you talk ! what's the matter now, for pity's sake ?

DOLLY BLAB—Why, Mr. Grundy !

Mrs. MOUTH—O my !

Miss TONGUE—I expected to hear bad news ; the palm of my hand's been a-catchin' all the whole blessed evenin'.

It must be very evident that the ladies got into a fright before Mr. Grundy had time to explain. At length they stopped to take breath ; when Mr. Grundy proceeded.

“ Yes—we'll have to go somewhere's ; two large failures took place this morning on the wharf, one for £100,000 (O what a sight o' money !—from Mrs. Grundy,) and the other for £43,000 ; and it is said that only assets worth 2s. to the pound can be shown ; I pity the poor Mechanics—they will be the greatest sufferers.

Mrs. MOUTH—How did they fail ?

Miss BLAB—What's their names ?

Mrs. GRUNDY—What did they fail for ?

Miss TONGUE—'Tis awful !

Poor John had to suspend his tongue to the roof of his mouth again, but when the ladies stopped a second time to take breath, he proceeded :

“ McTwist and Brothers are at the head of one of the houses ; and Gentleman Consequence is at the head of the other ; they were awful crashes.”

Miss TONGUE—And did both houses tumble at the same time ?

Mrs. GRUNDY—Well, I thought I heard a strange noise this morning.

Mrs. MOUTH—So did I ; it was about 11 o'clock—was'nt it ? that must a-been it.

DOLLY BLAB—Was any body killed, Mr. Grundy ?”

Mr. Grundy had no chance to explain ; he merely could edge in—“if nobody was killed a great many were injured.” His voice could no more be heard amidst such a din of tongues, than if he had spoken in a saw mill under full operation.

Mrs. GRUNDY—Awful times indeed ! Do get me my bonnet, if you please, Mrs. Mouth ; I must be a-goin'.

The bonnet was brought : all the ladies followed Mrs. Grundy's example, and called for their's. This premature motion for adjournment, altogether prevented Mr. Grundy setting the ladies right upon the meaning of a failure. But he was subjected to the disagreeable alternative of *explaining* himself, in another way—viz : by being obliged to see the ladies home ; and as he was sorely tormented with coms, poor Grundy did not consider the performance of this duty, and at so late an hour, a very pleasing one.

MISS SMITH.

"*I will not finish the dress until I am even with Lady Consequence*"—was an expression made use of by Eliza, in a moment of excitement. What her thoughts could have been, it is difficult to tell ; but we must suppose that this observation was made at random, without any *intent* or meaning. If not, perhaps she thought of retaliation for the insult she had received from Lady Consequence ; this point, then, she gained, by returning her Ladyship's dress, *half finished* ; so far then, she was *even* with Lady Consequence—as she gave her to understand that though she was humble, she had feelings as chaste and sensitive as any that belong to the best lady in the land. Could she have meant that she would be *even* with her Ladyship in rank ? Nothing at that time appeared more improbable ; for while Lady Consequence was already dashing in splendour, Miss Smith was busily employed—in her humble vocation—making dresses for those who thought themselves her superiors. She had nothing then to insure her a passport into the circles of fashion ; and yet, in truth, she had every thing, had her virtues been considered. If she was not rich in gold, she was endowed with the riches of nature ;—she had treasures in her heart, in her mind, which were dispensed in all her actions. These were invaluable treasures ; but the superficial world could not appreciate them.

How then was it possible for Miss Smith to suppose that she could ever be *even* with Lady Consequence, while labouring under so many dis-

advantages—that is, if she anticipated rank? She knew no officer then—no ball had taken place—no opportunity had been afforded her to display her charms. It is true, she had *some* reason to build her hopes upon, in her genealogical descent, which was not inferior to Lady Consequence's; her ladyship became exalted through her husband; had she never been married, it was very probable she would never have emerged from obscurity.

THE DUEL DISCUSSED.

“Lize, what do you think?” said little Mary, running into the room in great haste; “great news to tell you; there's been a duel; your beau and Sprout have been fighting about *you*.”

“My stars!” said the elder Miss Smith.

“Go away with your nonsense,” said the mother.

“Who told you so?” inquired Eliza.

“O—somebody;” said Mary, looking quite archly, as if she had a beau of her own, who gave her the information. “Sprout got wounded in the *heel* too.”

“And—and—how—” said Eliza, in almost breathless agitation; “did the *other* come off?”

“He got wounded too, but not so badly,” said Mary.

And Eliza, involuntarily clasping her hands together, and raising her eyes to heaven, breathed a silent prayer that it was no worse.

“Well, Eliza,” said Mrs. Smith, “this is pretty news to go abroad; is it possible that one of my daughters has been the cause of a duel, and creating so much excitement?” and she melted into tears.

Now, a mother's tears are melancholy indeed to behold; they touch every fibre of the heart, however hardened; and if the Miss Smiths became affected at their mother's grief, and likewise wept, it is not to be wondered at.

“'Twas all Sprout's fault, mother,” said Mary, “he sent the challenge, and it's a great pity he didn't get killed.”

“I always thought he was only about half right,” said the elder Miss Smith. “I hope he'll never show his good for nothing nose here again.”

"Indeed and he doesn't if I can help it, I know. I'll show him the door very quick if he comes," said Mary.

"You've nothing to do with it, Miss," said Eliza; "let that be for mother to manage."

"For my part," said Mrs. Smith, "I wish all the young men would stay away from the house, they cause me so much anxiety; it is so hard to tell what they mean."

"Not *all*, I hope, mother?" said Mary.

"Yes—*all*!"

"If your mother had been so particular, you would not be a mother now," said Miss Smith.

"*Why don't the men propose?* is all that troubles mother," said Mary. "I'd think a young man very *forward* if he asked me ——"

"To hold your tongue!" interrupted Eliza.

"No—that's not what I was going to say; you know just as well as I do."

Mary, we presume, intended to say, 'if a young man popped the question to her before being twelve months acquainted, she would consider him *forward*.' At all events, we'll leave this point to the reader's imagination, and the Miss Smiths to their conversation, while we hasten on to another part of our subject.

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## CHAPTER XXVI.

### THE MYSTERY EXPLAINED.

As we said in a previous chapter, the city appeared full of excitement when Henry and Iago arrived in town, after the duel. Mr. Grundy, at the Gossips' tea party, partly explained the cause of it; and no doubt would have finished had he not been surrounded by so many bedlemites, who were continually interrupting him with their unmeaning talk. It

will be remembered, he spoke of a rumor being in circulation of Gentleman Consequence, and others, having failed in business, and that their liabilities were far greater than their assets. This rumor, alas! was but too well grounded. Gentleman Consequence actually had failed, and also several other leading characters, which threatened the ruin and misery of thousands of honest and industrious persons. His extravagance and over-speculation, were the causes of his downfall. He had plenty of credit, but scarcely any resources to work upon; and he took advantage of the indulgence that was shown him, and launched into the most intollerable excesses, as if a day of settlement was never to arrive. No wonder then that this gentleman fared sumptuously every day; no wonder that he could *fete* the Hon. George Allspice, and the officers of the garrison, so liberally; no wonder that his wife could shine in the dazzling firmament in which she moved, amidst a *world* of fashion, when it was at other people's expence; at the expence of those whom they considered far inferior to them. Nor was Gentleman Consequence the only prodigal who fell from his high estate, through extravagance; there were others to keep him company, and fall likewise. Alas! this city is not the only one that has frightened the commercial world from its propriety, by means of extravagant and reckless speculators. But if it be not the only one, it is not much better than the worst.

When a mercantile house is suspected, it is a delicate thing to proclaim it about, unless the suspicion be well predicated; for it is apt to lead to mischief. It was in respect to this principle that induced Quilps to whisper into the gentleman's ear, at the Coffee House. He did not wish Henry and Iago to become acquainted, through him, with the rumor which had just been put in circulation, that Gentleman Consequence had failed. Quilps being intimate with the gentleman, felt that he might with safety acquaint *him* with the news, as *he* received it. The gentleman, as will be remembered, on hearing the unwelcome tidings, became greatly excited, and left the bar-room in a hurry. The cause of it is this. He had been an endorser for Gentleman Consequence to a large amount, and the fall of one would necessarily include the fall of the



other. He ran into the street in order to ascertain the particulars ; he was soon relieved of his anxiety ; a *kind-hearted* friend made him acquainted with the reality—and he was a ruined man.

It was an awful time ! At the corners of the different streets and thoroughfares, as we before said, might be seen small groups of men, whose faces were pale with fear ; in their countenances might be discovered the traces of inward agitation ; a moral tempest seemed gathering around. Amongst them were men whose commercial reputation had hitherto ranked very high ; and others again, whom recklessness and misfortune had already reduced to a deplorable condition. Honest men looked upon these groups with horror, for no one knew in the general state of the city, whether a few moments longer might not inform him that he was a ruined man. The distress was indeed great, and only exceeded by the anxiety, that the worst was not yet known. Small tradesmen began to perceive how they had been duped by the great commercial gamblers, and many were the curses, low and deep, muttered against them. Such was the pestiferous atmosphere by which the citizens were surrounded, that it was the opinion of some that nothing short of a general amnesty and relinquishment of prior claims, could renew the confidence essential to a system of credit !

On the site where there had recently been a large fire, were congregated three individuals, who were deeply engaged in conversation ; they were *Bankrupts*. Large piles of rubbish were lying strewn in every direction, with here and there a high broken wall, as if in relief of the general ruin. Lower down, and lying at each side of the wharves, were a number of small craft, and wood boats, whose sluggish sails were flapping in the breeze ; the mournful sound of which assisted to convey to the mind of the spectator, the dullness and despondency which reigned around.

A pause of several moments ensued among the Bankrupts. At length it was broken by the first, who, after casting a wistful glance, to make sure that there were no observers, remarked in a low key—

“ This limit law is sad work. Here we will soon be penned up in the city like so many ravens, with no alternative but to meet the faces of our

creditors at every turn. We must see if something cannot be done. I've been thinking that if ——"

"What?" asked the second of the trio in a sharp quick voice.

The first speaker hesitated, apparently abashed at what he had said, for he gave a sudden twitch of his body and looked steadily in the faces of his companions without speaking.

"Come, come—what is it? We're all in the same ship now, and its sink or swim, one and all; we're in want of consolation, out with it," said the the third of the party.

Encouraged by these remarks, the first person resumed.

"Well—I was thinking—but it was only a thought,"—here he dropped his voice to a whisper, and looked towards the ground. "I was thinking of something like a *Bankrupt Law*,"—the two others were breathless—"ch<sup>h</sup>.ah! what?" was quietly ejaculated.

"By Jove! you've hit the nail on the head," said the second speaker. "A capital thing it would be if we could only get it arranged so as not to interfere with the assignments we've made. You see that would never do. It won't do to disgorge, or else how can we get a fresh start? nobody'll trust us."

"That can be *arranged*," continued the proposer of the measure, assuming a dogged air. "Something however must be done, and that speedily, for if we remain as we are, we shall eat up the little we have left for our creditors, and then what the d——I will become of us, when we've neither cash nor credit."

"Good again," replied the last speaker but one, "and we can make a great show of distress, by advertising for sale all our furniture and horses; people won't suspect; but I must off, here's a fellow coming I don't wish to see," and the speaker vanished round the corner.

"Who is it?" asked the leader of the party of the other one.

"That? Oh, its Christopher Cram; he sold him a bill of exchange just before the last steamer sailed, for £2,000, and it was dishonoured."

"A d——d troublesome chap then I guess," responded the first; "I'll

meet you again to-night at the Coffee House, and we'll talk this matter over more freely."

So saying the next speaker vanished, after the fashion of his companion, and the third bankrupt was left standing alone.

He was not, however, allowed to enjoy his own thoughts long, for almost immediately, another small group of persons similarly situated with himself, made their way towards him. This time the conversation was carried on in almost inaudible whispers; now and then, only a harsh word might be overheard, from which it appeared that the same subject occupied the attention of the speakers—viz: the most feasible course to be pursued to obtain a Bankrupt Bill. Some were for petitioning the Legislature openly, for that much coveted object; but others who had more experience, condemned the proposition, and introduced one of another nature. These latter individuals contended that if they could only get a commission appointed, directed to such commissioners as would be favourable to their ends, it would be an easy matter to arrange the details of a bill. Of course if a commission were issued, the Commissioners would be in duty bound to collect information, and sound the opinions of the mercantile community; and consequently, it was of vital importance, that none who were adverse to the views of the bankrupts, should be heard.

Thus it was, in the city, that the eventful day of the duel passed away; no wonder that the hours hung heavily on those whom good men shunned! The time of retribution was fast drawing nigh, and conscience, which had been relieved so long, began to originate the most painful reflections. Those persons who had been so extremely lavish with other people's money, were glad to escape from the gaze of public indignation, and they collected together in little knots, isolated and abhorred. It was a lesson of wisdom to generations to come! Would that mankind would profit by it.

## CHAPTER XXVII

### SALE OF CONSEQUENCE'S FURNITURE.

Gentleman Consequence's creditors—or rather the most cunning of them—now held a 'secret meeting,' for the purpose of taking care of his effects, and disposing of them to the best advantage. Accordingly they advertised as follows, in the newspapers :

*To be sold at Public Auction, by Neuman Nogs, on Friday next, the 26th inst., at the Mansion of Gentleman Consequence :*

**A**LL his Household Furniture, consisting of Feather Beds, Carpets, Mahogany Tables and Chairs, a well toned Piano, a Baby's Cradle, and a few articles of second hand Clothing, for both male and female, among which is a beautiful *Satin Dress*, half finished, lately imported from London, and as good as new.

Also—will be sold at the same time, fifty shares of Stock in the Bank of ———.

Also—four Horses, with Harness complete ; a Lady's Side Saddle, and a splendid Coach, calculated for four horses.

Also—a large quantity of superior Wines.

The above articles will be sold without reserve, for the benefit of the Creditors of Gentleman Consequence.

Should Friday prove unfavourable, the first fair day after, Sunday of course excepted. Great bargains may be expected.

**TERMS**—All persons purchasing to the amount of sums under £20. will please bring the chink in their pockets. All sums over £20, to be paid in monthly credit, with good security.

It is particularly requested that all persons who attend the sale, will keep off the sofas and chairs, as they have recently been puffed out by an extra quantity of hair, in order to make them sell well ; and that they will also keep their fingers out of the *secret meats*, and be temperate in tasting the wines when put up.

No smoking allowed during time of sale ; the auctioneer will do all the *puffing* himself. It is hoped that no persons will attend unless they intend to buy. It is particularly, requested to take this hint.

To young men who intend shortly to get married, a rare opportunity

is afforded them to furnish their houses. If they purchase to the amount of £50, the cradle will be thrown in as a *bonus*.

(*God save the Queen.*)

NEUMAN NOGS,  
Auctioneer and Commission Merchant—

Always on hand.

(The Penny Papers are requested to copy the above until day of sale; and it is hoped that the Editors will not be such fools as to send in their bills, as they will stand but a poor chance of getting paid.)

The Auctioneer, early on Friday morning, the day of Sale, "hung out his banner on the outward wall," at the mansion of Gentleman Consequence. The flag hung sluggishly to the poll, which was emblematic of the despondency that reigned within the house. Ever and anon a stray zephyr, like a flitting ray of encouragement, would wanton in its ample folds, and expose the figures on the bunting to view. This Mr. Nogs took as much pride in the decoration of his 'private signal,' as any fair maiden in the selection of a fan, for its figures. The flag was of red ground, with a white margin around it. In the centre was worked in blue, a pair of scales, one up and the other down; in the lower, was placed a man with a 'shocking bad coat' on;—this figure was intended to represent *distress*, and it conveyed the idea that the man was once *balanced*, or as long as he regulated the weights himself; but when his creditors came to *balance* with him, the momentum was so great that he sank down by the *weight* of his *extravagance*. In the other scale was an auctioneer—no doubt intended for Neuman Nogs himself—with his hammer uplifted, as if in the act of knocking an article down to the last bidder. This figure was emblematic of the *finale* of all commercial gambling; and it also showed that there was sufficient buoyancy in some men, to rise through the fall of others; it afforded an admirable illustration too, that although an auctioneer is always 'going—going—going,' still he seldom goes *down*. The scales were surrounded by a swarm of insects, apparently flying in one another's way, and was emblematic of business people generally, who, through a spirit of rivalry, continually butt their heads against one another, until by dint of gouging, and chiselling, and scheming, to undersell and destroy compe-

tion, they ruin themselves, and eventually fall into the hands of the Sheriff, for safe keeping, while their effects are handed over to the auctioneer to be disposed of.

It was 11 o'clock, and a large crowd of persons were collected together at this richly furnished mansion. It might well have been called an 'open house;' every room in it was filled with persons, overhauling and examining the various articles to be offered for sale. There was no lack of ladies present; and, if they were of no service in purchasing, they certainly assisted to diversify the scene, and enliven the rooms. The auctioneer took up his position on a small five gallon keg, at the head of a set of dining tables, in the parlour. As soon as the crowd heard that Neuman had mounted, they rushed from every room in the mansion for the parlour, and 'fell in' round the table, in 'standing order,' and as compact as if they had been screwed in from behind by a winch. The ladies, who were likewise in the crowd, would occasionally throw out a heavy sigh, as if they felt themselves uncomfortably squeezed. In a crowd there is no distinction of persons; all who unfortunately get into one, must abide the consequences; the strong only stand the best chance of coming out unruffled, while the weak can do nothing but sing out, and make wry faces. "It is an awful thing to be in a crowd," said Dolly Blab, after the Auction Sale, "as you have to get so close to the men!"

On the set of dining tables were placed all the costly plate and crockeryware, belonging to the mansion. Neuman commenced with a set of beautiful china.

"What'll you offer me, gentlemen, to begin with, for this set of China? Come, make me a bid—any thing, only set it up. Two pounds are only offered for this beautiful set of China, worth ten pounds; two pounds—two pounds—two pounds—two pounds—two pounds ten—three pounds; why gentlemen, you could'nt get a set like it out of a shop, under fifteen pounds; three pounds ten—three pounds ten—three pounds ten; are you all done at three pounds ten? three pounds ten, once; three pounds ten, twice; three pounds ten—four pounds—four

pounds—four pounds; come gentlemen, I can't dwell on the China; (a laugh;) are you all done at four pounds for this beautiful set of China, once—(what are you laughing at there?)—are you all done, twice—are you all done for the third and last time—it's your's, sir; what's your name? Put down four pounds for a set of China. Mr. Swig is the purchaser! You will remember, Mr. Swig, the terms! under twenty pounds, cash; over twenty, three months. I hope you've got the chink in your pocket, otherwise I'll have to set up the set again."

Mr. Swig was a notorious bad paymaster; the auctioneer knew how far his means and disposition extended; and he felt pretty confident that if he allowed him to take it away without paying the money down, there was very little probability of his ever getting paid at all.

"The next thing I will offer you gentleman, will be a pair of silver plated candlesticks—hold them up John—a beautiful pair they are; they cost two pounds a piece, for your information, gentlemen—how much a piece for the candlesticks? Ten shillings—ten shillings—fifteen shillings—fifteen shillings—shall I say sixteen shillings to you marm? sixteen—sixteen—seventeen, from half a dozen quarters—('look here, you over in the corner there, don't be *running* down that wine so, if you don't intend to buy it.' 'We're not running it down,' from several voices, 'we hav'nt said a word about it.' 'You are *running* it down your throats, you bibbers. That wine was only put there to *taste*, in case any one wants to buy some out of the cellar. Take it away out of that Caleb, or them fellows will all get drunk)—seventeen shillings are only offered me for these beautiful candlesticks; are you all done at seventeen shillings? seventeen shillings once, twice—going—going—gone. Mrs Dash, seventeen shillings a-piece for a pair of plated candlesticks; please hand over the chink to the clerk, Mrs. Dash, and you can take them away."

After Newman had disposed of all the articles below, in the parlour and drawing room, he next proceeded up stairs into the bedrooms, with the whole crowd after him. He commenced in Lady Consequence's room, by offering a beautiful chest of drawers, which used to be the

repository of her Ladyship's fine dresser. He next sold a mahogany bedstead, hung with beautiful damask curtains, and fringe around them, also the bed. After selling every thing in this room, the auctioneer and crowd took the liberty of entering Drucilla Pert's. Now Drucilla's room was perfectly unique, considering the manner in which it was furnished. Pictures, cut out of newspapers and old books, were pasted on the walls; also several pencillings, intended as patterns for collars, and various other grotesque representations, ornamented Drucilla's bedroom; to say nothing of the various curiosities scattered about, among which were some, made of paper, by Drucilla's own fair hands. No male steps had ever before intruded upon the privacy of this room; it was now visited by about fifty men, women, and squalling children; and Drucilla's taste and handiwork underwent, for the first time, a rigid scrutiny, among the critics.

Neuman Nogs mounted the bedstead, which 'groaned' beneath his weight, and it creaked as if the next moment it would fall asunder.

"This bedstead's got the rickets," said the auctioneer, "but that's nothing; the best of bedsteads will creak sometimes; I'll warrant it for its strength; it'll never fall until I *knock it down*."

The words were no sooner out of his mouth, than down fell the bedstead, and the auctioneer pitched headlong among the crowd, doing more mischief to others than to himself; the children squalled, the women shrieked with terror, and the men stood appalled for some moments; until it was ascertained that no real damage was done, and no bones broken, when the whole company, instinctively, broke out into such a fit of laughter, at the ludicrousness of the scene, that it was quite intolerable to a few grave looking personages, who always looked upon laughing as quite unbecoming.

"I think it is knocked down to the *highest bidder* in earnest," said a wag, using Mr. Nogs' own words, as weapons against him.

"Never mind," said Mr. Nogs, getting upon his feet again, and rubbing his leg, as if he thought himself hurt. "I'll *put it up* again, and if I *knock* it down a second time, I hope it will be at somebody else's ex-



*penne.*" He accordingly put up the bedstead again, and it was sold without further ceremony.

"Next, gentlemen, I have to offer you is an excellent *feather* bed, stuffed with *straw*; it is a capital one in its way, and most uncomfortably hard; it's one of the newest fashion. What'll you give me for it?—Five shillings are only offered me for this wonderful curiosity—five and six—five and six—(I would sell the *feathers* by the pound, if it wasn't for the *straw*)—five and six; are you all done at five and six? going—going—going—gone; you're too late sir, it's knocked down to Mrs. Grundy. Mrs. Grundy, please hand over the chink. Now gentlemen, if you'll walk into the next room, I will sell you some articles of second-hand clothing, among which is a beautiful new satin dress, *half finished*. This way, gentlemen—this way."

The company moved into the next room, led by the auctioneer. A great number of coats, pantaloons, vests; and in fact every article of apparel that could be thought of, were lying about the room, and done up in parcels, to suit purchasers. There were also about thirty pairs of boots—some nearly good as new—besides a great number of slippers! these, in order to keep in a separate lot, were thrust into an old and very singular looking hat, which was thought to be the fatal one formerly worn by Caleb.

Now, gentlemen, here is an excellent assortment of boots and shoes; what say you a pair? give me a bid—say something, only don't all speak at once; the purchaser can either take one pair or the whole lot. One dollar a pair is only offered for these elegant boots, lined with red morocco—why, gentlemen, the brass heels are worth the money: seven and six—seven and six—(you musn't be trying them on sir, you may measure outside as much as you like)—seven and six are only offered a pair for these excellent boots; are you all done at seven and six? once—twice—third and last time—(whack)—Mr. Lapstone, seven and six-pence; fork over the chink sir, and don't stand gaping."

After the boots and shoes, and several articles of clothing, were sold, (Caleb came hobbling (for he was still lame) into the room with a hand-

box under his arm, which he placed in Mr. Nogs' hands. This box contained *the* half finished Satin Dress, which was advertised in the newspapers, as having come from *London*.

Here is the most elegant article, ladies and gentlemen, that I have yet offered you—(taking the dress out of the box)—it was half made in London, and would have been finished there, had not the owner been coming away in a hurry ; and as the *fashions* in the Colonies differ somewhat from those at home, she thought it best to wait and give it the Colonial *touch* as soon as she should arrive. The reason of its not having been finished since her arrival, is simply this : *the dress-makers* here do not understand their business—so the owner says—they are *forward* enough in some things, but not in others. The dress of course will have to be finished at the expence of the purchaser. Come ladies, now's your time—here is a beautifully plaited bosom—(he was referring to the flounces on the skirt, which he thought was the bosom of the dress)—every plait is worth half-a-dollar—(then turning the dress round)—it is a very convenient dress too ; you can get into it at either end ; this is a decided advantage the ladies have over the gentlemen, for there is only one way of getting into a pair of pantaloons—here are the sleeves ;—these are the sleeves I like ; they're so ample—(they were what are called Bishop sleeves)—there is stuff enough in them to clothe a whole family, provided there be not more than fifty in the family, and you exercise proper economy in the transmogrification. Here is a place to stow away your love-letters, or for that matter, your lovers, if you do not wish your mamas to catch you in the act of courting. Here is what they call a tuck ;—this I conceive to be the most convenient appendage to a dress ; and if nothing else will ensure the sale of this one, and a good price, I think the tuck will ; for, if the purchaser happens to have large feet, which do not at any time *set* very well on a lady, she may let out the tuck, and by so doing, make the skirt any length she pleases. What say you then, ladies and gentlemen, for this satin dress—how much is offered for it ? Come, don't keep me standing here all day ; say something to begin with.—(Every body seemed to shun the dress with a kind

of suspicious look ; no one appeared inclined to make an offer. One lady, in particular, took hold of it, and let it drop the next moment, on the floor, as if an electric spark had been conveyed to her fingers by the touch.) Will no one make me an offer ?—Well, I will put it up myself, and try and get it for Mrs. Nogs, as she has just ‘ got down stairs.’ Five shillings for the dress ; that’s my own bid, ladies and gentlemen. Come, Mrs. Squirrel (who had just entered the room quite out of breath) you’re just in time to buy a beautiful satin dress for your daughter, who I understand, intends getting married as soon as she gets an offer. Five and six—five and six ; that’s your bid, Misses ; (*seven and thick penth.*) Hallo ! where did that voice come from ? no matter ! seven and six—eight shillings—(*ten thillings*), and suddenly a door behind the auctioneer was slammed to. It appeared that Drucilla Pert, Lady Consequence’s dressing maid, was in the adjoining room, and had the door half open ; she was deputed by her mistress to stand and bid the dress in, rather than see it sacrificed. As often as she made a bid she would close the door, to consult her ladyship, who was in the same room, and open it again the next moment, to see how things were going on.) Ten shillings from some one who lisps, in the next room—twelve and six—twelve and six ; that’s your bid, Mrs. Squirrel—‘ open the door, open the door,’ was now frightfully screamed out from the inside. Mrs. Squirrel, it seemed, had been holding the door to prevent Drucilla’s bidding against her. She released her hold, and the door was forced open with a tremendous push, and ‘ *twenty thillings*’—in order to be in time—was the first exclamation that found vent ; and it was followed by a volley of abuse which fell upon the devoted head of the monopolizing Mrs. Squirrel.

A gentleman at this moment entered the room. ‘ Twenty shillings are only offered for this splendid satin dress—worth about six pounds ; (the gentleman examined it ;) twenty-five shillings—twenty-five—(*twenty-thix*)—twenty-six again from the lisper—thirty—that’s your’s, sir,—(to the gentleman)—thirty shillings—(*forty thillings*)—forty shillings—fifty shillings—(*thixty*)—sixty shillings it is—seventy—going at seventy—are you all done at seventy ? (Drucilla had ‘ drawn in her horns ;’ she was not authorized by her mistress to bid any higher, and the dress was finally knocked down to the gentleman, and registered accordingly.)

Next, the company was conducted to the cellar, where the wine was sold ; and then to the stables, where the coach and horses were ‘ knocked down.’

Thus—a mighty change was wrought in the course of one day, in the

appearance of this once beautifully furnished mansion. But a short month previous, and all was mirth and gaiety ; no uncouth footsteps dared pollute the threshold, much less enter the apartments. Even early associates, who dwindled into insignificance as the Consequences rose, would have felt themselves on unwelcome ground, had circumstances, or business, led them to the house.

Commercial embarrassment was every where visible in the city ; the industrious artizan was compelled to lay aside his tools ; his labours, which had been devoted to the service of those who were operating on false capital, were still unrequited. His debtors were largely in his debt. To this class of persons it was a death-blow ; they had put dependence in their employers, little thinking that the system upon which their business was conducted, was a pampered one, and could only exist so long as fortune favoured it. Such persons, as the industrious artizan, lived upon the bounties of what a day might bring forth ; they had no resources to fall back upon ; they had no well stored larders ; their granaries were not filled to overflowing ; they had no luxuries to banquet upon ; no wine-cellars containing juice of the choicest vintages ; their honesty and industry did not insure them that respect, they were entitled to ; nor even the common civilities which all honourable and good principled men have a right to expect. The cause of all this was, they entered the world in the wrong place ; they had not the luck of being born under a bright planet ; they had no friends to assist them, consequently no credit ; they were to be the pioneers of their own fortunes, and not as the cant proverb runs, ' with silver spoons in their mouths.' They were not extravagant, but lived within their means ; had the same spirit characterized some of the Bankrupts who fell, things would have gone on differently ; ruination and misery would not have been the portion of the innocent as well as the guilty. Trade might have gone on smoothly, if not prosperously ; and the poor man's spirits, instead of being warped by despondency and lassitude, would have sustained him triumphantly throughout the panic that appeared at that time to infest the commercial world.

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#### CHAPTER XXVIII.

The day of sale passed by, and Neuman Nogs, and the host of purchasers, had retired to their homes. This was the last and most unwelcome

company that intruded itself into the mansion of the Consequences; it was composed of heterogeneous materials—drawn together through Lushness, and not through pleasure. The family were now left—not in a state of utter destitution—for like many others, my Gentleman Consequence managed to fail with something in his pockets; but like gorgeous butterflies caught in a rain storm, they were deprived of all their fine *feathers* and extraneous trappings. The Brussels carpet in the Drawing Room, on which my Lady Consequence had so often trod with majestic mien, was now removed; the morcen curtains, through which the sun would peer, like some watchful eye, upon the finery of the apartment, no longer hung in graceful folds about the windows. Even the piano, on which her ladyship and daughter, had trammed many an hour away, was sold beneath the hammer; the hall-lamp, which hung in pearly drops of beautifully prism-cut glass, and shone like sparkling diamonds on the visitors as they entered the mansion, was taken down, and merely the gilt hook, from which it was suspended, left remaining. Like some fair city that had fallen a prey to the hand of the spoiler after a battle, did this once gorgeously furnished mansion, now resemble. Every room in it was emptied of its most valuable contents; and every word uttered in the apartments, seemed to throw back an echo, as if in derision of the extravagance which brought about so direful a change.

Lady Consequence and husband—like a young married couple—secluded themselves in the most obscure room in the mansion, in order to keep out of sight. Former friends, whose society they forsook, gloried in their downfall, and fell into ecstasies, that the day of retribution had at length arrived. Superiors felt pity, but only lent assistance by commiserating upon the event. The poor, humble, industrious and honest, were bitter in their denunciations; they were the *sufferers*, and of course had the best reason to murmur at the extravagance and vanity of a family that had wrought so much mischief. The gossips likewise took up the cudgels—some of their husbands were among the sufferers, and they lashed with their tongues, the reputation of Gentleman Consequence and his house, in no unmeaning terms. The Officers banished the family from their recollection, as unworthy of farther notice; indeed it was no wonder, for they always looked upon poverty without rank, as monstrous; and the poverty that succeeded extravagance as more monstrous still. The Bar Room Politicians had a new theme to dilate upon; and night after night, would they discuss upon the history of Gentleman Consequence, and go into the minutiae, from his rise to his

fall. The elections were over, and they had nothing else of interest to talk about. But we must say, in justice to them, they possessed a reasonable share of gallantry; for in their lampoonings, they did not launch even one missile against the conduct of Lady Consequence. But not so in all quarters. The gossips anatomized her ladyship, if the politicians did not; they tore her reputation in tatters with merciless hands.—They charged her alone as being one of the main causes of so much misery in the community; while her husband, in their estimation, was merely viewed in the light of a ‘good natured fool,’ who showed his weakness by indulging his wife in her extravagance. “Why law me,” said Dolly Blab one day, “I knew the man was a fool from the very beginning; and when two fools meet they make fools of every body else—so they do. They’re both got soft spots in their heads. If I was a man, I’d tell them so too, to their teeth, for they are not too good now to be talked to.” Quilps, the news conductor, was no less interested in the matter; as we said before, he was a great contributor to the press; and Consequence’s failure afforded him good latitude for the display of his poetical genius. He wrote several effusions, setting forth in poetical splendour, the knavish propensities of mankind—how monstrous man becomes when he has friends to back him in the indulgence of his vicious inclinations; and he laid the ink on with a lavish hand, when he touched upon the folly of wives, who, regardless of their husband’s interests, run in debt, in every fashionable store in the city, where they can get *crédit*. Johnny Noakes, in a flaming editorial—as a ‘leader’—was quite sentimental. Here is an extract from an article which appeared in his paper—the *Acadian Scratcher*—of the 27th, headed “GREAT FAILURE.”

“This failure is certainly a great one—yes, a very great one—it is the greatest one that ever happened in this city. The first intimation we had of it, was at twelve o’clock at night—a very dark night—while sitting beside our lamp, cogitating. Mr. Quilps was the first gentleman who acquainted us with the important intelligence; he came into our sanctum quite out of breath, as if half a dozen pigs had been chasing him. On ascertaining the cause of his hurry, we were informed of the catastrophe; we looked at him for some moments, in doubt whether to believe him or not. Our mind, however, was soon set at rest, for shortly after, Jock—the man of letters—entered with a note; this note put us all right about the matter, and at the same time requested us not to say any thing about the failure, as it might be the means of injuring the credit of the community in the sister city; the note bore an anonymous signature. Now, as an independent journalist, we must inform our readers that it would not be doing justice to conceal from them a fact so important; particularly since the writer has not thought proper to inclose

us a *five pound note*, as a *bribe* to keep the secret. A very likely thing indeed, that we will allow the public interest to suffer, unless we get well paid for it! Why, it was no later than last week, that an X (ten dollar note) was slyly poked into our hands, to prevent us saying any thing about a man trouncing his wife, right opposite—her screams were awful; and this is the first time we have thought proper to say any thing about it; nor would we do so now, were it not that the rhino is all gone. In regard to Gentleman Consequence himself, he is a very good natured sort of a fellow; he always paid his newspaper and advertising bills the moment they were presented; but as to his wife, who is to be blamed for his misfortunes, she is a real *swinger*. She even made a larger *shadow* on the ground than ourself, and that is something considerable. Pretty thing indeed, to expect that we shall keep this failure in the dark!—why the *Acadian Scratcher* would go right down, slap off the reel; instead of our adding more names to our subscription list, which we have posted over our entrance, we should have to keep a boy standing at the door with a blacking pot in his hand, to daub over the names as notices came in for their withdrawal. No indeed! Johnny Noakes has too much independance in him for that, big a fool as he looks to be. \* \* \* "

But there was one quarter in which satisfaction was more sensibly felt, on account of this downfall, than, perhaps, in any other—and that was at the house of the Miss Smiths. Eliza's expression—'*until I am even with Lady Consequence*'—was fast assuming a tangible shape; one crisis had already approached, and another equally momentous, was fast succeeding; and if it should arrive, Eliza would certainly then be *even*. She had laid aside her needle, and was preparing for a day, that, but twelve months before, never entered the most dreamy imagination; that day was to bring with it a virtuous reward; the humble and unpretending dress-maker was to become the wife of ———; but no matter who, for the present!

Sprout, who, like many other young men whose love only exists for a season, had long since given up Eliza—he was paying his devoirs to another young lady. As we stated before, Henry had more love for fame than for women. The eventual duel gratified his ambition; it was to form the most glowing chapter in his biography, after his coil was shuffled off. His love was not that love that holds dominion in the heart—it was only his mind that was susceptible to its influence; it was mere animal passion, which burns while it lasts, and expires as soon as the object that enkindles, is withdrawn. Such love is a bane to human happiness; many young hearts, through imagination, beat in unison alike, and the result is premature marriage—the honey moon spent, the charms of novelty gone, and then, for the first time, the *victims* become convinced that they never loved. Sprout, alas! was one of this

character; his love for Eliza was more imaginary than real, although he fought for her. But that was rather the result of pride than love; he felt that he had a rival, and his pride forbade him retire from the field, without letting the world know it. He had defeated many competitors in love-matters, by frightening them; and the idea of a vanquisher being vanquished, and without trial, was torture which his proud spirit could not brook. Iago, his friend, like himself, had his foibles; but Iago was a traitor, and that rendered him more execrable. Had Iago been a man of principle, he would not have been rejected in his suit, a few years before. Being without principle—such as using the art of deception, and betraying, to his comrades, the secrets that dwelt between him and the one he wished to be his, he was at length found out, and banished as a worthless and dangerous man. This punishment, instead of restoring him to reason, rather aggravated his disposition—for, ever after, would he use his worst art to bring about mischief, whenever he had an opportunity. It will be remembered it was him who first acquainted Henry, with the intelligence that Eliza and Poppinjay were going to be married. This, we must inform the reader, for the first time, was a *fabrication*. ELIZA WAS NOT ACQUAINTED WITH POPPINJAY!

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## CHAPTER XXIX

### A SCENE OF DISTRESS.

“ I saw a starving mother stand,  
 By the gates of a palace proud,  
 With a whining boy in either hand,  
 And an infant wailing loud;  
 An infant wailing loud—for dry  
 Was the fount that wont to hush its cry,  
 And all that starving woman said  
 Was—“ Give my children bread!”

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“ Mother, am I to have no more bread? I'm so hungry.”

“ No more my child; your father has no work now, and can't get money to buy bread.”

“ O! only just one more piece—I'm so hungry;” and the child cried for more.



The mother too wept for the distress of her child ; the humble abode of the mechanic was turned into a scene of wretchedness and misery. Six children dwelt beneath his roof ; the father and mother were their only friends ; no relations had they to answer their supplications, and to give them bread when they hungered for more. The father was industrious and frugal, and had been rearing his family comfortably ; from the rising to the setting of the sun, would he toil to keep his little family together, in food and raiment, and that took all he earned. Himself and family were contented with their humble fare ; they were pious, and found happiness in that imperishable record—the Gospel—which gives consolation to believers, under all afflictions. The baubles of the world did not fascinate this family ; they were born under a humble roof, and were sensible of their condition and place in life. Would that the world afforded many more such samples ! then, instead of wives, sons and daughters, assuming airs they do not understand, they would set themselves down quietly beneath their own ‘ fig trees, and gather the fruit which nature intended for them !’ This man was an artizan ; his hands were rough, and his face burnished by the rays of the sun, to which his business continually exposed him. But if his exterior was uncouth, he had that within him which the eye could not perceive, but which the judgment might comprehend ; he had an honest mind, a *human* heart, and passions untrammelled with conceit. Had such been the characteristic of my gentleman Consequence, and some of the other Bankrupts, the poor artizan would not have been made the victim of their extravagance ; his children would not have cried for bread ; his wife would not have wrung her hands in pity and distress.

The mother was trying to soothe her children, who were still crying for bread, when the artizan entered his humble abode. The night—for it was night—was wet and dreary ; the pelting storm beat against the windows, and caused them to tremble in their casements ; the lightnings flashed, and the thunders reverberated through the heavens in terrific peals. The father had been out in the midst of the storm, seeking for a friend to relieve him for a day—only *one* solitary day—in order that starvation might be avoided ; although, had he all to which he was entitled by his labours, from the Bankrupts—who took care of themselves in the day of adversity—he would then have been placed in comparative comfort. The contrast between the dismal scene without and within, bore a close affinity. Every gust of wind that beat the rain against the windows, seemed to sound a death-knell, and reminded the

humble cotters that their days of sunshine had all departed. The children were still crying for bread—ay, even more loudly than before ; but the father had been unsuccessful, and could not relieve them. For the first time in his life, the wretched man felt himself a pauper ; a miserable beggar ; an object of charity ; and this direful change in his domestic circle, was brought about by the dishonesty of his employers, who failed through their prodigality, who enjoyed an artificial existence in the fashionable world, upon the labours of the hard working and honest mechanic. Such was the conduct that marked the career of Gentleman Consequence. The day of reckoning arrived ; he fell—not alone, but involved in the ruination hundreds, and caused a cloud to pass over many a domestic circle, like the one just described.

This poor artizan had no work to turn his hands to ; nearly all the shops in the city were closed ; and many industrious persons, like himself, might be seen walking about the streets, with misery and stolid wretchedness depicted in their countenances. His children were sickening for want of nourishment ; and day after day would he supplicate on bended knees, for the interposition of HIM, who is ever willing to lend an ear to the cries of the distressed. Nor were his prayers unavailing ; he prayed with a fervency of spirit—his heart was in his prayers—and they were heard. The condition of his family at length became known among the neighbours, and the hand of charity—from an unknown source—was extended towards him ; food and clothing for his children were now sent to his house ; but the recipient, in his gratitude, did not know who to thank. It was Eliza and her sisters, who were his benefactors ; their means were small, but what they possessed they divided with those who were unable to provide for themselves. Nor did they confine their little charity to this one house alone ; many other families were assisted by their benevolence ;—in the language of Scripture, ‘they went about doing good,’ and never felt weary in well doing. They were the humble dress-makers ; they were unknown to the fashionable world, until circumstances were brought to bear upon ‘*Fashionable Folly*,’ when their goodness, which ever finds its reward, raised their names to its legitimate standard.

#### LADY CONSEQUENCE.

One brief chapter concerning this lady, and we are done with her forever. Time glided on, and Lady Consequence was fast hastening to the shades. We have marked her career from her first *entre* in the fashionable world, and noticed the vanity which characterized all her movements; we have seen her in affluence, and dashing in almost *regal* splendour, with tinselled servants attending at her bidding; we have marked her *hanteur* with the 'dress-maker,' how she insulted her by an impertinent question, and how she was responded to by the unpretending Eliza. We have likewise marked her downfall, and explained the cause of it; we will now follow her a little farther, in order to compare her real quality with the dress-maker, and mark the fate which awaited them both—one on account of her vanity; the other on account of her virtues.

As soon as her ladyship was deprived of her finery, she sank in the scale of public estimation, and not a little in her own; she was no longer what she once thought herself—'fit society for a Duchess.' We saw when she began to rise, that she neglected her early associates, and now that she had fallen, it was their turn to neglect her. Drucilla Pert—her dressing-maid—had been dismissed from her service; Lady Consequence required a dressing-maid no longer; she had now to wait upon herself. Caleb, and his fellow kitchen mates, went in another direction to seek their fortunes. Caleb, perhaps, fared better than any of the others, not even excepting his master—for he had excellent resources in his large crops of wool, which he continued as usual to shear, and monopolize the best price in the market for the commodity. All that remained to Lady Consequence and her husband, were a few chairs, a pine table, a bed to sleep on, and a few such articles of domestic convenience as they could not do without. Her ladyship was now plain Mrs. Consequence; the gossips who first entitled her '*lady*,' withdrew this mark of distinction, and thought the prefix *misses*, a substitute quite good enough for her; they had their reasons for altering their opinion; she was one of the chief causes—by her extravagance—of the distress which now prevailed in their families. Miss Consequence was taken care of by a maiden aunt, who lived in a remote corner of the city. She was no longer known among the officers; like many other young ladies, she was educated only for the drawing room, while the concerns of the kitchen were entirely overlooked. The condition to which she was now reduced, rendered her unfit to occupy either a place in the parlour or the kitchen. She was only a useless piece of furniture, fit to be brushed up to look at. Her pride, which was her enemy, still held to her, her destiny she imagined, in spite of her adversity, was yet to be a brid-

liant one ; she was still young and thoughtless, and her mother's notions, which had been early instilled into her mind, had not yet gone to seed. The father, who like the mother, had lost his title, was now plain Mr. Consequence. He had survived the days of his grandeur ; he now existed on what little he managed to withhold from his creditors.

Despised by creditors, rejected by society, and scoffed at by those who once felt themselves slighted, this proud family, at length—unable to brook further mortification—gathered up the few remaining articles of furniture they possessed, and retired to the country, where they now live in obscurity, and we hope, in peace. Their career was short and brilliant, while it lasted ; they were like the waves of the ocean, which exhaust themselves in foam upon the beach, with a murmuring noise, and then recede again to mingle in their native brine. They rose from obscurity to dazzle and deceive ; their vanity taught them presumption, and they carried their point, by making the world believe they really were what they pretended to be. How many such characters are there daily walking our streets—both male and female—who if they could would follow in the same path with my Lady Consequence and husband—would run in debt to any amount, without entertaining a moment's thought for the result. This disposition lurks in many a bosom ; it has been one of the chief causes of bringing about half the distress and calamity that have visited the commercial world.

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## CHAPTER XXX.

### AN INTERVIEW.

It was after much hesitation that Eliza consented. Consented to what ? To become the wife of an English Nobleman ! Why did she hesitate ? Not because she had any scruples about changing her condition in life, nor because she doubted the sincerity of her lover ; but because she was fearful that her new relations would consider her as an incumbrance on the family. It is true they had been acquainted since the night of the Ball ; and now three months had gone by ; it is true he had been constant in his visits since, if that augured any thing, and never by his conduct, gave her cause to think he meant any thing but love.—But her station, compared with his, gave her many moments of solitary reflection. Had she been vain, like many other ladies, she would not have thought of this, but would have conceived that she was equal to

him who doated upon her. The one was a descendant of an illustrious house, and belonged to the proud nobles of England ; the other, the descendant of a humble but virtuous family, belonging to the Colonies, and unknown to the fashionable world. Certainly then there was a great disparity in rank. But Eliza was virtuous, and her lord was sensible of her worth ; he did not imagine that he was lowering himself by raising her to his own level. The following is an outline of a conversation which occurred one evening, when the lovers—for such we must now consider them—were alone, wandering through the woods, near the Tower.

“Dost still hesitate, fair maiden ? my happiness depends upon thine answer.”

“Sir, I have not the power, even if I have the will, to answer you at this time.”

“Not the *power* ?”

“I’ve *not* the power ! I’m controlled by my conscience ; and my conscience forbids me utter the feelings of my heart.”

“Dost doubt my sincerity ?”

“Our conditions ——”

“Are equal—I have rank, and so have you ; mine is the rank of birth, your’s the rank of nature.”

“I have heard of men before who talked just as you do now, to some innocent maiden, and after all deceive her ; their love burned only in their lips, while their hearts were callous to its impulse.”

“Tis not the case with me, Eliza ; I’ve never vowed before ; and since you doubt me, I will never vow again, until ——”

“You can deceive another.”

“You do me wrong ! recall those words, Miss Smith. No—I meant to say until I can testify by further acts the sincerity of my heart.”

“Excuse me Sir, I meant not what I said ; ’twas a random thought—I’ve done thee wrong. But your sisters—the lady Ann and Mary—what would they say to such a union ?”

“They’d talk, no doubt, as ladies will sometimes, about inequality, and so on ; but that would only end in talk. I’m independent of sisters ; I look not to them for instruction. Believe me, Eliza, I would not for the world deceive thee. Let me therefore live in hope, that when we meet again, you’ll be ready with an answer ?”

“In hope I hope you’ll live, as all men ought to.”

It was a beautiful evening when this interview of which we have endeavoured to convey a faint outline, was held ; the stars appeared to

twinkle in their orbits like so many watchful eyes, and threw their silver light on all below. It was a night consecrated to love; the universal stillness of nature calming the passions, and prompting the affections to gentle emotions. All around lay motionless; not a breath stirred the leaves on the trees; and nothing could be heard but the echo of the water receding from the sea beach, which fell upon the ear like the delightful sensations experienced by the sound of a distant cascade. Ever and anon, a little bird, frightened from its leafy habitation, as the lovers strolled on, would flutter amongst the trees, and cause the hearts of the fond ones to beat in union, with a responsive thrill of life and hope!—Joyous moments! As they paced slowly onwards neither of them spoke; they were apparently too much lost in their own deep meditations.—Had the spoiler been present—the man who boasts of the victims he has destroyed, and the misery he has created—the solemn stillness of that evening would have taught him a lesson worthy of remembrance. Eliza in reality doubted not the sincerity of her lord, though she told him so—for when a woman loves she seldom doubts, unless with reason; her affection was ardent, and her esteem too firmly engraved in the recesses of her heart to think that he could be inconstant. Still she was not altogether happy; her pleasing anticipations of the future were suffused with melancholy; perhaps the imminence of an event which seemed fast approaching, filled her mind with strange thoughts, and gave to her being a new existence. So inconsistent are the actions of the human mind! But Eliza found comfort in the thought that her love was not misplaced; she was satisfied of the adoration which beat in the bosom of her companion; and when a random thought occupied her imagination, as to the future, like a flitting zephyr, it almost immediately sank to repose.

The 'fond ones' parted for the night, to meet again on the morrow, when the final answer was to be given. They met again, and their hopes were set at rest. ELIZA SMITH—the unpretending and humble dress-maker, despised by Lady Consequence—consented to become the wife of the HONORABLE GEORGE ALLSPICE, a descendant of one of the proudest houses of England. That day month was set apart for the wedding.

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The news of the approaching nuptials spread like wildfire through the city. The young ladies grew jealous, and the gossips more than ever talkative; a new theme for conversation was afforded in all quarters; at the mess-table, Poppinjay began to suspect for the first time, who was

the instigator of the duel; and he was determined to be the groomsmen, for having placed his life in jeopardy on account of the groom. Quilps was the first to apprise the Editors and Publishers of the circumstance; the *Lamp Post*, next day, contained a paragraph headed '*on dit*,' intimating what was coming to pass, in order that the public should not be taken by surprise. The *Acadian Scratcher* doubted the truth of the rumour; and it answered the *Post* in a paragraph headed '*All Gas*;' and it also tried to make it appear that Mr. Crosscut was overloaded with '*on dits*,' and ready at any moment, to let one out, as it suited his convenience, or when he wished to stir up excitement in the city. Johnny also stated that no confidence ought to be put in marriage rumours, until the marriage had actually taken place, for, to his own personal knowledge, he was satisfied that an agreement between lovers was sometimes very easily violated. The *Herald* copied the '*on dit*' from the *Post*, and through mistake credited it to the *Nova-Scarcity*; this drew out Mr. Pungent, who commissioned his Editor—the author of the *Seasons*—to disabuse the public mind, in his most spiey style, concerning the real author of the article. Sprout and Iago put their heads together, for the purpose of making mischief, when the day of the wedding should arrive; they thought of many '*tricks*,' and at length concluded upon one as best suited for their purpose. The nature of this trick shall be explained hereafter. The old ladies, the judges' and doctors' wives, who were continually on the *qui vive*, to make good matches for their daughters, became very anxious to know who *this* Miss Smith was? who were her father and mother? what kind of relatives had she? was her father a mechanic or was he a merchant? or what was he? It was very strange the Honourable George Allspice should think of marrying any other than a Judge's or Doctor's daughter! It was very mysterious—*very*. The Honourable Jerry Blowhard and wife, blew harder than they were ever known to do before, against the Honourable George; they thought he was a maniac, and ought to be sent to the lunatic assylum to be taken care of. It was, however, to be expected that this party would take the matter more to heart than any other; for it generally happens that when persons of low origin get up in the world, they become the greatest bigots in existence, and endeavour to keep all down who likewise show any ambition for rising. The Hon. Jerry was one of this kind. When Lady Consequence received the report, she was even more surprised than at the audacity of Eliza, a few months before, when she frightened her by an emphatic '*No!*' "*WHAT!*" was her first ex-

clamation—“*that low life thing* to be married to the Honourable George? Well—well—well!” The ‘moving debating society’ or the *oddity*, who talked to himself in the streets, had a new subject for discussion. He was seen next day after the rumour got in circulation, lugging home a salmon, and talking to himself over the fish, very earnestly. “I’d just as soon think of marrying this salmon, if I were the Honourable George, as marry that girl. Thank fortune we hav’nt got such fools in our family, as he—*present* company of course always excepted—why, he’ll be eternally disgraced in England, when he gets there”—said the ‘debating society.’ Little Mary was highly delighted, to think that her sister was about setting such a brilliant example in the family; and she thought if Eliza could get a nobleman, she did not see why she would not stand as good a chance, when she got a little older. “What did I say, Eliza,” said the elder Miss Smith, “about dropping your slipper, like Cinderella, at the Ball? I knew something would come to pass, I had such strange dreams that night.” Drucilla Pert, who, by the way, married a drummer shortly after she was dismissed from her mistress’s employment, lisped some strange absurdities about Eliza. Among other things she said—“that Mith ‘Thnith vath a tharthy thing; tuch a thing to marry an oflither wath truly thocking.” Captain Swagger of the Guards, swaggered out some things in his bloated English, which nobody could understand. One of his remarks, however, was partly translated into English, thus: “Whoy, dem the fallow—’tis parfactly absard; he ought to hove his oppilets torn from his shouldaws—to go and marry that Plebian! I’ll sell out my commission, and go into some other regiment; he has doigraced us all—yes! by—, he has!” The other officers of ‘Blood Circle’ did not take the matter so seriously to heart.—They did not care who got married, so long as they could have a little amusement.

Thus ran opinion through the city; ‘envy, hatred, and malice,’ seemed to predominate among the ‘small fry,’ against the ‘dress-maker,’ on account of her good luck. But Eliza had friends as well as enemies; the good and virtuous, and moral thinking part of the community, spoke in praise of her, and seemed to feel happy that so virtuous a maiden was to meet with the reward that was in waiting for her. The day before the wedding, presents and letters of congratulation were sent to her from all quarters, which ‘she was most graciously pleased to accept!’ She was now the *prima-donna* of the City; her name was in every body’s mouth; she afforded a *subject* for conversation in all circles.

Among the presents sent to her was a parcel, done up in brown paper,



accompanied by a note, which was fastened on the outside. The following are the contents of the note :—"A friend sends his compliments to Miss SMITH, and hopes she will accept the accompanying package, consisting of a *half-finished Satin Dress*, as a marriage present, to wear at her wedding." This parcel was thrown into the hall of Eliza's house on the night preceding her bridal day. It was sent in order to tantalize her, and to remind her at the same time, that she was once Lady Consequence's dress-maker. It was Sprout and Iago—who, as we before stated, had put their heads together to make mischief—that were the *friends* in this matter. It will be remembered that a *gentleman* bought the dress at the auction sale; this *gentleman* was HENRY SPROUT, Esq., Clerk to Mr. Hardcash.

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On the 20th of September, 18—, Miss Eliza Smith was married, at St. Paul's Church, amidst great pomp and ceremony, to the Honourable George Allspice, youngest son of the Earl of——. He and his beautiful bride, shortly after left for England, with the Regiment. The Earl has since died, and only one brother, unmarried, now stands between the Honourable George, and the Earldom. Eliza will yet be a Countess! We will now conclude this much of her biography, by adding her own *prophetic language*.

*"No mother! the dress shall not be finished by me, nor, I hope, by any body else, until I am even with Lady Consequence."*

#### CONCLUSION.

A few explanations are necessary, in order to assist and carry out the plot. It will be remembered that after the night of the Ball, the Hon. George Allspice felt obliged to leave the Mess Room, on account of the officers plaguing him for paying so much attention to a certain young lady in the ball room. That *certain* young lady was Eliza Smith! It will also be remembered that Eliza became quite melancholy among her sisters, next day after the Ball, and betrayed the feelings of her heart—which were those of love—in repeatedly carolling forth "the Banks of the Blue Moselle." Allspice conducted his courtship secretly, as we before noticed; and it was Iago who led Henry and others to believe that it was Poppinjay who was the lover. In apprising Henry of the circumstance, it will be remembered, he said, "Eliza Smith's going to be married to an officer; I think they call him—if I am not mistaken—Poppinjay—Lieut. Poppinjay." He *was* mistaken, and the reader deceived, if he formed a hasty conclusion. When Poppinjay received the challenge, it will be remembered, he was quite surprised, for he said to

the Honourable George, who helped, him to decipher the note,

"*Satisfaction!* why the fallow! who the devil is he? Satisfaction for what?—(Allspice chuckled)—dem me, but the fallow's cracked."

He accepted the challenge, more through amusement than any thing else, as the tenor of his answer led us to suppose—for part of it ran thus :

"As *game* is rather scarce, in this Province, Lieut. Poppinjay has not the least objection to take a shot at the first *bird* that comes along."

Besides, they deputed a private soldier to act as a mock parson, and Caleb to carry a coffin, in order to strike terror into the civilian, on the duel ground. On leaving the ground it will be remembered, that Poppinjay was still involved in mystery, concerning the cause of the duel.

"Dem me" said he, if I know yet what I faught the fallow for—it appears, however, there was a *geyrl* in the way."

"O—you'll find that out after awhile—you was'nt challenged for nothing, depend upon't"—said Allspice, and he looked very cunning.

Poppinjay did find it out, but not until it was explained to him by Allspice, on the day preceding the wedding. The Honourable George, we have seen, was very attentive at the house of the Consequences; but we are not aware that he was more so than any of his brother officers. It was more the *cheer* than the *daughter*, that took him there.

"At length he became less attentive in paying his visits, and finely forsook the house altogether. There was a cause for it, and a very good one too, which shall be explained hereafter."

It was because he was about being married!

With these explanations, we now conclude our story, and we trust it will be received by the reader in the same spirit it was conceived by the author—that of good nature. It being his first effort of the kind, and written at intervals, during his leisure moments—which were few—and amidst the turmoil of a printing office, he trusts that due allowance will be made for any discrepancies that may appear. In taking a "Peep at Fashionable Folly," it was not ill-nature that prompted the author to write; it was *pity* for the *vanity* which characterizes a large number of persons living in this city; or such as imagine that they are *something*, because they possess a little, when in reality they have very little to boast of. The Almighty does not classify men, or endow one portion of the human family with brighter intellects than another. He creates all equal in this respect; and since he displays his Providence in his works, man ought to regard his fellow man according to his *merits*, and not according to his rank. Let a man be estimated by his qualities; not his wealth. Let his *works* praise him.

THE END.

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