LYNDE FRANCIS

THE DODD FAMILY ABROAD, VOL. I

Francis Lynde

The Dodd Family Abroad, Vol. I

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Содержание

Charles James Lever
The Dodd Family Abroad, Vol. I

TO SIR EDWARD LYTTON BULWER LYTTON, Bart., M.P

My Dear Sir Edward, – While asking you to accept the dedication of this volume, I feel it would be something very nigh akin to the Bathos were *I* to say one word of Eulogy of those powers which the world has recognised in *you*.

Let me, however, be permitted, in common with thousands, to welcome the higher development which your Genius is hourly attaining, to say God speed to the Author of "The Caxtons" and "My Novel," and cry "Hear!" to the Eloquent Orator whose words have awakened an enthusiasm that shows Chivalry still lives amongst us.

Believe me, in all admiration and esteem,

Your faithful friend,

CHARLES LEVER

Casa Capponi, Florence, March, 1854.

PREFACE

Although the faulty judgment of authors on their own productions has assumed something like the force of a proverb, I am ready to incur the hazard of avowing that the present volume is, to my own thinking, better than anything else I have done. I am not about to defend its numerous shortcomings and great faults. I will not say one word in extenuation of a plan which, to many readers, forms an insuperable objection, – that of a story in letters. I wish simply to record the fact that the book afforded me much pleasure in the writing, and that I felt an amount of interest in the character of Kenny Dodd such as I have never before nor since experienced for any personage of my own creation.

The reader who is at all acquainted with the incidents of foreign travel, and the strange individuals to be met with on every European highway, will readily acquit me of exaggeration either in describing the mistaken impressions conceived of Continental life, or the difficulties of forming anything like a correct estimate of national habits by those whose own sphere of observation was so limited in their own country. In Kenny Dodd, I attempted to portray a man naturally acute and intelligent, sensible and well judging where his prejudices did not pervert his reason, and singularly quick to appreciate the ridicule of any absurd situation in which he did not figure himself. To all the pretentious ambitions of his family, – to their exaggerated sense of themselves and their station, – to their inordinate desire to figure in a rank above their own, and appear to be something they had never hitherto attempted, – I have made him keenly and sensitively alive. He sees Mrs. Dodd's perils, – there is not a sunk rock nor a shoal before her that he has not noted, and yet for the life of him he can't help booking himself for the voyage. There is an Irishman's love of drollery, – that passion for what gives him a hearty laugh, even though he come in for his share of the ridicule, which repays him for every misadventure. If he is momentarily elated by the high and distinguished company in which he finds himself, so far from being shocked when he discovers them to be swindlers and blacklegs, he chuckles over the blunders of Mrs. D. and Mary Anne, and writes off to his friend Purcell a letter over which he laughs till his eyes run.

Of those broad matters to which a man of good common-sense can apply his faculties fairly, his opinions are usually just and true; he likes truth, he wants to see things as they are. Of everything conventional he is almost invariably in error; and it is this struggle that in a manner reflects the light and shade of his nature, showing him at one moment clear-headed and observant, and at the next absurdly mistaken and ignorant.

It was in no spirit of sarcasm on my countrymen that I took an Irishman to represent these incongruities; nay, more, I will say that in the very liability to be so strongly impressed from without, lies much of that unselfishness which forms that staple of the national character which so greatly recommends them to strangers.

If I do not speak of the other characters of the book, it is because I feel that whatever humble merit the volume may possess is ascribable to the truthfulness of this principal personage. It is less the Dodd family for which I would bespeak the reader's interest, than for the trials of Kenny Dodd himself, his thoughts and opinions.

Finally, let me observe that this story has had the fortune to be better liked by my friends, and less valued by the public, than any other of my books.

I wrote it, as I have said, with pleasure; well satisfied should I be that any of my readers might peruse it with as much. It was planned and executed in a quiet little cottage in the Gulf of Spezia, something more than six years ago. I am again in the same happy spot; and, as I turn over the pages, not altogether lost to some of the enjoyment they once afforded me in the writing, and even more than before anxious that I should not be alone in that sentiment.

It is in vain, however, for an author to bespeak favor for that which comes not recommended by merits of its own; and if Kenny Dodd finds no acceptance with you on his own account, it is hopeless to expect that he will be served by the introduction of so partial a friend as

Your devoted servant,

CHARLES LEVER

Marola, Gulf of Spezia,
October 1,1859.

A WORD FROM THE EDITOR

The Editor of the Dodd Correspondence may possibly be expected to give the Public some information as to the manner by which these Letters came into his possession, and the reasons which led him to publish them. Happily he can do both without any breach of honorable confidence. The circumstances were these: —

Mr. Dodd, on his returning to Ireland, passed through the little watering-place of Spezzia, where the Editor was then sojourning. They met accidentally, formed acquaintanceship, and then intimacy. Amongst the many topics of conversation between them, the Continent and its habits occupied a very wide space. Mr. D. had lived little abroad; the Editor had passed half of a life there. Their views and judgment were, as might be surmised, not always alike; and if novelty had occasionally misled one, time and habit had not less powerfully blunted the perceptions of the other. The old resident discovered, to his astonishment, that the very opinions which he smiled at from his friend, had been once his own; that he had himself incurred some of the mistakes, and fallen into many of the blunders, which he now ridiculed, and that, so far from the Dodd Family being the exception, they were in reality no very unfair samples of a large class of our travelling countrymen. They had come abroad with crude and absurd notions of what awaited them on the Continent. They dreamed of economy, refinement, universal politeness, and a profound esteem for England from all foreigners. They fancied that the advantages of foreign travel were to be obtained without cost or labor; that locomotion could educate, sight-seeing cultivate them; that in the capacity of British subjects every society should be open to them, and that, in fact, it was enough to emerge from home obscurity to become at once recognized in the fashionable circles of any Continental city.

They not only entertained all these notions, but they held them in defiance of most contradictory elements. They practised the most rigid economy when professing immense wealth; they affected to despise the foreigner while shunning their own countrymen; they assumed to be votaries of art when merely running over galleries; and lastly, while laying claim, and just claim, for their own country to the highest moral standard of Europe, they not unfrequently outraged all the proprieties of foreign life by an open and shameless profligacy. It is difficult to understand how a mere change of locality can affect a man's notions of right and wrong, and how Cis-Alpine evil may be Trans-Alpine good. It is very hard to believe that a few parallels of latitude can affect the moral thermometer; but so it is, and so Mr. Dodd honestly confessed he found it. He not only avowed that he could do abroad what he could not dare to do at home, but that, worse still, the infraction cost no sacrifice of self-esteem, no self-reproach. It was not that these derelictions were part of the habits of foreign life, or at least of such of it as met the eye; it was, in reality, because he had come abroad with his own preconceived ideas of a certain latitude in morals, and was resolved to have the benefit of it. Such inconsistency in theory led, naturally, to absurdity in action, and John Bull became, in consequence, a mark for every trait of eccentricity that satirists could describe, or caricaturists paint.

The gradations of rank so rigidly defined in England are less accurately marked out abroad. Society, like the face of the soil, is not enclosed by boundaries and fenced by hedgerows, but stretches away in boundless undulations of unlimited extent. The Englishman fancies there are no boundaries, because he does not see the landmarks. Since all seems open, he imagines there can be no trespass. This is a serious mistake! Not less a one is, to connect title with rank. He fancies that nobility represents abroad the same pretensions which it maintains in England, and indignantly revenges his own blunder by calumniating in common every foreigner of rank.

Mr. Dodd fell into some of these errors; from others he escaped. Most, indeed, of his mistakes were those inseparable from a false position; and from the acuteness of his remarks in conversation, it is clear that he possessed fair powers of observation, and a mind well disposed to receive and retain the truth. One quality certainly his observations possessed, – they were "his own." They were neither

worked out from the Guide-book, nor borrowed from his *Laquais de Place*. They were the honest convictions of a good ordinary capacity, sharpened by the habits of an active life. It was with sincere pleasure the Editor received from him the following note, which reached him about three weeks after they parted: —

"DODSBOROUGH, BRUFF

"My dear Harry Lorrequer, – I have fished up all the Correspondence of the Dodd Family during our *Annus Mirabilis* abroad, and send it to you with this. You have done some queer pranks at Editorship before now, so what would you say to standing Sponsor to us all, foundlings as we are in the world of letters? I have a notion in my head that we were n't a bit more ridiculous than nine-tenths of our travelling countrymen, and that, maybe, our mistakes and misconceptions might serve to warn such as may come after us over the same road. At all events, use your own discretion on the matter, but say nothing about it when you write to me, as Mrs. D. reads all my letters, and if she knew we were going to print her, the consequences would be awful!

"You 'll be glad to hear that we got safe back here, – Tuesday was a week, – found everything much as usual, – farming stock looking up, pigs better than ever I knew them. I have managed to get James into the Police, and his foreign airs and graces are bringing him into the tip-top society of the country. Purcell tells me that we 'll be driven to sell Dodsborough in the Estates Court, and I suppose it 's the best thing after all, for we can buy it in, and clear off the mortgages that was the ruin of us.

"When everything is settled, I have an idea of taking a run through the United States, to have a peep at Jonathan. If so, you shall hear from me.

"Meanwhile, I am yours, very faithfully,

"Kenny I. Dodd.

"Do you know any Yankees, or could you get me a few letters to some of their noticeable men? for I 'd like to have an opportunity of talk with them."

The Editor at once set about the inspection of the documents forwarded to him, and carefully perused the entire correspondence; nor was it until after a mature consideration that he determined on accepting the responsible post which Mr. Dodd had assigned to him.

He who edits a Correspondence, to a certain extent is assumed to be a concurring party, if not to the statements contained in it, at least to its general tone and direction. It is in vain for him to try and hide his own shadow behind the foreground figure of the picture, or merge his responsibility in that of his principal. The reader will hold him chargeable for opinions that he has made public, and for sentiments which, but for his intervention, had slept within the drawer of a cabinet. This is more particularly the case where the sentiments recorded are not those of any great thinker or high authority amongst men whose *dicta* may be supposed capable of standing the test of a controversy, on the mere strength of him who uttered them. Now, unhappily, the Dodd Family have not as yet produced one of these gifted individuals. Their views of the world, as they saw it in a foreign tour, are those of persons of very moderate capacity, with very few special opportunities for observation. They wrote in all the frankness of close friendship to those with whom they were most intimately allied. They uttered candidly what they felt acutely. They chronicled their sorrows, their successes, their triumphs, and their shame. And although experience did teach them something as they went, their errors tracked them to the last. It cannot be expected, then, that the Editor is prepared to back their opinions and uphold their notions, nor is he blamable for the judgments they have pronounced on many points. It is true, it was open to him to have retrenched this and suppressed that. He might have cancelled a confession here, or blotted out an avowal there; but had he done so in one Letter, the allusion contained in some other might have been pointless, – the distinctive character of the writer lost; and what is of more moment than either, a new difficulty engendered, viz., what to retain where

there was so much to retrench. Besides this, Mrs. D. is occasionally wrong where K. I. is right, and it is only by contrasting the impressions that the value of the judgments can be appreciated.

It is not in our present age of high civilization that an Editor need fear the charge of having divulged family secrets, or made the private history of domestic life a subject for public commentary. Happily, we live in a period of enlightenment that can defy such petty slanders. Very high and titled individuals have shown themselves superior to similar accusations, and if the "Dodds" can in any wise contribute to the amusement or instruction of the world, they may well feel recompensed for an exposure to which others have been subjected before them.

As in all cases of this kind, the Editor's share has been of the very lightest. It would not have become him to have added anything either of explanation or apology to the contents of these Letters. Even when a word or two might have served to correct a mistaken impression, he has preferred to leave the obvious task to the reader's judgment to obtrusively making himself the means of interpretation. In fact, he has had little to do beyond opening the door and announcing the company, and his functions cease when this duty is accomplished. It would be alike ungracious and ungrateful in him, however, were he to retire without again thanking those kind and indulgent friends who have so long and so warmly welcomed him.

With no higher ambition in life than to be the servant of that same Public, nor any more ardent desire than to merit well at their hands, he writes himself, as he has so often had occasion to do before, but at no time more sincerely than now,

Their very devoted and faithful servant,

THE EDITOR

LETTER I. TO MR. THOMAS PURCELL, OF THE GRANGE, BRUFF

Hôtel Des Bains, Ostend

Dear Tom, – Here we are at last, – as tired and seasick a party as ever landed on the same shore! Twenty-eight hours of it, from the St. Katharine Docks, six of them bobbing opposite Margate in a fog, – ringing a big bell all the time, and firing minute-guns, lest some thumping India-man or a homeward-bound Peninsular should run into us, – and five more sailing up and down before Ostend, till it was safe to cross the bar, and enter the blackguard little harbor. The "Phoenix" – that was our boat – started the night before the "Paul Jones" mail-packet, and we only beat her by a neck, after all! And this was a piece of Mrs. Dodd's economy: the "Phoenix" only charges "ten-and-six" for the first cabin; but, what with the board for a day and night, boats to fetch you out, and boats to fetch you in, brandy-and-water against the sickness, – much good it was! – soda-water, stewards, and the devil knows what of broken crockery, – James fell into the "cuddy," I think they call it, and smashed two dozen and three wine-glasses, the most of a blue tea-service, and a big tureen, – the economy turned out a "delusion and a snare," as they say in the House. It 's over now, thank God! and, except some bruises against the bulkheads and a touch of a jaundice, I 'm nothing the worse. We landed at night, and were marched off in a gang to the Custom House. Such a time I never spent before! for when they upset all our things on the floor, there was no getting them into the trunks again; and so we made our way through the streets, with shawls and muffs and silk dresses all round us, like a set of play-actors. As for me, I carried a turban in one hand, and a tray of artificial flowers in the other, with a toque on my head and a bird-of-paradise feather in my mouth. James fell, crossing the plank, with three bran-new frocks and a bonnet of the girls', and a thing Mrs. D. calls a "visite," – egad, they made a visite of it, sure enough, and are likely to stay some time there, for they are under some five feet of black mud, that has lain there since before the memory of man. This was n't the worst of it; for Mrs. D., not seeing very well in the dark, gave one of the passport people a box on the ear that she meant for poor Paddy, and we were hauled up before the police, and made pay thirty francs for "insulting the authorities," with something written on our passport, besides, describing my wife as a dangerous kind of woman, that ought to be looked after. Poor Mathews had a funny song, that ran, —

"If ever you travel, it must n't seem queer
That you sometimes get rubs that you never get here."

But, faith, it appears to me that we have fallen in with a most uncommon allowance of friction. Perhaps it's all for the best; and by a little roughing at first, we'll the sooner accustom ourselves to our new position.

You know that I never thought much of this notion of coming abroad, but Mrs. D. was full of it, and gave me neither peace nor ease till I consented. To be sure, if it only realizes the half of what she says, it's a good speculation, – great economy, tip-top education for Tom and the girls, elegant society without expense, fine climate, and wine for the price of the bottles. I 'm sorry to leave Dodsborough.

I got into a way of living there that suited me; and even in the few days I spent in London I was missing my morning's walk round the big turnip-field, and my little gossip with Joe Moone. Poor Joe! don't let him want while I 'm away, and be sure to give him his turf off our own bog. We won't be able to drain the Lough meadows this year, for we 'll want every sixpence we can lay our hands

on for the start. Mrs. D. says, "'T is the way you begin abroad decides everything;" and, faith, our opening, up to this, has not been too prosperous.

I thought we 'd have got plenty of letters of recommendation for the Continent while we were in London; but it is downright impossible to see people there. Vickars, our member, was never at home, and Lord Pummistone – I might besiege Downing Street from morning till night, and never get a sight of him! I wrote as many as twenty letters, and it was only when I bethought me of saying that the Whigs never did anything except for people of the Grey, Elliott, or Dundas family, that he sent me five lines, with a kind of introduction to any of the envoys or plenipotentiaries I might meet abroad, – a roving commission after a dinner, – sorrow more or less! I believe, however, that this is of no consequence; at least, a most agreeable man, one Krauth, the sub-consul at Moelendrach, somewhere in Holland, and who came over in the same packet with us, tells me that people of condition, like us, find their place in the genteel society abroad as naturally as a man with moustaches goes to Leicester Square. That seems a comfort; for, between me and you, the fighting and scrambling that goes on at home about *who* we 'll have, and who 'll have us, makes life little better than an election shindy! K. is a mighty nice man, and full of information. He appears to be rich, too, for Tom saw as many as thirteen gold watches in his room; and he has chains and pins and brooches without end. He was trying to persuade us to spend the winter at Moelendrach, where, besides a heavenly climate, there are such beautiful walks on the dikes, and elegant society! Mrs. D. does n't like it, however, for, though we 've been looking all the morning, we can't find the place on the map; but that does n't signify much, since even our post town of Kellynnaignabacklish is put down in the "Gazetteer" "a small village on the road to Bruff," and no mention whatever of the police-station, nor Hannagin's school, nor the Pound. That's the way the blackguards make books nowadays!

Mary Anne is all for Brussels, and, afterwards, Germany and the Rhine; but we can fix upon nothing yet Send me the letter of credit on Brussels, in any case, for we 'll stay there, to look about us, a few weeks. If the two townlands cannot be kept out of the "Encumbered Estates," there 's no help for it; but sure any of our friends would bid a trifle, and not see them knocked down at seven or eight years' purchase. If Tullylicknaslatterley was drained, and the stones off it, and a good top dressing of lime for two years, you 'd see as fine a crop of oats there as ever you 'd wish; and there hasn't been an "outrage," as they call it, on the same land since they shot M'Shea, last September; and when you consider the times, and the way winter set in early, this year, 't is saying a good deal. I wish Prince Albert would take some of these farms, as they said he would. Never mind enclosing the town parks, we can't afford it just now; but mind that you look after the preserves. If there 's a cock shot in the boundary-wood, I 'll turn out every mother's son of the barony.

I was going to tell you about Nick Mahon's holding, but it's gone clean out of my head, for I was called away to the police-office to bail out Paddy Byrne, the dirty little spalpeen; I wish I never took him from home. He saw a man running off with a yellow valise, – this is his story, – and thinking it was mine, he gave him chase; he doubled and turned, – now under an omnibus, now through a dark passage, – till Paddy overtook him at last, and gave him a clippeen on the left ear, and a neat touch of the foot that sent him sprawling. This done, Paddy shouldered the spoil, and made for the inn; but what d' ye think? It turned out to be another man's trunk, and Paddy was taken up for the robbery; and what with the swearing of the police, Pat's yells, and Mrs. D.'s French, I have passed such a half-hour as I hope never to see again. Two "Naps." settled it all, however, and five francs to the Brigadier, as well-dressed a chap as the Commander of the Forces at home; but foreigners, it seems, are the devil for bribery. When I told Pat I 'd stop it out of his wages, he was for rushing out, and taking what he called the worth of his money out of the blackguard; so that I had to lock him into my room, and there he is now, crying and screeching like mad. This will be my excuse for anything I may make in way of mistakes; for, to say truth, my head is fairly moidered! As it is, we 've lost a trunk; and when Mrs. D. discovers that it was the one containing all her new silk dresses, and a famous red velvet that was to take the shine out of the Tuileries, we'll have the devil to pay!

She's in a blessed humor, besides, for she says she saw the Brigadier wink at Mary Anne, and that it was a good kicking he deserved, instead of a live-franc piece; and now she's turning on me in the vernacular, in which, I regret to say, her fluency has no impediment. I must now conclude, my dear Tom, for it 's quite beyond me to remember more than that I am, as ever,

Your sincere friend,

Kenny I. Dodd.

Betty Cobb insists upon being sent home; this is more of it! The journey will cost a ten-pound note, if Mrs. D. can't succeed in turning her off of it. I 'm afraid the economy, at least, begins badly.

LETTER II. MRS. DODD TO MISTRESS MARY GALLAGHER, AT DODSBOROUGH

Hotel of the Baths, Ostend. Dear Molly, – This is the first blessed moment of quiet I've had since I quitted home; and even now there's the *table d'hôte* of sixty-two in the next room, and a brass band in the lobby, with, to be sure, the noisiest set of wretches as waiters ever I heard, shouting, screaming, knife-jingling, plate-crashing, and cork-drawing, till my head is fairly turned with the turmoil. The expense is cruel, besides, – eighteen francs a day for the rooms, although James sleeps in the *salon*; and if you saw the bed, – his father swears it was a mignonette-box in one of the windows! The eating is beautiful; that must be allowed. Two soups, three fishes, five roast chickens, and a piece of veal, stewed with cherries; a dish of chops with chiccory, and a meat-pie garnished with cock's-combs, – you maybe sure I didn't touch them; after them there was a carp, with treacle, and a big plate of larks and robins, with eggs of the same, all round. Then came the heavy eating: a roast joint of beef, with a batter-pudding, and a turkey stuffed with chestnuts, ducks ditto, with olives and onions, and a mushroom tart, made of grated chickens and other condiments. As for the sweets, I don't remember the half of them, nor do I like to try, for poor dear James got a kind of surfeit, and was obliged to go to bed and have a doctor, – a complaint, they tell me, mighty common among the English on first coming abroad. He was a nice man, and only charged five francs. I wish you 'd tell Peter Belton that; for though we subscribe a pound a year to the dispensary, Mr. Peter thinks to get six shillings a visit every time he comes over to Dodsborough, – a pleasant ride of eleven miles, – and sure of something to eat, besides; and now that I think of it, Molly, 'tis what's called the learned professions in Ireland is eating us all up, – the attorneys, the doctors, the parsons. Look at them abroad: Mr. Krauth, a remarkably nice man, and a consul, told me, last night, that for two-and-sixpence of our money you 'd have the best advice, law or medical, the Continent affords; and even that same is a comfort!

The *table d' hôte* is not without some drawbacks, however, my dear Molly, for only yesterday I caught an officer, the Brigadier of the Gendarmerie they call him, throwing sly glances at Mary Anne across the table. I mentioned it to K. I., but like all fathers that were a little free-and-easy when young, he said, "Pooh! nonsense, dear. 'Tis the way of foreigners; you'll get used to it at last." We dined to-day in our own room; and just to punish us, as I suppose, they gave us a scrag of mutton and two blue-legged chickens; and by the bill before me, – for I have it made up every day, – I see "*dîner particulier*" put down five francs a head, and the *table d'hôte* is for two!

K. I. was in a blessed passion, and cursed my infernal prudery, as he called it. To be sure, I did n't know it was to cost us a matter of fifteen francs. And now he 's gone off to the *café*, and Mary Anne is crying in her own room, while Caroline is nursing James; for, to tell you the truth, Betty Cobb is no earthly use to us; and as for Paddy Byrne, 't is bailing him out of the police-office and paying fines for him we are, all day.

We 'll scarcely save much this first quarter, for what with travelling expenses and the loss of my trunk, – I believe I told you that some villain carried away the yellow valise, with the black satin trimmed with blonde, and the peach-colored "gros de Naples," and my two elegant ball-dresses, one covered with real Limerick lace, – these losses, and the little contingencies of the road, will run away with most of our economies; but if we live we learn, and we 'll do better afterwards.

I never expected it would be all pure gain, Molly; but is n't it worth something to see life, – to get one's children the polish and refinement of the Continent, to teach them foreign tongues with the real accent, to mix in the very highest circles, and learn all the ways of people of fashion? Besides, Dodsborough was dreadful; K. I. was settling down to a common farmer, and in a year or two more would never have asked any higher company than Purcell and Father Maher; as for James, he was always out with the greyhounds, or shooting, or something of the kind; and lastly, you saw yourself

what was going on between Peter Belton and Mary Anne!.. She might have had the pride and decency to look higher than a Dispensary doctor. I told her that her mother's family was McCarthys, and, indeed, it was nothing but the bad times ever made me think of Kenny Dodd. Not that I don't think well of poor Peter, but sure it's hard to dress well, and keep three horses, and make a decent appearance on less than eighty pounds a year, – not to talk of a wife at all!

I hope you 'll get Christy into the Police; they are just the same as the Hussars, and not so costly. Be sure that you send off the two trunks to Ostend with the first sailing-vessel from Limerick; they'll only cost one-and-fourpence a cubic foot, whatever that is, and I believe they 'll come just as speedy as by steam. I 'm sorry for poor Nancy Doran; she 'll be a loss to us in the dairy; but maybe she 'll recover yet. How can you explain Brindled Judy not being in calf? I can scarce believe it yet. If it be true, however, you must sell her at the spring fair. Father Maher had a conceit out of her. Try if he is disposed to give ten pounds, or guineas, – guineas if you can, Molly.

There's no curing that rash in Caroline's face, and it's making her miserable. I 've lost Peter's receipt; and it was the only thing stopped the itching. Try and get a copy of it from him; but say it's for Betty Cobb.

I was interrupted, my dear Molly, by a visit from a young gentleman whose visiting-card bears the name of Victor de Lancy, come to ask after James, – a very nice piece of attention, considering that he only met us once at the *table d'hôte*. He and Mary Anne talked a great deal together; for, as he does n't speak English, I could only smile and say "We-we" occasionally. He's as anxious about James as if he was his brother, and wanted to sit up the night with him; though what use would it be? for poor J. does n't know a word of French yet. Mary Anne tells me that he 's a count, and that his family was very high under the late King; but it's dreadful to hear him talk of Louis Philippe and the Orleans branch. He mentioned, too, that they set spies after him wherever he goes; and, indeed, Mary Anne saw a gendarme looking up at the window all the time he was with us.

He spent two hours and a half here; and I must say, Molly, foreigners have a wonderful way of ingratiating themselves with one: we felt, when he was gone away, as if we knew him all our life. Don't pay any attention to Mat, but sell the fruit, and send me the money; and as for Bandy Bob, what's the use of feeding him now we 're away? Take care that the advertisement about Dodsborough is in the "Mail" and the "Packet" every week: "A Residence fit for a nobleman or gentleman's family, – most extensive out-offices, and two hundred acres of land, more if required," ought to let easy! To be sure, it's in Ireland, Molly; that's the worst of it There is n't a little bit of a lodging here on the sands, with rush-bottom chairs and a painted table, doesn't bring fifty francs a week!

I must conclude now, for it's nigh post-hour. Be sure you look after the trunks and the pony. Never mind sending the Limerick paper; it costs three sous, and has never anything new. K. I. sees the "Times" at the rooms, and they give all the outrages just as well as the Irish papers. By the way, who was the Judkin Delaney that was killed at Bruff? Sure it is n't the little creature that collected the county-cess: it would be a disgrace if it was; he was n't five foot high!

Tell Father Maher to send me a few threatening lines for Betty Cobb; 'tis nothing but the priest's word will keep her down.

Your most affectionate friend,

James Dodd

LETTER III. MISS DODD TO MISS DOOLAN, OF BALLYDOOLAN

HÔTEL DE BELLEVUE, BRUSSELS

Dearest Kitty, – If anything could divert the mind from sorrow, – from the "grief that sears and scalds," – it would be the delightful existence of this charming city, where associations of the past and present pleasure divide attention between them. We are stopping at the Bellevue, the great hotel of the upper town; but my delight, my ecstasy, is the old city, – the Grande Place, especially, with its curious architecture, of mediaeval taste, its high polished roofs, and carved architraves. I stood yesterday at the window where Count Egmont marched forth to the scaffold; I touched the chair where poor Horn sat for the last time, whilst his fainting wife fell powerless at his knees, and I thought, – yes, dearest Kitty, I own it, – I thought of that last dreadful parting in the summer-house with poor Peter. – My tears are blotting out the words as I write them. Why, – why, I ask, must we be wretched? Why are we not free to face the humble destiny which more sordid spirits would shrink from? What is there in narrow fortune, if the heart soars above it? Papa is, however, more inexorable than ever; and as for mamma, she looks at me as though I were the disgrace of our name and lineage. Cary never did – never could understand me, poor child! – may she never know what it is to suffer as I do! But why do I distress you with my sorrows? – "let me tune my harp to lighter lays," as that sweet poet, Haynes Bailey, says. We were yesterday at the great ball of Count Haegenstroem, the Danish Ambassador here. Papa received a large packet of letters of introduction on Monday last, from the Foreign Office. It would seem that Lord P. thought pa was a member, for he addressed him as M.P.; but the mistake has been so far fortunate, that we are invited on Tuesday to dine at Lord Gledworth's, our ambassador here, and we have his box for to-night at the Opera, – not to speak of last night's invitation, which came from him. I wore my amber gauze over the satin slip, with the "jonquilles" and white roses, two camellias in my hair, with mamma's coral chain twined through the roll at the back. Count Ambrose de Roncy called me a "rose-cameo," and I believe I *did* look my best. I danced with "Prince Sierra d'Aguila Nero," a Sicilian that ought to be King of Sicily, and will, they say, if the King of Naples dies without leaving seven sons. What a splendid man, Kitty! not tall, rather the reverse; but such eyes, and such a beard, and so perfumed, – the very air around him was like the garden of Attarghul! He spoke very little English, and could not bear to talk French; he said the French betrayed "*la sua carissima patria;*" and so, my dear Kitty, I did my best in the syllables of the sweet South. *He*, at least, called my accent "divina," and said that he would come and read Petrarch with me tomorrow. Don't let Peter be a fool when he hears this. The Prince is in a very different sphere from poor Mary Anne! he always dances with Queen Victoria when he's at Windsor, and called our Prince Consort "*Il suo diletto Alberto*;" and, more than all, he's married, but separated from the Princess. He told me this himself, and with what terrible emotion, Kitty! I thought of Charles Kean in Claude Melnotte, as he spoke in a low guttural voice, with his hand on his bosom. It was very dreadful, but these temperaments, moulded alike by southern climes and ancient descent, are awful in their passionate vehemence. I assure you, it was a relief to me when he stopped one of the trays and took a pineapple ice. I felt that it was a moment of peril passed in safety. You can form no notion, dearest, of the fascination of foreign manners; something there is so gently insinuating, so captivating, so bewitching, and withal so natural, Kitty, – that's the very strangest thing of all. There is absolutely nothing a foreigner cannot say to you. I almost blush as I think of what I now know must have been the veriest commonplace of society, but which to my ears, in all their untutored ignorance, sounded very odd.

Mamma – and you know her prudery – is actually in ecstasy with them. The Prince said to me last night, "Savez-vous, Mademoiselle! Madame votre mère est d'une beauté classique?" and I assure you ma was delighted with the compliment when she heard it. Papa is not so tractable: he calls them the most atrocious names, and has all the old prejudices about the Continent that we see in the old farces. Cary is, however, worse again, and thinks their easy elegance, is impertinence, and all the graceful charm of their manner nothing but – her own words – "egregious vanity." Shall I whisper you a bit of a secret? Well, then, Kitty, the reason of this repugnance may be that she makes no impression whatever, notwithstanding her beauty; and there is no denying that she does not possess the gift – whatever it be – of fascination. She has, besides, a species of antipathy to everything foreign, that she makes no effort to disguise. A rather unfortunate acquaintance ma made, on board the steam-packet, with a certain Mr. Krauth, who called himself sub-consul of somewhere in Holland, but who turned out to be a Jew pedler, has given Cary such an opportunity of inveighing against all foreigners that she is positively unendurable. This Krauth, I must say, was atrociously vulgar, and shockingly ugly; but as he could talk some broken English, ma rather liked him, and we had him to tea; after which he took James home to his lodgings, to show him some wonderful stuffed birds that he was bringing to the Royal Princesses. I have not patience to tell you all the narrative; but the end of it was that poor dear James, having given all his pocket-money and his silver pencil-case for a tin musical snuff-box that won't play Weber's last waltz, except in jerks like a hiccough, actually exchanged two dozen of his new shirts for a box of Havannah cigars and a cigar-case with a picture of Fanny Elssler on it! Papa was in a towering passion when he heard of it, and hastened off to K.'s lodgings; but he had already decamped. This unhappy incident threw a shade over our last few days at Ostend; for James never came down to dine, but sat in his own room smoking the atrocious cigars, and contemplating the portrait of the charming Fanny, – pursuits which, I must say, seemed to have conduced to a most melancholy and despondent frame of mind.

There was another *mésaventure*, my dearest Kitty. My thanks to that sweet language for the word by which I characterize it! A certain Count Victor de Lancy, who made acquaintance with us at the *table d'hôte*, and was presuming enough to visit us afterwards, turned out to be a common thief! and who, though under the surveillance of the police, made away with ma's workbox, and her gold spectacles, putting on pa's paletot, and a new plaid belonging to James, as he passed out. It is very shocking; but confess, dearest, what a land it must be, where the pedlers are insinuating, and the very pickpockets have all the ease and breeding of the best society. I assure you that I could not credit the guilt of M. de L., until the Brigadier came yesterday to inquire about our losses, and take what he called his *signalement*. I thought, for a moment or two, that he had made a mistake, Kitty, and was come for *mine*; for he looked into my eyes in such a way, and spoke so softly, that I began to blush; and mamma, always on the watch, bridled up, and said, "Mary Anne!" in that voice you must so well remember; and so it is, my dear friend, the thief and the constable, and I have no doubt, too, the judge, the jury, and the jailer, are all on the same beat!

I have just been called away to see such a love of a rose tunic, all *glacé*, to be worn over a dull slate-colored jupe, looped up at one side with white camellias and lilies of the valley. Think of me, Kitty, with my hair drawn back and slightly powdered, red heels to my shoes, and a great fan hanging to my side, like grave Aunt Susan In the picture, wanting nothing but the love-sick swain that plays the flageolet at her feet! – Madame Adèle, the modiste, says, "not long to wait for a dozen such," – and this not for a fancy ball, dearest, but for a simple evening party, – a "dance-able tea," as papa will call it. I vow to you, Kitty, that it greatly detracts from the pictorial effect of this taste, to see how obstinately men will adhere to their present ungainly and ungraceful style of dress, – that shocking solecism in costume, a narrow-tailed coat, and those more fearful outrages on shape and symmetry for which no name has been invented in any language. Now, the levelling effect of this black-coat system is terrific; and there is no distinguishing a man of real rank from his tailor, – amongst English at least, for the crosses and decorations so frequent with foreigners are unknown to us. Talking of

these, Kitty, the Prince of Aguila Nero is splendid. He wears nearly every bird and beast that Noah had in the ark, and a few others quite unknown to antediluvial zoology. These distinctions are sad reflections on the want of a chivalric feeling in our country; and when we think of the heroic actions, the doughty deeds, and high achievements of these Paladins, we are forced to blush for the spirit that condemns us to be a nation of shopkeepers.

How I run on, dearest, from one topic to another! just as to my mind is presented the delightful succession of objects about me, – objects of whose very existence I did not know till now! And then to think of what a life of obscurity and darkness we were condemned to, at home! – our neighborhood, a priest, a miller, and those odious Davises; our gayeties, a detestable dinner at the Grange; our theatricals, "The Castle Spectre," performed in the coach-house; and instead of those gorgeous and splendid ceremonials of our Church, so impressive, so soul-subduing, Kitty, the little dirty chapel at Bruff, with Larry Behan, the lame sacristan, hobbling about and thrashing the urchins with the handle of the extinguisher! his muttered "If I was near yeez!" breaking in on the "Oremus, Domine." Shall I own it, Kitty, there is a dreadful vulgarity about our dear little circle of Dodsborough; and "one demoralizes," as the French say, by the incessant appeal of low and too familiar associations.

I have been again called away to interpret for papa, with the police. That graceless little wretch, Paddy Byrne, who was left behind by the train at Malines, went to eat his dinner at one of the small restaurants in the town, called the "Cheval Pie," and not finding the food to his satisfaction, got into some kind of an altercation with the waiter, when the name of the hostel coming up in the dispute, suggested to Paddy the horrid thought that it was the "Horse Pie-house" he had chanced upon, – an idea so revolting to his culinary prejudices that he smashed and broke everything before him, and was only subdued at last by a corporal's party of the gendarmerie, who handcuffed and conveyed him to Brussels; and here he is, now, crying and calling himself a "poor boy that was dragged from home," and, in fact, trying to persuade himself and all around him that he has been sold into slavery by a cruel master. Betty Cobb, too, has just joined the chorus, and is eloquently interweaving a little episode of Irish wrongs and sorrows into the tissue of Paddy's woes!

Betty is worse than him. There is nothing good enough for her to eat; no bed to sleep upon; she even finds the Belgians deficient in cleanliness. This, after Bruff, is a little too bad; mamma, however, stands by her in everything, and in the end she will become intolerable. James intends to send a few lines to your brother Robert; but if he should fail – not improbable, as writing, with him, combines the double difficulties of orthography and manuscript – pray remember us kindly to him, and believe me ever, my dearest Kitty,

Your heart-devoted

Mart Anne Dodd.

P. S. must not think of writing; but you may tell him that I'm unchanged, unchangeable. The cold maxims of worldly prudence, the sordid calculations of worldly interests affect me not. As Metastasio says, —

"O, se ragione intende Subito amor, non è."

I know it, – I feel it. There is what Balzac calls *une perversité divine* in true affection, that teaches one to brave father and mother and brother, and this glorious sentiment is the cradle of true martyrdom. May my heart cherish this noble grief, and never forget that if there is no struggle, there is no victory!

Do you remember Captain Morris, of the 25th, the little dark officer that came down to Bruff, after the burning of the Sheas? I saw him yesterday; but, Kitty, how differently he looked here in his *passé* blue frock, from his air in "our village!" He wanted to bow, but I cut him dead. "No," thought I, "times are changed, and we with them!" Caroline, who was walking behind me with James, however, not only saluted, but spoke to him. He said, "I see your sister forgets me; but I know how altered ill-health has made me. I am going to leave the service." He asked where we were stopping, – a most

unnecessary piece of attention; for after the altercation he had with pa on the Bench at Bruff, I think common delicacy might keep him from seeking us out.

Try and persuade your papa to take you abroad, Kitty, if only for a summer ramble; believe me, there is no other refining process like it. If you only saw James already – you remember what a sloven he was – you'd not know him; his hair so nicely divided and perfumed; his gloves so accurately fitting; his boots perfection in shape and polish; and all the dearest little trinkets in the world – pistols and steam-carriages, death's-heads, ships and serpents – hanging from his watch-chain; and as for the top of his cane, Kitty, it is paved with turquoise, and has a great opal in the middle. Where, how, and when he got all this "elegance," I can't even guess, and I see it must be a secret, for neither pa nor ma have ever yet seen him *en gala*. I wish your brother Robert was with him. It would be such an advantage to him. I am certain Trinity College is all that you say of it; but confess, Kitty, Dublin is terribly behind the world in all that regards civilization and "ton."

LETTER IV. JAMES DODD TO ROBERT DOOLAN, ESQUIRE TRINITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN

HÔTEL DE BELLEVUE, BRUSSELS

Dear Bob, – Here we are, living another kind of life from our old existence at Dodsborough! We have capital quarters at the "Bellevue," – a fine hotel, excellent dinners, and, what I think not inferior to either, a most obliging Jew money-changer hard by, who advances "moderate loans to respectable parties, on personal security," – a process in which I have already made some proficiency, and with considerable advantage to my outward man. The tailors are first-rate, and rig you out with gloves, boots, hat, even to your cane, – they forget nothing. The hairdressers are also incomparable. I thought, at first, that capillary attraction was beyond *me*; but, to my agreeable surprise, I discover that I boast a very imposing *chevelure*, and a bright promise of moustache which, as yet, is only faintly depicted by a dusky line on my upper lip.

It's all nonsense to undervalue dress: I'm no more the same man in my dark-green paletot, trimmed with Astracan, that I was a month ago in my fustian shooting-jacket, than a well-plumed eagle is like a half-moulted turkey. There is an inseparable connection between your coat and your character; and few things so react on the morality of a man as the cut of his trousers. Nothing more certainly tells me this than the feeling with which I enter any public place now, compared to what I experienced a few weeks back. It was then half shame, half swagger, – a conflict between modesty and defiance. Now, it is the easy assurance of being "all right," – the conviction that my hat, my frock, my cravat, my vest, can stand the most critical examination; and that if any one be impertinent enough to indulge in the inquiry through his eye-glass, I have the equal privilege to return stare for stare, with, mayhap, an initiatory sneer into the bargain. By the way, the habit of looking unutterably fierce seems to be the first lesson abroad. The passport people, as you land, the officers of the Customs, the landlord of your inn, the waiters, the railroad clerks, all "get up" a general air of sovereign contempt for everybody and everything, rather puzzling at first, but quite reassuring when you are trained to reciprocity. For the time, I rather flatter myself to have learned the dodge well; not but, I must confess to you, Bob, that my education is prosecuted under difficulties. During the whole of the morning I 'm either with the governor or my mother, sight-seeing and house-hunting, – now seeking out a Rubens, now making an excursion into the market, and making exploratory researches into the prices of fish, fowl, and vegetables; cheapening articles that we don't intend to buy, – a process my mother looks upon as a moral exercise; and climbing up "two-pair," to see lodgings we have no intention to take: all because, as she says, "we ought to know everything;" and really the spirit of inquiry that moves her will have its reward, – not always, perhaps, without some drawbacks, as witness what happened to us on Tuesday. In our rambles along the Boulevard de Waterloo, we saw a smart-looking house, with an *affiche* over the door, "A louer;" and, of course, mother and Mary Anne at once stopped the carriage for an exploration. In we went, asked for the proprietor, and saw a small, rosy-cheeked little man, with a big wig, and a very inquiet, restless look in his eyes. "Could we see the house? Was it furnished?" "Yes," to both questions. "Were there stables?" "Capital room for four horses; good water, – two kinds, and both excellent." Upstairs we toiled, through one *salon* into another, – now losing ourselves in dark passages, now coming abruptly to unlock-able doors, – everlastingly coming back to the spot we had just left, and conceiving the grandest notions of the number of rooms, from the manner of our own perambulations. Of course you know the invariable incidents of this tiresome process, where the owner is always trying to open impracticable windows, and the visitors will rush into inscrutable places, in despite of all advice and admonition. Our voyage of discovery was like

all preceding ones; and we looked down well-staircases and up into skylights, – snuffed for possible smells, and suggested imaginary smoke, in every room we saw. While we were thus busily criticising the domicile, its owner, it would seem, was as actively engaged in an examination of *us*, and apparently with a less satisfactory result, for he broke in upon one of our consultations by a friendly "No, no, ladies; it won't do, – it won't do at all. This house would never suit;" and while my mother stared, and Mary Anne opened wide her eyes in astonishment, he went on: "We 're only losing time, ladies; both your time and mine will be wasted. This is not the house for *you*." "I beg to observe, sir, that I think it is," interposed my mother, who, with a very womanly feeling, took a prodigious fancy to the place the moment she discovered there was a difficulty about it. The owner, however, was to the full as decided; and in fact hurried us out of the rooms, downstairs, and into the street, with a degree of haste savoring far more of impatience than politeness. I rather was disposed to laugh at the little man's energetic rejection of us; but my mother's rage rendered any "mirthful demonstration inopportune," as the French would say; and so I only exchanged glances with Mary Anne, while our eloquent parent abused the "little wretch" to her heart's content. Although the circumstance was amply discussed by us that evening, we had well-nigh forgotten it in the morning, when, to our astonishment, our little friend of the Boulevard sent in his name, "Mr. Cherry," with a request to see papa. My mother was for seeing him herself; but this amendment was rejected, and the original motion carried.

After about five minutes' interview, we were alarmed by a sudden noise and violent cries; and on rushing from the drawing-room, I just caught sight of Mr. Cherry making a flying leap down the first half of the staircase, while my father's uplifted foot stood forth to evidence what had proved the "vis à tergo." His performance of the next flight was less artistic, for he rolled from top to bottom, when, by an almost preternatural effort, he made his escape into the street. The governor's passion made all inquiries perilous for some minutes; in fact, this attempt to make "Cherry-bounce," as Cary called it, seemed to have got into his head, for he stormed like a madman. At last the *causa belli* came out to be, that this unhappy Mr. Cherry had come with an apology for his strange conduct the day before, – by what think you? By his having mistaken my mother and sister for what slang people call "a case of perhaps," – a blunder which certainly was not to be remedied by the avowal of it. So at least thought my father, for he cut short the apology and the explanation at once, ejecting Mr. Cherry by a more summary process than is recognized in the law-courts.

My mother had hardly dried up her tears in crying, and I mine in laughing over this strange incident, when there came an emissary of the gendarmerie to arrest the governor for a violent assault, with intent, &c. &c, and it is only by the intervention of our Minister here that bail has been accepted; my father being bound to appear before the "Court of Correctional Police" on Monday next. If we remain much longer here, we are likely to learn something of the laws, at least in a way which people assure you is always most indelible, – practically. If we continue as we have commenced, a little management on the part of the lawyers, and a natural desire on the part of my father to obtain justice, may prolong our legal affairs far into the spring; so that we may possibly not leave this for some months to come, which, with the aid of my friend, Lazarus Simrock, may be made pleasurable and profitable.

It's all very well to talk about "learning French, seeing galleries and studying works of art," my dear Bob, but where's the time? – that's the question. My mother and the girls poach my entire morning. It's the rarest thing in the world for me to get free of them before five o'clock; and then I have just time to dash down to the club, and have a "shy" at the écarté before dinner. Smart play it is, sometimes seventy, ay, a hundred Naps, on a game; and such players too! – fellows that sit for ten minutes with a card on their knee, studying your face, watching every line and lineament of your features, and reading you, by Jove, – reading you like a book. All the false air of ease and indifference, all the brag assurance you may get up to conceal a "bad hand," isn't worth sixpence. They laugh at your puerile efforts, and tell you "you are voled" before you've played a card. We hear so much about genius and talent, and all that kind of thing at home, and you, I have no doubt, are full of the high

abilities of some fellowship or medallist man of Trinity; but give *me* the deep penetration, the intense powers of calculation, the thorough insight into human nature, of some of the fellows I see here; and for success in life, I 'll back them against all your conic section and x plus y geniuses, and all the double first classes that ever breathed. There's a splendid fellow here, a Pole, called Koratinsky; he commanded the cavalry at Ostrolenca, and, it is said, rode down the Russian Guard, and sabred the Imperial Cuirassiers to a man. He's the first écarté and piquet player in Europe, and equal to Deschapelles at whist. Though he is very distant and cold in his manner to strangers, he has been most kind and good-natured to me; has given me some capital advice, too, and warned me against several of the fellows that frequent the club. He tells me that he detests and abhors play, but resorts to it as a distraction. "Que voulez-vous?" said he to me the other day; "when a man who calls himself Ladislaus Koratinsky, who has the blood of three monarchs in his veins, who has twice touched the crown of his native land, sees himself an exile and a 'proscrit,' it is only in the momentary excitement of the gaming-table he can find a passing relief for crushing and withering recollections." He could be in all the highest circles here. The greatest among the nobles are constantly begging and entreating him to come to their houses, but he sternly refuses. "Let me know one family," says he, "one domestic circle, where I can go uninvited, when I will, – where I can repose my confidence, tell my sorrows, and speak of my poor country; give me one such, and I ask for no more; but as for dukes and grand seigneurs, princesses and duchesses, I've had but too much of them." I assure you, Bob, it 's like a page out of some old story of chivalry to listen to him. The splendid sentiments, the glorious conceptions, and the great plans he has for the regeneration of Europe; and how he abhors the Emperor of Russia! "It's a 'duel à mort entre Nicholas et moi,'" said he to me yesterday.

"The terms of the conflict were signed on the field of Ostrolenca; for the present the victory is his, but there is a time coming!" I have been trying all manner of schemes to have him invited to dine with us. Mother and Mary Anne are with me, heart and hand; but the governor's late mischances have soured him against all foreigners, and I must bide my time. I feel, however, when my father sees him, he'll be delighted with him; and then he could be invaluable to us in the way of introductions, for he knows every crowned head and prince on the Continent.

After dinner, pretending to take an evening lesson in French, I'm off to the Opera. I belong to an omnibus-box, – all the fast fellows here, – such splendid dressers, Bob, and each coming in his brougham. I'm deucedly ashamed that I've nothing but a cabriolet, which I hire from my friend Lazarus at twelve pounds a month. They quiz me tremendously about my "rococo" taste in equipage, but I turn off the joke by telling them that I'm expecting my cattle and my "traps" from London next week. Lazarus promises me that I shall have a splendid "Malibran" from Hobson, and two grays over by the Antwerp packet, if I give him a bill for the price, at three months; and that he'll keep them for me at his stables till I 'm quite ready to pay. Stickler, the other job-master here, wanted the governor's name on the bills, and behaved like a scoundrel, threatening to tell my father all about it It cost me a "ten-pounder" to stop him.

After the theatre we adjourn to Dubos's to supper, and I can give you no idea, Bob, of what a thing that supper is! I remember when we used to fancy it was rather a grand affair to finish our evening at Jude's or Hayes's with a vulgar set-out of mutton-chops, spatchcocks, and devilled kidneys, washed down with* that filthy potation called punch. I shudder at the vile abomination of the whole when I think of our delicate lobster en mayonnaise^ or crouton aux truffes, red partridges in Rhine wine, and maraschino jelly, with Moët frappé to perfection. We generally invite some of the "corps," who abound in conversational ability, and are full of the pleasant gossip of the stage. There is Mademoiselle Léonine, too, in the ballet, the loveliest creature ever was seen. They say Count Maerlens, aide-de-camp of the King, is privately married to her, but that she won't leave the boards till she has saved a million, – but whether of francs or pounds, I don't remember.

When our supper is concluded, it is generally about four o'clock, and then we go to D'Arlaen's rooms, where we play chicken-hazard till our various houses are accessible.

I 'm not much up to this as yet; my forte is écarté, at which I am the terror of these fellows; and when the races come on next month, I think my knowledge of horseflesh will teach them a thing or two. I have already a third share in a splendid horse called Number Nip, bred out of Barnabas by a Middleton mare; he's engaged for the Lacken Cup and the Salle Sweepstakes, and I 'm backing him even against the field for everything I can get. If you 'd like to net a fifty without risk, say so before the tenth, and I 'll do it for you.

So that you see, Bob, without De Porquet's Grammar and "Ollendorff's Method," my time is tolerably full. In fact, if the day had forty-eight hours, I have something to fill every one of them.

There would be nothing but pleasure in this life, but for certain drawbacks, the worst of which is that I am not alone here. You have no idea, Bob, to what subterfuges I 'm reduced, to keep my family out of sight of my grand acquaintances. Sometimes I call the governor my guardian; sometimes an uncle, so rich that I am forced to put up with all his whims and caprices. Egad! it went so far, f other day, that I had to listen to a quizzing account of my aunt's costume at a concert, and hear my mother shown up as a *précieuse ridicule* of the first water. There's no keeping them out of public places, too; and how they know of all the various processions, Te Deums, and the like I cannot even guess. My own metamorphosis is so complete that I have cut them twice dead, in the Park; and no later than last night, I nearly ran over my father in the Allée Verte with my tandem leader, and heard the whole story this morning at breakfast, with the comforting assurance that "he 'd know the puppy again, and will break every bone in his body if he catches him." In consequence of which threat, I have given orders for a new beard and moustache of the Royal Albert hue, instead of black, which I have worn heretofore. I must own, though, it is rather a bore to stand quietly by and see fellows larking your sister; but Mary Anne is perfectly incorrigible, notwithstanding all I have said to her. Cary's safety lies in hating the Continent and all foreigners, and that is just as absurd.

The governor, it seems, is perpetually writing to Vickars, our member, about something for *me*. Now, I sincerely hope that he may not succeed; for I own to you that I do not anticipate as much pleasure and amusement from either a "snug berth in the Customs" or a colonial situation; and after all, Bob, why should I be reduced to accept of either? Our estate is a good one, and if a little encumbered or so, why, we 're not worse off than our neighbors. If I must do something, I 'd rather go into a Light Cavalry Regiment – such as the Eleventh, or the Seventeenth – than anything else. I say this to you, because your uncle Purcell is bent on his own plans for me, which would be nothing short of utter degradation; and if there's anything low-bred and vulgar on earth, it's what they call a "Profession." You know the old adage about leading a horse to the water; now I frankly declare to you that twenty shall not make me drink any of the springs of this knowledge, whether Law, Medicine, or Divinity lie at the bottom of the well.

It does not require any great tact or foresight to perceive that not a man of my "set" would ever know me again under such circumstances. I have heard their opinions often enough on these matters not to be mistaken; and whatever we may think in Ireland about our doctors and barristers, they are what Yankees call "mighty small potatoes" abroad.

Lord George Tiverton said to me last night, "Why doesn't your governor put you into 'the House'? You'd make a devilish good figure there." And the notion has never left me since. Lord George himself is Member for Hornby, but he never attends the sittings, and only goes into Parliament as a means of getting leave from his regiment. They say he's the "fastest" fellow in the service; he has already run through seventeen thousand a year, and one hundred and twenty thousand of his wife's fortune. They are separated now, and he has something like twelve hundred a year to live on; just enough for cigars and brandy and water, he calls it. He's the best-tempered fellow I ever saw, and laughs and jokes about his own misfortunes as freely as possible. He knows the world – and he's not yet five-and-twenty – perhaps better than any man I ever saw. There is not a bill-discounter, not a betting-man, nor a ballet-dancer, he is not acquainted with; and such amusing stories as he tells of his London life and experiences. When he found that he had run through everything – when all his horses

were seized at Ascot, and his house taken in execution in London, he gave a splendid *fête* at Hornby, and invited upwards of sixty people down there, and half the county to meet them. "I resolved," said he, "on a grand finish; and I assure you that the company did not enjoy themselves the less heartily because every second fellow in my livery was a sheriff's officer, and that all the forks and spoons on the table were under seizure. There was a 'caption,' as they term it, on everything, down to the footmen's bag-wigs and knee-buckles. We went to supper at two o'clock; and I took in the Duchess of Allington, who assuredly never suspected that there was such a close alliance between my drawing-room and the Queen's Bench. The supper was exquisite; poor Marriton had exhausted himself in the devices of his art, and most ingeniously intimated his appreciation of my situation by a plate of ortolans *en salmi, sautés à la Fonblanque*, – a delicate allusion to the Bankrupt Commissioner. I nearly finished the dish myself, drank off half a bottle of champagne, took out Lady Emily de Maulin for the cotillon, and then, slipping away, threw myself into a post-chaise, arrived at Dover for the morning mail-packet, and landed at Boulogne free as William Tell, or that eagle which he is so enthusiastic in describing as a most remarkable instance of constitutional liberty." These are his own words, Bob; but without you saw his manner, and heard his voice, you could form no notion whatever of the careless, happy self-satisfaction of one who calls himself irretrievably ruined.

From all that I have been jotting down, you may fancy the set I am moving in, and the class with whom I associate. Then there is a German Graf von Blumenkohl, and a Russian Prince Kubitzkoy, two tremendous swells; a young French Marquis de Tregues, whose mother was granddaughter, I believe, of Madame du Barri, and a large margin of inferior dons, Spanish, Italian, and Belgian. That your friend Jemmy Dodd should be a star, even a little one, in such a galaxy, is no small boast; and such, my dear Bob, I am bound to feel it. Each of these fellows has a princely fortune, as well as a princely name, and it is not without many a clever dodge and cunning artifice that, weighted as I am, I can keep pace with them. I hope you'll succeed, with all my heart, for the scholarship or fellowship. Which is it? Don't blame me for the blunder, for I have never, all my life through, been able to distinguish between certain things which I suppose other persons find no resemblance in. Thus I never knew exactly whether the word "people" was spelled "eo" or "oe." I never knew the Derby from the Oaks, nor shall I ever, I'm certain, be able to separate in my mind Moore O'Ferral from Carew O'Dwyer, though I am confidently informed there is not a particle of similarity in the individuals, any more than in the names.

Write to me when your match is over, – I mean your examination, – and say where you 're placed. I 'll take you against the field, at the current odds, in "fives."

And believe me, ever your attached friend,

J. Dodd.

LETTER V. KENNY DODD TO THOMAS PURCELL, ESQ

HÔTEL DE BELLEVUE, BRUSSELS

Dear Tom, – Yours did not reach me till yesterday, owing to some confusion at the Post-office. There is another Dodd here, who has been receiving *my* letters, and I *his*, for the last week; and I conclude that each of us has learned more than was quite necessary of the other's affairs; for while *he* was reading of all the moneyed distresses and embarrassments of your humble servant, *I* opened a letter dated Doctors' Commons, beginning, "Dear sir, we have at last obtained the most satisfactory proofs against Mrs. Dodd, and have no hesitation in now submitting the case to a jury." We met yesterday, and exchanged credentials, with an expression of face that I'm sure "Phiz" would have given a five-pound note to look at. Peachem and Lockit were nothing to it. We agreed that either of us ought to leave this, to prevent similar mistakes in future, although, in my heart, I believe that we now know so much of each other's affairs, that we might depute one of us to conduct both correspondences. In consequence, we tossed up who was to go. *He* won; so that we take our departure on Wednesday next, if I can settle matters in the mean while. I 'm told Bonn, on the Rhine, is a cheap place, and good for education, – a great matter as regards James, – so that you may direct your next to me there. To tell you the truth, Tom, I'm scarcely sorry to get away, although the process will be anything but a cheap one. First of all, we have taken the rooms for three months, and hired a job-coach for the same time. Moving is also an expensive business, and not over-agreeable at this season; but against these there is the setoff that Mrs. D. and the girls are going to the devil in expense for dress. From breakfast-time till three or four o'clock every day, the house is like a fair with milliners, male and female, hairdressers, perfumers, shoemakers, and trinket-men. I thought we'd done with all this when we left London; but it seems that everything we bought there is perfectly useless, and Mrs. D. comes sailing in every now and then, to make me laugh, as she says, at a bit of English taste by showing me where her waist is too short, or her sleeves too long; and Mary Anne comes down to breakfast in a great stiff watered silk, which for economy she has converted into a house-dress. Caroline, I must say, has not followed the lead, and is quite satisfied to be dressed as she used to be. James I see little of, for he 's working hard at the languages, and, from what the girls say, with great success. Of course, this is all for the best; but it's little use French or even Chinese would be to him in the Customs or the Board of Trade, and it's there I'm trying to get him. Vickars told me last week that his name is down on no less than four lists, and it will be bad luck but we 'll bit upon something. Between ourselves, I'm not over-pleased with Vickars. Whenever I write to him about James, his reply is always what he's doing about the poor laws, or the Jews, or the grant to Maynooth; so that I had to tell him, at last, that I 'd rather hear that my son was in the Revenue, than that every patriarch in Palestine was in Parliament, or every papist in Ireland eating venison and guinea-hens. Patriotism is a fine thing, if you have a fine fortune, and some men we could mention have n't made badly out of it, without a sixpence; but for one like myself, the wrong side of fifty, with an encumbered estate, and no talents for agitation, it's as expensive as horse-racing, or yachting, or any other diversion of the kind. So there's no chance of a tenant for Dodsborough! You ought to put it in the English papers, with a puff about the shooting and the trout-fishing, and the excellent neighborhood, and all that kind of thing. There 's not a doubt but it's too good for any Manchester blackguard of them all! What you say about Tully Brack is quite true. The encumbrances are over eleven thousand; and if we bought in the estate at three or four, there would be so much gain to us. The "Times" little knew the good it was doing us when it was blackguarding the Irish landlords, and depreciating Irish property. There's many a one

has been able to buy in his own land for one-fifth of the mortgages on it; and if this is n't repudiation, it's not so far off Pennsylvania, after all.

I don't quite approve of your plan for Ballyslevin. Whenever a property 's in Chancery, the best thing is to let it go to ruin entirely. The worse the land is, the more miserable the tenants, the cheaper will be the terms you 'll get it on; and if the boys shoot a receiver once or twice, no great harm. As for the Government, I don't think they 'll do anything for Ireland except set us by the ears about education and church matters; and we 're getting almost tired of quarrelling, Tom; for so it is, the very best of dispositions may be imposed on too far!

Now, as to "education," how many amongst those who insist on a particular course for the poor, ever thought of stipulating for the same for their own children? or do they think that the Bible is only necessary for such as have not an independent fortune? And as to Maynooth, is there any man such a fool as to believe that £30,000 a year would make the priests loyal? You gave the money well knowing what for, – to teach Catholic theology, not to instil the oath of allegiance. To expect more would be like asking a market-gardener to raise strawberries with fresh cream round them! The truth is, they don't wish to advance our interests in England. They 're afraid of us, Tom. If we ever were to take a national turn, like the Scotch, for instance, we might prove very dangerous rivals to them in many ways. I 'm sick of politics; not, indeed, that I know too much of what's doing, for the last "Times" I saw was cut up into a new pattern for a polka, and they only kept me the supplement, which, as you know, is more varied than amusing. In reply to your question as to how I like this kind of life, I own to you that it does n't quite suit me. Maybe I 'm too old in years, maybe too old in my notions, but it does n't do, Tom. There is an everlasting bowing and scraping and introducing, – a perpetual prelude to acquaintanceship that never seems to begin. It appears to me like an orchestra that never got further than the tuning of the instruments! I 'm sure that, at the least, I 've exchanged bows and grins and leers with fifty gentlemen here, whom *I* should n't know to-morrow, nor do *they* care whether I did or no. Their intercourse is like their cookery, and you are always asking, "Is there nothing substantial coming?" Then they 're frivolous, Tom. I don't mean that they are fond of pleasure, and given up to amusement, but that their very pleasures and amusements are contemptible in themselves. No such thing as field-sports; at least, nothing deserving the name; no manly pastimes, no bodily exercises; and lastly, they all, even the oldest of them, think that they ought to make love to your wife and daughters, just as you hand a lady a chair or a cup of tea in our country, – a mere matter of course. I need not tell you that my observations on men and manners are necessarily limited by my ignorance of the language; but I have acquired the deaf man's privilege, and if I hear the less, I see the more.

I begin to think, my dear Tom, that we all make a great mistake in this taste we've got into for foreign travel, foreign languages, and foreign accomplishments. We rear up our families with notions and habits quite inapplicable to home purposes; and we are like the Parisian shopkeepers, that have nothing on sale but articles of luxury; and, after all, we have n't a genius for this trifling, and we make very ungraceful idlers in the end. To train a man for the Continent, you must begin early; teach him French when a child; let him learn dominoes at four, and to smoke cigars at six, wear lacquered boots at eight, and put his hair in paper at nine; eat sugar-plums for dinner, and barley-water for tea; make him a steady shot with the pistol, and a cool hand with the rapier; and there he is finished and fit for the Boulevard, – a nice man for the *salons*.

It is cheap, there is no doubt; but it costs a great deal of money to come at the economy. You 'll perhaps say that's my own fault. Maybe it is. We 'll talk of it more another time.

I ought to confess that Mrs. D. is delighted with everything; she vows that she is only beginning to live; and to hear her talk, you 'd think that Dodsborough was one of the new model penitentiaries. Mary Anne's her own daughter, and she raves about princes and dukes and counts, all day long. What they 'll say when I tell them that we 're to be off on Wednesday next, I can't imagine. I intend to dine out that evening, for I know there will be no standing the row!

The Ambassador has been mighty polite and attentive: we dined there last week. A grand dinner, and fine company; but, talking French, and nothing but French, all the time, Mrs. D. and your humble servant were rather at a nonplus. Then we had his box at the opera, where, I must say, Tom, anything to equal the dancing I never saw, – indecency is no name for it. Not but Mrs. D. and Mary Anne are of a contrary opinion, and tauntingly ask me if I prefer a "Tatter Jack Walsh," at the cross-roads, to Taglioni. As for the singing, it's screeching, – that's the word for it, screeching. The composer is one Verdi, – a fellow, they tell me, that cracks every voice in Europe; and I can believe it. The young woman that played the first part grew purple in the face, and strained till her neck looked like a half-unravelled cable; her mouth was dragged sideways; and it was only when I thought she was off in strong convulsions that the audience began to applaud. There's no saying what their enthusiasm might not have been had she burst a blood-vessel.

I intended to have despatched this by to-day's post, but it is Saint Somebody's day, and the office closes at two o'clock, so that I 'll have to keep it over, perhaps till Saturday, for to-morrow, I find, we 're to go to Waterloo, to see the field of battle. There's a prince – whose name I forget, and, indeed, I could n't spell, if I remembered it – going to be our "Cicerone." I 'm not sure if he says he was there at the battle; but Mrs. D. believes him as she would the Duke of Wellington. Then there's a German count, whose father did something wonderful, and two Belgian barons, whose ancestors, I 've no doubt, sustained the national reputation for speed. The season is hardly suitable for such an excursion; but even a day in the country – a few hours in the fields and the free air – will be a great enjoyment James is going to bring a Polish friend of his, – a great Don he calls him, – but I 'm so overlaid with nobility, the Khan of Tartary would not surprise me now. I 'll keep this open to add a few lines, and only say good-bye for the present.

Saturday.

Waterloo's a humbug, Tom. I don't mean to say that Bony found it so some thirty-odd years back, but such it now appears. I assure you they 've cut away half the field to commemorate the battle, – a process mighty like slicing off a man's nose to establish his identity. The result is that you might as well stand upon Hounslow Heath or Salisbury Plain, and listen to a narrative of the action, as visit Waterloo for the sake of the localities. La Haye Sainte and Hougoumont stand, certainly, in the old places, but the deep gorge beside the one, and the ridge from whence the cannonade shattered the other, are totally obliterated. The guides tell you, indeed, where Vivian's brigade stood, where Picton charged and fell, where Ney's column halted, faltered, and broke; they speak of the ridge behind which the guard lay in long expectancy; they describe to you the undulating swell over which our line advanced, cheering madly: but it's like listening to a description of Killarney in a fog, and being informed that Turk Mountain is yonder, and that the waterfall is down a glen to your right. One thing is clear, Tom, however, – we beat the French; and when I say "We," I mean what I say. England knows, and all Europe knows, who won the battle, and more's the disgrace for the way we 're treated. But, after all, it's our own fault in a great measure, Tom; we take everything that comes from Parliament as a boon and a favor, little guessing often how it will turn out. Our conduct in this respect reminds me of poor Jack Whalley's wife. You remember Jack, that was postboy at the Clanbrazil Arms. Well, his wife one day chanced to find an elegant piece of white leather on the road, and she brought it home with her in great delight, to mend Jack's small clothes, which she did very neatly. Jack set off the next day, little suspecting what was in store for him; but when he trotted about five miles, – it was in the month of July, – he began to feel mighty uneasy in the saddle, – a feeling that continued to increase at every moment, till at last, as he said, "It was like taking a canter on a beehive in swarming time;" and well it might, for the piece of leather was no other than a blister that the apothecary's boy had dropped that morning on the road; and so it is, Tom. There's many a thing we take to be a fine patch for our nakedness that's only a blister, after all. Witness the Poor Law and the "Cumbrous Estates Court," as Rooney calls it. But I 'm wandering away from Waterloo all this time. You know the grand controversy is about what time the Prussians came up; because that mainly

decides who won the battle. I believe it's nearly impossible to get at the truth of the matter; for though it seems clear enough they were in the wood early in the day, it appears equally plain they stayed there – and small blame to them – till they saw the Inniskillings cutting down the Cuirassiers and sabring all before them. They waited, as you and I often waited in a row, till the enemy began to run, and then they were down on them. Even that same was no small help; for, by the best accounts, the French require a deal of beating, and we were dreadfully tired giving it to them! Sergeant Cotton, the guide, tells me it was a grand sight just about seven o'clock, when the whole line began cheering; first, Adam's brigade, then Cooke's battalion, all taking it up and cheering madly; the general officers waving their hats, and shouting like the rest. I was never able to satisfy myself whether we gained or lost most by that same victory of Waterloo; for you see, Tom, after all our fighting in Spain and Portugal, after all Nelson's great battles, all our triumphs and votes of thanks, Europe is going back to the old system again, – kings bullying their people, setting spies on them, opening their letters, transporting the writers, and hanging the readers. If they 'd have let Bony alone when he came back from Elba, the chances were that he 'd not have disturbed the peace of the world. He had already got his bellyful of fighting; he was getting old, falling into flesh, and rather disposed to think more of his personal ease than he used to do. Are you aware that the first thing he said on entering the Tuileries from Elba was, "Avant tout, un bon dîner"? One of the marshals, who heard the speech, whispered to a friend, "He is greatly changed; you 'll see no more campaigns." I know you 'll reply to me with your old argument about legitimacy and divine right, and all that kind of thing. But, my dear Tom, for the matter of that, have n't I a divine right to my ancestral estate of Tullylicknaslatterley; and look what they 're going to do with it, to-morrow or next day! 'T is much Commissioner Longfield would mind, if I begged to defer the sale, on the ground of "my divine right." Kings are exactly like landlords; they can't do what they like with their own, hard as it may seem to say so. They have their obligations and their duties; and if they fail in them, they come into the Encumbered Estates Court, just like us, – ay, and, just like us, they "take very little by their motion."

I know it's very hard to be turned out of your "holding." I can imagine the feelings with which a man would quit such a comfortable quarter as the Tuileries, and such a nice place for summer as Versailles; Dodsborough is too fresh in my mind to leave any doubt on this point; but there 's another side of the question, Tom. What were they there for? You'll call out, "This is all Socialism and Democracy," and the devil knows what else. Maybe I 'll agree with you. Maybe I 'll say I don't like the doctrine myself. Maybe I 'll tell you that I think the old time was pleasantest, when, if we pressed a little hard to-day, why, we were all the kinder to-morrow, and both ruler and ruled looked more leniently on each other's faults. But say what we will, do what we will, these days are gone by, and they 'll not come back again. There 's a set of fellows at work, all over the world, telling the people about their rights. Some of these are very acute and clever chaps, that don't overstate the case; they neither go off into any flights about universal equality, or any balderdash about our being of the same stock; but they stick to two or three hard propositions, and they say, "Don't pay more for anything than you can get it for, – that's free-trade; don't pay for anything you don't want, – that's a blow at the Church Establishment; don't pay for soldiers if you don't want to fight, – that 's at 'a standing army;' and, above all, when you have n't a pair of breeches to your back, don't be buying embroidered small-clothes for lords-in-waiting or gentlemen of the bedchamber." But here I am again, running away from Waterloo just as if I was a Belgian.

When we got to Hougoumont, a dreadful storm of rain came on, – such rain as I thought never fell out of Ireland. It came swooping along the ground, and wetting you through and through in five minutes. The thunder, too, rolled awfully, crashing and cannonading around these old walls, as if to wake up the dead by a memory of the great artillery. Mrs. D. took to her prayers in the little chapel, with Mary Anne and the Pole, James's friend. Caroline stood with me at a little window, watching the lightning; and James, by way of airing his French, got into a conversation, or rather a discussion, about the battle with a small foreigner with a large beard, that had just come in, drenched to the skin.

The louder it thundered, the louder they spoke, or rather screamed at each other; and though I don't fancy James was very fluent in the French, it's clear the other was getting the worst of the argument, for he grew terribly angry and jumped about and flourished a stick, and, in fact, seemed very anxious to try conclusions once more on the old field of conflict.

James carried the day, at last; for the other was obliged, as Uncle Toby says, "to evacuate Flanders," – meaning, thereby, to issue forth into the thickest of the storm rather than sustain the combat any longer. When the storm passed over, we made our way back to the little inn at the village of Waterloo, kept in the house where Lord Anglesey suffered amputation, and there we dined. It was neither a very good dinner nor a very social party. Mrs. D.'s black velvet bonnet and blue ribbons had got a tremendous drenching; Mary Anne contrived to tear a new satin dress all down the back, with a nail in the old chapel; James was unusually grave and silent; and as for the Pole, all his efforts at conversation were so marred by his bad English that he was a downright bore. It is a mistake to bring one of these foreigners out with a small family party! they neither understand *you* nor *you them*. Cary was the only one that enjoyed herself; but she went about the inn, picking up little curiosities of the battle, – old buttons, bullets, and the like; and it was a comfort to see that one, at least, amongst us derived pleasure from the excursion.

I have often heard descriptions of that night march from Brussels to the field; and truly, what with the gloomy pine-wood, the deep and miry roads, and the falling rain, it must have been a very piteous affair; but for downright ill-humor and discontent, I 'd back our own journey over the same ground against all. The horses, probably worn out with toiling over the field all day, were dead beat, and came gradually down from a trot to a jog, and then to a shamble, and at last to a stop. James got down from the box, and helped to belabor them; it was raining torrents all this time. I got out, too, to help; for one of the beasts, although too tired to go, contrived to kick his leg over the pole, and couldn't get it back again; but the Count contented himself with uttering most unintelligible counsels from the window, which when he saw totally unheeded, he threw himself back in the coach, lighted his meerschaum, and began to smoke.

Imagine the scene at that moment, Tom. The driver was undressing himself coolly on the roadside, to examine a kick he had just received from one of the horses; James was holding the beasts by the head, lashing, as they were, all the time; I was running frantically to and fro, to seek for a stone to drive in the linch-pin, which was all but out; while Mrs. D. and the girls, half suffocated between smoke and passion, were screaming and coughing in chorus. By dint of violent bounding and jerking, the wheel was wrenched clean off the axle at last, and down went the whole conveniency on one side, our Polish friend assisting himself out of the window by stepping over Mrs. D.'s head, as she lay fainting within. I had, however, enough to do without thinking of him, for the door being jammed tight would not open, and I was obliged to pull Mrs. D. and the girls out by the window. The beasts, by the same time, had kicked themselves free of everything but the pole, with which appendage they scampered gayly away towards Brussels; James shouting with laughter, as if it was the best joke he had ever known. When we began to look about us and think what was best to be done, we discovered that the Count had taken a French leave of us, or rather a Polish one; for he had carried off James's cloak and umbrella along with him.

We were now all wet through, our shoes soaked, not a dry stitch on us, – all except the coachee, who, having taken off a considerable portion of his wearables, deposited them in the coach, while he ran up and down the road, wringing his hands, and crying over his misfortune in a condition that I am bound to say was far more pictorial than decent. It was in vain that Mrs. D. opened her parasol as the last refuge of offended modesty. The wind soon converted it into something like a convolvulus, so that she was fain once more to seek shelter inside the conveyance, which now lay pensively over on one side, against a muddy bank.

Such little accidents as these are not uncommon in our own country; but when they do occur, you are usually within reach of either succor or shelter. There is at least a house or a cabin within hail

of you. Nothing of the kind was there here. This "Bois de Cambre," as they call it, is a dense wood of beech or pine trees, intersected here and there by certain straight roads, without a single inhabitant along the line. A solitary diligence may pass once in the twenty-four hours, to or from Wâvre. A Waterloo tourist party is occasionally seen in spring or summer, but, except these, scarcely a traveller is ever to be met with along this dreary tract These reassuring facts were communicated to us by the coachee, while he made his toilet beside the window.

By great persuasions, much eloquence, French and English, and a Napoleon in gold, our driver at length consented to start on foot for Brussels, whence he was to send us a conveyance to return to the capital. This bargain effected, we settled ourselves down to sleep or to grumble, as fancy or inclination prompted.

I will not weary you with any further narrative of our sufferings, nor tell of that miserable attempt I made to doze, disturbed by Mrs. D.'s unceasing lamentations over her ruined bonnet, her shocked feelings, and her shot-silk. A little before daybreak, an empty furniture-van came accidentally by, with the driver of which we contracted for our return to Brussels, where we arrived at nine o'clock this morning, almost as sad a party as ever fled from Waterloo! I thought I 'd jot down these few details before I lay down for a sleep, and it is likely that I may still add a line or two before post-hour.

Monday.

My dear Tom, – We've had our share of trouble since I wrote the last postscript. Poor James has been "out," and was wounded in the leg, above the knee. The Frenchman with whom he had a dispute at Hougoumont sent him a message on Saturday last; but as these affairs abroad are always greatly discussed and argued before they come off, the meeting did n't take place till this morning, when they met near Lacken. James's friend was Lord George Tiverton, Member for Hornby, and son to some Marquis, – that you'll find out in the "Peerage," for my head is too confused to remember.

He stood to James like a trump; drove him to the ground in his own phaeton, lent him his own pistols, – the neatest tools ever I looked at, I wonder he could miss with them, – and then brought him back here, and is still with him, sitting at the bedside like a brother. Of course it's very distressing to us all, and poor James is in terrible pain, for the leg is swelled up as thick as three, and all blue, and the doctors don't well know whether they can save it; but it's a grand thing, Tom, to know that the boy behaved beautifully. Lord G. says: "I've been out something like six-and-twenty times, principal or second, but I never saw anything cooler, quieter, or in better taste than young Dodd's conduct." These are his own words, and let me tell you, Tom, that's high praise from such a quarter, for the English are great sticklers for a grave, decorous, cold-blooded kind of fighting, that we don't think so much about in Ireland. The Frenchman is one Count Roger, – not pronounced Roger, but Rogee, – and, they say, the surest shot in France. He left his card to inquire after James, about half an hour ago, – a very pretty piece of attention, at all events. Mrs. D. and the girls are not permitted to see James yet, nor would it be quite safe, for the poor fellow is wandering in his mind. When I came into the room he told Lord George that I was his uncle! and begged me not to alarm his aunt on any account!

I can't as yet say how far this unlucky event will interfere with our plans about moving. Of course, for the present, this is out of the question; for the surgeon says that, taking the most favorable view of his case, it will be weeks before J. can leave his bed. To tell you my mind frankly, I don't think they know much about gunshot wounds abroad; for I remember when I hit Giles Eyre, the bullet went through his chest and came out under the bladebone, and Dr. Purden just stopped up the hole with a pitch-plaster, and gave him a tumbler of weak punch, and he was about again, as fresh as ever, in a week's time. To be sure, he used to have a hacking kind of a short cough, and complained of a pain now and then; but everybody has his infirmities!

I mentioned what Purden did, to Baron Seutin, the surgeon here; but he called him a barbarian, and said be deserved the galleys for it! I thought to myself, "It's lucky old Sam does n't hear you, for he's just the boy would give you an early morning for it!"

I was called away by a message from the Commissary of the Police, who has sent one of his sergeants to make an inquiry about the duel.

If it was to Roger he went, it would be reasonable enough; but why come and torment us that have our own troubles? I was obliged to sit quiet and answer all his questions, giving my Christian name and my wife's, our ages, what religion we were, if we were really married, – egad, it's lucky it was n't Mrs. D. was under examination, – what children we had, their ages and sex, – I thought at one time he was going to ask how many more we meant to have. Then he took an excursion into our grandfathers and grandmothers, and at last came back to the present generation and the shindy.

If it was n't for Lord George, we 'd never have got through the business; but he translated for me, and helped me greatly, – for what with the confusion I was in, and the language, and the absurdity of the whole thing, I lost my temper very often; and now I discover that we 're to have a kind of prosecution against us, though of what kind, or at whose suit, or why, I can't find out. This will be, therefore, number three in my list of law-suits here, – not bad, considering that I 'm scarce as many weeks in the country! I have n't mentioned this to you before, for I don't like dwelling on it; but it's truth, nevertheless. I must close this at last, for we have Lord G. to dinner; and I must go and put Paddy Byrne through his facings, or there 'll be all kinds of blundering. I wish I'd never brought him with us, nor the jaunting-car. The young chaps – the dandies here – have a knack of driving, as if down on us, just to see Mary Anne trying to save her legs; but I 'll come across them one day with the whip, in a style they won't like. Betty Cobb, too, was no bargain, and I wish she was back at Dodsborough.

We 're always reading in the newspapers how well the Irish get on out of Ireland, – how industrious they become, how thrifty, and so on; don't believe a word of it, Tom. There's Betty, the same lazy, good-for-nothing, story-telling, complaining, discontented devil ever she was; and as for Paddy Byrne, his fists have never been out of somebody's features, except when there were handcuffs on them, —*semper eadem!* Tom, as we used to say at Dr. Bell's. Whatever we may be at home, – and the "Times" won't say much for us there, – it's *there* we 're best, after all. The doctors are here again to see James; so that I must conclude with love to all yours, and Remain ever faithfully your friend,

Kenny I. Dodd.

LETTER VI. MISS MARY AUNE DODD TO MISS DOOLAN, OF BALLYDOOLAN

Dearest Kitty, – What a dreadful fortnight have we passed through! We thought that poor dear James must have lost his leg; the inflammation ran so high, and the pain and the fever were so great, that one night the Baron Seutin actually brought the horrid instruments with him, and I believe it was Lord George alone persuaded him to defer the operation. What a dear, kind, affectionate creature he is! He has scarcely ever left the house since it happened; and although he sits up all night with James, he seems never tired nor sleepy, but is so full of life all day long, playing on the piano, and teaching us the mazurka! I should rather say teaching me, for Cary, bless the mark, has taken a prudish turn, and says she has no fancy for being pulled about, even by a lord! I may as well mention here, that there is nothing less like romping than the mazurka, when danced properly; and so Lord George as much as told her. He scarcely touches your waist, Kitty; he only "gives you support," as he says himself, and he never by any chance squeezes your hand, except when there 's something droll he wants you to remark.

I must say, Kitty, that in Ireland we conceive the most absurd notions about the aristocracy. Now, here, we have one of the first, the very first young nobleman of the day actually domesticated with us. For the entire fortnight he has never been away, and yet we are as much at home with him, as easy in his presence, and as unconstrained as if it were your brother Robert, or anybody else of no position. You can form no idea how entertaining he is, for, as he says himself, "I 've done everything," and I 'm certain so he has; such a range of knowledge on every subject, – such a mass of acquaintances! And then he has been all over the world in his own yacht. It's like listening to the "Arabian Nights," to hear him talk about the Bosphorus and the Golden Horn; and I'm sure I never knew how to relish Byron's poetry till I heard Lord G.'s description of Patras and Salamis. I must tell you, as a great secret though, that he came, the other evening, in his cloak to the drawing-room door, to say that James wanted to see me; and when I went out, there he was in full Albanian dress, the most splendid thing you ever beheld, – a dark violet velvet jacket all braided with gold, white linen jupe, like the Scotch kilt, but immensely full, – he said, two hundred ells wide, – a fez on his head, embroidered sandals, and such a scimitar! it was a mass of turquoises and rubies. Oh, Kitty! I have no words to describe him; for, besides all this, he has such eyes, and the handsomest beard in the world, – not one of those foppish little tufts they call imperials, nor that grizzly clothes-brush Young France affects, but a regular "Titian," full, flowing, and squared beneath. Now, don't let Peter fancy that he ought to get up a "*moyen âge* look," for, between ourselves, these things, which sit so gracefully on my Lord, would be downright ridiculous in the dispensary doctor; and while I 'm on the topic, let me say that nothing is so thoroughly Irish as the habit of imitating, or rather of mimicking, those of stations above our own. I 'll never forget Peter's putting the kicking-straps on his mare just because he saw Sir Joseph Vickare drive with them; the consequence was that the poor beast, who never kicked before, no sooner felt the unaccustomed encumbrance than she dashed out, and never stopped till she smashed the gig to atoms. In the same way, I 'm certain that if he only saw Lord George's dress, which is a kind of black velvet paletot, braided, and very loose in the sleeves, he'd just follow it, quite forgetting how inconvenient it might be in what he calls "the surgery." At all events, Kitty, do not say that I said so. I'm too conscious how little power I have to serve him, to wish to hurt his feelings.

You could not believe what interest has been felt about James in the very highest circles here. We were at last obliged to issue a species of bulletin every morning, and leave it with the porter at the hotel door. I own to you I thought it did look a little pretentious at first to read these documents, with the three signatures at the foot; but Lord George only laughed at my humility, and said that it was "expected from us." From all this you may gather that poor James's misfortune has not been unalloyed

with benefit. The sympathy – I had almost said the friendship – of Lord G. is indeed priceless, and I see, from the names of the inquiries, that our social position has been materially benefited by the accident. In the little I have seen of the Continent, one thing strikes me most forcibly. It is that to have any social eminence or success you must be notorious. I am free to own that in many instances this is not obtained without considerable sacrifice, but it would seem imperative. You may be very rich, or very highly connected, or very beautiful, or very gifted. You may possess some wonderful talent as a painter or a musician or as a dramatist. You may be the great talker of dinner-parties, – the wit who never wanted his repartee. A splendid rider, particularly if a lady, has always her share of admiration. But apart from these qualities, Kitty, you have only to reckon on eccentricities, and, I am almost ashamed to write it, on follies. Chance – I never could call it good fortune, when I think of poor James – has achieved for us what, in all likelihood, we never could have accomplished for ourselves, and by a turn of the wheel we wake and find ourselves famous. I only wish you could see the list of visitors, beginning with princes, and descending by a sliding scale to barons and chevaliers; such flourishing of hats, too, as we receive whenever we drive out! Papa begins to complain that he might as well leave his at home, as he is perpetually carrying it about in his hand. But for Lord George, we should never know who one-half of these fine folk were; but he is acquainted with them all, and such droll histories-as he has of them would convulse you with laughter to listen to.

I need not say that so long as poor dear James continues to suffer, we do not accept of any invitation whatever; we just receive a few intimates – say fifteen or twenty very dear friends – twice a week. Then it is merely a little music, tea, and perhaps a polka, always improvised, you understand, and got up without the slightest forethought. Lord G. is perfect for that kind of thing, and whatever he does seems to spring so naturally from the impulse of the moment. Yesterday, however, Just as we were dressing for dinner, papa alone was in the drawing-room, the servant announced Monsieur le Général Comte de Vanderdelft, aide-de-camp to the King, and immediately there entered a very tall and splendidly dressed man, with every order you can think of on his breast. He saluted pa most courteously, who bowed equally low in return, and then began something which pa thought was a kind of set speech, for he spoke so fluently and so long, and with such evident possession of his subject, that papa felt it must have been all got up beforehand.

At last he paused, and poor papa, whose French never advanced beyond the second page of Cobbett's Grammar, uttered his usual "Non comprong," with a gesture happily more explanatory than the words. The General, deeming, possibly, that he was called upon for a recapitulation of his discourse, began it all over again, and was drawing towards the conclusion when mamma entered. He at once addressed himself to her, but she hastily rang the bell, and sent for *me*. I, of course, did not lose a moment, but, arranging my hair in plain bands, came down at once. When I came into the drawing-room, I saw there was some mystification, for papa was sitting with his spectacles on, busily hunting out something in the little Dialogue Book of five languages, and mamma was seated directly in front of the General, apparently listening to him with the utmost attention, but as I well knew, from her contracted eyebrows and pursed-up mouth, only endeavoring to read his sentiments from the expression of his features. He turned at once towards me as I saluted him, showing how unmistakably he rejoiced at the sound of his own language. "I come, Mademoiselle," said he, "on the part of the King" – and he paused and bowed at the word as solemnly as if he were in a church. "His Majesty having obtained from the English Legation here the names of the most distinguished visitors of your countrymen, has graciously commanded me to wait upon the Honorable Monsieur – " Here he paused again, and, taking out a slip of paper from his pocket, read the name – "Dodd. I am right, am I not, Mademoiselle Dodd?" At the mention of his name, papa bowed, and placed his hand on his waistcoat as if to confirm his identity; while mamma smiled a bland assent to the partnership. "To wait upon Monsieur Dodd," resumed the General, "and invite him and Madame Dodd to be present at the grand ceremony of the opening of the railroad to Mons." I could scarcely believe my ears, Kitty, as I listened. The inauguration ceremony has been the stock theme of the newspapers

for the last month. Archbishops and bishops – cardinals, for aught I know – have been expected, regardless of expense, to bless everything and everybody, from the sovereign down to the stokers. The programme included a High Mass, military bands, the presence of the whole Court, and a grand *déjeuner*. To have been deemed worthy of an invitation to such a festival was a very legitimate reason for pride. "I have not his Majesty's commands, Mademoiselle," said the General, "to include you in the invitation; but as the King is always pleased to see his Court distinguished by beauty, I may safely promise that you will receive a card within the course of this day or to-morrow." I suppose I must have looked very grateful, for the General dropped his eyes, placed his band on his heart, and said, "Oh, Mademoiselle!" in a tone of voice the most touching you can conceive. I believe, from watching my emotion, and the General's acknowledgment of it, mamma had arrived at the conclusion that the General had come to propose for me. Indeed, I am convinced, Kitty, that such was the impression on her mind, for she whispered in my ear, "Tell him, Mary Anne, that he must speak to papa first." This suggestion at once recalled me to myself, and I explained what he had come for, – apologizing, of course, to the General for having to speak in a foreign language before him. I am certain mamma's satisfaction at the royal invitation totally obliterated any disappointment she might have felt from baffled expectations, and she courtesied and smiled, and papa bowed and simpered so much, that I felt quite relieved when the General withdrew, – having previously kissed ma's hand and mine, with an air of respectful homage only acquired in Courts.

Perhaps this scene did not occupy more space than I have taken to describe it, and yet, Kitty, it seems to me as though we had been inhaling the atmosphere that surrounds royalty for a length of time! From my revery on this theme I was aroused by a lively controversy between papa and mamma.

"Egad!" says papa, "Pummistone's blunder has done us good service. They 've surely taken us for something very distinguished. Look out, Mary Anne, and see if there 's any Dodds in the peerage."

"Fudge!" cried mamma; "there's no blunder whatever in the case! We are beginning to be known, that's all; nor is there anything very astonishing in the fact, seeing that King Leopold is the uncle to our own Queen. I should like to know what is there more natural than that we should receive attention from his Court?"

"Maybe it's James's accident," muttered papa.

"It's no such thing, I'm certain," replied mamma, angrily, "and it's downright meanness to impute to a mere casualty what is the legitimate consequence of our position."

Now, Kitty, whenever mamma uses the word "position," she has generally come to the end of her ammunition, which is of the less consequence that she usually contrives with this last shot to explode the enemy's magazine, and blow him clean out of the water! Papa knows this so well, that the moment he hears it, he takes to the long boat, or, to drop the use of metaphor, he seizes his hat and decamps; which he did on the present occasion, leaving ma and myself in the field.

"A Dodd indeed, in the peerage!" said she, contemptuously; "I 'd like to know where you 'd find it! If it was a M'Carthy, there would be some difference; M'Carthy More slew Shawn Bhuy na Tiernian in the year ten thousand and six, and was hanged for it at his own gate, in a rope of silk of the family colors, green and white; and I 'd like to know where were the Dodds then? But it's the way with your father always, Mary Anne; he quite forgets the family he married into."

Though this was somewhat of unjust reproach, Kitty, I did not reply to it, but turned ma's attention to the King's gracious message, and the approaching *dejeuner*. We agreed that as Cary would n't and indeed could n't go, that ma and I should dress precisely alike, with our hair in bands in front, with two long curls behind the ears, white tarletan dresses, three jupes, looped up with marigolds; the only distinction being that ma should wear her carbuncles, and I nothing but moss-roses. It sounds very simple costume, Kitty, but Mademoiselle Adèle has such taste we felt we might rely upon its not being too plain. Papa, of course, would wear his yeomanry uniform, which is really very neat, the only ungraceful part being the white shorts and black gaiters to the knee; and these he insists on adhering to, as well as the helmet, which looks exactly like a gigantic caterpillar crawling over a coal-box!

However, it's military; and abroad, my dearest Kitty, if not a soldier, you are nothing. The English are so well aware of this that not one of them would venture to present himself at a foreign court in that absurd travesty of footmen called the "corbeau" coat. Even the lawyers and doctors, the newspaper editors, the railroad people, the civil engineers, and the solicitors, all come out as Yorkshire Hussars, Gloucestershire Fencibles, Hants Rifles, or Royal Archers; these last, very picturesque, with kilt, filibeg, and dirk, much handsomer than any other Highland regiment! We also discussed a little plot about making pa wear a coronation-medal, which would pass admirably as an "order," and procure him great respect and deference amongst the foreigners; but this, I may as well mention here, he most obstinately rejected, and swore at last that if we persisted, he 'd have his commission as a justice of the peace fixed on a pole, and carry it like a banner before him. Of course, in presence of such a threat, we gave up our project. You may smile, Kitty, at my recording such trivial circumstances; but of such is life. We are ourselves but atoms, dearest, and all around us are no more! As eagerly as *we* strive upwards, so determinedly does *he* drag us down to earth again, and ma's noblest ambitions are ever threatened by papa's inglorious tastes and inclinations.

I 'm so full of this delightful *fête* my dear Kitty, that I can think of nothing else; nor, indeed, are my thoughts very collected even on that, – for that wild creature, Lord George, is thumping the piano, imitating all the opera people, and occasionally waltzing about the room in a manner that would distract any human head to listen to! He has just been tormenting me to tell him what I 'm saying to you, and bade me tell you that he 's dying to make your acquaintance; so you see, dearest, that he has heard of those deep-blue eyes and long-fringed lids that have done such marvels in our western latitudes! It is really no use trying to continue. He is performing what he calls a "Grand March, with a full orchestral accompaniment," and there is a crowd actually assembling in front of the house. I had something to say, however, if I could only remember it.

I have just recalled what I wanted to mention. It is this: P. B. is most unjust, most ungenerous. Living, as he does, remote from the world and its exciting cares, he can form no conception of what is required from those who mingle in its pleasures, and, alas! partake of its trials! To censure me for the sacrifices I am making to that world, Kitty, is then great injustice. I feel that he knows nothing of these things! What knew I myself of them till within a few weeks back! Tell him so, dearest. Tell him, besides, that I am ever the same, save in that expansion of the soul which comes of enlarged views of life, – more exalted notions and more ennobling emotions! When I think of what I was, Kitty, and of what I am, I may indeed shudder at the perils of the present, but I blush deeply for the past! Of course you will not permit him to think of coming abroad; "settling as a doctor," as he calls it, "on the Continent," is too horrid to be thought of! Are you aware, Kitty, what place the lawyer and the physician occupy socially here? Something lower than the courier, and a little higher than the cook! Two or three, perhaps, in every capital city are received in society, wear decent clothes, and wash their hands occasionally, but there it ends! and even they are only admitted on sufferance, and as it were by a tacit acknowledgment of the uncertainty of human life, and that it is good to have a "learned leech" within call. Shall I avow it, Kitty, I think they are right! It is, unquestionably, a gross anomaly to see everlastingly around one in the gay world those terrible remembrancers of dark hours and gloomy scenes. We do not scatter wills and deeds and settlements amongst the prints and drawings and light literature of our drawing-room tables, nor do we permit physic-bottles to elbow the odors and essences which deck our "consoles" and chimney-pieces; and why should we admit the incarnation of these odious objects to mar the picturesque elegance of our *salons?* No, Kitty; they may figure upon a darker canvas, but they would ill become the gorgeous light that illumines the grand "tableau" of high life! Peter, too, would be quite unsuited to the habits of the Continent Wrapped up as he is in his profession, he never could attain to that charming negligence of manner, that graceful trifling, that most insinuating languor, which distinguish the well-bred abroad. If they fail to captivate, Kitty, they at least never wound your susceptibilities, nor hurt your prejudices. The

delightful maxim that pronounces "Tous les goûts sont respectables," is the keystone of this system. No, no, Peter must not come abroad!

Let me not forget to congratulate you on Robert's success. What is it he has gained? for I could not explain to Lord George whether he is a "double first" or a something else.

You are quite mistaken, my dear friend, about lace. It is fully as dear here as with us. At the same time I must say we never do see real "Brussels point" in Ireland; for even the Castle folk are satisfied with showing you nothing but their cast-off London finery; and as to lace, it is all what they call here "application," – that is, the flowers and tracery are worked in upon common net, and are not part of the fabric, as in real "point de Bruxelles." After all, even this is as superior to "Limerick lace" as a foreign ambassador is, in manner, to a Dublin alderman.

I should like to keep this over till the *dejeuner* at Mons; but as it goes by "the Messenger," – Lord Gledworth having given pa the privilege of the "bag," – I cannot longer defer writing myself my dearest Kitty's most attached friend,

Mary Anne Dodd.

I open my letter to send you the last bulletin about James: —

> "Monsieur James Dodd has passed a tranquil night, and is proceeding favorably. The wound exhibits a good appearance, and the general fever is slight
>
> (Signed) "Baron De Seutin.
>
> "El'stache De Mornaye, Méd. du Roi. "Samuel Mossin, M.R.C.S.L."

We 're in another mess with that wretch Paddy Byrne. The gendarmes are now in the house to inquire after him. It would seem that he has beaten a whole hackney-coach stand, and set the vehicles and horses off full speed down the "Montagne de la Cour," one of the steepest streets in Europe. When will papa see it would be cheaper to send him home by a special steamer than to keep him here and pay for all his "escapades"?

Paddy, who got on to the roof to escape the police, has just fallen through a skylight, and has been conveyed to hospital, terribly injured. He fell upon an old gentleman of eighty-two, who says he will look to papa for compensation. The tumult the affair has caused is dreadful, and pa is like a madman.

The General Count Vanderdelft has come back to say that I am invited.

LETTER VII. MRS. DODD TO MISTRESS MARY GALLAGHER, DODSBOROUGH

Dear Molly, – I scarcely have courage to take up my pen, and, maybe, if it was n't that I 'm driven to the necessity of writing, I could n't bring myself to the effort. You have already heard all about poor dear James's duel. It was in the "Post" and "Galignani," and got copied into the French papers; and, indeed, I must say that so far as notoriety goes, it was all very gratifying to our feelings, though the poor boy has had to pay dearly for the honor. His sufferings were very great, and for ten days he did n't know one of us; even to this time he constantly calls me his aunt! He's now out of danger at last, and able to sit up for a few hours every day, and take a little sustenance, and hear the papers read, and see the names of the people that have called to ask after him; and a proud list it is, – dukes, counts, and barons without end!

This, of course, is all very pleasing, and no one is more ready to confess it than myself; but life is nothing but trials, Molly; you 're up to-day, and you 're down tomorrow; and maybe 'tis when you think the road is smoothest and best, and that your load is lightest, 't is just at that very moment you see yourself harnessed between the "shafts of adversity." We never think of these things when all goes well with us; but what a shock we feel when the hand of fate turns the tables on us, with, maybe, the scarlatina or the sheep-rot, the smut in the wheat, or a stain on your reputation! When I wrote last, I mentioned to you the high station we were in, the elegant acquaintances we made, and the fine prospect before us; but I 'm not sure you got my letter, for the gentleman that took charge of it thought of going home by Norway, so that perhaps it has not reached you. It's little matter; maybe 't is all the better, indeed, if it never does come to hand! The last three weeks has been nothing but troubles; and as for expense, Molly, the money goes in a way I never witnessed before, though, if you knew all the shifts I 'm put to, you 'd pity me, and the sacrifices I make to keep our heads above water would drown you in tears.

I don't know where to begin with our misfortunes, though I believe the first of them was Wednesday week last. You must know, Molly, that we were invited by the King, who sent his own aide-de-camp, in full fig, with crosses and orders all over him, to ask us to a breakfast, or, as they call it, a *déjeûner*, in honor of the opening of a new railroad at Mons. It was, as you may believe, a very great honor to pay us, nothing being invited but the very first families, – the embassies and the ministers; and we certainly felt it well became us not to disgrace either the country we came from or the proud distinction of his Majesty; and so Mary and I had two new dresses made just the same, like sisters, very simple, but elegant, Molly, – a light stuff that cost only two-and-five a yard, thirty-two yards of which would make the two, leaving me a breadth more in the skirt than Mary Anne, – the whole not coming to quite four pounds, without the making. That was our calculation, Molly, and we put it down on paper; for K. I. insists on our paying for everything when it comes home, as he is always saying, "We never know how suddenly we may have to leave this place yet."

Low as the price was, it took a day and a half before he gave in. He stormed and swore about all the expenses of the family, – that there was no end of our extravagant habits, and what with hairdressers, dancing-masters, and doctors, it cost five-and-twenty pounds in a week.

"And if it did, K. I.," said I, – "if it did, is four pounds too much to spend on the dress of your wife and daughter, when they 're invited to Court? If you can squander in handfuls on your pleasures, can you spare nothing for the wants of your family?"

I reminded him who *he* was and *I* was. I let him know what was the stock I came from, and what we were used to, Molly; and, indeed, I believe he 'd rather than double the money not have provoked the discussion.

The end of it was, we carried the day; and early on Wednesday morning the two dresses came home; Mademoiselle Adèle herself coming with them to try them on. I have n't words to tell you how mine fitted; if it was made on me, it could n't be better. I need n't say more of the general effect than that Betty – and you know she is no flatterer – called me nothing but "miss" till I took it off. Conscious of how it became me, I too readily listened to her suggestion to "go and show it to the master," and accordingly walked into the room where he was seated reading the newspaper.

"Ain't you afraid of catching cold?" says he, dryly.

"Why so?" replied I.

"Had n't you better put on your gown, going about the passages?" says he, in a cross kind of way.

"What do you mean, K. I.? Is not this my gown?"

"That!" cried he, throwing down the newspaper on the floor. "*That!*"

"And why not, pray, Mister Dodd?"

"Why not?" exclaimed he; "because you're half-naked, madam, – because it would n't do for a bathing-dress, – because the Queen of the Tonga Islands would n't go out in it."

"If my dress is not high enough for your taste, K. I., maybe the bill is," says I, throwing down the paper on the table, and sweeping out of the room. Oh, Molly, little I knew the words I was saying, for I never had opened the bill at all, contenting myself with Mademoiselle Adèle's promise that making would be a "bagatelle of some fifteen or twenty francs!" What do you think it came to? Eight hundred and thirty-three francs five sous. Thirty-three pounds six and tenpence-half penny! as sure as I write these lines. I was taken with the nerves, – just as I used to be long ago, – screeching and laughing and crying altogether, when I heard it; and the attack lasted two hours, and left me very weak and exhausted after it was over. Oh, Molly dear, what a morning it was! for what with ether and curacoa, strong sherry and aniseed cordial, my head was splitting; and Betty ran downstairs into the *table-d'hôte* room, and said that "the master was going to murder the mistress," and brought up a crowd of gentlemen after her. K. I. was holding my hands at the time, for they say that I wanted to make at Mademoiselle Adèle to tear her eyes out; so that, naturally enough, perhaps, they believed Betty's story; however that might be, they rushed in a body at K. I., who, quitting hold of me, seized the poker. I need n't tell you what he is like when in a passion! I 'm told the scene was awful; for they all made for the stairs together, – K. I. after them! The appearance of the place afterwards may give you some notion of what it witnessed: all the orange-trees in the tubs thrown down, two lamps smashed, the bust of the King and Queen on the landing in shivers, several of the banisters broken; while tufts of hair, buttons, and bits of cloth were strewn about on all sides. The head-waiter is wearing a patch over his eye still, and the Swiss porter, one of the biggest men I ever saw, has cut his face fearfully by a fall into a glass globe with gold-fish. It was a costly morning's work, Molly! and if twenty pounds sees us through it, we 're lucky! Mr. Profiles, too, the landlord, came up to request we 'd leave the hotel; that there was nothing but rows and disturbances in the house since we entered it; and much more of the same sort. K. I. flared up at this, and they abused each other for an hour. This is very unfortunate, for I hear that P. is a baron, and a great friend of the King; for abroad, Molly dear, the nobles are not above anything, and sell cigars, and show the town to strangers to turn a penny, without any one thinking the worse of them! All this, as you may suppose, was a blessed preparation for the Court breakfast; but yet, by two o'clock we got away, and reached the Allée Verte, when we heard that all the special trains were already off, and had to take our places in the common conveyances meant for the public, and, worse again, to be separated from K. I., who had to go into a third-class, while Mary Anne and I were in a second. There we were, dressed up in full style in the noonday, with bare necks and arms, in a crowd of bagmen, officers, and clerks, who, you may be sure, had their own thoughts about us; and, indeed, there's no saying what they might n't have done as well as thought, if K. I. did n't come to the window every time we stopped, with a big stick in his hand, and by a very significant gesture gave the company to comprehend that he 'd make mince veal of the man that molested us.

You may think, Molly, of what a two hours we spent, for the women in the train were worse than the men; and although I did not understand what they said, their looks were quite intelligible; but I have not patience to tell you more. We reached Mons at four o'clock; a great part of the ceremony was over. The High Mass and Benediction pronounced by the Cardinal of M alines; the rail was blessed; and the deputation had addressed the King, and his Majesty had replied, and all kinds of congratulations were exchanged, orders and crosses given to everybody, from the surveyors to the stokers, and now the procession was forming to the royal pavilion, where there were tables laid out for eight hundred people.

K. I.'s scarlet uniform, though a little the worse for wear, and so tight in the waist that the last three buttons were left unfastened, procured him immediate respect, and we passed through sentries and patrols as if we were royalty itself; indeed, the military presented arms to K. I. at every step, and such clinking of muskets and bayonets I never heard before.

All this time, Molly, we were going straight on, without knowing where to; for K. I. said to me in a whisper, "Let us put a bold face on it, or they 'll ask us for tickets or something of the kind;" and so we went, hoping every moment to see our friend the Count, who would take us under his protection. If it was n't for our own anxieties, the scene would have amused us greatly, for there was all manner of elegant females, and men in fine uniforms, and the greatest display of jewels I ever saw; but for all that, we were getting uneasy, for we saw that they each carried cards in their hands, and that the official came and asked for them as they passed on.

"We 'll be in a nice way if Vanderdelft does n't turn up," says K. I.; and as he said it, there was the General himself beside us. He was greatly heated, as if he had been running or walking fast, and, although dressed in full uniform, his stock was loose, and his cocked-hat was without the feather. "I was afraid I should have missed you," said he, in a hurried voice to Mary Anne, "and I 'm half-killed running about after you. Where's the Queen-Mother?" This was n't very ceremonious, my dear, but I did n't know what he said at the time; indeed, he spoke so fast, it was all Mary Anne could do to follow him! for he talked of everything and everybody in a breath. "We 've not a minute to lose," cried he, drawing Mary Anne's arm inside his own. "If Leopold once sits down to table, I can't present you. Come along, and I 'll get you a good place."

How we pierced the crowd the saints alone can tell! but the General went at them in a way of his own, and they fell back as they saw him coming, in a style that made us think we had no common guide to conduct us. At last, by dint of crushing, driving, and pushing everybody out of our way, we reached a kind of barrier, where two fine-looking men in blue and gold were taking the tickets. As Mary Anne and the General were in advance of us, I did n't see what happened first; but when we came up, we found Vanderdelft in a flaring passion, and crying out, "These scullions don't know me; this canaille never heard of my name?"

"We're in a mess, Mrs. D.," said K. I. to me, in a whisper.

"How can that be?" said I.

"We 're in a mess," says he, again, "and a pretty mess, too, or I 'm mistaken;" but he had n't time for more, for just then the General kicked up the bar with his foot, and passed in with Mary Anne, flourishing his drawn sword in the air, and crying out, "Take them in flank – sabre them, every man – no prisoners! – no quarter!" Oh, Molly, I can't continue, though I 'll never forget the scene that followed. Two big men in gray coats burst through the crowd and laid hands on the General, who, it seems, had made his escape out of a madhouse at Ghent a week before, and was, as they said, the most dangerous lunatic in all Belgium. It appeared that he had gone down to his own country-house near Brussels, and stolen his uniform and his orders, for he was once on a time aide-de-camp to the Prince of Orange, and went mad after the Revolution.

Just think of our situation as we stood there, among all the nobles and grandees, suffocated with laughter; for, as they tore the poor General away, he cried out "to take care of the Queen-Mother, and to be sure and get something to eat for the Aga of the Janissaries," meaning K. I.!

The mob at this time began screeching and hooting, and there's no knowing how it might have ended, if it was n't for the little Captain – Morris is his name – that was once quartered at Bruff, and who happened to be there, and knew us, and he came up and explained who we were, and got us away to a coach, more dead than alive, Molly.

And so we got back to Brussels that night, in a state of mind and body I leave you to imagine, K. I. abusing us all the way about the milliner's bill, the expense of the trip, and the exposure! "It's clear," says he, "we may leave this city now, for you 'll never recover what you call your 'position' here, after this day's exploit!" You may conceive how humbled and broken I was when he dared to say that to me, Molly, and I did n't so much as give him a word back!

You 'll see from this that life is n't all roses with us; and indeed, for the last two days I 've done nothing but cry, and Mary Anne the same; for how we're ever to go to court and be presented now, nobody can tell! Morris advises K. I. to go into Germany for the summer, and maybe he is right; but, to tell you the truth, Molly, I can't bear that little man, – he has a dry, sneering kind of way with him that is odious to me. Mary Anne, too, hates him.

So Father Maher won't buy "Judy," because she's not in calf. It's just like him, – he must have everything in this life his own way! Send me the price of the wool by Purcell; he can get a post-bill for it; and be sure to dispose of the fruit to the best advantage. Don't make any jam this year, for I 'd rather have the money than be spending it on sugar. You 'd not believe the straits I 'm put to for a pound or two. It was only last week I sold four pair of K. I.'s drab shorts and gaiters, and a brown surtout, to a hawker for a trifle of fifteen francs, and persuaded him they were stolen out of his drawers! and I believe he has spent nearly double the money in handbills, offering a reward for the thief! That's the fruits of his want of confidence, and the secret and mysterious way he behaves to me! Many 's the time I told him that his underhand tricks cost him half his income!

I tell him every day it's "no use to be here if we don't live in a certain style;" and then he says, "I'm quite ready to go back, Mrs. D. It was never my will that we came here at all." And there he is right, for it's just Ireland he's fit for! Father Maher and Tom Purcell and Sam Davis are exactly the company to suit him; but it's very hard that me and the girls are to suffer for his low tastes!

The "Evening Mail," I see, puts Dodsborough down at the bottom of a column, as if it was Holloway's Ointment. That's what we get by having dealings with an Orange newspaper. They could murder us, – that's their feeling. They know in their hearts that they 're heretics, and they hate the True Church. There is nothing I detest so much as bigotry. Go to heaven *your own* way, and let the Protestants go to the other place *theirs*. Them's my sentiments, Molly, and I believe they're the sentiments of a good Christian!

I 'm sorry for Peter Belton, but what business has he to think of a girl like Mary Anne? If Dr. Cavanagh was dead himself, the whole practice of the country would n't be three hundred a year. Try and get an opportunity to tell him what I think, and say that he ought to look out for one of the Davises; though what a dispensary doctor wants with a wife the Lord only knows! K. I. civilly says he ought to be content making blisters for the neighbors, without wanting one on his own back! That's the way he talks of women. Father Maher never sent me the lines for Betty Cobb, and maybe I 'll be driven to have her cursed by a foreign priest after all. She and Paddy are the torment of our lives. I saved up five pounds to send them both back by a sailing-ship, but by good luck I discovered the vessel was going to Cuba instead of Cork, and so here they are still; maybe it would have been better if I had sent them off, though the way was something of a roundabout. There's no use in my speaking to K. I. about Christy, for he can get nothing for James. We may write to Vickars every week, but he never answers; he knows Parliament won't be dissolved soon, and he does n't mind us. If I 'd my will, there would be a general election every year, at least, and then we'd have a chance of getting something. I don't know which is worst, the Whigs or the Tories, nor is there much difference between them. K. I. supported each of them in turn, and never got bit nor sup from one or other, yet!

I was sounding K. I. about Christy last night, and *he* thinks you ought to send him to the gold diggings; he wants nothing but a pickaxe and a tin cullender and a pair of waterproof boots, to make a fortune there; and that's more than we can say of the County Limerick. There's nothing so hard to provide for as a boy in these times, except a girl!

The trunks have not arrived yet: I hope you despatched them.

Your attached and sincere friend,

LETTER VIII. BETTY COBB TO MRS. SHUSAN O'SHEA, PRIEST'S HOUSE, BRUFF

Dear Misses Shusan, – This comes with my heart's sorrow that I'm not at home where I was bred and born, but livin' abroad like a pelican on a dissolute island, more by token that I never wanted to come, but was persuaded by them that knew nothin' about what they wor talking; but thought it was all figs and lemons and raisins, with green pays and the sun in season all the year round; but, on the contrahery, sich rain and wind I never seen afore; and as for the eating, the saints forgive me if it's not true, but I b'leve I ate more rats since I 've come, than ever ould Tib did since she was kittened. The drinkin' 's as bad or worse. What they call wine is spoilt vinegar; and the vegables has no bone nor eatin' in them at all, but melts away in the mouth like butter in July. But 't is the wickedness is the worst of all. O Shusan! but the men is bad, and the women worse. Of all the devils ever I heerd of, they bate them: 'T is n't a quiet walk to mass on Sunday, with maybe a decent boy beside you, discoorsin' or the like, and then sitting under a hedge for the evening, with your apron afore you, talkin' about the praties, or the price of pigs, or maybe the polis; but here 'tis dancin' and rompin' and eatin', with merry-go-rounds, swing-swongs, and skittles all the day long. The dancin' 's dreadful! they don't stand up fornent other, like a jig, where anything of a dacent partner would n't so much as look hard at you, but keep minding his steps and humorin' the tune; but they catch each other round the waist – 'tis true I am saying – and go huggin' and tearin' about like mad, till they can't breathe nor spake; and then, the noise! for 'tis n't one fiddle they have, but maybe twenty, with horns and flutes and a murderin' big brown tube, that a man blows into at one side, that makes a sound like the sea among the rocks at Kelper; and that's dancin', my dear! I got lave from the mistress last Sunday to go out in the evening with Mr. Francis, the currier, as they call him, – a mighty nice man, but a little free in his manners; and we went to the Moelenbeck Gardens, an iligant place, no doubt, with a hundred little tables under the trees, and a flure for dancin' and fireworks and a boat on a lake, with an island in it, where there was a hermit, – a fine-looking ould man, with a beard down to his waist, but, for all that, no better than he ought to be, for he made an offer to kiss me when I was going into the boat, and Mr. Francis laughed at me bekase I was angry. No matter, we went off to a place they call the Temple of Bakis, where there was a fat man, as I thought, stark nakit; but it was flesh-colored web he had on, and he was settin' on a beer-barrel, with a wreath of roses round his head, and looking as drunk as ever I seen; and for half a franc apiece, Bakis pulled out the spiget, and gave you a glassful of the nicest drink ever was tasted, – warm wine, with nutmeg in it, and cloves, and a taste of mint. I was afeerd to do more nor sup, seein' the place and the croud; but indeed, Shusan, little as I took, it got into my head; and I sat down on the steps of the Temple, and begun to cry about home and Dodsborough; and something came over me that Mr. Francis did n't mane well; and so I told everybody that I was a poor Irish girl, and that he was a wicked blaguard; and then the polis came, and there was a shindy! I don't know how far my head was wrong all the time; and they said that I sung the "Croniawn Dhubh;" maybe I did; but I know that I bate off the polis; and at last they took me away home, when every stitch on me was in ribbins; my iligant bonnet with the green bows as flat as a halfpeny; and the bombazine the mistress gave me, all rags; one of my shoes, too, was lost; and except a handful of hair I tore out of the corporal's beard, 'twas all loss to me.

This wasn't the worst; for little Paddy Byrne, that was in bed for a baiting he got 'mong the hackney-coachmen, jumped up and flew at Mister Francis for the honor of ould Ireland; and they fit for twenty minutes in the pantry, and broke every bit of glass and chaney in the house, forbye three lamps and some alybastard figures that was put there for safety; and the end of it was, Mr. Francis was discharged, but would n't take his wages, if the master did n't pay him half a year in advance, with diet and washing, and his expenses home to Swisserland, wherever that is; and there it is now,

and master is in a law-shute, that everybody says will go agin him; for there's one good thing abroad, Shusan dear, the coorts stands by poor sarvants, and won't see them wronged by any cruel masters; and maybe it would be taching ould Mister Dodd something, if they made him smart for this!

Ye may think, from all this, that I 'd be glad to be back again, and so it is. I cry all day and night, and sorrow stich I do for either the mistress or the young ladies, and maybe at last they 'll see 't is best to send me home. They needn't begrudge me the thrifle 'twould cost, for they're spending money like mad; and even the mistress, that would skin a flay in Ireland, thinks nothing of layin' out ten or fifteen pounds here of a day. Miss Mary Anne is as bad as the mother, and grown so proud and stand off that I never spake to her. Miss Caroline is what she used to be, barrin' the spirits; to be sure, she has no divarsion and no horse to ride, nor doesn't be out in the fields as she used, but for all that she bears it better than myself. Mister James is grown a young mau in three weeks, and never passes me on the stair without a wink or a look of the same kind; that's the way the Continent taches good manners! Mrs. Shusan! oh dear! oh dear! but 'tis wishing it I am, the day I come on this incontential tour. If I can't get back, – though it's not my fault if I don't, – send me the pair of strong shoes you 'll find in my hair trunk, and the two petticoats in the corner. If you could get a blade in the big scissors, send it too, and the two bits of dimity I want for mendin'. There was some Dandy Lion in a paper, I'd like; for there's none here, they say, has strength in it. You 'll be able to send me these by somebody coming this way, for I heerd mistress say everybody is travellin' these times. What was it Father Tom used to take for the redness in his nose? mine is tormentin' me dreadful, and though I'm poulticin' it every night with ash-bark, earthworms, and dragon's blood, I think it's only worse it's gettin'. Mr. Francis said that I must larn to sleep with my nose higher than my head, though how I'm to do it, the saints alone can tell! No time for more than to say your loving friend,

Betty Cobb.

LETTER IX. KENNY DODD TO THOMAS PURCELL, ESQ

BELLEVUE, BRUSSELS

Dear Tom, – It 's no use in talking; I can't go over to Ireland now, and you know that as well as myself. Besides, what 's the good of me taking a part in the elections? Who can tell which side will be uppermost, after all? And if one is "to enter, it's as well to ride the winning horse." Vickars has behaved so badly that I don't think I'd support him; but there's a fortnight yet before the elections, and perhaps he may see the errors of his ways before that!

I 've little heart or spirits for politics, for my life is fairly bothered out of me with domestic troubles. James is going on very slowly. There was a bit of glove-leather round the ball – a most inexcusable negligence on the part of his second – that has given much uneasiness; and he has a kind of night fever that keeps him low and weak. With that, too, he has too many doctors. Three of them come every morning, and never go away without a dispute.

It strikes me forcibly, Tom, that medical science is one of the things that makes little progress, considering all the advantages of our century. I don't mean to say that they don't know better what's inside of you, what your bones are made of, that they have n't more hard names for everything than formerly; but that when it comes to cure you of a toothache, or a colic, or a fit of the gout, my sure belief is they made just as good a hand of it two hundred years ago. I won't deny that they 'll whip off your leg, tie one of your arteries, or take your hip out of the socket quicker than they used long ago; but how few of us, thank God, have need of that kind of skill! and if we have, what signifies a quarter of a minute more or less? Tim Hackett, that was surgeon to our County Infirmary forty years, never used any other tools than an old razor and a pair of pincers, and I believe he was just as successful as Astley Cooper; and yet these fellows that come to see James cover the table every day with instruments that would puzzle the Royal Society, – things like patent corkscrews, scissors with teeth like a saw, and one little crankum for all the world like a landing-net: James is more afraid of that than all the rest When I saw it first, I thought it was a new contrivance for taking the fees in. The Pharmacopoeia – I hope I spell it right – is greater, to be sure, than long ago, but what's the advantage of that? We never discover a new kind of beast for food, and I see little benefit in multiplying what only disgusts you. 'T is with medicine as with law, Tom; the more precedents we have, the more confused we get; and where our ignorant ancestors saw their way clearly, we, with all our enlightenment, never can hit on the right track at all. The mill-owner and the engineer, the tanner, the dyer, the printer, ay, even the fanner, picks up something every day that helps him in his craft. It's only the learned professions that never learn anything; maybe that's how they got the name "lucus à non," Tom, as Dr. Bell would say.

You keep preaching to me about economy and making "both ends meet," and all that kind of balderdash; and if you only saw the way we 're living, you 'd be surprised at our cheapness. Whenever a five-pound note sees me through our bill for the day, I give myself a bottle of champagne at night out of gratitude! You remember all Mrs D.'s promises about thrift and saving; and, faith, I must say that so far as cutting "down the estimates" for the rest of the family, she 's worthy of the Manchester school; but whenever it touches herself, her liberality becomes boundless.

I believe it would be cheaper to give the milliner a room in the house than pay her coach-hire, for she 's here every morning, and generally in my room when I 'm shaving, sometimes before I 'm up. Not that this trifling circumstance ever disconcerted her. On my conscience, I believe she 'd have taken Eve's measure before Adam, without a blush at the situation! So far as I have seen of foreign

life, Tom, shamelessness is the grand characteristic, and I grieve to say that one picks up the indecency much easier than the irregular verbs. I wish, however, I had nothing to complain of but this.

I told you in one of my late letters that I was getting into law here; the plot is thickening since that, and I have now, I believe, four actions – I hope it is not five – pending in four different courts; in some I 'm the plaintiff, in some the defendant, and in another I 'm something between the two; but what that may be, or what consequences it entails, I know as much as I do about calculating the next eclipse! Indeed, to distinguish between the several suits and the advocates I have engaged is no small difficulty, and a considerable part of every conference is occupied with purely introductory matter. These foreign lawyers have a mysterious kind of way with them, too, that always gives you the impression that a law-suit is something like the Gunpowder Plot! There's a fellow comes to me every morning for instructions, as he calls it, muffled up in a great cloak, and using as many precautions against being seen by the servants as if he were going to blow up the Government. I 'd not be so sensitive on the subject, if it had n't provoked a species of annoyance, at which, perhaps, you 'll be more disposed to laugh than sympathize.

For the last week Mrs. D. has adopted a kind of warfare at which she, I 'll be bound to say, has few equals and no superior, – a species of irregular attack, at all times and on all subjects, by innuendo and insinuation, so dexterously thrown out as to defy opposition; for you might as well take your musket to keep off the mosquitoes! What she was driving at I never could guess, for the assault came on every flank, and in all manner of ways. If I was dressed a little more carefully than usual, she called attention to my "smartness;" if less so, she hinted that I was probably going out "on the sly." If I stayed at home, I was "waiting for somebody;" if I went out, it was to "meet them." But all this guerilla warfare gave way at last to a grand attack, when I ventured to remonstrate about some extravagance or other. "It came well from *me*," she burst forth, with indignant anger, – "it came well from *me* to talk of the little necessary expenses of the family, – the bit they ate, and the clothes on their backs." She spoke as if they were Mandans or Iraquois, and lived in a wigwam! "It came well from me, living the life I did, to grudge them the commonest requirements of decency!" "Living the life I did!" I avow to you, Tom, the words staggered me. Warren Hastings tells us that when Burke concluded his terrible invective, that he actually sat for five minutes overwhelmed with a sense of guilt; and so stunning was this charge that it took me full double as long to rally! for though Mrs. D.'s eloquence may not possess all the splendor or sublimity of the great Edmund, there is a homely significance, a kind of natural impressiveness, about it not to be despised. "Living the life I did," rang in my ears like the words of a judge in a charge. It sounded like – "Kenny Dodd, you have been fairly convicted by an honest and impartial jury!" and I confess I sat there expecting to hear "the last sentence of the law." It was only after some interval I was able to ask myself, "what was really the kind of life I had been leading." My memory assured me it was a very stupid, tiresome existence, – very good-for-nothing and un instructive. It was by no means, however, one of flagrant vice or any outrageous wickedness; and I could n't help muttering with honest Jack, —

"If sack and sugar be a sin, God help the wicked!"

The only things like personal amusements I had indulged in being gin-and-water and dominoes, – cheap pleasures, if not very fascinating ones!

"Living the life I did!" Why, what does the woman mean? Is she throwing in my teeth the lazy, useless, unprofitable course of my daily existence, without a pursuit, except to hear the gossip of the town, – without an object, except to retail it? "Mrs. D.," said I, at last, "you are, generally speaking, comprehensible. Whatever faults may attach to your parts of speech, it must be owned they usually convey your meaning. Now, for the better maintenance of this characteristic, will you graciously be pleased to explain the words you have just spoken? What do you mean by the 'life I am leading'?" "Not before the girls, certainly, Mr. D.," said she, in a Lady Macbeth whisper that made my blood curdle.

The mischief was out at once, Tom, – I know you are laughing at it already; it's quite true, she was jealous, – mad jealous! Ah, Tom, my boy, it 's all very good fun to laugh at Keeley, or Buckstone, or any other of those diverting vagabonds who can convulse the house with such a theme; but in real life the farce is downright tragedy. There is not a single comfort or consolation of your life that is not kicked clean from under you! A system of normal agitation is a fine thing, they tell us, in politics, but it is a cruel adjunct of domestic life! Everything you say, every look you give, every letter you seal, or every note you receive, are counts in a mysterious indictment against you, till at last you are afraid to blow your nose, lest it be taken for a signal to the fat widow lady that is caressing her poodle at the window over the way!

You may be sure, Tom, that I repelled the charge with all the indignation of injured innocence. I invoked my thirty years' good character, the gravity of my demeanor, the gray of my whiskers; I confessed to twenty other minor misdemeanors, – a taste for practical jokes, a love of cribbage and long whist; I went further, – I expressed a kind of St. Kevenism about women in general; but she cut me short with, "Pray, Mr. D., make one exception; do be gallant enough to say that there is one, at least, not included in this category of horrors."

"What are you at now?" cried I, almost losing all patience.

"Yes, sir," said she, in a grand melodramatic tone that she always reserves for the peroration, – as postilions keep a trot for the town, – "yes, sir, I am well accustomed to your perfidy and dissimulation. I know perfectly for what infamous purposes abroad your family are treated so ignominiously at home; I'm no stranger to your doings." I tried to stop her by an appeal to common-sense; she despised it. I invoked my age, – egad! I never put my foot in it till then. That was exactly what made me the greatest villain of all! Whatever veneration attaches to white hairs, it must be owned they get mighty ill treated in discussions like the present; at least, Mrs. D. assured me so, and gave me to understand that one pays a higher premium for their morality, as they do for their life-assurance, as they grow older. "Not," added she, as her eyes glittered with anger, and she sidled near the door for an exit, – "not but, in the estimation of others, you may be quite an Adonis, – a young gentleman of wit and fashion, – a beau of the first water; I have no doubt Mary Jane thinks so, – you old wretch!" This, in all, and a bang of the door that brought down an oil picture that hung over it, closed the scene.

"Mary Jane thinks so!" said I, with my hand to my temples to collect myself. Ah, Tom! it would have required a cooler head than mine was at that moment to go hunting through the old archives of memory! Nor will I torment you with even a narrative of my struggles. I passed that evening and the night in a state of half distraction; and it was only when I was giving one of our lawyers a check the next morning that I unravelled the mystery, for, as I wrote down his name, I perceived it was Marie Jean de Rastanac, – a not uncommon Christian name for men, though, considering the length and breadth of the masculine calendar; a very needless appropriation.

This was "Mary Jane," then, and this the origin of as pretty a conjugal flare-up as I remember for the last twelvemonth!

Mrs. D. reminds me of the Opposition, and the Opposition of Vickars. I suppose he wants to be a Lord of the Treasury. It's very like what old Frederick used to call making a "goat a gardener." What rogues the fellows are! You write to them about your son or your nephew, and they answer you with some tawdry balderdash about their principles, as if any one of us ever believed they were troubled with principles! I'm all for fair straightforward dealing. Put James in the Board of Trade, and you may cut up the Caffres for ten years to come. Give us something in the Customs, and I don't care if New Zealand never has a constitution! 'Tis only the fellows that have no families ask questions at the hustings! Show me a man that wants *pledges* from his *representative*, and I 'll show you one that has got none from his wife!

And there's Vickars writing to me, as if I was a fool, about all the old clap-traps that we used to think were kept for the election dinner; and these chaps, like him, always spoil a good argument when they get hold of it. Now, when a parson has n't tact enough to write his sermons, he buys a volume

of Tillotson or Blair, or any other, and reads one out as well as he can; but your member – God bless the mark! – must invent his own nonsense. How much better if he 'd give you Peel, or Russell, or Ben Disraeli in the original! There are skeleton sermons for drowsy curates; I wish any one would compose skeleton speeches for the county members. You 'll say that I 'm unreasonably testy about these things; but I 've got a letter this instant from Vickers, expressing his hope that I 'll be satisfied with the view he has taken on the "question of free-labor sugar." Did I ever dispute it, Tom? I drink no tea, – I hate sweet things, and, except a lump, and that a small one, that I take in my tumbler of punch, I never use sugar; and I care no more what 'a the color of the man that raises it than I do for the name of the supercargo that brought it over. Don't put cockroaches in it, and sell it cheap, and I don't care a brass farthing whether it grew in Barbary or Barbadoes! Not, my dear Tom, but it's all gammon, the way they discuss the question; for the two parties are always debating two different issues; one crying out cheap sugar, the other no slavery! and the consequence is, they never meet in argument As to the preference Vickars insists should be given to free-labor sugar, carry out the principle and see what it comes to. I ought to receive eight or ten shillings a barrel more for my wheat than old Joe M'Curdy, because *I* always gave my laborers eight-pence a day, and *he* never went higher than sixpence, more often fourpence. Is not that free labor and slavery, just as well exemplified as if every man in the barony was a black?

They tell me the niggers won't work if you don't thrash them, and I don't wonder, when I think of the heat of the climate; but sure if they've more idleness, they ought to get less money; and lastly, I take the Abolitionists – bother it for a long word! – on their own ground, and are they prepared to say that if you impose a duty on slave sugar, the Cubans and the rest of them won't only take more out of the niggers to meet "the exigency of the market," as the newspapers call it? If they do so, they 'll only be imitating our own farmers since the repeal of the corn law. "You must bestir yourselves," says Lord Stanley; "competition with the foreigner will demand all your activity. It won't do to go on as you used. You must buy guano, take to drainage, study Smith of Deanstown, and mind the rotation of your crops." Don't you think that some enlightened Cuban will hit upon the same train of argument, and make a fresh investment in whipcord? Ah, Tom! these are only party squabbles, after all; and so I told Vickars. I don't know why, but it always seemed to me that the blacks absorb a very unfair amount of our loose sympathies; whether it's the color of them, or that they 're so far away, or because they 're naked, I never knew; but certain it is, we pity them far more than our own people, and I back myself to get up a ladies' committee for a nigger question, before you collect three people to hear you discuss a home grievance.

I have just been interrupted to receive Monsieur Jellicot, my defender in action No. 3, a suit preferred by my late courier, "François Tehetuer, born in the canton of Zug, aged thirty-seven years, single, and a Protestant, against Monsieur Kenyidod, natif d'Irlande, près de Dublin, dans le Royaume de la Grande Bretagne," &c., &c.; the demand being for a year's wages, bed, board, and travelling expenses to his native country. He, the aforesaid François, having been sent away for a disgraceful riot in my house, in which he beat Pat, the other servant, and smashed about five-and-twenty pounds' worth of glass and china. A very pretty claim, Tom, – the preliminary resistance to which has already cost me about one hundred and fifty francs to remove the litigation into an upper court, where the bribery is higher, and consequently deemed more within the reach of *my* finances than those of honest Francis!

To tell you all that I think of the rascality of the administration of justice here, would lead me into a diffusiveness something like that of the pleasant "Mémoire" which my advocate has just left me to read, and in which, as a measure of defence against an iniquitous demand, I 'm obliged to give a short history of my life, with some account of my father and grandfather. I made it as brief as I could, and said nothing about the mortgages nor Hackett's bond; but even with all my conciseness, the thing is very voluminous. The greatest difficulty of all is the examination of Paddy Byrne, who, imagining that a law process cannot have any other object than either to hang or transport *him*, has

already made two efforts at escape, and each time been brought back by the police. His repugnance to the course of justice has already damaged my case with my own defender, who, naturally enough, thinks if *my own* witnesses are so little to my credit, what will be the *opposite* evidence? »

Another of my "causes célèbres," as Cary calls them, – she is the only one of us has a laugh left in her, – is for the assault and battery of a certain Mr. Cherry, a little rascal that came one day to tell me that Mrs. D. 's appearance struck him as being more fascinating than respectable! I kicked him downstairs into the street, and in return he has dragged me into the Court of the Correctional Police, where I 'm told they 'll maul *me* far worse than I did him; besides this, I have a small interlude suit for a breach of contract, in not taking a lodging next an Anatomy School; and lastly, James's duel! I have compromised fully double the number, and have received vague threats from different quarters, that may either mean being waylaid or prosecuted, as the case may be.

So far, therefore, as economy goes, this Continentalizing has not succeeded up to this. Instead of living rent free at Dodsborough, with our own mutton and turnips, the ducks and peas, that cost us, I may say, nothing, here we are, keeping up the price of foreign markets, and feeding the foreigners at the expense of our own poor people. If, instead of excluding British manufactures from the Continent, Bony had only struck out the notion of seducing over here John Bull himself and his family, let me assure you, Tom, that he'd have done us far more lasting and irreparable mischief. We can do without their markets. What between their Zollvereins, their hostile tariffs, and troublesome trade restrictions, they have themselves taught us to do without them; and, indeed, except when we get up a row at Barcelona, and smuggle five or six hundred thousand pounds' worth of goods into Spain, we care little for the old Continent; but I 'll tell you what we cannot do without, – we cannot do without their truffled turkeys, their tenors, their men-cooks, and their dancing-women. French novels and Italian knavery have got a fast hold of us; and I doubt much if the polite world of England would n't rather see this country cut off from all the commerce of America than be themselves excluded from the wicked old cities of Europe!

When I think of myself holding these opinions, and still living abroad, I almost fancy I was meant for a Parliamentary life; for assuredly my convictions and my actions are about as contradictory as any honorable or right honorable gentleman on either side of the House. But so it is, Tom. Whatever 's the reason of it I can't tell, but I believe in my heart that every Irishman is always doing something or other that he doesn't approve of; and that this is the real secret of that want of conduct, deficient steadiness, uncertainty of purpose, and all the other faults that our polite neighbors ascribe to us, and what the "Times" has a word of its own for, and sets shortly down as "Celtic barbarism." And between ourselves, the "Times" is too fond of blackguarding us. What's the use of it? What good does it ever do? I may throw mud at a man every day till the end of the world, but I 'll never make his face the cleaner for it!

The same system we used to follow once with America; and at last, what with sneering and jibing, we got up a worse feeling between the two countries than ever existed in the heat of the war. No matter how stupid the writer, how little he saw, or how ill he told it, let a fellow come back from the United States with a good string of stories about whittling, spitting, and chewing, interlard the narrative with a full share of slang, show up Jonathan as a vulgar, obtrusive, self-important animal, boastful and ignorant, and I 'll back the book to run through its two or three editions with a devouring and delighted public. But what would you think of a man that went down to Leeds or Manchester, to look at some of our great factories at full work; who saw the evidences of our enterprise and industry, that are felt at the uttermost ends of the earth; who knew that every bang of that big piston had its responsive answer in some far-away land over the sea, where British skill and energy were diffusing comfort and civilization, – what, I say, would you think of him if, instead of standing amazed at the future before such a people, he sat down to chronicle how many fustian jackets had holes in them, how many shaved but twice a week, whether the overseer made a polite bow, or the timekeeper talked with a strong Yorkshire accent?

I tell you, Tom, our travellers in the States did little other than this. I don't mean to say that it wouldn't be pleasanter and prettier to look at, if all the factory-folk were dressed like Young England, with white waistcoats and cravats, and all the young ladies wore silk petticoats and white satin shoes; but I'm afraid that, considering the work to do, that's scarcely practicable; and so with regard to America, considering the work to do, – ay, Tom, and the way they are doing it, – I 'm not over-disposed to be critical about certain asperities that are sure to rub off in time, particularly if we don't sharpen them into spikes by our own awkward attempts to polish them.

If I was able, I'd like to write a book about America. I'd like to inquire, first, if, seeing the problem that the Yankees are trying to solve, the way they have set about it is the best and the shortest? I'd like, too, to study what secret machinery combines a weak government and a strong people, – the very reverse of what we see in the Old World, where the governments are strong and the people weak? I'd like to find out, if I could, why people that, for the most part, have formed the least subordinate populations of the Old World, behave so remarkably well in the New?

In running off into these topics, Tom, I suppose I'm like every one else, who, in proportion as his own affairs become embarrassed, takes a wonderful interest in those of his neighbors. Half the patriotism in the world comes out of the bankruptcy courts.

And, here's Monsieur Gabriel Dulong "for my instructions *in re* Cherry," as if to recall me from foreign affairs, and once more bring back my wandering thoughts to the Home Office.

Write to me, Tom, and send me money. You have no idea how it goes here; and as for the bankers, I never met the like of them! The exchange is always against you, and if you want a ten-pound English note, they'll make you smart for it.

The more I see of this foreign life, the less I like it. I know that we have been unfortunate in one or two respects. I know that it is rash in me to speak on so brief an acquaintance with it, but I already dread our being more intimate. Mrs. D. is not the woman you knew her. No more thrift, no more saving, – none of that looking after trifles that, however we may laugh at in our wives, we are right glad to profit by. She has taken a new turn, and fancies, God forgive her! that we have an elegant estate, and a fine, thriving, solvent tenantry. Wherever the delusion came from, I cannot guess; but I 'm certain that the little slip of sea between Dover and Calais is the origin of more false notions and extravagant fancies than the wide Atlantic.

I have been thinking for some days back that you ought to write me a strong letter, – you know what I mean, Tom, – a strong letter about matters at home. There's no great difficulty, when a man lives in Ireland, to make out a good list of grievances.

Give it to us, then, and let us have our fill of rotten potatoes, blighted wheat, runaway tenants, and workhouse riots. Throw in a murder if you like, and make it "strong," Tom. Say that, considering the cheapness of the Continent, we draw a terrible sight of money, and add that you can't imagine what we do with the cash. Put "Strictly private and confidential" on the outside, and I 'll take care to be out of the way when it comes. You can guess that Mrs. D. will soon open it, and perhaps it may give her a shock. Is n't it hard that I have to go about the bush in this way? but that's what we 're come to. If I hint a word about expense, they look on me as if I was Shylock; and I believe they 'd rather hear me blaspheme than say the phrase "economy." I think, from what I see in James, that he's fretting about this very same thing. He did n't say exactly *that*, but he dropped a remark the other day that showed me he was grieved by the turn for dress and finery that Mrs. D. and Mary Anne have taken up; and one of the nurses that sat up with him told me that he used to sigh dreadfully at times, and mutter broken expressions about money.

To tell you the truth, Tom, I 'd go back to-morrow, if I could. "And why can't you? – what prevents you, Kenny?" I hear you say. Just this, then, I haven't the pluck! I couldn't stand the attack of Mrs. D. and her daughter. I 'm not equal to it. My constitution is n't what it used to be, and I'm afraid of the gout. At my time of life, they say it always flies to the heart or to the head, – maybe because there 's a vacancy in these places after fifty-six or seven years of age! I see, too, by the looks

Mrs. D. gives Mary Anne occasionally, that they know this; and she often gives me to understand that she does n't wish to dispute with me, for reasons of her own. This is all very well, and kindly meant, Tom, but it throws me into a depression that is dreadful.

I see by the papers that you've taken up all kinds of "Sanitary Questions" at home. As for the health of towns, Tom, the grand thing is not to suffer them to grow too big. You're always crying out about twelve people sleeping in one room somewhere, and you gave the ages of each of them in the "Times," and you grow moral and modest, and I don't know what else, about decency, destitution, and so forth; but what's London itself but the very same thing on an enlarged scale? It's nonsense to fret about a wart, when you have a wen in the same neighborhood. Not that I'm sorry to see fine folk taking trouble about what concerns the poor, particularly when they go about it sensibly and quietly, without any balderdash of little books, and, above all, without a ladies' committee. If there 's anything chokes me, it's a ladies' committee. Three married women on bad terms with their husbands, four widows, and five old maids, all prying, pedantic, and impertinent, – going loose about the world with little subscription-cards, decrying innocent pleasures, and decoying your children's pocket-money, – turning benevolence into a house-tax, and making charity like the "Pipe-water." You remark, too, that the pretty women won't join these gangs at all. Now and then you may see one take out a letter of marque, and cruise for herself, but never in company. Seeing the importunity of these old damsels, I often wondered why the Government never thought of employing ladies as tax-collectors. He 'd be a hardy man who 'd make one or two I could mention call twice.

I have been turning over in my mind what you said about Dodsborough; and though I don't like the notion of giving a lease, still it's possible we might do it without much danger. "He is an Englishman," you say, "that has never lived in Ireland." Now, my notion is, Tom, that if he be as old as you say, it's too late for him to try. They're a mulish, obstinate, unbending kind of people, these English; and wherever you see them, they never conform to the habits of the people. After thirty years' experience of Ireland, you'll hear them saying that they cannot accustom themselves to the "lies and the climate "! If I have heard that same remark once, I've heard it fifty times. And what does it amount to but a confession that they won't take the world as they find it. Ireland is rainy, there's no doubt, and Paddy is fond of telling you what he thinks is agreeable to you, – a kind of native courtesy, just like his offering you his potato when he knows in his heart that he can't spare it, – but he gives it, nevertheless.

I 'd say, then, we might let him have Dodsborough, on the chance that he 'd never stay six months there, and perhaps in the mean while we 'd find out another Manchester gentleman to succeed him. I remember poor old Dycer used to sell a little chestnut mare every Saturday, – nobody ever kept her a fortnight, – and when she died, by jumping over Bloody Bridge into the Liffey, and killed herself and her rider, Dycer said, "There's four-and-twenty pounds a year lost to *me,*" – and so it was too! Think over this, and tell me your mind on it.

I believe I told you of the Polish Count that we took with us to Waterloo. I met him yesterday with my cloak on him; but really the number of my legal embroilments here is so great that I was shy of arresting him. We hear a great deal of talk about the partition of Poland, and there is an English lord keeps the subject for his own especial holdings forth; but I am convinced that the greatest evil of that nefarious act lies in having thrown all these Polish fellows broadcast over Europe. I wish it was a kingdom to-morrow, if they 'd only consent to stay there. To be well rid of them and their sympathizers, whom I own I like even less, would be a great blessing just now. I wish the "Times" would stop blackguarding Louis Napoleon. If the French like being bullied, what is that to us? My own notion is that the people and their ruler are well met; besides, if we only reflect a little on it, we 'll see that anything is better for *us* than a Bourbon, – I don't care what branch! They are under too deep obligations to us, and have too often accepted of English hospitality, not to hate us; and hate us they do. I believe the first Frenchman that cherishes an undying animosity to England is your Legitimist; next to him comes the Orleanist.

It's a strange thing, but the more I have to think of about my own affairs, and the worse they are going with me, the more my thoughts run after politics and the newspapers. I suppose that's all for the best, and that if people dwelled too much on their own troubles, their heads would n't stand it. You've seen a trick the horse jockeys have when a horse goes lame of one foot, – to pinch him a little with the shoe of the opposite one; and it's not bad philosophy to practise mentally, and you may preserve your equanimity just by putting on the load fairly. And so it is I try to divert my thoughts from mortgages, creditors, and Chancery, by wondering how the King of Naples will contrive to keep his throne, and how the Austrians will save themselves from bankruptcy! I know it would be more to the purpose if I turned my thoughts to getting Mary Anne married, and James into the Board of Trade; at least, so Mrs. D. tells me, and although she is always repeating the old saw about "marriages being made in heaven," she evidently does n't wish to give too much trouble in that quarter, and would like to lend a hand herself to the work.

Jellicot has sent his clerk here to tell me that I have been pronounced "Contumacious," for not appearing somewhere, and before somebody that I never heard of! Egad! these kind of proceedings are scarcely calculated to develop the virtues of humanity! They sent me something I thought was a demand for a tax, and it turns out a judge's warrant; for aught I know, there may be an order to seize the body of Kenny James Dodd, and consign him to the dungeons of the Inquisition! Write to me at once, Tom, and above all don't forget the money.

Yours, most faithfully,

K. I. Dodd.

Why does Molly Gallagher keep pestering me about Christy? She wants me to get him into the "Grand Canal." I wish they were both there, with all my heart.

I open this to say that Vickars has just sent me a copy of his address to the "Independent Electors of Bruff." I'd like to see one of them, for the curiosity of the thing. He asks me to give him my opinion of the document, and the "benefit of my advice and counsel," as if I had not been reading the very same productions since I was a child. The very phraseology is unaltered. Why can't they hit on something new? He "hopes that he restores to them, unsullied, the high trust they had committed to his keeping." Egad! if he does so, he ought to get a patent for taking out spots, stains, and discolorations, for a dirtier garment than our representative mantle has been, would be hard to find. Like all our patriots that sit in Whig company, he is sorely puzzled between his love for Ireland and his regard for himself, and has to limit his political line to a number of vague threats about overgrown Church Establishments and Landlord tyranny, not being quite sure how far his friends in power are disposed to worry the Protestants and grind the gentry.

Of course be batters up the pastors of the people; but he might as well leave *that* alone; the priests are too cunning for all that balderdash nowadays. They'll insist on something real, tangible, and substantial. What they say is this: "The landlords used to have it all their own way at one time. *Our* day is come now." And there they're right, Tom; there's no doubt of it. O'Connell said true when he told the English, "Ye're always abusing me, – and call me the 'curse of Ireland' and the destroyer of the public peace, – but wait a bit. I 'll not be five years in my grave till you 'd wish me back again." There never was anything more certain. So long as you had Dan to deal with, you could make your bargain, – it might be, it often was, a very hard one, – but when it was once made, he kept the terms fairly and honestly! But with whom will you treat *now?* Is it with M'Hale, or Paul Cullen, or Dr. Meyler? Sure each of them will demand separate and specific conditions, and you might as well try to settle the Caffre war by a compact with Sandilla, who, the moment he sells himself to you, enters into secret correspondence with his successor.

I'm never so easy in my mind as when I see the English in a row with the Catholics. I don't care a brass farthing how much it may go against us at first, – how enthusiastically they may yell "No Popery," burn cardinals in effigy, and persecute the nuns. Give them rope enough, Tom, and see if they don't hang themselves! There never came a fit of rampant Protestantism in England that all

the weak, rash, and ridiculous zealots did n't get to the head of the movement. Off they go at score, subsidizing renegade vagabonds of our Church to abuse us, raking up bad stories of conventual life, and attacking the confessional. There never were gulls like them! They swallow all the cases of cruelty and persecution at once, – they foster every scoundrel, if he's only a deserter from us, – ay, and they even take to their fireplaces the filthiest novels of Eugene Sue, if he only satisfies their rancorous hate of a Jesuit. And where does it end? I'll tell you. Their converts turn out to be scoundrels too infamous for common contact; their prosecutions fail, – why would n't they, when we get them up ourselves? – John Bull gets ashamed of himself; round comes the Press, and that's the moment when any young rising Catholic barrister in the House can make his own terms, whether it be to endow the true Church or to smash the false one!

As for John Bull, he never can do mischief enough when he 's in a passion, but he's always ready to pay double the damage in the morning. And as for putting "salt on our tails," let him try it with the "Dove of Elphin," that 's all.

I was forgetting to tell you that I sent back Vickars's address, only remarking that I was sorry not to know his sentiments about the Board of Trade. *Ver. sap.*

LETTER X. CAROLINE DODD TO MISS COX, AT MISS MINCING'S ACADEMY

BLACK ROCK, IRELAND

My dear Miss Cox, – I have long hesitated and deliberated with myself whether it were not better to appear ungrateful for my silence, than by writing inflict you with a very tiresome, good-for-nothing epistle; and if I have now taken the worst counsel, it is because I prefer anything rather than seem forgetful of one to whom I owe so much as to my dear, kind governess. Were I only to tell you of our adventures and mishaps since we came abroad, there might, perhaps, be enough to fill half a dozen letters; but I greatly doubt if the theme would amuse you. You were always too good-natured to laugh at anything where there was even one single feature that suggested sorrow; and I grieve to say that, however ludicrously many of our accidents might read, there is yet mixed with them too much that is painful and distressing. You will say this is a very gloomy opening, and from one whom you had so often to chide for the wild gayety of her spirits; but so it is: I am sad enough now, – sadder than ever you wished to see me. It is not that I am not in the very midst of objects full of deep interest, – it is not that I do not recognize around me scenes, places, and names, all of which are imbued with great and stirring associations. I am neither indifferent nor callous, but I see everything through a false medium, and I hear everything with a perverted judgment; in a word, we seem to have come abroad, not to derive the advantages that might arise from new sources of knowledge in language, literature, and art, but to scramble for a higher social position, – to impose ourselves on the world for something that we have no pretension to, and to live in a way that we cannot afford. You remember us at Dodsborough, – how happy we were, how satisfied with the world; that is, with our world, for it was a very little one. We were not very great folk, but we had all the consideration as if we were; for there were none better off than ourselves, and few had so many opportunities of winning the attachment of all classes. Papa was always known as the very best of landlords, mamma had not her equal for charity and kindness, James was actually adored by the people, and I hesitate not to say that Mary Anne and myself were not friendless. There was a little daily round of duties that brought us all together in our cares and sympathies; for, however different our ages or tastes, we had but one class of subjects to discuss, and, happily, we saw them always with the same light and shadow. Our life was, in short, what fashionable people would have deemed a very vulgar, inglorious kind of existence; but it was full of pleasant little incidents, and a thousand little cares and duties, that gave it abundant variety and interest. I was never a quick scholar, as you know too well. I have tried my dear Miss Cox's patience sorely and often, but I loved my lessons; I loved those calm hours in the summer-house, with the perfume of the rose and the sweetbrier around us, and the hum of the bee mingling its song with my own not less drowsy French. That sweet "Telemachus," so easy and so softly sounding; that good Madame de Genlis, so simple-minded when she thought herself most subtle! Not less did I love the little old schoolroom of a winter's day, when the pattering rain streamed down the windows, and gave, by contrast, all the aspect of more comfort within. How pleasant was it, as we gathered round the turf fire, to think that we were surrounded with such appliances against gloomy hours, – the healthful exercise of happy minds! Ah, my dear Miss Cox, how often you told us to study hard, since that, once launched upon the great sea of life, the voyage would exact all our cares; and yet see, here am I upon that wide ocean, and already longing to regain the quiet little creek, – the little haven of rest that I quitted!

I promised to be very candid with you, to conceal nothing whatever; but I did not remember that my confessions, to be thus frank, must necessarily involve me in remarks on others, in which I

may be often unjust, – in which I am certain to be unwarranted, – since nothing in my position entitles me to be their censor. However, I will keep my pledge this once, and you will tell me afterwards if I should continue to observe it. And now to begin. We are living here as though we were people of vast fortune. We occupy the chief suite of apartments at the first hotel, and we have a carriage, with showy liveries, a courier, and are quite beset with masters of every language and accomplishment you can fancy, – expensive kind of people, whose very dress and style bespeak the terms on which their services are rendered. Our visitors are all titled: dukes, princes, and princesses shower amongst our cards. Our invitations are from the same class, and yet, my dear Miss Cox, we feel all the unreality of this high and stately existence. We look at each other and think of Dodsborough! We think of papa in his old fustian shooting-jacket, paying the laborers, and higgling about half a day to be stopped here, and a sack of meal to be deducted there. We think of mamma's injunctions to Darby Sloan about the price he is to get for the "boneens," – have you forgotten our vernacular for little pigs? – and how much he must "be sure to ask" or the turkeys. We think of Mary Anne and myself taking our lesson from Mr. Delaney, and learning the Quad – drilles as he pronounced it, as the last new discovery of the dancing art, and dear James hammering away at the rule of three on an old slate, to try and qualify himself for the Board of Trade. And we remember the utter consternation of the household – the tumult dashed with a certain sense of pride – when some subaltern of the detachment at Bruff cantered up to the door and sent in his name! Dear me, how the little words 25th Regiment, or 91st, used to make our hearts beat, suggestive as they were of gay balls at the Town-hall with red-coated partners, the regimental band, and the colors tastefully festooning the whitewashed walls. And now, my dear Miss Sarah, we are actually ashamed of the contact with one of those whom once it was our highest glory to be acquainted with! You may remember a certain Captain Morris, who was stationed at Bruff, – dark, with very black eyes, and most beautiful teeth; he was very silent in company, and, indeed, we knew him but slightly, for he chanced to have some altercation with pa on the bench one day, and, as I hear he was all in the right, pa did not afterwards forgive him. Well, here he is now, having left the army, – I don't know if on half-pay, or sold out altogether, – but here he is, travelling for the benefit of his mother's health, – a very old and infirm lady, to whom he is dotingly attached. She fretted so much when she discovered that his regiment was ordered abroad to the Cape, that he had no other resource than to leave the service! He told me so himself.

"I had nobody else in the world," said he, "who felt any interest in my fortunes; *she* had made a hundred sacrifices for me. It was but fair I should make one for *her*."

He knew he was surrendering position and prospect forever, – that to him no career could ever open again; but he had placed a duty high above all considerations of self, and so he parted with comrades and pursuit, with everything that made up his hope and his object, and descended to a little station of unobtrusive, undistinguished humility, satisfied to be the companion of a poor, feeble old lady! He has as much as confessed to me that their means are very small. It was an accidental admission with reference to something he thought of doing, but which he found to be too expensive; and the avowal was made so easily, so frankly, so free from any false shame on one side, or any unworthy desire to entrap sympathy on the other! It was as if he spoke of something which indeed concerned him, but in no wise gave the mainspring to his thoughts or actions! He came to visit us here; but his having left the service, coupled with our present taste for grand acquaintance, were so little in his favor that I believed he would not have repeated his call. An accidental service, however, that he was enabled to render mamma and Mary Anne at a railroad station the other day, and where but for him they might have been involved in considerable difficulties, has opened a chance of further intimacy, for he has already been here two mornings, and is coming this evening to tea.

You will, perhaps, ask me how and by what chain of circumstances Captain Morris is linked with the earlier portion of this letter, and I will tell you. It was from him that I learned the history of those high and distinguished individuals by whom we are surrounded; from him I heard that, supposing us to be people of immense wealth, a whole web of intrigue has been spun around us, and

everything that the ingenuity and craft of the professional adventurer could devise put in requisition to trade upon our supposed affluence and inexperience! He has told me of the dangerous companions by whom James is surrounded; and if he has not spoken so freely about a certain young nobleman – Lord George Tiverton – who is now seldom or never out of the house, it is because that they have had something of a personal difference, – a serious one, I suspect, and which Captain Morris seems to reckon as a bar to anything beyond the merest mention of his name. It is not impossible, too, that though he might not make any revelations to *me* on such a theme, he would be less guarded with papa or James. Whatever may be the fact, he does not advance at all in the good graces of the others. Mamma calls him a dry crust, – a confirmed old bachelor. Mary Anne and Lord George – for they are always in partnership in matters of opinion – have set him down as a "military prig;" and papa, who is rarely unjust in the long run, says that "there 's no guessing at the character of a fellow of small means, who never goes in debt" This may or may not be true; but it is certainly hard to condemn him for an honorable trait, simply because it does not give the key to his nature. And now, my last hope is what James may think of him, for as yet they have not met. I think I hear you echo my words, "And why your 'last hope,' Miss Cary? What possible right have you to express yourself in these terms?" Simply because I feel that one man of true and honorable sentiments, one right-judging, right-feeling gentleman, is all-essential to us abroad! and if we reject this chance, I 'm not so sure we shall meet with another.

How ashamed I am not to be able to tell you of all I have seen! But so it is, – description is a very tame performance in good hands; it is a lamentable exhibition in weak ones! As to painters, I prefer Vandyk to Rubens; not that I have even the pretence of a reason for my criticism. I know nothing, whatever, of what constitutes excellence in color, drawing, or design. I understand in a picture only what it suggests to my own mind, either as a correct copy of nature, or as originating new trains of thought, new sources of feeling; and by these tests Vandyk pleases me more than his master. But, shall I own it, there is a class of pictures of a far inferior order that gives me greater enjoyment than either, I meau those scenes of real life, those representations of some little uneventful incident of the every-day world, – an old chemist at work in his dim old laboratory; an old house Vrow knitting in her red-tiled chamber, the sunlight slanting in, and tipping with an azure tint the tortoiseshell cat that purrs beside her; a lover teaching his mistress the guitar; an old cavalier giving his horse a drink at a fountain. These, in all the lifelike power of Gerard Dow, Teerburgh, or Mieris, have a charm for me I cannot express. They are stories, and they are better than stories; for oftentimes the writer conveys his meaning imperfectly, and oftentimes he overlays you with his explanations, stifling within you those expansive bursts of sentiment that ought to have been his aim to evoke, and thus, by elaborating, he obliterates. Now, your artist – I mean, of course, your great artist – is eminently suggestive. He gives you but one scene, it is true, but how full is it of the past, and the future too! Can you gaze on that old alchemist, with his wrinkled forehead, and dim, deep-set eyes, his threadbare doublet, and his fingers tremulous from age? Can you watch that countenance, calm but careworn, where every line exhibits the long struggle there has been between the keen perceptions of science and the golden dreams of enthusiasm, where the coldest passions of a worldly nature have warred with the most glorious attributes of a poetic temperament? Can you see him, as he sits watching the alembic wherein the toil of years is bubbling, and not weave within your own mind the life-long conflict he has sustained? Have you him not before you in his humble home, secluded and forgotten of men, yet inhabiting a dream-world of crowded images? What beautiful stories – what touching little episodes of domestic life – lie in the quiet scenes of those quaint interiors; and how deep the charm that attaches one to these peaceful spots of home happiness! The calm intellectuality of the old, the placid loveliness of the young, the air of cultivated enjoyment that pervades all, are in such perfect keeping that you feel as though they imparted to yourself some share of that gentle, tranquil pleasure that forms their own atmosphere!

Oh, my dear Miss Cox! if there be "sermons in stones," there are romances in pictures, – and romances far more truthful than the circulating libraries supply us with. And, to turn back to real life, shall I own to you that I am sadly disappointed with the gay world? I am fully alive to all the value of the confession. I appreciate perfectly how double-edged is the weapon of this admission, and that I am in reality but pleading guilty to my own unfitness for its enjoyments; but as I never tried to evade or deny that fact, I may be suffered to give my testimony with so much of qualification. When I compare the little gratification that society confers on the very highest classes, with the heartfelt delight intercourse imparts to the humble, I am at a loss to see wherein lies the advantage of all the exclusive regulations of fashionable life. Of one thing I feel assured, and that is, that one must be bora in a certain class, habituated from the earliest years to its ideas and habits, filled with its peculiar traditions, and animated by its own special hopes, to conform gracefully and easily to its laws. *We* go into society to perform a part, – just as artificial a one as any in a genteel comedy, – and consequently are too much occupied with "our character" to derive that benefit from intercourse which is so attainable by those less constrained by circumstances. If all this amounts to the simple confession that I am by no means at home in the great world, and far more at my ease with more humble associates, it is no more than the fact, and comes pretty near to what you often remarked to me, – that "in criticising external objects one is very frequently but delineating little traits and lineaments of one's own nature."

I am unable to answer your question about our future plans; for, indeed, they appear anything but fixed. I believe if papa had his choice he would go back at once.

This, however, mamma will not hear of; and, indeed, the word Ireland is now as much under ban amongst us as that name that is never "syllabled to ears polite." The doctors say James ought to pass a month or six weeks at Schwalbach, to drink the waters and take the baths; and, from what I can learn, the place is the perfection of rural beauty and quietude. Captain Morris speaks of it as a little paradise. He is going there himself; for I have learned – though not from him – that he was badly wounded in the Afghan war. I will write to you whenever our destination is decided on; and, meanwhile, beg you to believe me my dear Miss Cox's

Most attached and faithful pupil,

Caroline Dodd.

LETTER XI. MR. DODD TO THOMAS PURCELL, ESQ., OF THE GRANGE, BRUFF

Dear Tom, – I got the bills all safe, and cashed two of them yesterday. They came at the right moment, – when does not money? – for we are going to leave this for Germany, one of the watering-places there, the name of which I cannot trust myself to spell, being recommended for James's wound. I suppose I 'm not singular, but somehow I never was able to compute what I owed in a place till I was about to leave it. From that moment, however, in come a shower of bills and accounts that one never dreamed of. The cook you discharged three months before has never paid for the poultry, and you have as many hens to your score as if you were a fox. You 've lost the fishmonger's receipts, and have to pay him over again for a whole Lent's consumption. Your courier has run up a bill in your name for cigars and curaçoa, and your wife's maid has been conducting the most liberal operations in perfumery and cosmetics, under the title of her mistress. Then comes the landlord, for repairs and damages. Every creaky sofa and cracked saucer that you have been treating for six months with the deference due to their delicate condition must be replaced by new ones. Every window that would n't shut, and every door that would not open, must be put in perfect order; keys replaced, bells rehung. The saucepans, whose verdigris has almost killed you with colic, must be all retinned or coppered; and, lastly, the pump is sure to be destroyed by the housemaid, and vague threats about sinking a new well are certain to draw you into a compromise. Nor is the roguery the worst of it; but all the sneaking scoundrels that would n't "trouble you with their little demands" before, stand out now as sturdy creditors that would not abate a jot of their claims. Lucky are ye if they don't rake up old balances, and begin the score with "*Restant du dernier compte*."

The moralists say that a man should be enabled to visit the world after his death, if he would really know the opinion entertained of him by his fellows. Until this desirable object be attainable, one ought to be satisfied with the experience obtained by change of residence. There is no disguise, no concealment then! The little blemishes of your temper, once borne with such Christian charity, are remembered in a more chastening spirit; and it is half hinted that your custom was more than compensated for by your complaining querulousness. Is not the moral of all this that one should live at home, in his own place, where his father lived before him, and his son will live after him; where the tradespeople have a vested interest in your welfare, and are nearly as anxious about your wheat and potatoes as you are yourself? Unlike these foreign rascals, that think you have a manufactory of "Hemes and Farquhar's circular notes," and can coin at will, your neighbors know when and at what times it's no use to tease you, – that asking for money at the wrong season is like expecting new peas in December, or grouse in the month of May.

I make these remarks in all the spirit of recent suffering, for I have paid away two hundred pounds since yesterday morning, of which I was not conscious that I owed fifty. And, besides, I have gone through more actual fighting – in the way of bad language, I mean – than double the money would repay me for. In these wordy combats, I feel I always come off worst; for as my knowledge of the language is limited, I 'm like the sailor that for want of ammunition crammed in whatever he could lay hands on into his gun, and fired off his bag of doubloons against the enemy instead of round shot. Mrs. D., too, whom the sounds of conflict always "summon to the field," does not improve matters; for if her vocabulary be limited, it is strong, and even the most roguish shopkeeper does not like to be called a thief and a highwayman! These diversions in our parts of speech have cost me dearly, for I have had to compromise about six cases of "defamation," and two of threatened assault and battery, though these last went no further than demonstrations on Mrs. D.'s part, which, however, were quite sufficient to terrify our grocer, who is a colonel in the National Guard, and a gigantic hairdresser, whose beard is the glory of a "*Sapeur* company." I have discovered, besides, that I have

done something, but what it is – in contravention to the laws – I do not know, and for which I am fined eighty-two francs five centimes, plus twenty-seven for contumacy; and I have paid it now, lest it should grow into more by to-morrow, for so the Brigadier has just hinted to me; for that formidable functionary – with tags that would do credit to a general – is just come to "invite me," as he calls it, to the Prefecture. As these invitations are like royal ones, I must break off now abruptly.

Here I am again, Tom, after four hours of ante-chamber and audience. I had been summoned to appear before the authorities to purge myself of a contempt, – for which, by the way, they had already fined me; my offence being that I had not exchanged some bit of paper for another bit of paper given me in exchange for my passport, the purport of which was to show that I, Kenny Dodd, was living openly and flagrantly in the city of Brussels, and not following out any clandestine pursuit or object injurious to the state, and subversive of the monarchy. Well, I hope they 're satisfied now; and if my eighty-two francs five centimes gave any stability to their institutions, much good may it do them! This, however, seems but the beginning of new troubles; for on my applying to have the aforesaid passport *vised* for Germany, they told me that there were two "detainers" on it, in the shape of two actions at law yet undecided, although I yesterday morning paid up what I understood to be the last instalment for compromising all suits now pending against said Kenny I. Dodd. On hearing this, I at once set out for the tribunal to see Vanhoegen and Draek, my chief lawyers. Such a place as the tribunal you never set eyes on. Imagine a great quadrangle, with archways all round crammed full of dirty advocates, – black-gowned, black-faced, and black-hearted; peasants, thieves, jailers, tip-staffs, and the general public of fruit-sellers and lucifer-matches all mixed up together, with a turmoil and odor that would make you hope Justice was as little troubled with nose as eyesight. Over the heads of this mob you catch glimpses of the several courts, where three old fellows, like the figures in a Holbein, sit behind a table covered with black cloth, administering the law, – a solemn task that loses some of its imposing influence when you think that these reverend seigniors, if wanting in the wisdom, are not free from one of the weaknesses of Bacon! By dint of great pressing, pushing, and perseverance, I forced my way forward into one of these till I reached a strong wooden rail, or barrier, within which was an open space, where the accused sat on a kind of bench, the witness under examination being opposite to him, and the procureur hard by in a little box like a dwarf pulpit I thought I saw Draek in the crowd, but I was mistaken, – an easy matter, they all look so much alike. Once in, however, I thought I 'd remain for a while and see the proceedings. It was a trial for murder, as well as I could ascertain the case. The prisoner, a gentlemanlike young fellow of six or seven and twenty, had stabbed another in some fit of jealousy. I believe they were at supper, or were going to sup together when the altercation occurred. There was a waiter in the witness-box giving evidence when I came up; and really the tone of deference he exhibited to the prisoner, and the prisoner's own off-hand, easy way of interrogating him, were greatly to be admired. It was easy to see that he had got many a half-crown from the accused, and had not given up hope of many more in future. His chief evidence was to the effect that Monsieur de Verteuil, the accused, had ordered a supper for two in a private room, the bill of fare offering a wide field for discussion, one of the points of the case being whether the guest who should partake of the repast was a lady or the deceased; and this the advocates on each side handled with wonderful dexterity, by inferences drawn from the *carte*. You see, Verteuil's counsel wanted to show that Bretigny was an intruder, and had forced himself into the company of the accused. The opposite side were for implying that he came there on invitation, and was murdered of malice aforethought I don't think the point would have been so very material with us; or, at all events, that we should have tried to elicit it in this manner; but they have their own way of doing things, and I suppose they know what suits them. After half an hour's very animated skirmishing, the president, with a sudden flash of intelligence, bethought him of asking the accused for whom he bespoke the entertainment.

"You must excuse me, Monsieur le Président," said he, blandly; "but I 'm sure that your nice sense of honor will show that I cannot answer your question."

"Très bien, très bien," rang through the crowded court, in approbation of this chivalrous speech, and one young lady from the gallery flung down her bouquet of moss-roses to the prisoner, in token of her enthusiastic concurrence. The delicate reserve of the accused seemed to touch every one. Husbands and wives, sons and daughters, all appeared to feel that they had a vested interest in the propagation of such principles; and the old judge who had propounded the ungracious interrogatory really seemed ashamed of himself.

The waiter soon after this retired, and what the newspapers next day called a *sensation prononcée* was caused by the entrance of a very handsome and showy-looking young lady, – no less a personage than Mademoiselle Catinka Lovenfeld, the prima donna of the opera, and the Dido of this unhappy Æneid. With us, the admiration of a pretty witness is always a very subdued homage; and even the reporters do not like venturing beyond the phrase, "here a person of prepossessing appearance took her place on the table." They are very superior to us here, however, for the buzz of admiration swelled from the lowest benches till it rose to the very judicial seat itself, and the old president, affecting to look at his notes, wiped his glasses afresh, and took a sly peep at the beauty, like the rest of us.

Though, as Macheath says, "Laws were made for every degree," the mode of examining witnesses admits of considerable variety. The interrogatories were now no longer jerked out with abruptness; the questions were not put with the categorical sternness of that frowning aspect which, be the lawyer Belgian, French, or Irish, seems an instinct with him; on the contrary, the pretty witness was invited to tell her name, she was wheedled out of her birthplace coaxed out of her peculiar religious profession, and joked into saying something about her age.

I must say, if she had rehearsed the part as often as she had that of Norma, she couldn't be more perfect. Her manner was the triumph of ease and grace. There was an almost filial deference for the bench, an air of respectful attention for the bar, courtesy for the jury, and a most touching shade of compassion for the prisoner, and all this done without the slightest seeming effort. I do not pretend to know what others felt; but as for me, I paid very little attention to the matter, so much more did the manner of the inquiry engage me: still, I heard that she was a Saxon by birth, of noble parentage, born with the highest expectations, but ruined by the attachment of her father to the cause of the Emperor Napoleon. The animation with which she alluded to this parental trait elicited a most deafening burst of applause, and the tip-staff, a veteran of the Imperial Guard, was carried out senseless, overcome by his emotions. Ah, Tom! we have nothing like this in England, and strange enough that they should have it here; but the fact is, these Belgians are only "second-chop" Frenchmen, – a kind of weak "after grass," with only the weeds luxuriant! It's pretty much as with ourselves, – the people that take a loan of a language never take a lease of the traditions! They catch up just some popular clap-traps of the mother country, but there ends the relationship!

But to come back to Mademoiselle Catinka. She now had got into a little narrative of her youth, in some old chateau on the Elbe, which held the Court breathless; to be sure, it had not a great deal to do with the case in hand; but no matter for that: a more artless, gifted, lovely, and loving creature than she appeared to have been never existed. On this last attribute she laid considerable stress. There was, I think, a little rhetorical art in the confession; for certainly a young lady who loved birds, flowers, trees, water, clouds, and mountains so devotedly, might possibly have a spare corner for something else; and even the old judge could n't tell if he had not chanced on the lucky ticket in that lottery. I wish I could have heard the case out; I'd have given a great deal to see how they linked all that Paul and Virginia life with the bloody drama they were there to investigate, and what possible connection existed between Heck's romances and sticking a man with a table-knife. This gratification was, however, denied me; for just as I was listening with my greediest ears, Vanhoegen placed his hand on my shoulder, and whispered, "Come along – don't lose a minute —*your* cause is on!"

"What do you mean? Have n't I compro – "

"Hush!" said he, warningly; "respect the majesty of the law."

"With all my heart; but what's *my* cause? – what do you mean by *my* cause?"

"It's no time for explanation," said he, hurrying me along; "the judges are in chamber, – you'll soon hear all about it."

He said truly; it was neither the fitting time nor place for much converse, for we had to fight our way through a crowd that was every moment increasing; and it took at least twenty minutes of struggle and combat to get out, my coat being slit up to the collar, and my friend's gown being reduced to something like bell-ropes.

He did n't seem to think much about his damaged costume, but still dragged me along, across a courtyard, up some very filthy stairs, down a dark corridor, then up another flight, and, passing into a large ante-room, where a messenger was seated in a kind of glass cage, he pushed aside a heavy curtain of green baize, and we found ourselves in a court, which, if not crowded like that below, was still sufficiently filled, and by persons of respectable exterior. There was a dead silence as we entered. The three judges were examining their notes, and handing papers back and forward to each other in dumb show. The procureur was picking his teeth with a paper-knife, and the clerk of the court munching a sandwich, which he held in his hat. Vanhoegen, however, brushed forward to a prominent place, and beckoned me to a seat beside him. I had but time to obey, when the clerk, seeing us in our places, bolted down an enormous mouthful, and, with an effort that nearly choked him, cried ont, "L'affaire de Dodd fils est en audience." My heart drooped as I heard the words. The "affaire de Dodd fils" could mean nothing but that confounded duel of which I have already told you. All the misfortune and all the criminality seemed to fall upon us. For at least four times a week I was summoned somewhere or other, now before a civil, now a military auditor; and though I swore repeatedly that I knew nothing about the matter till it was all over, they appeared to think that if I was well tortured, I might make great revelations. They were not quite wrong in their calculations. I would have turned "approver" against my father rather than gone on in this fashion. But the difficulty was, I had really nothing to tell. The little I knew had been obtained from others. Lord George had told me so much as I was acquainted with; and, from my old habits of the bench at home, I was well aware that such could not be admitted as evidence.

Still it was their good pleasure to pursue me with warrants and summonses, and there was nothing for it but to appear when and wherever they wanted me.

"Is this confounded affair the cause of my passport being detained?" whispered I to Van.

"Precisely," said he; "and if not very dexterously handled, the expense may be enormous."

I almost lost all self-possession at these words. I had been a mark for legal pillage and robbery from the first moment of my arrival, and it seemed as if they would not suffer me to leave the country while I had a Napoleon remaining. Stung nearly to madness, I resolved to make one desperate effort at rescue, and, like some of those woebegone creatures in our own country who insist on personal appeals to a Chief Justice, I called, "Monsieur le Président – " There, however, my French left me, and, after a terrible struggle to get on, I had to continue my address in the vernacular.

"Who is this man?" asked he, sternly.

"Dodd père, Monsieur le Président," interposed my lawyer, who seemed most eager to save me from the consequences of my rashness.

"Ah! he is Dodd père," said the president, solemnly; and now he and his two colleagues adjusted their spectacles, and gazed at me long and attentively; in fact, with such earnestness did they stare that I began to feel my character of Dodd père was rather an imposing kind of performance. "Enfin," said the president, with a faint sigh, as though the reasoning process had been rather a fatiguing one, – "enfin! Dodd père is the father of Dodd fils, the respondent."

Vanhoegen bowed submissive assent, and muttered, as I thought, some little flattery about the judicial acuteness and perspicuity.

"Let him be sworn," said the president; and accordingly I held up my hand, while the clerk recited something with a humdrum rapidity that I guessed must mean an oath.

"You are called Dodd père?" said the Attorney-General, addressing me.

"I find I am so called here, but I never was so before," said I, tartly.

"He means that the appellation is not usual in his own country," said one of the judges, – a small, red-eyed man, with pock-marks.

"Put it down," observed the president, gravely. "The witness informs us that he is only called Dodd."

"Kenny James Dodd, Monsieur," cried I, interrupting.

"Dodd – dit Kenny James," dictated the small judge; and the amanuensis took it down.

"And you swear you are the father of Dodd fils?" asked the president.

I suppose that the adage of a wise child knowing his own father cuts both ways; but I answered boldly, that I 'd swear to the best of my belief, – a reservation, however, that excited a discussion of three-quarters of an hour, the point being at last ruled in my favor.

I am bound to say that there was a great deal of legal learning displayed in the controversy, – a vast variety of authorities cited, from King David downwards; and although at one time matters seemed going against me, the red-eyed man turned the balance in my favor, and it was agreed that I was the father of my own son. If I knew but all, it might have been better for me there had been a hitch in the case. But I am anticipating.

There now arose another dispute, on a point of law, I believe, and which was, what degree of responsibility – there were fourteen degrees, it seems, in the Pandects – I stood in as regarded the present suit. From the turn the debate took, I began to suspect we might all of us have to plead to our responsibilities in the other world ere it could be finished; but the red-eyed man, who seemed the shrewdest of them all, cut the matter short by proposing that I should be invited – that's the phrase – to say so much as I pleased in the question before the Court.

"Yes, yes," assented the president. "Let him relate the affair." And the whole bar and the audience seemed to reecho the words.

You know me well, Tom, and you can vouch for it that I never had any objection to telling a story. It was, in truth, a kind of weakness with me, and some used to say that I was getting into the habit of telling the same ones too often. Be that as it may, I never was accused of relating a garbled, broken, and disjointed tale, and for the honor of my anecdotic powers, I resolved not to do so.

"My Lord," said I, "I 'm like the knife-grinder, – I have no story!"

Bad luck to my illustration, it took half an hour to show that my identity was not somehow mixed up with a wheel and a grinding-stone!

"Let him relate the affair," said the president, once more; and this time his voice and manner both proclaimed that his patience was not to be trifled with.

"Relate what?" asked I, tartly.

"All that you know, – anything you have heard," whispered Van, who was trembling for my rashness.

"My Lord," said I, "of myself I know nothing; I was in bed all the time."

"He was in bed all the time," said the president to the others.

"In bed," said red eyes; "let us see;" and he turned over a file of documents before him for several minutes. "Dodd père swears that he was in bed from the 7th of February, which is the first entry here, to the 19th of May, inclusive."

"I swear no such thing, my Lord," cried I.

"What does he swear, then?" asked the small judge.

"Let us hear his own version; tell us unreservedly all that you know," said the president, who really spoke as if he compassionated my embarrassment.

"My Lord," said I, "there is nothing would give me more pleasure than to display the candor you require; but when I assure you that I actually know nothing – "

"Know nothing, sir!" interposed the president. "Do you mean to tell this Court that you are, and were, in total ignorance of every part of your son's conduct, – that you never heard of his difficulties, nor of his efforts to meet them?"

"If hearsay be sufficient, then," said I, "you shall have it;" and so, taking a long breath, for I saw a weary road before me, I began thus, the amanuensis occasionally begging of me a slight halt to keep up: —

"It was about five or six weeks ago, my Lord, we – that is, Mrs. D., the girls, James, and myself – made an excursion to the field of Waterloo, filled by the very natural desire to see a spot so intimately associated with our country's glory. I will not weary you with any detail of disappointment, nor deplore the total absence of everything that could revive recollections of that great day. In fact, except the big lion with his tail between his legs, there is nothing symbolic of the nations engaged."

I waited a moment here, Tom, to see how they took this; but they never winced, and so I perceived my shell exploded harmlessly.

"We prowled about, my Lord, for two or three hours, and at last reached Hougoumont, in time to take shelter against a tremendous storm which just then broke over us; and there it was that James accidentally came in contact with the young gentleman whom I may not wrongfully call the cause of all our misfortunes. It would appear that they began discussing the battle, with all the natural prejudices of the two conflicting sides. I will not affirm that James was very well read on the subject; indeed, my impression is that his stock of information was principally derived from a representation he had witnessed by an equestrian troop at home, and where Bony, after galloping twice round the circus, throws himself on his knees and begs for mercy, – a fact so strongly impressed upon his memory that he insisted the Frenchman should receive it as historical. The dispute, it would seem, was not conducted within the legitimate limits of debate; they waxed angry, and the Frenchman, after a fierce provocation, set off into the thickest of the storm rather than endure the further discussion."

"This seems to me, sir," interposed the president, "to be perfectly irrelevant to the matter before us. The Court accords the very widest latitude to explanations, but if they really have no bearing on the case in hand, – if, as it appears to my learned brethren and myself, this polemic on a battle has no actual connection with your son's difficulties – "

"It's the very source and origin of them, my Lord," broke I in. "He has no embarrassment which does not date from that incident and that hour."

"In that case you may proceed, sir," said he, blandly; and I went on.

"I do not mean to say, my Lord, that all that followed was inevitable; nor that, with cooler heads and calmer tempers, the whole affair could not have been arranged; but James is hot, mighty hot, – the Celt is strong in him. He really likes a 'shindy,' not like some chaps for the notoriety of it, – not because it gets into the newspapers, and makes a noise, – but he likes it for itself, and for its own intrinsic merits, as one might say. And I may remark here, my Lord, that the Irishman is, perhaps, the only man in Europe that understands fighting in this sense; and this trait, if rightly considered, will give a strong clew to our national character, and will explain the general failure of all our attempts at revolution. We take so much diversion in a row that we quite forget it's only the means to an end. We have, so to say, so much fun on the road that we lose sight of the place we were going to.

"I don't know, Tom, how much further I might have gone on in my analytical researches into our national character; but the interpreter cut me short, by assuring the Court that he was totally unable to follow me. In the narrative parts of my discourse he was good enough; but it seemed that my reflections, and my general remarks on men and manners, were a cut above him. I was therefore warned to 'try back' to the line of my story, which I did accordingly.

"As for the affair itself, my Lord," resumed I, "I understand from eyewitnesses that it was most respectably and discreetly conducted. James was put up with his face to the west, so that Roger had the sun on him. The tools were beauties. It was a fine May morning, mellow, and not too bright. There was nothing wanting to make the scene impressive, and, I may add, instructive. Roger's friend gave

the word – one, two, three – bang went both pistols together, and poor James received the other's fire just here, – between the bone and the artery, so Seutin described it, – a critical spot, I'm sure."

"Dodd père," said the president, solemnly, "you are trifling with the patience of the tribunal!" A grave edict, which the other judges responded to by a majestic inclination of the bead.

"If you are not," resumed he, slowly, and with great emphasis, – "if you are not a man of weak intellects and deficient reasoning powers, the conduct you have pursued is inexcusable, – it is a high contempt!"

"And we shall teach you, sir," said the red-eyed, "that no pretence of national eccentricity can weigh against the claims of insulted justice."

"Ay, sir," chimed in number three, who had not spoken before, "and we shall let you feel that the majesty of the law in this country is neither to be assailed by covert impertinence nor cajoled by assumed ignorance."

"My Lords," said I, "all this rebuke is a riddle to me. You asked me to tell you a story; and if it be not a very connected and consistent one, the fault is not mine."

"Let him stand committed for contempt," said the president. "The Petits Carmes may teach him decorum."

Now, Tom, the Petite Carmes is Newgate, no less! and you may imagine my feelings at this announcement, particularly as I saw the clerk busily taking down, from dictation, a little history of my offence and its penalty. I turned to look for Van in my sore distress, and there he was, searching the volumes, briefs, and records, to find, as he afterwards said, "some clew to what I had been saying."

"By Heaven!" cried I, losing all patience, "this is too bad. You urge me into a long account of what I know nothing, and then to rescue *your* own ignorance, you declare *me* impertinent. There is not a lawyer's clerk in Ireland, there is no pettifogging practitioner for half-crown fees, there's not a brat that carries a blue bag down the Bachelor's Walk, could n't teach you all three. You go through some of the forms, but you know nothing of the facts of justice. You sit up there, like three stucco-men in mourning, – a perfect mockery of – "

I was not suffered to finish, Tom, for, at a signal from the president, two gendarmes seized me on either side, and, notwithstanding some demonstrations of resistance, led me off to prison. Ay, I must write the word again – to prison! Kenny, I, Dodd, of Dod s borough, Justice of the Peace, and chairman of the Union of Bruff, committed to jail like a common felon!

I 'm sorry I suffered my feelings to get the better – perhaps I ought to say the worse – of me. Now that it's all over, it were better that I had not knocked down the turnkey, and kicked Vanhoegen out of my cell. It would have been both more discreet and more decorous, to have submitted patiently. I know it's what *you* would have done, Tom, and trusted to your action for damages to indemnify you; but I'm hasty, that's the fact; and if I wanted to deny it, the state of the jailer's nose, and my own sprained thumb, would give evidence against me. But are there no allowances to be made for the provocation? Perhaps not for a simple assault; but if I had killed the turnkey, I'm certain the jury would discover the "circonstances atténuantes."

Partly out of respect to my own feelings, partly out of regard to yours, I have not put the words "Petits Carmes" at the top of this letter; but truth will out, Tom, and the real fact is that I date the present from cell No. 65, in the common prison of Brussels! Is not that a pretty confession? Is not that a new episode in this Iliad of enjoyment, cultivation, and Heaven knows what besides, that Mrs. D. projected by our tour on the Continent? But I swear to you, solemnly, as I write this, that, if I live to get back, I'll expose the whole system of foreign travel. I don't think I could write a book, and it's hard nowadays to find a chap to put down one's own sentiments fairly and honestly, neither overlaying them with bits of poetry, nor explaining them away by any garbage of his own; so that, maybe, I'll not be able to come out hot-pressed and lettered; but if the worst comes to it, I 'll go about the country giving lectures. I 'll hire an organ-man to play at intervals, and I 'll advertise, "Kenny Dodd on Men and Manners abroad – Evenings with Frenchmen, and Nights with Distinguished Belgians." I'll show up

their cookery, their morals, their modesty, their sense of truth, and their notions of justice. And though I well know that I 'll expose myself to the everlasting hate of a legion of hairdressers, dancing-masters, and white-mice men, I'll do it as sure as I live. I have heard you and Peter Belton wax warm and eloquent about the disgrace to our laws in permitting every kind of quackery to prevail unhindered; but what quackery was ever the equal to this taste for the Continent? If people ate Morison's pills like green peas, they would n't do themselves as much moral injury as by a month abroad! And if I were called before a committee of the House to declare, on my conscience, what I deemed the most pernicious reading of the day, I 'd say – Murray's Handbooks! I give you this under my hand and seal. That fellow – Murray, I mean – has got up a kind of Pictorial Europe of his own, with bits of antiquarianism, history, poetry, and architecture, that serves to convince our vulgar, vagabondizing English that they are doing a refined thing in coming abroad. He half persuades them that it is not for cheap champagne and red partridges they 're come, but to see the Cathedral of Cologne and the Dome of St. Peter's, till he breeds up a race of conceited, ill-informed, prating coxcombs, that disgrace us abroad and disgust us at home.

I think I see your face now, and I half hear you mutter, "Kenny's in one of his fits of passion;" and you'd be right, too, for I have just upset my ink-bottle over the table, and there's scarcely enough left to finish this scrawl, as I must reserve a little for a few lines to Mrs. D. Apropos to that same, Tom, I don't know how to break it to her that I'm in a jail, for her feelings will be terribly shocked at first; not but, between you and me, before a year's over, she 'll make it a bitter taunt to me whenever we have a flare-up, and remind me that, for all my justiceship of the peace, I was treated like a common felon in Brussels!

I believe that the best thing I can do is to send for Jellicot, since Vanhoegen and Draek have sent to say that they retire from my cause, "reserving to themselves all liberty of future action as regards the injury personally sustained;" which means that they require ten pounds for the kicking. Be it so!

When I have seen Jellicot, I 'll give you the result of the interview, that is, if there be any result; but my friend J. is a lawyer of the lawyers, and it is not only that he keeps his right hand on terms of distance with his left, but I don't believe that the thumb and the forefinger of the same side are ever acquainted. He is very much that stamp of man your English Protestants call a Jesuit. God help them, little they know what a real Jesuit is!

It's now a quarter to two in the morning, and I sit down to finish this with a heavy heart, and certainly no inclination for sleep. I don't know where to begin, nor how to tell you, what has happened; but the short of it is, Tom, I'm half ruined. Jellicot has been here for hours and gone over the whole case; he received the papers from D. and V.; and, indeed, everything considered, he has done the thing kindly and feelingly. I 'm sure my head would n't stand the task of telling you all the circumstances; the matter resolves itself simply into this: The "affaire de Dodd fils," instead of being James's duel, as I thought, is a series of actions against him for debt, amounting to upwards of two thousand pounds sterling! There is not an extravagance, from the ballet to the betting-book, that he has not tasted; and saddle-horses, suppers, velvet waistcoats, jewelry, and gimcracks are at this moment dancing an infernal reel through my poor brain.

He has contrived, in less than three months, to condense and concentrate wickedness enough for a lifetime; this is technically called "going fast." Egad, I should say it's a pace far too quick to last with any man, much less with the son of a broken-down Irish gentleman! You would not believe that the boy could know the very names of the things that he appears to have reckoned as mere necessaries of daily life; and how he contrived to raise money and contract loans – a thing that has been a difficulty to myself all my life long – is clean beyond me to explain. I 'll get a copy of the "claims" and send it over to you, and I feel that your astonishment will equal my own. It would appear that the young vagabond talked as if the Barings were his next of kin, and actually took delight in squandering money! Only think! all the time I believed he was hard at work at his French lessons, it was rattling a dice-box he was, and his education for the Board of Trade was going on in the side-

scenes of the opera! Vickars has been the cause of all this. If he 'd have kept his promise, the boy wonld n't have been rained with rascally companions and spendthrift associates.

Where's the money to come from, Tom? Have you any device in your head to get us out of this scrape? I suppose some, at least, of the demands will admit of abatement, and Lazarus, they say, always takes a fourth of his claim. You can estimate the pleasant game of cross-purposes I was playing all yesterday with the Court of Cassation, and what a chaotic mass of rubbish the field of Waterloo and the duel must have appeared in an action for debt! But why did n't they apprise me of what I was there for? Why did they go on with their ridiculous demand, "Racontez l'affaire"? Recount what? What should I know of the nefarious dealings of Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego? They torment me for six weeks by a daily examination, till it would be nothing singular if I became monomaniac, and could discuss no other theme than a duel and a gunshot wound, and then, without the slightest suggestion of a change, they launch me into a thing like a Court of Bankruptcy!

It appears that I have been committed for three days for my "contempt," and before that time elapses, there is no 'resource in Belgian law to compel them to bring up the body of Kenny Dodd; so that here I must stay, "chewing," as the poet says, "the cud of sweet and bitter fancy." Not that I have not a great deal of business to transact in this interval. Jellicot's papers would fill a cart; besides which, I have in contemplation a letter for Mrs. D. that will, I suspect, astonish her. I mean briefly, but clearly, to place before her the state we are in, and her own share in bringing us to it. I'll let her feel that her own extravagance has given the key-note to the family, and that she alone is to blame for this calamity. Among the many fine things promised me for coming abroad, she forgot to say that I was to be like Silvio Pellico; but *I* 'll not forget it, Tom!

Then, I have an epistle special for James. He shall feel that he has a share in the general ruin; for I will write to Vickars, and ask for a commission for him in a black regiment, or an appointment in the Cape Mounted Rifles, – what old Burrowes used to call the Blessed Army of Martyrs. I don't care a jot where he goes! But he 'll find it hard to give suppers at four pound a head in the Gambia, and ballet-dancers will scarcely be costly acquaintances on the banks of the Niger! And lastly, I mean to threaten a return to Ireland! "Only threaten," you say: "why not do it in earnest?" As I told you before, I'm not equal to it! I 've pluck for anything that can be done by one effort, but I have not strength for a prolonged conflict. I could better jump off the Tarpeian rock than I could descend a rugged mountain! Mrs. D. knows this so well that whenever I show fight, she lays down her parallels so quietly, and prepares for a siege with such deliberation, that I always surrender before she brings up her heavy guns. Don't prate to me of pusillanimity and cowardice! Nobody is brave with his wife. From the Queen of Sheba down to the Duchess of Marlborough, ay, and to our own days, if I liked to quote instances, history teaches the same lesson. What chance have you with one that has been studying every weak point, and every frailty of your disposition, for, maybe, twenty years? Why, you might as well box with your doctor, who knows where to plant the blow that will be the death of you.

I have another "dodge," too, Tom, – don't object to the phrase, for it's quite parliamentary; see Bernai Osborne, *passim*. I 'll tell Mrs. D. that I 'll put an advertisement in "Galignani," cautioning the public against giving credit to her, or her son, or her daughters; that the Dodd family is come abroad especially for economy, and has neither pretension to affluence, nor any claim to be thought rich. If that won't frighten her, my name is not Kenny! The fact is, Tom, I intend to pursue a very brave line of action for the three days I'm "in," since she cannot have access to me without my own request. You understand me.

I cannot bring my mind to answer your questions about Dodsborough; my poor head is too full of its own troubles. They 've just brought me my breakfast, – prison fare, – for in my indignation I have refused all other. Little I used to think, while tasting the jail diet at home, as one of the visitors, that I'd ever be reduced to eating it on less experimental grounds!

I must reserve all my directions about home affairs for my next; but bestir yourself to raise this money for us. Without some sort of a compromise we cannot leave this; and I am as anxious to

"evacuate Flanders" as ever was Uncle Toby! Captain Morris told me, the other day, of a little town in Germany where there are no English, and where everything can be had for a song. The cheapness and the isolation would both be very advisable just now. I 'll get the name of it before I write next.

By the way, Morris is a better fellow than I used to think him: a little priggish or so, but good-hearted at bottom, and honest as the sun. I think he has an eye on Mary Anne. Not that at present he 'd have much chance in that quarter. These foreign counts and barons give a false glitter to society that throws into the shade all untitled gentility; and your mere country gentleman beside them is like your mother's old silver teapot on a table with a show specimen of Elkington's new galvanic plate. Not but if you wanted to raise a trifle of money on either, the choice would be very difficult.

I 'll keep anything more for another letter, and now sign myself

Your old and attached friend,

Kenny I. Dodd. Petits Cabmes, Brussels, Tuesday Morning.

LETTER XII. MRS. DODD TO MISTRESS MARY GALLAGHER, DODSBOROUGH

Dear Molly, – The blessed Saints only can tell what sufferings I have gone through the last two days, and it's more than I 'm equal to, to say how it happened! The whole family has been turned topsy and turvy, and there's not one of us is n't upside down; and for one like me, that loves to live in peace and enmity with all mankind, this is a sore trial!

Many 's the time you heard me remark that if it was n't for K. I.'s temper, and the violence of his passion, that we 'd be rich and well off this day. Time, they say, cures many an evil; but I 'll tell you one, Molly, that it never improves, and that is a man's wilful nature; on the contrary, they only get more stubborn and cross-grained, and I often think to myself, what a blessed time one of the young creatures must have had of it, married to some patriarch in the Old Testament; and then I reflect on my own condition, – not that Kenny Dodd is like anything in the Bible! And now to tell you, if I 'm able, some of my distresses.

You have heard about poor dear James, and how he was shot; but you don't know that these last six weeks he has never been off his back, with three doctors, and sometimes five-and-thirty leeches on him; and what with the torturing him with new-fashioned instruments, and continued "repletion," as they call it, – if it had n't been for strong wine-gruel that I gave him, at times, "unknownst," – my sure belief is that he would n't have been spared to us. This has been a terrible blow, Molly; but the ways of Providence is unscrupulous, and we must submit.

Here it is, then. James, like every boy, spent a little more money than he had, and knowing well his father's temper, he went to the Jews to help him. They smarted the poor dear child, who, in his innocent heart, knew nothing of the world and its wicked ways. They made him take all kinds of things instead of cash, – Dutch tiles, paving-stones, an altar-piece, and a set of surveying-tools, amongst the rest; and these he had to sell again to raise a trifle of cash. Some of them he disposed of mighty well, – particularly the altar-piece, – but on others he lost a good deal, and, at the end, was a heavy balance in debt. If it had n't been for the duel, however, he says he 'd have no trouble at all in "carrying on," – that's his own word, and I suppose alludes to the business. Be that as it may, his wound was his ruin. Nobody knew how to manage his affairs but himself. It was the very same way with my grandfather, Maurice Lynch McCarthy; for when he died there wasn't a soul left could make anything of his papers. There was large sums in them, – thousands and thousands of pounds mentioned, – but where they were, and what's become of them, we never discovered.

And so with James. There he was, stretched on his bed, while villains and schemers were working his ruin! The business came into the courts here, which, from all I can learn, Molly, are not a bit better than at home with ourselves. Indeed, I believe, wherever one goes, lawyers is just the same for roguery and rampacity. To be sure, it 's comfort to think that you can have another, to the full as bad as the one against you; and if there is any abuse or bad language going, you can give it as hot as you get it; that's equal justice, Molly, and one of the proudest boasts of the British constitution! And you 'd suppose that K. I., sitting on the bench for nigh four-and-twenty years, would know that as well as anybody. Yet what does he do? – you 'll not believe me when I tell you! Instead of paying one of these creatures to go in and torment the others, to pick holes in all he said, and get fellows to swear against them, he must stand out, forsooth, and be his own lawyer! And a blessed business he made of it! A reasonable man would explain to the judges how it all was, – that James was a child; that it was the other day only he was flying a kite on the lawn at home; that he knew as much about wickedness as K. I. did of paradise; that the villains that led him on ought to be publicly whipped! Faith, I can fancy, Molly, it was a beautiful field for any man to display every commotion of the heart; but what does he do? He gets up on his legs, – I did n't see, but I 'm told it, – he gets up on his

legs and begins to ballyrag and blackguard all the courts of justice, and the judges, and the attorneys, down to the criers, – he spares nobody! There is nothing too dreadful for him to say, and no words too bad to express it in; till, their patience being all run out, they stop him at last, and give orders to have him taken from the spot, and thrown into a dungeon of the town jail, – a terrible old place, Molly, that goes by the name of the "Petit Carême!" and where they say the diet is only a thin sheet of paper above starving.

And there he is now, Molly; and you may picture to yourself, as the poet says, "what frame he's in"! The news reached me when we were going to the play. I was under the hands of the hairdresser, and I gave such a screech that he jumped back, and burned himself over the mouth with the curling-irons. Even that was a relief to me, Molly; for Mary Anne and myself laughed till we cried again!

I was for keeping the thing all snug and to ourselves about K. I.; but Mary Anne said we should consult Lord George, that was then in the house, and going with us to the theatre. They are a wonderful people, the great English aristocracy; and if it's anything more than another distinguishes them, 't is the indifference to every kind and description of misfortune. I say this, because, the moment Lord George heard the story, he lay down on the sofa, and laughed and roared till I thought he 'd split his sides. His only regret was that he had n't been there, in the courts, to see it all. As for James's share of the trouble, he said it "didn't signify a rush!"

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