

The Virginians

Vol. II



The Virginians

Vol. II

by

William Makepeace Thackeray

CAMBRIDGE  
**SCHOLARS**  
PUBLISHING

*classic texts*



The Virginians vol. II, by William Makepeace Thackeray

This book in its current typographical format first published 2008 by

Cambridge Scholars Publishing

12 Back Chapman Street, Newcastle upon Tyne, NE6 2XX, UK

British Library Cataloguing in Publication Data

A catalogue record for this book is available from the British Library

The copyright in this publication is in the public domain

All rights for this book reserved. No part of this book may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted, in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording or otherwise, without the prior permission of the copyright owner.

ISBN (10): 1-4438-0157-7, ISBN (13): 978-1-4438-0157-7

## CONTENTS

CHAPTER LII. Intentique Ora Tenebant	1
CHAPTER LIII. Where we Remain at the Court End of the Town	8
CHAPTER LIV. During Which Harry sits Smoking his Pipe at Home	14
CHAPTER LV. Between Brothers	23
CHAPTER LVI. Ariadne	29
CHAPTER LVII. In Which Mr. Harry's Nose Continues to be Put out of Joint	40
CHAPTER LVIII. Where we Do what Cats may Do	46
CHAPTER LIX. In Which we are Treated to a Play	53
CHAPTER LX. Which Treats of Macbeth, a Supper, and a Pretty Kettle of Fish	64
CHAPTER LXI. In Which the Prince Marches Up the Hill and Down Again	73
CHAPTER LXII. Arma Virumque	79
CHAPTER LXIII. Melpomene	95
CHAPTER LXIV. In Which Harry Lives to Fight another Day	107
CHAPTER LXV. Soldier's Return	115
CHAPTER LXVI. In Which we Go a-Courting	120
CHAPTER LXVII. In Which a Tragedy is Acted, and Two more are Begun	127
CHAPTER LXVIII. In Which Harry goes Westward	139

CHAPTER LXXIX. A Little Innocent	144
CHAPTER LXX. In Which Cupid Plays a Considerable Part	156
CHAPTER LXXI. White Favours	165
CHAPTER LXXII. (From the Warrington MS.) In Which my Lady is on the Top of the Ladder	172
CHAPTER LXXIII. We Keep Christmas at Castlewood, 1759	177
CHAPTER LXXIV. News from Canada	189
CHAPTER LXXV. The Course of True Love	196
CHAPTER LXXVI. Informs us how Mr. Warrington Jumped into a Landau	204
CHAPTER LXXVII. And how Everybody got Out Again	210
CHAPTER LXXVIII. Pyramus and Thisbe	219
CHAPTER LXXIX. Containing both Comedy and Tragedy	228
CHAPTER LXXX. Pocahontas	235
CHAPTER LXXXI. Res Angusta Domi	243
CHAPTER LXXXII. Miles's Moidore	251
CHAPTER LXXXIII. Troubles and Consolations	254
CHAPTER LXXXIV. In Which Harry Submits to the Common Lot	266
CHAPTER LXXXV. Inveni Portum	277
CHAPTER LXXXVI. At Home	286
CHAPTER LXXXVII. The Last of God Save the King	298
CHAPTER LXXXVIII. Yankee Doodle Comes to Town	305

CHAPTER LXXXIX. A Colonel without a Regiment	309
CHAPTER XC. In Which we both Fight and Run Away	317
CHAPTER XCI. Satis Pugnae	328
CHAPTER XCII. Under Vine and Fig-Tree	335
NOTES	352



## CHAPTER LII. *Intentique Ora Tenebant*

"We continued for months our weary life at the fort, and the commandant and I had our quarrels and reconciliations, our greasy games at cards, our dismal duets with his asthmatic flute and my cracked guitar. The poor Fawn took her beatings and her cans of liquor as her lord and master chose to administer them; and she nursed her papoose, or her master in the gout, or her prisoner in the ague; and so matters went on until the beginning of the fall of last year, when we were visited by a hunter who had important news to deliver to the commandant, and such as set the little garrison in no little excitement. The Marquis de Montcalm had sent a considerable detachment to garrison the forts already in the French hands, and to take up further positions in the enemy's—that is, in the British—possessions. The troops had left Quebec and Montreal, and were coming up the St. Lawrence and the lakes in *bâteaux*, with artillery and large provisions of warlike and other stores. Museau would be superseded in his command by an officer of superior rank, who might exchange me, or who might give me up to the Indians in reprisal for cruelties practised by our own people on many and many an officer and soldier of the enemy. The men of the fort were eager for the reinforcements; they would advance into Pennsylvania and New York; they would seize upon Albany and Philadelphia; they would drive the Rosbifs into the sea, and all America should be theirs from the Mississippi to Newfoundland.

"This was all very triumphant: but yet, somehow, the prospect of the French conquest did not add to Mr. Museau's satisfaction.

"Eh, commandant!' says I, 'tis fort bien, but meanwhile your farm in Normandy, the pot of cider, and the *tripes à la mode de Caen*, where are they?"

"Yes; 'tis all very well, my *garçon*,' says he. 'But where will you be when poor old Museau is superseded? Other officers are not good companions like me. Very few men in the world have my humanity. When there is a great garrison here, will my successors give thee the indulgences which honest Museau has granted thee? Thou wilt be kept in a sty like a pig ready for killing. As sure as one of our officers falls into the hands of your brigands of frontier-men, and evil comes to him, so surely wilt thou have to pay with thy skin for his. Thou wilt be given up to our red allies—to the brethren of *La Biche* yonder. Didst thou see, last year, what they did to thy countrymen whom we took in the action with Braddock? Roasting was the very smallest punishment, *ma foi*—was it not, *La Biche*?"

"And he entered into a variety of jocular descriptions of tortures inflicted, eyes burned out of their sockets, teeth and nails wrenched out, limbs and bodies gashed—You turn pale, dear Miss Theo! Well, I will have pity, and will spare you the tortures which honest Museau recounted in his pleasant way as likely to befall me.

"La Biche was by no means so affected as you seem to be, ladies, by the recital of these horrors. She had witnessed them in her time. She came from the Senecas, whose villages lie near the great cataract between Ontario and Erie; her people made war for the English, and against them: they had fought with other tribes; and, in the battles between us and them, it is difficult to say whether whiteskin or redskin is most savage.

"They may chop me into cutlets and broil me, 'tis true, commandant,' says I, coolly. 'But again, I say, you will never have the farm in Normandy.'

"Go get the whisky-bottle, La Biche,' says Museau.

"And it is not too late, even now. I will give the guide who takes me home a large reward. And again I say, I promise, as a man of honour, ten thousand livres to—whom shall I say? to one who shall bring me any token—who shall bring me, say, my watch and seal with my grandfather's arms—which I have seen in a chest somewhere in this fort.'

"Ah, scélérat!" roars out the commandant, with a hoarse yell of laughter. 'Thou hast eyes, thou! All is good prize in war.'

"Think of a house in your village, of a fine field hard by with a half-dozen of cows—of a fine orchard all covered with fruit.'

"And Javotte at the door with her wheel, and a rascal of a child, or two, with cheeks as red as the apples! O my country! O my mother!" whimpers out the commandant. 'Quick, La Biche, the whisky!'

"All that night the commandant was deep in thought, and La Biche, too, silent and melancholy. She sate away from us, nursing her child, and whenever my eyes turned towards her I saw hers were fixed on me. The poor little infant began to cry, and was ordered away by Museau, with his usual foul language, to the building which the luckless Biche occupied with her child. When she was gone, we both of us spoke our minds freely; and I put such reasons before monsieur as his cupidity could not resist.

"How do you know,' he asked, 'that this hunter will serve you?'

"That is my secret,' says I. But here, if you like, as we are not on honour, I may tell it. When they come into the settlements for their bargains, the hunters often stop a

day or two for rest and drink and company, and our new friend loved all these. He played at cards with the men: he set his furs against their liquor: he enjoyed himself at the fort, singing, dancing, and gambling with them. I think I said they liked to listen to my songs, and for want of better things to do, I was often singing and guitar-scraping: and we would have many a concert, the men joining in chorus, or dancing to my homely music, until it was interrupted by the drums and the *retraite*.

"Our guest the hunter was present at one or two of these concerts, and I thought I would try if possibly he understood English. After we had had our little stock of French songs, I said, 'My lads, I will give you an English song,' and to the tune of 'Over the hills and far away,' which my good old grandfather used to hum as a favourite air in Marlborough's camp, I made some doggerel words:—'This long, long year, a prisoner drear; Ah, me! I'm tired of lingering here: I'll give a hundred guineas gay, To be over the hills and far away.'

"'What is it?' says the hunter. 'I don't understand.'

"'Tis a girl to her lover,' I answered; but I saw by the twinkle in the man's eye that he understood me.

"The next day, when there were no men within hearing, the trapper showed that I was right in my conjecture, for as he passed me he hummed in a low tone, but in perfectly good English, 'Over the hills and far away,' the burden of my yesterday's doggerel.

"'If you are ready,' says he, 'I am ready. I know who your people are, and the way to them. Talk to the Fawn, and she will tell you what to do. What! You will not play with me?' Here he pulled out some cards, and spoke in French as two soldiers came up. 'Milor est trop grand seigneur? Bonjour, my lord!'

"And the man made me a mock bow, and walked away, shrugging up his shoulders, to offer to play and drink elsewhere.

"I knew now that the Biche was to be the agent in the affair, and that my offer to Museau was accepted. The poor Fawn performed her part very faithfully and dexterously. I had not need of a word more with Museau; the matter was understood between us. The Fawn had long been allowed free communication with me. She had tended me during my wound and in my illnesses, helped to do the work of my little chamber, my cooking, and so forth. She was free to go out of the fort, as I have said, and to the river and the fields whence the corn and garden-stuff of the little garrison were brought in.

"Having gambled away most of the money which he received for his peltries, the trapper now got together his store of flints, powder, and blankets, and took his

leave. And, three days after his departure, the Fawn gave me the signal that the time was come for me to make my little trial for freedom.

"When first wounded, I had been taken by my kind Florac and placed on his bed in the officers' room. When the fort was emptied of all officers except the old lieutenant left in command, I had been allowed to remain in my quarters, sometimes being left pretty free, sometimes being locked up and fed on prisoners' rations, sometimes invited to share his mess by my tipsy gaoler.

"This officers' house, or room, was of logs like the half-dozen others within the fort, which mounted only four guns of small calibre, of which one was on the bastion behind my cabin. Looking westward over this gun, you could see a small island at the confluence of the two rivers Ohio and Monongahela whereon Duquesne is situated. On the shore opposite this island were some trees.

"'You see those trees?' my poor Biche said to me the day before, in her French jargon. 'He wait for you behind those trees.'

"In the daytime the door of my quarters was open, and the Biche free to come and go. On the day before she came in from the fields with a pick in her hand and a basketful of vegetables and potherbs for soup. She sat down on a bench at my door, the pick resting against it, and the basket at her side. I stood talking to her for a while: but I believe I was so idiotic that I never should have thought of putting the pick to any use had she not actually pushed it into my open door, so that it fell into my room. 'Hide it' she said; 'want it soon.' And that afternoon it was, she pointed out the trees to me.

"On the next day, she comes, pretending to be very angry, and calls out, 'My lord! my lord! why you not come to commandant's dinner? He very bad! Entendez-vous?' And she peeps into the room as she speaks, and flings a coil of rope at me.

"'I am coming, La Biche,' says I, and hobbled after her on my crutch. As I went in to the commandant's quarters she says, 'Pour ce soir.' And then I knew the time was come.

"As for Museau, he knew nothing about the matter. Not he! He growled at me, and said the soup was cold. He looked me steadily in the face, and talked of this and that; not only whilst his servant was present, but afterwards as we smoked our pipes and played our game at piquet; whilst according to her wont, the poor Biche sate cowering in a corner.

"My friend's whisky-bottle was empty; and he said, with rather a knowing look, he must have another glass—we must both have a glass that night. And rising from the table he stumped to the inner room where he kept his fire-water under lock and key, and away from the poor Biche, who could not resist that temptation.

"As he turned his back the Biche raised herself; and he was no sooner gone but she was at my feet, kissing my hand, pressing it to her heart, and bursting into tears over my knees. I confess I was so troubled by this testimony of the poor creature's silent attachment and fondness, the extent of which I scarce had suspected before, that when Museau returned, I had not recovered my equanimity, though the poor Fawn was back in her corner again and shrouded in her blanket.

"He did not appear to remark anything strange in the behaviour of either. We sate down to our game, though my thoughts were so preoccupied that I scarcely knew what cards were before me.

"'I gain everything from you to-night, milor,' says he, grimly. 'We play upon parole.'

"'And you may count upon mine,' I replied.

"'Eh! 'tis all that you have!' says he.

"'Monsieur,' says I, 'my word is good for ten thousand livres;' and we continued our game.

"At last he said he had a headache, and would go to bed, and I understood the orders too, that I was to retire. 'I wish you a good night, mon petit milor,' says he,—'stay, you will fall without your crutch,'—and his eyes twinkled at me, and his face wore a sarcastic grin. In the agitation of the moment I had quite forgotten that I was lame, and was walking away at a pace as good as a grenadier's.

"'What a villain night!' says he, looking out. In fact there was a tempest abroad, and a great roaring, and wind. 'Bring a lanthorn, La Tulipe, and lock my lord comfortably into his quarters!' He stood a moment looking at me from his own door, and I saw a glimpse of the poor Biche behind him.

"The night was so rainy that the sentries preferred their boxes, and did not disturb me in my work. The log-house was built with upright posts, deeply fixed in the ground, and horizontal logs laid upon it. I had to dig under these, and work a hole sufficient to admit my body to pass. I began in the dark, soon after tattoo. It was some while after midnight before my work was done, when I lifted my hand up under the log and felt the rain from without falling upon it. I had to work very cautiously for two hours after that, and then crept through to the parapet and silently flung my rope over the gun; not without a little tremor of heart, lest the sentry should see me and send a charge of lead into my body.

"The wall was but twelve feet, and my fall into the ditch easy enough. I waited a while there, looking steadily under the gun, and trying to see the river and the island. I heard the sentry pacing up above and humming a tune. The darkness

became more clear to me ere long, and the moon rose, and I saw the river shining before me, and the dark rocks and trees of the island rising in the waters.

"I made for this mark as swiftly as I could, and for the clump of trees to which I had been directed. Oh, what a relief I had when I heard a low voice humming there, 'Over the hills and far away!'"

When Mr. George came to this part of his narrative, Miss Theo, who was seated by a harpsichord, turned round and dashed off the tune on the instrument, whilst all the little company broke out into the merry chorus.

"Our way," the speaker went on, "lay through a level tract of forest with which my guide was familiar, upon the right bank of the Monongahela. By daylight we came to a clearer country, and my trapper asked me—Silverheels was the name by which he went—had I ever seen the spot before? It was the fatal field where Braddock had fallen, and whence I had been wonderfully rescued in the summer of the previous year. Now, the leaves were beginning to be tinted with the magnificent hues of our autumn."

"Ah, brother!" cries Harry, seizing his brother's hand. "I was gambling and making a fool of myself at the Wells and in London, when my George was flying for his life in the wilderness! Oh, what a miserable spendthrift I have been!"

"But I think thou art not unworthy to be called thy mother's son," said Mrs. Lambert, very softly, and with moistened eyes. Indeed, if Harry had erred, to mark his repentance, his love, his unselfish joy and generosity, was to feel that there was hope for the humbled and kind young sinner.

"We presently crossed the river" George resumed, "taking our course along the base of the western slopes of the Alleghanies; and through a grand forest region of oaks and maple, and enormous poplars that grow a hundred feet high without a branch. It was the Indians whom we had to avoid, besides the outlying parties of French. Always of doubtful loyalty, the savages have been specially against us, since our ill-treatment of them, and the French triumph over us two years ago.

"I was but weak still, and our journey through the wilderness lasted a fortnight or more. As we advanced, the woods became redder and redder. The frost nipped sharply of nights. We lighted fires at our feet, and slept in our blankets as best we might. At this time of year the hunters who live in the mountains get their sugar from the maples. We came upon more than one such family, camping near their trees by the mountain streams; and they welcomed us at their fires, and gave us of their venison. So we passed over the two ranges of the Laurel Hills and the Alleghanies. The last day's march of my trusty guide and myself took us down that wild, magnificent pass of Will's Creek, a valley lying between cliffs near a thousand feet high—bald, white, and broken into towers like huge fortifications,

with eagles wheeling round the summits of the rocks, and watching their nests among the crags.

"And hence we descended to Cumberland, whence we had marched in the year before, and where there was now a considerable garrison of our people. Oh! you may think it was a welcome day when I saw English colours again on the banks of our native Potomac!"

## CHAPTER LIII. Where we Remain at the Court End of the Town

George Warrington had related the same story, which we have just heard, to Madame de Bernstein on the previous evening—a portion, that is, of the history; for the old lady nodded off to sleep many times during the narration, only waking up when George paused, saying it was most interesting, and ordering him to continue. The young gentleman hem'd and ha'd, and stuttered, and blushed, and went on, much against his will, and did not speak half so well as he did to his friendly little auditory in Hill Street, where Hetty's eyes of wonder and Theo's sympathising looks, and mamma's kind face, and papa's funny looks, were applause sufficient to cheer any modest youth who required encouragement for his eloquence. As for mamma's behaviour, the General said, 'twas as good as Mr. Addison's trunk-maker, and she would make the fortune of any tragedy by simply being engaged to cry in the front boxes. That is why we chose my Lord Wrotham's house as the theatre where George's first piece should be performed, wishing that he should speak to advantage, and not as when he was heard by that sleepy, cynical old lady, to whom he had to narrate his adventures.

"Very good and most interesting, I am sure, my dear sir," says Madame Bernstein, putting up three pretty little fingers covered with a lace mitten, to hide a convulsive movement of her mouth. "And your mother must have been delighted to see you."

George shrugged his shoulders ever so little, and made a low bow, as his aunt looked up at him for a moment with her keen old eyes.

"Have been delighted to see you" she continued drily, "and killed the fatted calf, and—and that kind of thing. Though why I say calf, I don't know, nephew George, for you never were the prodigal. I may say calf to thee, my poor Harry! Thou hast been amongst the swine sure enough. And evil companions have robbed the money out of thy pocket and the coat off thy back.

"He came to his family in England, madam," says George, with some heat, "and his friends were your ladyship's."

"He could not have come to worse advisers, nephew Warrington, and so I should have told my sister earlier, had she condescended to write to me by him, as she has done by you," said the old lady, tossing up her head. "Hey! hey!" she said, at night, as she arranged herself for the rout to which she was going, to her waiting-maid:

"this young gentleman's mother is half sorry that he has come to life again, I could see that in his face. She is half sorry, and I am perfectly furious! Why didn't he lie still when he dropped there under the tree, and why did that young Florac carry him to the fort? I knew those Floracs when I was at Paris, in the time of Monsieur le Régent. They were of the Floracs of Ivry. No great house before Henri IV. His ancestor was the king's favourite. His ancestor—he! he!—his ancestress! Brett! entendez-vous? Give me my card-purse. I don't like the grand airs of this Monsieur George; and yet he resembles, very much, his grandfather—the same look and sometimes the same tones. You have heard of Colonel Esmond when I was young? This boy has his eyes. I suppose I liked the Colonel's because he loved me."

Being engaged, then, to a card-party,—an amusement which she never missed, week-day or Sabbath, as long as she had strength to hold trumps or sit in a chair,—very soon after George had ended his narration the old lady dismissed her two nephews, giving to the elder a couple of fingers and a very stately curtsy; but to Harry two hands and a kindly pat on the cheek.

"My poor child, now thou art disinherited, thou wilt see how differently the world will use thee!" she said. "There is only, in all London, a wicked, heartless old woman who will treat thee as before. Here is a pocket-book for you, child! Do not lose it at Ranelagh to-night. That suit of yours does not become your brother half so well as it sat upon you! You will present your brother to everybody, and walk up and down the room for two hours at least, child. Were I you, I would then go to the Chocolate-House, and play as if nothing had happened. Whilst you are there, your brother may come back to me and eat a bit of chicken with me. My Lady Flint gives wretched suppers, and I want to talk his mother's letter over with him. Au revoir, gentlemen!" and she went away to her toilette. Her chairmen and flambeaux were already waiting at the door.

The gentlemen went to Ranelagh, where but a few of Mr. Harry's acquaintances chanced to be present. They paced the round, and met Mr. Tom Claypool with some of his country friends; they heard the music; they drank tea in a box; Harry was master of ceremonies, and introduced his brother to the curiosities of the place; and George was even more excited than his brother had been on his first introduction to this palace of delight. George loved music much more than Harry ever did; he heard a full orchestra for the first time, and a piece of Mr. Handel satisfactorily performed; and a not unpleasing instance of Harry's humility and regard for his elder brother was, that he could even hold George's love of music in respect at a time when fiddling was voted effeminate and unmanly in England, and Britons were, every day, called upon by the patriotic prints to sneer at the frivolous accomplishments of your Squallinis, Monsieus, and the like. Nobody in Britain is proud of his ignorance now. There is no conceit left among us. There is no such thing as dulness. Arrogance is entirely unknown...Well, at any rate, Art has

obtained her letters of naturalisation, and lives here on terms of almost equality. If Mrs. Thrale chose to marry a music-master now, I don't think her friends would shudder at the mention of her name. If she had a good fortune and kept a good cook, people would even go and dine with her in spite of the *mésalliance*, and actually treat Mr. Piozzi with civility.

After Ranelagh, and pursuant to Madam Bernstein's advice, George returned to her ladyship's house, whilst Harry showed himself at the club, where gentlemen were accustomed to assemble at night to sup, and then to gamble. No one, of course, alluded to Mr. Warrington's little temporary absence, and Mr. Ruff, his ex-landlord, waited upon him with the utmost gravity and civility, and as if there had never been any difference between them. Mr. Warrington had caused his trunks and habiliments to be conveyed away from Bond Street in the morning, and he and his brother were now established in apartments elsewhere.

But when the supper was done, and the gentlemen, as usual, were about to seek the macco-table upstairs, Harry said he was not going to play any more. He had burned his fingers already, and could afford no more extravagance.

"Why," says Mr. Morris, in a rather flippant manner, "you must have won more than you have lost, Mr. Warrington, after all is said and done."

"And of course I don't know my own business as well as you do, Mr. Morris," says Harry sternly, who had not forgotten the other's behaviour on hearing of his arrest; "but I have another reason. A few months or days ago, I was heir to a great estate, and could afford to lose a little money. Now, thank God, I am heir to nothing." And he looked round, blushing not a little, to the knot of gentlemen, his gaming associates, who were lounging at the tables or gathered round the fire.

"How do you mean, Mr. Warrington?" cries my Lord March, "Have you lost Virginia, too? Who has won it? I always had a fancy to play you myself for that stake."

"And grow an improved breed of slaves in the colony," says another.

"The right owner has won it. You have heard me tell of my twin elder brother?"

"Who was killed in that affair of Braddock's two years ago! Yes. Gracious goodness, my dear sir, I hope in heaven he has not come to life again?"

"He arrived in London two days since. He has been a prisoner in a French fort for eighteen months; he only escaped a few months ago, and left our house in Virginia very soon after his release."

"You haven't had time to order mourning, I suppose, Mr. Warrington?" asks Mr. Selwyn very good-naturedly, and simple Harry hardly knew the meaning of his joke until his brother interpreted it to him.

"Hang me, if I don't believe the fellow is absolutely glad of the reappearance of his confounded brother!" cries my Lord March, as they continued to talk of the matter when the young Virginian had taken his leave.

"These savages practise the simple virtues of affection—they are barely civilised in America yet," yawns Selwyn.

"They love their kindred, and they scalp their enemies," simpers Mr. Walpole. "It's not Christian, but natural. Shouldn't you like to be present at a scalping-match, George, and see a fellow skinned alive?"

"A man's elder brother is his natural enemy," says Mr. Selwyn, placidly ranging his money and counters before him.

"Torture is like broiled bones and pepper. You wouldn't relish simple hanging afterwards, George!" continues Horry.

"I'm hanged if there's any man in England who would like to see his elder brother alive," says my lord.

"No, nor his father either, my lord!" cries Jack Morris.

"First time I ever knew you had one, Jack. Give me counters for five hundred."

"I say, 'tis all mighty fine about dead brothers coming to life again," continues Jack. "Who is to know that it wasn't a scheme arranged between these two fellows? Here comes a young fellow who calls himself the Fortunate Youth, who says he is a Virginian Prince and the deuce knows what, and who gets into our society—"

A great laugh ensues at Jack's phrase of "our society."

"Who is to know that it wasn't a cross?" Jack continues. "The young one is to come first. He is to marry an heiress, and, when he has got her, up is to rise the elder brother! When did this elder brother show? Why, when the younger's scheme was blown, and all was up with him! Who shall tell me that the fellow hasn't been living in Seven Dials, or in a cellar dining off tripe and cow-heel until my younger gentleman was disposed of? Dammy, as gentlemen, I think we ought to take notice of it: and that this Mr. Warrington has been taking a most outrageous liberty with the whole club."

"Who put him up? It was March, I think, put him up?" asks a bystander.

"Yes. But my lord thought he was putting up a very different person. Didn't you, March?"

"Hold your confounded tongue, and mind your game!" says the nobleman addressed: but Jack Morris's opinion found not a few supporters in the world. Many persons agreed that it was most indecorous of Mr. Harry Warrington to have ever believed in his brother's death: that there was something suspicious about the young man's first appearance and subsequent actions, and, in fine, that regarding these foreigners, adventurers, and the like, we ought to be especially cautious.

Though he was out of prison and difficulty; though he had his aunt's liberal donation of money in his pocket; though his dearest brother was restored to him, whose return to life Harry never once thought of deploring, as his friends at White's supposed he would do; though Maria had shown herself in such a favourable light by her behaviour during his misfortune: yet Harry, when alone, felt himself not particularly cheerful, and smoked his pipe of Virginia with a troubled mind. It was not that he was deposed from his principality; the loss of it never once vexed him; he knew that his brother would share with him as he would have done with his brother; but after all those struggles and doubts in his own mind, to find himself poor, and yet irrevocably bound to his elderly cousin! Yes, she was elderly, there was no doubt about it. When she came to that horrible den in Cursitor Street and the tears washed her rouge off, why, she looked as old as his mother! her face was all wrinkled and yellow, and as he thought of her he felt just such a qualm as he had when she was taken ill that day in the coach on their road to Tunbridge. What would his mother say when he brought her home, and, Lord, what battles there would be between them! He would go and live on one of the plantations—the farther from home the better—and have a few negroes, and farm as best he might, and hunt a good deal; but at Castlewood or in her own home, such as he could make it for her, what a life for poor Maria, who had been used to go to court and to cards and balls and assemblies every night! If he could be but the overseer of the estates—oh, he would be an honest factor, and try and make up for his useless life and extravagance in these past days! Five thousand pounds, all his patrimony and the accumulations of his long minority squandered in six months! He a beggar, except for dear George's kindness, with nothing in life left to him but an old wife,—a pretty beggar, dressed out in velvet and silver lace forsooth—the poor lad was arrayed in his best clothes—a pretty figure he had made in Europe, and a nice end he was come to! With all his fine friends at White's and Newmarket, with all his extravagance, had he been happy a single day since he had been in Europe? Yes, three days, four days, yesterday evening, when he had been with dear dear Mrs. Lambert, and those affectionate kind girls, and that brave good Colonel. And the Colonel was right when he rebuked him for his spendthrift follies, and he had been a brute to be angry as he had been, and God bless them all for their

generous exertions in his behalf! Such were the thoughts which Harry put into his pipe, and he smoked them whilst he waited his brother's return from Madame Bernstein.

## CHAPTER LIV. During Which Harry sits Smoking his Pipe at Home

The maternal grandfather of our Virginians, the Colonel Esmond of whom frequent mention has been made, and who had quitted England to reside in the New World, had devoted some portion of his long American leisure to the composition of the memoirs of his early life. In these volumes, Madame de Bernstein (Mrs. Beatrice Esmond was her name as a spinster) played a very considerable part; and as George had read his grandfather's manuscript many times over, he had learned to know his kinswoman long before he saw her,—to know, at least, the lady, young, beautiful, and wilful, of half a century since, with whom he now became acquainted in the decline of her days. When cheeks are faded and eyes are dim, is it sad or pleasant, I wonder, for the woman who is a beauty no more, to recall the period of her bloom! When the heart is withered, do the old love to remember how it once was fresh and beat with warm emotions? When the spirits are languid and weary, do we like to think how bright they were in other days, the hope how buoyant, the sympathies how ready, the enjoyment of life how keen and eager? So they fall—the buds of prime, the roses of beauty, the florid harvests of summer,—fall and wither, and the naked branches shiver in the winter.

"And that was a beauty once!" thinks George Warrington, as his aunt, in her rouge and diamonds, comes in from her rout, "and that ruin was a splendid palace. Crowds of lovers have sighed before those decrepit feet, and been bewildered by the brightness of those eyes." He remembered a firework at home, at Williamsburg, on the King's birthday, and afterwards looking at the skeleton-wheel and the sockets of the exploded Roman candles. The dazzle and brilliancy of Aunt Beatrice's early career passed before him, as he thought over his grandsire's journals. Honest Harry had seen them, too, but Harry was no bookman, and had not read the manuscript very carefully: nay, if he had, he would probably not have reasoned about it as his brother did, being by no means so much inclined to moralising as his melancholy senior.

Mr. Warrington thought that there was no cause why he should tell his aunt how intimate he was with her early history, and accordingly held his peace upon that point. When their meal was over, she pointed with her cane to her escritoire, and bade her attendant bring the letter which lay under the inkstand there; and George,

recognising the superscription, of course knew the letter to be that of which he had been the bearer from home.

"It would appear by this letter," said the old lady, looking hard at her nephew, "that ever since your return, there have been some differences between you and my sister."

"Indeed? I did not know that Madam Esmond had alluded to them," George said.

The Baroness puts a great pair of glasses upon eyes which shot fire and kindled who knows how many passions in old days, and, after glancing over the letter, hands it to George, who reads as follows:—

"RICHMOND, VIRGINIA, December 26th, 1756.

"HONOURED MADAM! AND SISTER!—I have received, and thankfully acknowledge, your ladyship's favour, per *Rose* packet, of October 23 ult.; and straightway answer you at a season which should be one of goodwill and peace to all men: but in which Heaven hath nevertheless decreed we should still bear our portion of earthly sorrow and trouble. My reply will be brought to you by my eldest son, Mr. Esmond Warrington, who returned to us so miraculously out of the Valley of the Shadow of Death (as our previous letters have informed my poor Henry), and who is desirous, not without my consent to his wish, to visit Europe, though he has been amongst us so short a while. I grieve to think that my dearest Harry should have appeared at home—I mean in England—*under false colours*, as it were; and should have been presented to his Majesty, to our family, and his own, as his father's heir, whilst my dear son George was still alive, though dead to us. Ah, madam! During the eighteen months of his captivity, what anguish have his mother's, his brother's, hearts undergone! My Harry's is the tenderest of any man's now alive. In the joy of seeing Mr. Esmond Warrington returned to life, he will forget the worldly misfortune which befalls him. He will return to (comparative) poverty without a pang. The most generous, *the most obedient* of human beings, of sons, he will gladly give up to his elder brother that inheritance which had been his own but for the accident of birth, and for the providential return of my son George.

"Your beneficent intentions towards dearest Harry will be more than ever welcome, now he is reduced to a younger brother's slender portion! Many years since, an advantageous opportunity occurred of providing for him in this province, and he would by this time have been master of a *noble estate* and negroes, and have been enabled to make a figure with most here, could his *mother's wishes* have been complied with, and his father's small portion, now lying at small interest in the British funds, have been invested in this most excellent purchase. But the forms of the law, and, I grieve to own, *my elder son's scruples*, prevailed, and this

admirable opportunity was lost to me! Harry will find the savings of his income have been carefully accumulated—long, long may he live to enjoy them! May Heaven bless you, dear sister, for what your ladyship may add to *his little store*! As I gather from your letter, that the sum which has been allowed to him has not been sufficient for his expenses *in the fine company* which he has kept (and the grandson of the Marquis of Esmond—one who had so *nearly* been his lordship's *heir*—may sure claim equality with any other nobleman in Great Britain), and having a sum by me which I had always intended for the poor child's establishment, I entrust it to my eldest son, who, to do him justice, hath a most sincere regard for his brother, to lay it out for Harry's best advantage."

"It took him out of prison yesterday, madam. I think that was the best use to which we could put it," interposed George, at this stage of his mother's letter.

"Nay, sir, I don't know any such thing! Why not have kept it to buy a pair of colours for him, or to help towards another estate and some negroes, if he has a fancy for home?" cried the old lady. "Besides, I had a fancy to pay that debt myself."

"I hope you will let his brother do that. I ask leave to be my brother's banker in this matter, and consider I have borrowed so much from my mother, to be paid back to my dear Harry."

"Do you say so, sir? Give me a glass of wine! You are an extravagant fellow! Read on, and you will see your mother thinks so. I drink to your health, nephew George! 'Tis good Burgundy. Your grandfather never loved Burgundy. He loved claret, the little he drank."

And George proceeded with the letter:

"This remittance will, I trust, amply cover any expenses which, owing to the mistake respecting his position, dearest Harry may have incurred. I wish I could trust his elder brother's prudence as confidently as my Harry's! But I fear that, even in his captivity, Mr. Esmond W. has learned little of that *humility* which becomes all Christians, and which I have ever endeavoured to teach to my children. Should you by chance show him these lines, when, by the blessing of Heaven on those who go down to the sea in ships, the Great Ocean divides us! he will know that a fond mother's blessing and prayers follow both her children, and that there is no act I have ever done, no desire I have ever expressed (however little he may have been inclined to obey it!) but hath been dictated by the fondest wishes for my dearest boys' welfare."

"There is a scratch with a penknife, and a great blot upon the letter there, as if water had fallen on it. Your mother writes well, George. I suppose you and she had a difference?" said George's aunt, not unkindly.

"Yes, ma'am, many," answered the young man, sadly. "The last was about a question of money—of ransom which I promised to the old lieutenant of the fort who aided me to make my escape. I told you he had a mistress, a poor Indian woman, who helped me, and was kind to me. Six weeks after my arrival at home, the poor thing made her appearance at Richmond, having found her way through the wood by pretty much the same track which I had followed, and bringing me the token which Museau had promised to send me when he connived to my flight. A commanding officer and a considerable reinforcement had arrived at Duquesne. Charges, I don't know of what peculation (for his messenger could not express herself very clearly), had been brought against this Museau. He had been put under arrest, and had tried to escape; but, less fortunate than myself, he had been shot on the rampart, and he sent the Indian woman to me, with my grandfather's watch, and a line scrawled in his prison on his deathbed, begging me to send *ce que je sçavais* to a notary at Havre de Grâce in France to be transmitted to his relatives at Caen in Normandy. My friend Silverheels, the hunter, had helped my poor Indian on her way. I don't know how she would have escaped scalping else. But at home they received the poor thing sternly. They hardly gave her a welcome. I won't say what suspicions they had regarding her and me. The poor wretch fell to drinking whenever she could find means. I ordered that she should have food and shelter, and she became the jest of our negroes, and formed the subject of the scandal and tittle-tattle of the old fools in our little town. Our Governor was, luckily, a man of sense, and I made interest with him, and procured a pass to send her back to her people. Her very grief at parting with me only served to confirm the suspicions against her. A fellow preached against me from the pulpit, I believe; I had to treat another with a cane. And I had a violent dispute with Madam Esmond—a difference which is not healed yet—because I insisted upon paying to the heirs Museau pointed out the money I had promised for my deliverance. You see that scandal flourishes at the borders of the wilderness, and in the New World as well as the Old."

"I have suffered from it myself, my dear!" said Madame Bernstein, demurely. "Fill thy glass, child! A little tass of cherry-brandy! 'Twill do thee all the good in the world."

"As for my poor Harry's marriage," Madam Esmond's letter went on, "though I know *too well, from sad experience*, the dangers to which youth is subject, and would keep my boy, *at any price*, from them, though I should wish him to marry a person of rank, as becomes his birth, yet my Lady Maria Esmond is out of the question. Her age is almost the same as mine; and I know my brother Castlewood left his daughters with the very smallest portions. My Harry is so obedient that I know a desire from me will be sufficient to cause him to give up this imprudent match. Some foolish people once supposed that I myself once thought of a second

union, and with a person of rank very different from ours. No! I knew what was due to my children. As succeeding to this estate after me, Mr. Esmond W. is amply provided for. Let my task now be to save for his less fortunate younger brother: and, as I do not love to live quite alone, let him return without delay to his fond and loving mother.

"The report which your ladyship hath given of my Harry fills my heart with warmest gratitude. He is all indeed a mother may wish. A year in Europe will have given him a polish and refinement which he could not acquire in our homely Virginia. Mr. Stack, one of our invaluable ministers in Richmond, hath a letter from Mr. Ward—my darlings' tutor of early days—who knows my Lady Warrington and her excellent family, and saith that my Harry has lived much with his cousins of late. I am grateful to think that my boy has the privilege of being with his good aunt. May he follow her counsels, and listen to those around him who will guide him on the way of *his best welfare!* Adieu, dear madam and sister! For your kindness to my boy accept the grateful thanks of a mother's heart. Though we have been divided hitherto, may these kindly ties draw us nearer and nearer. I am thankful that you should speak of my dearest father so. He was, indeed, one of the best of men! He, too, thanks you, I know, for the love you have borne to one of his children; and his daughter subscribes herself,—With sincere thanks, your ladyship's most dutiful and grateful sister and servant,

RACHEL ESMOND WN.

"P.S.—I have communicated with my Lady Maria; but there will no need to tell her and dear Harry that his mother or your ladyship hope to be able to increase his small fortune. The match is altogether unsuitable."

"As far as regards myself, madam," George said, laying down the paper, "my mother's letter conveys no news to me. I always knew that Harry was the favourite son with Madam Esmond, as he deserves indeed to be. He has a hundred good qualities which I have not the good fortune to possess. He has better looks—"

"Nay, that is not your fault," said the old lady, slyly looking at him; "and, but that he is fair and you are brown, one might almost pass for the other."

Mr. George bowed, and a faint blush tinged his pale cheek.

"His disposition is bright, and mine is dark," he continued; "Harry is cheerful, and I am otherwise, perhaps. He knows how to make himself beloved by every one, and it has been my lot to find but few friends."

"My sister and you have pretty little quarrels. There were such in old days in our family," the Baroness said; "and if Madam Esmond takes after our mother—"

"My mother has always described hers as an angel upon earth," interposed George.

"Eh! That is a common character for people when they are dead!" cried the Baroness; "and Rachel Castlewood was an angel, if you like—at least your grandfather thought so. But let me tell you, sir, that angels are sometimes not very *commodes à vivre*. It may be they are too good to live with us sinners, and the air down below here don't agree with them. My poor mother was so perfect that she never could forgive me for being otherwise. Ah, mon Dieu! how she used to oppress me with those angelical airs!"

George cast down his eyes, and thought of his own melancholy youth. He did not care to submit more of his family secrets to the cynical inquisition of this old worldling, who seemed, however, to understand him in spite of his reticence.

"I quite comprehend you, sir, though you hold your tongue," the Baroness continued. "A sermon in the morning: a sermon at night: and two or three of a Sunday. That is what people call being good. Every pleasure cried fie upon; all us worldly people excommunicated; a ball an abomination of desolation; a play a forbidden pastime; and a game of cards perdition! What a life! Mon Dieu, what a life!"

"We played at cards every night, if we were so inclined," said George, smiling; "and my grandfather loved Shakspeare so much, that my mother had not a word to say against her father's favourite author."

"I remember. He could say whole pages by heart; though, for my part, I like Mr. Congreve a great deal better. And then, there was that dreadful, dreary Milton, whom he and Mr. Addison pretended to admire!" cried the old lady, tapping her fan.

"If your ladyship does not like Shakspeare, you will not quarrel with my mother for being indifferent to him, too," said George. "And indeed I think, and I am sure, that you don't do her justice. Wherever there are any poor she relieves them; wherever there are any sick she—"

"She doses them with her horrible purges and boluses!" cried the Baroness. "Of course, just as my mother did!"

"She does her best to cure them! She acts for the best, and performs her duty as far as she knows it."

"I don't blame you, sir, for doing yours, and keeping your own counsel about Madam Esmond," said the old lady. "But at least there is one point upon which we all three agree—that this absurd marriage must be prevented. Do you know how old the woman is? I can tell you, though she has torn the first leaf out of the family Bible at Castlewood."

"My mother has not forgotten her cousin's age, and is shocked at the disparity between her and my poor brother. Indeed, a city-bred lady of her time of life, accustomed to London gaiety and luxury, would find but a dismal home in our Virginian plantation. Besides, the house, such as it is, is not Harry's. He is welcome there, Heaven knows; more welcome, perhaps, than I, to whom the property comes in natural reversion; but, as I told him, I doubt how his wife would—would like our colony," George said, with a blush, and a hesitation in his sentence.

The old lady laughed shrilly. "He, he! Nephew Warrington!" she said, "you need not scruple to speak your mind out. I shall tell no tales to your mother: though 'tis no news to me that she has a high temper, and loves her own way. Harry has held his tongue, too; but it needed no conjurer to see who was the mistress at home, and what sort of a life my sister led you. I love my niece, my Lady Molly, so well, that I could wish her two or three years of Virginia, with your mother reigning over her. You may well look alarmed, sir! Harry has said quite enough to show me who governs the family."

"Madam," said George, smiling, "I may say as much as this, that I don't envy any woman coming into our house against my mother's will: and my poor brother knows this perfectly well."

"What? You two have talked the matter over? No doubt you have. And the foolish child considers himself bound in honour—of course he does, the gaby!"

"He says Lady Maria has behaved most nobly to him. When he was sent to prison, she brought him her trinkets and jewels, and every guinea she had in the world. This behaviour has touched him so, that he feels more deeply than ever bound to her ladyship. But I own my brother seems bound by honour rather than love—such at least is his present feeling."

"My good creature," cries Madame Bernstein, "don't you see that Maria brings a few twopenny trinkets and a half-dozen guineas to Mr. Esmond, the heir of the great estate in Virginia,—not to the second son, who is a beggar, and has just squandered away every shilling of his fortune? I swear to you, on my credit as a gentlewoman, that, knowing Harry's obstinacy, and the misery he had in store for himself, I tried to bribe Maria to give up her engagement with him, and only failed because I could not bribe high enough! When he was in prison, I sent my lawyer to him, with orders to pay his debts immediately, if he would but part from her, but Maria had been beforehand with us, and Mr. Harry chose not to go back from his stupid word. Let me tell you what has passed in the last month!" And here the old lady narrated at length the history which we know already, but in that cynical language which was common in her times, when the finest folks and the most delicate ladies called things and people by names which we never utter in good company nowadays. And so much the better on the whole. We mayn't be more

virtuous, but it is something to be more decent: perhaps we are not more pure, but of a surety we are more cleanly.

Madame Bernstein talked so much, so long, and so cleverly, that she was quite pleased with herself and her listener; and when she put herself into the hands of Mrs. Brett to retire for the night, informed the waiting-maid that she had changed her opinion about her eldest nephew, and that Mr. George was handsome, that he was certainly much wittier than poor Harry (whom Heaven, it must be confessed, had not furnished with a very great supply of brains), and that he had quite the *bel air*—a something melancholy—a noble and distinguished *je ne sçais quoy*—which reminded her of the Colonel. Had she ever told Brett about the Colonel? Scores of times, no doubt. And now she told Brett about the Colonel once more. Meanwhile, perhaps, her new favourite was not quite so well pleased with her as she was with him. What a strange picture of life and manners had the old lady unveiled to her nephew! How she railed at all the world round about her! How unconsciously did she paint her own family—her own self; how selfish, one and all; pursuing what mean ends; grasping and scrambling frantically for what petty prizes; ambitious for what shabby recompenses; trampling—from life's beginning to its close—through what scenes of stale dissipations and faded pleasures! "Are these the inheritors of noble blood?" thought George, as he went home quite late from his aunt's house, passing by doors whence the last guests of fashion were issuing, and where the chairmen were yawning over their expiring torches. "Are these the proud possessors of ancestral honours and ancient names, and were their forefathers, when in life, no better? We have our pedigree at home with noble coats-of-arms emblazoned all over the branches, and titles dating back before the Conquest and the Crusaders. When a knight of old found a friend in want, did he turn his back upon him, or an unprotected damsel, did he delude her and leave her? When a nobleman of the early time received a young kinsman, did he get the better of him at dice, and did the ancient chivalry cheat in horseflesh? Can it be that this wily woman of the world, as my aunt has represented, has inveigled my poor Harry into an engagement, that her tears are false, and that as soon as she finds him poor she will desert him? Had we not best pack the trunks and take a cabin in the next ship bound for home?" George reached his own door revolving these thoughts, and Gumbo came up yawning with a candle, and Harry was asleep before the extinguished fire, with the ashes of his emptied pipe on the table beside him.

He starts up; his eyes, for a moment dulled by sleep, lighten with pleasure as he sees his dear George. He puts his arm round his brother with a boyish laugh.

"There he is in flesh and blood, thank God!" he says; "I was dreaming of thee but now, George, and that Ward was hearing us our lesson! Dost thou remember the ruler, Georgy? Why, bless my soul, 'tis three o'clock! Where have you been agadding, Mr. George? Hast thou supped? I supped at White's, but I'm hungry again.

I did not play, sir,—no, no; no more of that for younger brothers! And my Lord March paid me fifty he lost to me. I bet against his horse and on the Duke of Hamilton's! They both rode the match at Newmarket this morning, and he lost because he was under weight. And he paid me, and he was as sulky as a bear. Let us have one pipe, Georgy!—just one."

And after the smoke the young men went to bed, where I, for one, wish them a pleasant rest, for sure it is a good and pleasant thing to see brethren who love one another.