

THE DIARY OF C. JEAMES DE LA PLUCHE, ESQ., WITH HIS LETT

William Makepeace Thackeray

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WITH HIS LETTERS**

William Makepeace Thackeray

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THE DIARY OF C. JEAMES DE LA PLUCHE, ESQ., WITH HIS LETTERS

**THE DIARY OF C. JEAMES DE LA PLUCHE, ESQ., WITH HIS
LETTERS.**

A LUCKY SPECULATOR.

"Considerable sensation has been excited in the upper and lower circles in the West End, by a startling piece of good fortune which has befallen James Plush, Esq., lately footman in a respected family in Berkeley Square.

"One day last week, Mr. James waited upon his master, who is a banker in the City; and after a little blushing and hesitation, said he had saved a little money in service, was anxious to retire, and to invest his savings to advantage.

"His master (we believe we may mention, without offending delicacy, the well-known name of Sir George Flimsy, of the house of Flimsy, Diddler, and Flash,) smilingly asked Mr. James what was the amount of his savings, wondering considerably how, out of an income of thirty guineas—the main part of which he spent in bouquets, silk stockings, and perfumery—Mr. Plush could have managed to lay by anything.

"Mr. Plush, with some hesitation, said he had been SPECULATING IN RAILROADS, and stated his winnings to have been thirty thousand pounds. He had commenced his speculations with twenty, borrowed from a fellow-servant. He had dated his letters from the house in Berkeley Square, and humbly begged pardon of his master for not having instructed the Railway Secretaries who answered his applications to apply at the area-bell.

"Sir George, who was at breakfast, instantly rose, and shook Mr. P. by the hand; Lady Flimsy begged him to be seated, and partake of the breakfast which he had laid on the table; and has subsequently invited him to her grand dejeuner at Richmond, where it was observed that Miss Emily Flimsy, her beautiful and accomplished seventh daughter, paid the lucky gentleman MARKED ATTENTION.

"We hear it stated that Mr. P. is of a very ancient family (Hugo de la Pluche came over with the Conqueror); and the new brougham which he has started bears the ancient coat of his race.

"He has taken apartments in the Albany, and is a director of thirty-three railroads. He proposes to stand for Parliament at the next general election on decidedly conservative principles, which have always been the politics of his family.

"Report says, that even in his humble capacity Miss Emily Flimsy had remarked his high demeanor. Well, 'None but the brave,' say we, 'deserve the fair.'"—Morning Paper.

This announcement will explain the following lines, which have been put into our box* with a West End post-mark. If, as we believe, they are written by the young woman from whom the Millionnaire borrowed the sum on which he raised his fortune, what heart will not melt with sympathy at her tale, and pity the sorrows which she expresses in such artless language?

If it be not too late; if wealth have not rendered its possessor callous; if poor Maryanne BE STILL ALIVE; we trust, we trust, Mr. Plush will do her justice.

* The letter-box of Mr. Punch, in whose columns these papers were first published.

"JEAMES OF BUCKLEY SQUARE.

"A HELIGY.

"Come all ye gents vot cleans the plate,
Come all ye ladies maids so fair—
Vile I a story vill relate
Of cruel Jeames of Buckley Square.
A tighter lad, it is confest,
Neer valked with powder in his air,
Or vore a nosegay in his breast,
Than andsum Jeames of Buckley Square.

"O Evns! it vas the best of sights,
Behind his Master's coach and pair,
To see our Jeames in red plush tights,
A driving hoff from Buckley Square.
He vel became his hagwilletts,
He cocked his at with SUCH a hair;
His calves and viskers VAS such pets,
That hall loved Jeames of Buckley Square.

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"He pleased the hup-stairs folks as vell,
And o! I vithered with despair,
Missis VOULD ring the parler bell,
And call up Jeames in Buckley Square.
Both beer and sperrits he abhord,
(Sperrits and beer I can't a bear,)
You would have thought he vas a lord
Down in our All in Buckley Square.

"Last year he visper'd 'Mary Ann,
Ven I've an under'd pound to spare,
To take a public is my plan,
And leave this hojous Buckley Square.'
O how my gentle heart did bound,
To think that I his name should bear.
'Dear Jeames.' says I, 'I've twenty pound;
And gev them him in Buckley Square.

"Our master vas a City gent,
His name's in railroads everywhere,
And lord, vot lots of letters vent
Betwigst his brokers and Buckley Square:
My Jeames it was the letters took,
And read them all, (I think it's fair,)
And took a leaf from Master's book,
As HOTHERS do in Buckley Square.

Encouraged with my twenty pound,
Of which poor I was unavare,
He wrote the Companies all round,
And signed hisself from Buckley Square.
And how John Porter used to grin,
As day by day, share after share,
Came railway letters pouring in,
'J. Plush, Esquire, in Buckley Square.'

"Our servants' All was in a rage—
Scrip, stock, curves, gradients, bull and bear,
With butler, coachman, groom and page,
Vas all the talk in Buckley Square.
But O! imagine vot I felt
Last Vensday veek as ever were;
I gits a letter, which I spelt
'Miss M. A. Hoggins, Buckley Square.'

"He sent me back my money true—
He sent me back my lock of air,
And said, 'My dear, I bid ajew
To Mary Hann and Buckley Square.
Think not to marry, foolish Hann,
With people who your betters are;
James Plush is now a gentleman,
And you—a cook in Buckley Square.

"I've thirty thousand guineas won,
In six short months, by genus rare;
You little thought what Jeames was on,
Poor Mary Hann, in Buckley Square.
I've thirty thousand guineas net,
Powder and plush I scorn to veer;
And so, Miss Mary Hann, forget

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For hever Jeames, of Buckley Square.'"

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The rest of the MS. is illegible, being literally washed away in a flood of tears.

A LETTER FROM "JEAMES, OF BUCKLEY SQUARE."

"ALBANY, LETTER X. August 10, 1845.

"SIR,—Has a reglar suscriber to your emusing paper, I beg leaf to state that I should never have done so, had I supposed that it was your abbit to igspose the mistaries of privit life, and to hinjer the delligit feelings of umble individyouals like myself, who have NO IDEER of being made the subject of newspaper criticism.

"I elude, sir, to the unjustafiable use which has been made of my name in your Journal, where both my muccantile speclations and the HINMOST PASHSN OF MY ART have been brot forrards in a ridicklus way for the public emusemint.

"What call, sir, has the public to inquire into the suckmstansies of my engagements with Miss Mary Hann Oggins, or to meddle with their rupsher? Why am I to be maid the hobjick of your REDICULE IN A DOGGRIL BALLIT impewted to her? I say IMPEWTED, because, in MY time at least, Mary Hann could only sign her + mark (has I've hoften witnist it for her when she paid hin at the Savings Bank), and has for SACRIFICING TO THE MEWSES and making POATRY, she was as HINCAPIBLE as Mr. Wakley himself.

"With respect to the ballit, my baleaf is, that it is wrote by a footman in a low famly, a pore retch who attempted to rivle me in my affections to Mary Hann—a feller not five foot six, and with no more calves to his legs than a donkey—who was always a—ritin (having been a doctor's boy) and who I nockt down with a pint of porter (as he well recklex) at the 3 Tuns Jerming Street, for daring to try to make a but of me. He has signed Miss H's name to his NONSINCE AND LIES: and you lay yourself hopen to a haction for libel for insutting them in your paper.

"It is false that I have treated Miss H. hill in HANY way. That I borrowed 20lb of her is TREW. But she confesses I paid it back. Can hall people say as much of the money THEY'VE lent or borrowed? No. And I not only paid it back, but giv her the andsomet pres'nts: WHICH I NEVER SHOULD HAVE ALLUDED TO, but for this attack. Fust, a silver thimble (which I found in Missus's work— box); secknd, a vollom of Byrom's poems; third, I halways brought her a glas of Curasore, when we ad a party, of which she was remarkable fond. I treated her to Hashley's twice, (and halways a srimp or a hoyster by the way,) and a THOWSND DELIGIT ATTENTIONS, which I sapose count for NOTHINK.

"Has for marridge. Haltered suckmstancies rendered it himpossable. I was gone into a new spear of life—mingling with my native aristoxy. I breathe no sallible of blame against Miss H., but his a hilliterit cookmaid fit to set at a fashnable table? Do young fellers of rank genrally marry out of the Kitching? If we cast our i's upon a low—born gal, I needn say it's only a tempory distraction, pore passy le tong. So much for HER claims upon me. Has for THAT BEEST OF A DOCTOR'S BOY he's unwuthy the notas of a Gentleman.

"That I've one thirty thousand lb, AND PRAPS MORE, I dont deny. Ow much has the Kilossus of Railroads one, I should like to know, and what was his cappitle? I hentered the market with 20lb, specklated Jewdicious, and ham what I ham. So may you be (if you have 20lb, and praps you haven't)—So may you be: if you choose to go in win.

"I for my part am jusly PROWD of my suxess, and could give you a hundred instances of my gratatude. For igsample, the fust pair of hosses I bought (and a better pair of steppers I dafy you to see in hany curracle,) I crisn'd Hull and Selby, in grateful elusion to my transackshns in that railroad. My riding Cob I called very unhaptly my Dublin and Galway. He came down with me the other day, and I've jest sold him at 1/4 discount.

"At fust with prudence and modration I only kep two grooms for my stables, one of whom lickwise waited on me at table. I have now a confidenshle servant, a vally de shamber—He curls my air; inspex my accounts, and hanseners my hinvitations to dinner. I call this Vally my TRENT VALLY, for it was the prophit I got from that extlent line, which injuiced me to ingage him.

"Besides my North British Plate and Breakfast equipidge—I have two handsom suvices for dinner—the goold plate for Sundays, and the silver for common use. When I ave a great party, 'Trent,' I say to my man, 'we will have the London and Bummingham plate to—day (the goold), or else the Manchester and Leeds (the silver).' I bought them after realizing on the abuf lines, and if people suppose that the companys made me a presnt of the plate, how can I help it?

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"In the sam way I say, 'Trent, bring us a bottle of Bristol amid Hexeter!' or, 'Put some Heastern Counties in hice!' HE knows what I mean: it's the wines I bought upon the hospicious tummination of my connexshn with those two railroads.

"So strong, indeed, as this abbit become, that being asked to stand Godfather to the youngest Miss Diddle last weak, I had her christened (provisionally) Rosamell—from the French line of which I am Director; and only the other day, finding myself rayther unwell, 'Doctor,' says I to Sir Jeames Clark, 'I've sent to consult you because my Midlands are out of horder; and I want you to send them up to a premium.' The Doctor lafd, and I beleave told the story subsquintly at Buckinum P—ll—s.

"But I will trouble you no father. My sole objict in writing has been to CLEAR MY CARRATER—to show that I came by my money in a honorable way: that I'm not ashaymd of the manner in which I gayned it, and ham indeed grateful for my good fortune.

"To conclude, I have ad my podigree maid out at the Erald Hoffis (I don't mean the Morning Erald), and have took for my arms a Stagg. You are corricit in stating that I am of hancient Normin famly. This is more than Peal can say, to whomb I applied for a barnetyc; but the primmier being of low igstraction, natrally stickles for his horder. Consurvative though I be, I MAY CHANGE MY OPINIONS before the next Election, when I intend to hoffer myself as a Candydick for Parlymint.

"Meanwhile, I have the honor to be, Sir,

"Your most obeajnt Survnt,

"FITZ—JAMES DE LA PLUCHE."

THE DIARY.

One day in the panic week, our friend Jeames called at our office, evidently in great perturbation of mind and disorder of dress. He had no flower in his button-hole; his yellow kid gloves were certainly two days old. He had not above three of the ten chains he usually sports, and his great coarse knotty-knuckled old hands were deprived of some dozen of the rubies, emeralds, and other cameos with which, since his elevation to fortune, the poor fellow has thought fit to adorn himself.

"How's scrip, Mr. Jeames?" said we pleasantly, greeting our esteemed contributor.

"Scrip be ——," replied he, with an expression we cannot repeat, and a look of agony it is impossible to describe in print, and walked about the parlor whistling, humming, rattling his keys and coppers, and showing other signs of agitation. At last, "MR. PUNCH," says he, after a moment's hesitation, "I wish to speak to you on a pint of businiss. I wish to be paid for my contribewtions to your paper. Suckmstances is altered with me. I—I—in a word, CAN you lend me —L. for the account?"

He named the sum. It was one so great that we don't care to mention it here; but on receiving a cheque for the amount (on Messrs. Pump and Aldgate, our bankers,) tears came into the honest fellow's eyes. He squeezed our hand until he nearly wrung it off, and shouting to a cab, he plunged into it at our office-door, and was off to the City.

Returning to our study, we found he had left on our table an open pocket-book, of the contents of which (for the sake of safety) we took an inventory. It contained—three tavern-bills, paid; a tailor's ditto, unsettled; forty-nine allotments in different companies, twenty-six thousand seven hundred shares in all, of which the market value we take, on an average, to be 1/4 discount; and in an old bit of paper tied with pink ribbon a lock of chestnut hair, with the initials M. A. H.

In the diary of the pocket-book was a journal, jotted down by the proprietor from time to time. At first the entries are insignificant: as, for instance:—"3rd January—Our beer in the Suvnts' hall so PRECIOUS small at this Christmas time that I reely MUSS give warning, wood, but for my dear Mary Hann." February 7— That broot Screw, the Butler, wanted to kis her, but my dear Mary Hann boxt his hold hears, served him right. I DATEST Screw,"— and so forth. Then the diary relates to Stock Exchange operations, until we come to the time when, having achieved his successes, Mr. James quitted Berkeley Square and his livery, and began his life as a speculator and a gentleman upon town. It is from the latter part of his diary that we make the following

EXTRAX:—

"Wen I anounced in the Servnts All my axeshn of forting, and that by the exasize of my own talince and ingianiuty I had reerlized a summ of 20,000 lb. (it was only 5, but what's the use of a mann depreshiating the qualaty of his own mackyrel?)—wen I enounced my abrup intention to cut—you should have sean the sensation among hall the people! Cook wanted to know whether I woodn like a sweatbred, or the slise of the breast of a Cold Tucky. Screw, the butler, (womb I always detested as a hinsalant hoverbaring beest,) begged me to walk into the Hupper Servnts All, and try a glass of Shuperior Shatto Margo. Heven Visp, the coachmin, eld out his and, said, 'Jeames, I hopes theres no quarraling betwigt you me, I'll stand a pot of beer with pleasure.'

"The sickofnts!—that wery Cook had split on me to the Housekeeper ony last week (catchin me priggin some cold tuttle soop, of which I'm remarkable fond). Has for the butler, I always EBOMMINATED him for his precious snears and imperence to all us Gents who wear livry (he never would sit in our parlor, fasooth, nor drink out of our mugs); and in regard of Visp—why, it was ony the day before the vulgar beest hofferred to fite me, and thretned to give me a good iding if I refused. Gentlemen and ladies,' says I, as haughty as may be, 'there's nothink that I want for that I can't go for to buy with my hown money, and take at my lodgins in Halbany, letter Hex; if I'm unгры I've no need to refresh myself in the KITCHING.' And so saying, I took a dignified ajew of these minnial domestics; and ascending to my epartment in the 4 pair back, brushed the powder out of my air, and taking off those hojous livries for hever, put on a new soot, made for me by Cullin of St. Jeames Street, and which fitted my manly figger as tight as whacks.

"There was ONE pusson in the house with womb I was rayther anxious to evoid a persnal leave-taking—Mary Hann Oggins, I mean—for my art is natural tender, and I can't abide seeing a pore gal in

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pane. I'd given her previous the infamation of my departure—doing the ansom thing by her at the same time—paying her back 20 lb., which she'd lent me 6 months before: and paying her back not only the interest, but I gave her an andsome pair of scissars and a silver thimbil, by way of boanus. 'Mary Hann,' says I, 'suckimstancies has haltered our rellatif positions in life. I quit the Servnts Hall for ever, (for has for your marrying a person in my rank, that, my dear, is hall gammin,) and so I wish you a good—by, my good gal, and if you want to better yourself, halways refer to me.'

"Mary Hann didn't hanser my speech (which I think was remarkable kind), but looked at me in the face quite wild like, and bust into somethink betwigt a laugh a cry, and fell down with her ed on the kitching dresser, where she lay until her young Missis rang the dressing—room bell. Would you bleave it? She left the thimbil things, my check for 20lb. 10s., on the tabil when she went to hanser the bell. And now I heard her sobbing and vimpering in her own room nex but one to mine, vith the dore open, peraps expecting I should come in and say good—by. But, as soon as I was dressed, I cut down stairs, hony desiring Frederick my fellow—servnt, to fetch me a cabb, and requesting permission to take leaf of my lady the famly before my departure."

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"How Miss Hemly did hogle me to be sure! Her ladyship told me what a sweet gal she was—hamiable, fond of poetry, plays the gitter. Then she hasked me if I liked blond bewties and haubin hair. Haubin, indeed! I don't like carrits! as it must be confest Miss Hemly's his—and has for a BLOND BUTY, she has pink I's like a Halbino, and her face looks as if it were dipt in a brann mash. How she squeegeed my as she went away!

"Mary Hann now HAS haubin air, and a complexion like roses and hivory, and I's as blew as Evin.

"I gev Frederick two and six for fetchin the cabb—been resolved to hact the gentleman in hall things. How he stared!"

"25th.—I am now director of forty—seven hadvantageous lines, and have past hall day in the City. Although I've hate or nine new soots of close, and Mr. Cullin fits me heligant, yet I fancy they hall reckonise me. Conshns whispers to me, 'Jeams, you'r hony a footman in disguise hafter all.'"

"28th.—Been to the Hopra. Music tol lol. That Lablash is a wopper at singing. I coodn make out why some people called out 'Bravo,' some 'Bravar,' and some 'Bravee.' 'Bravee, Lablash,' says I, at which heverybody laft.

"I'm in my new stall. I've had new cushings put in, and my harms in goold on the back. I'm dressed hall in black, excep a gold waistcoat and dimind studs in the embriderd busom of my shameese. I wear a Camallia Jiponiky in my button—ole, and have a double—barreld opera—glas, so big, that I make Timmins, my secnd man, bring it in the other cabb.

"What an igstronry exabishn that Pawdy Carter is! If those four gals are faries, Tellioni is sutnly the fairy Queend. She can do all that they can do, and somethink they can't. There's an indiscrible grace about her, and Carlotty, my sweet Carlotty, she sets my art in flams.

"Ow that Miss Hemly was noddin and winkin at me out of their box on the fourth tear?"

"What linx i's she must av. As if I could mount up there!"

"P.S.—Talking of MOUNTING HUP! the St. Helena's walked up 4 per cent this very day."

"2nd July.—Rode my bay oss Desperation in the park. There was me, Lord George Ringwood (Lord Cinqbar's son), Lord Ballybunnion, Honorable Capting Trap, sevral hother young swells. Sir John's carridge there in coarse. Miss Hemly lets fall her booky as I pass, and I'm obleged to get hoff and pick it hup, get splashed up to the his. The gettin on hossback agin is halways the juice hall. Just as I was on, Desperation begins a porring the hair with his 4 feet, and sinks down so on his anches, that I'm blest if I didn't slip hoff agin over his tail, at which Ballybunnion the hother chaps rord with lafter.

"As Bally has istates in Queen's County, I've put him on the St. Helena direction. We call it the 'Great St. Helena Napoleon Junction,' from Jamestown to Longwood. The French are taking it hup heagerly."

"6th July.—Dined to—day at the London Tavin with one of the Welsh bords of Direction I'm hon. The Cwrwmwrw Plmwyddlywm, with tunnils through Snowding and Plinlimming.

"Great nashnallity of course. Ap Shinkin in the chair, Ap Llwydd in the vice; Welsh mutton for dinner; Welsh iron knives forks; Welsh rabbit after dinner; and a Welsh harper, be hanged to him: he went strummint on his hojous hinstrument, and played a toon piguliarly disagreeble to me.

"It was PORE MARY HANN. The clarrit holmost choaked me as I tried it, and I very nearly wep myself as I thought of her bewtifle blue i's. Why HAM I always thinking about that gal? Sasiety is sasiety, it's lors is

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irresistabl. Has a man of rank I can't marry a serving—made. What would Cinqbar and Ballybunnion say?

"P.S.—I don't like the way that Cinqbars has of borroing money, halways making me pay the bill. Seven pound six at the 'Shipp,' Grinnidge, which I don't grudge it, for Derbyshire's brown Ock is the best in Urup; nine pound three at the 'Trafflygar,' and seventeen pound sixteen and nine at the 'Star and Garter,' Richmond, with the Countess St. Emilion the Baroness Frontignac. Not one word of French could I speak, and in consquince had nothink to do but to make myself halmost sick with heating hices and desert, while the hothers were chattering and parlyvooing.

"Ha! I remember going to Grinnidge once with Mary Hann, when we were more happy (after a walk in the park, where we ad one gingy— beer betwigst us), more appy with tea and a simple srimp than with hall this splendor!"—

"July 24.—My first—floor apartmince in Halbiny is now kimpletely and chasely furnished—the droring—room with yellow satting and silver for the chairs and sophies—hemrall green tabbinet curtings with pink velvet goold borders and fringes; a light blue Haxminster Carpit, embroydered with tulips; tables, secritaires, cunsoles, as handsome as goold can make them, and candle— sticks and shandalers of the purest Hormolew.

"The Dining—room furniture is all HOAK, British Hoak; round igspanning table, like a trick in a Pantimime, iccommadating any number from 8 to 24—to which it is my wish to restrict my parties. Curtings crimsing damask, Chairs crimsing myrocky. Portricks of my favorite great men decorats the wall—namely, the Duke of Wellington. There's four of his Grace. For I've remarked that if you wish to pass for a man of weight and considrration you should holways praise and quote him. I have a valluble one lickwise of my Queend, and 2 of Prince Halbert—has a Field Martial and halso as a privat Gent. I despise the vulgar SNEARS that are daily hullered aginst that Igsolted Pottentat. Betwigxt the Prins the Duke hangs me, in the Uniform of the Cinqbar Malitia, of which Cinqbars has made me Capting.

"The Libery is not yet done.

"But the Bedd—roomb is the Jem of the whole. If you could but see it! such a Bedworr! Ive a Shyval Dressing Glass festooned with Walanseens Lace, and lighted up of evenings with rose—colored tapers. Goold dressing—case and twilet of Dresding Cheny. My bed white and gold with curtings of pink and silver brocayd held up a top by a goold Qpid who seems always a smilin angillicly hon me, has I lay with my Ed on my piller hall sarounded with the finest Mechlin. I have a own man, a yuth under him, 2 groombs, and a fimmale for the House. I've 7 osses: in cors if I hunt this winter I must increase my ixtablishment.

"N.B. Heverythink looking well in the City. St. Helenas, 12 pm.; Madagascars, 9 5/8; Saffron Hill and Rookery Junction, 24; and the new lines in prospick equily encouraging.

"People phansy it's hall gaiety and pleasure the life of us fashnabble gents about townd—But I can tell 'em it's not hall goold that glitters. They don't know our momints of hagony, hour ours of studdy and reflecshun. They little think when they see Jeames de la Pluche, Exquire, worling round in a walce at Halmax with Lady Hann, or lazaly stepping a kidrill with Lady Jane, poring helegant nothinx into the Countess's hear at dinner, or gallopin his hoss Desperation hover the exorcisin ground in the Park,—they little think that leader of the tong, seaminkly so reckliss, is a careworn mann! and yet so it is.

"Imprymus. I've been ableged to get up all the ecomplishments at double quick, to apply myself with treemenjuous energy.

"First,—in horder to give myself a hideer of what a gentleman reely is, I've read the novvle of 'Pelham' six times, and am to go through it 4 times mor.

"I practis ridin and the acquirement of 'a steady and a sure seat across Country' assijuously 4 times a week, at the Hippydrum Riding Grounds. Many's the tumbil I've ad, and the aking boans I've suffered from, though I was grinnin in the Park or laffin at the Opra.

"Every morning from 6 till 9, the innabance of Halbany may have been surprised to hear the sounds of music ishuing from the apartmince of Jeames de la Pluche, Exquire, Letter Hex. It's my dancing—master. From six to nine we have walces and polkies—at nine, 'mangtiang depotment,' as he calls it the manner of hentering a room, complimenting the ost and ostess compotting yourself at table. At nine I henter from my dressing—room (has to a party), I make my bow—my master (he's a Marquis in France, and ad misfortins, being connected with young Lewy Nepoleum) reseaves me—I hadwance—speak abowt the weather the toppix of the day in an elegant cussory manner. Brekfst is enounced by Fitzwarren, my mann—we precede to the festive bord—complimence is

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igschanged with the manner of drinking wind, addressing your neighbor, employing your napking finger-glas, And then we fall to brekfst, when I prommiss you the Marquis don't eat like a commoner. He says I'm gettn on very well—soon I shall be able to inwite people to brekfst, like Mr. Mills, my rivle in Halbany; Mr. Macauly, (who wrote that sweet book of ballets, 'The Lays of Hancient Rum;') the great Mr. Rodgers himself.

"The above was wrote some weeks back. I HAVE given brekfst sins then, reglar Deshunys. I have ad Earls and Ycounts—Barnits as many as I chose: and the pick of the Railway world, of which I form a member. Last Sunday was a grand Fate. I had the Eleet of my friends: the display was sumptuous; the company reshershy. Everything that Dellixy could suggest was provided by Gunter. I had a Countiss on my right (the Countess of Wigglesbury, that loveliest and most dashing of Staggs, who may be called the Railway Queend, as my friend George H—— is the Railway King,) on my left the Lady Blanche Bluenose, Prince Towrowski, the great Sir Huddlestone Fuddlestone from the North, and a skoar of the fust of the fashn. I was in my GLOARY—the dear Countess and Lady Blanche was dying with lauffing at my joax and fun—I was keeping the whole table in a roar—when there came a ring at my door-bell, and sudnly Fitzwarren, my man, henters with an air of constanation. 'Theres somebody at the door,' says he in a visper.

"'Oh, it's that dear Lady Hemily,' says I, 'and that lazy raskle of a husband of hers. Trot them in, Fitzwarren,' (for you see by this time I had adopted quite the manners and hease of the arristoxy.)— And so, going out, with a look of wonder he returned presently, enouncing Mr. Mrs. Blodder.

"I turned gashly pail. The table—the guests—the Countiss— Towrouski, and the rest, weald round round before my hagitated I's. IT WAS MY GRANDMOTHER AND Huncle Bill. She is a washerwoman at Healing Common, and he—he keeps a wegetable donkey-cart.

"Y, Y hadn't John, the tiger, igcluded them? He had tried. But the unconscious, though worthy creeters, advanced in spite of him, Huncle Bill bringing in the old lady grinning on his harm!

"Phansy my feelinx."

"Immagin when these unfortnat members of my famly hentered the room: you may phansy the ixtonnishment of the nobil company presnt. Old Grann looked round the room quite estounded by its horiental splendor, and huncle Bill (pulling off his phantail, seluting the company as respeckfly as his vulgar natur would allow) says— 'Crikey, Jeames, you've got a better birth here than you ad where you were in the plush and powder line.' 'Try a few of them plovers hegs, sir,' I says, whishing, I'm asheamed to say, that somethink would choke huncle B——; 'and I hope, mam, now you've ad the kindniss to wisit me, a little refreshment won't be out of your way.'

"This I said, detummind to put a good fase on the matter: and because in herly times I'd reseaved a great deal of kindniss from the hold lady, which I should be a roag to forgit. She paid for my schooling; she got up my fine linning gratis; shes given me many many a lb; and manys the time in appy appy days when me and Maryhann has taken tea. But never mind THAT. 'Mam,' says I, 'you must be tired hafter your walk.'

"'Walk? Nonsince, Jeames,' says she; 'it's Saturday, I came in, in THE CART.' 'Black or green tea, maam?' says Fitzwarren, intarupting her. And I will say the feller showed his nouce good breeding in this difficklt momink; for he'd halready silenced huncle Bill, whose mouth was now full of muffinx, am, Blowny sausag, Perrigole pie, and other dellixies.

"'Wouldn't you like a little SOMETHINK in your tea, Mam,' says that sly wagg Cinqbars. 'HE knows what I likes,' replies the hawfle hold Lady, pinting to me, (which I knew it very well, having often seen her take a glass of hojous gin along with her Bohee), and so I was ableeged to horder Fitzwarren to bring round the licures, and to help my unfortnit rellatif to a bumper of Ollands. She tost it hoff to the elth of the company, giving a smack with her lipps after she'd emtied the glas, which very nearly caused me to phaint with hagny. But, luckaly for me, she didn't igspose herself much farther: for when Cinqbars was pressing her to take another glas, I cried out, 'Don't, my lord,' on which old Grann hearing him edressed by his title, cried out, 'A Lord! o law!' and got up and made him a cutsy, and coodnt be peswaded to speak another word. The presents of the noble gent heavidently made her uneezy.

"The Countiss on my right and had shownt sytms of ixtream disgust at the beayvior of my relations, and having called for her carridg, got up to leave the room, with the most dignified hair. I, of coarse, rose to conduct her to her weakle. Ah, what a contrast it was! There it stood, with stars and garters hall hover the pannels; the footmin in peach-colored tites; the hosses worth 3 hundred apiece;—and there stood the horrid LINNEN-CART, with 'Mary Blodder, Laundress, Ealing, Middlesex,' wrote on the bord, and waiting till my abandind old parint

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should come out.

"Cinqbars insisted upon helping her in. Sir Huddlestone Fuddlestone, the great Barnet from the North, who, great as he is, is as stewpid as a howl, looked on, hardly trusting his goggle I's as they witnessed the sean. But little lively good naterd Lady Kitty Quickset, who was going away with the Countiss, held her little out of the carridge to me and said, 'Mr. De la Pluche, you are a much better man than I took you to be. Though her Ladyship IS horrified, though your Grandmother DID take gin for breakfast, don't give her up. No one ever came to harm yet for honoring their father mother.'

"And this was a sort of consolation to me, and I observed that all the good fellers thought none the wuss of me. Cinqbars said I was a trump for sticking up for the old washerwoman; Lord George Gills said she should have his linning; and so they cut their joax, and I let them. But it was a great releaf to my mind when the cart drove hoff.

"There was one pint which my Grandmother observed, and which, I muss say, I thought lickwise: 'Ho, Jeames,' says she, 'hall those fine ladies in sattns and velvets is very well, but there's not one of em can hold a candle to Mary Hann.'"

"Railway Spec is going on phamusly. You should see how polite they har at my bankers now! Sir Paul Pump Aldgate, Company. They bow me out of the back parlor as if I was a Nybobb. Every body says I'm worth half a millium. The number of lines they're putting me upon is inkumseavable. I've put Fitzwarren, my man, upon several. Reginald Fitzwarren, Esquire, looks splendid in a perspectus; and the raskle owns that he has made two thowsnd.

"How the ladies, men too, foller and flatter me! If I go into Lady Binsis hopra box, she makes room for me, who ever is there, and cries out, 'O do make room for that dear creature!' And she complayments me on my taste in musick, or my new Broom—oss, or the phansy of my weskit, and always ends by asking me for some shares. Old Lord Bareacres, as stiff as a poaker, as proud as loosyfer, as poor as Joab—even he condysends to be sivvle to the great De la Pluche, and begged me at Harthur's, lately, in his sollom, pompus way, 'to faver him with five minutes' conversation.' I knew what was coming—application for shares—put him down on my private list. Would'nt mind the Scrag End Junction passing through Bareacres—hoped I'd come down and shoot there.

"I gave the old humbug a few shares out of my own pocket. 'There, old Pride,' says I, 'I like to see you down on your knees to a footman. There, old Pomposaty! Take fifty pound; I like to see you come cringing and begging for it.' Whenever I see him in a VERY public place, I take my change for my money. I digg him in the ribbs, or slap his padded old shoulders. I call him, 'Bareacres, my old buck!' and I see him wince. It does my art good.

"I'm in low sperits. A disagreeable insadent has just occurred. Lady Pump, the banker's wife, asked me to dinner. I sat on her right, of course, with an uncommon gal ner me, with whom I was getting on in my fassanating way—full of lacy ally (as the Marquis says) and easy plesntry. Old Pump, from the end of the table, asked me to drink champagne; and on turning to tak the glass I saw Charles Wackles (with womb I'd been employed at Colonel Spurriers' house) grinning over his shoulder at the butler.

"The beest reckonised me. Has I was putting on my palto in the hall, he came up again: 'HOW DY DOO, Jeames?' says he, in a findish visper. 'Just come out here, Chawles,' says I, 'I've a word for you, my old boy.' So I beckoned him into Portland Place, with my pus in my hand, as if I was going to give him a sovaring.

"I think you said 'Jeames,' Chawles,' says I, 'and grind at me at dinner?'

"'Why, sir.' says he, 'we're old friends, you know.'

"Take that for old friendship then,' says I, and I gave him just one on the noas, which sent him down on the pavemint as if he'd been shot. And mounting myjesticly into my cabb, I left the rest of the grinning scoundrills to pick him up, droav to the Clubb."

"Have this day kimpleated a little efair with my friend George, Earl Bareacres, which I trust will be to the advantidge both of self that noble gent. Adjining the Bareacre proppaty is a small piece of land of about 100 acres, called Squallop Hill, igseeding advantageous for the cultivation of sheep, which have been found to have a pickelear fine flavour from the natur of the grass, tyme, heather, and other hodarefarus plants which grows on that mounting in the places where the rox and stones don't prevent them. Thistles here is also remarkable fine, and the land is also devided hoff by luxurient Stone Hedges—much more usefle and ickonomicle than your quickset or any of that rubbishing sort of timber: indeed the sile is of that fine natur, that timber refuses to grow there

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altogether. I gave Bareacres 50L. an acre for this land (the igsact premium of my St. Helena Shares)—a very handsom price for land which never yielded two shillings an acre; and very convenient to his Lordship I know, who had a bill coming due at his Bankers which he had given them. James de la Pluche, Esquire, is thus for the fust time a landed propriator—or rayther, I should say, is about to reshume the rank dignity in the country which his Hancestors so long occupied.

"I have caused one of our inginears to make me a plann of the Squallop Estate, Diddlesexshire, the property of bordered on the North by Lord Bareacres' Country; on the West by Sir Granby Growler; on the South by the Hotion. An Arkytect Survare, a young feller of great emagination, womb we have employed to make a survey of the Great Caffranan line, has built me a beautiful Villar (on paper), Plushton Hall, Diddlesex, the seat of I de la P., Esquire. The house is represented a handsome Itallian Structer, imbusmd in woods, and circumwented by beautiful gardings. Theres a lake in front with boatsful of nobillaty and musitions floting on its placid sufface—and a curricule is a driving up to the grand hentrance, and me in it, with Mrs., or perhaps Lady Hangelana de la Pluche. I speak advisedly. I MAY be going to form a noble kinexion. I may be (by marridge) going to unight my family once more with Harrystoxy, from which misfortn has for some sentries separated us. I have dreams of that sort.

"I've sean sevrul times in a dalitifle vishn a SERTING ERL, standing in a hattitude of bennydiction, and rattafying my union with a serting butifle young lady, his daughter. Phansy Mr. or Sir Jeames and lady Hangelina de la Pluche! Ho! what will the old washywoman, my grandmother, say? She may sell her mangle then, and shall too by my honor as a Gent."

"As for Squallop Hill, its not to be emadgind that I was going to give 5000 lb. for a bleak mounting like that, unless I had some ideer in vew. Ham I not a Director of the Grand Diddlesex? Don't Squallop lie amediately betwigst Old Bone House, Single Gloster, and Scrag End, through which cities our line passes? I will have 400,000 lb. for that mounting, or my name is not Jeames. I have arranged a little barging too for my friend the Erl. The line will pass through a hangle of Bareacre Park. He shall have a good compensation I promis you; and then I shall get back the 3000 I lent him. His banker's acount, I fear, is in a horrid state."

[The Diary now for several days contains particulars of no interest to the public:—Memoranda of City dinners—meetings of Directors— fashionable parties in which Mr. Jeames figures, and nearly always by the side of his new friend, Lord Bareacres, whose "pompossaty," as previously described, seems to have almost entirely subsided.]

We then come to the following:—

"With a prowde and thankfle Art, I copy off this morning's Gayzett the following news:—

"Commission signed by the Lord Lieutenant of the County of Diddlesex.

"JAMES AUGUSTUS DE LA PLUCHE, Esquire, to be Deputy Lieutenant."

"North Diddlesex Regiment of Yeomanry Cavalry.

"James Augustus de la Pluche, Esquire, to be Captain, vice Blowhard, promoted."

"And his it so? Ham I indeed a landed propriator—a Deppaty Leftnant—a Captng? May I hatend the Cort of my Sovring? and dror a sayber in my country's defens? I wish the French WOOD land, and me at the head of my squading on my hoss Desparation. How I'd extonish 'em! How the gals will stare when they see me in youniform! How Mary Hann would—but nonsince! I'm halways thinking of that pore gal. She's left Sir John's. She couldn't abear to stay after I went, I've heerd say. I hope she's got a good place. Any sumn of money that would sett her up in bisniss, or make her comfarable, I'd come down with like a mann. I told my granmother so, who sees her, and rode down to Healing on porpose on Desparation to leave a five lb. noat in an anyvlope. But she's sent it back, sealed with a thimbill."

Tuesday.—Reseaved the folloing letter from Lord B——, rellatiff to my presntation at Cort and the Youniform I shall wear on that hospicious seramony:—

"MY DEAR DE LA PLUCHE,—I THINK you had better be presented as a Deputy Lieutenant. As for the Diddlesex Yeomanry, I hardly know what the uniform is now. The last time we were out was in 1803, when the Prince of Wales reviewed us, and when we wore French gray jackets, leathers, red morocco boots, crimson pelisses, brass helmets with leopard-skin and a white plume, and the regulation pig-tail of eighteen inches. That dress will hardly answer at present, and must be modified, of coarse. We were called the White Feathers, in those days. For my part, I decidedly recommend the Deputy Lieutenant.

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"I shall be happy to present you at the Levee and at the Drawing-room. Lady Bareacres will be in town for the 13th, with Angelina, who will be presented on that day. My wife has heard much of you, and is anxious to make your acquaintance.

"All my people are backward with their rents: for heaven's sake, my dear fellow, lend me five hundred and oblige

"Yours, very gratefully,

"BAREACRES.'

"Note.—Bareacres may press me about the Deputy Lieutenant; but I'M for the cavvetry."

"Jewly will always be a sacred anniversary with me. It was in that month that I became personally acquainted with my Prins and my gracious Sovarink.

"Long before the hospitious event aurd, you may imadgin that my busm was in no triffling flutter. Sleaplis of nights, I past them thinking of the great ewent—or if igsosted natur DID clothes my highlids—the eyedear of my waking thoughts pevaded my slummers. Courts, Erels, presentations, Goldstix, gracious Sovarinx mengling in my dreembs unceasnly. I blush to say it (for humin prisumpshn never surely igseeded that of my wicked wickid vishn), one night I actially dremt that Her R. H. the Princess Hallis was grown up, and that there was a Cabinit Counsel to detummin whether her was to be bestoad on me or the Prins of Sax—Muffinhausen—Pumpenstein, a young Prooshn or Germing zion of nobillaty. I ask umly parding for this hordacious ideer.

"I said, in my fommer remarx, that I had detummined to be presented to the notus of my revealed Sovaring in a melintary coschewm. The Court—shoots in which Sivillians attend a Levy are so uncomming like the—the—livries (ojous wud! I 8 to put it down) I used to wear before entering sosiaty, that I couldn't abide the notium of wearing one. My detummination was fumly fixt to apeer as a Yominry Cavilry Hoffiser, in the galleant youniform of the North Diddlesex Huzzas.

"Has that redgmint had not been out sins 1803, I thought myself quite hotherized to make such halterations in the youniform as shuited the presnt time and my metured and elygint taste. Pig—tales was out of the question. Tites I was detummind to mintain. My legg is praps the finist pint about me, and I was risolved not to hide it under a booshle.

"I phixt on scarlit tites, then, imbridered with goold, as I have seen Widdicomb wear them at Hashleys when me and Mary Hann used to go there. Ninety—six guineas worth of rich goold lace and cord did I have myhandering hall hover those shoperb inagspressables.

"Yellow marocky Heshn boots, red eels, goold spurs and goold tassels as bigg as belpulls.

"Jackit—French gray and silver oringe fasings cuphs, according to the old patn; belt, green and goold, tight round my pusn, settin hoff the cemetry of my figgar NOT DISADVINTAJUSLY.

"A huzza paleese of pupple velvit sable fir. A sayber of Demaskus steal, and a sabertash (in which I kep my Odiclone and imbridered pocket ankercher), kimpleat my acooterments, which, without vannaty, was, I flatter myself, UNEAK.

"But the crownding triumph was my hat. I couldnt wear a cock At. The huzzahs dont use 'em. I wouldnt wear the hojous old brass Elmet Leppardskin. I choas a hat which is dear to the memry of hevery Brittn; an at which was inwented by my Feeld Marshle and adord Prins; an At which VULGAR PREJIDIS JOAKING has in vane etempted to run down. I chose the HALBERT AT. I didn't tell Bareacres of this egsabishn of loilty, intending to SURPRISE him. The white ploom of the West Diddlesex Yomingry I fixt on the topp of this Shacko, where it spread hout like a shaving—brush.

"You may be sure that befor the fatle day arrived, I didnt niglect to practus my part well; and had sevrul REHUSTLES, as they say.

"This was the way. I used to dress myself in my full togs. I made Fitzwarren, my boddy servnt, stand at the dor, and figger as the Lord in Waiting. I put Mrs. Bloker, my laundress, in my grand harm chair to represent the horgust pusn of my Sovring; Frederick, my secknd man, standing on her left, in the hattatude of an illustus Prins Consort. Hall the Candles were lighted. 'Captain de la Pluche, presented by Herl Bareacres,' Fitzwarren, my man, igsclaimeed, as adwancing I made obasins to the Thrown. Nealin on one nee, I cast a glans of unhuttarable loilty towards the British Crownd, then stepping gracefully hup, (my Dimascus Simiter WOULD git betwigst my ligs, in so doink, which at fust was very disagreeble)—rising hup grasefly, I say, I flung a look of manly but respectfl hommitch tords my Prins, and then ellygntly ritreated backards out of the Roil Presents. I kep my 4 suvnts hup for

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4 hours at this gaym the night before my presntation, and yet I was the fust to be hup with the sunrice. I COODNT sleep that night. By abowt six o'clock in the morning I was drest in my full uniform; and I didnt know how to pass the interveaning hours.

"My Granmother hasnt seen me in full phigg,' says I. 'It will rejoice that pore old sole to behold one of her race so suxesfle in life. Has I ave read in the novle of "Kennleworth," that the Herl goes down in Cort dress and extoneshes Hamy Robsart, I will go down in all my splendor and astownd my old washywoman of a Granmother.' To make this detummination; to horder my Broom; to knock down Frederick the groomb for delaying to bring it; was with me the wuck of a momint. The next sor as galliant a cavyleer as hever rode in a cabb, skowering the road to Healing.

"I arrived at the well-known cottitch. My huncle was habsent with the cart; but the dor of the humble eboard stood hopen, and I passed through the little garding where the close was hanging out to dry. My snowy ploom was ableeged to bend under the lowly porch, as I hentered the apartmint.

"There was a smell of tea there—there's always a smell of tea there—the old lady was at her Bohee as usual. I advanced tords her; but ha! phansy my extonishment when I sor Mary Hann!

"I halmost faintid with himotion. 'Ho, Jeames!' (she has said to me subsquintly) 'mortial mann never looked so bewtifle as you did when you arrived on the day of the Levy. You were no longer mortial, you were diwine!'

"R! what little Justas the hartist has done to my manny etractions in the groce carriketure he's made of me."*

* This refers to an illustrated edition of the work.

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"Nothing, perhaps, ever created so great a sensashun as my hentrance to St. Jeames's, on the day of the Levy. The Tuckish Hambasdor himself was not so much remarked as my shuperb turn out.

"As a Millentary man, and a North Diddlesex Huzza, I was resolved to come to the ground on HOSSBACK. I had Desparation phigd out as a charger, and got 4 Melentery dresses from Ollywell Street, in which I drest my 2 men (Fitzwarren, hout of livry, woodnt stand it,) and 2 fellers from Rimles, where my hosses stand at livry. I rode up St. Jeames's Street, with my 4 Hadycongs—the people huzzaying—the gals waving their hankerchers, as if I were a Foring Prins—hall the winders crowdid to see me pass.

"The guard must have taken me for a Hempror at least, when I came, for the drums beat, and the guard turned out and seluted me with presented harms.

"What a momink of triumth it was! I sprung myjestickly from Desperation. I gav the rains to one of my horderlies, and, salewting the crowd, I past into the presnts of my Most Gracious Mrs.

"You, peraps, may igspect that I should narrait at lenth the suckmstanzas of my hawjince with the British Crown. But I am not one who would gratify IMPUTTNINT CURAIOSATY. Respect for our reckonized instatewtions is my fust quallaty. I, for one, will dye rallying round my Thrown.

"Suffise it to say, when I stood in the Horgust Presnts,—when I sor on the right of my Himperial Sovring that Most Gracious Prins, to admire womb has been the chief Objick of my life, my busum was seased with an imotium which my Penn rifewses to dixcribe—my trembling knees halmost rifused their hoffis—I reckleck nothing mor until I was found phainting in the harms of the Lord Chamberling. Sir Robert Peal apnd to be standing by (I knew our wuthy Primmier by Punch's picturs of him, igpecially his ligs), and he was conwussing with a man of womb I shall say nothink, but that he is a hero of 100 fites, AND HEVERY FITE HE FIT HE ONE. Nead I say that I elude to Harthur of Wellingting? I introjuiced myself to these Jents, and intend to improve the equaintance, and peraps ast Guvmint for a Barnety.

"But there was ANOTHER pusn womb on this droring-room I fust had the inagspressable dalite to beold. This was that Star of fashing, that Sinecure of neighboring i's, as Milting observes, the ecomplisht Lady Hangelina Thistlewood, daughter of my exlent friend, John George Godfrey de Bullion Thistlewood, Earl of Bareacres, Baron Southdown, in the Peeridge of the United Kingdom, Baron Haggismore, in Scotland, K.T., Lord Leftnant of the County of Diddlesex, This young lady was with her Noble Ma, when I was kinducted tords her. And surely never lighted on this hearth a more delightfle vishn. In that gallixy of Bewty the Lady Hangelina was the fairest Star—in that reath of Loveliness the sweetest Rosebud! Pore Mary Hann, my Art's young affeckshns had been senterd on thee; but like water through a sivv, her immidge disappeared in a momink, and left me intransd in the presnts of Hangelina.

"Lady Bareacres made me a myjestick bow—a grand and hawfle pusnage her Ladyship is, with a Roming

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Nose, and an enawmus ploom of Hostridge phethers; the fare Hangelina smiled with a sweetness perfickly bewhildring, and said, 'O, Mr. De la Pluche, I'm so delighted to make your acquaintance. I have often heard of you.'

"'Who,' says I, 'has mentioned my insiggnificknt igsistance to the fair Lady Hangelina? kel bonure igstrame poor mwaw!' (For you see I've not studdied 'Pelham' for nothink, and have lunt a few French phrases, without which no Gent of fashn speaks now.)

"'O,' replies my lady, 'it was Papa first; and then a very, VERY old friend of yours.'

"'Whose name is,' says I, pusht on by my stoopid curawsaty—

"'Hoggins—Mary Ann Hoggins'—ansurred my lady (laffing phit to splitt her little sides). 'She is my maid, Mr. De la Pluche, and I'm afraid you are a very sad, sad person.'

"'A mere baggytell,' says I. 'In fommer days I WAS equainted with that young woman; but haltered suckmstancies have sepparated us for hever, and mong cure is irratreevably perded elsewhere.'

"'Do tell me all about it. Who is it? When was it? We are all dying to know.'

"'Since about two minnits, and the Ladys name begins with a HA,' says I, looking her tendarly in the face, and conjring up hall the fassanations of my smile.

"'Mr. De la Pluche,' here said a gentleman in whiskers and mistashes standing by, 'hadn't you better take your spurs out of the Countess of Bareacres' train?'—'Never mind Mamma's train' (said Lady Hangelina): 'this is the great Mr. De la Pluche, who is to make all our fortunes—yours too. Mr. de la Pluche, let me present you to Captain George Silvertop,'—The Capting bent just one jint of his back very slutely; I retund his stare with equill hottiness. 'Go and see for Lady Bareacres' carridge, George,' says his Lordship; and vispers to me, 'a cousin of ours—a poor relation.' So I took no notis of the feller when he came back, nor in my subsquint visits to Hill Street, where it seems a knife and fork was laid reglar for this shabby Capting."

"'Thursday Night.—O Hangelina, Hangelina, my pashn for you hogments daily! I've bean with her two the Hopra. I sent her a bewtifle Camellia Jyponiky from Covn Garding, with a request she would wear it in her raving Air. I woar another in my butnole. Evns, what was my sattusfackshn as I leant hover her chair, and igsammined the house with my glas!

"'She was as sulky and silent as pawsble, however—would scarcely speek; although I kijoled her with a thowsnd little plesntries. I spose it was because that vulgar raskle Silvertop WOOD stay in the box. As if he didn't know (Lady B.'s as deaf as a poast and counts for nothink) that people SOMETIMES like a tatyaty."

"'Friday.—I was sleeples all night. I gave went to my feelings in the folloring lines—there's a hair out of Balfe's Hopera that she's fond of. I edapted them to that mellady.

"'She was in the droring-room alone with Lady B. She was wobbling at the pyanna as I hentered. I flung the convasation upon mewswick; said I sung myself (I've ad lesns lately of Signor Twankydililo); and, on her rekwesting me to faver her with somethink, I bust out with my pom:

" 'WHEN MOONLIKE OER THE HAZURE SEAS.

" 'When moonlike ore the hazure seas
In soft effulgence swells,
When silver jews and balmy breaze
Bend down the Lily's bells;
When calm and deap, the rosy sleap
Has lapt your soal in dreems,
R Hangeline! R lady mine!
Dost thou remember Jeames?

" 'I mark thee in the Marble All,
Where Englands loveliest shine—
I say the fairest of them hall
Is Lady Hangeline.
My soul, in desolate eclipse,
With recollection teems—
And then I hask, with weeping lips

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Dost thou remember Jeames?

"'Away! I may not tell thee hall
This sougtring heart endures—
There is a lonely sperrit-call
That Sorrow never cures;
There is a little, little Star,
That still above me beams;
It is the Star of Hope—but ar!
Dost thou remember Jeames?'

"When I came to the last words, 'Dost thou remember Je—e—ams?' I threw such an igspresshn of unutterable tenderness into the shake at the hend, that Hangelina could bare it no more. A bust of uncumtrollable emotium seized her. She put her ankercher to her face and left the room. I heard her laffing and sobbing histerickly in the bedwor.

"O Hangelina—My adord one, My Arts joy!" . . .

"BAREACRES, me, the ladies of the famly, with their sweet Southdown, B's eldest son, and George Silvertop, the shabby Captng (who seems to git leaf from his ridgmint whenever he likes,) have beene down into Diddlesex for a few days, enjoyng the spawts of the feald there.

"Never having done much in the gunning line (since when a hinnasent boy, me and Jim Cox used to go out at Healing, and shoot sparrers in the Edges with a pistle)—I was reyther dowtflle as to my suxes as a shot, and practusd for some days at a stoughd bird in a shooting gallery, which a chap histed up and down with a string. I sugseaded in itting the hannimle pretty well. I bought Awker's 'Shooting—Guide,' two double—guns at Mantings, and salected from the French prints of fashn the most gawjus and ellygant sportng ebillyment. A lite blue velvet and goold cap, woar very much on one hear, a cravatt of yaller green imbroidered satting, a weskit of the McGrigger plaid, a jacket of the McWhirter tartn, (with large, motherapurl butns, engraved with coaches osses, and sportng subjix,) high leather gayters, and marocky shooting shoes, was the simple hellymence of my costewm, and I flatter myself set hoff my figger in rayther a fayverable way. I took down none of my own pusnal istablimint except Fitzwarren, my hone mann, and my grooms, with Desparation and my curricule osses, and the Fourgong containing my dressing—case and close.

"I was heverywhere introjuiced in the county as the great Railroad Cappitlist, who was to make Diddlesex the most prawsperous districk of the hempire. The squires prest forrards to welcome the new comer amongst 'em; and we had a Hagricultural Meating of the Bareacres tenantry, where I made a speech droring tears from heavery i. It was in compliment to a layborer who had brought up sixteen children, and lived sixty years on the istate on seven bobbs a week. I am not proud, though I know my station. I shook hands with that mann in lavender kidd gloves. I told him that the purshuit of hagriculture was the noblist hockupations of humannaty: I spoke of the yoming of Hengland, who (under the command of my hancisters) had conquered at Hadjincourt Cressy; and I gave him a pair of new velveteen inagspressables, with two and six in each pocket, as a reward for three score years of labor. Fitzwarren, my man, brought them forrards on a satting cushng. Has I sat down defning chears selewted the horator; the band struck up 'The Good Old English Gentleman.' I looked to the ladies galry; my Hangelina waived her ankasher and kissd her and I sor in the distans that pore Mary Hann efected evidently to tears by my ellaquints."

"What an advance that gal has made since she's been in Lady Hangelina's company! Sins she wears her young lady's igsploded gownds and retired caps and ribbings, there's an ellygance about her which is puffickly admarable; and which, haddid to her own natral bewty sweetniss, creates in my boozum sertng sensatiums . . . Shor! I MUSTN'T give way to fealinx unwuthy of a member of the aristoxy. What can she be to me but a mear recklection—a vishn of former ears?

"I'm blest if I didn mistake her for Hangelina herself yesterday. I met her in the grand Collydore of Bareacres Castle. I sor a lady in a melumcolly hattatude gacing outawinder at the setting sun, which was eluminating the fair parx and gardings of the ancient demean.

"'Bewchus Lady Hangelina,' says I—'A penny for your Ladyship's thought,' says I.

"'Ho, Jeames! Ho, Mr. De la Pluche!' hansered a well—known vice, with a haxnt of sadnis which went to my

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art. 'YOU know what my thoughts are, well enough. I was thinking of happy, happy old times, when both of us were poo—poo—oor,' says Mary Hann, busting out in a phit of crying, a thing I can't ebide. I took her and tried to cumft her: I pintoed out the diffrents of our sitawashns; igsplained to her that proppaty has its jewties as well as its previleches, and that MY juty clearly was to marry into a noble famly. I kep on talking to her (she sobbing and going hon hall the time) till Lady Hangelina herself came up—'The real Siming Pewer,' as they say in the play.

"There they stood together—them two young women. I don't know which is the ansamest. I coodn help comparing them; and I coodnt help comparing myself to a certing Hannimle I've read of, that found it diffickl to make a choice betwigt 2 Bundles of A."

"That ungrateful beest Fitzwarren—my oan man—a feller I've maid a fortune for—a feller I give 100 lb. per hannum to!—a low bred Wallydyshamber! HE must be thinking of falling in love too! and treating me to his imperence.

"He's a great big athlatic feller—six foot i, with a pair of black whiskers like air-brushes—with a look of a Colonel in the harmy—a dangerous pawmpus—spoken raskle I warrunt you. I was coming ome from shuiting this hafternoon—and passing through Lady Hangelina's flour-garding, who should I see in the summerouse, but Mary Hann pretending to em an ankysr and Mr. Fitzwarren paying his cort to her?

"'You may as well have me, Mary Hann,' says he. 'I've saved money. We'll take a public-house and I'll make a lady of you. I'm not a purse-proud ungrateful fellow like Jeames—who's such a snob ('such a SNOB' was his very words!) that I'm ashamed to wait on him—who's the laughing stock of all the gentry and the housekeeper's room too—try a MAN,' says he—'don't be taking on about such a humbug as Jeames.'

"Here young Joe the keaper's sun, who was carrying my bagg, bust out a laffing thereby causing Mr. Fitzwarren to turn round and intarupt this polite convasation.

"I was in such a rayge. 'Quit the building, Mary Hann,' says I to the young woman—and you, Mr. Fitzwarren, have the goodness to remain.'

"'I give you warning,' roars he, looking black, blue, yaller—all the colors of the ranebo.

"'Take off your coat, you imperent, hungrateful scoundrl,' says I.

"'It's not your livery,' says he.

"'Peraps you'll understand me, when I take off my own,' says I, unbuttoning the motherapurls of the MacWhirter tartn. 'Take my jackit, Joe,' says I to the boy,—and put myself in a hattitude about which there was NO MISTAYK.

.....

"He's 2 stone heavier than me—and knows the use of his ands as well as most men; but in a fite, BLOOD'S EVERYTHINK: the Snobb can't stand before the gentleman; and I should have killed him, I've little doubt, but they came and stopt the fite betwigt us before we'd had more than 2 rounds.

"I punisht the raskle tremenjussy in that time, though; and I'm writing this in my own sittn-room, not being able to come down to dinner on account of a black-eye I've got, which is sweld up and disfiggrs me dreadfl."

"On account of the hoffle black i which I reseaved in my rangcounter with the hinfinus Fitzwarren, I kep my roomb for sevral days, with the rose-colored curtings of the apartmint closed, so as to form an agreeable twilike; and a light-bloo sattin shayd over the injard pheacher. My woons was thus made to become me as much as pawsable; and (has the Poick well observes 'Nun but the Brayv desuvs the Fare') I cumsoled myself in the sasiaty of the ladies for my tempory disfiggarment.

"It was Mary Hann who summind the House and put an end to my phisticoughs with Fitzwarren. I licked him and bare him no mallis: but of corse I dismist the imperent scoundrill from my suvvis, apinting Adolphus, my page, to his post of confidenshle Valley.

"Mary Hann and her young and lovely Mrs. kep paying me continyoul visits during my retiremint. Lady Hangelina was halways sending me messidges by her: while my exlent friend, Lady Bareacres (on the contry) was always sending me toakns of affeckshn by Hangelina. Now it was a coolin hi-lotium, inwented by herself, that her Ladyship would perscribe—then, agin, it would be a booky of flowers (my favrit polly hanthuses, pellagoniums, and jyponikys), which none but the fair sof Hangelina could dispose about the chamber of the hinvylead. Ho! those dear mothers! when they wish to find a chans for a galliant young feller, or to ixtablish their dear gals in life, what awpertunities they WILL give a man! You'd have phansied I was so hill (on account of my black hi), that I couldnt live exsep upon chicking and spoon-meat, and jellies, and blemonges, and that I couldnt

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eat the latter dellixies (which I ebomminate onternoo, prefurring a cut of beaf or muttn to hall the kickpshaws of France), unless Hangelina brought them. I et 'em, and sacrafised myself for her dear sayk.

"I may stayt here that in privit convasations with old Lord B. and his son, I had mayd my proposals for Hangelina, and was axepted, and hoped soon to be made the appiest gent in Hengland.

"'You must break the matter gently to her,' said her hexlent father. 'You have my warmest wishes, my dear Mr. De la Pluche, and those of my Lady Bareacres; but I am not—not quite certain about Lady Angelina's feelings. Girls are wild and romantic. They do not see the necessity of prudent establishments, and I have never yet been able to make Angelina understand the embarrassments of her family. These silly creatures prate about love and a cottage, and despise advantages which wiser heads than theirs know how to estimate.'

"'Do you mean that she aint fassanated by me?' says I, bursting out at this outrayjus ideer.

"'She WILL be, my dear sir. You have already pleased her,—your admirable manners must succeed in captivating her, and a fond father's wishes will be crowned on the day in which you enter our family.'

"'Recklect, gents,' says I to the 2 lords,—'a barging's a barging— I'll pay hoff Southdown's Jews, when I'm his brother. As a STRAYNGER'—(this I said in a sarcastickle toan)—'I wouldn't take such a LIBBATY. When I'm your suninlor I'll treble the valyou of your estayt. I'll make your incumbrinces as right as a trivit, and restor the ouse of Bareacres to its herly splendor. But a pig in a poak is not the way of transacting bisniss employed by Jeames De la Pluche, Esquire.'

"And I had a right to speak in this way. I was one of the greatest scrip—holders in Hengland; and calclated on a kilossle fortune. All my shares was rising immence. Every poast brot me noose that I was sevrul thowsands richer than the day befor. I was detummind not to reerlize till the proper time, and then to buy istates; to found a new family of Delapluches, and to alie myself with the aristoxty of my country.

"These pints I reprinted to pore Mary Hann hover and hover agin. 'If you'd been Lady Hangelina, my dear gal,' says I, 'I would have married you: and why don't I? Because my dooty prewents me. I'm a marter to dooty; and you, my pore gal, must cumsole yorself with that ideer.'

"There seemed to be a consperracy, too, between that Silvertop and Lady Hangelina to drive me to the same pint. 'What a plucky fellow you were, Pluche,' says he (he was rayther more familiar than I liked), 'in your fight with Fitzwarren—to engage a man of twice your strength and science, though you were sure to be beaten' (this is an etroashous folsood: I should have finnisht Fitz in 10 minnits), 'for the sake of poor Mary Hann! That's a generous fellow. I like to see a man risen to eminence like you, having his heart in the right place. When is to be the marriage, my boy?'

"'Capting S.' says I, 'my marridge consunns your most umble servnt a precious sight more than you;'—and I gev him to understand I didn't want him to put in HIS ore—I wasn't afraid of his whiskers, I prommis you, Capting as he was. I'm a British Lion, I am as brayv as Bonypert, Hannible, or Holiver Crummlle, and would face bagnits as well as any Evy drigoon of 'em all.

"Lady Hangelina, too, igspawstulated in her hartfl way. 'Mr. De la Pluche (seshee), why, why press this point? You can't suppose that you will be happy with a person like me?'

"'I adoar you, charming gal!' says I. 'Never, never go to say any such thing.'

"'You adored Mary Ann first,' answers her ladyship; 'you can't keep your eyes off her now. If any man courts her you grow so jealous that you begin beating him. You will break the girl's heart if you don't marry her, and perhaps some one else's—but you don't mind THAT.'

"'Break yours, you adoarible creature! I'd die first! And as for Mary Hann, she will git over it; people's arts aint broakn so easy. Once for all, suckmstances is changed betwigst me and er. It's a pang to part with her' (says I, my fine hi's filling with tears), 'but part from her I must.'

"It was curius to remark abowt that singlar gal, Lady Hangelina, that melumcolly as she was when she was talking to me, and ever so disml—yet she kep on laffing every minute like the juice and all.

"'What a sacrifice!' says she; 'it's like Napoleon giving up Josephine. What anguish it must cause to your susceptible heart!'

"'It does,' says I—'Hagnies!' (Another laff.)

"'And if—if I don't accept you—you will invade the States of the Emperor, my papa, and I am to be made the sacrifice and the occasion of peace between you!'

"'I don't know what you're eluding to about Joseyfeen and Hemperors your Pas; but I know that your Pa's

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estate is over hedaneers morgidged; that if some one don't elp him, he's no better than an old pawper; that he owes me a lot of money; and that I'm the man that can sell him up hoss foot; or set him up agen—THAT'S what I know, Lady Hangelina,' says I, with a hair as much as to say, 'Put THAT in your ladyship's pipe and smoke it.'

"And so I left her, and nex day a setring fashnable paper enounced—

"MARRIAGE IN HIGH LIFE.—We hear that a matrimonial union is on the tapis between a gentleman who has made a colossal fortune in the Railway World, and the only daughter of a noble earl, whose estates are situated in D—ddles—x. An early day is fixed for this interesting event."

"Contry to my expigtations (but when or ow can we reckn upon the fealinx of wimming?) Mary Hann didn't seem to be much efected by the hideer of my marridge with Hangelinar. I was rayther disapinted peraps that the fickle young gal reckumsiled herself so easy to give me hup, for we Gents are creechers of vannaty after all, as well as those of the hopsit secks; and betwigst you and me there WAS mominx, when I almost wisht that I'd been borne a Myommidn or Turk, when the Lor would have permitted me to marry both these sweet beinx, wherehas I was now condemd to be appy with ony one.

"Meanwild everythink went on very agreeable betwigst me and my defianced bride. When we came back to town I kemishnd Mr. Showery the great Hotionear to look out for a town maushing sootable for a gent of my qualaty. I got from the Erald Hoffis (not the Mawning Erald—no, no, I'm not such a Mough as to go THERE for ackrit infamation) an account of my famly, my harms and pedigry.

"I hordered in Long Hacre, three splendid equipidges, on which my arms and my adord wife's was drawn quartered; and I got portricks of me and her paynted by the sellabrated Mr. Shalloon, being resolved to be the gentleman in all things, and knowing that my character as a man of fashn wasn't compleat unless I sat to that dixtinguished Hartist. My likenis I presented to Hangelina. It's not considered flattring—and though SHE parted with it, as you will hear, mighty willingly, there's ONE young lady (a thousand times handsomer) that values it as the happle of her hi.

"Would any man beleave that this picture was soald at my sale for about a twenty—fifth part of what it cost me? It was bought in by Maryhann, though: 'O dear Jeames,' says she, often (kissing of it pressing it to her art), 'it isn't ansum enough for you, and hasn't got your angellick smile and the igspreshn of your dear dear i's.'

"Hangelina's pictur was kindly presented to me by Countess B., her mamma, though of coarse I paid for it. It was engraved for the 'Book of Bewty' the same year.

"With such a perfusion of ringlits I should scarcely have known her—but the ands, feat, and i's, was very like. She was painted in a gitar supposed to be singing one of my little melladies; and her brother Southdown, who is one of the New England poits, wrote the follering stanzys about her:—

"LINES UPON MY SISTER'S PORTRAIT.

"BY THE LORD SOUTHDOWN.

"The castle towers of Bareacres are fair upon the lea,
Where the cliffs of bonny Diddlesex rise up from out the sea:
I stood upon the donjon keep and view'd the country o'er,
I saw the lands of Bareacres for fifty miles or more.
I stood upon the donjon keep—it is a sacred place,—
Where floated for eight hundred years the banner of my race;
Argent, a dexter sinople, and gules an azure field,
There ne'er was nobler cognizance on knightly warrior's shield.

"The first time England saw the shield 'twas round a Norman neck,
On board a ship from Valery, King William was on deck.
A Norman lance the colors wore, in Hastings' fatal fray—
St. Willibald for Bareacres! 'twas double gules that day!
O Heaven and sweet St. Willibald! in many a battle since
A loyal-hearted Bareacres has ridden by his Prince!
At Acre with Plantagenet, with Edward at Poitiers,
The pennon of the Bareacres was foremost on the spears!

"'Twas pleasant in the battle—shock to hear our war—cry ringing:

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O grant me, sweet St. Willibald, to listen to such singing!
Three hundred steel-clad gentlemen, we drove the foe before us,
And thirty score of British bows kept twanging to the chorus!
O knights, my noble ancestors! and shall I never hear
Saint Willibald for Bareacres through battle ringing clear?
I'd cut me off this strong right hand a single hour to ride,
And strike a blow for Bareacres, my fathers, at your side!

"Dash down, dash down, yon Mandolin, beloved sister mine!
Those blushing lips may never sing the glories of our line:
Our ancient castles echo to the clumsy feet of churls,
The spinning Jenny houses in the mansion of our Earls.
Sing not, sing not, my Angeline! in days so base and vile,
'Twere sinful to be happy, 'twere sacrilege to smile.
I'll hie me to my lonely hall, and by its cheerless hob
I'll muse on other days, and wish—and wish I were.—A SNOB."

"All young Hengland, I'm told, considers the poim bewtifle.
They're always writing about battleaxis and shivvlery, these young
chaps; but the ideer of Southdown in a shoot of armer, and his
cuttin hoff his 'strong right hand,' is rayther too good; the
feller is about 5 fit hi,—as ricketty as a babby, with a vaist
like a gal; and though he may have the art and curridge of a Bengal
tyger, I'd back my smallest cab-boy to lick him,—that is, if I AD
a cab-boy. But io! MY cab-days is over.

"Be still my hagnizing Art! I now am about to hunfoald the dark payges of the Istry of my life!"

"My friends! you've seen me ither2 in the full kerear of Fortn, prawsprus but not hover proud of my prawsperraty; not dizzy though mounted on the haypix of Good Luck—feasting hall the great (like the Good Old Henglish Gent in the song, which he has been my moddle and igsample through life), but not forgittin the small—No, my beayvior to my granmother at Healing shows that. I bot her a new donkey cart (what the French call a cart—blansh) and a handsome set of peggs for anging up her linning, and treated Huncle Bill to a new shoot of close, which he ordered in St. Jeames's Street, much to the estonishment of my Snyder there, namely an olliffgreen velvyteen jackit and smalclose, and a crimsn plush weskoat with glas—buttns. These pints of genarawsaty in my disposishn I never should have eluded to, but to show that I am naturally of a noble sort, and have that kind of galliant carridge which is equal to either good or bad forting.

"What was the substns of my last chapter? In that everythink was prepayred for my marridge—the consent of the parents of my Hangelina was gaynd, the lovely gal herself was ready (as I thought) to be led to Himing's halter—the trooso was hordered—the wedding dressis were being phitted hon—a weddinkake weighing half a tunn was a gettn reddy by Mesurs Gunter of Buckley Square; there was such an account for Shantilly and Honiton laces as would have staggerd hennyboddy (I know they did the Commissioner when I came hup for my Stiffikit), and has for Injar—shawls I bawt a dozen sich fine ones as never was given away—no not by Hiss Iness the Injan Prins Juggernaut Tygore. The juils (a pearl and dimind shoot) were from the establishmint of Mysurs Storr and Mortimer. The honey— moon I intended to pass in a continentle excussion, and was in treaty for the ouse at Halberd—gate (hopsit Mr. Hudson's) as my town—house. I waited to cumclude the putchis untle the Share— Markit which was rayther deprest (oing I think not so much to the atax of the misrable Times as to the prodidjus flams of the Morning Erald) was restored to its elthy toan. I wasn't goin to part with scrip which was 20 primmium at 2 or 3: and bein confidnt that the Markit would rally, had bought very largely for the two or three new accounts.

"This will explane to those unfortnight traydsmen to womb I gayv orders for a large igstent ow it was that I couldn't pay their accounts. I am the soal of onour—but no gent can pay when he has no money—it's not MY fault if that old screw Lady Bareacres cabbidged three hundred yards of lace, and kep back 4 of the biggest diminds and seven of the largist Injar Shawls—it's not MY fault if the tradespeople didn git their goods back, and that Lady B. declared they were LOST. I began the world afresh with the close on my back, and thirteen and six in money, concealing nothink, giving up heverythink, Onist and undismayed, and though beat, with pluck in me still, and ready to begin agin.

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"Well—it was the day before that apinted for my Unium. The 'Ringdove' steamer was lying at Dover ready to carry us hoff. The Bridle apartmince had been hordered at Salt Hill, and subsquintly at Balong sur Mare—the very table cloth was laid for the weddn brexfst in Ill Street, and the Bride's Right Reverend Huncle, the Lord Bishop of Bullocksmithy, had arrived to sellabrayt our unium. All the papers were full of it. Crowds of the fashnable world went to see the trooso, and admire the Carridges in Long Hacre. Our travleng charrat (light bloo lined with pink satting, and vermillium and goold weals) was the hadmaration of all for quiet ellygns. We were to travel only 4, viz. me, my lady, my vally, and Mary Hann as famdyshamber to my Hangelina. Far from oposing our match, this worthy gal had quite givn into it of late, and laught and joakt, and enjoyd our plans for the fewer igseedinkly.

"I'd left my lovely Bride very gay the night before—aving a multachewd of bisniss on, and Stockbrokers' and bankers' accounts to settle: atsettrey atsettrey. It was layt before I got these in horder: my sleap was feavrish, as most mens is when they are going to be marrid or to be hanged. I took my chocklit in bed about one: tride on my wedding close, and found as ushle that they became me exeedingly.

"One thing distubbed my mind—two wesks had been sent home. A blush—white satting and gold, and a kinary colored tabbnet imbridered in silver: which should I wear on the hospicious day? This hadgitated and perplext me a good deal. I detummined to go down to Hill Street and cumsult the Lady whose wishis were henceforth to be my HALLINALL; and wear whichever SHE phixt on.

"There was a great bussel and distubbans in the Hall in Ill Street: which I etribyouted to the eproaching event. The old porter stared meost uncommon when I kem in—the footman who was to enounce me laft I thought—I was going up stairs—

"'Her ladyship's not—not at HOME,' says the man; 'and my lady's hill in bed.'

"'Git lunch,' says I, 'I'll wait till Lady Hangelina returns.'

"At this the feller loox at me for a momint with his cheex blown out like a bladder, and then busts out in a reglar guffau! the porter jined in it, the impident old raskle: and Thomas says, slapping his and on his thy, without the least respect—I say, Huffy, old boy! ISN'T this a good un?"

"'Wadyermean, you infunlle scoundrel,' says I, 'hollaring and laffing at me?'

"'Oh, here's Miss Mary Hann coming up,' says Thomas, 'ask HER'—and indeed there came my little Mary Hann tripping down the stairs—her sin her pockits; and when she saw me, SHE began to blush and look hod then to grin too.

"'In the name of Imperence,' says I, rushing on Thomas, and collaring him fit to throttle him—'no raskle of a flunky shall insult ME,' and I sent him staggerin up aginst the porter, and both of 'em into the hall—chair with a flopp—when Mary Hann, jumping down, says, 'O James! O Mr. Plush! read this'—and she pulled out a billy doo.

"I reckonized the and—writing of Hangelina."

"Deseatful Hangelina's billy ran as follows:—

"'I had all along hoped that you would have relinquished pretensions which you must have seen were so disagreeable to me; and have spared me the painful necessity of the step which I am compelled to take. For a long time I could not believe my parents were serious in wishing to sacrifice me, but have in vain entreated them to spare me. I cannot undergo the shame and misery of a union with you. To the very last hour I remonstrated in vain, and only now anticipate by a few hours, my departure from a home from which they themselves were about to expel me.

"'When you receive this, I shall be united to the person to whom, as you are aware, my heart was given long ago. My parents are already informed of the step I have taken. And I have my own honor to consult, even before their benefit: they will forgive me, I hope and feel, before long.

"'As for yourself, may I not hope that time will calm your exquisite feelings too? I leave Mary Ann behind me to console you. She admires you as you deserve to be admired, and with a constancy which I entreat you to try and imitate. Do, my dear Mr. Plush, try—for the sake of your sincere friend and admirer, A.

"'P.S. I leave the wedding—dresses behind for her: the diamonds are beautiful, and will become Mrs. Plush admirably.'

"This was hall!—Confewshn! And there stood the footmen sniggerin, and that hojus Mary Hann half a cryin, half a laffing at me! 'Who has she gone hoff with?' rors I; and Mary Hann (smiling with one hi) just touched the top of one of the Johns' canes who was goin out with the noats to put hoff the brekfst. It was Silvertop then!

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"I bust out of the house in a stayt of diamoniactal igsitement!

"The stoary of that ilorpmint I have no art to tell. Here it is from the Morning Tatler newspaper:—

"ELOPEMENT IN HIGH LIFE.

"THE ONLY AUTHENTIC ACCOUNT.

"The neighborhood of Berkeley Square, and the whole fashionable world, has been thrown into a state of the most painful excitement by an event which has just placed a noble family in great perplexity and affliction.

"It has long been known among the select nobility and gentry that a marriage was on the tapis between the only daughter of a Noble Earl, and a Gentleman whose rapid fortunes in the railway world have been the theme of general remark. Yesterday's paper, it was supposed, in all human probability would have contained an account of the marriage of James De la Pl—che, Esq., and the Lady Angelina ——, daughter of the Right honorable the Earl of B—re—cres. The preparations for this ceremony were complete: we had the pleasure of inspecting the rich trousseau (prepared by Miss Twiddler, of Pall Mall); the magnificent jewels from the establishment of Messrs. Storr and Mortimer; the elegant marriage cake, which, already cut up and portioned, is, alas! not destined to be eaten by the friends of Mr. De la Pl—che; the superb carriages, and magnificent liveries, which had been provided in a style of the most lavish yet tasteful sumptuosity. The Right Reverend the Lord Bishop of Bullocksmithy had arrived in town to celebrate the nuptials, and is staying at Mivart's. What must have been the feelings of that venerable prelate, what those of the agonized and noble parents of the Lady Angelina—when it was discovered, on the day previous to the wedding, that her Ladyship had fled the paternal mansion! To the venerable Bishop the news of his noble niece's departure might have been fatal: we have it from the waiters of Mivart's that his Lordship was about to indulge in the refreshment of turtle soup when the news was brought to him; immediate apoplexy was apprehended; but Mr. Macann, the celebrated surgeon of Westminster, was luckily passing through Bond Street at the time, and being promptly called in, bled and relieved the exemplary patient. His Lordship will return to the Palace, Bullocksmithy, tomorrow.

"The frantic agonies of the Right Honorable the Earl of Bareacres can be imagined by every paternal heart. Far be it from us to disturb—impossible is it for us to describe their noble sorrow. Our reporters have made inquiries every ten minutes at the Earl's mansion in Hill Street, regarding the health of the Noble Peer and his incomparable Countess. They have been received with a rudeness which we deplore but pardon. One was threatened with a cane; another, in the pursuit of his official inquiries, was saluted with a pail of water; a third gentleman was menaced in a pugilistic manner by his Lordship's porter; but being of an Irish nation, a man of spirit and sinew, and Master of Arts of Trinity College, Dublin, the gentleman of our establishment confronted the menial, and having severely beaten him, retired to a neighboring hotel much frequented by the domestics of the surrounding nobility, and there obtained what we believe to be the most accurate particulars of this extraordinary occurrence.

"George Frederick Jennings, third footman in the establishment of Lord Bareacres, stated to our employe as follows:—Lady Angelina had been promised to Mr. De la Pluche for near six weeks. She never could abide that gentleman. He was the laughter of all the servants' hall. Previous to his elevation he had himself been engaged in a domestic capacity. At that period he had offered marriage to Mary Ann Hoggins, who was living in the quality of ladies'—maid in the family where Mr. De la P. was employed. Miss Hoggins became subsequently lady's—maid to Lady Angelina—the elopement was arranged between those two. It was Miss Hoggins who delivered the note which informed the bereaved Mr. Plush of his loss.

"Samuel Buttons, page to the Right honorable the Earl of Bareacres, was ordered on Friday afternoon at eleven o'clock to fetch a cabriolet from the stand in Davies Street. He selected the cab No. 19,796, driven by George Gregory Macarty, a one-eyed man from Clonakilty, in the neighborhood of Cork, Ireland (of whom more anon), and waited, according to his instructions, at the corner of Berkeley Square with his vehicle. His young lady, accompanied by her maid, Miss Mary Ann Hoggins, carrying a band-box, presently arrived, and entered the cab with the box: what were the contents of that box we have never been able to ascertain. On asking her Ladyship whether he should order the cab to drive in any particular direction, he was told to drive to Madame Crinoline's, the eminent milliner in Cavendish Square. On requesting to know whether he should accompany her Ladyship, Buttons was peremptorily ordered by Miss Hoggins to go about his business.

"Having now his clue, our reporter instantly went in search of cab 19,796, or rather the driver of that vehicle, who was discovered with no small difficulty at his residence, Whetstone Park, Lincoln's Inn Fields, where he lives

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with his family of nine children. Having received two sovereigns, instead doubtless of two shillings (his regular fare, by the way, would have been only one— and—eightpence), Macarty had not gone out with the cab for the two last days, passing them in a state of almost ceaseless intoxication. His replies were very incoherent in answer to the queries of our reporter; and, had not that gentleman himself been a compatriot, it is probable he would have refused altogether to satisfy the curiosity of the public.

"At Madame Crinoline's, Miss Hoggins quitted the carriage, and A GENTLEMAN entered it. Macarty describes him as a very CLEVER gentleman (meaning tall) with black moustaches, Oxford—gray trousers, and black hat and a pea—coat. He drove the couple TO THE EUSTON SQUARE STATION, and there left them. How he employed his time subsequently we have stated.

"At the Euston Square Station, the gentleman of our establishment learned from Frederick Corduroy, a porter there, that a gentleman answering the above description had taken places to Derby. We have despatched a confidential gentleman thither, by a special train, and shall give his report in a second edition.

"SECOND EDITION.

"(From our Reporter.)

"NEWCASTLE, Monday.

"I am just arrived at this ancient town, at the 'Elephant and Cucumber Hotel.' A party travelling under the name of MR. AND MRS. JONES, the gentleman wearing moustaches, and having with them a blue band—box, arrived by the train two hours before me, and have posted onwards to SCOTLAND. I have ordered four horses, and write this on the hind boot, as they are putting to.

"THIRD EDITION.

"GRETNA GREEN, Monday Evening.

"The mystery is at length solved. This afternoon, at four o'clock, the Hymeneal Blacksmith, of Gretna Green, celebrated the marriage between George Granby Silvertop, Esq., a Lieutenant in the 150th Hussars, third son of General John Silvertop, of Silvertop Hall, Yorkshire, and Lady Emily Silvertop, daughter of the late sister of the present Earl of Bareacres, and the Lady Angelina Amelia Arethusia Anaconda Alexandrina Alicompania Annemaria Antoinetta, daughter of the last—named Earl Bareacres.

(Here follows a long extract from the Marriage Service in the Book of Common Prayer, which was not read on the occasion, and need not be repeated here.)

"After the ceremony, the young couple partook of a slight refreshment of sherry and water—the former the Captain pronounced to be execrable; and, having myself tasted some glasses from the VERY SAME BOTTLE with which the young and noble pair were served, I must say I think the Captain was rather hard upon mine host of the 'Bagpipes Hotel and Posting—House,' whence they instantly proceeded. I follow them as soon as the horses have fed.

"FOURTH EDITION.

"SHAMEFUL TREATMENT OF OUR REPORTER.

"WHISTLEBINKIE, N. B. Monday, Midnight.

"I arrived at this romantic little villa about two hours after the newly married couple, whose progress I have the honor to trace, reached Whistlebinkie. They have taken up their residence at the 'Cairngorm Arms'—mine is at the other hostelry, the 'Clachan of Whistlebinkie.'

"On driving up to the 'Cairngorm Arms,' I found a gentleman of military appearance standing at the door, and occupied seemingly in smoking a cigar. It was very dark as I descended from my carriage, and the gentleman in question exclaimed, 'Is it you, Southdown my boy? You have come too late; unless you are come to have some supper;' or words to that effect. I explained that I was not the Lord Viscount Southdown, and politely apprised Captain Silvertop (for I justly concluded the individual before me could be no other) of his mistake.

"'Who the deuce' (the Captain used a stronger term) 'are you, then?' said Mr. Silvertop. 'Are you Baggs and Tapewell, my uncle's attorneys? If you are, you have come too late for the fair.'

"I briefly explained that I was not Baggs and Tapewell, but that my name was J—ms, and that I was a gentleman connected with the establishment of the Morning Tatler newspaper.

"'And what has brought you here, Mr. Morning Tatler?' asked my interlocutor, rather roughly. My answer was frank—that the disappearance of a noble lady from the house of her friends had caused the greatest excitement in the metropolis, and that my employers were anxious to give the public every particular regarding an event so

singular.

"And do you mean to say, sir, that you have dogged me all the way from London, and that my family affairs are to be published for the readers of the Morning Tatler newspaper? The Morning Tatter be —— (the Captain here gave utterance to an oath which I shall not repeat) and you too, sir; you unpudent meddling scoundrel."

"Scoundrel, sir!" said I. 'Yes,' replied the irate gentleman, seizing me rudely by the collar—and he would have choked me, but that my blue satin stock and false collar gave way, and were left in the hands of this GENTLEMAN. 'Help, landlord!' I loudly exclaimed, adding, I believe, 'murder,' and other exclamations of alarm. In vain I appealed to the crowd, which by this time was pretty considerable; they and the unfeeling post-boys only burst into laughter, and called out, 'Give it him, Captain.' A struggle ensued, in which I have no doubt I should have had the better, but that the Captain, joining suddenly in the general and indecent hilarity, which was doubled when I fell down, stopped and said, 'Well, Jims, I won't fight on my marriage-day. Go into the tap, Jims, and order a glass of brandy—and-water at my expense—and mind I don't see your face to-morrow morning, or I'll make it more ugly than it is.'

"With these gross expressions and a cheer from the crowd, Mr. Silvertop entered the inn. I need not say that I did not partake of his hospitality, and that personally I despise his insults. I make them known that they may call down the indignation of the body of which I am a member, and throw myself on the sympathy of the public, as a gentleman shamefully assaulted and insulted in the discharge of a public duty."

"Thus you've sean how the flower of my affeckshns was tawn out of my busm, and my art was left bleeding. Hangelina! I forgive thee. Mace thou be appy! If ever artfelt prayer for others wheel awailed on i, the beink on womb you trampled addresses those subblygations to Evn in your be1/2!

"I went home like a maniac, after hearing the announcement of Hangelina's departur. She'd been gone twenty hours when I heard the fadle noose. Purshoot was vain. Suppose I DID kitch her up, they were married, and what could we do? This sensible remark I made to Earl Bareacres, when that distragted nobleman igspawstulated with me. Er who was to have been my mother-in-lor, the Countiss, I never from that momink sor agin. My presnts, troosoes, juels, were sent back—with the igsepsn of the diminds and Cashmear shawl, which her Ladyship COODN'T FIND. Ony it was whispered that at the nex buthday she was seen with a shawl IGSACKLY OF THE SAME PATTN. Let er keep it.

"Southdown was phurius. He came to me hafter the ewent, and wanted me adwance 50 lb., so that he might purshew his fewgitif sister— but I wasn't to be ad with that sort of chaugh—there was no more money for THAT family. So he went away, and gave huttrance to his feelinx in a poem, which appeared (price 2 guineas) in the Bel Assombly.

"All the juilers, manchumakers, lacemen, coch bilders, apolstrers, hors dealers, and weddencake makers came pawring in with their bills, haggravating feelings already woondid beyond enjurants. That madniss didn't seaze me that night was a mussy. Fever, fewry, and rayge rack'd my hagnized braind, and drove sleap from my throbbink ilids. Hall night I follered Hangelinar in imadgation along the North Road. I wented cusses mallydickshuns on the hinfamus Silvertop. I kickd and rord in my unhuttarable whoe! I seazed my pillar: I pitcht into it: pumld it, strangled it. Ha har! I thought it was Silvertop writhing in my Jint grasp; and taw the hordayshis villing lim from lim in the terrible strenth of my despare! . . . Let me drop a cutting over the memries of that night. When my boddy-suvnt came with my ot water in the mawning, the livid copse in the charnill was not payler than the gashly De la Pluche!

"Give me the Share-list, Mandeville,' I micanickly igclaimed. I had not perused it for the past 3 days, my etention being engayged elseware. Hevns huth!—what was it I red there? What was it that made me spring outabed as if sumbady had given me cold pig?—I red Rewin in that Share-list—the Pannick was in full hoparation!

.....

Shall I describe that kitastrafy with which hall Hengland is familliar? My rifewses to cronnicle the misfortns which lassarated my bleeding art in Hoctober last. On the fust of Hawgust where was I? Director of twenty-three Companies; older of scrip hall at a primmium, and worth at least a quarter of a millium. On Lord Mare's day my Saint Helenas quotid at 14 pm, were down at 1/2 discount; my Central Ichaboes at 3/8 discount; my Table Mounting Hottentot Grand Trunk, no where; my Bathershins and Derrynane Beg, of which I'd bought 2000 for the account at 17 primmium, down to nix; my Juan Fernandez, my Great Central Oregons, prostrit. There was a

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moment when I thought I shouldn't be alive to write my own tail!"

(Here follow in Mr. Plush's MS. about twenty-four pages of railroad calculations, which we pretermitted.)

"Those beasts, Pump Aldgate, once so cringing and umble, wrote me a threaten letter because I overdrew my account three-and-sixpence: wouldn't advance me five thousand on 25,000 worth of scrip; kept me waiting 2 hours when I asked to see the house; and then sent out Spout, the junior partner, saying they wouldn't discount my paper, and implawed me to close my account. I did: I paid the three-and-six balliance, and never sorrowed more."

"The market fell daily. The Rewin grew wusser and wusser. Hagnies, Hagnies! it wasn't in the city alone my misfortunes came upon me. They bearded me in my own home. The biddle who keeps watch at the Halbany wouldn't keep misfortune out of my chambers; and Mrs. Twiddler, of Pall Mall, and Mr. Hunx, of Long Acre, put egscution into my apartment, and swept off every stick of my furniture. 'Wardrobe furniture of a man of fashion.' What an advertisement George Robins DID make of it; and what a crowd was collected to laugh at the prospect of my ruin! My choice plait; my seller of wine; my pictures—that of myself included (it was Maryhann, bless her! that bought it, unbeknown to me); all—all went to the hammer. That broodle Fitzwarren, my ex-valet, whom I met, familiarly slapped me on the shoulder, and said, 'Jeames, my boy, you'd best go into suvvis aginn.'

"I DID go into suvvis—the worst of all suvvises—I went into the Queen's Bench Prison, and lay there a miserable captive for 6 mortal weeks. Miserable shall I say? no, not miserable altogether; there was sunlight in the dunjng of the prison. I had visitors. A cart used to drive up to the prison gates of Saturdays; a washwoman's cart, with a fat old lady in it, and a young one. Who was that young one? Every one who has an art can guess, it was my blue-eyed blushing hangel of a Mary Hann! 'Shall we take him out in the linnen-basket, grandmamma?' Mary Hann said. Bless her, she'd already learned to say grandmamma quite natural: but I didn't go out that way; I went out by the door a whitewashed man. Ho, what a feast there was at Healing the day I came out! I'd thirteen shillings left when I'd bought the gold ring. I wasn't proud. I turned the mangle for three weeks; and then Uncle Bill said, 'Well, there IS some good in the feller;' and it was agreed that we should marry."

The Plush manuscript finishes here: it is many weeks since we saw the accomplished writer, and we have only just learned his fate. We are happy to state that it is a comfortable and almost a prosperous one.

The Honorable and Right Reverend Lionel Thistlewood, Lord Bishop of Bullocksmithy, was mentioned as the uncle of Lady Angelina Silvertop. Her elopement with her cousin caused deep emotion to the venerable prelate: he returned to the palace at Bullocksmithy, of which he had been for thirty years the episcopal ornament, and where he married three wives, who lie buried in his Cathedral Church of St. Boniface, Bullocksmithy.

The admirable man has rejoined those whom he loved. As he was preparing a charge to his clergy in his study after dinner, the Lord Bishop fell suddenly down in a fit of apoplexy; his butler, bringing in his accustomed dish of devilled kidneys for supper, discovered the venerable form extended on the Turkey carpet with a glass of Madeira in his hand; but life was extinct: and surgical aid was therefore not particularly useful.

All the late prelate's wives had fortunes, which the admirable man increased by thrift, the judicious sale of leases which fell in during his episcopacy. He left three hundred thousand pounds—divided between his nephew and niece—not a greater sum than has been left by several deceased Irish prelates.

What Lord Southdown has done with his share we are not called upon to state. He has composed an epitaph to the Martyr of Bullocksmithy, which does him infinite credit. But we are happy to state that Lady Angelina Silvertop presented five hundred pounds to her faithful and affectionate servant, Mary Ann Hoggins, on her marriage with Mr. James Plush, to whom her Ladyship also made a handsome present—namely, the lease, good-will, and fixtures of the "Wheel of Fortune" public-house, near Shepherd's Market, May Fair: a house greatly frequented by all the nobility's footmen, doing a genteel stroke of business in the neighborhood, and where, as we have heard, the "Butlers' Club" is held.

Here Mr. Plush lives happy in a blooming and interesting wife: reconciled to a middle sphere of life, as he was to a humbler and a higher one before. He has shaved off his whiskers, and accommodates himself to an apron with perfect good humor. A gentleman connected with this establishment dined at the "Wheel of Fortune" the other day, and collected the above particulars. Mr. Plush blushed rather, as he brought in the first dish, and told his story very modestly over a pint of excellent port. He had only one thing in life to complain of, he said—that a witless version of his adventures had been produced at the Princess's theatre, "without your leaf or by your leaf," as he expressed it. "Has for the rest," the worthy fellow said, "I'm appy—praps betwixt you and me I'm in

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my proper spear. I enjoy my glass of beer or port (with your elth my suvvice to you, sir,) quite as much as my clarrit in my prawsprus days. I've a good busniss, which is likely to be better. If a man can't be appy with such a wife as my Mary Hann, he's a beest: and when a christening takes place in our family, will you give my complments to MR. PUNCH, and ask him to be godfather."

LETTERS OF JEAMES.

JEAMES ON TIME BARGINGS.

"Peraps at this present momink of Railway Hagetation and unsafety the follying little istory of a young friend of mine may hact as an olesome warning to hother week and hirresolute young gents.

"Young Frederick Timmins was the horphan son of a respectable cludgyman in the West of Hengland. Hadopted by his uncle, Colonel T——, of the Hoss–Mareens, and regardless of expence, this young man was sent to Heaton Collidge, and subsiquintly to Hoxford, where he was very nearly being Senior Rangler. He came to London to study for the lor. His prospix was bright inead; and he lived in a secknd flore in Jerming Street, having a ginteal inkum of two hundred lbs. per hannum.

"With this andsum enuity it may be supposed that Frederick wanted for nothink. Nor did he. He was a moral and well–educated young man, who took care of his close; pollisht his hone tea–party boots; cleaned his kidd–gloves with injer rubber; and, when not invited to dine out, took his meals reglar at the Hoxford and Cambridge Club— where (unless somebody treated him) he was never known to igseed his alf–pint of Marsally Wine.

"Merrits and vuttues such as his coodnt long pass unperseavd in the world. Admitted to the most fashnable parties, it wasn't long befor sevrul of the young ladies viewed him with a favorable i; one, ixpecially, the lovely Miss Hemily Mulligatawney, daughter of the Heast–Injar Derector of that name. As she was the richest gal of all the season, of corse Frederick fell in love with her. His haspirations were on the pint of being crowndid with success; and it was agreed that as soon as he was called to the bar, when he would sutnly be apinted a Judge, or a revising barrister, or Lord Chanslor, he should lead her to the halter.

"What life could be more desirable than Frederick's? He gave up his mornings to perfeshnl studdy, under Mr. Bluebag, the eminent pleader; he devoted his hevenings to helegant sosiaty at his Clubb, or with his hadord Hemily. He had no cares; no detts; no egstravigancies; he never was known to ride in a cabb, unless one of his tip–top friends lent it him; to go to a theayter unless he got a horder; or to henter a tavern or smoke a cigar. If prosperraty was hever chocked out, it was for that young man.

"But SUCKMSTANCES arose. Fatle suckmstances for pore Frederick Timmins. The Railway Hoperations began.

"For some time, immerst in lor and love, in the hardent hoccupations of his cheembers, or the sweet sosiaty of his Hemily, Frederick took no note of railroads. He did not reckonize the jigantic revaluation which with hiron strides was a walkin over the country. But they began to be talked of even in HIS quiet haunts. Heven in the Hoxford and Cambridge Clubb, fellers were a speculatin. Tom Thumper (of Brasen Nose) cleared four thousand lb.; Bob Bullock (of Hexeter), who had lost all his proppaty gambling, had set himself up again; and Jack Deuceace, who had won it, had won a small istate besides by lucky specklations in the Share Markit.

"HEVERY BODY WON. 'Why shouldn't I?' thought pore Fred; and having saved 100 lb., he began a writin for shares—using, like an ikonominicle feller as he was, the Clubb paper to a prodigious igstent. All the Railroad directors, his friends, helped him to shares—the allottments came tumbling in—he took the primmiums by fifties and hundreds a day. His desk was cramd full of bank notes: his brane world with igsitement.

"He gave up going to the Temple, and might now be seen hall day about Capel Court. He took no more hinterest in lor; but his whole talk was of railroad lines. His desk at Mr. Bluebag's was filled full of prospectisises, and that legal gent wrote to Fred's uncle, to say he feared he was neglectin his bisniss.

"Alass! he WAS neglectin it, and all his sober and industerous habits. He begann to give dinners, and thought nothin of partys to Greenwich or Richmond. He didn't see his Hemily near so often: although the hawdacious and misguided young man might have done so much more heasily now than before: for now he kep a Broom!

"But there's a tumminus to hevery Railway. Fred's was approachin: in an evil hour he began making TIME–BARGINGS. Let this be a warning to all young fellers, and Fred's huntimely hend hoperate on them in a moral pint of vu!

"You all know under what favrabble suckemstanses the Great Hafrican Line, the Grand Niger Junction, or Gold Coast and Timbuctoo (Provishnal) Hatmospheric Railway came out four weeks ago: deposit ninepence per

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share of 20L. (six elephant's teeth, twelve tons of palm-oil, or four healthy niggers, African currency)—the shares of this helegeble investment rose to 1, 2, 3, in the Markit. A happy man was Fred when, after paying down 100 ninepences (3L. 15s.), he sold his shares for 250L. He gave a dinner at the 'Star and Garter' that very day. I promise you there was no Marsally THERE.

"Nex day they were up at 3 1/4. This put Fred in a rage: they rose to 5, he was in a fewry. 'What an ass I was to sell,' said he, 'when all this money was to be won!'

"'And so you WERE an Ass,' said his partiklar friend, Colonel Claw, K.X.R., a director of the line, 'a double-eared Ass. My dear fellow, the shares will be at 15 next week. Will you give me your solemn word of honor not to breathe to mortal man what I am going to tell you?'

"'Honor bright,' says Fred.

"'HUDSON HAS JOINED THE LINE.' Fred didn't say a word more, but went tumbling down to the City in his Broom. You know the state of the streets. Claw WENT BY WATER.

"'Buy me one thousand Hafricans for the 30th,' cries Fred, busting into his broker's; and they were done for him at 4 7/8.

.....

"Can't you guess the rest? Haven't you seen the Share List? which says:—

"'Great Africans, paid 9d.; price 1/4 par.'

"And that's what came of my pore dear friend Timmins's time-barging.

"What'll become of him I can't say; for nobody has seen him since. His lodgins in Jerming Street is to let. His brokers in vain deplores his absence. His Uncle has declared his marriage with his housekeeper; and the Morning Erald (that emusing print) has a paragraf yesterday in the fashnabble news, headed 'Marriage in High Life.—The rich and beautiful Miss Mulligatawney, of Portland Place, is to be speedily united to Colonel Claw, K.X.R.'

"JEAMES."

JEAMES ON THE GAUGE QUESTION.

"You will scarcely praps reckonize in this little skitch* the haltered linimints of 1, with woos face the reders of your valluble mislry were once familiar,—the unfortnt Jeames de la Pluche, fomly so selabrated in the fashnabble suckles, now the pore Jeames Plush, landlord of the 'Wheel of Fortune' public house. Yes, that is me; that is my haypun which I wear as becomes a publican—those is the checkers which hornymment the pillows of my dor. I am like the Romin Genral, St. Cenatus, equal to any emudgency of Fortun. I, who have drunk Shampang in my time, aint now abov droring a pint of Small Bier. As for my wife—that Angel—I've not ventured to depigt HER. Fandy her a sittn in the Bar, smiling like a sunflower and, ho, dear Punch! happy in nussing a deer little darlint totsytowsy of a Jeames, with my air to a curl, and my i's to a T!

* This refers to an illustrated edition of the work.

"I never thought I should have been injuiced to write anything but a Bill agin, much less to edress you on Railway Subjix—which with all my sole I ABAW. Railway letters, obbligations to pay hup, ginteal inquiry as to my Salissator's name, I dispize and scorn artily. But as a man, an usbnd, a father, and a freebon Brittn, my jewty compels me to come forwoods, and igspress my opinion upon that NASHNAL NEWSANCE—the break of Gage.

"An interesting ewent in a noble family with which I once very nearly had the honor of being kinected, acurd a few weex sins, when the Lady Angelina S——, daughter of the Earl of B——cres, presented the gallant Captng, her usband, with a Son hair. Nothink would satsafy her Ladyship but that her old and attacht famdyshamber, my wife Mary Hann Plush, should be presnt upon this hospicious occasion. Captain S—— was not jellus of me on account of my former attachment to his Lady. I cunsented that my Mary Hann should attend her, and me, my wife, and our dear babby acawdingly set out for our noable frend's residence, Honeymoon Lodge, near Cheltenham.

"Sick of all Railroads myself, I wisht to poast it in a Chay and 4, but Mary Hann, with the hobstenacy of her Sex, was bent upon Railroad travelling, and I yealded, like all husbinds. We set out by the Great Westn, in an eavle Hour.

"We didnt take much luggitch—my wife's things in the ushal bandboxes—mine in a potmancho. Our dear little James Angelo's (called so in complament to his noble Godmamma) craddle, and a small supply of a few 100 weight of Topsanbawtems, Farinashious food, and Lady's fingers, for that dear child, who is now 6 months old, with a PERDIGUS APPATITE. Likewise we were charged with a bran new Medsan chest for my lady, from Skivary Morris, containing enough Rewbub, Daffy's Alixir, Godfrey's cawdle, with a few score of parsles for Lady Hangelina's family and owsehold: about 2000 spessymins of Babby linning from Mrs. Flummary's in Regent Street, a Chayny Cresning bowl from old Lady Bareacres (big enough to immus a Halderman), a case marked 'Glass,' from her ladyship's meddicle man, which were stowed away together; had to this an ormylew Cradle, with rose-colored Satting Pink lace hangings, held up by a gold tuttle-dove, We had, including James Hangelo's rattle my umbrellow, 73 packidges in all.

"We got on very well as far as Swindon, where, in the Splendid Refreshment room, there was a galaxy of lovely gals in cottn velvet spencers, who serves out the soop, and 1 of whom maid an impresshn upon this Art which I shooldn't like Mary Hann to know—and here, to our infanit disgust, we changed carridges. I forgot to say that we were in the seeknd class, having with us James Hangelo, and 23 other light harticles.

"Fust inconvenience: and almost as bad as break of gage. I cast my hi upon the gal in cottn velvet, and wanted some soop, of coarse; but seasing up James Hangelo (who was layin his dear little pors on an Am Sangwidg) and seeing my igspresshn of hi—'James,' says Mary Hann, 'instead of looking at that young lady—and not so VERY young neither—be pleased to look to our packidges, place them in the other carriage.' I did so with an evy Art. I eranged them 23 articles in the opsit carridg, only missing my umberella baby's rattle; and jest as I came back for my baysn of soop, the beast of a bell rings, the whizzling injians proclayms the time of our departure,—farewell soop and cottn velvet. Mary Hann was sulky. She said it was my losing the umberella. If it had been a COTTON VELVET UMBERELLA I could have understood. James Hangelo sittn on my knee was evidently unwell; without his coral: for 20 miles that blessid babby kep up a rawring, which caused all the passingers to simpithize with him igseedingly.

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"We arrive at Gloster, and there fancy my disgust at bein ableeged to undergo another change of carridges! Fancy me holding up moughs, tippits, cloaks, and baskits, and James Hangelo rawring still like mad, and pretending to shuperintend the carrying over of our luggage from the broad gage to the narrow gage. 'Mary Hann,' says I, rot to desperation, 'I shall throttle this darling if he goes on.' 'Do,' says she—and GO INTO THE REFRESHMENT room,' says she—a snatchin the babby out of my arms. Do go,' says she, youre not fit to look after luggage,' and she began lulling James Hangelo to sleep with one hi, while she looked after the packets with the other. Now, Sir! if you please, mind that packet!—pretty darling— easy with that box, Sir, its glass—pooooty poppet—where's the deal case, marked arrowroot, No. 24?' she cried, reading out of a list she had.—And poor little James went to sleep. The porters were bundling and carting the various harticles with no more ceremony than if each package had been of cannonball.

"At last—bang goes a package marked 'Glass,' and containing the Chayny bowl and Lady Bareacres' mixture, into a large white bandbox, with a crash and a smash. 'It's My Lady's box from Crinoline's!' cries Mary Hann; and she puts down the child on the bench, and rushes forward to inspect the dammidge. You could hear the Chayny bowls clinking inside; and Lady B.'s mixture (which had the igsack smell of cherry brandy) was dribbling out over the smashed bandbox containing a white child's cloak, trimmed with Blown lace and lined with white satting.

"As James was asleep, and I was by this time uncommon hungry, I thought I WOULD go into the Refreshment Room and just take a little soup; so I wrapped him up in his cloak and laid him by his mamma, and went off. There's not near such good attendance as at Swindon.

.....

"We took our places in the carriage in the dark, both of us covered with a pile of packages, and Mary Hann so sulky that she would not speak for some minutes. At last she spoke out—

"Have you all the small parcels?"

"Twenty-three in all,' says I.

"Then give me baby.'

"Give you what?' says I.

"Give me baby.'

"What, haven't y-y-yooooo got him?' says I.

.....

"O Mussy! You should have heard her squeak! WE'D LEFT HIM ON THE LEDGE AT GLOSTER.

"It all came of the break of gage."

MR. JEAMES AGAIN.

"DEAR MR. PUNCH,—As newmarus inquiries have been maid both at my privit ressdence, 'The Wheel of Fortune Otel,' and at your Hoffis, regarding the fate of that dear babby, James Hangelo, whose primmiture dissappearns caused such hagnies to his distracted parents, I must begg, dear sir, the permission to ockupy a part of your valuble collams once more, and hease the public mind about my blessid boy.

"Wictims of that nashnal cuss, the Broken Gage, me and Mrs. Plush was left in the train to Cheltenham, sougtring from that most disgreeble of complaints, a halmost BROKEN ART. The skreems of Mrs. Jeames might be said almost to out—Y the squeel of the dying, as we rusht into that fashnable Spaw, and my pore Mary Hann found it was not Baby, but Bundles I had in my lapp.

"When the Old Dowidger Lady Bareacres, who was waiting heagerly at the train, herd that owing to that abawminable Brake of Gage the luggitch, her Ladyship's Cherrybrandy box, the cradle for Lady Hangelina's baby, the lace, crockary and chany, was rejuiced to one immortal smash; the old cat howld at me and pore dear Mary Hann, as if it was huss, and not the infunnle Brake of Gage, was to blame; and as if we ad no misfortns of our hown to deplaw. She bust out about my stupid imparence; called Mary Hann a good for nothink creecher, and wep, and abewsd, and took on about her broken Chayny Bowl, a great deal mor than she did about a dear little Christian child. 'Don't talk to me abowt your bratt of a babby' (seshe); 'where's my bowl?—where's my medsan?—where's my bewtiffle Pint lace?—All in rewing through your stupiddaty, you brute, you!'

"'Bring your haction aginst the Great Western, Maam,' says I, quite riled by this crewel and unfealing hold wixen. 'Ask the pawters at Gloster, why your goods is spiled—it's not the fust time they've been asked the question. Git the gage haltered aginst the nex time you send for MEDSAN and meanwild buy some at the "Plow"—they keep it very good and strong there, I'll be bound. Has for us, WE'RE a going back to the cussid station at Gloster, in such of our blessid child.'

"'You don't mean to say, young woman,' seshe, 'that you're not going to Lady Hangelina: what's her dear boy to do? who's to nuss it?'

"'YOU nuss it, Maam,' says I. 'Me and Mary Hann return this momint by the Fly.' And so (whishing her a suckastic ajew) Mrs. Jeames and I lep into a one oss weakle, and told the driver to go like mad back to Gloster.

"I can't describe my pore gals hagny juring our ride. She sat in the carridge as silent as a milestone, and as madd as a march Air. When we got to Gloster she sprang hout of it as wild as a Tigris, and rusht to the station, up to the fatle Bench.

"'My child, my child,' shreex she, in a hoss, hot voice. 'Where's my infant? a little bewtifle child, with blue eyes,—dear Mr. Policeman, give it me—a thousand guineas for it.'

"'Faix, Mam,' says the man, a Hirishman, 'and the divvle a babby have I seen this day except thirteen of my own—and you're welcome to any one of THEM, and kindly.'

"'As if HIS babby was equal to ours,' as my darling Mary Hann said, afterwards. All the station was scrouging round us by this time— pawters clarx and refreshmint people and all. 'What's this year row about that there babby?' at last says the Inspector, stepping hup. I thought my wife was going to jump into his harms. 'Have you got him?' says she.

"'Was it a child in a blue cloak?' says he.

"'And blue eyse!' says my wife.

"'I put a label on him and sent him on to Bristol; he's there by this time. The Guard of the Mail took him and put him into a letter–box,' says he: 'he went 20 minutes ago. We found him on the broad gauge line, and sent him on by it, in course,' says he. 'And it'll be a caution to you, young woman, for the future, to label your children along with the rest of your luggage.'

"If my piguniary means had been such as ONCE they was, you may emadgine I'd have ad a speshle train and been hoff like smoak. As it was, we was obliged to wait 4 mortial hours for the next train (4 ears they seemed to us), and then away we went.

"'My boy! my little boy!' says poor choking Mary Hann, when we got there. 'A parcel in a blue cloak?' says the man. 'No body claimed him here, and so we sent him back by the mail. An Irish nurse here gave him some

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supper, and he's at Paddington by this time. Yes,' says he, looking at the clock, 'he's been there these ten minutes.'

"But seeing my poor wife's distracted histarricle state, this good–naterd man says, 'I think, my dear, there's a way to ease your mind. We'll know in five minutes how he is.'

"'Sir,' says she, 'don't make sport of me.'

"'No, my dear, we'll TELEGRAPH him.'

"And he began hopparating on that singlar and ingenus electrickle invention, which aniliates time, and carries intelligence in the twinkling of a peg–post.

"'I'll ask,' says he, 'for child marked G. W. 273.'

"Back comes the telegraph with the sign, 'All right.'

"'Ask what he's doing, sir,' says my wife, quite amazed. Back comes the answer in a Jiffy—

"'C. R. Y. I. N. G.'

"This caused all the bystanders to laugh excep my pore Mary Hann, who pull'd a very sad face.

"The good–naterd feller presently said, 'he'd have another trile;' and what d'ye think was the answer? I'm blest if it wasn't—

"'P. A. P.'

"He was eating pap! There's for you—there's a rogue for you— there's a March of Intaleck! Mary Hann smiled now for the fust time. 'He'll sleep now,' says she. And she sat down with a full hart.

.....

"If hever that good–naterd Shooperintendent comes to London, HE need never ask for his skore at the 'Wheel of Fortune Otel,' I promise you—where me and my wife and James Hangelo now is; and where only yesterday a gent came in and drew this pictur* of us in our bar.

* This refers to an illustrated edition of the work.

"And if they go on breaking gages; and if the child, the most precious luggidge of the Henglishman, is to be bundled about this year way, why it won't be for want of warning, both from Professor Harris, the Commission, and from

"My dear Mr. Punch's obeajent servant,

"JEAMES PLUSH."