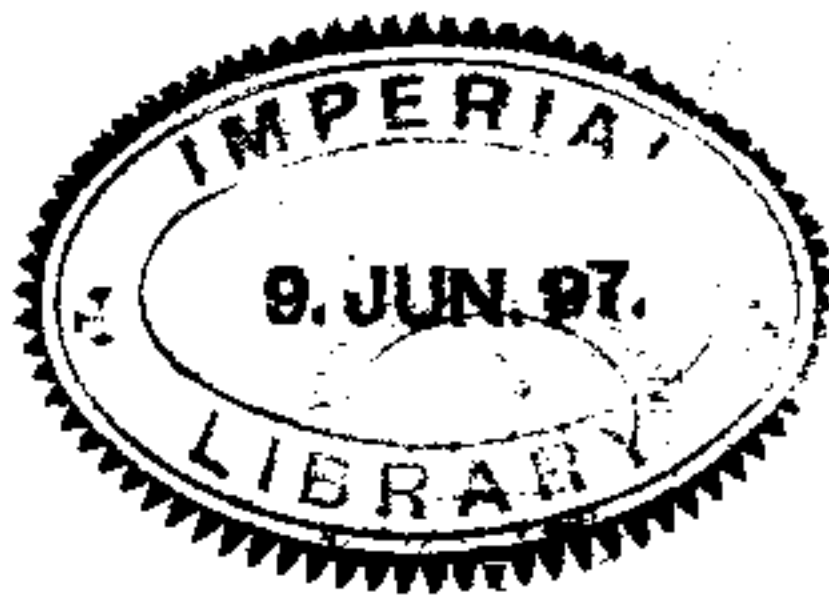




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OR,

LIFE IN INDIA.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

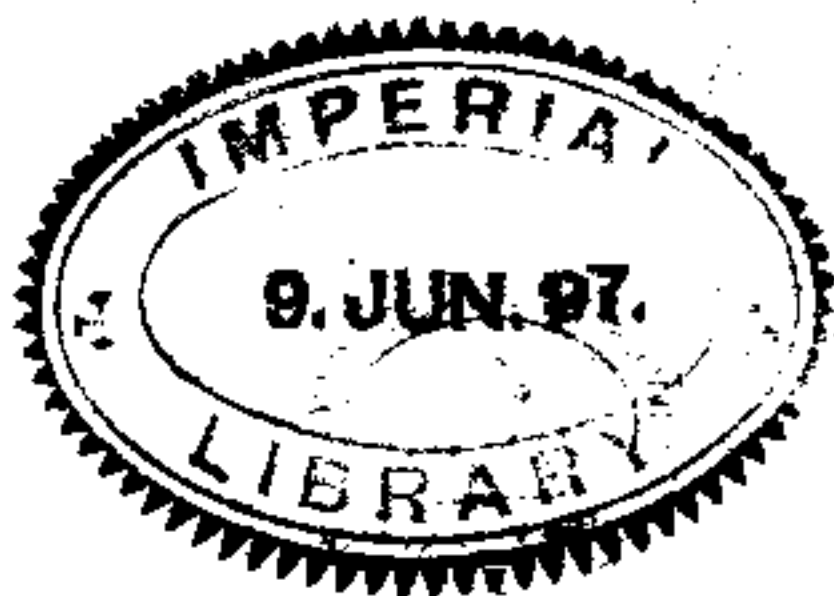
VOL. I.

LONDON :

JOHN MORTIMER, ADELAIDE STREET,

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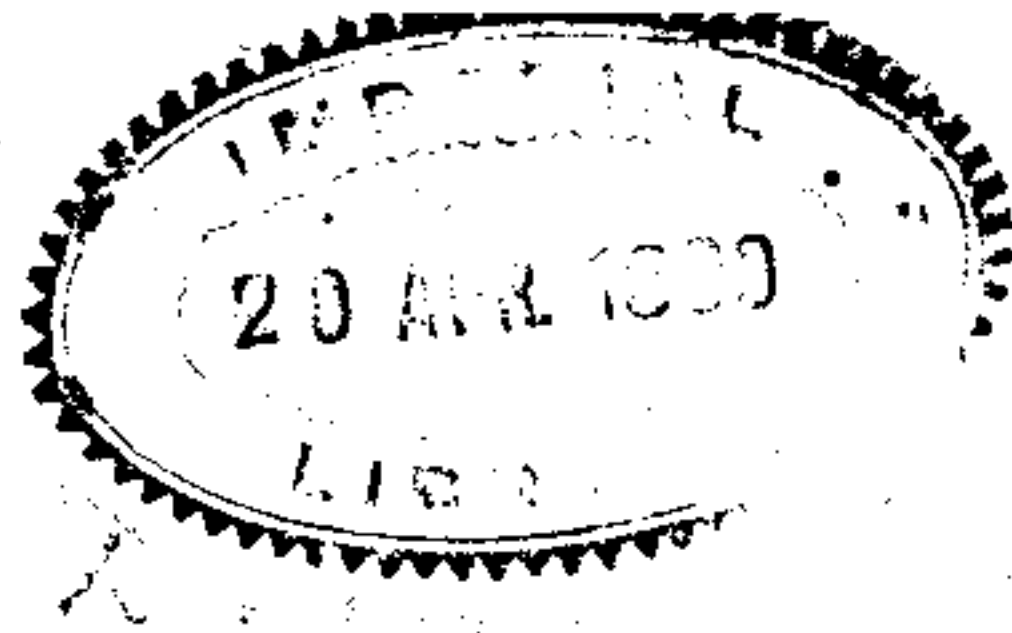
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C. WHITING, BEAUFORT HOUSE, STRAND.



PEREGRINE PULTUNEY,

&c. &c. &c.

CHAPTER I.

Which if it had ended otherwise than it does, this History would never have been written.

MR. AND MRS. PULTUNEY were sitting in ~~their~~ breakfast room—as pleasant an apartment as you would ever wish to see, with glass doors opening on the lawn, a round table, a piccolo piano, and a striking likeness of their eldest son in a blue petticoat over the chimney-piece.

Mrs. Pultuney was settled by the round table, and Mr. Pultuney in its near vicinity. Before the lady there was a mahogany frame, which might have been taken for a reading-desk, if sundry patches of party-coloured worsted had not betokened the na-

ture of the work, which its mechanist had intended it to abet; Mrs. Pultuney, in fact, was working, not in vulgar, but in feminine parlance, or to speak more distinctly, she was worsted-working. But whether she was engaged upon the fabrication of a slipper, a foot-stool, or an urn-rug it is beyond our ability to state, the work in question being somewhat of a nature similar to that of the ingenious gentleman's cartridge paper, which assumes yearly at Epsom Races every possible description of form, from Queen Elizabeth's ruff to Edward the Confessor's chair, Guy Fawkes's lantern or Buonaparte's cocked hat.

Mrs. Pultuney was a comely-looking woman, not much above six and thirty, with exceedingly white teeth and the prettiest feet in the whole world—a fact of which it is more than probable she was conscious, as she always wore pink silk stockings and the brightest patent leather shoes, which articles were exhibited with the most unassuming ostentation upon a delicate best Saxony and floss-silk wreath-of-flower-and-butterfly foot-cushion, with the toe acting as an index to the purple emperor, or the purple emperor to the toe; for the rest she was tall and graceful, with light hair and pink ribbands in her cap, and altogether the style of woman which young gentlemen of seventeen, with romantic dispositions and sensitive hearts fall in love with before they are aware of it, and think themselves Don Juans.

As for Mr. Pultuney, on a moderate computation, he was about fifteen years older than his lady, he had a bald head, with a tolerable skirting of iron grey hair behind, and a small tuft upon either side; he was neither short nor tall, handsome nor ugly, but as the countryman in the witness box said of the stone, "he wur a sizeable sort of a" man, and when I inform the reader that he wore drab knee breeches and ditto continuations, perhaps we have made the most of him.

At the time that our history commences, these two were conversing upon a topic of the highest importance to the said history, for it is more than probable that had the topic never have been started, this history would never have been written.

"We must get him a cadetship," said Mr. Pultuney.

"Get him a *what*?" asked that gentleman's wife.

"An appointment to India, my love."

Now, to gentlemen holding appointments in the civil and military services of the United Company of merchants trading to the East Indies, and to all their wives, sons, daughters, *et cætera*, there is probably nothing either very extraordinary or very appalling in these words; but to Mrs. Pultuney, who had no more knowledge of India than she had of a certain place, which philosophers say is "paved with good intentions," and in whose mind the one

locality was mixed up, like Plymouth and Stonehouse, with the other, the words thus spoken by her husband vibrated in her maternal ears with a death-like and ominous sound, and the most she could do was to scream faintly, "In mercy's name, do nothing of the kind!"

"And why not, my love?" asked Mr. Pultuney, who was a meek-minded strong-headed man, and was seldom ruffled by any thing.

"And why not? How can you ask?" returned the afflicted mother, as she applied the corner of a white cambric handkerchief to a blue eye, beginning rapidly to assume the Hebrew melody appearance of a violet dropping dew. "And why not! how can you ask? India! only think, Mr. Pultuney, of the climate, the fevers, the liver complaints, the jungles, and the Black Hole of Calcutta."

"I *have* thought, my love," was the mild conjugal reply.

"And then think, Mr. Pultuney, only think of the long voyage, four months at the least, with a chance of being drowned in a fortnight; think of the storms, the monsoons, and doubling Cape Horn."

"They don't go that way, my love," observed Mr. Pultuney with a smile.

"Well, then, the Cape of Good Hope," resumed his amiable consort, "it comes to the same thing ;

only think of the pirates; the corsairs, the sharks, and the bad living on board ship—hard biscuit, bilge water and the scurvy—only think, Mr. Pultuney!”

“Champagne three times a week and salmon hermetically sealed,” remarked the gentleman, by way of commentary on the text of his better half.

“Think what may become of him if he is taken ill,” continued the lady, in the excitement of her feelings, “with no one to nurse the dear boy, and no Dr. Scammony to send for—think of him dying amongst black barbarians and being put into the Ganges, perhaps before he is dead. You may smile, but I read it in a book, it’s the custom with those savages,” and Mrs. Pultuney looked three quarto volumes of Pickerton’s Travels into the face of her spouse.

“But, my love,” exclaimed the voice marital, “you have mistaken the whole matter. I do not want Peregrine to turn Hindoo, but to be made a writer or cadet; he need not abandon his religion and his country at the same time.”

“As well one as the other,” replied the lady, as though it were a corollary that necessarily followed.

“I don’t see matters in that light exactly,” said Mr. Pultuney.

“You will see nothing, Mr. P.,” continued his affectionate wife, who was gradually working herself up into a mixed state of hysterics and hydrophobia, a composite evil sufficiently denoted by sobs, tears,

and foaming at the mouth; "you will see nothing, absolutely nothing, although I have pointed it out to you in as vivid a manner as I can—at least I have tried to do so; but I know I can't—I can't succeed—we women are but weak in words, we have not got that gift," and Mrs. Pultuney swallowed down a sob in a very audible manner.

Now if Mrs. Pultuney, by "that gift," alluded to the donation which in vulgar parlance is denominated "the gift of the gab," it is a question whether Mr. Pultuney, in common with other philosophers, did not secretly encourage a different opinion from that expressed by his self-negative wife; but be that as it may, the only remark that he uttered, was this, "But I rather think, my dear, that you have been misinformed."

"Misinformed!" sobbed the lady; "am I misinformed that tigers, and elephants, and jackals, and snakes abound in India like hens and chickens. Are they not called Bengal tigers, those ravenous animals—those—those—" and the tender-hearted lady, entirely overcome at last by the extreme intensity of her feelings, sunk back in her chair and buried her face in French cambric.

But Mr. Pultuney, whose parental emotions were not of quite so overwhelming a nature, was little moved by the picture of eastern terrors thus vividly presented to his view; indeed the only visible sign of feeling he betrayed on the occasion, was a faint smile in which conjugal tenderness struggled

with a sense of the ridiculous; for much as the system is to be reprehended by all true moralists, it is obvious that husbands are but men after all, and cannot help laughing at their wives, when their wives think fit to be ridiculous, out of an amiable desire, no doubt, to promote the amusement of their consorts. Not that Mr. Pultuney disregarded the maternal anxieties of his affectionate partner, for he held them indeed in the highest respect. Not that he was of an unfeeling nature or apt to indulge his humorous propensities to any reprehensible excess, for on the contrary he was disposed to be grave, and had the kindest heart in the world; not that Master Peregrine Pultuney was an object of indifference to his father, for on the contrary, his father took every opportunity of "spoiling" Master Peregrine Pultuney; but that human endurance, as some grave philosopher has observed, like all other human things, has its limits, and this it was that called up the smile upon Mr. Pultuney's benevolent face, a smile which, like John Gilpin's horse,

Whose trot became a gallop soon
In spite of curb and rein.

did not betake itself away, till it had terminated in something approaching to what philologists have designated a laugh—a laugh audible and protracted.

Throwing himself back in his chair, stretching out his legs, and smiting his thigh sonorously with

the palm of his hand, Mr. Pultuney then exclaimed, as well as he was able, "God bless my soul, what are you thinking of, my dear?"

"I was thinking of poor Peregrine," sobbed Mrs. Pultuney, hysterically. "I was thinking of our poor boy; but you men have no hearts—no more than a stone;" and Mrs. Pultuney, to give visible proof that she had no petrefactions in that quarter, began to shed a monsoon of tears.

It was at this particular crisis that the tenderness of Mr. Pultuney's nature began to exhibit itself in favourable colours. The tears and lamentations of his amiable wife, were more than enough to check every feeling of mirth that might have had place in his bosom; and the bent of his humours taking a sudden turn, he found himself disposed to transfer his laughing from one to "the other side of his mouth." In plain terms he was taken aback, filled chock-full of compunction at once, and wondrously inclined to sing a palinode. It is astonishing what force of argument there is in a shower of conjugal tears. Bluebeard, Henry the Eighth, and the uxorious gentleman, to whose love of novelty we are indebted for the "Arabian Nights' Entertainments," are the only individuals whom we can at present recall, as being able to bear up against them.

"But, my dear," began Mr. Pultuney, in his very kindest voice of all, at the same time rising from his seat and taking Mrs. Pultuney's right hand

into his; "but my dear, don't distress yourself, indeed there is no occasion. I did not mean to say any thing unkind. I would not give you pain for ~~the~~ world;" and with a few other touching assertions of this kind, Mr. Pultuney "soothed the raven down of darkness till it smiled."

I mean by this that Mrs. Pultuney smiled. Her husband, whenever she was a little ruffled, took occasion to season his blandishments with a few complimentary assertions, which were the source of considerable gratification to the personal vanity of Mrs. Pultuney. Upon the present occasion, she happened to drop her handkerchief in the neighbourhood of the patent leather slipper and the purple emperor on the Saxony cloth; Mr. Pultuney bent down to raise it, and whether it were that he was at that moment particularly struck by the fact, or whether he was acting on a foregone determination, we are at this moment incompetent to state, but as he delivered the handkerchief to Mrs. Pultuney, he remarked, with an affectionate expression of countenance, "What pretty feet you *have* got, my dear;" and it is a remarkable fact that both ladies and gentlemen, however full their assurance may be of their personal attractions in any respect, derive the keenest sensation of pleasure from an announcement of this flattering nature, which, however much it may partake of what schoolboys are in the habit of calling "stale news," is sure to

be welcome from any quarter, and never chargeable with the fault of redundancy.

The handkerchief was restored, the feet were complimented, the tears were wiped away and the lady smiled. "Kiss me, my dear," said the gentleman, and the interesting ceremony was accordingly performed.

"I can assure you, my love," said Mr. Pultuney, when that gentleman had resumed his seat, "that India is not nearly so bad a place as your imagination has painted it."

"At all events it is bad enough," returned Mrs. Pultuney, delivering herself of a truism it is utterly impossible to confute, for it would be difficult to find any degree of badness which may not be called "bad enough."

"There are many worse places," said Mr. Pultuney.

"I should doubt it," returned his wife. "One has but to read the books to tell what sort of a place it is. Why what was that horrible story about the massacre at Vellore? Thousands of Christian souls all murdered in cold blood—only think, Mr. Pultuney."

"My dear," replied Mr. Pultuney, in-a-you-shan't-cry-this-time sort of voice, "I have thought of these things and a great many more. There have been massacres in all parts of the world; the massacre of the Huguenots has deterred no one from visiting Paris; the fires in Smithfield have

not struck terror into the minds of the Lincolnshire cattle-sellers. The massacre at Vellore, like most other massacres, was an event without a parallel in history; the Black Hole of Calcutta is no longer in existence; the voyage to India is as easy and as safe as the voyage to Margate or Calais; tigers and other wild beasts are only seen by those who go after them; the medical men in India are most of them superior to your favourite Dr. Scammony; and I always find, that they who come home from India, are in a great hurry to get back again."

After delivering this learned and argumentative speech, Mr. Pultuney looked into his wife's face, with an expression of countenance that said, "Has not this convinced you, my love?"

But Mrs. Pultuney was not easily convinced; India, in her mind, was a sort of colonized Pandæmonium, and nothing could divest her of an opinion that she might as well apprentice her son to a chimney-sweeper as to the United Company of East India Merchants.

"And then to lose the dear boy," exclaimed Mrs. Pultuney.

"Ah! there it is," responded Mr. Pultuney, with a sigh. "A heavy loss,—very heavy, I acknowledge."

"Just as he is becoming so interesting, so companionable," sighed Mrs. Pultuney, and as she said this some dim notions entered her mind of a tree,

a flower, and a gazelle, but as she could not remember the precise words, she was not equal to the quotation.

"Yes," said Mr. Pultuney, "it will be a sore trial, but 'tis one all parents must endure; we cannot keep him with us for ever. I wish with all my heart we could," and Mr. Pultuney was seized with an intense longing to possess Fortunatus's night cap.

After this there was a great deal of desultory argument, of which the gentleman had the best, and had any one been listening at the key-hole, he might have elicited from the conversation much knowledge of Mr. Pultuney's circumstances; he might have learnt that Mr. Pultuney was a younger brother, that he belonged to no particular profession; that he lived upon an annuity, proceeding from certain shares in a mercantile house, of which his father had been one of the partners; that Mr. Pultuney's elder brother was a gentleman of large property, who, at the age of fifty-three, having remained single up to that epoch, had taken it into his head to marry and get an heir, very much to the disappointment of *our* Mr. Pultuney and his family; that the elder Mr. Pultuney had always manifested a particular affection for his nephew Peregrine, which caused the younger Mr. Pultuney and his wife to look upon Master Peregrine Pultuney as an embryo squire; that Master Peregrine, like his father, had an elder brother, who was then

preparing for Oxford; that Mr. Pultuney's income was insufficient to send another son to the University; that he had some interest with the Court of Directors, and "thought, under existing circumstances, it would not be an imprudent step to get Master Peregrine an appointment to India, and thereby provide for him for life.

It was solely upon the ground of expediency that Mr. Pultuney conducted his arguments—"Needs must when a certain gentleman drives," is a proverb of old standing, and Mr. Pultuney heaped up, on this aphorism as a basis, a towering structure of ratiocinative eloquence, which so far prevailed with Mrs. Pultuney, that she gave her consent to the banishment, provided the dear boy was of opinion that such a step would conduce to his happiness.

Just at this interesting crisis, Master Peregrine entered the room. To say the least of him he was a young gentleman of no ordinary pretensions. No reasonable man in the three kingdoms could possibly object to the possession of a dozen such sons as this, though beef were a shilling a pound. He had just come in from cricket, and it is not an improbable conjecture that he had left his jacket, and waistcoat in the hall, for he appeared without either in the breakfast-room. His white jean trowsers which, it must be acknowledged were very well made, showed sundry green patches at the knee, indicative of sharp fielding—long stop, or point,

or something: his shirt was hanging somewhat loosely about his hips, and his handkerchief still more loosely about his neck, and altogether he was in that sort of elegant *negligé* which gentlemen's costume are wont to assume, at the termination of a long innings.

Thus much for the boy's apparel, which, it must be confessed, was not calculated in any great degree to set off his personal charms; yet, nevertheless, Mrs. Pultuney's bosom swelled with maternal pride and affection, as she contemplated her second son. A fine thick head of light hair, which all the cricket in the world could never put out of curl, large bluish grey eyes, with a come-and-have-some-fun-with-me expression; a fair, clear complexion, somewhat heightened by the exercise resulting from some six-and-thirty runs "off his own bat," besides those of his companions, and a very pleasant sort of full lipped kiss-and-smile mouth, were amongst his principal facial adornments. His figure was precisely of that order, which fashionable tailors delight in, and schoolboys call "girlish," for he had a small waist and large hips, and Mrs. Pultuney declared he was "her *own* son," a fact no one ever disputed, because he was blessed with those aristocratic appendages which are commonly called small hands and feet.

And such was the hero of our work, at the epoch whence our history commences; though we have forgotten to state that he carried a cricket bat

over his shoulder, and was just fourteen years of age.

“Well, papa,”—these were his first words, as he flung open the breakfast-room door, “six-and-thirty runs off my own bat, and we beat them in one innings. I tossed up with Charles Hitemwell, but he was out first ball. Famous game, you can’t think,” and with sundry other interesting details of this kind, Master Peregrine entertained his parents.

The young gentleman had scarcely concluded his graphic account of their juvenile cricket club, when Mrs. Pultuney, behind whose chair he was standing with one hand over its back, took hold of the said hand and was about to convey it to her lips, with some remark or other about its whiteness, and its similitude to her own, when all on a sudden she let it drop, and exclaimed, with an aspect of horror, “Gracious Heavens, it is all over blood?”

Now this, though not at all an extraordinary circumstance, as every woman who has had sons must know, is one which, in spite of its frequency, strikes terror into a mother’s heart. Mrs. Pultuney was very much alarmed, and asked her husband to ring the bell.

Her first idea was to send for a doctor, and to ring for the footman was the preliminary step; perhaps her next thought would have been to do a

fit, if Master Peregrine Pultuney had not smiled and said, "Never mind, it's not mine."

"What is not yours, my love?" asked Mrs. Pultuney in a faint voice.

"The blood on my hand, mamma; it will all wash off," replied the young gentleman, with a fear-dispelling look on his face.

"How came it there?" asked his mother.

"They were impudent," said Master Pultuney, "and so we thrashed them to their hearts' content."

"Who were impudent? who were thrashed! I never knew such a boy," cried Mrs. Pultuney in great consternation.

"The blackguards, to be sure," returned Peregrine.

Now it would puzzle any foreign student of our language to acquaint himself with the various synonyms, which correspond to the more classical word "plebeian." In different schools, in different classes of society, in different parts of the country, at different ages, and in different writers, there are so many different dialects, what with "snobs," and "clods," and "chaws," and "jigs," and various other elegant and euphonious monosyllables, the foreigner must be lost in admiration of the copiousness of the English language. "Blackguard" was the word employed by our hero, and it is a remarkable coincidence that it was the very expression

which we ourselves, at Peregrine's age, were in the habit of employing upon similar occasions.

"The blackguards to be sure," returned Master Pultuney; "they pelted our wickets, so we ran after them, chased them across the common, caught them, and to some purpose too, I should think, as the ring-leader knows to his cost. Cheap bleeding—eh, mamma?" and the young gentleman laughed.

We do not know exactly, how it is, but nevertheless we regard it as a fact, which may be pretty confidently stated, that young gentlemen living in the vicinity of a common, on which gymnastics may be conveniently prosecuted, are wont to give a pleasant variety to their sports, by adding pugilistics to the number of recreations they are in the habit of indulging in daily; and it is equally true, that in these encounters, which are rarely of an intestine nature, the juvenile mobocracy of the place are generally worsted by their aristocratic opponents. We have seldom seen a cricket match on a "common" or "green," that has not ended in a popular entertainment of this sort, the neutrality of the ground being generally considered as peculiarly applicable to these purposes.

At this explicit announcement from the lips of Master Peregrine Pultuney, his father smiled approvingly, as fathers generally do on these occasions; but his mother, on the other hand, as is the custom with mothers, looked unutterably distressed, and turned a reproachful eye on her son.

"You will be the death of me some of these days," cried the tender-hearted lady with a sigh, as her imagination made a picture in her mind of Master Peregrine with a broken head being carried home on a shutter.

"I will be the death of some few of *them*," returned Master Peregrine, as he clenched his fist at an imaginary blackguard.

"There never was such a boy," resumed Mrs. Pultuney; "he is never safe out of one's sight," and with a few maternal lamentations of this kind, mixed up with some scarcely intelligible threats of breaking her own heart, if her son were to break his head, the lady endeavoured to correct Master Pultuney's pugilistic propensities, and finished by giving him a kiss.

This matter having been settled and Master Peregrine having promised not to thrash the blackguards, if the blackguards would promise not to be impudent, Mr. Pultuney, reverting to the conversation that had lately taken place between himself and his wife, proceeded to inform Peregrine, that they had been talking about him.

"And you could not have had a better subject, could you mamma?" cried the young gentleman.

"What spirits the boy has!" exclaimed Mrs. Pultuney, patting her son on the cheek as he spoke.

"Yes, Peregrine," resumed Mr. Pultuney, in a peculiar grave voice, "we have been conversing anxiously on a subject that lies very near our

hearts. We have been thinking that if I were to die, and—”

Here Mr. Pultuney suddenly stopped, and it might have been supposed that the thought of his dissolution—an awful thing at best—had impeded his utterance, if he had not exclaimed, with a frown and a smile,

“Now, Peregrine, my dear boy, pray *do* be serious for once.”

The fact is that Master Peregrine Pultuney, as he stood behind his mother's chair, had raised his bat in a horizontal direction to his shoulder, and with the handle pointing outwards like the barrel of a gun, he was taking a most deliberate and sportsmanlike aim, his left eye being closed for the purpose, at a fly on his father's nose.

The fly having taken his departure in quest of some other recreation, and Mr. Pultuney having uttered his request, which it must be acknowledged was a moderate one, Master Peregrine Pultuney consented to be serious “for once.”

“Take care it's only for once,” exclaimed the young gentleman, as he seated himself on his cricket-bat in a manner peculiar to cricketers, but which somewhat resembles the fashion in which a frog sits on a bulrush, the seat going between your legs and making an angle with the ground.

“Better sit here, my love,” said Mrs. Pultuney, moving the patent leather slipper to the edge of the

butterfly footstool, and she motioned to Peregrine to seat himself.

Mr. Pultuney then "began again," and made a very long speech, in the course of which he impressed upon his son several most important facts, with the majority of which Master Peregrine was perfectly well acquainted before. Mr. Pultuney stated amongst other things, that he was not a rich man; that he could not live for ever; that he had not the power of saving much; that his brother had got a child, and consequently an heir; that the family therefore could not look to that particular quarter, although he had once thought it would be otherwise; and finally he came to the point, by informing his son Peregrine that he would have to work for his bread.

As there was nothing in all this very astounding to Master Peregrine, he contented himself with simply observing, "I'm quite willing, papa." Mr. Pultuney having thus got rid of all his undebatable matter, began to touch upon more delicate ground, and after much unnecessary manœuvring, he began to sound the young gentleman as to his particular views of the matter.

The young gentleman answered off hand, "I should like to go into the army."

Most young gentlemen make this answer, and when they become old gentlemen they begin to think that it was as stupid a one as they could

possibly have made; but nevertheless Master Peregrine made this martial response.

Upon which Mrs. Pultuney made certain observations about her son's spirits infallibly proving the death of her, and a few other maternal vaticinations of this amiable nature, indicative of weak nerves and strong parental emotions.

"The army!—Ah! true," responded Mr. Pultuney; "a fine profession indeed, very fine in time of war—Peninsular campaigning harder work than playing at cricket, but in peace, Peregrine, a red coat, a loud voice, and a cigar, make a sort of band-box soldier, which is all that is requisite now-a-days. This is the army in *England*, the king's army I mean; but what say you to the army in India, the company's service, Peregrine?"

"The very thing," said that young gentleman.

The alacrity with which this response was given, fairly upset Mrs. Pultuney. She had not at all calculated on any thing more than a reluctant consent, and this eagerness of concession, was too much for her; she burst into tears.

"Ah! I see how it is," she sobbed; "you are tired of home already, change, any thing for a change, you care nothing about leaving your mother."

"Indeed, mamma, I do care very much," returned Master Peregrine Pultuney, rising up from the butterfly footstool, and taking his mother's hand; "now don't, mamma, pray don't. I do care

very much, indeed, but boys can't always be boys, and men must go into the world."

"Go away, go away," resumed the lady, "you don't think any thing about me; you wouldn't care if you never saw me again."

The boy remonstrated, kissed his mother, told her not to cry about fifty times, and wound up by saying, that if he went to India, he would promise to come back again, a delusion under which most people have laboured, and most people have been disappointed.

However, it had, or appeared to have, some effect upon Mrs. Pultuney, for she began to wipe away her tears, and to say something about Peregrine's happiness being her first thought, and that supposing he could be happy in India, she would endeavour to be so in England, and with other self-denying and philosophic reflections, she brought herself into a state of composure.

There was then a little desultory conversation regarding the *how* and the *when* of this appointment to India. Peregrine said particularly "not next half," for next half the boys at his school were to play a grand match with the town club, and Peregrine was "one of the eleven."

Mrs. Pultuney said he was not old enough to go to India, a statement which was certainly true as far as regarded the Indian army, unless Peregrine aspired to a little preliminary training in the situation of a drummer-boy, and Mr. Pultuney agreed with

his wife. It was therefore settled that Peregrine should remain at school a year longer, and that at the expiration of this time, an appointment to the military college should be procured for him, if possible. This was tolerably satisfactory to all parties, for it is a great thing to defer an evil when you cannot altogether escape it.

It is not often that things turn out precisely as the parties most concerned have intended, and when they do it is remarkably fortunate, and so the Pultuneys ought to have thought; for Master Peregrine at the end of the holidays, or rather a fortnight after the holidays had ended, went back to school, played in the cricket-match against the town, made twenty-eight runs, caught out the best player on the opposite side, dined at the expense of the town gentlemen, for school-boys always beat "the town," and finished by getting drunk, very much to his own satisfaction.

The elder Mr. Pultuney too, was equally successful in all his undertakings. He went *up* to London, called on his friend the director, stated his wish, which was instantly complied with, and dined with the "tea-dealer" in the evening. A cadetship was promised, with a nomination to Addiscombe at the commencement of the ensuing term, and Mr. Pultuney was exhorted to prepare his son in vulgar and decimal fractions, and Cæsar; such being the full extent of the ordeal, these embryo soldiers have to pass—yet, incredible as it may appear, a vast num-

ber of aspiring heroes are "remanded for future examination," as the police reports say, every year.

Our hero in the course of this intervening year, made wonderful progress in his classics, his cricketing, and his knowledge of the world. Nature had lavished her gifts very prodigally on the young gentleman, so that when he was fifteen years old, he was the best looking, the cleverest, the idlest, the wildest, the most amusing boy in Dr. Radix's academy, and moreover, in school phraseology, he was an "out-and-out dab at every thing," and it was a question whether he could make most runs or most verses in any given space of time. The maid-servants declared he was the "flower of the school," and gave him bouquets accordingly on Sundays. The doctor's wife always begged him off, or tried to do so, when he got into a scrape, which truth compels us to say, was pretty often; the doctor's daughter, an interesting girl of fifteen, had more than once been kissed by him, pretty liberally, behind the dancing-room door, without telling her mamma: and the foot-boy declared that Master Pultuney's Wellingtons were the only ones in the school he derived pleasure from blacking—they "looked so tidy when they was done."

If any one be anxious to know what Peregrine Pultuney's school-fellows and school-master thought of that spirited young gentleman, we must refer him to the interesting narrative contained in the next chapter.

CHAPTER II.

In which the reader is informed of what Peregrine Pultuney's School-fellows and Peregrine Pultuney's School-master thought of Peregrine Pultuney.

It was in the latter end of the winter half-year, about the time at which schoolboys scribble, upon the walls and inside their books, "only one week to the holidays," when Master Peregrine Pultuney was sitting, after dinner, before the school-room fire—(*dulce-domum* having been sung twice over)—indulging, as was not very much his wont, in a train of melancholy reflections, occasioned, singular enough to relate, by the thoughts of his approaching departure from a place, whence the greater number of school-boys are especially glad to escape, and where very many grown up men heartily wish themselves back again.

But in spite of his volatility, the young gentleman whose exploits we are celebrating, was not destitute of a philosophic spirit. He knew that he had been very happy at school, and he was not quite sure that he was going to make a change for the

better. He was comfortably settled, that was sure, and we all know that when we get comfortably settled, no matter where it may be, we are in no hurry for a change, even though it may be probably for the better. If a man falls asleep in his chair, it takes a **great** deal of persuasion to remove him thence to his bed, though a bed is generally considered to be a better place 'for sleeping than' a chair.

Indulging in this train of reflection, interrupted only by an occasional exhortation to some intruder not to get between him and the fire, or a polite refusal to a few civil invitations of "Pultuney take a chestnut," or some other article of consumption that had just been cooked before the fire, he was roused from his meditations by a tap on the shoulder, and turning round to see what was the matter, a letter was put into his hand by a little boy, who instantly departed.

It was written upon gilt-edged paper, neatly folded, sealed, and directed to "Peregrine Pultuney, Esq.," but it had evidently not come by the post. Peregrine did not know what to make of it, so he lost no time in breaking it open, and making himself master of its contents. Two or three big boys, who sat near him at the fire, were observed to "nudge" one another, and to look at our hero as he read the letter. There was a bland smile upon all their faces too, so it was evident that there was no treason in it—it was not a go-off sort of

letter—nothing of the *swing* about it. We are happy to state that it ran thus:

“DEAR PULTUNEY, — We, the undersigned members of the Senior-room and the Senior Cricket-club, anxious to testify our strong sense of your merits, as a good fellow in every sense of the word, as well as our heartfelt regret at your approaching *départure* from amongst us, request the pleasure of your company at a supper and a carousal to night in the Senior-room, at the hour of twelve precisely.

“We are, dear Pultuney,

“Your affectionate friends,

“HORACE STYLES,

“VINCENT VAUX,

“SAMUEL SKINNER, &c. &c. &c.”

and here followed five or six names of five or six big boys, who shared with Peregrine Pultuney the privileges of the “Senior-room.”

To the supper and carousal Peregrine Pultuney had no manner of objection. It is astonishing what a facility that young gentleman had of doing what he ingenuously called “accommodating himself to circumstances.” He had been known more than once to do this sort of thing surprisingly well in the Cider Cellars, the Fives Court, and on the box of a stage-coach; and it is a remarkable fact, that upon one occasion, having been confined in the school lock-up room for some offence committed or imagined, he accommodated himself so admirably to circumstances, that he rendered all the window-

bars moveable for the benefit of future sufferers, by the simple aid of a turnscrew in a pocket-knife, and proceeded immediately to regale himself in the coffee-room of the nearest hotel; having done which, he bought two shillings' worth of cigars, and returned home to fumigate his apartment, and destroy the insects for the advantage of posterity.

Twelve o'clock came at last; but it was a long time coming, as every body knows it must be, when one has to sit up for it, in a state of indecision as to the propriety of turning in for a couple of hours or watching out the whole time. We have waited for a good many things in our day, but we know nothing more truly harassing to one's patience than waiting from nine o'clock, when the legitimate lights are extinguished, till half-past eleven or twelve, when one may reasonably conjecture the family has gone to bed, and venture accordingly to begin one's carousal. The propriety of going to sleep for two or three hours is dubious—somebody must sit up to wake the others at the appointed time, and if that somebody has no one to talk to, the chances are that he will fall asleep. And then again, if you take a nap you are not well pleased to be awakened, and you are a good half-hour before you have made up your mind that you would not much rather have slept on; all which things tend very much to lessen the advantages of the supper and the carousal; so on the whole it is the wiser plan to sit up with one's clothes on, and beguile the time as one can.

Every thing was in proper training. The wines and spirits had been procured through the agency of one of the maid-servants, whose father kept a public-house; there was a bottle behind every boy's pillow, rolled up in his nightshirt; there were six lemons in one of Style's boots, and two dozen cigars in the other; there were tumblers and wine-glasses in Skinner's hat-box, and Vaux had broken his basin that morning, on purpose to have a new one for a punchbowl. Altogether the contrivances were of a most ingenious description, and might have evaded the vigilance of the far-famed Townshend himself. Who could have suspected that the comely row of broken-backed Livys, Herodotuses, and other classical authors, which the boys of the senior-room were "out of," concealed behind their innocent ranks, a museum of boiled lobsters, veal pies, and cold chickens? Who could have supposed that the unsuspecting-looking portfolio, that stood up in such an artist-like manner on the top of that old press, was a bulk-head which hid from the view a phalanx of blue and white plates? And could the most astute of human ushers have guessed that behind Master Pultuney's Hederic Lexicon there was actually a small grocer's shop, containing, amongst divers other articles, a pound of lump sugar, a bottle of vinegar, some salt, some pepper, some mustard, a bottle of olives, and a box of lucifers? It was indeed admirably arranged, the lights had been seen "*out*" by the usher, and the boys

had been seen *in*. It was plain no one suspected the festivities that were then preparing. The usher had wished them good night in his usual unmeaning tone of voice, and had walked down stairs the same way as usual. Styles proposed that they should "tell a story all round," to keep one another awake; but it was found, after a short trial, that this process had quite a contrary effect, Pultuney's story being the only one that was not accompanied by a running commentary of pretty audible snores. Conversation then followed promiscuously, and when it flagged, a song was proposed, but this was voted a dangerous experiment, so Peregrine Pultuney, in despair, got hold of Styles' left boot, promised to wake the rest, and began "blowing a cloud."

This he did, very much to his own satisfaction, until the two dozen cigars in Styles' left boot had been reduced to one dozen and nine. He then looked at his watch by the light of a lucifer, found it was half-past eleven, and woke up his companions.

They looked out of window—the "Senior-room" was in one wing of the house, from which they could see the main building. All seemed perfectly quiet, no lights were visible, and no sound heard. It was time to lay out the table; but as you must first catch your hare, so you must first get your table, and to accomplish this an incursion was to be made into the "eating-room," whence a small table was to be furtively abstracted. This feat was speedily accomplished, for the eating-room "lay

handy," being only one passage off; and Peregrine Pultune, with surprising alacrity, supplied table and chairs, amongst the latter of which he had taken care to provide the doctor's own particular for the president, with what precise object in view, we cannot very confidently state.

The next process to be gone through was a rather singular one; it consisted of removing three or four blankets from three or four beds, and hanging them up in treble folds before the windows of the room. "Necessity is the mother of invention," observed Vincent Vaux, as he turned his blanket into a shutter, and defied the doctor to see a light through it.

The lucifers were then resorted to, candles lit, and every boy in the room set himself to work most assiduously. It would have been an interesting spectacle to Asmodeus and his friend, if they had unroofed this particular wing of Dr. Radix's house at this particular moment, and seen how these juvenile "nine worthies" unrolled nine night-shirts, and took from thence nine black bottles, which they severally deposited on the table. It would have done any one's heart good, moreover, to have seen that table after it was laid out, veal pie, cold, at one end, roast chickens ditto at the other, sliced ham on one side, cucumber opposite, and two fine boiled lobsters in the middle. The arrangements were astonishingly complete and nothing was wanting but a cork-screw; and even this would not have

been missing, if Skinner had not been "fool enough to lend his knife," on the very evening that he most required its assistance. This, however, was a small difficulty, for after sundry attempts on the part of Styles to punch out the cork with a two-pronged fork, and divers suggestions from Skinner to "push it in," a proceeding vehemently objected to by Master Peregrine Pultuney, that young gentleman, after a declaration that he knew a trick worth two of that, began with singular address and the back of the carving knife to knock off the top of the rims of one or two bottles in the tidiest manner imaginable, and to the general satisfaction of the party.

It was at this interesting stage of the proceedings that one of the party observed incidentally, that he felt uncommonly cold, a statement which is generally believed at twelve o'clock on a December night, when there is no fire in the neighbourhood of those who are called upon to credit the assertion. It was in fact bitterly cold—"too cold to freeze," as one of the boys facetiously remarked, and it is a singular proof of the fallibility of human memory, that when Vincent Vaux suggested that they might speedily warm the frozen current of their blood, by the assistance of a jorum of hot punch, a question was put by one of the bystanders, as to where the hot water was to come from.

Now whether it was that these juvenile roysterers being endowed with a royal taste, had it in contem-

plation after the esteemed example set by his gracious Majesty George the Fourth, to weaken their punch with brandy, or whether it was, as I have before hinted, that human memory is essentially erratic, and that in the hurry and press of affairs a considerable oversight had been committed, we cannot confidently assert; but it is certain that after the interchange of a few words, it was discovered that although the brandy, the rum, the sugar and the lemons were all present in their proper localities, the water, in obedience to the Irishman's receipt, had been utterly forgotten.

The thoughts that this sudden discovery engendered in the mind of Peregrine Pultuney are only known to himself, but the effect that it had upon his actions was of the most novel and striking description. He was observed to move his bed a little way from the wall, and suddenly to disappear behind it.

At this manœuvre his comrades were not half so much astonished as they ought to have been. They neither cried out "a miracle!" nor stood petrified with astonishment, nor wrung their hands with dismay. A few classical and familiar invocations, in which the names of Jupiter, George, and Jingo might have been heard somewhat louder than the rest, were the only tokens that any uncommon sensations were experienced by the lookers on. Admiration was evidently the prevailing feeling, for some expressed an opinion that Peregrine was

the finest fellow in the world, and that they never knew such a chap, an opinion which seemed to be pretty general, for none took the trouble to controvert it. From all of which it may be reasonably conjectured, that Peregrine Pultuney's sudden disappearance, bore some reference or other to the personal comforts of those whose society he had so abruptly deserted.

In about three minutes and a half after Peregrine had vanished, any curious observer in the near vicinity of that young gentleman's bed, might have perceived an unusual appearance in that part of the wall, from which the article in question had been thrust. He might have seen something that bore the appearance of an aperture, or hole in the wall—a panelled wall, by the way, and on the floor in front of the aperture he might have seen a good-sized basket of coals, and above the basket, apparently on the other side of the wall, he might have seen the handsome face of Master Peregrine Pultuney, appearances which might have astonished the curious observer if he had not been previously informed that the boys of that “senior room” had a trap door behind Peregrine's bed, moveable at the will of any young gentleman who could extract four nails, and that this door communicated with the stairs of the washing-room, which washing-room communicated with a passage, at one end of which was situated the coal-cellar and the other end the stable. The stable led into the town, which ac-

counted for the trap-door, but upon this particular occasion the coal-cellar had been the place of resort, and a very useful place too, on a December evening, with a thermometer below freezing point, and no hot water for the punch. The basket of coals having been lifted in, the trap-door closed, and the bed pushed back again, the preparations were made for lighting a fire; but here another difficulty suggested itself, they wanted some *wood* to lay the fire with. Of paper there was no lack, for two volumes of Livy and a Hederic Lexicon would have been ample for a moderate conflagration. But if ever there was a Ulysses "fertile in resources," it was Master Peregrine Pultuney, for no sooner did his ears catch the sound of the word *wood*, than he extricated a chocolate-coloured deal plank, about six feet in length, and two in breadth from the bondage to which its maker had consigned it, and although this said plank was no other than the side of Master Pultuney's bed, intended to keep that young gentleman from rolling out if he were restless, with an ingratitude almost unparalleled, he unclasped a large "hack knife" and set to slicing the chocolate-coloured board with the least possible degree of compunction. "By the living jingo," cried Vincent Vaux, "if Mother Radix were to see you, wouldn't she just be in a rage." It is a remarkable fact that all elderly ladies are invested with a brevet maternity by young gentlemen at school, the term "mother" in their

vocabulary appearing to have no reference whatever to the possession of boys and girls.

Upon this Master Pultuney damned the expense, and went on cutting harder than ever.

“Here’s a jolly fat fagot for you, now, my boys,” exclaimed the last mentioned young gentleman, after he had sliced away with great determination for about five minutes; “now, Skinner, lend a hand.” Thus addressed, Skinner lent two, by the aid of which a fire was laid in such a manner, that any housemaid in the three kingdoms would have died of envy if she had seen it.

A fragment of a Greek Testament was then applied to the candle and subsequently to a corresponding fragment of the same work that appeared between the bars of the grate, which process having been gone through, a little flame was excited and a great deal of smoke. One of the boys, with a decided mechanical turn, then ingeniously converted a volume of Herodotus, which was rather limp at the hinges, into that useful domestic appurtenance, a pair of bellows, and the hinges of the Herodotus got limper and limper as the room filled delightfully with smoke. The chimneys in schoolboys’ bed-rooms are not used to this sort of thing, and if they do not perform their functions quite so well as they ought to do, it must be remembered that they are “out of practice,” which is an excuse for doing any thing badly.

“Confound it,” cried Vincent Vaux, as a tre-

mendous puff of smoke burst right into his face, "what, the devil, *are* we to do?"

Thus appealed to, Peregrine Pultuney replied with an unmoved countenance, "Why, if the fire insists upon smoking, I vote that we—*do so too*."

"Ha, ha, I vote we *do*," echoed a young gentleman, who was generally sick at the third whiff.

"After supper, gentlemen, *after* supper," observed Horatio Styles, who was head boy of the school, and president of this great assembly. "I vote we begin at once, *hang* the smoke," he cried philosophically, for in the first place he was very hungry, and in the second he had got a long speech by heart, which he found himself rapidly forgetting.

"Well, then," said Peregrine Pultuney, suiting the action to the word, as he spoke, "suppose we take off a few of these coals, cut up what remains of the side of my bed, make a wood-fire of it, put on the kettle and sit down to supper."

"Suppose we do," said five or six voices, and forthwith it was done. A window was partly opened and the smoke partly escaped. Then they sat down to supper, but not partly, for there was a remarkable unanimity on that score, and they all sat down together.

Horace Styles at the top of the table in the doctor's chair, Vincent Vaux at the bottom, and Peregrine Pultuney on the right hand of the president, conversation very exhilarating, wine, of course,

execrable, a circumstance which on these occasions, no one ever thinks of finding out. Lobsters remarkably fine, and *almost* fresh—veal pie exquisitely seasoned, and every body in high spirits, except one young gentleman with weak nerves, who every now and then would cry out “hang the doctor,” declaring at the same time that he didn’t care if they *were* found out, not he, for what was a flogging, a declaration that informed every one present that he thought it was a great deal.

The conversation was certainly very brilliant, “feast of reason and flow of soul,” in the highest possible perfection, every body took wine with every body, and the more they drank, the faster they talked, which is one of those moral phenomena for which we could never satisfactorily account. “What is the best way of eating this pie,” asked one young gentleman, who prided himself upon the excellence of his witticisms.

“With a knife and fork, I should think,” replied Peregrine Pultuney, drily.

“No—no—that’s not it,” said the witty young gentleman, feeling very disappointed at Peregrine’s literal acceptance.

“What is it then?” asked two or three voices—
“one of your eternal puns?”

“With the greatest *veal-ocity* to be sure,” exclaimed the puerile punster, as he looked round for applause.

“Oh! oh!” groaned his comrades, like well-bred

members of parliament, who don't think it stylish to speak, but are great hands at shouting and groaning.

"What a bore it is, Pultuney, that you're going to leave," said another young gentleman, who was getting very friendly in his cups.

Peregrine Pultuney made an observation on the mutability of human affairs, and helped himself to the tail of a lobster.

"Peregrine, a glass of wine—not bad Sherry this, is it?" cried the nervous youth, who had exhibited such supreme contempt of the doctor's flagellations.

Peregrine Pultuney knew very well that the wine in question was the worst Marsala, but as he was only a guest, he contented himself with imbibing it "gingerly," and giving his head a sort of knowing jerk when any young gentleman appealed to him.

"Well, now," continued the nervous young gentleman, with a sort of convulsive smile, "this is what I call fun: who cares for the doctor, I say, with such wine on the table?—Hallo! what noise was that?" and the hand of the victim of weak nerves was arrested half way to his mouth.

"Only the clock striking;" cried two or three voices together, and the nervous boy continued very bravely, "well if we *are* found out, it does not so much matter. I don't think he'd flog us, do you?—he wont flog Styles or Skinner; and he

couldn't well flog one without flogging us all," and this reflection seemed to afford a wonderful consolation to his mind, for he helped himself plentifully to cucumber, and "hanged" the doctor again.

Thus the supper passed most agreeably and satisfactorily to all parties; there was nothing of the lobsters left but the shells, and nothing of the veal pie but the dish—all hands were employed in removing the fragments of the feast, the dirty plates restored to the old press, clean tumblers placed on the table, and before the president was located a new wash-hand basin, surrounded by two or three black bottles, a whitey-brown paper bag of sugar, six lemons, and a knife. The cigars being distributed into small groups containing three or four each, were stuck into wine-glasses and placed in different parts of the table, and the olives having been emptied into a soup-plate, were deposited before the "vice," with an especial injunction from the facetious young gentleman not to make away with them all.

The punch was made, tasted, altered two or three times, and at last declared to be excellent. The hot water, having been decently smoked, gave the beverage "a taste of whiskey," which most of the young gentlemen declared a decided improvement, and especially a young import from the Emerald isle, who made a mystical allusion to *potheen*, and apostrophized some favourite animal,

which he called, for distinction sake the "creetur." As to Peregrine Pultuney, it is still a question of doubt what he thought of the punch, but as an enormous quantity of smoke went in and out of his mouth, the little additional quantity that he imbibed from his wine-glass, could have made no difference in the account.

Two or three young gentlemen, in imitation of Peregrine Pultuney, lighted cigars and put them in their mouths, but there the imitation ceased, for they coughed, let the smoke get into their eyes, declared that they had got a bad one, felt very sick, laid it down, took it up again, bit off a large piece to diminish their labour, held it a long time in the candle, expectorated very freely, and declared that they were particularly fond of cigars—a fact, which as regarded himself, Peregrine Pultuney left his friends to discover from the circumstance of his vigorous endeavours in this line, having filled the apartment with smoke.

The first bowl was nearly empty, glasses had been filled round two or three times, and each boy had tasted an olive. Nobody was under the table, but as one or two of the young gentlemen had begun to talk about home, and one or two more about their ancestors, it may be presumed that the solid sherry and the smoked rum-punch, had not been wholly destitute of effect. But be that matter as it may, it was at this crisis that Horace Styles, president, who had been somewhat fidgetty

for the last half hour, thumped the table, cried "Gentlemen, pass your glasses," filled the glasses when they had been passed, and stood up to address the meeting.

"Gentlemen—It would be a work, I may say, of utter supererogation, to inform you of the causes which have conduced to our present nocturnal assemblage—nocturnal festivities, I should say, for however melancholy those causes may have been, festivity has sprung out of them—which is *e fumo dare lucem*, as my illustrious namesake expresses it. Yes, gentlemen, light has emanated from smoke. ("More smoke than light here I think," interrupted the facetious young gentleman, who sat next to Peregrine Pultuney, upon which Peregrine pinched him, and then vociferated "chair.") Light I say, gentlemen, has emanated from smoke—a temporary coruscation, I allow—a mere meteoric effulgence, an oasis, as it were, gentlemen, in the desert which we see before us. Still we are enjoying ourselves for a brief space, for how can we do otherwise than enjoy ourselves, when thus gathered together at a table, where sits, though perhaps for the last time, one who I am sure has a place in the affections of every one present. (Loud cries of "hear! hear!" whilst Peregrine Pultuney concealed his blushes with a veil of dense smoke.) Yes, gentlemen, I confidently state, in the affections of every one present. We are gathered together, as we all know, in feeble expression of those

affectionate sentiments, which I confidently—which now—animate our bosom towards my friend opposite, I mean, gentlemen, my friend on the right—towards, for why suppress his name, towards Peregrine Pultuney. Gentlemen, you all—yes, gentlemen, I say you all know the merits of my friend on the right—it would be little use to detail them, gentlemen; for I say, gentlemen, that—you all know them. A sure friend, gentlemen, and a sure bat—a good fellow, gentlemen, and a good *fellow*—for a good fellow, gentlemen, has every thing good in him—and Pultuney is a good *fellow*—(Loud cries of “hear—hear!” “Yes, yes,” with “wery—wery,” from the facetious gentleman)—I say, gentlemen, that we are about to lose our esteemed friend on the right—he is about to withdraw the cheering light of his presence from the spot that he has so long illuminated, we shall look for him in his place but find him not—a touching reflection, gentlemen—we shall *look* for him in his place but *find* him not. He is going not only from us, but from his home, his country, his parents, or as my illustrious namesake has expressed it

—extremos currit ad Indos—

he is going to eat curry in the East Indies. Gentlemen—I have now done; words are but—words, gentlemen, feeble instrument—the full glass—I mean, gentlemen, the full heart cannot express itself in words. I propose the health, gentlemen, of our

valued friend and guest, Peregrine Pultune. Gentlemen, situated as we are, we must do the honours in dumb show."

This it must be acknowledged, was a singular specimen of eloquence, but it may account in some way for its inconsistency if we herewith inform the reader, that one half of it was *crammed*, and the other half a spontaneous effusion. We have already made certain philosophical reflections on the fallibility of human memory, and this were we so disposed, would be a good opportunity to repeat them. Styles had composed his speech and committed it to memory, but a two hours' nap, half a bottle of bad sherry, and his share of the punch, which had been a pretty large one, had rather dimmed his reminiscent faculties; and therefore every now and then he found himself a little "out," and was obliged to resort to his own extempore eloquence, which being of a less soaring description than his premeditated compositions, his harangue presented a strange mixture of the high-flown and the familiar, of elaborate periods and homely jargon. It was not on that account, however, one tittle the less successful, but was received together with the toast, with great popular enthusiasm. The "honours" were dispensed with, out of an amiable desire not to disturb the slumbers of Dr. Radix, their highly esteemed preceptor, but a bumper was swallowed down to Peregrine's health, and it did him

full as much good, as it could have done, if they had "hip-hipped" till six o'clock in the morning.

After a little time had elapsed, during which Peregrine Pultuney finished the cigar he was employed upon, and flung the stump in the face of the witty young gentleman by his side, Master Peregrine got upon his legs for the purpose of returning thanks.

This was an interesting epoch in the evening, and a time when any student of human nature might have found in that Bacchanalian group abundant food for philosophical reflection. It would have been a remarkably pleasant amusement to speculate on the variety of humours called into existence by that rum-punch. The nervous young gentleman, with elbows resting upon the table, and his head located between his hands, was looking ineffably wretched, the very picture of hopeless misery, for the fumes of the rum-punch had caused him to think of his mother and his delinquencies, and he felt at that moment he was a sinner on a large scale. Vincent Vaux, the vice-president, was flicking lemon-pips into the president's face, a very unconstitutional proceeding upon his part, and the president having just cut a large piece of lemon-rind into the shape of a pig or some other obese animal, was endeavouring, with his utmost ingenuity, to make the creature stand upon a tumbler turned upside down, which was to act as the pedestal of the statue. The facetious young gentleman was very humorously engaged

in dropping cigar-ashes into the punch of his dolorous neighbour, and winking, with an extraordinary expression of countenance, at a red-haired boy, who sat opposite, and who was just then employed upon the delightful task of balancing a fork upon his chin for his own particular diversion. Samuel Skinner was writing his name on the table with his fore-finger, and some spilt punch, and the remainder of the young gentlemen were listening, in various states of approaching stupefaction, to a story from a wide-mouthed youth, which no one seemed thoroughly to comprehend.

It was at this interesting epoch, I say, that Peregrine Pultuncy got upon his legs, and began to return thanks in what is called "a neat speech." He commented very forcibly upon the delights of rum-punch, good fellowship, and Havannah cigars, and the numberless vicissitudes of human life, that separated school-fellows, broke up cricket-clubs, and were the cause of the present meeting. He assured his friends, in elegant Latin, that necessity had no laws, that the onward progress of was ever laden with change, that men are the slaves of circumstances, and other important assurances equally philosophic and original. He then reverted very touchingly to the pleasant days he had passed in the society of his assembled friends, paid an elegant and very proper tribute to "Mr. President's illustrious namesake, hang him," and apostrophized in Sapphic metre a gentleman named Posthumous. He

then began to sum up the various undertakings in which he had been lately engaged—spoke of cricket, foot-ball, and hockey, and made a mystical allusion to the “Rising Sun,” which the young gentlemen present supposed to bear reference to a public-house of that name. “Nor must I forget,” he continued, “that ingenious contrivance of more recent invention, whereby we members of this noble institution, entitled the ‘Senior-room,’ are enabled to communicate with the worthy citizens of this town, at all hours of the night, without disturbing the excellent family with whom we are resident, or imposing an additional labour upon the menial adherents of this establishment. Yes, gentle it is a consolatory thought that we have thus enabled to promote our own interests and amusements without giving any uneasiness to our respected host, Dr. Radix, or the other members of his very esteemed and very estimable family.”

It was at the very moment that this panegyric was being uttered, a pleasant smile having illuminated the speaker's face, that the physiognomy of the nervous young gentleman, who sat next to the door, was observed to become pale as whitewash, and moreover unwontedly elongated. Vincent Vaux, left off flicking the lemon-pips. Horace Styles, dropped his pig, and Samuel Skinner's finger was arrested in the pool of punch that he had just dipped it into. As for Peregrine Pultuncy, that young gentleman was so wrapped up in his sub-

ject, that he was ignorant of these strange prognostics, and, being hurried away by the strength of his feelings, he continued to eulogize the Radix family—until its very estimable head, the renowned doctor, himself, opened the door and stood before him, to return thanks in person for the compliment.

Yes; there, in his every-day dress of black-and-all black, stood Dr. Radix himself, surveying with a benign aspect this assembly of his young friends; and benevolent as his intentions may have been, his sudden and spectral appearance amongst them, had the effect of transmuting them to stone—all except Peregrine Pultuncy, who took the opportunity of this pause in the proceedings, to transfer from the table to his pocket all the cigars not previously expended.

“And this is the way you amuse yourselves, is it, young gentlemen?” observed Dr. Radix, as he blew out the two candles on the table, and held his own in such a position as to enable him to see well around him. No one made any answer to this, so the worthy gentleman having put an unanswerable question, resolved to say nothing more, but went through the remainder of his proceedings in dumb show. Carrying off certain *spolia opima* in the shape of half a bottle of brandy, and one-third of rum; he then walked out of the room, leaving his young friends to find their way to bed, as they best could, in the dark.

The comments passed, after his departure, on

this unwarrantable proceeding, were neither very numerous nor striking. Peregrine Pultuney contented himself with observing that they need not now put by the things, which was one bore saved them at all events—Vincent Vaux said, that it was a good thing they had not been interrupted earlier, and the nervous gentlemen observed, that “he didn’t care”—after which they all went to sleep, and dreamt of Newgate and the gallows.

Thus ended the memorable party, and the sequel thereunto we shall somewhat briefly relate.

On the following morning, about ten o’clock, it being play-time, Master Peregrine Pultuney was closeted with Dr. Radix in the reverend gentleman’s study, a room of moderate dimensions, uncommonly full of lexicons, dictionaries, and forfeited articles belonging to the boys. Our hero’s head was drooping, and his eyes glistening, from which circumstance it may be imagined that he had been flogged; but it would have taken a great number of floggings to wring a tear from Peregrine Pultuney.

The conversation that had passed between the old gentleman and the young one, in substance resembled this;

“Pultuney,” said the worthy doctor, in a really sorrowful voice, “I am afraid you were one of the most active in the strange proceedings of last night.”

“I am afraid, sir, I was,” returned Peregrine Pultuney.

“I am sorry for it, Pultuney, very sorry; for

these are things I must take notice of, when reported to me," continued the doctor.

"Confound those ushers," soliloquised Peregrine Pultuney. "I should like to meet them, after I leave, one by one, in a dark lane."

"Were you the instigator of this party?" asked the doctor, in a mild voice.

"I was the sole cause of it," said Peregrine Pultuney.

"You invited the rest then, I suppose."

"No, sir," said Peregrine Pultuney.

"You proposed the party then," suggested the doctor.

"No, sir," returned Peregrine Pultuney.

The good doctor was puzzled.

"How then," he said, "were you the cause of it?"

"I had rather not answer that, sir," replied Peregrine Pultuney; "but if you please, sir, I *was* the cause of it, and I hope you will take my word."

"Your word, Pultuney, I never doubted—you never yet told me a lie: but it *is* strange;" and as he said this, he put his head out of the window, which opened into the play-ground, and cried, "Vincent Vaux, come here."

Vincent Vaux came. He well knew what he was summoned for, but he was a brave boy and not easily cowed. He looked at Peregrine Pultuney, who happening just then to be in the rear of the doctor, put out his tongue and made an indescribable face.

“Now, Vaux,” remarked Dr. Radix, “I have called you here to tell me the origin of last night’s party,” and out spoke Vincent Vaux.

“If you please, sir, it was no fault of Pultuncy’s; we *asked* him, all of us together, because he is going to leave. We gave the party to him, sir, and he knew nothing about it before it was all got. Please, sir, we are to blame.”

“That will do,” said Dr. Radix. “Vincent Vaux, you may go.” Vincent Vaux went, and Dr. Radix continued. “Boys will be boys, I know”—the kind-hearted old gentleman once made a similar remark, when a rotten egg hit him in the eye—“and boys will have their pranks. I forgive you all, for the good feeling that you have shown, and that they have shown, on the occasion. I forgive you this time, and although I do not reckon it the most grievous of offences” (for Dr. Radix cherished a very clerical love for punch), “I hope not to see it repeated. You, Pultuncy are going away; I am sorry to lose you—”

“I am afraid, sir,” interrupted Peregrine, “that I have given you a great deal of trouble.”

“No, Peregrine—no, my dear boy”—resumed the kind old man, “you have not done that—you have been rather wild and I have flogged you; but you have never given me real trouble. You have never done any thing mean, underhanded, or ungentlemanly—never told a lie or deceived me in any way; never betrayed the germs of vice or made

me tremble for your future probity. You have always stood high with your schoolfellows, have been deservedly their favourite, and this says more for you than the commendations of fifty schoolmasters. You have never bullied your juniors, nor cringed to your seniors, nor done one dishonourable act. As for your studies, I am proud of you as my pupil, and now, my boy, you may go, give me your hand. You may depend upon it, Peregrine, you have not a better friend in the world;" and the excellent old gentleman shook his pupil cordially by the hand; whilst the eyes of both glistened with tears.

CHAPTER III.

How Peregrine Pultuney passed at Addiscombe, and what passed there besides.

ADDISCOMBE HOUSE, as all the world knows, or as all the world ought to know, was once the seat of Charles Jenkinson, better known as Lord Liverpool, a minister tolerably respectable, as ministers go in civilized Europe. It was in those days celebrated as being not only the residence of a great man, but as one of the finest specimens of brick work in the United Kingdom—it is now celebrated as a fine specimen of *white wash*, and as the East India Company's military seminary; or rather as the Government-house of the said institution, for the seminary consists of a strange congregation of regular white-washed buildings, which belong to the *composite* order of architecture, it being difficult to say whether they most resemble stables, methodist chapels, or prisons on a small scale.

We must direct the reader's attention to the hall of Government-house, as we have called it; but Addiscombe cadets for distinction's sake call it "the

Mansion." This hall is of tolerable dimensions, and at the time to which we refer, it was crowded with human beings, and doing duty as a waiting-room.

It was early in February, and bitterly cold. There was a fire in the waiting-room it is true, and happy were those who could get near to it; but the unhappy ones were far more numerous, being in the ratio of ten to one. Great coats and cloaks abounded, and old gentlemen looked solemn, and young gentlemen looked nervous, and coachmen and postilions outside looked blue; and altogether there could scarcely have been a more uncomfortable assemblage of people than were gathered together that morning inside and outside of Addiscombe House.

It was the morning on which young gentlemen who are candidates for admission into the company's seminary go thither to have their qualifications for that admission put to the test. Most of the young gentlemen were accompanied by their parents or guardians; and felt themselves in as uncomfortable a position as they had ever experienced in their lives. A thing of this kind is nothing at all when it is over; but it is the waiting, and the suspense, and the delay, and the nervousness, that render it a wretched business at best. The extreme easiness of the examination is the worst feature in it, for one cannot help thinking what a disgrace it would be if one got plucked after all. It is nothing to be plucked in Chinese mathematics and Patagonian philosophy; but to fail in vulgar and decimal frac-

tions and Cæsar's commentaries, is no joke. Hanging would be a trifle in comparison.

Amongst the number of great coats congregated in the waiting-room, there was a Petersham of no ordinary pretensions to scientific construction—it was as well built an article as you will wish to see, and it covered as pretty a figure. It would be almost superfluous to inform the reader that the Petersham and the figure were Peregrine Pultuney's.

Perhaps of all the young gentlemen assembled upon this occasion, Peregrine Pultuney was the least embarrassed. It happened fortunately for him that he was rarely troubled with nervous misgivings, and being, as we have before stated, of a philosophic temperament, he always made the best of everything and consoled himself with wonderful resolution, under every dispensation of providence. So it was, that in the present crisis of affairs, after having satisfied himself thoroughly as to the state of the empire, which he did by the assistance of a *Morning Chronicle* extracted from the pocket of his Petersham, he began to amuse himself by inspecting the pictorial adornments that graced the walls of the waiting-room. This he did apparently with great complacency; for being the works of different gentlemen-cadets, who had passed out of the seminary, he began to wonder whether he should be able in process of time to daub as well. There was a view of Lows-water by gentleman-cadet Simp-

kins, and of Windermere, by gentleman-cadet Smith, which showed very great execution, especially in the live-stock line, for the sheep were marvellously like rolling-stones, and the cows like sacks of potatoes—and the colouring was so ingenious that the hills being purple and green and blue reminded you of a shot-silk gown, which every body must know is a very difficult thing to paint. And then there was the bay of Naples—all cobalt blue—with the boats picked out with a penknife, and the whole thing wonderfully like the paper on the walls of a cigar-divan; and there was a drawing of Milan Cathedral, done by a young gentleman, who not being able to paint without a ruler, a steel-pen, and a pair of compasses, was exceedingly successful in the architectural department, from which he never diverged—and there were various other specimens of water-colour drawing, all in the same style of green and purple, and boats picked out with a penknife.

Having fully satisfied himself as to both the merits and the characteristics of the Addiscombe school of painting, Peregrine Pultuney, quitting the representative for the real, began to make sundry critical observations, within his own mind, on men and manners. There was abundant food for philosophical and physiognomical speculation within the walls of this waiting-room, and Peregrine Pultuney, improved on the opportunity thus presented to him of increasing his knowledge of mankind.

Thrusting his hands into the pocket of his Peter-sham, he leaned his back against the wall, crossed his legs and looked around him.

There was a stupid-looking boy just before him with a large mouth and a cadaverous countenance, who was standing not far from Peregrine, intent upon the pages of a brown covered book, and every now and then looking up with certain convulsive twitchings of the countenance, into the face of his father—an enlarged likeness of the same—to ask him “the English” of some word or other in the second book of Cæsar’s Commentaries. There was a slim boy too, with a remarkably stout parent, who was lecturing away in great style, on the advantages resulting from steady behaviour and conformance with the rules of the institution; and Peregrine laughed within himself as he caught the words “public house,” “cigar smoking,” and “write to your mother.” There was a pretty looking effeminate boy sitting before the fire, with his elbows on his knees and his chin upon his fists, finding out shapes in the coals, and beside him was a great huge fellow with whiskers, who might have been father of the little boy, but who was nothing but an embryo cadet. Then there were two brothers, both going up, and wondering whether they would pass—and a stout, short boy in a blue cloak with a fur collar, who seemed to be pointing out Peregrine Pultuney to the especial observation of an old gentleman with a good-natured face, who was uncle to

the stout boy, who had also a good-natured face; and Peregrine caught the words "a good looking fellow—is'nt he?" whereupon he smiled complacently and set down the stout boy as a good judge of things in general.

Besides these there were a great number of boys, with folio editions of themselves in great coats—"governors," uncles, and others—some tall and some short, some punchy and some wire-drawn; but there were two things in particular that struck Peregrine Pultuney, when he contemplated his future companions, and the first was, that though some of these incipient cadets looked old enough to be captains, there were others who looked as though they would never be big enough for any thing but drummer-boys—and the second was, that whether young or old—big or little—captains or drummer-boys, they all looked excessively uneasy; and Peregrine Pultuney did not know which most to wonder at—their inequality in size or their equality in general wretchedness.

Peregrine Pultuney might have observed further, if his governor to whom I have forgotten to allude, had not suddenly tapped him on the shoulder, and observed—"Now, Peregrine, they're come to fetch you."

Peregrine looked towards the door, and there he saw a rather ungentlemanly-looking man, in full artillery uniform, who had come in to say that the head master was ready to examine the first ten or

twelve gentlemen, whose names were down on the list he then held in his hand. This man was one of the sergeants on the institution; and as good a thief-catcher as any in existence.

Peregrine's name was not down amongst the first ten names; but the young gentleman with the large mouth and the cadaverous face *was*; and as Peregrine turned his eyes in that direction he thought he had never seen an expression of such tremulous anxiety as that which sat upon the pale boy's countenance, as he looked up into his father's face, just before he quitted the hall. The old gentleman then seated himself in a remote corner, and awaited, in fear, the return of his son.

Peregrine was interested in this melancholy couple, his sympathies were awakened, and he resolved to watch the consummation of their hopes or fears. He did so—and in about a quarter of an hour the pale youth returned to his parent with an almost idiotic expression of despondency on his thin face. He had not passed, he had been sent back. Peregrine saw this at a glance; and as he listened he heard the cadaverous youth say to his father in a broken voice. “I could not help it, indeed I could not,” and his father seemed to groan in spirit returned more in soliloquy than in reply to his son: “Well, that chance is gone, that hope is ruined now;” and Peregrine's fine nature burst through the trammels of convention and, utter strangers as they were, he stepped forward and addressed them, think-

ing that he had words of comfort to offer to the afflicted pair.

“Is this, sir,” he said to the old man in a voice of kindness impossible to be misunderstood, “the first time of your son’s going up for examination?”

“The first time, sir,” said the old gentleman.

“Then he may try again and again,” cried Peregrine; but his good intentions were baffled, there was no comfort in this announcement, no hope for the pale youth.

“He is too old,” said the father—“he will be **eighteen on Friday.**”

Peregrine turned away, feeling quite sick. The stupid-looking youth had not the appearance of being more than fifteen. Peregrine never learnt the history of these people; but it was too plain that the boy’s failure was a calamity far more bitter than such things are generally supposed to be. It seemed to him like the prostration of a last hope, and such doubtless it was.

But Peregrine Pultuney had brief space allowed him for these melancholy reflections. Human life is a strange mixture of the pathetic and the ridiculous: so Peregrine Pultuney thought as he saw two stout citizen-looking gentlemen recognise one another in the hall.

“Ah! Mr. Dawes,” said the one, “you here too—errand like mine, got a son come up to pass?”

“Yes,” replied Mr. Dawes, “and an anxious time it is too—my boy is up now.”

"So is mine," said the other, whose name was Ricketts. "It doesn't make me anxious at all. If he don't pass, can't help it. Shan't be angry in the least, no use fretting oneself! eh?"

"I shall be very angry though," said Mr. Dawes, "and I can't help fretting myself. It may be no use, sir, but this is an anxious time, a very anxious time indeed, sir."

The contrast between the anxious solemnity of the tall Mr. Dawes, and the take-it-as-it-comes philosophical good-nature of the round Mr. Ricketts, amused Peregrine Pultuney exceedingly, and he resolved, if possible, to watch the fortunes of their hopeful sons; nor had he very long to wait, for he had scarcely made the resolution, when a round, good-tempered looking boy, in a drab great coat with an acre of cape to it, bustled up to Mr. Ricketts with a countenance expressive of the utmost satisfaction. Peregrine thought that he had surely passed.

"Well, Edward—well?" said Mr. Ricketts.

"The old fools have plucked *me*," replied Mr. Ricketts' hopeful.

"Well, it can't be helped," said Mr. Ricketts, "better luck next time, eh! Edward."

"And may I ask," interposed Mr. Dawes, in an excessively nervous manner, "whom they were examining when you left the hall?"

"Oh! yes," replied Master Ricketts, not knowing in the least whom he was addressing, "an

uncommonly stupid fellow *named Dawes*. He does not know so much about it as I do, he is quite sure to be plucked."

"What, my son!" exclaimed Mr. Dawes.

There was no standing this. Peregrine Pultuney turned away his head and crammed his handkerchief into his mouth. The faces of the three were studies for Hogarth. It was altogether the finest thing that Peregrine had seen for a long time, and he was most inordinately amused. He was still laughing with great force, when the man in the full-dress artillery uniform came in again, with his list, and Peregrine Pultuney was summoned to attend the second mathematical professor. It is almost needless to add that Master Dawes verified the prediction of Master Ricketts, and was plucked, to the great horror and dismay of his agonized parent.

The second mathematical professor was a round punchy individual, who wore rusty black clothes, took snuff, and talked the Scotch dialect. He had a good-natured expression of countenance, and Peregrine Pultuney felt quite at his ease as he made his bow to the punchy professor.

It does not require the headpiece of a Newton to work vulgar and decimal fractions, and Peregrine Pultuney got through the labour imposed upon him in an incredibly short space of time, after which he translated a few sentences of Cæsar, with such exceeding fluency, that the punchy professor very soon told him "that was enough." He was then

requested to write a sentence or two of English on a slate, to satisfy the East India Company as to the orthographical power of its servant elect, upon which Peregrine Pultuney wrote a short extract from "Othello," and put "Shakspeare" at the bottom of the quotation, which elicited no other remark from the fat professor than a question as to whether Peregrine's name was Shakspeare, which made that young gentleman smile. He satisfied the professor forthwith, and retired under an impression that the Addiscombe philosopher had a very vague knowledge of any other Shakspeare than the author of the Hindustani Dictionary and "Selections;" but as that gentleman was once a professor at Addiscombe, it is not to be wondered at that his name should be more familiar in the precincts of that scholastic establishment, than the writer of some half hundred fusty, old, antiquated plays.

The punchy professor wrote "passed" upon the slate, and Peregrine Pultuney retired to his seat in the examining-hall and directed his attention towards a boy with white hair, who occupied the next position to his own. There were certain indications about this youth, such as rubbings of the head and lookings up to the ceiling that told Peregrine plainly enough that his neighbour was in difficulties. Why people should look up to the ceiling to refresh their memories we could never properly determine; but it is very certain that they do, and the white-haired boy, following in the beaten path, resorted to this

notable expedient, to help himself on with his decimals. Peregrine in the mean time kept edging on nearer and nearer towards his neighbour, every now and then glancing at the professor to see if he were looking, and then glancing at the slate of the white-haired boy in embarrassed circumstances. It was evident that the youth was incompetent to work out the sum that had been set him, and as Peregrine Pultuney had just been made witness of the evils resulting from being plucked, or in Addiscombe phraseology being *spun*, he transferred the question to his own slate, worked it out with very great dispatch, and seizing ~~an~~ opportunity when the dumpy professor was engaged with a large pinch of snuff, he changed slates with the white-haired boy and extricated him from his mathematical embarrassments.

He had no sooner performed this feat than the punchy professor "twigged" Peregrine, and told him he might retire from the hall. Peregrine said, "Thank you, sir," and retired with the utmost alacrity. It may not be amiss to state, that the boy with the white hair passed, and loved Peregrine ever after.

Peregrine Pultuney then returned to his father, informed the old gentleman that he had passed, received sundry paternal admonitions and benedictions, and was finally left alone to his sorrow.

It was all very wretched, and very cold, and very uncomfortable; but there was a novelty about it that pleased Peregrine. He was neither very timid

nor very bashful, and he had a lively sense of the ridiculous; so he got on surprisingly well. He buttoned up his Petersham to the chin, and thrust his hands into the front pockets, and strolled out to make his own observations on the new world which he had just entered. First he walked forward to inspect a sort of amateur battery, with two or three monstrous long guns, pointing most unwarrantably towards his Majesty's high road. Having satisfied himself that the guns were taken in the island of Java, and that they were not particularly light, two pieces of information that he arrived at by reading the inscription upon them, and lifting them up from their carriages, he turned round and read the motto of Addiscombe House, and instantly adopted it as his own, for which indeed it was much better fitted. He then walked towards the "Mansion," and passing in the rear of one of the barracks, he found himself in a sort of railed area, which overlooked a sunken court-yard, facetiously called the "study-court," and there he saw two or three interesting specimens of the genus *Cadet*, in uniform, who bore, as Peregrine thought, an amazing likeness to the tiger-boys, whom you see in blue and red livery, on the box of a lady's carriage in London. He then descended some steps, entered the above-mentioned study-court, looked at the clock, compared its statements with those of his own watch, and finally settled in his own mind that it was half

He then took one or two turns up and down the study-court to warm himself, and whilst he was going through this ambulatory process, he was joined by the stout boy with the good-natured face, to whom allusion has been made in this chapter. The stout boy asked him if he had "passed," to which Peregrine replied in the affirmative, and then put a similar question, which was productive of a similar response.

"And now," said the boy, with the good-natured countenance, "what do you think of this place?"

"Upon my word, I don't know," returned Peregrine; "but perhaps it may improve upon acquaintance."

"Did you ever," rejoined the boy with the pleasing physiognomy—"now, did you ever know such a *confounded hole*, in the course of your natural existence?"

"Why," returned Peregrine, "I can't say that it is possessed of many attractions; but we shall soon get used to it I suppose."

"That's just what the eels said when they were being skinned," said the stout boy; "but I don't think, I for one shall ever get used to this place—such a *confounded hole*!—its two degrees worse than ————" and the young gentleman alluded to the place that has the pavement of good intentions.

"Is that Addiscombe you're talking about, Mr. Jenks?" said a low sneering voice from behind, and the two young gentlemen looking round beheld

another sergeant in full dress, with a most sardonic smile on his face, that never deserted him on **any** occasion.

To this the stout boy with the good-natured countenance made no other response, than "What's that to you?" Peregrine liked him for this, but the man with the red stripes on the grey trousers, hated him from that hour.

"You'll find it a great deal to me, some of these days," he said, and there was more sneer in his voice, and more grin on his face than ever.

"May I ask what you want?" said the stout boy.

"I want *you*, sir, if you please, and that other gentleman, just to come along with me."

"I'll see you—" something or other, began the boy of the bland physiognomy, whose name was Julian Jenks; but Peregrine Pultuney prevented the sequel from coming forth by a few admonitory nudges, and a hint about "constituted authorities," which seemed to have some effect on his companion.

So the two young cadets followed the sardonic sergeant into a small square room with a large desk in it, where they were requested to write their names in a big book; and after that each had a number given them, to serve as a mark of identification; and they were told that whatever musket, sword, belt, bayonet, &c., bore that number, was to be especially appropriated by the holder thereof, during his residence at the institution. Several

other little military processes were then gone through; but they were soon interrupted by the clock striking "one," upon which the sergeants emerged into the study-court and took up their position on the pavement, in that peculiarly striking attitude which military men call "attention."

And now the state of affairs became intensely interesting to Peregrine Pultuney and his new companion. Forth from, a door at the further corner of the study-court came three or four squadrons of cadets in the tiger-boy uniform, marshalled by one of their own order, and then they "marked time," and then they "marched forward," and then they wheeled and formed companies, just as though they had been actual soldiers. And then a bugle was sounded by a youth called "Tom," and the companies broke off and formed themselves into fresh companies; and then a tall youth, with whiskers and the tiger-boy livery, came down to see where Peregrine was standing, with a number of other embryo cadets, and told them all to "fall in," upon which they looked at one another, and got into a line any how, without reference to size, and when the big boy gave the word "march," they all scuffled off, one with one foot, and one with another, in the most admired disorder in the world. Peregrine had an idea that they were going to dinner, and he found out that he was not mistaken.

After a great deal of scuffling, and hustling, and tumbling against one another, the rear division of

the Addiscombe force found themselves in the eating-hall—a room of good dimensions and accurate proportions, with very handsome sham marble pillars, and four long tables between the rows. Peregrine seated himself beside Jenks, who animadverted pretty freely on “the confounded hole,” and took a survey of the table, on which he saw four shoulders of mutton, eight dishes of potatoes, five or six salt-cellars, and a great number of white plates; besides which his eye fell upon a dish of novel appearance, which looked inaccessible to the knife, and bore the name of “mahogany.” It was some time before Peregrine Pultuney could persuade himself that the purveyor designed it for a *pudding*.

Peregrine Pultuney had just pealed two under-done potatoes, and exerted his interest so successfully that he had procured a slice of meat on his plate, when the whole assembled party received an imperative mandate from the senior corporal-cadet, to “stand up;” which order having been obeyed, grace was said with unexampled rapidity and they were all marched out, Jenks making some further observations respecting the “confounded hole,” and Peregrine Pultuney remarking that “it was no wonder people got sick in India, when they went out with ruined digestions produced by *bolting* tough meat.” Time is valuable, and so is a good digestion, as people find out when they have lost it.

The principal meal of the day having been thus brought suddenly to an end, in a very unsatisfactory manner, as Peregrine Pultuney thought, that young gentleman and sundry of his associates were marched up into some rooms, which go by the name of "stores," every thing being military at Addiscombe, for the purpose of being fitted to some regimental attire, for the cadets are fitted to the clothes not the clothes to the cadets; and Peregrine Pultuney thought that he had got into a slop-shop in the neighbourhood of Monmouth-street, St. Giles.

Peregrine Pultuney, with an expression of uncommon disgust on his handsome intelligent face, then took off his neat little black-silk neckcloth, and tried on an uncouth-looking leather stock, which was given him as a part of his kit. He was then told to suit himself to a pair of military boots, and great was Peregrine's dismay when he saw a heap of strange-looking ankle boots somewhat in the shape of coal-scuttles, and utterly unlike any thing that young gentleman had ever ~~worn~~ before. To try them on was impossible, for not having a boot-jack how could he dispossess himself of his Wellingtons? so he took the least shapeless pair he could see, for form's sake, not having at the time the most remote idea of ever putting them on; having done which he made himself master of a blue cap, with a polished leather top, ingeniously contrived so as to concentrate the sun's rays on the

apex of his head; and he next took two pair of thick leather gloves, very excellent for hedging and ditching. He had then got all his minor regimental appointments; and was looking out for Mr. Buckmaster or some other army tailor to measure him for a suit of tiger-boy livery, when one of the large men in the sergeant's uniform, told him to go and try on some clothes.

"Where—what clothes?" cried Peregrine, with astonishment depicted on his features.

"In the next room—I will show you—your military uniform to be sure."

Peregrine did not much like the idea of wearing ready-made clothes; but he followed the sergeant into the adjoining room, where a number of boys of all sizes, some in their shirt-sleeves, and some in their shirt-tails, were trying on coats and trousers, with every symptom of gratification. The sergeant pointed to some pigeon-hole places, where Peregrine saw divers suits of blue uniform turned up with red, and without partaking at all of the general satisfaction that animated his associates, he extracted one of the suits from its lurking-place, and instantly let it fall to the ground, as though a scorpion had stung him.

"Why, these are old clothes," exclaimed Peregrine, turning round to the grim sergeant, with an aspect of horror, as he spoke, "I could swear they've been worn before."

"No occasion for that, young gentleman," re-

turned the sergeant, with a grin upon his face that was enough to make an angel long to knock him down, "we never suspected them of being new, sir; you'll get a new suit for Sundays."

"You don't mean," cried Peregrine, boiling over with indignation, "that I am to wear second-hand clothes! I would not put my footman into them," and Peregrine Pultuney felt very much inclined to ram them down the sergeant's throat with a sponge staff that he saw in the room.

"I've got nothing to do with it," said the grim sergeant, who after all, being only one of the executive, was by no means to blame, "it's the rule of the institution, Mr. Pultuney."

"D—n the institution," cried Peregrine Pultuney.

"I wonder," said the grim sergeant, in a voice between a sneer and a chuckle. "I wonder what Colonel Houseintown would say if he heard you talk so of the institution;" and the grim sergeant walked off, leaving Peregrine to his own meditations and the choice of the cast-off clothes.

It did not take very long to convince Peregrine Pultuney that none of the clothes there would fit him. There were not many suits left, for the majority of his associates were rigged out already, and rejoicing in their transmutation; and the clothes, being those of the cadets who had passed out, the preceding term, were not greater in number than the young gentlemen who had just arrived. Pere-

grine, as we have before observed, was remarkably well-built, and was not therefore very likely to find a ready-made suit to fit him; besides he was by no means desirous of doing so, and condemned the whole batch.

After this Peregrine Pultuney went down stairs, and, by the assistance of his new friend Jenks, discovered the situation of his dormitory. It was in a barrack, called for distinction's sake No. 4; and his bed was an iron truckle in a long room, with twelve or thirteen others like it. Outside the door was a sort of fire-place, between an oven and a grate, round which were either sitting or standing, a number of cadets in their griffinage, who having been examined at the end of the preceding term, had passed into the seminary two or three days before Peregrine. These seemed to be talking very vehemently about something they called "*swat*."

One of these young gentlemen, who had black hair and a pimpled face, seeing Peregrine, turned round and asked him "how far he had gone?"

"Where?" asked Peregrine, hastily.

"In *swat*!" said the pimple-faced boy.

"What's *swat*?" asked Peregrine Pultuney.

"In your studies," said he of the pimples.

"Oh!" returned Peregrine, "I've read *Æschylus*, *Aristophanes*, *Cicero*, *Martial*—"

"Pshaw!" said the other, "I don't mean that, that's no use here, what have you done in mathematics?"

“Three books of Euclid,” replied Peregrine, not much pleased at being examined in this way, but determined not to lose his temper.

“Then *you* won’t get the engineers,” said the boy of the pimpled face, who having a Hutton and a slate in his lap, looked as though he had some design of getting one of the appointments in question.

Peregrine passed on, entered his dormitory, looked for his writing-desk, found it, and wrote an indignant letter to his father, complaining that he had been grossly insulted in an attempt that had been made to force him to wear old clothes. He finished the letter by begging his father, who was then in London, to repair instantly to the company’s tailor in Leadenhall-street, and to order for him a new suit of clothes of the exact tiger-boy livery.

He had no sooner done this, than he was summoned by one of the grinning sergeants, to an odd little closet, under an arcade in the study-court, which the cadets called “snip’s shop,” to be measured for a suit of clothes.

“Then *I am* to have a new suit!” cried Peregrine Pultuney in great spirits, thinking that his pertinacity had carried that point greatly in his favour.

“Yes,” returned the sergeant, smiling, in a low sarcastic voice; “Yes, sir, a new suit—*out of an old cloak.*”

Peregrine said nothing, but was measured in silence; he then sent his letter to his father.

In the course of the afternoon, wandering listlessly about, he saw a piece of paper pasted on the study-court gate, he went up, read it, and found that it was a challenge from the two first classes to play the rest of the seminary at football.

Peregrine sallied forth into the playing-fields, and joined the game that had already commenced. He set to work with great vigour, and played admirably well. A great hulking boy, with his teeth clenched furiously, rushed against Peregrine, crying out at the same time, in allusion to our hero's fair face, and delicately-chiselled features, "Didn't your mamma make a mistake when she breeched you?"

"I'll let you know, some day," said Peregrine Pultuney, kicking away the ball from his antagonist—and he kept his word too, as the next chapter will show.

This seemed to Peregrine Pultuney an exceedingly long day, but at last he found himself in bed; and the last thing he heard before he fell asleep, was the voice of Julian Jenks, "Well, if this isn't a *confounded* hole; I never —"

CHAPTER IV.

In which Peregrine Pultuney practises in the school of
Mendoza.

PEREGRINE PULTUNEY was awakened on the following morning by the obstreperous blast of a bugle, right under his chamber window, upon which he started up, rubbed his eyes, looked around him, wondered where he was, and finally settled that he was in No. 2 room, No. 4 barrack, at Addiscombe.

There are few things more unpleasant in their way, or indeed in any other way, than getting out of a bed on a cold morning, with the consciousness that you might offer your kingdom for some hot water, getting it. Fortunately, Peregrine Pultuney's cheeks were smooth as a maiden's; the measure of his offences not having as yet entailed upon him the grievous curse of *a beard*. If young gentlemen could be fully impressed with the truth; that the necessity of shaving a strong beard is one of the greatest penances in existence, they would not indulge so frequently in an amateur perform-

ance on imaginary down, by scraping their smooth cheeks with a sharp penknife, or borrowing the usher's razor on Sundays.

But to return from this little amiable digression. Peregrine Pultuney got out of bed, and fourteen other young gentlemen followed the example of our hero. It is a fine cure for false delicacy, this dressing and undressing in squadrons; Peregrine thought so at the time, but as he had never been troubled with much of the disease, he performed the initial part of his talent with the utmost serenity of mind; and having mollified a stiff frozen towel by smiting the walls with it for a few minutes, he proceeded to face the dangers of frigid ablution, with a magnanimity worthy of a hero—his friend, Julian Jenks, all the while declaiming against the “confounded hole,” and the miseries of cold water.

Peregrine Pultuney had just finished dressing, when the bugle sounded again; and he was apprised that this was an invitation for him to make his appearance on parade; so Peregrine buttoned up his Petersham, went down stairs, joined the squad of tyros, and in consideration of his brown Petersham and drab trousers was ordered to fall in the rear of his division, a command which he willingly obeyed, for when he fell in with the rest, he had received sundry kicks on the heels, which he had not altogether forgotten, although he willingly forgave—for these things must happen now and

then when a division of six-and-thirty boys, who have never seen a drill-sergeant in their lives, endeavour to take ground to the front after six-and-thirty different fashions. It is a singular thing at Addiscombe, to observe what may properly be called the "march of *marching*." The young gentlemen, in the tiger-boy uniform, are never allowed to *walk*; they are marched everywhere—they march to breakfast; they march to dinner, and they march to supper; they march into study, and they march out of study; they march into chapel, and they march out of chapel; they march into the library to get a book; they march into stores for a pair of unmentionables; they march to bed at night, and march out of bed in the morning. In fact there is nothing but marching, and all by word of command, quite according to Torrens. It seems to be an easy thing enough, and it is, when you are used to it; but it is astonishing how long it takes, to march, with any degree of precision proper—thirty inch paces, with your little fingers feeling the seams of your trousers, and your toe at a proper angle with the ground. The mere standing, at "attention," is not quite so easy as it seems—breast out, belly in, and feet at an angle of 45—a regular mathematical angle, bisectable by a perpendicular, let fall on a line parallel to the front you are standing on—which every body must see is a very complex sort of complicated thing. It was the late Lord Ellenborough, we believe, who during the

volunteer mania, declared that he was ignorant of any intellectual process whereby he could determine the right position of his feet, without looking down at them—a thing unallowable in the attitude of “attention.” And surely, if this was so difficult a matter to one of the brightest intellects in the country, it is not to be wondered at, that duller souls should not find it very easy.

But Peregrine Pultuney: return we to him. He fell in the rear, looked about him—and was told to look to his “front;” he kicked about some pebbles with the toe of his boot, by way of diversion—and was told to stand “steady;” he put his hands into the pockets of his Petersham, to keep them warm—and was told to stand at “attention;” he said he was attentive; and the gentleman corporal told him to take his hands out of his pockets and not to answer in the ranks.

Then Lieutenant Somebody of the Madras Artillery, a subaltern on furlough increasing his means by a home-appointment of orderly officer at the Company’s Military Seminary, rushed upon parade, with every appearance of having considerably overslept himself after partial intoxication on the night before, and gave the word of command, “attention,”—which not being productive of the slightest effect on the cadets, he looked at the force and saw it *was* at attention; so he gave the word “stand at ease,” and one hundred and fifty young gentlemen clapped their hands very hard, sent up

a shower of pipe-clay, bent their knees, shifted their feet, and settled themselves into a position, indicative of the deepest reflection.

Then the orderly officer gave "attention" again, and up started the hundred and fifty gentlemen-cadets, as though they had been galvanized; and the orderly officer "opened the ranks," and gave a word of command, that threw the rear division into great confusion to the considerable amusement of Peregrine Pultuncy, who expected something of the kind. Then the orderly officer went through the ranks, and inspected a number of indifferently cut trousers, and clumsy badly-polished boots, with as much attention as though they had been Buckmaster's and Hoby's; and every now and then, for ~~the~~ sake of effect, he sent a boy to the rear for having some "fluff" on his coat; and that boy was "put down for drill"—extra drill as it is called—and when the officer reached Peregrine, who stood in the rear of the whole, he looked very intently at that young gentleman, apparently much to his own satisfaction, though not very much to Peregrine's; and then told the gentlemen-corporals to march their divisions into chapel.

When Peregrine Pultuncy arrived in the chapel, which he did after walking a few yards, he found himself in the same room which, on the preceding day, had gone by the name of the examination-hall; and was certainly as unlike a chapel as a salmon is to a small tooth-comb. However, it answered the

purpose, and so did one of the professors, who officiated as chaplain to the seminary—for as none of the gentlemen-cadets ever thought of such a thing as praying, the quality of their religious establishment was a matter of no moment in the world, as long as the word “chaplain,” which has a noble effect, appears in that list of unhappy men, which is generally called “The East Indian Register.”

Prayers being over, to the great relief of the hundred and fifty gentlemen-cadets, the warmth of whose devotions was not strong enough to keep them from feeling very cold, the tiger-boy army was marched by divisions out of the chapel and into study. Here, Peregrine Pultuney made his acquaintance with the professor of the junior class, who was a little man of some bulk, with a prodigious head, a very perceptible lisp, and a silver snuff-box. Here, he did a long sum about “one Sessa an Indian,” the squares of a chess-board and something else, set the professor’s teeth on edge by scraping slate pencil, and finished by taking the portrait of that dignified individual in a pen and ink sketch upon the cover of his desk.

Study being over, as it was in an hour, Peregrine Pultuney and his associates, were marched into breakfast, where each had a slop basin full of tea, an ounce of butter, (short measure) and as many slices of bread, as he felt incline to consume. After this there was half an hour of recreation, which

Peregrine Pultuney occupied in warming his rearward man before the oven, which we have described, and talking with Julian Jenks about the manifold comfort of Addiscombe, the tiger-boy uniform, and the fat professor.

Then there was parade again; and the lieutenant-governor, Colonel Houseintown, condescended to make his appearance, and the staff-captain too, and the orderly officer on duty; and the orderly officer saluted the staff-captain, and the staff-captain saluted the deputy-governor; and there was an official looking paper handed from one to another, after having touched the cap-peak of the hander; and the staff-captain looked very consequential with his large white whiskers and his arched legs; and lieutenant-governor looked very solemn and very much like an animated ram-rod.

Then the senior-corporal-cadet, was ordered to collect the reports; upon which he started off in great haste, and touched the peak of his cap to the five other corporal-cadets, who all touched the peaks of their caps; and then the senior corporal-cadet touched the peak of his cap to the orderly officer, and the orderly officer to the staff-captain, and the staff-captain to the lieutenant-governor; and this process having being gone through satisfactorily to all parties, the cadets were marched into study.

Peregrine Pultuney had not been seated at his desk more than two or three minutes at the most, when he was summoned into the study-court at the

instance of the orderly officer. Peregrine thought that he had committed some offence or other, but he was utterly ignorant of its nature; and being as he thought, full of conscious innocence, he went down stairs with a brave face and waited on the lieutenant, who was standing alone in the study-court, in profound contemplation of his boots.

"I believe you sent for me, sir," said Peregrine Pultuney.

"Yes, Mr. Pultuney, I did," said the orderly officer in a sort of patronizing tone.

Peregrine Pultuney thought that he was going to get a gentle reprimand, so he made up his mind to look penitent for the occasion.

"I sent for you, Mr. Pultuney," resumed the orderly officer, at the same time regarding Peregrine with every appearance of intense admiration; "I sent for you, Mr. Pultuney, to ask, simply, to ask, *who is your tailor?*"

"*Saunders and Otley in Conduit-street,*" returned Peregrine Pultuney, with a wicked smile on his face, which the orderly officer took for a smile of gratified vanity.

"*Ah! very good,*" said the lieutenant, "*Saunders and Otley, Conduit-street; I'll remember, Saunders—Otley, very good; not Lamb's Conduit-street; thank you, I like the set of your clothes amazingly; good morning,*" and Peregrine Pultuney walked away, chuckling at the thought of his mischievous feat.

The upshot of this was that the lieutenant wrote

to Messrs. Saunders and Otley, requesting them to send their foreman to Addiscombe-house to take his measure forthwith, and that Messrs. Saunders and Otley, who, as most people know, sell books but not clothes, made answer that they would be most happy to supply Lieutenant —— with their last new batch of fashionable novels, but begged to say, that they never made any thing but books, and that tailoring was quite out of their line; upon which the lieutenant sent for Peregrine, in a sort of mid-way humour between wrath and risibility, and having stated his grievance, elicited from the young gentleman, who seemed particularly astonished, no other answer than the very cool one that, *he meant* Pulford, St. James's-

Nothing very particular occurred before dinner that day; but after dinner something came to pass, which is worthy of a place in this history.

Peregrine Pultuney, and Julian Jenks, were standing before their barrack-door, conversing about things in general.

“So they call us *probos*,” said Julian Jenks.

“With all my heart,” said Peregrine Pultuney, “short for probationaries, I suppose, we shall outgrow that, very soon.”

“That’s what the young giant said of his caravan,” returned Julian Jenks; “an infernal hole this, Pultuney—what do you think? they say that we *probos* an’t allowed to walk on that pavement—what do you think of that?”

"It is not against the rules," said Peregrine, with a smile, "for I've read them from the beginning."

"No, no," replied Julian Jenks, "but it's a rule amongst the cadets—has been so always; they say, but I vote *we* break it."

"I vote *we* do," said Peregrine Pultuncy, who was never behind hand in any scheme of mischief.

"They'll try and turn us off, you know," said Julian Jenks, who was not yet quite aware how little Peregrine would care for that.

"Well," said Peregrine, "what, if they do? we can show fight, you know."

"Bravo!" cried Julian Jenks, "bravo!—*you* are a lad after my own heart. Come along then, I'm ready," and Julian Jenks passed his arm within that of Peregrine Pultuncy.

"Look at Jenks and Pultuncy—they're going to walk on the pavement, I declare!" said one little boy to another, both of them being probationaries, and looking for all the world as though they had just stepped out of the nursery.

"My eye," rejoined the other, "won't there be a row just—my eye!"

"Look at those two probos walking on the pavement," said an old cadet to his friend of the same standing, as they entered the study-court together.

"Pretty piece of impudence that," said the friend of the old cadet.

But Peregrine Pultuncy, and Julian Jenks, took a

different view of the case. They stepped upon the forbidden ground, which was a raised pavement, running along the whole length of the study-court. It was pretty well thronged with cadets of different sizes and ages, and Peregrine Pultuney and his friend, took one or two turns up and down before any one took notice of them. At length, they heard very audible sounds of "impertinent probos," which somehow or other they thought bore reference to themselves; and then three or four cadets in a row, brushed passed them very briskly, and Peregrine Pultuney's shoulders came in sharp contact with that of a whiskered youth, and Peregrine Pultuney said with great politeness, "I beg your pardon," and passed on, thinking that he had just given vent to the most exquisite piece of irony in the world.

At length, the three strapping cadets, who seemed to think themselves of great consequence, bore down on Peregrine and his friend, at a particular rapid pace, and taking the inside, hustled with all their collected force against the presumptuous "probos," so that Peregrine Pultuney and Julian Jenks, were fairly pushed off the pavement.

But they were not long in regaining their ground—"What did you do that for?" asked Peregrine Pultuney; and he saw that the youth he addressed was the very identical person, who, the day before, had asked him if his mother had not made a mistake when she breeched him; a circumstance which now

afforded Peregrine Pultuney considerable delight. "Because, I choose, sir," responded the big-headed youth; "you have no business here."

"We shall see that," said Peregrine Pultuney, planting his foot firmly on the ground. "Now, sir—push me again."

The big-headed youth did push him again; and Peregrine Pultuney, as a small return for his favours, smote the big-headed youth with all his might under the right eye.

Nor was Julian Jenks, a bit less active in his conjuncture; after the first push, he had thrown off his coat, and drawn up his shirt-sleeves, in the most regular pugilistic fashion that can possibly be conceived. Having accomplished this, he threw himself into a posture of defence, and brought up his arms to a Fives-court guard, which had a most artistical effect.

"Come on—" cried Julian Jenks, moving his arms about like a miniature edition of young Dutch Sam. "Come on, sir, I'm ready"—and spite of all these warlike proceedings his face wore just as good-natured an aspect as it ever did, before or after. The strapping youth thus exhorted to "come on," hesitated a little, turned pale, and at last accepted the invitation, head-foremost like an irascible cow, indignant at the barkings of a dog. Julian Jenks knew how to fight, but his opponent did not, so in spite of his weight and his butting, he got one-two, in that part of the face which lies between the nose

and the mouth, and which is supposed to be rather tender. "Never say die," shouted Julian Jenks, with the greatest good humour in the world, and one-two, went in again precisely at the same place.

In the mean time Peregrine Pultuney, who had thrashed every bully in the school he had just left, was hitting out straight as an arrow, in the finest style ever seen or imagined. And at every blow he cried—"She made a mistake, did she?—Yes, she made a mistake. I said that I'd show you some day—girl's play isn't it, just? She made a mistake, did she?" and with these allusions to the circumstances of the preceding evening, Peregrine Pultuney enhanced his own amusement, and the discomforture of his big-headed foe.

But speedily Peregrine—all valiant as he was—became sensible that he should get the worst of it, for he found himself assailed from the rear, and kicks and blows fell heavily upon him, in a quarter altogether proscribed by the articles of single combat. "One at a time," shouted Peregrine. "I'll take *you* next;" and launching a fine straight blow full into the right eye of his adversary, he had the pleasure of seeing the big-headed youth fall backwards as though he had been shot.

"And now for *you*, sir," cried Peregrine Pultuney, turning round to his rear-ward adversary; but to his great surprise he saw the white-haired boy, whom he had helped through the examination

tall whiskered youth, in exchanging certain fistic compliments, which passed very freely between them. The white-haired boy, had seen the inequality of the combat, and being full of thankfulness and heroism, had gone in, to lend a hand to his preserver, and demonstrate the existence of gratitude on the face of the youth with the whiskers.

It must have been an exhilarating sight to those warlike spirits, who delight in the contemplation of battles, in which they have no active share, to have watched Peregrine Pultuney, Julian Jenks, and the boy with the white hair "going in and winning," as the phrase is, in the most masterly style imaginable; and it must have been equally diverting, to physiognomical speculators, to watch the countenances of Sergeant Crossboy and Sergeant Limber, as they made their way to the scene of action, and parted the combatants, by mere force of arm applied to the coat tails of the fighters. Peregrine Pultuney saw the old sardonic grin, and heard the sarcastic voice—"I wonder what the lieutenant-governor will think of this, Mr. Jenks."

What the lieutenant-governor thought of it was made manifest on the following morning; for when he appeared on parade, he looked more solemn than ever, and seizing his opportunity when the hundred and fifty gentlemen cadets were standing in the attitude of "attention," he began to harangue them in a manner and a voice so very peculiar to himself, that we despair of giving the readers any thing like

an adequate idea of the speech he made on this memorable occasion. "Gentlemen," he said—"and yet I can hardly call you *gentlemen*, for you sometimes forget that you *are*, it has been brought to my notice that a very *scandalous* proceeding, highly injurious to the *character of the institution*—has taken place since yesterday morning. You don't come here to turn *pugilists*, but to learn your *profession* and behave like *officers*—and keep up the *character of the institution*. You must not conduct yourselves like *school boys*, who go to *fisticuffs*, and get *flogged*. If you do I shall bring the conduct of such *children* before the *seminary committee*—officers in *uniform* going to *fisticuffs*!! I don't intend, *this time*, to inquire further into the *disgraceful* uproar of yesterday; I do not know who *commenced* it, but I would warn the young gentlemen who have just *joined*, that I am *determined* to uphold the *character of the institution*, even though I should be *compelled* to resort to *severest* measures—even to *expulsion*; for I must not let a few *bad subjects* *contaminate* the remainder of the *institution*. Let those who have just *joined*, remember that they are but *probationary* pupils, and those who expect to get *their commissions* at the end of this term take *heed*, lest they should not be *recommended* for commissions *at all*. Gentlemen, I shall say no *more*. Let the corporals march off their classes."

Such, in words and emphasis at least, was this memorable harangue, which, it must be acknow-

ledged on all sides, was admirably adapted to impress itself most deeply on the minds of the gentlemen-cadets. The frequent allusions to the "character of the institution," so dear to every probationary bosom, and that skilful stroke referring to the cherished tiger-boy uniform, were masterpieces of oratorical ingenuity, worthy of Demosthenes or Lord Stafford. It is no drawback to the merits of this harangue that it had not the slightest effect in promoting any thing but ridicule, because it plainly ought to have had, and the faults of its non-effect was in the hardness of the cadets' hearts, and not any want of impressiveness in the governor's eloquence.

"I suppose, he alluded to us," said Peregrine Pultuney to Julian Jenks, as they went into study, with no particular emotions of shame visible on their unaltered faces.

"I think it *possible* that he *did*," returned Julian Jenks.

"Fancy calling us officers in uniform!" said Peregrine Pultuney, "that beats cock fighting—gentlemen's sons doing a bit of foot-boy in second-hand livery, at half-a-crown a week, would be much more appropriate, I think."

Jenks laughed and agreed with Peregrine; and then both talked and both laughed to such an extent, that they drew upon themselves the severe animadversions of the professor with the silver snuff-box.

Two or three days after this, Peregrine Pultuney got his new uniform from London, with a laudatory letter from his father. On the same day, he was summoned to wait upon the lieutenant-governor of the institution.

"I understand, Mr. *Pultuney*," said the lieutenant-governor, "that you have evinced your *disapprobation* of the *rules* which regulate this *institution*—that you are discontented with the *liberality* of the honourable company—in short that you are *disinclined* to subscribe to the *regulations*, which it is my business to *enforce*."

"I beg your pardon, sir," said Peregrine Pultuney, "but I think you are misinformed. I am perfectly satisfied with the honourable company of merchants trading to the East Indies, and with all the regulations they have framed to keep up the character of this institution."

"I am afraid, Mr. *Pultuney*," resumed the lieutenant-governor, "that you are inclined to be *impertinent* as well as *insubordinate*. But take care, *take care*, I advise you to be on your *guard*."

"I don't know what I have done, sir," replied Peregrine Pultuney, looking as innocent as George Barnwell before he met with the town lady; or the industrious apprentice, in Hogarth's picture, when he married his master's daughter.

"Done, Mr. *Pultuney*!" said the lieutenant-governor, "have you not rejected the company's

uniform, and supplied yourself from another *quarter*. I see it *now*, sir, at this *moment*—private regimental *habiliments*!”

“Please, sir,” said Peregrine Pultuney, looking as demure as Little Red-riding-hood talking to the wolf; “I never wore second-hand clothes before, and my father has a particular objection to it.”

“You should have thought of *that* before you *came* here,” returned the lieutenant-governor.

“Please, sir, there was nothing about it, down in the book of rules they gave me at the India House,” said Peregrine Pultuney.

“Perhaps *not*, but when you found it *was* a rule, you should have *subscribed* to it, Mr. Pultuney.”

“But please, sir, I could not wear second-hand trousers. I was afraid,” said Peregrine Pultuney.

“You were not *afraid* to knock down a young *man* much older than *yourself*, the other day,” returned the lieutenant-governor, thinking that he had uttered a poser.

“He insulted me,” said Peregrine Pultuney.

“I am afraid that you are *easily* insulted,” replied the lieutenant-governor; “but let me caution you to take things more as you *find* them, and *do* as others do upon all *occasions*.”

“If you please, sir,” said Peregrine Pultuney, “these *clothes* were made by the company’s tailor, according to the established pattern.”

“Then you may *wear* them, sir; but the offence

is equally bad as an act of *insubordination*. Take care, Mr. Pultuney."

"Of my clothes, sir?" asked Peregrine, looking as simple as one of the babies in the 'murder of the Innocents.'

"No, sir, of your *conduct*. You may go now, but remember that I am *determined*, Mr. Pultuney, to uphold the *character of the institution*."

Peregrine walked away, thinking that the character of an institution which compelled its members to wear second-hand clothes, was not very much worth upholding.

But Peregrine Pultuney, some how or other, was fated to get into one scrape as soon as he got out of another. It is an extraordinary thing at Addiscombe, that a gentleman-cadet can do nothing whatever, unknown to the authorities of the place. The Holy Inquisition, is a fool to the Addiscombe government in this respect. A cadet may be very cunning and very cautious, but nevertheless he can neither do, say, or think any thing unknown to the lieutenant-governor. Conjecture is at a loss to account for this singular phenomenon. Surely the spy-system is *not* carried on; surely the non-commissioned officers attached to the establishment are *not* authorized to put *espionage* in practice; surely those honourable men do *not* listen at doors, peep into letters, and lay wait in dark corners; surely drawers are *not* opened, or boxes searched, or trades-people examined—and yet Peregrine Pultuney was

found guilty of cheroot-smoking, upon no accountable evidence in the world. And it is a very remarkable coincidence, but nevertheless it is undeniably true, that one of these four sergeants, happened one dark night at the latter end of February, to fix upon his own particular, the very identical room in the very identical public-house, that Peregrine Pultuney and Julian Jenks had chosen, a few minutes before, as the locale of a punch-drinking bout.

Boys are notoriously very stupid animals, and we suppose that Peregrine Pultuney must be classed in the category, for he was heard to say one dark night to Julian Jenks, " Surely we are driven into mischief; they coop us up all day, and let us loose for two hours of recreation, when it is pitch dark. It may be well enough in the summer-time, when we can play a good game at cricket, but what *can* youngsters like us do between five and seven in a winter evening, except get into mischief. We have had enough of reading in the daytime; and who ever sets out for a walk in the dark without some definite object. What wonder is it then, that we should stroll into a public-house, and enjoy a comfortable bowl of punch, a good fire, and what is perhaps still better, an hour or two of privacy, which we cannot get within the walls of the institution, packed together as we are like so many dogs in a kennel? And if we do still worse, it is not a matter of much surprise, for we are sent to wander about

for amusement, at an hour when darkness favours immorality of every description. Why do they not divide our hours better, and let us amuse ourselves in the full daylight?"

"Because," replied Julian Jenks, answering this last question, "it would very materially interfere with the professors' hours of dining."

"Be it so," said Peregrine Pultuney. "If it were light, I should go and play at foot-ball, as it is dark, I shall go and lush."

"Very good," cried Julian Jenks, "come along, I'm your man," and the two gentlemen-cadets started off for the Shirley Arms.

They must have been two uncommonly stupid boys, to talk in such a manner as this; but nevertheless they were not thought so either by themselves or their companions. Let it not be thought that we advocate such opinions; for indeed we regard them with unmitigated horror, and see no reason in the world why young gentlemen from fifteen to twenty years of age should not employ themselves between the hours of five and seven on a winter evening, in reading, "The Whole Duty of Man," or "Cœlebs in Search of a Wife;" or should they have a mechanical turn they might employ themselves, very profitably, in making pincushions to take home to their sisters, or in default of them to their maiden-aunts.

But at length Peregrine Pultuney, having spent all his pocket-money, to the great benefit of the

excise—having smoked all his cigars, and been twice reported for playing at cards, was driven into such extremes, that after waivering for some time, between suicide and poetry, he betook himself in despair to the latter.

A rational being, before he is driven to poetry, must doubtless be in a desperate extremity. Peregrine Pultuney was, it is very certain, or he would never have perpetrated three hundred lines of a satirical poem, entitled “The Devil’s Walk through Addiscombe.” Yet, in spite of all this, Peregrine Pultuney got through Addiscombe in a creditable manner. He had very few extra drills, he was the best fogleman, the best cricketer, the best classic in the seminary, and popular opinion went far enough to say that he was the best fellow to boot. No one, from the lieutenant-governor down to the small abortion of a boy who played on a thing called a triangle, or the worthy ~~with~~ one eye, and a particular manner of doing the right and left close, who acted as an extra-purveyor to the cadets, ever doubted that Peregrine was “a gentleman.” He took things very coolly, made a multitude of friends, worked for any body rather than himself, had a small love affair in the neighbourhood of Croydon, made drawings for the albums of the professors’ wives, went up to London on Saturdays, visited the theatres and cider cellars in the vacations, grew up into a very fine young man, with the most winning

face in the world, and finally gained three or four prizes, and a commission in the Artillery of Bengal.

Peregrine left Addiscombe, scarcely knowing whether he was sorry or glad to quit it. He was sorry to lose his friends, whom he loved, but he was glad to be emancipated from the institution, which he hated, "cursed glad to cut the concern," as Julian Jenks expressed himself on the occasion; "cursed glad to get out of such a *confounded hole*."

CHAPTER V.

In which Peregrine Pultuney is first introduced to a specimen of Anglo-Indian humanity.

FOR the next few months Peregrine Pultuney, as most young men are upon leaving Addiscombe, was occupied in procuring his *outfit*, which is a generic name for six dozen calico shirts, six pounds of brown Windsor, and a sword. This latter article Peregrine clutched, when it was first presented to him, with certain feelings of heroic aspiration; but upon reflecting that it was a most unserviceable article, and evidently not designed either for cutting or thrusting, or any thing in the world more warlike than saluting, he laid it down with an observation to the effect, that he supposed it had been made by a benevolent individual, who could not bear the thoughts of constructing an instrument to hurt any thing bigger than a fly.

A young gentleman before going out to India, has several interesting little ceremonies to go through. He has to be sworn in at the India

House, which he generally accomplishes after kicking his heels about an ante-room for several hours, in a mixed state of excitement, cold, impatience, and philosophy. Peregrine Pultuncy, was one of the most philosophical young gentleman in the United Kingdom; but even he waxed somewhat impatient after having trodden the floor of the waiting-room—most properly so called—for about three quarters of an hour; looked at a picture over the chimney-piece, illustrative of somebody presenting something to some volunteer corps or other, in bag-wigs and gaiters; found likenesses to half his friends in the ranks of the said corps; counted the number of times that an elderly gentleman in a plumb-coloured uniform, turned up with scarlet, had passed and re-passed through the ante-room; read through a *Morning Chronicle*, advertisement-sheet and all; and wondered at least a dozen times, whether it would be very indecorous to light a cigar.

At length he was marched into a room, where some half dozen old gentlemen were sitting at a long table, covered with books and papers, and looking as solemn and dignified as such people can possibly be. There a book was put into his hand, and he was told to repeat a few sentences beginning with “I, Peregrine Pultuncy,” and ending with something or other about the East India Company and the Articles of war, having done which he received an exhortation from a little man with a cream-coloured

face to conduct himself like a gentleman, and not to kill more natives than he could help.

Peregrine Pultuney then took his passage in a ship, having procured, like a sensible man, permission to proceed to Bengal, after which he began to bethink himself about getting some letters of introduction, or, in other words, tickets for soup.

Letters of introduction to people in India, written by their friends and relatives at home, are nine times out of ten very useless incumbrances, inasmuch as that people in England think of India as they do of the Isle of Wight, Grosvenor-square, or Stoke Pogis. This, Peregrine Pultuney soon found out, for on looking over his letters of introduction, he found that one half of them were for Bombay and Madras, besides a small quantity for China. However, our hero with his usual philosophy, cried "God bless the giver," and was not ungracious enough to look the gift horse in the mouth.

Amongst other people, whom, at the instance of his father, Peregrine called on for letters of introduction, was an old Bengal civilian, a sort of third or fourth cousin of Mr. Pultuney, who had a suite of apartments in Regent-street, no family, and a diseased liver. Peregrine had never seen this old gentleman, but having heard somehow or other that he was an oddity, he felt a particular desire to visit him and to ascertain the true nature of that interesting portion of the animal kingdom; which goes by the name of *Quihi*.

It was a cold day in February, when Peregrine Pultune, wrapt up in a Petersham of the stoutest quality, walked up the staircase which led to Mr. Havethelacks' suite of apartments, his card having gone up before him—a bran new card by the way, with *Bengal Artillery* upon it “rather neat,” as Peregrine thought, in common with most young gentlemen who have just got into that very fine corps, where promotion “comes slowly up this way,” like spring in Mr. Coleridge's *Christabel*; and where officers are rewarded for their exertions at Addiscombe, by the privilege of wearing blue coats and calling themselves, a “scientific” corps.

Mr. Havethelacks was sitting close to the fire, on an easy chair with spring cushions, turning over the *Register* sheet of a new *Asiatic Journal*. “Ah!” he muttered, “Stokes dead—thought so—Stokes an imprudent fellow—drinks water—thought he would die—hum! Wilkins, my assistant in Bundlecund, married!—a wise man—wish I had married when I was an assistant—hum! Miss Martingale—old Martingale's daughter—Martingale my contemporary—fine woman Mrs. Martingale—lots of children—wish I had too—hum! Mrs. Darlington, twins!—God bless me!—remember her when she was a butcha—burnt her fingers against my chillum—hum! Potts in council—thought so—Potts a clever fellow—might have been in council myself—Mrs. Potts a *burra beebie*—bless my soul, think of that—used to flirt with her, when I was in College—almost

proposing—wish I had—man's a fool not to marry in India—old friends die off—new family spring up—happy,” and the old gentleman, as a sort of outlet to his feelings, began poking the fire.

At this juncture Peregrine's card was put into his hand—“Pultuney—ah! show him up—‘Bengal Artillery’—bless my soul! did not know there was a Pultuney in India—Artillery—Dum Dum,—Mess dinner—*burra Khana* to Lord Hastings—I remember—fine regiment! noise enough to stun one,” and the old gentleman's recollections went back some five-and-twenty years at least.

Peregrine advanced towards the place where the old gentleman was sitting, Mr. Havethelacks did not rise, but he turned slightly round and beckoned to our hero to approach. Peregrine nothing loth to seek the near vicinity of the fire, walked briskly up and surveyed the *Quihi*.

“I took the liberty,” said Peregrine Pultuney, “of calling to pay you a visit”—

“Glad to see you,” interrupted the old gentleman—“very glad! sit down! come from India—eh? Any news? What ship? Country agrees with you—look very well—never saw such a colour in my life.” Peregrine explained that the old gentleman was under a mistake, and proceeded to acquaint him with the object of his visit.

“Ah!” said Mr. Havethelacks, “going to India! very good! fine country. Take my advice, young man, and don't come home in a hurry—sure to

repent if you do. Look at me—quite wretched—poor, old, solitary man.”

Peregrine ventured to suggest that he looked exceedingly comfortable.

“Comfortable—ah ! comfort,—no comfort in England—drafts—cold—want air, and can’t get it without freezing—don’t come home, young man—rooms small—shut up in a box, take—my advice, young man—marry and get children.”

“I have no objection,” observed Peregrine Pultuney.

“Objection ! look at me. Didn’t marry—always had house full—couldn’t live alone in the least—always had party to dinner—can’t eat alone—got on board ship—did very well—cuddy table—large party always—landed in England—came here—took good apartments—four hundred a month.”

“Four hundred pounds a month !” exclaimed Peregrine Pultuney, thinking that the old gentleman had been prodigiously cheated.

“Pounds !—No, rupees,—forgot you were a griffin—forgot again—don’t know what a griffin is ?”

“Yes, sir,” returned Peregrine Pultuney, “I’ve got one for my crest, but I don’t know how I resemble one.”

The old gentleman laughed immoderately for a few minutes, and then began, in his usual broken style, “Good ! knew you were a griff.—regular—ha ! ha ! Well, boy, I was going to tell you—where

was I—took lodgings—dinner, first day, excellent—looking forward to it for months—salmon fresh out of the river—not out of a tin canister—English beef—fruit excellent—was choked at the third mouthful.”

“Indeed, sir!” interrupted Peregrine; “and, pray, how was that?”

“Couldn’t tell for my life; breakfast next morning—fresh butter—French bread—ham—Perigord pie—every thing human creature could desire—couldn’t eat a mouthful; tiffin the same; dinner again, another failure; breakfast next morning ditto—wondered—thought—at last made up my mind, and rang the bell for my landlady.”

“For your landlady?” exclaimed Peregrine Pultuney. “I should have thought you would have sent for your physician.”

“Not at all, young man; sent for my landlady—fine buxom dame of fifty—asked if she had got any family—landlady blushed—answered ‘Yes, sir.’

“Very good, ma’am,” said I.

Peregrine wondered what was coming, and tried hard to control his risible propensities, as the old gentleman continued, “Well, ma’am,” said I to landlady, “may I ask what your family consists of.”

“Twelve in’ all, please sir,” said she, “three sons grown up in business, four daughters at home, and five young children in the nursery.”

“Very good, indeed, ma’am!” said I; “want to ask you a great favour—very—take your meals with me every day—can’t dine alone for the life of me—never did—can’t eat a mouthful—so pray take compassion on me, ma’am, and take your meals with me every day.”

“Why didn’t you marry her?” asked Peregrine Pultuney.

“Might have done, but bigamy not allowed in England—landlady got a husband already.”

“I forgot that part of the matter,” returned Peregrine Pultuney, and it is not much wonder that he did, for it is very rarely that either in a book, or in real life, one has a landlady who is not a widow.

“Well,” continued the old gentleman, “landlady complied—brought all her children to dine with me, and I got my appetite again.”

“And a very satisfactory conclusion too,” observed Peregrine Pultuney.

“Very!” returned Mr. Havethelacks, “always dined well afterwards—might have avoided the necessity of sending for my landlady if I had married and got a family. Take warning young man; never commit such an error yourself. Well, what do you want?”

“Some advice,” answered Peregrine Pultuney.

“Well, haven’t I given it to you?” returned the old gentleman. “Marry and get children, it’s the best advice I can give.”

"I shall be sure to follow it," said Peregrine Pultuney.

"Well, then, what else do you want?" asked Mr. Havethelacks, stirring the fire.

"I thought, perhaps," said Peregrine Pultuney, "that you might give me some letters of introduction to your friends in India."

"Ah—introductions—yes—what service do you belong to?"

"The military," replied Peregrine.

"Bad! why not go out in the civil?—be a soldier and starve."

"You must ask my father," said Peregrine Pultuney.

"Hadn't interest, ah! What branch of the army?" continued the old gentleman, who was somewhat oblivious.

Peregrine informed him that he was going out in the artillery, upon which Mr. Havethelacks asked him why he had not procured an engineer's appointment.

"Because I couldn't," said Peregrine Pultuney.

"Couldn't! — ~~wouldn't~~ I suppose — idle — you don't look stupid."

"I hope not, sir," remarked Peregrine.

"How came it then?" asked the old gentleman.

"I'll tell you," returned Peregrine. "There was once a gentleman, who laid a wager with a friend, that he would train a pig to beat a race-horse at a race of a hundred yards. The match was made, and

the gentleman began in good earnest to train his pig. He measured out the hundred yards, shut up the pig in a sty at one end, and placed its trough at the other end of the course. Day after day, the pig was kept on short commons, until a certain time of the evening, when the animal was let out of its sty, and off it scampered as fast as its legs could carry it to the trough, a hundred yards off. The other gentleman had not thought of training his race-horse, so when the day of trial came, the noble animal was beaten by the pig, who had scampered to the end of the course long before the race-horse could get into its speed. It's just the same, sir, at Addiscombe. The race is not always to the swift. A number of fellows go there crammed chock-full of mathematics, fortification, and the like; others go there perhaps with double talents, but acquirements of a classical nature. The stupid youth who knows Hutton by heart, and has done all the plans in what is called the "the fortification course," is sure to beat the greatest genius in the seminary, who has been fagging at Latin and Greek all his life. He has not time to get into his full speed before the other boy has reached the goal. In two years more he would pass the crammed one, but as it is, he is dead beat; and that, sir, I believe, is the only answer that I can give to your question."

"Very satisfactory, too," replied the old civilian, smiling.

“And now, sir,” asked Peregrine Pultuney, “what about the introductions.”

“Stuff about them,” replied Mr. Havethelacks, snapping his fingers. “No use, young man, at all—the best friends are those you make yourself, all over the world. Now, what letters have you got?”

“To the governor-general,” said Peregrine Pultuney.

“Hum!” responded Mr. Havethelacks.

“To the commander-in-chief,” continued Peregrine.

“Hum!” responded Mr. Havethelacks.

“To the chief-justice.”

“Hum—hum—hum!” continued Mr. Havethelacks.

“No use, no use at all; governor-general at Presidency—call on him with letter—make appointment—personal interview—kick your heels in aide-de-camp’s room—get admitted—lordship looks at letter—asks how his friend Lord So-and-so is—person who writes the letter—says he has great regard for his friend Lord So-and-so—hopes you’ve had pleasant voyage—sorry he can’t do any thing for you—shows you a clothes’ basket full of letters—all letters of introduction—bows you out—and a week after you get an invitation to a ball—would have got it just the same without your letter of introduction—very much good to you, this.”

“Indeed, sir!” exclaimed Peregrine Pultuney.

“Yes, young man; then suppose governor-general making a tour—forward letters to him in Upper Provinces—with private letter of your own, full of ‘my lord,’ and humble apologies for intruding on his lordship’s time—get brief letter from private secretary, governor-general received Lord So-and-so’s communication forwarded by Lieutenant Such-an-one—will put Lieutenant Such-an-one down in his list, but can’t hold out any encouragement—so many prior applications—is afraid Lieutenant Such-an-one must despair. Now, young man—got any idea, what a governor-general means when he talks about *his list*?”

“No, sir!” replied Peregrine Pultuney.

“The Army List and the Civil List stitched together—nothing more nor less young man—comes out at last—tacked on to the end of it—every body brings out letters—every body thinks to be a political agent or a secretary at the least. No, no, young man! better destroy them—save you from disappointment at all events.”

“Very good,” rejoined Peregrine Pultuney, and he took up his hat as he spoke.

This taking up of one’s hat, especially if it be accompanied by the act of smoothing the beaver with the palm of one’s hand, is a sure sign that a visiter is about to depart, and Mr. Havethelacks thereby perceived that Peregrine Pultuney had some such intention in his mind, so he stopped him by observing kindly, “Don’t go, don’t go, young

man, I will give you a letter; but none of your governors and commanders; never do you any good in the least except it be first-rate government interest—ministerial—somebody high in office who can do your governor a good turn when he goes home again, that's your only interest; but come, I'll give you a letter to a friend, worth a score of——. Well, I'll introduce you to Dr. Nicholas Fitz-simon."

"Dr. Nicholas Fitz-simon—thank you, sir: who is he?"

"Ha! ha!" returned Mr. Havethelacks, chuckling, "don't know Nicholas Fitz-simon, what a precious griff you must be!"

"You forget, sir," suggested Peregrine Pultuney, "that I have not yet been in India."

"Ah! true; well then, I'll tell you. Nicholas Fitz-simon, every body knows him in India—finest fellow in the world—kind, generous, trump of a fellow. Now I'll tell you; go to him—give you breakfast, tiffin, dinner, shelter, advice, every thing. If you are sick, go to him, sure to cure you—sure to be kind to you—saved more lives than the invention of the life-boat—a most excellent fellow—good Samaritan—sure to love him—hand me that writing-book—put that tepoy before me."

"I hope," said Peregrine Pultuney "that you won't call me a griff again, if I ask what is a teapoy?"

"Well, to be sure, it does seem odd—very odd;"

and the old gentleman chuckled; "most odd to find a person who don't know what a tepoy is, I suppose you have learnt Hindostanee."

"A little, sir," returned Peregrine Pultuney, and he might have said "*a very little*," without exaggeration; for the Hindoostanee usually learnt at Addiscombe, is the smallest possible quantum in the world.

"Well, then, a tepoy or tinpoy is a thing with three feet, used in India to denote a little table, such as that just at your right."

"Why, that table has four legs," cried Peregrine.

"It's a tepoy all the same," said Mr. Havethelacks.

Peregrine did not dispute the point, but moved the table towards the old gentleman, who wrote a letter to his friend in Calcutta, and gave Peregrine the following advice. "Wear flannel—never go snipe shooting—avoid arracan—don't get into debt—rise early—drink plenty of tea—be kind to natives—don't eat pastry—get a staff-appointment—marry before you are too old, and give this letter to Nicholas Fitz-simon."

How far Peregrine Pultuney followed this advice, our story will show as it advances.

CHAPTER VI.

In which Peregrine Pultuney gives further proof of a chivalrous disposition.

PEREGRINE PULTUNEY, after leaving Mr. Havethelacks, made the best of his way to St. Martin's-place, in which, as every body knows is situated that famous philanthropical establishment of Captain Grindaway's, where company's officers get all manner of things done for them, without having any thing to pay.

Peregrine Pultuney walked up stairs, entered the reading-room, looked about him, saw nobody he knew, and finally settled himself with his back to the fire, the tails of his Petersham under his arms, and his rearward man in the full enjoyment of half-a-chaldron of blazing coals. This posture of affairs, to all outward appearance, was favourable to the serenity of mind, which Peregrine Pultuney, like a true philosopher, took especial delight in encouraging, for he was in no wise inclined to disturb himself or to take the least notice of certain black looks, which an elderly gentleman, who had

just come in with a Prussian blue cloak and a nose of the same colour, seemed very much inclined to cast at him. On the contrary, he appeared perfectly satisfied with his position, and began with the utmost placidity of countenance to scrutinize the scene before him. He looked about, and saw two or three tables, on which were two or three dozen books relating to India, six directories, four army lists, several newspapers, and half a quire of writing-paper with a lithographed advertisement in the corner of each sheet. At these tables were seated a number of odd-looking men, most of them writing letters, for it is a singular fact that at least two-thirds of the letters written by the East India Company's furlough establishment, emanate from Captain Grindaway's Agency Rooms—a phenomenon only to be accounted for by the circumstance that at this emporium of gratuitous advantages, paper to any amount is to be had for nothing.

Hung round the walls were various painted maps of the continent of India, which Peregrine Pultuney regarded with an intense interest, only to be equalled by that with which he saw a number of men, upon first entering the room, peruse, or pretend to peruse, an interminable sheet of parchment which was sprawling over one of the tables. Peregrine, who was a youth of the keenest observation, was particularly struck by a remarkable feature in the behaviour of all the gentlemen who stopped before the parchment expanse, and that consisted in the single-

ness of purpose, which they all exhibited in writing, one after another, certain words at the bottom of the parchment, the object of which he could not for the life of him define. Curiosity at last triumphed, and he abandoned his position before the half-chaldron of coals, very much to the satisfaction of the blue-nosed gentleman, who instantly drew his chair close to the fire, and put his heels up on the grate.

Peregrine Pultuney was not long in ascertaining that the mysterious parchment document, on the table near the door, was a thing that is called a *memorial*, like *lucus à non lucendo*, because it never reminds any body of any thing. A little time sufficed our hero to learn that the object of the memorial was to induce the company to pay their army a little better, which Peregrine Pultuney esteemed so very rational a request on the part of the army, that he forthwith added his name to the document, after which he made his way towards a sort of high reading-desk, whereon was a file of Calcutta papers—the *Bengal Hurkaru*, or something; and after wondering whether *Hurkaru* meant a newspaper, he turned over the leaves before him and ascertained, amongst other interesting facts, that Messrs. Tulloh and Co. were to have sold by auction, six months before, a new batch of Pine cheeses—that the Last Reunion was to have taken place about the same time—that Ensign Snooks had been promoted to the rank of lieutenant—that Mrs. Pereira had got a little boy, and Miss De Souza a little hus-

band—that the society of Calcutta were very loud in their complaints about the dust, and that the secretary of the theatre was about to take a benefit—all vastly important circumstances, which Peregrine Pultuney did not fail to treasure up in the store-house of his memory, before he walked away from the reading-desk for the purpose of learning, from some cards over the mantelpiece, that two knives, a pencil-case, and a pocket-handkerchief, had been found in the agency-rooms, without owners; that the latest news from the three presidencies were such and such dates; that Mrs. Witherstalk had opened a boarding-house at Brompton, and that the addresses of three captains and a lieutenant were particularly wanted by somebody or other, who requested information from any body who possessed it. From this latter invitation the attention of Peregrine Pultuney was diverted by a well-known voice, and looking round he saw, now considerably grown, but unaltered in physiognomical expression, the youth, who in the second chapter of our history, figured as “the nervous boy.”

The name of the youth was Doleton, and as an old schoolfellow, Peregrine of course was uncommonly glad to see him. He lost no time in expressing himself to that effect; having done which, he asked naturally enough what had brought his nervous friend to Grindaway's.

“I—I—I'm going to India,” returned Doleton, —“I am—I give you my word,”

“Well,” observed Peregrine Pultuney, “more unlikely things than that have happened before now”.

The nervous youth put on a grim smile, and continued, “I say Pultuney, you don’t think, do you, that there’s any danger, eh?”

“Danger!” exclaimed Peregrine, “I don’t know such a word.”

Hereupon Mr. Doleton smiled again, and got up a sort of hysterical chuckle. “Well, Pultuney, no more do I—I don’t care, you know, not a bit, I only meant that they do say there’s to be war in India, and then—”

“Prize-money and promotion,” observed Peregrine.

“Oh! to be sure, very good, excellent,” chuckled the nervous youth, who was inwardly writhing all the while, “prize-money and promotion. Capital! I don’t think I should be afraid.”

“Afraid, what on earth is there to be afraid of?” asked Peregrine Pultuney, wonderingly.

“Oh! nothing,” replied Mr. Doleton; “I said I shouldn’t be afraid, I never am—don’t you remember the party we had at school, when old Radix found us out—capital fun! wasn’t it?”

Peregrine remembered perfectly well that Doleton had been the whole time in a most unenviable condition of unmistakable fear, but he contented himself with observing that he agreed with him and thought it had been capital fun.

“Well,” continued Doleton, “I don’t think I

ship, a very fine thing, as you know—by-the-bye, you don't think, do you, that India is such a very bad climate—it's not so bad, is it now, as people generally suppose?"

Peregrine remarked, that never having tried it, he was not qualified to give an answer, but he believed that the place was a little worse than Paradise, and a trifle better than Pandæmonium.

"Well," said the nervous youth, "it don't much matter, one can but die once, can you? If one is drowned on the way, one can't die of the cholera morbus, that's very evident, eh! Pultuney?" and the young gentleman enacted the part of a spectre in a fit of facetiousness.

"One certainly can't die twice," remarked Peregrine Pultuney.

"No, no, not twice," continued Mr. Doleton; "by-the-bye, Pultuney, do you think that drowning is such a very painful death?"

Peregrine Pultuney smiled, made a quotation from Shakspeare's Henry VI., took up his hat and asked Doleton which way he was going. It happened as it often does on these occasions, that the two youths were bound for the same quarter of the metropolis, so Peregrine Pultuney, who was of an eminently social nature, proposed that they should walk on together.

Arm-in-arm they walked up St. Martin's-lane, Peregrine in high spirits, and his companion every now and then seeking consolation from the never-

desponding nature of our hero. Peregrine pitied his school-fellow; he pitied, he did not despise the constitutional infirmity of his friend, whose cowardice was a disease which he had no power to keep off, any more than the scarlet fever or the small-pox. We think that cowards are hardly treated by the world; a man cannot help being a coward any more than he can help being a dwarf, both are pitiable, but not contemptible, and Peregrine Pultuney thought so too.

Such of our readers as are acquainted with the intricacies of London, will remember that there is a street, we believe called King-street, which leads from St. Martin's-lane to Covent-garden. At the corner of this street there is, or was, a long open-windowed miscellaneous-looking shop, where old books, diseased violins, decayed pictures and divers other strange articles are exposed for sale, in what we always thought the most uninviting manner in the world. At the opposite corner of the street there was an apple-stall, which was almost as uninviting as the shop; but as it had existed there for some time, we have little doubt that it was not thought so by Londoners in general, who are, we suppose, somewhat more addicted to saliva-polished apples than ourselves.

When Peregrine Pultuney and the nervous youth had reached this identical spot, which they did in less than five minutes after leaving the philanthropic establishment, they became sensible that they were

in the close vicinity of one of those metropolitan popular tumults which go by the name of *rows*. Peregrine, always ready for a lark, began, in case of necessity, to button up his Petersham over his chest, and to deposit his gloves in the pockets of the same; having done which, he jostled his way through the crowd, dragging with him his reluctant companion, who, in imitation of the “young aspen leaves,” in *Lalla Rookh*, began incontinently to “tremble all over.”

“Hallo! what’s the matter?” inquired our hero, “what’s all this row about?—ch?”

Thus appealed to, one of the by-standers, a ragged looking hobbledehoy, with a thin face and a red nose, made answer, “Why, sir,—you see somebody have been a roasting that there nigger—and blackey be inclined to turn restive.”

“That’s it,” remarked Peregrine; and he observed at the same time a fine-looking man with an Indian complexion, jet black moustaches and beard, a white turban and oriental attire, holding forth in broken English and with threatening gestures to a number of riff-raffs, who were laughing at him in front, pulling his dress in the rear, and otherwise annoying the foreigner in a manner peculiarly illustrative of English civility and decorum.

It may already have occurred to the intelligent reader, that in the character of Peregrine Pultuney there was a considerable spice of benevolent quixotry. To help any person, male or female, in distress, was

our hero's particular delight. The weaker party in his eyes had always the good cause, and Peregrine was ever ready to lend a helping hand, without very much reflection as to consequences. On the present occasion, however, it did not require much penetration to decide as to which was the injured party, for it may uniformly be taken for granted, when an unprotected foreigner of any class is at variance with a number of English blackguards, that the English blackguards have, in some most unwarrantable way or other, been insulting and persecuting the unprotected foreigner. This may be set down as an axiom, and Peregrine Pultuncy knew quite enough of the world to have it set down as such already.

"Now—my friends," began Peregrine, as he made his way through the mob, "let me see what all this is about—Englishmen, are ye?—yes, it seems so—then I'm sure you haven't been insulting a stranger—a foreigner—in your own streets."

Peregrine was quite sure that they had, but he was a little of a diplomatist, and he knew how to propitiate a mob. This appeal to British feeling, not as it exists, but as it has the credit of existing—and no two things can be more different—was of the greatest service to our friend, for it is a singular fact that an English crowd are always considerably gratified by being complimented on the possession of those very qualities, the entire absence of which

they are palpably manifesting at the very moment they are thus complimented. If they have not national feeling they have national vanity—and that is the thing to appeal to.

Peregrine knew this; he knew moreover, that he could not, by mere force, accomplish the object he had in view, albeit he was quite ready to resort to such an expedient; so he continued. “Well, gentlemen” (there is nothing in the whole world which an English snob likes so much as being called a gentleman), “well, gentlemen, let me pass—you haven’t I am sure been annoying that stranger—come, my good fellow, what’s the matter—tell me all about it yourself.”

The gentleman of the dark face and the white turban, thus addressed, responded with much emphasis and gesture, his dark eyes flashing with indignation all the while, “Ah sahib—see you gentleman—gentleman not come here—parriahs—mehters—very bad—master, I come from India—sahib-logue say fine place—good people—pundits—very kind, never harm do to baca man—I come here—walk up gully—see plenty fruit—pice give—woman say very good fruit—bad men come by—pigs!—make push—they say nigger—make fruit fall—*burra meila*—then laugh—very bad men!—I turn round, make mar—thirty, forty men come—bobberee—poor man—what do?”

“That’s it—is it?” observed Peregrine. “And

now, my friends, let me ask, *which of you* it was that knocked the apples out of this poor man's hand."

As he said this, Peregrine Pultuney looked round for an answer, at the same time turning up the wristbands of his Petersham, as gentlemen do when they have it in contemplation to punch somebody's head.

"Now, which of you was it, my friends?" repeated Peregrine, but no answer came from the crowd. Two or three boys in the outskirts of the mob put up their fingers to their noses, as much as to say, "I wish you may get it." A butcher with a shining face, bare arms, and a blue apron, looked at Peregrine, and seemed to be doubtful as to the propriety of stepping forward as the champion of the mob. An empty cab pulled up at the corner of the street, and the cab-man touched his hat at Peregrine, with a wink of the eye, which said plainly enough, "I am ready to whisk your honour off in a moment, if you get the worst of it;" but nobody confessed to having knocked the apples out of the black man's hand—nobody seemed much inclined to have his head punched by a young gentleman like Peregrine Pultuney, who would have done the job for any body who desired it with the utmost satisfaction in the world.

"Well then, my friends," resumed our hero, "as nobody present committed the uncourteous act this stranger complains of, I conclude that the offender has escaped, so I wish you a very good

morning;" and taking off his hat, he bowed to the mob with an air of dignified politeness—an effort upon his part which caused the mob to hurrah, and made several of the mobocracy remark, " Surely he be a rum 'un."

Peregrine Pultuney desired the dark man in the eastern costume to follow him along the street—a desire with which his copper-coloured friend complied, without manifesting the least disinclination. But they had not advanced many steps before our hero suddenly made a halt, and wondered what on earth had become of his companion with the weak nerves, from whom he had parted company in the midst of the crowd.

Peregrine looked up the street, and he looked down the street, but saw nothing of his nervous friend; he walked a little way towards Covent-garden, but saw nothing of him there; he walked back again, and still saw nothing of him. At last, when he had just determined not to prosecute the search any further, he saw Mr. Doleton with a pale face, emerging from a chemist's shop.

Peregrine made no other observation than, " Oh ! there you are." But the nervous youth looked **ashamed** of himself, felt that he ought to say something, did not know exactly what to say, and finally stammered out that he had gone in to " purchase a tooth-brush."

Peregrine Pultuney sighed, but made no comment upon the cowardly behaviour of his compa-

nion. He merely said, "I am going back to Grindaway's with this man."

"I'll go with you," said the nervous youth, who never felt very comfortable in the streets of London alone.

A walk of less than three minutes brought Peregrine Pultuncy and his two strange associates to Grindaway's. Peregrine sent Doleton into the reading-room, whilst he took the Mussulman into a private apartment, set aside by the benevolent governors of the agency establishment, for conferences of this nature.

"Now, my man," said Peregrine Pultuncy in a kind voice, "tell me what brought you to England; and whether I can do any thing for you; but, first of all, what is your name?"

"My name, master?—Peer Khan."

"Very well," remarked Peregrine, "and now tell me what part of India you come from."

"Yes, master—I Bengallee—come here—Thomson sahib nuokur."

"You came from Bengal with Mr. Thompson," observed Peregrine. "Now, tell me about it."

"Yes, master—I tell all," returned the disciple of Mahomet—"I Bengallee—wife got—plenty baba got—I serve Lefutenant Thompson—very good gentleman Lefutenant Thompson—not beat nuokur-logue—very kind—I say, I love my master—~~never~~ leave my master 'till die—He get ill—very near die—I sit all night—give master tea—sherbet—

lemnade—Belattee pani—hurra bemar—very sick—Doctor sahib say go home—my master go in ship; he not walk—be carried—I put master in cot. He say to me, ‘Peer Khan, what do without *nuokur*?’—I say, ‘master, I leave wife—babalogue—take care of master’—I go in ship—sirdar, mehter, every thing—my business khitmudgar—master get more ill—Doctor sahib poggie, gudder—fool master say in England—he make my master more sick—more sick every day. One morning I go to master—bring tea—say *sahib*—master not give juwab—I look in cot—sahib murghya—master quite dead.”

“Dead!” ejaculated Peregrine.

“Ah! sahib—dead like stone. I see him put in long box—mistry come and nail down. I see feringee-logue throw master into the sea—and I sit down and cry like baba.”

“Well,” said Peregrine, much affected by the grateful fidelity of the black man, “and what became of you then?”

“Nothing come of me, sar, then—I lie down by master’s door and take care of master’s thing—I very much grieve—get little sick—other sahibs call me *sustewallah*—I not suste but sad—other sahibs not kind—call bad names—My sahib never do that.”

“And what,” asked Peregrine, “are you going to do now; you don’t like England, I suppose?”

“No, sahib,—Europe place not like—white men

make point, look as though never see black man before—very cold—never see sun—I want go back to my country—see babalogue again.”

“Will you come with me?” asked Peregrine.

“Where master go?” returned the Mussulman, eagerly.

“To Bengal,” replied Peregrine.

The eyes of Poer Khan brightened, and his dark countenance became radiant with delight. He made a profound salaam—then another—and then a third—then pressed the palms of his hands together, looked up and uttered a few strange words, amongst which Peregrine thought he heard the name of Allah.

“You will come with me then,” said Peregrine.

“Yes—sahib—I very happy—I very glad go with master—master be kind to stranger—I go with master in ship—I serve master in my country—I never leave master, if master good to me—Sahib logue say Bengallee men bad—good master, good nuokur—bad master, bad nuokur—master beat poor servant, then make wonder servant not love master for beating.”

“Well then,” said Peregrine, “you understand me; you shall go back to your own country in my service and wait on me on board ship—you are just the fellow I want. You may go—but stay, call on me here this day week at eleven, and I will make inquiries, if I can, about you in the mean time.”

“Master like to see chit?” asked the Mussulman,

fumbling about in the folds of an acre of long cloth which was twisted around his waist.

“What do you call a chit?” asked Peregrine.

“Character, sahib—English name, *character*, this, sar, from captain of ship,” and he put into Peregrine’s hand a slip of paper, containing a testimonial of character written by the captain of the very ship in which Peregrine had taken his passage.

“Very good,” said Peregrine, “that will do, I go in that ship myself; come here in a week, and I will give you directions. You may go.”

Thus addressed, the Mussulman made a low salaam and walked out of the room. Peregrine then rejoined his nervous friend, and they walked together to their respective homes. We need scarcely add, that Peer Khan became the servant of Peregrine Pultuney—and a very good servant he made too, as the sequel of this story will show.

CHAPTER VII.

In which Peregrine Pultuney makes a trial of a life on Board ship.

WE shall pass over, without much ado, the leave-takings of Peregrine Pultuney. There were the usual number of maternal sobs, benedictions, kisses and exhortations to "write often," lavished upon this interesting occasion. Mr. Pultuney, as fathers generally do in such cases, went down to Portsmouth with his son, to perform that last paternal rite, which is commonly called seeing one off; having done which he returned to the George Hotel, made a very tolerable dinner "considering;" had a little talk with Mrs. Guy, and then set off for London, in the night-coach, with three other insides, who, strange to say, were every one of them on their way home after performing the same valedictory duties that had taken Mr. Pultuney to Portsmouth.

Peregrine Pultuney, after parting with his father, which, truth to tell, he bore like a hero,

found himself in a small apartment on the lower deck of the *Hastings*, about nine feet by eight and a quarter in area, and in altitude six and a-half. It looked very much like a moderately-sized dog-kennel, and was, when Peregrine Pultuncy entered it, not much more inviting, as a domicile, than the canine abode to which we allude. It was very dark, being only illuminated by a thing called a bull's eye, and another bearing the mystic title of a scuttle, and even these were rendered almost wholly non-effective by Peregrine Pultuncy's "traps," which having all been crammed promiscuous-like into his cabin, when the ship was in the West India docks, now stood about in most admired confusion, and looked as though no human ingenuity could ever reduce them into practicable order. There was box No. 1, and cases No. 2, and No. 3, to be stowed away in the hold; and No. 4, marked *cabin*; and No. 5, a case of saddlery; and No. 6, military uniform in tin, consisting, as a cadet's uniform always does, of small specimens of every species of regimental accoutrements, cavalry, infantry, artillery, and marine. Then there was a box of books, very heavy; and a box of jams packed in saw-dust; and a miscellaneous box containing brown Windsor soap, wax-candles, seidlitz powders, and tobacco to give to the sailors. Besides these, there was a great swing-cot, which kept blocking up the door; and a leather case, containing blacking brushes; and an ingenious piece of furniture, contrived to serve as a washing-stand and

and a writing-table; and a swing lamp, a camp-couch, a bundle of cleets, a tin foot-bath, a gun, and four cases of Havannahs. All these were dancing the hays about his cabin, and Peregrine Pultuney stood amongst them with folded arms and a contemplative countenance, somewhat as Hercules may be supposed to have looked upon first entering the Augean stables.

But Peregrine Pultuney did not long despair, for somehow or other it struck him, that as he had brought a servant with him—a great thing, by the way, for a cadet—there was no earthly reason why he should not put the services of the man in requisition; so he scrambled up a ladder, called the companion ladder, because only one person can go up it at a time, made his way forward, found Peer Khan, asked him if he understood the arrangement of cabin furniture, received a satisfactory reply in the affirmative; and went down again with his dark-visaged attendant, to see things put a little to rights.

And it is a remarkable fact, that what Peregrine Pultuney could not have accomplished in fifty years, with his folded arms and contemplative countenance, was performed by Peer Khan, in so many minutes, by the simple act of setting to work about it. With a cleet here, and a hook there, a nail in a bulk-head, and a screw in a beam, what wonders were speedily accomplished. There was the table lashed, and the boxes cleeted, and the cot slung,

and one thing put fore and aft, and another thwart ships, and a third turned out of the cabin, and all this by the simple agency of a hammer, a turn-screw, and a strong arm. Peregrine Pultuney stood by in silent admiration, whilst his cabin began to assume every moment a more habitable aspect, and at last he was actually enabled to bring himself to anchor on a couch, and to lay his head upon a pillow—two things which a few minutes before, Peregrine Pultuney never hoped to accomplish within the next few weeks at the earliest.

It was at this juncture that Peregrine Pultuney, regarding as he was the proceedings of his active attendant with considerable complacency, was startled by hearing a familiar voice almost close to his ear, uttering certain words that were not in the least more strange to him than the voice.

Peregrine started up, but there was no one saving Peer Khan in his cabin; so he looked around him to satisfy himself fully, and at last determined that the voice proceeded from the other side of the bulk-head.

“Well!—if this isn’t a confounded hole, I never”—ejaculated the voice.

“Julian Jenks, as I live!” exclaimed Peregrine, and in less than a minute the two friends were shaking one another by the hand, with every symptom of personal gratification.

“Well,” said Jenks, “what do you think of this—a confounded hole—isn’t it?”

“ We must make the best of it,” remarked Peregrine Pultuney.

“ Ah?” returned Jenks, “ that’s always your way, you’re for making the best of every thing. Now look there; did you ever see any thing like that?—three feet by two and a half. And only think of being condemned to live in such a confounded narrow hole for four or five months at the least! Swarms of cockroaches too, I’ll answer for it—rats, musquitoes, and a smell of bilge-water. Just look too at the state of my cabin—can I ever get that to rights?” and Julian Jenks, by way of manifesting his distress, burst into a loud laugh.

It was a remarkable feature in the character of Julian Jenks, that although he was for ever anathematizing the place in which he chanced to be located, there was not in the audacious congregation of humanity, as philosophical novel writers express themselves, a more facile, a more sunny-minded, a more easily satisfied person than Julian Jenks. He had a keen perception of the ludicrous, and it was his delight to extract the honey of absurdity out of the gall of discomfort, a metaphor to which we are somewhat astonished at finding ourselves giving a place, as we have long ago abandoned poetry, figures of speech, and all that.

“ Now,” continued Julian Jenks, “ do just tell me, what *am* I to do, Pultuney? Did you ever see such a hole? It’s for all the world like a back

closet in a broker's shop, dark as pitch, and chock full of miscellanies ; and the worst of it is, that if we put out to sea before my cabin's to rights, there's no chance of ever getting it done, for I'm sure to be sick as a dog. Only fancy, pitching about in the Bay of Biscay with all one's cabin furniture adrift !”

“ You must make them fast,” observed Peregrine, with a smile.

“ Ah !” replied Julian Jenks, “ it's all very well to talk ; but I really don't think it possible to reduce such a chaos to order. I did begin—I did indeed ; and I screwed a brass hook into the beam to hang up my cabin-lamp by ; it looked very tidy, I assure you, but in less than five minutes I rapped my head against it, shattered the glass to pieces, and very nearly knocked out my brains !”

“ That was unfortunate,” observed Peregrine Pultuney.

“ I think it was, too,” continued his companion. “ No glass to one's lamp for the remainder of the voyage, and this too the first day. Well, I wish I had turned chimney-sweep before I had trusted myself in such a confounded hole,” and certain visions of soot-bags and kitchen-chimneys flitted across the young soldier's mind.

“ Well, I suppose I must help you,” said Peregrine Pultuney, who was the most obliging creature in the world. “ Just come into my cabin and see how comfortable I am.”

"I'm blest if you haven't got a nigger to help you," exclaimed Julian Jenks, as he entered his friend's dog-kennel.

"None of that," returned Peregrine Pultuney, punching his friend in the ribs as he spoke; "you'll hurt his feelings if he hears you."

"That's good now," cried Julian Jenks; "you don't mean seriously to say now, do you, that that black fellow has any feelings to hurt?"

"As much as you or I have," returned Peregrine, gravely; and then, he continued, in his old good-humoured way, "I'll tell you what, Jenks, this servant of mine shall put your cabin to rights, and do any thing else you like, but if ever you call him a nigger again, from that moment he ceases to work for you. That's fair isn't it, my boy?" and as he uttered this interrogative, he gave his friend a hearty slap on the back.

Having performed this little manual feat, our hero directed Peer Khan to arrange Julian Jenks's traps, and then suggested to his friend that they might just as well go upon deck to reconnoitre.

As they passed along the steerage, Julian Jenks winked his eyes, nudged his companion, pointed to a cabin on the larboard side, and said in a low voice, "I say, Pultuney, there's the rummest cove you ever saw in that cabin."

"Is there, indeed," remarked Peregrine.

"He's been blubbering like a child all the morning," continued Jenks. "I never saw a fellow in

my life so regularly down in the mouth. Mammy-sick, I suppose, poor chap!"

"What is he?" asked Peregrine Pultuney.

"Oh! one of the genus cadet, I believe," returned Julian Jenks, "but such a rum one—such a specimen of an appointment direct! We do get some good by going to Addiscombe; we leave off being spoons at all events."

"So we do," observed Peregrine Pultuney, as his mind reverted to the Cider Cellars, the Coal Hole, and one or two other similar establishments.

"His name's Doleton, I believe," continued Jenks. "I saw it on one of his boxes,—'Mr. Doleton; cadet.'—Well I pity him, poor fellow, all solitary, in such a confounded hole."

"Doleton, eh?" asked Peregrine, eagerly. "I know him then, a school-fellow of mine; I will go in and comfort him if I can." Peregrine tapped gently at the poor youth's door.

"Who's there—who's there?" asked a low voice, the most lugubrious that can possibly be imagined.

"It is I—only I, Peregrine Pultuney; your friend, Pultuney; may I come in?"

"Yes, come in, if you like," said the nervous youth, in the same melancholy voice.

Peregrine entered the cabin of his old school-fellow, and there he saw poor Doleton, lying on a couch, his face turned towards the wall, and his hands clasped before his face.

"Cheer up," said Peregrine Pultuney. The nervous youth rolled himself round and turned his pale face towards Peregrine. The eyes of the unhappy boy were red with weeping, and there were large tears still upon his cheeks.

"Come, cheer up," said Peregrine, as he seated himself in a chair beside Doleton's couch. "Come, cheer up—and don't look so wretched. You see that you have a friend in the ship."

"It is very miserable," said Doleton, "isn't it?"

"No, my dear fellow, I don't see that. A fine ship, fine weather, and an excellent cabin; why you look the very picture of comfort. What more can you want?"

"Friends, Pultuney, friends," returned Doleton, "I am all alone in the world."

"Nay," said Peregrine Pultuney, soothingly, "you are not quite alone. I will do the best I can for you; besides, you will soon make new friends, who, though they may not be to you like the parents you have left, will doubtless be very kind to you."

"Parents," returned Doleton, "you don't know then that I have never known *my* parents. I have been as it were an orphan. My parents are both in India."

"Indeed," cried Peregrine Pultuney, "then you ought to esteem yourself one of the happiest fellows in the world; you are going to, not from, your home, and you ought to be full of joy."

"Why," said Doleton, "perhaps I ought—perhaps

I ought; there's something in that. But I feel a sort of nameless dread in the thoughts of meeting my parents after so very long a time, I don't know why, it's very foolish; but there is something awful in the thing. Besides the long voyage, the solitude, the burning climate of the east, and, worst of all,—far worst of all, I feel myself a man now, responsible for all that I do."

"What do you mean?" asked Peregrine wonderingly, who could not conceive what there was so very awful in being a man.

"Ah! you may well ask," replied Doleton, sorrowfully, "I don't wonder at your asking. If I were like you, Pultuney—oh! what would I not give, what would I not sacrifice," and a long deep-drawn sigh followed the expression of this desire.

"I do not understand you even now," said Peregrine; "what is it you so much fear?"

"I fear that I shall disgrace myself some day or other," replied the unhappy youth. "When I was a boy it did not signify so much, although it was very wretched; besides, I thought that I might outgrow it; but now you know, Pultuney, I am reckoned a man; and, moreover, I am *a soldier*."

"And a very good profession too," observed Peregrine Pultuney.

"Oh! but not for me," returned the poor youth—"not for one so constituted as I am. Pultuney, I am sure that you must despise me, despise me with your whole heart. But it is not so much my

fault; they sent me home from India when very young, with a woman who, during a long voyage, did all she could to work upon my fears. I was sent to the care of an aunt, whose children, a little older than myself, tormented me in every possible manner, and whose nurse frightened me with vague threats of dark closets and old hags. There was nothing frightful to me, Pultuney, who had passed my earliest years amongst black faces, in the common bug-bear of a black man; and this, you see, was soon found out; so my tormentors changed their course—and oh! how wretchedly I suffered. But what do you care about all this? I know you despise me very much.”

“Go on—go on,” said Peregrine, kindly; “I do not despise you, indeed.”

“You are very kind,” resumed the poor youth. “Indeed you were always kind to me, you never took advantage of my weakness. I was tolerably happy at Dr. Radix’s; but before I went there, Pultuney, oh! that was the time when I most suffered. They found out what a coward I was; they found out that I was afraid of ghosts and goblins, and then, Pultuney, those long, dark winter evenings, oh! how I dreaded and detested them—my school-fellows were ready with masks and cloaks to pounce upon me from dark corners. Through my fears, those cruel young tyrants stripped me of every thing I possessed. I never got a cake or a parcel of oranges from my friends, without receiving a letter,

written in red ink, to look like blood, threatening me with the wrath of the bogie if I did not deposit the whole of them in a certain corner of the playground, as a peace-offering. I did it, Pultuney, I always did it, and my persecutors feasted on the proceeds of their tyranny."

Peregrine Pultuney smiled—he could not help it. Melancholy as was the poor youth's history, there was something so irresistibly ludicrous in the ingenious mode of extortion resorted to by these juvenile tyrants, that, had his life depended upon it, he could not have foreborne a smile. It was a transient one, however, for Peregrine Pultuney, buoyant as was his disposition, felt really very much oppressed by this sad recital of his friend's infirmities. He feared ~~that~~ it was a hopeless case.

"And now," continued the poor youth, "you see what I am. I can't help it—I really can't. I struggle against the weakness, but it's no use. I make up my mind what to do, but when the time comes I can't do it—I can't indeed. When it's all over, I think what I ought to have done and would give the world that I had done it."

"That's the case with many of us," observed Peregrine.

"Ah! but not as it is with me," returned poor Doleton. "Few are so bad as I am, but you see that it's not my fault. I wish, my dear Pultuney, that you could tell me some way or other of gaining courage."

This was a difficult question and one which Peregrine Pultuney was all unable to answer; he pondered a little, and then said, "I am afraid that I cannot make you brave, any more than I can make you strong or healthy, or beautiful, or tall, if you are not naturally so; but although you can not hope to change your nature, by study perhaps you may conceal it." And Peregrine Pultuney, after having uttered a few more sentences, some of advice and some of consolation, quitted the society of his desponding companion, with a hearty wish that he could impart a little of his own constitutional bravery to the poor fellow, who so longed to possess it.

Peregrine Pultuney then went upon deck, stumbled over a coil of ropes, cursed the rope-makers, and joined Julian Jenks ~~smoking~~ a cigar by the gangway.

Our hero, who was never backward in following a good example, extricated a cigar-box from his pocket, placed an Havannah between his lips, and applied the end of it to the glowing extremity of his friend Jenks's cigar.

Then the two smoked in concert. They puffed a little, and they talked a little, and looked about the ship, and made sundry observations on men and manners, all more or less striking and original. There were a great many boxes about the deck, and a great many boats about the vessel, and things in general did not look ship-shape. Officers of ~~all~~ grades bustled about, looking excessively important,

and passengers of every description hung about here and there, got in the way, stumbled over ropes, and looked as miserable as a number of cats in a fish-pond. And there was a great pilot on the poop, with an exceedingly rough voice, and he bawled out something to the chief-mate, and the chief-mate bawled out something to the boatswain, and the boatswain bawled out something to the crew, and then there was a whistling, and a scuffling, and a scrambling, and a number of sailors, hustling one against the other, collected in front of the cuddy, about a great round block of green wood, which Jenks heard somebody call the capstan, and then each of the sailors seized hold of a long thick piece of wood, which he stuck into a hole in the green block, making the whole concern look just like an immense wheel without any fellyes; and then all the sailors got in between the spokes, laid two great hands upon them, and leaned forwards their chests thrust out, all ready to begin. Then Peregrine, to his great astonishment, heard somebody strike up a lively air on the violin, and with the first bar all the sailors commenced operations in earnest, stamping to the music and working round like so many horses in a mill, whilst the capstan thus acted upon, groaned and creaked and sent forth a considerable diversity of the most cacophonous sounds ever heard, to the great annoyance of Peregrine Pultuney, Julian Jenks, and the thirty other passengers in the *Hastings*. This process,

as Peregrine afterwards learnt, was simply called "weighing anchor."

Peregrine Pultuney and Julian Jenks expressed themselves very forcibly to the effect, that they wished the capstan any where else than on the quarter-deck of the *Hastings*. And whilst these remarks were passing between them, they were joined by a third party, who, as it appeared, had walked to the gangway, for no other purpose in the world, than to rid himself of some superfluous saliva, which had been generated in his mouth by the agency of a cigar.

This individual was a young man, apparently about four-and-twenty, with a long cork-screw ringlet on each side of his face, a velvet cap with a silk tassel, a considerable length of leg, a narrow moustache, a shawl waistcoat, a gold chain, and a pair of lemon-coloured kid-gloves. He was not by any means an ill-favoured specimen of humanity, but he seemed to have an innate consciousness of his personal attractions, and to be not a little proud of his white teeth, his moustache, and his patent leather boots—for he showed off the first, twisted the second, and looked down his leg at the third.

It is probable that if Peregrine Pultuney had entertained as high a respect for this individual as the individual entertained for himself, he would have been restrained by a reverential awe, from addressing himself to such a magnate without any formal introduction; but Peregrine, it must be acknow-

ledged, was no great respecter of persons, and fear, as we have before said, had not booked a place in the omnibus of our hero's character. So it came to pass, that he did address himself to the gentleman of the cap, and that too, without having thought twice on the propriety or impropriety of such a proceeding.

"What a horrid noise that capstan makes," observed Peregrine Pultuney.

The remark was a very common-place, but a very inoffensive one. It was a beginner and must therefore be excused.

"Did you say any thing?" drawled the owner of the velvet cap, as he glanced at Peregrine with a sort of what-right-have-you-to-speak-to-me expression of countenance, and twisted his moustache more virulently than ever.

"Yes, I did," replied Peregrine Pultuney, calmly.

"May I ask what it was, sir," said the exquisite, who was only a cornet, going out to join a dragoon regiment in Bengal.

"May I ask what it was you said, sir?"

"I simply observed," returned Peregrine, "that the noise of the capstan is very offensive."

"You think so, do you?" drawled the proprietor of the moustache. "You really think the noise is offensive?"

Peregrine Pultuney observed in a quiet manner, that he had said so, and therefore had thought so.

He knew the kind of person he was dealing with, and kept back to plant his blows with precision.

"Well, I am very sorry," continued the dandy, in a voice of mock politeness, "but really, sir, I can't agree with you."

Now Peregrine Pultuney, when he had first remarked that the noise of the capstan was offensive, had been rather ashamed of himself for giving utterance to such a self-evident proposition, and therefore he would have been rather astonished by any body's questioning the truth of it, if he had not been possessed of a certain rapidity of intuition, which told him that the individual he was conversing with, was a consummate who was half annoyed at our hero's freedom, and half inclined to roast a greenhorn, as he very sagaciously judged Peregrine to be.

The cornet, however, had caught a tartar—the fair, youthful-looking cadet was more than a match for all the subalterns of the —th dragoons put together. "Well, that's strange," he said, "I knew very well that puppies were born blind, but I did not know that they were *deaf* too—I see now that they are," and as he said this, Peregrine filled his mouth with smoke, and let it curl slowly up into the eyes of the long cornet.

CHAPTER VIII.

In which certain strange Love-passages pass between Peregrine Pultuney and the Long Cornet.

WE know not what effect this last performance of our hero's might not have had upon the feelings and the behaviour of the long cornet with the cork-screws, if just as he had commenced incontinently turning up a red face, his attention had not been diverted from Peregrine Pultuney to a new comer, who at this crisis happened join the group by the gang-way under somewhat peculiar circumstances.

It is a remarkable fact that when an individual, like the long cornet, is in that very excitable state of feeling, which renders it probable that something like punching of the head will ensue in a short time, the occurrence of a very unimportant event will serve to divert the current of his bellicose thoughts into altogether a different channel. And so it was upon the present occasion, that the long cornet was suddenly so much engrossed with the new arrival

who had just made his appearance, that he had not a corner in his mind left for a thought of Peregrine Pultuney, the insult that had been offered, and the head that was to have been punched.

This new arrival was no other than poor Doletón. With a white face, and a wild aspect, and a confused manner, his straight hair standing out in every possible direction, and his eyes leaping out of their sockets, the unhappy youth came rushing towards Peregrine Pultuney, and as he seized our hero by the arm, with a gripe that brought tears into his eyes, all unused to weeping as they were, the poor fellow faltered out, "What is it?—do tell me, Pultuney, what it is."

The nervous youth had heard the noise of the capstan in his cabin, which was just beneath it, and never having heard any thing like it before, he was seized with a sudden panic. In fear and trembling he waited a little while below; but human nature, such as his, could stand it no longer, so the poor youth rushed out of his cabin and made the best of his way upon deck, where the kind face of Peregrine Pultuney attracted him towards our hero for protection. He thought that the ship was going to pieces; and in truth when the capstan is at work it does not feel so very much unlike it.

"What is it?—what is it?—do tell me, Pultuney—is there any danger?" faltered the poor youth.

Peregrine was about to answer kindly and soothingly, when the long cornet anticipated him by

saying, in the most solemn imaginable voice, "Yes, sir, I fear there is."

"Is there? oh! don't say so. What is it, sir?—But you know best—*dear* Pultuney, tell me what it is."

"What is *what*?" asked Peregrine Pultuney.

"That noise—that horrid noise that I heard below?"—returned the unhappy youth, and he shuddered at the very thought of it.

The men were at that moment resting on the capstan-bars, so that the ship was comparatively quiet; but just as the nervous youth ceased to speak, the fiddler struck up a lively tune, and to it they all went to work again, stamping and bawling and making noise enough to awaken the seven sleepers.

Doleton clung to Peregrine, and grasped his arm more tightly than ever. "*That* is it" said the poor fellow.

"Oh!" said Peregrine Pultuney encouragingly, "that is only the capstan at work."

"And, sir," continued the long cornet, taking up the words out of our hero's mouth, "the capstan is only worked, sir, when the ship is in imminent danger."

"*Don't believe him,*" said Peregrine, with the coolness—"don't believe him, but come with me;" and as he said this, he took Doleton by the arm, led him away from the gangway, and as he went, he turned round to look at the long cornet, and let a long line of smoke pass over his shoulder, just like the train left behind a steam-vessel.

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The long cornet hated Peregrine Pultuney most intensely from that moment. As for Peregrine, he never hated any one, but he thought to himself, as he walked away, "Before the voyage is out, my good fellow, you and I will have to strike a balance between us."

Peregrine Pultuney was not wrong—he never was on these occasions. He had no vindictive feelings in his heart, but he knew very well that the propensity of the long cornet to roast a greenhorn, whenever he met one, was very likely to entail on that respectable individual the advantages of a broken head.

But we shall come to this point anon, and shall not be long about it; for on reflection, we think it best, on the whole, to introduce our readers as briefly as possible, to the remainder of Peregrine Pultuney's fellow-passengers, who, not being intended to cut any very conspicuous figure in the scenes of our history, may be passed over in this place without any very elaborate notice.

There was, first and foremost, Colonel Coteloll, C.B., with a wife and two daughters, all very Scotch, very fair, and not very pretty; then there were Mr. and Mrs. Factor, of the civil service, not many months married, with a Master or Miss Factor—a "coming event" throwing something before it more substantial than a "shadow." Then there were two Misses Gowanspec, very healthy looking girls, with most unexceptionable ankles,

which caused them, we know not why, to have a particular partiality for the poop; and there was Major Lackywell, who had once been an A. D. C. and prided himself much on his carving; and "others of less note," as Shelley says, in the shape of three assistant-surgeons, two young writers, and four or five nondescript gentlemen, whom nobody knew anything about.

We have reasons of our own for not describing very minutely the initial portion of our hero's voyage. Sea-sickness is a very repulsive subject at the best, and Cadet Doleton was very nearly dying of it. The long cornet recommended cigar-smoking as an antidote, and the poor youth was fool enough to believe him. Then there was another little skirmish between Peregrine Pultuney and the cornet, in which our hero got very much the best of it; and Julian Jenks, when he felt qualmish, railed more than ever against the confounded hole; and Peer Khan was excessively active and proved himself of immense service to our amiable hero, which was but a fair return for his favours.

As for that young gentlemen, he never felt sick more than once, and that was when the steward took advantage of a rough afternoon in the Bay of Biscay, to adorn the cuddy table with one of the dirtiest table cloths Peregrine Pultuney had ever seen his life. There was a great stain of curry-gravy just in front of our hero, which so offended his patrician sensibilities, that he turned his back on

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the cuddy in disgust and sought the solitude of his own cabin.

But the Bay of Biscay was soon passed and brighter prospects began to dawn upon Peregrine Pultuney and his associates. One by one, the gentlemen appeared regularly at table, and then the ladies, all looking a little sallow, and a little thinner, than they did at first; and every succeeding day saw a greater havoc committed among the legs of mutton and the loins of pork at the cuddy table. And "fry" was eaten for breakfast, and bread and cheese for tiffin, and the ladies actually began to venture to walk up and down the deck.

We have often heard it observed that board ship is the stupidest place in the whole world; now in our opinion, it is not the ship but the people to whom the stupidity is properly attributable. It is so very common-place to talk about "resources within oneself," that we shall not hazard any thing on the subject; but we regard this mere hint as sufficient to put things in their true light, for it is very hard that timber and canvass should be chargeable with the deficiencies of every wooden head, that may happen to be confided to their safe guard.

That the gentlemen passengers of the *Hastings* were all wooden-headed we do not take upon ourselves to affirm; but it is very certain that they almost every one of them were sufficiently loud in abusing the stupidity of the ship. Peregrine Pultuney, we have frequently taken an opportunity to observe,

was of a very accomodating disposition and adapted himself to circumstances so peculiarly well, that in a little time he was as happy on board ship as he ever had been on shore.

The secret of this was, that Peregrine Pultuney, in the first place, was never idle; and in the second, it so fell out that he was a prodigious favourite with all on board, with the exception of the long cornet, who, to tell the truth, was one of the most conceited and most disagreeable of created beings. Peregrine Pultuney did all he could to avoid an outbreak with this worthy, but the Fates would not permit it.

The amusement resorted to on board ship, for the purpose of killing time, are, generally speaking, of a somewhat strange and a very puerile description. They consist chiefly in back-gammon, cribbage, "putting," on fine days, shooting at bottles, baiting for sharks, criticising the ladies, abusing the dinner, and laying wagers on every trifling occasion. All these were resorted to by the passengers of the *Hastings*; besides sundry other athletic feats, such as going up the mizen-stays hand over hand, chalking under one's leg, lifting weights, holding out chairs, and other such diversions which were always resorted to at first with peculiar expressions of gratification, and abandoned after a little time, without one expression of regret.

At all these things Peregrine Pultuney was what is usually termed a *dab*, that is to say he beat everybody else at them whenever he made the attempt,

though, in truth, he did not indulge very frequently in recreations of this description, having taken a strange fancy into his head, that it would be better to employ his time in study—a whim upon his part which all will acknowledge to be equally singular and absurd.

As for Julian Jenks, with his merry face and his short stumpy figure, he was here, there, and everywhere, belying his own discontent at the miseries of the “confounded hole” by looking the very picture of happiness and serenity, and by laughing almost all the day long.

And with regard to poor Doleton and the long cornet, we have likewise a few words to say before we proceed to detail the grand incidents of this part of our history. The cornet, whose name was Drawlincourt, began the voyage, as we have already incidentally stated, by roasting the unhappy greenhorn. This continued for a few weeks, and after that, the long cornet and the nervous youth became suddenly sworn friends.

Peregrine Pultuney, for some time, could not bring himself to account for such a miraculous change. Drawlincourt had heretofore evinced a strong propensity to torture poor Doleton in every way his imagination could suggest. He had worked upon the poor youth’s fears, by narrating dreadful stories of shipwrecks and battles, until the wretched boy’s nerves were in a more deplorable condition than ever they had been before. He had told

him more lies relating to India—the horrors of its climate, its wild beasts, its savage inhabitants, its constant massacres, than it had ever entered into the mind of any other man to conceive. All these poor Doleton had believed, because they had been told to him at seasons when Peregrine Pultuney was not near to give the cornet the lie. Indeed, to our hero it seemed that Doleton took occasion to avoid him; he had once or twice seen the nervous youth approach him, as though anxious to say something, look round, see the long cornet standing near, and turn away in a confused manner. Peregrine Pultuney took no notice of this, but certain stories reached his ears through other quarters, which caused him to know pretty well that poor Doleton stood in awe of the long cornet; and Peregrine Pultuney determined ere long to rescue the poor youth from such a thralldom.

But Peregrine Pultuney had not long been on the look out for an opportunity, when he was made conscious that a sudden change had taken place in the state of affairs. Doleton and the long cornet became inseparable companions. The poor fellow was almost always closeted in Drawlincourt's cabin; and whenever he chanced to be on deck he was seen seated near the cornet. Nay, actually, this great man condescended, with singular regularity every day at dinner, to cast his eyes down the table and say "Doleton, a glass of wine." Upon which the poor fellow would utter a sort of ner-

vous-voiced "Thank you," and look round for the steward to help him to a glass of sherry.

These strange manifestations were, it may easily be supposed, a source of considerable curiosity amongst the younger passengers of the *Hastings*. What could induce a gentleman like Drawlincourt, who stood so high in his own estimation, to make a friend of such a miserable wretch as was this unfortunate Doleton? Conjecture was at a stand still, when Peregrine unravelled this mighty mystery.

Great as was the penetration of our hero, his judgment had for once been at fault. He had conceived that Drawlincourt was making a fool of Doleton, whereby, in some manner or other, he might revenge himself on Peregrine Pultuney. But this was not the case. Drawlincourt was far more prone to exert himself for his own interest than for the injury of any body else. He could not see any particular advantage in crushing an enemy, who did not stand in the way of his advancement in the world. As much as he hated Peregrine, he troubled himself very little about the matter, he had other game to ensnare.

But what this game was, nobody discovered till the good ship *Hastings* was about crossing the line. Then, as is the custom on such occasions, there was a vast deal of talk about Neptune, the tar barrel, Neptune's clerk and the bear. And then there was a beating up for donations in the way of old silk gowns, pasteboard, and vermilion paint; and the

passengers wondered whether they were to be ducked, and whether they would show fight; and the sailors made a collection from the hen-coops and pigsties for "doctor's stuff," to administer to their victims; and the midshipmen, on their first voyage, began to get very uneasy, and at the same time uncommonly civil to the two sailors, who had been selected as barbers for the approaching interesting ceremony; and the mates began to rig out the telescopes, with hairs across the glasses to show off the line.

Now it so happened, that the passengers preferred taking no share in the *saturnalia*; and therefore they felt themselves called upon to "stump up" for the benefit of the sailors. This was all fair enough, and Peregrine Pultuney took upon himself the office of collector,—“Collector of Sea Customs” as he called it.

Things went on very well; everybody subscribed and no one demurred, until Peregrine applied to Doleton; and Doleton declined putting his name down.

This astonished Peregrine Pultuney, who, knowing but too well the constitutional timidity of the poor fellow to whom he was addressing himself, expected a more ready compliance from this, than from any other quarter. He knew that Doleton had for some days past been in grievous bodily fear from the thoughts of the approaching ceremony in crossing the line, and he naturally sup-

posed that, in consequence of this, the nervous youth, would have eagerly grasped at the prospect of an easy manumission to be effected by the payment of half-a-sovereign. Such, however, was not the case, and Peregrine Pultuney was wondrously astonished.

“You will be ducked then,” said Peregrine Pultuney.

“I can’t help it,” said poor Doleton, in a voice expressive of any thing but indifference.

“You will be shaved,” continued Peregrine Pultuney.

“I can’t help it,” returned poor Doleton.

“You will be tarred and feathered,” resumed Peregrine Pultuney.

“I can’t—I can’t help it,” said Doleton, quaking with fear as he spoke.

“But why?” asked Peregrine, kindly, “do you object to subscribe?—half-a-sovereign will not ruin you.”

The nervous youth looked doubtingly at Peregrine, then got up, opened his cabin-door, looked along the steerage, closed his door again, locked it, and whispered to Pultuney, “you won’t tell Mr. Drawlincourt, will you?”

“Tell him, what?” asked Peregrine Pultuney.

“You won’t tell Mr. Drawlincourt, will you, if I tell *you*, why I don’t subscribe?”

“I have nothing to do with Mr. Drawlincourt,” observed Peregrine Pultuney.

“No—no, I don’t say that you have,” stammered out the unhappy youth, “but it might get to his ears, and I shouldn’t like it; not that I’m afraid of him, but, but—”

“But what?” asked our hero, kindly.

“But, you see, Pultuney, I’ve particular reasons for not wishing Mr. Drawlincourt to know; the fact is, perhaps he might be angry, and I don’t wish to quarrel with him, you see.”

“Yes,” observed Peregrine, “I *do* see that; but I *don’t* see what Mr. Drawlincourt has to do with your not subscribing.”

“Why,” returned poor Doleton, in a low voice and a sort of suspicious manner; “why you see, Pultuney, the fact is, that I have *got no money*.”

“No money!” exclaimed Peregrine, “why I saw at least fifty pounds in your hands a few days after we came on board.”

“Ah! that’s it,” sighed the wretched youth.

“That’s what?” asked Peregrine Pultuney.

“Why, you see, Pultuney, that’s the reason why I don’t like Mr. Drawlincourt to know—all the money is now *his*, and he told me particularly, Pultuney—particularly not to tell *you*.”

“The devil he did,” cried Peregrine Pultuney; “and so this Drawlincourt—this cursed long dandy has been swindling you *out* of your money!”

“Hush—hush, Pultuney; pray hush—he will hear you—he will indeed.”

“My poor fellow,” continued Peregrine, who was

boiling over with the honest indignation of a generous spirit, "my poor fellow, and what if he does?—I do not care for the long scoundrel any more than for the cockroach which is crawling across the floor—let him hear me. I tell you, Doleton, that I will expose that fellow before the whole ship's company; I will drag his dark doings into broad daylight, and he shall be crushed with the weight of shame that will press upon him. Come, come, my poor fellow, do not distress yourself; you shall be safe—you shall indeed; I will take very good care of that."

The poor youth had sunk down on his knees before Peregrine, and was looking up into the face of his friend with an aspect of idiotic supplication, which went to the very heart of our hero. When Peregrine ceased to speak, poor Doleton threw his arms about the knees of his companion, and sobbed out, "Don't—don't—pray don't—if you do, you will kill me."

Peregrine bent down and raised the unhappy youth from his supplicating posture; comforting him with kind words and assurances of protection, which were not wholly thrown away; he strove to calm the flutterings of the broken spirit, thus left to its own guidance in a world too rough for any thing so fragile.

"And now, tell me," asked Peregrine, after a little while, "how he did it—how he managed to fleece you—how he got you into his net."

“ It was so very uncomfortable,” said Doleton.

“ What was it?” asked Peregrine Pultuney, who somehow thought that the poor fellow was alluding to the loss of his money, and who perfectly agreed with him, if he was.

“ Why,” resumed Doleton, “ Mr. Drawlincourt’s conduct. He was always trying to work upon my feelings. It’s very unpleasant, you know, to be always kept in—no, not fear—but excitement, you know, Pultuney. It’s very uncomfortable you see to—to—I mean, you see, that Mr. Drawlincourt was not very kind to me at first; he be—began by bul—I mean Mr. Drawlincourt had an unpleasant manner about him at first, that I didn’t very well understand; he began by telling me, you see, that if I did this, or did that, he should feel himself compelled as a gentleman to call me out—and he talked so much about the service and military honours and court-martials, that at last I began to think that I was sure, some day or other, either to be shot in a duel or by the order of a court-martial. But one day, all on a sudden, he got a little kinder in his manner, and he came into my cabin and said to me, ‘ Doleton, do you ever play at cards?’ and I answered, ‘ Yes to be sure, sir, I can play at Beggar-my-neighbour and Commerce.’ This set Mr. Drawlincourt a laughing, and then he told me that those games were childish and low, and that he would teach me something better. Now I had always been particularly advised never to touch a card on

board ship, but somehow or other I was a—I mean, Pultuney, that I did not like to refuse; so Mr. Drawlincourt brought in a pack of cards, and began to teach me *écarté*. I soon learnt the game, for it's very easy, and I beat Mr. Drawlincourt every time; I don't know how many games I had won, when he said that it was stupid fun playing for nothing; so he voted that we should play for half-crowns. I didn't like to refuse, you see, so we did play for half-crowns, and when we left off I had won thirty shillings, and made up my mind fully never to play again. But somehow or other when Mr. Drawlincourt asked me, next day, I didn't like to refuse; so I played again—and again—and again; till I had lost all my ready money, and given a number of I. O. U.s to be paid out of my letter of credit."

"You should have told *me*," cried Peregrine Pultuney.

"I didn't like," returned Doleton; "he told me not. I often thought of it, but I didn't like—he began again with the old stories, and the old threats about calling out, and so I thought it best to conciliate him, and to say nothing about it."

"Better late than never," observed Peregrine.

"Oh! but Pultuney," resumed the unhappy youth, "I entreat you to say nothing about it. Do not let him know that I have told you—it will make me so wretched, if you do."

"I shall say little enough," returned Peregrine;

“ but I will not promise to *do* little. The day of reckoning is at hand.”

Peregrine Pultuncy kept his word, and the day of reckoning soon came.

CHAPTER IX.

In which considerable preparations are made for a Grand Histronic Entertainment.

IT was shortly after the *Hastings* had crossed the line, that Peregrine Pultuney and his associates were sitting on the poop one evening after dinner. The ladies were all in their cabins, we conclude, for cigar-smoking was the order of the day. It was a pleasant evening, but warm; and "light airs and fine weather" was written on the log-slate, and the progress of the ship was scored up at two knots-and-a-half an hour.

Peregrine Pultuney was lounging upon a hen-coop, and blowing a cloud apparently very much to his own satisfaction. Beside him sat Julian Jenks, employed in like manner with a "weed;" and opposite to them sprawled the long cornet, who was totally absorbed in an admiring contemplation of his boots, which he gazed at with every symptom of profound gratification and respect.

Near them were the three assistant-surgeons discussing patients, dissecting-rooms, operations and

Aberdeen; and the two young writers in earnest conversation on some very important matter or other, chiefly respecting Writer's-buildings, horses, and borrowing money. Then there was the officer on the watch, who was whistling for a wind, and looking out every now and then to windward, in hopes of seeing something like a cloud; and last of all poor Doleton, who was reading a book with his back against the mizen mast and looking as miserable as a singed rat adrift in the sea.

Things, or rather were in this position, and "the bell four" just been struck, when Peregrine Pultuney, having thrown away the stump of an Havannah, and followed up the action by a perpendicular movement, which set him erect on his legs, thus delivered himself to Julian Jenks—"I vote we get up a play."

We know not what it was that put this bright thought into Peregrine's head, nor indeed does it much matter, as long as it got there, which it certainly did, or it never could have found its way into the words which we have just recorded. Perhaps it was that he had been thinking over his cigar, that there was a great lack of excitement on board; perhaps it had just occurred to him that he should like to put his histrionic powers to the test, or see the powers of his fellow-passengers tested in this way; perhaps he was gravelled for lack of matter, and had nothing better in the way of remark to offer; but be these things every one as they may, it is very

certain that Peregrine Pultuney observed to Julian Jenks, "I vote we get up a play."

"I vote we do," returned the gentleman appealed to.

"And what do *you* think of it, Drawlincourt," continued Peregrine Pultuney, addressing himself to the long cornet, who was lost in admiration of his boots.

"Eh? ah!" responded the cornet, starting up with an aspect of astonishment, "what do I think of what, sir?"

"Of getting up a play," returned Peregrine.

"Play? ah!—what play?" asked the long cornet—"écarté, sir—whist—any thing."

Peregrine suggested that he alluded to a dramatic performance and not that species of play, which often proves to be any thing but the thing which the word expresses.

"Ah! to be sure," returned the long cornet, after listening to this explanation—"the drama—yes, I think so—a very good proposal indeed, sir—I have no objection to take the leading parts myself."

Peregrine thought that he might have waited till he was asked, and so did Julian Jenks; but Peregrine said nothing, whilst Julian contented himself with remarking that he voted by all means for comedy or broad farce if they liked. *High Life Below Stairs, The Recruiting Officer*, or some such humorous performance.

But to this the long cornet vehemently objected. "Comedy is so low," he observed, with a glance downwards at the japan leather boots.

"What's the odds as long as we're happy," suggested Julian Jenks—and it must be acknowledged that there was a fund of philosophy in the remark.

The long cornet did his best to look contemptuous, and Julian Jenks smiled complacently at him. As for Peregrine Pultuney, he began to think that if they were to embark in a scheme of this kind, it would as well to set out with a little harmony by way of ballast. Under this impression, he said to Mr. Cornet Drawlincourt—"Well, it don't much matter—tragedy, comedy, or both. I am ready to take a part—high or low—leading or led—in either the one or the other—I'll act a tyrant or a serving man—a lover or a clown; and if I'm not qualified for these, I'll shift the scenes and snuff the candles."

There was something vastly accommodating in the disposition of Peregrine Pultuney, and nothing could have more strongly evinced it than the speech we have just set down. Even the long cornet appreciated it, and in acknowledgment thereof he put on a sort of patronizing air, and said he had no doubt that they would be able to find a part that would suit him exceedingly well.

Peregrine Pultuney thanked the cornet for his condescension, and said that he was very much obliged to him for giving him permission to take

a share in proceedings of his own proposing. After this, the conversation became more general and most desultory. Every body had a particular play to propose, and proposed to himself a particular character—the best in the piece of course. The long cornet was all for *Hamlet*; and he undertook, with singular disinterestedness, to enact the arduous part of the Prince; because, as it appeared afterwards, he had gone to a fancy ball in the dress of the Dane, a few months before—an argument in his favour he thought quite incontrovertible, and our readers will all doubtless think the same.

Peregrine Pultuney was for *Romeo and Juliet*, that Doleton might act the Apothecary, a part for which he was eminently fitted. Julian Jenks had taken a great fancy to the character of Mercutio, partly because it was sprightly, and partly because it was short; the worthy cousin of Romeo being killed off, as every body knows in the beginning of the play. The assistant surgeons were all for *Macbeth*, or *Douglas*, or the *Gentle Shepherd*, or anything legitimately Scotch; and the young writers were, for some reason or other, which we could never satisfactorily arrive at, particularly loud in their praises and recommendation of the *Road to Ruin*; whilst poor Doleton, when asked for his opinion, declared that he didn't know—he didn't care—he had once been to a play and seen, he didn't know what it was—it might have been the *Miller and his Men*; but there was a great deal of fight-

ing in it, and a blow up at the end, which was very distressing to the nerves—so if he must give an opinion he would vote for a play without any fighting in it, and he didn't care what was its name.

But at last, after a vast deal of talking, it was settled that the long cornet should have his way, and that *Hamlet* should be the drama represented. The fact was that Julian Jenks, who had a considerable degree of penetration, discovered during the progress of the controversy, that as the play must be acted on the quarter-deck, the companion hatchway would answer remarkably well for the Ghost of Hamlet's father to rise up through in the first act, as well as for Ophelia's grave in the churchyard, where the grave-diggers make themselves facitious at the expense of humanity in the abstract—and every body knows that the play of *Hamlet* would be nothing without the grave-diggers and the ghost. This settled the point at once. Julian Jenks gave up the idea of the comedy, and *Romeo and Juliet* were shelved.

But then another difficulty presented itself—how were the characters to be cast? Julian Jenks offered to take upon himself the whole burden of the comic parts; that is, to play Polonius, first of all, and after that respectable old courtier is killed out of hand in the middle of the tragedy, to take up the part of the “first grave-digger,” and go through it, all but the waistcoats, which were to be dispensed

with in consideration of a tropical climate with its "light airs and fine weather." The chief officer volunteered for Horatio, and the young writers for Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, whilst Doleton, with universal acclamation was voted into the character of the Ghost.

But as in this performance, the part of Hamlet was *not* to be omitted by particular desire, there was some difficulty as to the filling up of the leading part in the tragedy. Peregrine Pultuney, who was the most popular person in the ship, was, with a single dissentient voice, elected to act the character of the Pirnce; but as the long cornet, upon the *aut Cæsar aut nullus* principle, was obstinately bent upon doing Hamlet himself, there was a little obstacle in the way of the unanimity. Peregrine Pultuney hoped to establish in their *corps dramatique*. The truth is, that the cornet had the dress already, black satin, black velvet bugles, and feathers; and, as the dress is always half the battle on such occasions, he averred that the possession of the legitimate costume was a potent reason for his acting the character; and there was something in this argument, so very convincing, or something in Pultuney's nature so very benevolent, that the crack character, at the instigation of Peregrine himself, was given up to the long cornet, whilst our hero contented himself with appropriating the more humble part of Laertes.

"But who's to be my sister?" asked Peregrine.

“Ay, there’s the rub,” ejaculated the long connect, starting in an attitude and delivering himself *à la Hamlet*, in such a manner as to convince every body present that he had not the most remote idea of acting in the world.

But, nevertheless, there was a vast deal of truth in that, to which he had given utterance. There *was* the rub. It was easier to get a Hamlet than an Ophelia for him to ill-use, out of the good ship *Hastings*. The Miss Cotelolls and Miss Gowanspecs would of course have nothing to say to it—it would not have been correct for them to take a part, and Mrs. Coteloll was too old and a little too Scotch; and Mrs. Factor, had she attempted the thing, would have injured the character of the young lady, and told too plain a story of Ophelia’s frailty and Prince Hamlet’s amatory pranks.

It was plain, therefore, that the female representative of old Polonius’ house could only be personated by a male actor, and to get one to do it was not so very easy a business. Peregrine was too tall, and Julian Jenks was too fat, and Doleton was too ugly, and the assistant-surgeons were too old, and the writers had both got whiskers or some thing intended for such, and no one liked to unsex himself; so that there was a terrible hitch at the outset, and people began to talk about getting up a play that had no female characters in it; but *that* was not so easy a matter.

At length, just as every body was beginning to

despair, Peregrine Pultuney remembered that one of the midshipmen, a lad about fifteen, had a very pretty girlish face and a nice little slim figure. He was a monstrous clever boy withal, and Peregrine Pultuney boned him *instanter*.

The young midshipman consented to play, and the captain's permission was obtained to his playing; and then another midshipman, who was a little older and a little uglier offered to act too; so they gave him the part of the Queen, which suited him quite to a nicety.

And now things were in active progress. The ladies were indented upon for pieces of silk, and pieces of satin, and pieces of velvet; and old feathers were picked out of bonnets, and old gowns cut into doublets, and there was a vast deal of stitching and hemming and sewing, and people asked one another how their dresses were going on, and what ladies were helping to work for them.

Two or three tin cases had been broken up for the Ghost's armour, and the baker had promised a pound of flour to give him the legitimate spectral appearance—though we could never precisely make out why ghosts are obliged to look white any more than black or vermilion. Peregrine had broken open his case of uniform, and abstracted therefrom several yards of cloth of every variety of colour—for outfitters make a point of supplying cadets with every thing in that way it is possible to want, under an impression doubtless that the company's uniform

has as many colours in it as a harlequin's jacket. As for Julian Jenks, he thought he could not do better than follow the example of his friend.

And then began the studyings and rehearsals. All the Shakspeares in the ship were put in requisition and a committee assembled to sit upon the play, and take into consideration the expediency of cutting it down by three-quarters of an hour; and the play was cut down accordingly, and every one in the ship was employed for a fortnight, learning, and sowing, and cutting-out, and making the decorations, and contriving the scenery, and talking about the *tomasha* in prospect.

Doleton was to be seen all day, with his thumbs stopping his ears. The poor youth, when first requested to play, had stammered out a broken refusal—he was afraid, he said, of making a fool of himself—he was sure that he should commit some blunders—that he should put the others out—that he should spoil the performance; but these objections were soon over-ruled. The unhappy victim of weak nerves was afraid to act, and at the same time he was afraid to refuse; but as one was a present evil and the other but one in prospect, he thought it best to eschew the former, and accordingly he consented to act.

The long cornet was constantly throwing himself into attitudes, and Julian Jenks declared every thing that was said, to be “very like a whale;” and Peregrine Pultuney, who had a tolerable idea of drawing, began to paint pictures of the *Hyperion*

and the Satyr, which are very necessary stage properties in *Hamlet*; and the little midshipman, who was to act Ophelia, began to study a mincing walk, and to take great care of his curls; whilst the sail maker was hard at work all day, rigging out drop-curtains, and other things of the kind, with the greatest possible assiduity.

And then the rehearsals began, Peregrine was elected stage-manager by the unanimous voice of the whole party, for the long cornet declared that it was too much bother for him—too many confounded details. One of the assistant-surgeons was made prompter, and his duties were more laborious than those of any body else, for they consisted in calling out the whole play at the very top of his voice. But the rehearsals were, nevertheless, capital fun; first there were sitting rehearsals in Pultuney's cabin, and then standing rehearsals; and then there were rehearsals with appropriate action, which came off in the steerage; and lastly, there was a dress rehearsal, or rather there was to have been, but they did not know where to hold it, and so it was altogether postponed.

At last the momentous day arrived, every body was on the *qui vive*; it was an uncommonly fine morning and an uncommonly fine afternoon, and there seemed to be every prospect of things going off just as they ought to do.

But this was not permitted. Somehow or other the Goddess of Discord had taken it into her head

to visit the *Hastings*, and she did not seem at all inclined to quit it until she had brought matters to an eventful crisis.

The truth is, that Mr. Drawlincourt, the long cornet, had with considerable badness of taste imbibed an insuperable dislike to our friend Peregrine Pultuney. He had once or twice been thwarted by our hero, once or twice been humbled by him: and these thwartings and humblings, as every body knows, are not favourable to the growth of friendship. But now things were worse than ever. During the progress of the dramatic goings on, such a decided partiality towards Peregrine was evinced by every body on board, and such a manifest indifference to the merits and dislike to the person of the long

was manifested at the same time, that Drawlincourt, chock-full of envy as he was, and well-nigh bursting with a surcharge of mortified vanity, began to hate Peregrine Pultuney with a poisonous and growing hatred, of which every day saw a visible and alarming augmentation. Not that Peregrine Pultuney was alarmed, for, although he was fully conscious of the cornet's enmity in all its length and breadth and durability, he troubled himself so little about it, that except when in actual contact with Drawlincourt, he forgot the existence of such an individual. He was blest with iron nerves and a serene disposition, and fear entered into his soul no oftener than revenge, and that never abided with him a moment.

But the long cornet was determined to bring upon himself the retribution he so justly deserved. Peregrine Pultuney had made up his mind to protect poor Doleton from the aggressions of the cornet, at any personal risk to himself, but he had no sooner come to this determination, than the cornet, aware perhaps of Peregrine's discovery, desisted from his attacks upon the nerves and purse of Cadet Doleton, and our hero, who generally acted on the preventive system, and was more inclined to control than to punish, thought there was no good in coming to a flare up, whilst the cornet conducted himself with tolerable decorum. But at last matters arrived at such a pitch that there was no standing it any longer. Human endurance has its limits, and Peregrine Pultuney's, after a long forbearance, at length straggled out of bounds.

It was after dinner, on the very day, which was to witness the grand dramatic revels on board the *Hastings*, and the gentlemen and lady-passengers, one and ~~all~~ ~~were~~ sitting at the cuddy table, discussing the dessert, which consists on board ship, of preserved ginger, almonds and raisins, Le Mann's biscuits, and figs; every body was in a mixed state of nervous excitement and delicious expectancy; the actors were thinking of their parts, and the spectators were thinking of the actors, and every body was so full of thought, that no body had very much to say.

pause, when there was a most unusual hush in the cuddy, that one of the Miss Gowanspecs, who sat opposite to Peregrine and next to the long cornet, remarked, with that felicity which is so peculiar to young ladies lately from school, that she was very sorry indeed Mr. Pultuney was not going to act Hamlet.

Now it so happened that this Miss Gowanspec had conceived a considerable liking to Peregrine, and a naverion, no less potent to the cornet, who, unfortunately, had taken it into his head to be somewhat assiduous in his attentions to the young lady with the rosy cheeks and the unexceptionable ankles. He had seen, for envy is sharp-sighted, the preference she had always exhibited for our hero, with feelings of intense mortification, and this last public demonstration of a sentiment so peculiarly offensive to the personal vanity of Cornet Drawlincourt, filled the cup of bitter waters in his heart full to the overflowing, and robbed him entirely of the most valuable possession ever given to man—*self-control*.

Peregrine received the compliment as every man ought to receive a compliment paid at the expense of another, in silence and without exultation. His feelings, had any body analyzed them, would have been found in the highest degree honourable to humanity, and as to his outward behaviour, it was the least offensive that could possibly be manifested—he bowed to the lady and helped himself to wine.

But Miss Gowanspec was not endowed with one

half of the delicacy of feeling that characterized Peregrine Pultuney; she was not contented with the silence and the bow, but was resolved to elicit an explanation from that young gentleman, all unwilling to afford it as he was. Her assertion had failed utterly, so this time she put a question direct. —“Why do not *you* act Hamlet, Mr. Pultuney? I'm sure you would do it best.”

Peregrine was about to answer that he did not take the part, because it had been assigned to Mr. Drawlincourt, who was much more competent to play it than himself, when that gentleman having previously turned up one of the reddest of red faces, took the words out of our hero's mouth and replied —“Because, Miss Gowanspec, we did not deem fit to give the leading character to that *boy*.”

Peregrine Pultuney heard every word of this, but still he did not lose his temper; on the contrary, he was rather gratified by the reflection that the worst the long cornet could throw in his teeth was the crime of being still in his nonage—a reflection, which reflects the highest credit on our hero, for most young people at his age would infinitely rather be called a scoundrel than be called “a boy.”

Peregrine said nothing, he merely looked at the cornet, and smiled. There is nothing in the whole world more provoking than a smile from the man you have taken the trouble to insult; at least we suppose that this is the case, for the long cornet looked fiercer and fiercer, and we know not what he

might not have said, if there had not been a move among the ladies, a great scraping of chairs, a general rising of the gentlemen, and a partial evacuation of the cuddy. When the men resumed their seats, Peregrine Pultuney poured out another glass of claret and passed the bottle across to Drawlincourt.

Drawlincourt did not help himself, but he looked ferociously at Peregrine Pultuney, sleeked his moustaches, muttered something to himself that sounded like "Impertinent puppy," and then looked down in contemplation of his patent japan leather boots. He had seen Miss Gowanspec smile on Pultuney, as she glided out of the cabin, and perpetrate something very much like a wink. This had infuriated the cornet more than anything, and he was so lost in the vortex of his vindictive emotions that he knew not either what to say or to do.

There was a pause therefore, for some space of time, at the expiration of which the long cornet awoke from his revengeful reverie, and remarked to Peregrine Pultuney, with an air of extreme coxcombry and impertinence. "So, sir, you think, do you, that you ought to play *Hamlet* yourself?"

"You know very well that I do not, sir," returned Peregrine with extreme coolness.

"I do, do I?" said the long cornet, balancing a fork on the middle finger of his right hand; "but, perhaps, sir, you will allow me to observe that I know nothing of the kind."

"I pity your ignorance then," said Peregrine.

“Ignorance!” exclaimed the long cornet, “God bless my soul, what impertinence will come next?”

“That depends on you,” remarked Peregrine, still preserving his serenity of manner.

“On me! what do you mean, sir? I tell you, sir,”—and here he was interrupted by the captain asking him if he would take any more wine, and a suggestion attendant upon his rejection of the offer, to adjourn immediately to the deck—a proposal which evinced a considerable degree of sound sense on the part of the commander of the *Hastings*.

His good intentions, however, were frustrated; he rose, and so did Colonel Coteloll, and so did Mr. Factor of the civil service; and the consequence was, that the long cornet, taking the advantage of these worthies having their backs turned, filled a glass of claret to the brim, and discharged it full into Peregrine's face.

This extraordinary behaviour on the part of the cornet, elicited no correspondent action from the hero of this story. All the junior passengers of the ship looking on, and saw the insult that had been put upon Peregrine; but still that young gentleman did nothing more than take his handkerchief quietly from his pocket, and wipe away the vinous fluid that was streaming down his face, and discolouring his shirt. The long cornet rose from his seat, and strutted out upon deck; the young writers and the assistant-surgeons did the same, and said to one another as they went, “Well, I didn't expect

this from Pultuney." Even Julian Jenks looked somewhat contemptuously at our hero, but his friendship got the better of him, and he walked up to Peregrine, and spoke to him a few words, with the import of which we are not acquainted. After this they went below together, continued there about half an hour, and afterwards re-appeared upon deck. All the passengers there, with the exception of the captain, Colonel Coteloll, and Mr. Factor, looked askance upon Peregrine Pultuney, but that young gentleman, instead of being crest-fallen was in unusually high spirits. He took no notice of their cold looks, but laughed, and talked, and lent a hand towards the rigging up of the marine theatre, just as though nothing had happened to disturb his equanimity of mind. His associates thought him a coward; but they were, indeed, grievously mistaken; he was only biding his time.

CHAPTER X.

In which the balance is struck between our Hero and the Long
Cornet.

WE have not the least doubt in our own minds, nor do we think that any rational creature in the three kingdoms could have had one, that if that very respectable old gentleman, who is nick-named the "Swan of Avon," had looked down or looked up, "as the case may require it," upon the grand preparations for a dramatic entertainment, that had been made on board the *Hastings*, and upon peering into the *soi-disant* green-room had ascertained the important fact that the play to be represented was one of his own tragedies, it would have filled the bosom of the respectable old gentleman, aforesaid, with very considerable emotions of self-satisfaction combined with a grateful sense of unqualified approval. In fact, it would have been excessively unreasonable if he had not been stirred with some such feelings, for we will venture to assert upon our own antiquarian responsibility, that in his times he never saw any thing approaching to the completeness of

the arrangements, the excellence of the properties, and the splendour of the dresses that had been got ready for the approaching entertainment; as a proof of which we need only record an observation made by the boatswain's-mate, on this memorable occasion, to the effect that he was blowed if it did not beat the Portsmouth theatre all to bits.

We almost despair of being able to give our readers an adequate impression of the magnificent preparations that had been made for the proper performance of "Hamlet, Prince of Denmark," by the passengers of the good ship *Hastings*, nor even a faint idea of the excitement, which stirred in the bosoms of every body on board, as the long-expected hour drew near. Suffice it, that when the "bell-eight" was struck, the hearts of passengers and of crew were beating like the heart of one man, and there was even observed to be an unwonted flutter in the hen-coops, and a more than usual commotion in the pigsty. It would have been a proud moment for Mister Shakspeare if he had looked over the gangway just then.

There were chairs two-deep on the poop, for the ladies and the other non-acting passengers, and these seats were called the dress-circle, for want of any more appropriate name, and the poop-railings had been tastefully covered over with a small supply of signal-flags, an arrangement which, for some reason or other, did not please the proprietresses of the unexceptionable ankles, although the

bunting had actually been decorated with festoons of artificial roses, which very much resembled pickled cabbages, in size and colour and everything else. Then, behind these seats were rows of hen-coops for the less aristocratic spectators, the petty officers and midshipmen, claiming the right of the front row, to which, in virtue of their rank, they were most undoubtedly entitled.

Then—only think of the stage decorations! We know not how many acres of bunting, illustrative of Maryatt's code, were not employed to render the good ship *Hastings* as unlike a ship as it could possibly be made; what with side-awnings, and union jacks, and other marine conveniences, the sea and the masts, and the ropes were shut out altogether from the sight of the spectators; whilst the capstan, which would have been a most awkward customer in the very middle of the stage, had been unshipped as “a temporary arrangement,” though not without a very arduous struggle on the part of the stage-manager, who, after arguing for half-an-hour that the capstan was of no possible use “out of soundings,” but to drink tea-on, contrived to gain his point, very much to his own and his brother actors' satisfaction.

And then the lighting up; there never was such a galaxy of brilliant illuminations seen either on dry land or on sea. There were all the cabin lamps in the ship—globular, cylindrical, square, of all sorts and sizes, put into requisition, some pendent

from the poop, some from the mizen-stays, some hung about the side-awnings; there must have been at least three pounds and a half of outfitters' wax-candles, besides at least a quart of oil, burning at the same time. It was fortunately a fine quiet night—ship as steady as an old gentleman's carriage-horses, and the little wind that there was, on the quarter. So that the “young gentleman,” which every body knows means a midshipman, on board a merchant vessel, who had taken upon himself the management of the lights, with the dignified title of “candle-snuffer,” had little or no difficulty in arranging every thing very perfectly to his heart's content. The footlights were contrived by the assistance of a dozen claret-bottles, each with a candle in it, stuck into a long deal plank, with a corresponding number of round holes, a contrivance suggested by Julian Jenks, and carried into execution by the carpenter.

“Doors to be opened at half-past seven, performance to commence at eight,” had been duly announced in the play-bill of the day—for they *had* play-bills, and very well printed too, by the nervous youth, who was an excellent penman; and so accordingly a little after half-past seven, the poop began to wear a populous aspect, and at least, half a-dozen people were looking at the drop-curtain and the Latin words that were painted over it, in large characters on the lid of a six-dozen chest.

“I'm blest if it been't the old foresail,” said one

of the sailors to another. "But what be that lingo up aloft?"

"Something about Signor Veluti," said the other, "one of them mounseers as sings at the Hopera."

"Ah, true!" returned the first, "I have a heard of that chap; but, blow me, if I don't think he be under hatches."

"Like enough—like enough; them singing chaps waste so much breath when they've got un, that they're likely hands to be out on't at last."

"True, Jem! but blow me tight if I ever thought o' that afore."

Whilst this dialogue, and others equally entertaining were going on in the neighbourhood of the after hencoops on the poop, Peregrine Pultuney and his brother actors were dressing themselves down below, under the influence of a variety of feelings, all differing widely from one another; the long cornet was lost in admiration of his black silk stockings and his velvet shoes; Julian Jenks was highly amused at the idea of his own efforts to look old and patriarchal, and laughed so much that it was with the utmost difficulty he could get the painted wrinkles to lie upon his face; Cadet Doleton was in a desperate fright, and moreover his armour pinched him; whilst Peregrine Pultuney—but we like best so speak of *his* actions, and leave his thoughts to shift for themselves.

It would have been an interesting sight too, just

at that time, to have peeped into the Miss Gowanspecs' cabin, and seen what was going on there. Those young ladies, who were by nature of a lively and excitable temperament, had volunteered to make themselves of use, by dressing up Ophelia for the occasion. They had made the dress for the pretty boy, who was to act the part, and had fully satisfied themselves that there could be no impropriety in fitting it on to Master Millikin, because he ~~was~~ "such a child." So, accordingly, Master Millikin, who had no objection in the world to have two pretty, lively girls, officiating for him in the capacity of valets, was sent for at the appointed time into the after cabin below, which was the domicile of the Miss Gowanspecs, and then there was such a tittering, and blushing, and romping, that it would have done anybody in low spirits the greatest good to have looked on. First of all there were the trousers to be tucked up, and the gown to be put on; and there was a little preliminary conversation as to the necessity of inducing a pair of stays, against which the boy protested most vehemently on account of the heat of the weather, whilst the young ladies as vehemently argued in favour of the *corsage*, because "it would be such fun the lacing." And then the gown was to be put on without the stays, and the young ladies declared it would not meet behind, but it did meet astonishingly well; and Master Millikin got hold of a pair of satin slippers, belonging to the elder Miss

Gowanspec, and they were found to fit to a nicety; and then the younger Miss Gowanspec laughed at her sister, because she had protested that they wouldn't; and the elder young lady, by way of turning the subject, gave Master Millikin a pat on the cheek, and told him not to be saucy, but to sit down like a good child and have his hair dressed.

So Master Millikin sat down like a good child, and four very white little hands began pulling about his long, yellow hair, and when the hands came near his lips he tried to kiss them, for which piece of audacity he received sundry taps on the head with a comb, and was told that he was an impudent boy; upon which he laughed and laid his hand to his heart, and said that he couldn't help it, they looked so very inviting; and then the young ladies promised to forgive him, and went on combing his hair, and adding a few false curls, and braiding it all with velvet ribband, until Master Millikin looked for all the world, like a very pretty, fair, little girl, and the young ladies did not hesitate to say so, a piece of flattery upon their part, which was instantly rewarded by an act of gallantry from the "good child," who started up from the couch, and, without saying a single word, gave both of his fair attendants a hearty kiss on the cheek, urging afterwards in extenuation of his conduct, that there could be no possible harm in one little girl's kissing another, and enforcing the vali-

dity of his arguments by a repetition of the very harmless act, which produced a vast deal of tit-tering, and pappings on the cheek, and a few threats of instant expulsion, which, however, it is needless to say, were not acted up to at all, for little offences of this nature are not visited with very great severity by young ladies of a lively disposition. It would be superfluous to add, after this, that Master Millikin kissed them again, and had anybody entered the starboard after-cabin, in the course of the next twenty minutes, he might have seen that young gentleman sitting on the couch between the two lively young ladies, with an arm round each of their waists, being patted on the cheeks and tapped over the knuckles, and told he was a saucy child, an operation on their part which he endeavoured to disprove by getting more obstreperous every minute.

While this little interesting episode in the night's amusements was going on in the Miss Gowanspecs' cabin, Peregrine Pultuney was very leisurely dressing himself by the light of a candle stuck into a blacking-pot, for his cabin-lamp was doing duty on the deck; and as it so happened that he had plenty of time before him, and he knew his part perfectly well, he filled up the intervals by occupying himself in tying a tolerably thick piece of well knotted whip-cord on to the end of a formidable hunting-whip, which he every now and then balanced for a few seconds in his right hand, whilst a remarkably

pleasant smile, expressive of an inward serenity of mind, played about his intelligent features. He had just completed this gratifying job, and stuck on his moustache, which was made of a back curl and a little diacchylon, when he heard a tap at his door, and a dolorous voice drawling out, "May I come in, if you please?"

"Oh, yes; pray come in, Mr. Ghost," replied Peregrine, who was in remarkably good spirits, and somewhat facetiously disposed in consequence thereof.

The door was opened; and in marched one of the strangest figures that eye ever beheld. It was Doleton in full fig as the Ghost of Hamlet's paternal, and certainly a more singularly-looking ghost never revisited the earth after death. Clad from head to foot in tin armour, he looked like a perambulating trumpet made out of that particular metal, and his voice issuing therefrom was precisely like the sounds of that instrument in an atrophy. He wore his beaver up of course, and his long thin face, having been copiously besmeared with flour, wore a spectral and ghastly appearance, which would have frightened any body out of his senses had he seen it at the foot of his bed.

Peregrine Pultuney, who, as we have before had occasion to observe, was somewhat facetiously disposed, started into an attitude, upon the entrance of Doleton, and asked that young gentleman, in a theatrical manner, whether he was a "spirit of heaven or goblin damned."

“ I really don't know what I am,” returned Doleton, “ except that I am very uncomfortable.”

“ How comes that?” asked Peregrine Pultuney.

“ I don't know how it comes,” faltered his companion, “ but I do know that I wish it was over. I'm afraid to move in this armour, it hurts me so—it does indeed—it's so stiff. The armourer promised to see to the joints but he hasn't, and I can hardly walk in it. I shall be all over scratches to-morrow, and then the flour has got into my eye; besides, I'm forgetting my part. I'm sure I shan't remember a word of it, when I find myself on the stage.”

“ That's a serious business,” observed Peregrine Pultuney.

“ I know it is,” continued the unhappy Doleton; “ I know it is, but I can't help it, I always thought it would come to this, but it's not my fault; I have done my best, I have indeed; I could not have worked harder.”

“ I am sure you could not, my good fellow,” returned Peregrine, mildly, “ and if you do make a mess of it, I'll forgive you.”

“ Oh! but the worst of it is, I shall put Mr. Drawlincourt out, and he will be so savage. He will never forgive me, though you do, for he prides himself so much on the ghost scene;” and the unhappy youth would have turned pale at the bare thought of the long cornet's wrath, if the baker's flour, which besmeared his face, had not rendered such a manifestation invisible.

“ Oh! never mind the long cornet,” replied Peregrine; “ I dare say that I can manage him;” and as he said this, he was led by some recondite train of association to look at the hunting-whip in his cabin, and smile.

The nervous youth was about to say something or other about spoiling the night's entertainment, when the “ bell-eight,” pealing loud and slow, vibrated upon the ears of the two actors; and as Peregrine had by this time completed his toilet, he took poor Doleton by the arm, spoke to him a few words of comfort and assurance, and in a few moments they had both of them ascended by the main hatchway to the upper deck. There was a temporary apartment constructed in the rear of the stage, for the accommodation of the gentlemen-actors, and this room was called the “ green-room,” of course, though there was nothing green about it at all *but the actors*.

We shall not inform our readers how the players assembled, some confident and some nervous, some looking forward to the fun of the thing, and some heartily wishing that it was over; nor, of all the questions that were asked, and all the remarks that were passed, preliminary to the drawing up of the curtain. Suffice it that there was a small quantum of green-room gossip, that the prompter was particularly requested to speak loud enough; that almost every body was very apprehensive of having forgotten a considerable quantity of his part, and

that Master Millikin had got such a colour on his cheeks in his amatory warfare with the Miss Gowan-specs, that every body present declared that he had been making free use of the rouge-pot.

But at last the curtain drew up, and this part of the stage furniture had been so admirably arranged, that it only hitched three times in its ascent, and at last went up diagonally, which every body must acknowledge to be a striking improvement upon the old process. There was a tremendous clapping of hands of course, when the rising of the curtain displayed something like a rampart wall, with two real guns, and a great quantity of canvas sky with a round hole in it, for a lantern to look through and act moonshine. And presently, two assistant-surgeons came in with the perspiration standing on their faces, and made some remarks about the coldness of the night, which was put a stop to by the entrance of the chief officer in the character of *Horatio*, who made a point of disbelieving the two assistant-surgeons, when they told him they had seen a ghost; and it is a remarkable fact that he had only just observed that the ghost would not appear, when the ghost did appear, or rather Cadet Doleton, with his limbs encased in tin armour, his face besmeared with flour, and a good thick ruler in his hand.

Upon the appearance of the ghost, there was a round of applause, which seemed to startle the unearthly visitant, for he stood still when it began,

looked towards the audience for a moment, and then shuffled off the stage, one of the assistant-surgeons having previously exhorted Horatio to speak to it; because that gentleman was a scholar* and it is well known that ghosts are not in the habit of understanding any thing else but Latin and Greek, which being the *dead* languages, are of course the legitimate vernacular of the spectral community.

This scene was got through with considerable effect, and a vast deal of hearty applause. The ghost had nothing to say, but he looked his part to admiration, and though he had no opportunity of introducing any new readings, he introduced some new action in its stead, which consisted of divers twitchings and rubbings, indicative of a badly fitting suit of armour, which were very appropriate indeed, for it is not to be supposed that there were any good tailors in Elsinore three hundred years ago, nor, if there had been any, that they would have troubled themselves to turn out a very first-rate article for a ghost, who is not in the habit of showing himself off in fashionable circles.

The next scene introduced Peregrine Pultuney, Julian Jenks, Cornet Drawlincourt, and various others of the *dramatis personæ*. Peregrine had nothing to say, but the long cornet had a vast deal, and it is almost impossible to describe how execrably badly he did it. His conception of the part was strikingly original, for the character of Hamlet, **"Thou art a good scholar, speak to it, Horatio."*—*Shakspeare*.

became, in his hands, a mixture of Bobadil, Bombastes Furioso, Timour the Tartar, and Fastidius Brisk, or in other words a strange amalgamation of the Bully, the Boaster, the Tyrant and the Dandy, all blended into an extraordinary whole. It would have been worth a small annuity to have had the satisfaction of hissing such a barbarian off the stage; but he was punished for his presumption in another way.

Peregrine Pultuney acted marvellously; and so did Julian Jenks, who convulsed the "house" with laughter, and hobbled about like an old courtier as he was, giving lectures to his children and all that sort of thing to the very line, and, what was better, to the admiration of the whole ship's company, with whom he happened to be an especial favourite, and who applauded him vehemently in consequence; whilst Master Millikin, as *Ophelia*, looked exceedingly pretty, and would have acted the part to perfection, if he had not looked so often towards the dress circle and winked his eye at the Miss Gowanspecs, in the most pathetic parts of the play with a facetious expression of countenance which was not at all in harmony with the words he was speaking.

This, however, was a small matter that did not in the least interfere with the excellence of the night's entertainments, any more than a complete break down which came to pass in the part of Cadet Doleton, who acted to admiration, whilst he

had nothing to do but to flit backwards and forwards across the stage. He did the "beckoning" too tolerably well, but when he came to the speaking part of the business, his constitutional weakness asserted itself in all its force, and the poor fellow was fairly gravelled. There he stood, face to face with the ferocious Drawlincourt, the perspiration streaming down his face and making dough of the flour that was on it; his knees tottering beneath him like limp jelly, and his eyes fixed upon the face of the cornet. "Mark me," was all that he could say, and it was all too that he had to say, for his first speech; but when Hamlet made answer in the affirmative, he, briefly expressing himself in two words, "I will," there was a dead pause—poor Doleton stood staring with mouth agape, but no words issued from it, explanatory of the matters that he wished to be "marked"—"I will," repeated Hamlet—but still no answer, Doleton's lips moved, but inaudibly.

"My hour is almost come," shouted the prompter with all his might.

But still no answer came from the tremulous lips of the ghost. There was a long silence—a terrible pause; till at last the long cornet being fairly incensed out of the little patience he possessed on ordinary occasions, drew his sword in a menacing manner and exclaimed, "D—n you, why don't you speak?"

It is not to be supposed that such an undignified

speech could have produced the desired result, under such a combination of circumstances; nor indeed did it, for the poor ghost—though it is the part of ghosts generally to frighten mortals—was so dreadfully intimidated by the menacing attitude, and the alarming words of his son in the flesh, that he fell on his knees before the enraged Hamlet, stretched out his arms, and gasped out,—“Spare me.”

We know not what might have not happened, nor of what strange things the spectators might not have been made witnesses, if Peregrine Pultuney, who had been watching from behind a side scene, the whole incident with an intense interest, had not suddenly let the curtain down by the run, and shut out the stage from their view.

And then in a few minutes that young gentleman stepped forward in the capacity of stage-manager, and informed the “ladies and gentlemen,” that Mr. Doleton having been suddenly seized with illness, had found himself unable to continue the part that had been assigned to him; but that by their leave, the other performers would proceed with the tragedy, omitting the ghost scenes *in toto*, an omission for which, if they were not satisfied, he (the manager) would endeavour to compensate to the best of his ability, by singing a comic song or dancing a *pas seul* in the character of a sylph.

This announcement, as may be expected, drew down a round of applause, and one or two adventurous spectators, in the front row of the hencoop

accommodations, shouted out, "Bravo, Pultuney," upon which that young gentleman bowed gracefully, and glided out by the stage door.

So the curtain was drawn up again, and the second act of the tragedy commenced. And then there was a great deal of very excellent acting from Julian Jenks and Master Millikin, and a vast quantity of very execrable ditto from the long cornet in the character of *Hamlet*. As for Peregrine, he was supposed to have gone abroad, so nothing was seen of him during the best part of the three next acts, a period of time which our hero managed to beguile by smoking half-a-dozen Havannah cigars, and applying himself very assiduously to a bowl of cold punch, which was placed on the green-room table for the benefit of the histrionic community, and which was done ample justice to by every one of the actors, with the exception of poor Doleton, who had retired to his cabin, to forget, if possible, his sorrows in sleep.

And so the play proceeded without further *contre temps*; the scenes with the players had been omitted as heavy, and the closet scene was acted without the ghost, for the long cornet could not forego the pleasure of bullying his mother and pinking Polonius through the arras. Then came the scene, in which *Opheelia* goes mad; and Master Millikin, who, if any thing could have persuaded him to keep serious for half-an-hour at a time, would have been an invaluable possession to the *corps drama-*

tique, personated the distraught maiden so touchingly, that the horny eyes of two or three old tars began to blink a little, at which they severally invoked a malediction on the visional organs aforesaid, in the event of Master Millikin's performance not being what they confidently stated it to be, "as true to natur as a boswin with a marlin-spike,"—and so it was, until the young gentleman, who had a small spice of the tender devil in his composition, came to the little ballad about the gay Lothario, who opened his chamber-door upon an occasion; and not being of opinion with our modern actresses that this part of the text is better omitted in the performance, he brought it all out with a due emphasis and expression, looking so archly all the time at the Miss Gowanspecs that, unused to blushing as they were, they turned down incontinently a pair of red faces and pretended to be looking at their shoes.

And then, soon after, Laertes made his appearance from abroad, and was received with universal acclamation, by the audience, who seemed particularly glad to see him again; and Peregrine to testify his gratitude, played with an extraordinary degree of vigour and animation both in this and the succeeding scene, and when he came to that part, where he says to the king, after detailing his wrongs and eulogizing his sister, "*But my revenge will come*," there was something so fearfully natural in the manner, with which he laid his hand on his

sword and spoke through his clenched teeth, that several of those present, declared afterwards that they were sure he meant it in earnest, and said it from the bottom of his heart.

And then came the church-yard scene, and Julian Jenks was in his element as the first grave-digger, shovelling up a quantity of sand, which he had got from Jemmy Ducks, who had defrauded the poultry for the purpose. Skulls were shovelled up too, but as human skulls were not easily to be got at, on board the *Hastings*, they had broken the noses off pig's skull or two, presuming that the audience were not much versed in comparative anatomy, and they looked just as well from a distance. Roars of laughter greeted every sentence that issued from Jenks's mouth, and every shovel-full that issued from his spade, until two or three of the sailors having been brought well nigh into convulsions, Julian thought it was good time to give over, and let the cornet moralize a little. And then came the funeral procession, and the grappling business in Ophelia's grave, where Peregrine Pultuney excited most unqualified approbation in the bosoms of every body present, by the energetic and natural style in which he took the long cornet by the throat, and invoked the devil to take his soul. Nothing could have been more truth-like than this representation, nor more in earnest than the manner, in which the cornet cried out—

“I pray thee, take thy fingers from my throat,”

which was uttered in such a choaking voice, that the audience quite thought he wished what he said, and applauded him vehemently in consequence of the "hit." Indeed it is a remarkable fact, and one that speaks volumes in praise of the cornet's acting, that he contrived, as he delivered this sentence, to look so black in the face that it might have been really supposed that he was choaking, if the spectators had not known it was a part of the play.

And then came the last scene of all, in which there is so much sticking and poisoning, and all the *dramatis personæ* are killed out of hand. Julian Jenks had undertaken to play *Osric*, for he had no objection to plenty of work as long as it was all in the comic line; and as the cornet prided himself on being an excellent fencer, and Peregrine Pultuney had learnt in a "fence-school too," it was expected that this part of the entertainment would have gone off with very great effect; and so it did, up to a certain point, when things took an unexpected turn, and the performance was ended in a manner very different from that which the poet had designed.

In this part of the play, it may be remembered by some few of our learned readers, that *Hamlet* makes an apology to *Laertes*, and requests that gentleman to set down his rudeness to the score of a temporary insanity. Now, *Laertes* affects to accept this apology; and Peregrine played the part so much to the life, that one could see, that he did not accept it with much good-will, for there was a sneer

on his lip as he spoke; and he was observed, moreover, to look significantly towards *Osrice*, when, after having agreed to play a bout at fencing, he exclaimed impatiently, as though he were in a hurry to begin—

“ Give us the foils—come on!”

And now matters became so intensely interesting, that all the spectators held their breath and riveted their eyes intently on the stage. Face to face stood Peregrine Pultuney and the long cornet—the latter in a most elaborate attitude, the former steadily eying his adversary, their right arms stretched out, their foils crossed, their knees bent a little. There was a pass or two between them. “ Come on, sir,” said the cornet.

“ Come, my lord,” replied Peregrine Pultuney.

“ One,” said the cornet.

“ No,” observed Peregrine.

“ Judgment,” cried the cornet.

“ A hit—a hit—a very palpable hit,” said Julian Jenks, who was pretending to act as umpire.

And then the two fencers went to work again, and there were a few more passes, and a few more appeals, and a little desultory talk, occupying a minute and-a-half—during which time the *Queen* contrived to be poisoned; and then the cornet taunted Peregrine with not fighting hard enough, and Peregrine, to the great astonishment of every body present, cried out, “ Say you so? Come on—and, *Jenks*, give me the whip.”

We need scarcely inform our readers that these six last monosyllables were not exactly in the text-book, but nevertheless Peregrine Pultuney uttered them with an extraordinary degree of distinctness and decision; and it would appear that Julian Jenks understood what he meant, for he got his cue, as it is called, directly, and without the slightest symptom of embarrassment, put his hand behind the side-scene, and took from thence the very identical whip, which had helped Peregrine Pultuney to vary the pleasures of his toilet, by attaching thereunto a new lash. The long cornet had just thrown himself into a new and very striking attitude, when Peregrine called to his friend for the horse-whip, and he had scarcely time to get out of the said attitude, when Peregrine, having received the horse-whip from the hand of his friend, dashed the cornet's foil to the ground with the but-end of it, and then proceeded, with the utmost equanimity, to inflict personal chastisement on the long *Hamlet*, very much to that gentleman's discomfiture.

Yes, reader, in the presence of the whole ship's company — gentlemen-passengers, lady-passengers and all, Peregrine Pultuney collared the long cornet and applied his hunting-whip with great rapidity of execution to the unhappy cavalry-officer's legs, which, unfortunately for him, had nothing more substantial than a pair of silk stockings to protect them. "Smack"—went the whip, and "Oh! Oh!" roared the long cornet; but Peregrine Pultuney was

“ I’ll teach you,” cried the young gentleman, “ to throw wine in my face—I’ll teach you, sir, to fleece the greenhorns, and to look down upon your superiors—I’ll teach you, sir, to speak disparagingly of Company’s officers—I’ll teach you, sir, to insult *me* ;” and Peregrine Pultuney having given this brief prospectus of the course of education he intended to adopt, made the whip “smack” more vigorously than ever.

There was a simultaneous movement amongst the spectators on the poop, and the actors all crowded on the stage, enjoying the whole affair amazingly. The captain had just reached the second step of the poop ladder, when Peregrine Pultuney ~~having~~ dashed the long cornet to the deck, and ~~planted his~~ foot ~~on the~~ prostrate gentleman’s chest, bowed to the audience, and said, whilst a bland smile lighted up his countenance, “ Ladies and gentlemen, I have quilted long Drawlincourt. Jenks, let down the curtain !”

And the curtain descended upon one of the finest *tableaux* that had ever ~~been~~ witnessed since the birth of the drama.

CHAPTER XI.

In which Peregrine Pultuney is put under arrest and landed at the Cape of Good Hope.

WE are almost afraid that some of our readers will take it into their heads to suppose, upon consideration of the little incident, with which we were pleased to wind up the last chapter, that the young gentleman, whose historian we are, was not altogether exempt from that very unheroic failing, which the people of this lower world call vindictiveness, in the absence of any more appropriate word. It will have been perceived, that Peregrine Pultuney received an insult from the cornet, in the shape of a glass of claret, and that having, to all outward appearance, pocketed the said insult, with entire serenity of mind, he had suffered four or five hours to pass by without an effort at retaliation, and subsequently had consoled himself by quilting the cornet in the presence of every body on board. There are some, doubtless, who will not approve of this bottling up of red-hot indignation, and these persons, we are pretty sure, will suggest

that Peregrine Pultune, upon receiving the glass of wine in his face, ought to have thrashed the cornet upon the spot. But there was one very serious objection to this; had he done so, there would have been an end of the play, and universal disappointment would have ensued. Peregrine had for some time past been endeavouring to avoid an open schism with the long cornet, well knowing that such an event would have rendered nugatory all the endeavours, that had been made so strenuously, to get up a dramatic entertainment; and with this knowledge full in his mind, he had struggled and struggled against every emotion of wrath, disgust, and indignation that had found their way into his breast, until he had brought himself into a state of moral subjection which philosophers might reasonably envy: he had resisted every temptation, and they had been numerous, to break the peace by annihilating Drawlincourt, well knowing that his hour would come, and deeming that a little delay was not a matter of very great consequence. These motives we hold to have been amiable in the extreme, but we will not undertake to assert positively that our hero was not a little tickled at the thought of polishing off the long cornet in the presence of the whole ship's company. But this was a bright after-thought; it entered his head, that day after dinner, when Drawlincourt was trying to set him down before the Miss Gowanspecs, and it was still so fresh and strong in his mind, when the long cor-

net wound up his attacks with the vinous discharge we have recorded in our penultimate chapter, that though his first impulse had been to seize a decanter and to hurl it at the cavalry officer's head, he was enabled, by a vigorous effort of the will, to keep down his passion and his hands, and to console himself with the pleasing reflection, that in a few hours he would have an opportunity of making certain public experiments in dynamics on the person of the long coxcomb, who had insulted him. We do not know whether this will be received as a valid excuse for our hero; but we offer it under a hope that it will; and, if it fails, why, we can't help it.

But to return to our history. The curtain descended upon as fine a *tableau* as had ever been witnessed—the long cornet flat upon his back, and Peregrine Pultuney, with the sole of his foot on ~~that~~ gentleman's chest, and the lash of his hunting-whip resting after its labours, in a little coil on the deck—Master Millikin in hermaphrodite costume, laughing ready to split—and Julian Jenks enjoying the joke with intense feelings of personal delight; whilst, to crown the whole, the long face of Cadet Doleton was just visible above the companion hatchway, looking for all the world like the portrait of a ghost in its night-cap.

When the curtain was fairly down, Peregrine Pultuney having done his work, and moreover being perfectly satisfied with it, removed his

foot from the cornet's chest, and made a spring towards the companion-ladder, which having gained, he encountered an obstacle in the shape of Cadet Doleton, who was then on his descent, and, as the Fates would have it, the concussion sent them both sprawling spread-eagle-wise on the lower deck, from which they were lifted, without any serious injury, by one of the cuddy-servants, who happened just then to be on his way to the steward's pantry for some edibles, that were destined to grace the supper-table on this especial occasion.

Peregrine Pultuney then entered his cabin, flung off divers of his theatrical trappings, threw himself at full length on his couch, and gave way to his teeming reflections.

Whatever these reflections may have been, and we have reason to suppose that they were of a mixed nature, they were soon broken in upon by the entrance of the captain of the vessel and Colonel Coteloll, who had not been two minutes in his presence, before Peregrine found he was under arrest.

"I'm sorry to do it," said the captain of the vessel,—“very sorry, but you know it's my duty. You have always behaved yourself like a gentleman, and I'm sure I've no reason to complain. I dare say, you have had ample provocation; but you have done the thing so publicly, that I cannot help myself. I wish I could; but order must be kept, and Mr. Drawlincourt is all over bruises, he is indeed. I've sent the doctor to him, and I shall get his report;

but I dare say it will soon be right again. I can't say in my heart that I'm——I mean, Mr. Pultuney, that I can't think there is any danger. I once horsewhipped a man myself worse than that, and he got well in three weeks."

"Did he indeed!" cried Peregrine Pultuney; "if I'd thought of that, I would have laid it on harder, for I intended him to feel it for a month"

The captain smiled in spite of himself, and Colonel Coteloll turned his head away. There was a pause, which Peregrine took advantage of to pull off his diacchylon moustache; and by the time he had done so, very much to his personal inconvenience, for it would not come off without a little skin as an accompaniment, the colonel had got up a grave face for the nonce, and turned it upon Peregrine Pultuney.

"This is a serious business, Mr Pultuney," he remarked.

"Not so serious as I intended to make it," returned Peregrine.

"I mean in its consequences," said the colonel.

"Oh!" replied Peregrine, "the consequences—I never thought of them."

"You might be tried by a court-martial," observed the colonel.

"Might I?" asked Peregrine Pultuney.

"And it would go hard with you," continued the colonel.

Then there was another pause. Peregrine looked at the colonel, saw that there was a kind of look in the old man's face, a slight smile in the corner of his mouth, and so he flung aside the cool indifference, with which he had received the veteran's announcements, and continued in an eager and impassioned voice. "I'll tell you what it is, Colonel Coteloll. I know nothing about the rules of the service I am about to enter, and it may be that I have broken them; but there are some rules by which human nature refuses to be governed, and amongst these rules is the one which would control the propensities of a man to horsewhip a coxcomb, who has insulted him. That creature, Drawlincourt has for the last six weeks taken every opportunity to insult me, and not only me, Colonel Coteloll, but the service I am about to enter—the service of which you have so long been a distinguished member. Nor is this all; the long scoundrel deserves to be kicked out of the ship as a sharper and a black leg, which he is. He has pigeoned that poor wretch, Doleton, fleeced him of all his ready money, and got from him a number of I. O. U.s; and if this alone does not prove that he is worthy of the punishment I so heartily inflicted upon him, I have injured him grossly, have behaved like a blackguard, and am not fit to enter the service." Having said this, Peregrine Pultuney felt considerably lighter, and looked into the face of the colonel for a response.

But that officer made no other comment upon

this fervid explanation of our hero's, than such as consisted of three smacks of the lip, like those which gentlemen are in the habit of performing, when they are about to give judgment on the merits of a bin of wine, or anything else that is under consideration; and having done this, he briefly inquired into the nature of the insults which the cornet had put upon Peregrine.

"He threw a glass of wine into my face," replied the young gentleman, "and I defy human nature to stand such an insult from such a quarter as that."

"It would be difficult," observed the colonel.

"Impossible," said the captain of the ship.

"It would require," chimed in Peregrine, "a temper of extra superfine, double milled, water-proof texture not to be soaked through with such insults as these. I couldn't stand it. Indeed I couldn't. It was too much for such a temper as mine;" and Peregrine Pultuney, after having made this confession of his weakness, began to cast about in his mind the advantages and disadvantages resulting from being under arrest.

He had not been employed upon this more than a few seconds, before he had fully come to the determination, that there was a considerable balance in favour of the latter, and this filled his bosom with more inquietude than had existed there for some time. The prospect before him was by no means pleasing, so as a last resource, he said to the com-

mander of the vessel, in a tone, which might have signified entreaty, or been expressive of that jocosity of resignation which is so often assumed by young gentlemen in difficulties, "You don't seriously mean to say, captain, that you intend to put me under arrest?"

"I don't know how I am to avoid it," remarked the captain.

"It is very easy," observed Peregrine Pultuney.

"How so?" inquired the captain.

"Put *him* under arrest," suggested Peregrine.

"I have done so," returned the captain.

"Well, surely one's enough then," said Peregrine. "I'll give you my word and honour not to beard the lion in his den, and we can't fight conveniently through the bulk-head or the timbers of your deck."

"Maybe not," returned the captain, "maybe not; it seems a pity to put you under arrest—"

"A very great pity," interrupted Peregrine.

"And I shall be sorry to do it," continued the captain, "but I see no help for it, my good sir. We are not very far from the Cape, there is a wind springing up from the northward, and a week or two will take us into False Bay; by that time it will all be blown over; just keep to your cabin during the morning; you shall have your meals down there very comfortably, and when it is dusk, you can come upon deck, smoke your cigar, and get a little air to refresh you. We shall all miss you very

“ I have no doubt of it,” observed Peregrine incidentally.

“ And as we can’t afford,” continued the good-natured captain, “ to lose you during the whole voyage, we will set our heads together, and devise some plan to get rid of Drawlincourt at the Cape, and send him on in some other ship.”

Having unburdened himself of this very disinterested and very philanthropical sentiment, the captain began to inform Peregrine that he did not think, and was sure nobody else could think, that Peregrine had done any thing ungentlemanlike; on the contrary, he felt certain that every body in the ship, when apprized of all the circumstances, would applaud his conduct, whilst they execrated that of the long cornet; and Colonel Coteloll stepped forward and made a similar declaration, adding, that he would do his best to prevent any disagreeable consequences from ensuing, and, in conclusion, both the soldier and the sailor shook Peregrine by the hand, in testimony of the approbation of the United Service, and took their departure from the cabin of our hero in search of more solid gratification than that than which results from consoling the distressed.

Peregrine Pultuney, being left alone to his own reflections, had leisure to discover that he was afflicted with a headach, that he felt very tired indeed, and that he had strained the muscles of his right shoulder considerably, in polishing off the long cor-

in coming to a conclusion that the best thing he could do was to drink a bottle of soda-water, and "turn in" as fast as he could. With this design in his head, he cried out pretty sonorously for the assistance of Peer Khan.

"Ah, sahib," returned the faithful attendant, who was squatting outside his master's door, and in less than no time Peregrine Pultuney had quaffed a bottle of soda-water and mounted into his swing cot.

Peer Khan had just taken the candle into his hand with the intention of blowing it out when Peregrine Pultuney raised himself on one arm, turned round in his cot, and said, "Peer Khan."

"Ah, sahib," returned that individual.

"You know Mr. Drawlincourt's cabin?"

"Ah, master, Lumba sahib's cabin.—Master give hookham, I make fight," and the copper-coloured Mars lifted up his right arm as he spoke, and laid about him awfully in the air with an imaginary bamboo.

"You misunderstand me," said Peregrine, smiling, for it was impossible not to comprehend the meaning of Peer Khan's manoeuvres—"I don't want you to fight, I can do that well enough myself; my orders are peaceable enough, so listen to me—*Suno*, as you call it."

"Ah, sahib," returned Peer Khan.

"Go into Mr. Drawlincourt's cabin"—

"Ah, sahib."

"And give that gentleman my compliments—"

“ Ah, sahib.”

“ And tell him that I sent you to inquire after the state of his health; and, *Suno*, tell him besides that I desired you to render him any service in your power, and to make yourself generally useful, in applying lotions and rubbing in ointments; do you understand me now?—then go.”

“ Ah, sahib,” responded Peer Khan, “ and if I find tora stora broken glass in the ointment, I very glad rub in that too.”

With this kindly expression of benevolent desire, Peer Khan took his departure to do the bidding of his master; nor had he been absent two minutes before he reappeared in the cabin, with something like a letter in his hand.

“ Well, Peer Khan,” said Peregrine Pultuney.

“ I give master message”—

“ Well, sir”—

“ And Dollinguts, sahib, very bad gentleman; he talk like *dewana*; give plenty bad *gala*; say to me, ‘ Tell Pultuney sahib, he be —— very bad word—I not say; and then he give chit to my hand and tell me go to the debble with it.’”

“ He did, did he?” exclaimed Peregrine Pultuney, “ what an ungrateful vagabond, to be sure. A challenge, I suppose—well, that will keep,” and placing Drawlincourt’s warlike missive beneath his pillow, he composed himself serenely to his slumbers.

Peregrine was not mistaken. The letter con-

tained a polite invitation from the cornet to meet him at some place hereafter to be determined upon, on the first morning after their arrival at the Cape. "A somewhat lengthy invitation," thought Peregrine Pultuney, "and somewhat indefinite withal; but I suppose I must not disappoint him, so here goes for an answer," and Peregrine Pultuney, having written a note, entered the engagement forthwith in his pocket-book.

As our hero and the long cornet are now under arrest, we do not think that our readers will have any objection to pass over the few next weeks at a leap, and to imagine that the good ship *Hastings* is working into False Bay; for in the winter season, as every body knows, no one ventures into Table Bay, who has not a particular desire to pay a visit to Davy Jones.

It was a dark, murky, cloudy morning when the land first appeared in sight, and the wind was so unkindly baffling, that the captain was several times heard to declare that he shouldn't be surprised if he were unable to "make the land," an announcement which soon found its way about the ship, and which elicited from Peregrine Pultuney an observation to the effect that he should be very much surprised if Captain Skisel or captain any body else *could* make the land, as the fabrication of such things were generally supposed to be beyond the reach of human mechanics.

It certainly would have been a very disappointing business if the captain's words, taking them

nautically, had turned out to be sooth, and we have every reason to suppose that they would have been, if towards evening a Simon's Bay pilot had not fortunately made out the *Hastings*, and, being in want of a job, boarded the vessel, very much to the gratification of the captain, and the universal delight of all the passengers.

And then, with "a little more canvas, if you please, captain"—and "I think you can afford me a little more"—and "just a few stitches more, if you've no objection," the experienced old gentleman, who felt as much at home in False Bay, as a duck in a horse-pond, crowded all sail, cut through the water, and cast anchor about day-break.

When Peregrine Pultuncy woke in the morning, he found the vessel perfectly motionless, and upon jumping out of his cot and looking out of the port-hole, he ascertained that they were riding peaceably at anchor in one of the prettiest bays he had ever beheld.

There was a clear bright sun, in an almost unclouded sky, shining full upon the picturesque mountains which overtop the village of Simon's Town, for it is, in fact, little more than a village, though it enjoys a more dignified appellation. Peregrine thought he had never seen a more enchanting prospect in his life; perhaps it was that he had for so long a time been looking on nothing but a waste of water; perhaps it was that the sunshine and the

serenity were for the most part in his own breast; but, be that as it may, he stood gazing out of his port-hole, for several minutes, in profound admiration. Under any circumstance it was a fair scene, though there might have been many fairer, in this fair world of ours. The air-tints on the hills were beautiful, and the varied patches of purple and green thereon, with every here and there a few dots of white, besides a little gushing fountain, which spoke of the *blanchisseuse* at her work (for *washer-woman* is not a poetical word), would have gladdened a painter's eye, as it did that of Peregrine Pultuney. And then the sea was so blue, so glassy, so serene, and there was such a placid look about the houses—the inn—the shops—the admiral's abode, all looked so peaceful and so pretty, with the sea on one side and the hills on the other, and the bright blue sky overhead, that Peregrine felt deeply grieved at the reflection that there was a creature in the wide world, and much more a fellow-creature, who at that moment cherished any feelings towards him than those of kindness and love.

“I have half a mind,” thought Peregrine to himself, “to beg the long cornet's pardon; but then perhaps he will think me a coward;” and this consideration, worldly and selfish as it was, checked the incipient growth of his Christian benevolence; but then he was very young, and in youth perhaps it is as well that we should be somewhat chary of our reputation; for, if we were not, it is very certain that no

reputation would ever be established, and that would be a bad thing for the world.

To a reflection somewhat similar to this, Peregrine Pultuney had just given way, when Julian Jenks came bursting into his cabin, very much excited and very hot, with his "shore-going toggery" on, and an apoplectic-looking carpet bag in his hand.

"Well, Jenks!" exclaimed our hero, with a smile at the new beaver hat and the glossy, but somewhat creased surtout of his friend, "you've lost no ~~time~~ in getting ready at all events."

"Time!" replied Julian Jenks; "I like that; there's a boat putting off now, and you are still in your dressing-gown. Time, indeed! I like that," and Julian Jenks having explained his predilections, burst into a laugh.

"I am glad that you're amused," remarked Peregrine Pultuney.

"You are, are you?" returned Jenks; "well that's comfortable; we're both happy, and what's the odds as long as we are? but pray make haste, for I'm blessed if I'll wait for you, Peregrine."

"What's the hurry?" asked Peregrine Pultuney.

"Hurry!" cried his friend, who was very much out of breath and was panting incontinently between every word. "Hurry!"—why if you are not in a hurry, I am, to get out of this confounded hole—besides I've been talking to the chief officer, and he says there are but one or two horses on

hire in Simon's Town altogether, and he recommends us to look sharp after them. It's three-and-twenty miles, he says, to Cape Town, or not far from it, and the sooner we get there the better, if we want to get rooms at George's, for it will be horrid stupid at one of those boarding-houses, as bad as on board-ship—*table d'hôte* or some such horrible thing, with a score of old Indians with us—"

"To call us *griffs*," interrupted Mr. Pultuney.

"Ah! very true," continued Jenks; "you won't like that much, I know; so make haste. Come here, Peer Khan; dress your master as sharp as you can; and don't forget to take plenty of money with you. By the bye, there's that poor fellow Doleton, he wants to be one of our party; but I don't see well how he can, he doesn't know how to ride, and we can't go three in a buggy. I've lent him ten pounds, however, and left him undecided whether to remain on board or to trust himself alone on shore. Poor fellow—poor fellow, I pity him,"—and Julian Jenks, having expressed himself to this effect, began filling a tolerably commodious cigar-box with Peregrine Pultuney's weeds, whilst that young gentleman set to work with all his might to get dressed before the arrival of the boat, which was now fast nearing the ship.

In a little time the two young gentlemen were seated with their two carpet-bags, and Peer Khan in the boat; and very shortly afterwards they were both of them luxuriating upon white bread, fresh

butter, fresh eggs, and a beef-steak, which commodities were supplied to them, by way of breakfast, at an hotel, which is called the *Clarence*.

Having previously bespoken the only buggy in the place, our two friends felt so much at their ease, that, after breakfast, they proposed a game at billiards, for Simon's Town *does* boast of a billiard-table; and having walked up stairs for that purpose, they beguiled the time for two or three hours by knocking about three much indented balls, over a cloth that had been cut some half-a-dozen times, in a room that smelt considerably of tobacco.

After they were both of them tolerably fatigued with their exertions, they voted the place low, and made a magnanimous resolution not to play in it any more. On this account they ordered their buggy, paid the bill, tossed up which should drive, and then started off for Cape Town.

Like the Cockney in the caricature, these young gentlemen had to "guess their way to Hepsom," but there was no particular difficulty in so doing, as the way along which they went was not much distracted by cross-roads, and, indeed, along a great part of it, there was nothing like a road at all. However, they managed pretty well, and had no accidents on the journey to speak of, except a dismemberment of the buggy, which took place in the middle of one of those streams which come down so conveniently from the mountains, and intersect with a deep channel the sands, along which the traveller must

pass, if he has any wish to reach Cape Town. It was in one of these rivers we say, that the buggy came very nicely in two, leaving Peregrine Pultuncy and Julian Jenks sitting in state with the waters all around them, whilst the horse walked on at his leisure with the shafts, highly delighted with the diminution of his burden.

However, the animal was re-captured, and by dint of two silk neckcloths and a bracer, he was harnessed again to the body of the chaise, and it is a remarkable fact, that this little incident, instead of taking away, as it might have done, considerably sharpened the appetites of the two young men, for when they arrived at Farmer Peck's, which is the well-known halting-place, they consumed, with very great demonstrations of satisfaction, two dishes of eggs and bacon, two bottles of claret, with bread and cheese and beer *at discretion*.

They entered Cape Town about four o'clock, inquired their way to "George's," and had no difficulty in finding it out. It was a large white house, with some formal-looking trees, and a sort of canal before it, all very much in the Dutch style, and when Peregrine leaped out of his buggy and was about to rush into the hotel and call vehemently for the waiter, he was intercepted by half-a-dozen elderly, yellow-faced gentlemen, who were very loud in their inquiries as to what was the news from England.

"Queen Anne's dead," replied Peregrine Pultuncy.

The half-a-dozen elderly, yellow-faced gentlemen stared at Peregrine, and seemed to think that he was a very impertinent young gentleman; and it is a remarkable coincidence, that Peregrine at the time was thinking that they were very impertinent old gentlemen for interrogating him in this way without an introduction.

“You’ve come by the *Hastings*, haven’t you?” said one, who looked like a galvanized mummy.

“I believe I have,” returned Peregrine Pultuney.

“Was there a brevet before you left England,” inquired the stranger.

“Oh! of course there was,” returned Peregrine Pultuney, who knew nothing at all about the matter.

“Thank you,” said the galvanized mummy; and he turned round to receive the congratulations of his friends on being made a major-general.

And then another gentleman stepped forward, a little stouter, and a little rounder than the last, and he in his turn said to Peregrine, “Did you hear of any retirements at the India House before you came away?”

“Oh! yes,” replied Peregrine, “several,” although he was as ignorant on the subject as the hotel door against which he was leaning.

“And can you remember any of the names?”

“Of course I can,” returned Peregrine, making a shy at it—“there was Colonel Smith.”

“Of the Bengal establishment?”

“ Oh! yes; the Infantry, of course,” said our hero, thinking he had the best chance in that branch of the service.

“ Thank you—thank you—that’ll do,” and he turned round to receive the congratulations of his friends on obtaining his colonelcy.

Peregrine smiled at the tremendous crowd he had made, and not thinking it prudent, after such good fortune, to hazard any further fabrications, was about to enter the house, when all the six gentlemen laid hold of him, begging for the loan of an English paper.

“ I’ve got a *Bell’s Life*,” said Peregrine.

“ Have you? the very thing,” cried a stout gentleman in tops, “ I should like to see it of all things.”

“ It smells rather of tobacco, I’m afraid,” said Peregrine; “ for I’ve got a bundle of cigars wrapt up in it.”

“ Oh! never mind,” said the sporting gentleman, who was a Bengal civilian; “ never mind what it smells of, as long as it has got an account of the Derby.”

“ Of course it has, with a picture of the winner,” returned Peregrine; “ you shall have it in five minutes.”

“ Winner! and who’s won?” cried the stout gentleman, looking quite pale with anxiety as he spoke.

“ Plenipo, of course,” replied Peregrine; and in

the midst of the confusion and excitement that this piece of information had created, Peregrine Pultuney escaped into the hotel, and discovered that, whilst he had been talking outside the door, Julian Jenks had been bespeaking apartments, and ordering a dinner of the first quality.

CHAPTER XII.

Which follows the fortunes of the long Cornet and treats largely of that gentleman's valour.

WHILST Peregrine Pultuney and Julian Jenks were behaving themselves in the manner we have described in the last chapter of our history, the long cornet was making the best of his way to Cape Town, on the back of a horse that had nothing very particular about it, except a remarkable propensity to stand still in the middle of every stream it came to, which saved it from being a common-place animal, and afforded the long cornet an excellent opportunity of showing off his skill in horsemanship to the sea-fowl, which are very numerous in that part of the world, and to half-a-dozen gentlemen in the distance, who were engaged in the pleasing occupation of cutting up a whale, which looked like a small island in the bay.

However, in spite of the vagaries of his nag, he reached Cape Town in safety, having only lost his seat once in the twenty-three miles, and even that would not have happened, if he had not been a little

out of practice, as he said, owing to the confounded voyage, during which, though a person is "riding" all the time, he has small opportunity of improving his horsemanship.

Having reached Cape Town, he did not, like Peregrine Pultuney, make the best of his way to the hotel, but he inquired of a soldier he met in the streets, the shortest way to the citadel, and the soldier being struck by the military air of the cornet, to say nothing of that officer's moustaches, put his hand to the peak of his cap, and afforded the required directions.

So the cornet turned his horse round and rode straight for the citadel, congratulating himself, as he went along, on the advantages of possessing a friend in a strange place, getting free quarters in a government building, and messing at the expense of a regiment. With these pleasant reflections in his mind, only varied a little in their character by a few obtrusive thoughts of the duel, that he was to fight on the following morning, Mr. Drawlincourt having passed over one or two bridges, and under one or two archways, and across one or two squares, and having consulted some half-a-dozen sentries on the way, found himself halting opposite the quarters of Lieutenant Peterkin, of the hundredth.

It was about three o'clock, and the lieutenant, not being on duty that day, was only recently out of bed; he was in his dressing-gown and slippers, and there was a *degagé* look about him, which,

coupled with a pale face and a pair of very blood-shot eyes, was quite enough to acquaint any keen observer of humanity with the fact that Lieutenant Peterkin had retired to bed, certainly not *before* midnight, in a very considerable state of very beastly intoxication.

He was breakfasting, for of course it was his first meal, off red herrings and porter; and a fresh-looking youth in a blue surtout, buttoned up to the chin, and a red sash about his waist, whose healthy aspect, clear eyes, and brisk manner, formed a remarkable contrast to Lieutenant Peterkin's languid attitude and look of sickly dissipation, was sitting at the table too, but not at breakfast, for he had been up since gun-fire, and was now discussing his tiffin; for people *do* tiff at the Cape of Good Hope, as every body knows who has been there.

The two officers were engaged in conversation, at least in something that was doing duty for such—the elder spoke very slowly and very languidly, and did not eat much faster, whilst the younger one talked as fast as an individual can do, who is engaged upon the pleasant task of making a hearty meal, and is too polite to speak with his mouth full.

“Well now, confound it, Allworthy,” drawled the lieutenant, as he picked the smallest imaginable piece of the red herring in his plate, looked disgusted at it, and laid down his fork again,—“confound it now, it's really too bad of you, to shirk in this way every night; diraightly ten o'clock strikes

you are off just like a shot. I declare now if you weren't such a man across country, and such a brick at billiards as you are, I should call you a downright spoon—I should, upon honour."

"Oh, I can't stand it at all," replied Ensign Allworthy, who did not care two straws whether his companion thought him a spoon or not, as long as he was all right every hunting morning to go out with Blake or "the butcher." "I can't stand all this lushing at nights; it makes one's hand shake, and spoils one's nerve. I can't stand it at all."

Now, a stern moralist might take it into his head to think that there might be many better reasons for not getting drunk, than those adduced by Ensign Allworthy, and we have no doubt that the stern moralist would be right; but as we are treating of human nature, not of angel-nature, he must not be too hard upon us, especially as upon some former occasions we have done our best to exalt humanity, without receiving any thanks or any reward from humanity for so doing.

"Ah, well," returned Lieutenant Peterkin, after another ineffectual effort to get a morsel of the dry fish up to his mouth, "you don't know what you missed last night; it was a bang-up party indeed—upon my soul a bang-up party. The major was jolly screwed and came out with a song. I'll take my oath he did, and so did Bangham. It was worth a small annuity, upon my soul it was—worth a moderate fortune and no mistake."

The ensign thought to himself that if the choice had been offered to him he would have preferred the small annuity to the song; but as his mouth happened just at that moment to be moderately full of bread and cheese, he did not make an observation to that effect.

“And then,” continued the lieutenant, throwing himself back in his chair, and flinging one leg over the corner of the table, “there was such a jolly row between Dawkins and Bangham, about which belongs to the oldest fa-a-mily. I quite expected a spree, upon my soul, I did; but they found out at last they were cousins—ha, ha, ha! cousins! And then they began hugging one another, and became as thick as three in a bed. It was worth a small annuity to have seen them, upon my soul, Allworthy, it was.”

But the gentleman thus addressed, still kept to his opinion, that he would have infinitely preferred the small annuity; and as, at this time, his mouth was empty, he expressed himself to that effect, adding a request, that the lieutenant would acquaint him with some of his own exploits on the preceding night.

“Oh! now, Allworthy, you are really too bad,” replied the lieutenant to this invitation. “You are too hard upon me, upon my soul you are. My own exploits, why I don’t know, I drank a confounded lot of wine.”

“You look as though you had,” remarked Allworthy.

“ Ah ! well, I suppose I do,” continued the lieutenant, who was of a remarkably candid disposition, and generally acknowledged that he had been drunk over night, when he had a vague idea in the morning of having been carried to his quarters. “ I suppose I am a little seedy or so—just a little—”

“ Not a little,” suggested the ensign.

“ Ah, now you are really too hard upon me, upon my soul you are, my good fellow. Well, I *was* cut, but not till the last—I’ll take my oath, not till the last. We mizzled out somewhere, I believe, and I have a sort of dim recollection that I made a confounded fool of myself; upon my soul, I believe I did.”

“ You need not swear to it,” remarked Allworthy, “ I’ll believe you without that.”

“ You certainly are va-a-ry hard upon me,” continued Lieutenant Peterkin, as he laid the silver mug, from which he had been drinking, on the table; “ but I’ll forgive you, upon my soul I will, for you are a good fellow in your way;” and having given vent to his magnanimity in this manner, he rose from his chair and flung himself at full length on a sofa, having previously kicked off a large setter dog, who had been lying there all the morning.

“ Well,” he said, stretching out his long legs, and throwing one of his arms languidly over the back of the couch. “ Upon my [soul there’s nothing like stout when you’ve been screwed over

night. Take my word for it, malt's your only—it is, I'll take my oath ;” and having delivered this speech in the style of one who ought to know something about the matter, he requested the ensign to reach him the mug, and took a tolerable long swig to prove the sincerity of the opinion he had expressed.

He had no sooner performed this feat, than his servant entered, and put into his hand a glazed card, with some letters engraved upon it, in such remarkably small text, that a short-sighted man would have required the assistance of an uncommonly strong magnifying glass to have deciphered them. But Lieutenant Peterkin, though he was often blind-drunk, was not organically blind, so he read the name on the card, and drawled out “ Show him in, Williams,” and then turning to **Ensign Allworthy**, said—“ Here's a friend out of a ship, my good fellow, Allworthy, I must make you acquainted with him. Drawlincourt of the ——— Dragoons, a monstrous fine fellow, on my soul. Ah ! Drawlincourt, glad to see you—Allworthy, Mr. Drawlincourt, of the ——— Dragoons—Drawlincourt, Mr. Allworthy of the 120th ;” and having gone through this ceremony of introduction, and shaken the long cornet by his two middle fingers, Lieutenant Peterkin, who very much to his personal inconvenience had been obliged to sit up for a minute, stretched himself again at full length, and exclaimed, “ Drawlincourt, I've got such a

headach, upon my soul I have, it's just as though they were sponging out my head with a sponge-staff and boring a gimblet through my brain. Do you know what *that* sensation is—I'll take my oath it's just like it."

"I can't say that I do," returned Drawlincourt, who thought the description was somewhat confused, but had too much politeness to say so.

"Well then, perhaps you know what it is to be confoundedly seedy," continued Lieutenant Peterkin; and this time the long cornet was candid enough to own the soft impeachment, which led to a great deal of desultory conversation about claret and champagne, and sherry and porter, and this elicited a question as to the excellence of the wines on board the *Hastings*, and the wines led naturally enough to the passengers, a subject which drew out the cornet in great force, and was the occasion of as grand a display of blasphemy and abuse as ever reverberated through the hallowed precincts of Billingsgate.

"And to crown it all," continued the cornet, who had worked himself up into a state of feeling bordering upon insanity, which was sufficiently denoted by a livid face, rolling eyes, and a foaming mouth; "to crown it all, I was publicly insulted by a blackguard cadet, an upstart hobbledehoy, whom I would not have spoken to anywhere else but on board ship—a confounded levelling place as it is. Publicly insulted, sir, grossly insulted, and

then put under arrest!" and so great was the excitement under which the cornet laboured, after delivering himself of this last speech, that he strode up and down the room like a maniac, grasping a dessert knife in his hand, and furiously masticating a mouthful of cheese.

When, by this process of locomotion, the intensity of the long cornet's feelings had been in some small measure subdued, Lieutenant Peterkin, who was taking as much pleasure in the scene as a person desperately seedy can take in any thing, ventured to ask in what manner the audacious cadet had insulted him, thinking within himself that the question was almost sure to lash the sensibilities of Cornet Drawlincourt into a still more furious whirlpool of excitement.

Nor was he mistaken; almost inarticulate with passion, the long cornet spluttered out—"How did he insult me? you may well ask. How should you think he insulted me?—grossly, sir—disgracefully, sir, he—he—he—he—he *horsewhipped me!*"

Upon this announcement Lieutenant Peterkin drew himself up with a long breath, whistled in a most extraordinary manner, and exclaimed "Hoi-ty-toi-ty!" in a sort of ascending scale, which we find great difficulty in describing on paper.

The cornet seated himself down utterly exhausted. Ensign Allworthy smiled and hid his face in his porter-mug; whilst Lieutenant Peterkin rubbed his hands between his knees and put on a most extraordinary grimace.

“And what do you intend to do?” asked the latter gentleman, who delighted in a spree of this kind, as long as he was not a principal party, and who now thought that he saw a pleasant prospect before him.

“Do!” cried the long cornet, “*crush him!*” and he suited the action to the word with a stamp of the foot that might have flattened a rhinoceros into tortoise-shell combs.

“Ah! true,” drawled Lieutenant Peterkin, in a sneering voice, amiably intended to exasperate the cornet, if possible, still more.

“Every body determines upon crushing his enemy, and a very laudable determination it is too; but, don’t you think, Drawlincourt, that the word is just a *little* vague?”

“Vague! curse him,” cried Drawlincourt, “he shan’t find it vague either. I’ll make pretty plain demonstrations; yes, that I will, on the varmint’s hide.”

“There’s some sense in that,” remarked Peterkin; “you can polish him off in the *Heeren gracht*, and mind you tell me when you do it, that I may not be far off.”

The long cornet looked astonished, did his best to get up a smile, found it was a failure, so gave it up in despair, and contented himself with observing instead, that Lieutenant Peterkin had mistaken altogether the nature of the demonstrations alluded to, which were of a far more deadly nature, than any to

be made with the fist. "In fact," said Drawlincourt, "I intend to shoot him."

"Ah! you can do that afterwards," suggested Lieutenant Peterkin, who had an amiable desire to make as much as he could out of the matter in hand, and who did not at all relish the idea of passing over the preliminary stage of the proceedings. "You must horsewhip him first, you know—upon my soul, you must horsewhip him first, so as to meet him on equal terms, my good fellow; you must see the force of *that*."

But the long cornet was most provokingly blind, and he did *not* see the force of that; moreover, he had especial reasons of his own for not entering upon such an adventure. He thought it was decidedly low—undignified—plebeian; besides the issue thereof wore a dubious aspect in the mind of the long cornet, which prevented him from seeing his way very clearly to the end of the business. The memory of his late horsewhipping was still fresh in his mind; and he had derived too much personal inconvenience therefrom to desire a repetition of the dose, which was very likely to be the upshot of an attempt upon his part to polish off Peregrine Pultuney. So he prudently demurred to the suggestion of Lieutenant Peterkin, and hinted that, as he had thrown a glass of wine into the face of his enemy at the outset of the affair, there was not so much disparity between them after all.

"A pity," said Lieutenant Peterkin; "upon my

soul it's a pity, that you should not serve the rascal out handsomely, as of course, Drawlincourt, you can?"

"Oh! yes; of course I can," returned Drawlincourt eagerly. "Of course I can—a mere boy. Indeed I don't see exactly that it becomes me to call him out."

"Ah! very well then," said Lieutenant Peterkin, who was still harping upon the prospects of a row in the Heeren-gracht; "very well—precisely so, Drawlincourt. If it does not become you to call him out, it becomes you to thrash him for his impertinence; so, as I said before, you had better do that first, and then trust to Providence* for the consequence."

But as the consequences did not promise to be of a peculiarly gratifying nature, and as the long cornet, who was religiously disposed, did not like to be beholden to Providence for any favours which he could not be grateful for, this proposal did not meet with as cordial a welcome as Lieutenant Peterkin could have wished. "No, no," said Drawlincourt, "perhaps it would be better to *meet* the boy; unless I—I—that is to say unless I——"

"Were to kick him," suggested the lieutenant.

"No, no," resumed Drawlincourt; "I don't mean that—I mean—you see—that perhaps as he is such a child, a mere cadet, you know, I shouldn't get much credit if I were to pink him, or kick him, or horsewhip him, or any thing of that kind; and

perhaps it would serve him out best if I were to bring him to a court-martial."

Lieutenant Peterkin was so lost in astonishment upon hearing this last proposal, that he was unable to utter a word; but the silence that ensued in consequence, was taken advantage of by Ensign Allworthy, who had been employed all this time in diminishing, by about seven-eighths, the supply of bread and cheese on the table, and assisting digestion by the aid of a few charitable reflections, to the effect that he considered Cornet Drawlincourt the greatest ass he had ever met with in his life, and that it would give him a particular measure of satisfaction to inflict personal chastisement upon him on the spot.

Improving upon the opportunity presented to him by the silence of Lieutenant Peterkin, this gentleman laid down his knife and remarked, "But there is a serious objection, sir, to that."

"What objection, sir?" asked the long cornet.

"Oh! simply," replied Allworthy, stretching out his legs, as he spoke, and sliding forward on the seat of his chair,—“simply, sir, that if the gentleman is only a cadet, it is doubtful, sir, whether you *can* try him."

"To be sure not," ejaculated Lieutenant Peterkin, who was by this time sufficiently recovered to speak; "to be sure not, he has not got his commission. Court martial! Stuff and nonsense—court-plaister for your wounded honour. Upon my soul, Drawlincourt, I couldn't have believed it, if I

had not heard it with my own ears. Court-martial! a pretty figure you would cut. No, no, Drawlin-court, that's not the ticket—upon my soul, that's not the ticket. If you have come here to ask my advice you must do something better than that. If you have not, I will hold my tongue—upon my soul I will hold my tongue, and have nothing to say to the business."

Lieutenant Peterkin, who was somewhat disappointed, and to do him justice, somewhat disgusted, for though he was a dissolute fellow, he was by no means deficient in pluck, uttered these last words in such a very decided manner, that the long cornet began to apprehend serious consequences at the hands of his friend, and thinking that it was better to have one enemy than two, and utterly despairing of its being possible to escape without fighting at least one duel, he abandoned himself, with a heavy sigh, to the tender mercies of the lieutenant, and magnanimously left the arrangement of the whole affair to that very disinterested individual.

"Well now, there's some sense in that—upon my soul there's some sense in that," observed the lieutenant, as he rose from the couch, in a sort of business-like way, as though he were in a hurry to begin. "We'll do the thing in good style, I promise you—not a single flaw in the indictment. Now for it, now Drawlin-court, we'll begin if you please. What is the fellow's name?"

"Pultuncy," replied the cornet, endeavouring to

assume an air of supreme indifference, which was about as successful as the last efforts of a drowning cat to look pleased with its position. "Peregrine Pultuney, *cadet*."

At this announcement Ensign Allworthy, who, having finished his lunch and arrived at a conclusion that, on the whole, it would be more decorous in him to make himself scarce, was upon the point of leaving the room, began whistling with uncommon vehemence, and smiling and nodding his head in the pleasantest manner in the world.

"Hallo! Allworthy," cried the astonished lieutenant, who was an involuntary spectator of these passages of pantomime, "what the deuce is the matter with you, man?"

"Oh! nothing," replied the gentleman addressed, "nothing." Then turning to the cornet, he asked, in the politest manner conceivable, "You don't happen to know, do you, sir, where Mr. Pultuney has taken up his quarters?"

The long cornet did know very well. He had, "of course," made a point of informing himself that he might know how to address his challenge and all that sort of thing; though in reality he had gained the intelligence by a mere accident, with the nature of which we are not acquainted.

"But what," asked the lieutenant, "what the devil—you don't know the hound, do you?"

"I don't know *the hound*, certainly," returned Ensign Allworthy, in a tone of dignified rebuke;

“but if you mean that expression, as appears probable, to bear reference to Mr. Peregrine Pultuney, I will tell you that I *do* know him, and that a finer fellow never walked the earth and honoured it by so doing. Good morning, gentlemen, any commands at the George?” And with this brief expression of irony, Mr. Allworthy bowed to his friends, and set out to see that cherished old schoolfellow, of whom he had so often thought during the last two years with the kindest feelings of affectionate regret.

We will leave him to find his way to George's, whilst we briefly relate how Lieutenant Peterkin and the long cornet drew up a hostile epistle to Peregrine Pultuney, politely requesting him to name the earliest convenient time, and the nearest convenient place for an interchange of leaden civilities; how the cornet, who secretly hoped that the letter would miscarry, received an answer much sooner than he expected, naming the very next morning, and some place or other in the outskirts of the town, between the Simon's bay road and the sea; how Lieutenant Peterkin was much better pleased than the cornet, with the prospects before them; and how the former gentleman, as a matter of course, asked the latter to the mess; how Mr. Drawlincourt drank a great deal of wine, made several wretched attempts at being merry, which reminded one forcibly of the humour of a boy, who puts his tongue out on his way up to be flogged;

and, finally, retired to bed maudlin drunk, with a sort of vague impression on his mind that he was to be hanged on the following morning.

But where the cornet went to bed, and what were the consequences of choosing the dormitory he did, are matters of such importance to this history, that we must reserve them for the next chapter.

CHAPTER XIII.

In which the uncertainty of human calculations is very strikingly and pleasantly exemplified.

It is a fact—and we have kept ourselves to facts in this history, leaving inferences, opinions, sentiments, and other things of that sort to shift for themselves, as well as they can—that her Majesty, though she provides accommodation for her military servants, in all her garrison towns, does not trouble herself, quite so much as she ought to do, about the friends of her military servants, by laying aside any particular quarters for the entertainment of gentlemen, who are either unwilling or unable to go home after they have dined. Thus it happened that Lieutenant Peterkin (the case having been the same in *his* Majesty's time,) could not very conveniently offer his friend Cornet Drawlincourt a bed, without magnanimously giving up his own, a stretch of disinterestedness upon his part, to which he did not feel disposed to give way. Nor, on the other hand, did Cornet Drawlincourt, who, as our

readers will have already discovered, had a tolerable idea of his own self-importance, feel the least inclined to pay any practical attention to the suggestions of Lieutenant Peterkin, concerning "doubling up" and "taking a shake-down," things, as everybody knows, by no means consonant with the dignity of so great a man as the long cornet. Besides, that gentleman had for the last two months been luxuriating in what is called "a standing berth," (somewhat in the same way as an army is called *standing*, because it is always moving about,) at least two feet and a half shorter than his own longitudinal proportions; and so it was but natural that upon going ashore he should sigh for a regular shore-going bed, with white curtains, four posts, live-stock, and all in the regular way.

And so the long cornet ordered a bed at George's, to which he betook himself, as we observed in the last chapter, in a state of maudlin intoxication. He was not very drunk; but this deficiency was by no means attributable to any laxity of endeavour upon his part, for he tried very hard to do the thing genteelly, and to stupify himself into the brute; but there was too much on his mind to admit of its being obscured by any such process; his teeming thoughts, in spite of all his endeavours to "drown them in the bowl," *would* assert their supremacy, and loudly; the quantity that he drank that night would at any other time have rolled him under the table, but as it was, with the duel in prospect, the most

that he could do was to get maudlin, and this, instead of bettering his condition, only plunged him into deeper misery. He saw nothing but pistols before him, and the reports of the morrow's weapons were ringing prospectively in his ears.

It was about eleven o'clock, when he passed beneath the outer gateway of the fort; he walked rapidly, as though he were trying to walk away from himself; he reached the Heeren-gracht, inquired his way of a patrol, and at last found his way to George's. There he stirred up a lazy waiter, called for soda-water and brandy, desired to be awoke at daybreak, and made his way to his dormitory, along a narrow passage with little rooms on either side.

It was a superfluous request altogether that last; for inasmuch as Cornet Drawlincourt had very little prospect of sleeping a wink all night, there was not much use in, or indeed, to speak the truth, much facility of waking him again in the morning. But it is a remarkable fact, that people who are going to do something they have never done before in their lives, always make a point of conducting themselves precisely as though they had been in the habit of doing it every day. Thus, we have been informed by a very old gentleman, who ought to know something about these matters, that no one was ever known to cut his throat in the morning, without winding up his watch and putting his feet in warm water the over night.

But to return to the cornet. He undressed himself as usual, and, as though he were anxious to delude even himself with a show of indifference, he hummed a tune as he was brushing his moustaches, smiled at himself once or twice in the glass, put his patent-leather boots on the trees, from which, except when on service, they were never allowed to be absent for a moment, and jumped into bed, as usual, without saying his prayers. He was resolute to do nothing out of his common routine, lest such should be a tacit acknowledgment to himself that he did not feel quite as usual. We should have thought, that one's ownself is the last person in the world, before whom any one would take the trouble to play the hypocrite; but it is a fact, and a very remarkable one, that we cheat ourselves even more than we cheat our neighbours, and take a deal more trouble to do it.

But there was one point on which the cornet could not deceive himself. He could not imagine himself to be going off soundly to sleep as usual, whilst he was tossing about restlessly on his bed, and sleep fled his pillow like a scarecrow. However, he tried to think that he was kept awake by the wine he had drunk—by the strange bed—by the noise in the street, though that never amounted to any thing more than an occasional caterwauling—in short, by any thing in the world rather than the prospects of the duel he was to fight on the following morning. But in spite of this, morning came

at last, as it always will do if we wait long enough for it, and the long cornet rose from his sleepless bed, looked at himself in the glass, and was quite shocked to see how pale he was looking—how ill—how ghastly—but this was of course the wine, the bad night he had passed, any thing rather than the duel. But we live in a misjudging world, and as Cornet Drawlinecourt prided himself considerably on the knowledge he possessed thereof, it was very natural that he should have done his best to neutralize the palour which overspread his long face, and which might, by some censorious persons, be attributed to the absence of a quality he possessed in an extraordinary degree. So he opened his dressing-case, and, having washed and shaved himself, applied the tip of his middle finger to a small rouge pot, kept by him for theatrical purposes; having done this, he applied his finger to his cheeks, and in a few minutes looked quite blooming.

Then he began to make a most elaborate toilet, because he thought it would look like collectedness; and it was well for him that no one was looking on, for he made two or three blunders, which spoke of any thing rather than the quality aspired to—he drew his right boot on to his left foot, began cleaning his teeth with a boot hook, and one or two other little things of this sort, not exactly denoting a collected state of mind. However he was dressed in time, and when Lieutenant Peterkin, according to agreement, tapped at the cornet's door, about sun-

rise, he found that gentleman drawing on a lemon-coloured glove, and taking a final glance at his boots.

“ Ah! Drawlincourt, all ready I see,” observed Lieutenant Peterkin as he shut the bed-room door after him; “ that’s the ticket; it is indeed—upon my soul that’s the ticket. You have not been waiting for me long, I hope?”

“ Oh! dear no,” replied the cornet, aiming at a *nonchalant* effect by catching a blue-bottle fly—“ oh! dear no—I’m only just ready—the fact is, I—I—I overslept myself a little. I think, Peterkin, I was a trifle cut last night—just a trifle—I look rather pale, don’t I—a little seedy or so?”

Lieutenant Peterkin looked at his friend approvingly, said he didn’t look at all pale, and passed sundry panegyrics on his valour, all of which Cornet Drawlincourt pocketed with feelings of the utmost satisfaction at his own excessive ingenuity.

But he would not let himself appear to be flattered by them, and received them as matters of course. “ Pooh—pooh! Peterkin,” he said, poking his friend facetiously in the ribs, “ it’s all very well for boys, you know, like that Pultuney, to feel any thing out of the common on such occasions as this; but for old stagers, like you and me—Pooh! Pooh! It’s too ridiculous,” and the very idea of the thing set him off into a laugh, which resembled a badly managed fit of hysterics.

There certainly was something “ too ridiculous” in the idea of the long cornet’s being an old stager, and it is no wonder at all that he should have laughed

at it; for as Mr. Drawlincourt had never seen any thing like a duel, except at Drury-lane, in the play of the *Rivals*, there was something so exquisitely humorous in this piece of self-portraiture, that it might have tickled the fancy of an ascetic.

“ True—true,” returned Lieutenant Peterkin, looking at his watch, “ upon my soul, it is quite true—old stagers like us—exactly—leave fear to the boys—of course; *that* Pultuney’s nothing of a shot—a regular green—eh? Drawlincourt.”

“ Why—why—why—I don’t exactly know what to say about that,” returned the cornet, who had a lively recollection in his mind that Peregrine Pultuney had once knocked over a Mother Carey’s chicken with a rifle ball, and had besides winged more albatrosses and Cape hens, and broken more bottles than all the rest of the passengers in the *Hastings* put together; “ I don’t exactly know what to say about that, Peterkin—*mais n’importe*—the fellow’s a passable shot—but I flatter myself, I’m a better.”

It was certainly the height of flattery on the cornet’s part, and the most palpable to the person flattered, inasmuch as that Mr. Drawlincourt had once lost five pounds in an ineffectual attempt to break as many bottles in thirty as Peregrine did in ten shots. However, there is nothing equal to the “ gross and palpable,” whilst you’re about it, and if a man chooses to flatter himself, it is hard if he may not do it effectually.

“ I’ve no doubt of it,” observed the lieutenant,

“and my pistols are real darlings—upon my soul they are real darlings. They’ll shoot a man of their own accord—I’ll take my oath—without any aim. You’ve only to pull the trigger and shut your eyes if you like.”

The long cornet thought it was very possible that he might shut his eyes without liking it; but he did not express himself to that effect. It is probable too, that had his colour been real, it would have forsaken him at that moment, for it is close work, and sounds like reality when your second begins to talk about his pistols being real darlings. However, the long cornet was acting vigorously, so he got up a sort of a laugh, and asked Lieutenant Peterkin if he had been engaged in affairs of this nature *very* often.

“Oh! yes—very,” returned the lieutenant—“and the last time it was such a go—upon my soul it was such a go!”

Now this last was the *only* time as well—but the word “last!” is a very convenient one, for without the speaker telling an untruth, by using it dexterously, he may imply the pre-existence of an indefinite number of events similar to the one of which he has been speaking, and every body must know how very convenient that is.

“How was that?” asked Mr. Drawlincourt, who didn’t care a straw how it was, but who was anxious to delay, as long as possible, the fingering of the “real darlings,” out of a merciful desire, no

doubt, to give his enemy more time to prepare himself for a journey to the next world. "How was that, Peterkin—eh?"

The lieutenant looked again at his watch, found that he had just three minutes to spare, which he could not occupy more advantageously, than in the narration of a personal anecdote, redounding so very much to his own honour as the history of his last duel; and then began informing Mr. Drawlincourt how he had, *one night*, got "horridly cut" at the mess; how his companions had carried him to bed, and, not being much better than himself, had amused themselves with the pleasant diversion of shaving off his—Lieutenant Peterkin's—whiskers and eye-brows, and polishing his cheeks with Day and Martin's blacking; how he, Lieutenant Peterkin, upon discovering this in the morning, had waxed alarmingly wrath, and placed a challenge on the mess library table, to one and all of the perpetrators of the insulting act; how one and all of the perpetrators answered the challenge, and how they drew lots which should fight, with sundry other little incidents relating to the combat, which served to show off the military character in a peculiarly favourable point of view.

"And now," cried Lieutenant Peterkin, slapping his companion very humorously on the small of the back, "now to business. We shall just be in time: the real darlings are in the buggy—and we'll breakfast here when we come back."

“Breakfast!” ejaculated Mr. Drawlincourt, fairly taken off his guard for a moment.

“Of course,” returned Lieutenant Peterkin, “we can order it as we go down.”

“True—very good—ah!” said the cornet, who saw that there was no possible means of escape, and so very prudently resolved to put the best face he could on the matter.

“We can—very good—it will give one an appetite. Won’t it give one an appetite, Peterkin?”

“Of course it will,” replied that gentleman; “But what the devil is this?”

The lieutenant looked at the cornet, and the cornet looked at the lieutenant, both in a state of speechless astonishment. Somebody had locked the door outside; and the two young officers were incarcerated in a single-bedded room ten feet square.

The lieutenant tried the handle again, but still his efforts were quite bootless. He pushed and kicked, but the door was a strong one. He called out, but no one heard.

Then Lieutenant Peterkin turned round to the cornet, and said in an angry voice, whilst that gentleman did his best to appear vexed at the disappointment, but had the utmost difficulty in concealing his delight. “Explain this, sir—I have not come here to be made a fool of—upon my soul I have not come here to be made a fool of; so tell me, who locked that door?”

“Why really, Peterkin,” replied the cornet, “there’s no occasion to be in a rage about it. To be sure it’s very annoying, but I give you my word and honour, I know no more about it than yourself,” and to do the long cornet justice he spoke the truth, although he would willingly at that moment have given half his fortune to the perpetrator of the kindly act.

Upon this, Lieutenant Peterkin began incontinently to pour forth a volley of oaths, which had not the least effect upon the door, any more than the kicks which he plentifully administered, and which only hurt his own feet without bringing a soul to his assistance. At last, fairly exhausted by his strenuous exertions, he sunk upon a chair and cried, “What’s to be done?”

“We must force the lock,” said the long cornet.

“What with?” asked the lieutenant.

“Oh!” cried Mr. Drawlincourt, eagerly, in the highest spirits imaginable, to all appearance, at the prospect of a speedy release, “I’ve plenty of things that will do it;” and he immediately seized the least likely thing in the room to answer the purpose, not intended but *pretended*, and that thing was a razor.

Most zealously did the long cornet set to work, and even sooner than he had designed, the blade of the razor broke in two, and the handle soon followed its example.

“Now what on earth *are* we to do? if we make a noise we disturb the house, and then we shall get discovered, and be bound over to keep the peace, or something equally annoying; besides, we might kick till dooms-day before we shall get heard at the end of this confounded long passage, curse it!”

As Mr. Drawlincourt blessed the long passage in his heart, he thought that he was entitled to curse it verbally. But there was some truth in what he said, although, we are afraid he would not have hesitated to say it, even at the risk of a slight infraction thereof; for it so happened that the long cornet's dormitory was situated at the end of a long row of little bed-rooms with wooden partitions, intended, we believe, to provide against an unusual influx of ship-passengers; and as the only people who had slept in the neighbourhood of Mr Drawlincourt, were Peregrine Pultuney and Julian Jenks, who had been gone half an hour, it is probable that the cornet and his friend at that early hour might have kicked a long time, without attracting attention.

• So here they were in a dilemma, at six o'clock in the morning, locked up in a close bed-room, when they ought to have been so pleasantly engaged in blowing out a fellow-creature's brains in the fresh air. It was really very annoying, and how came it? who could have locked them up? They cudgelled their brains for some time, without producing any thing worth putting into words.

But at last the long cornet exclaimed, "I've hit it, Peterkin—I really think I've hit it; that fellow Pultuney has locked us up."

Upon this Lieutenant Peterkin streamed forth with a collection of very choice blasphemous expressions, cursing the eyes, the limbs, and the soul of Peregrine Pultuney individually, besides taking them all in one comprehensive curse, which if it had been as effective as it was violent, would have consigned that young gentleman to eternal perdition without benefit of clergy. Having done this, he called our hero a sneaking hound, and several other names all equally applicable, and finished by expressing a full determination to horsewhip Mr. Pultuney on his own account.

In the mean time Master Peregrine and Julian Jenks, having been directed thereto on the preceding evening by Ensign Allworthy, were kicking their heels about the appointed place, and wondering when Drawlincourt would come.

"There must be some mistake," observed Peregrine Pultuney,—“we must have got to the wrong place.”

“Not at all,” returned Jenks; “I’ll take my oath that Allworthy brought us here yesterday. There is a log of wood here I can’t forget, for the outline of it is like Doleton’s face.”

“Poor Doleton,” sighed Peregrine Pultuney, who even at such a time could think of another much more readily than he could think about himself.

“I’m sure it is the right place,” continued Jenks.

It was a place indeed not to be mistaken, though to a person passing carelessly by for the first time, there was nothing remarkable about it. It was a low field almost swampy, with a view of the sea on one side and with the citadel visible on the other. The place pointed out by Allworthy to the young men was under the lee of a bank, which was well calculated to render the combatants invisible from the only place where people were likely to be passing. “I’m sure it’s the place,” said Julian Jenks—“I’m quite sure it’s the place.”

“The place,” suggested Peregrine, “that Allworthy showed us to; but not the place pointed out by Drawlincourt.”

“Pooh,” returned Julian Jenks, “Drawlincourt knows nothing about it; his place is his second’s place, and Allworthy told us that Peterkin, or whatever his name is, had once fought a duel there himself, and that was the reason he fixed upon the spot. Allworthy said that he officiated upon that occasion; so surely he ought to know.”

This seemed to settle the point. Peregrine Pultuney observed, that it was very odd, and asked Julian Jenks if he would shy up his hat for a shot.

Julian Jenks, who was a good-natured fellow, complied with Peregrine’s request, and had to disburse twenty rix-dollars for a new tile in consequence of his compliance.

Then they walked up and down a little, wondered

every minute, talked, took a few more shots at the crippled tile by way of practice, looked at their watches, looked out for Drawlincourt, and finally settled that he was not coming.

“The sneaking hound,” exclaimed Julian Jenks.

“He’s afraid; depend upon it, he’s afraid.”

“I think there must be some mistake,” suggested Peregrine, very charitably. “I’ll give him a little more grace yet.”

Peregrine Pultuney gave him an hour’s grace, at the expiration of which time his friend’s hat resembled a decayed pepper pot. He had not gone all that way-for nothing; he had drilled a hat through and through, and was just as well satisfied as if there had been a head in it.

Then the two friends set out for a morning ride; they had ridden to the “trysting place” on horseback, and now, despairing utterly of meeting Drawlincourt, they galloped off towards Constantia.

Leaving these two young gentlemen to scamper on at the full speed of Mr. Stone’s hacks, we will conduct our readers to a little room near Mr. George’s kitchen, where two very humble individuals, were making an early breakfast.

One of these was our friend Peer Khan, who had been compelled for the last two years to adopt the English mode of feeding; and the other was a middle-aged lady, named Stevenson, who had been officiating on board the *Hastings* in the capacity of the Miss Gowanspecs’ maid.

Mrs. Stevenson was much attached to Peer Khan, because, as she said, he was so willing always to make himself of use in assisting her; but there were some on board the ship, and Peregrine was amongst them, who knowing that there were more ways than one in which he made himself of use, always smiled to hear Mrs. Stevenson commending him. But be that as it may, these two were making their breakfast together, when the following conversation ensued.

“ Ah! Mrs. E-stebenson,” said Peer Khan, “ I know you very glad to hear—I know you like my master, he good gentleman—you like Mr. Pultun, I know.”

“ Yes, Peer Khan, yes,” returned Mrs. Stevenson, approvingly. “ He’s a very nice young gentleman indeed, and I know somebody else too, who thinks the same, that I do. It’s his own fault, if he doesn’t do what he likes in that quarter; I can tell you that much, Mister Peer Khan.”

“ Ah! Mrs. E-stebenson” continued the Mahomedan, as he replaced his cup in his saucer. “ Ever body love my master.”

“ And one of my young ladies loves him in particular,” said Mrs. Stevenson; “ but what was that you were going to tell me?”

“ Yes, Mrs. E-stebenson, I tell not make dellay any more. My master, you know, and Mr. Dollinguts kick up great dunga in sip; my master beat Mr. Dollinguts, then captain sahib, make bond, shut

up, Mrs. E-stebenson, you know then, my master he come on shore, and Mr. Dollinguts he come too. My master give me pistol to clean, then I hear him talk Mr. Chenk. He say he soot long nut-kut in leg, if long nut-kut not soot lie."

Here Mrs. Stevenson interrupted the speaker by asking what a nut-kut meant, "You have such funny words, Mr. Peer Khan."

"Not funny words, Mrs. E-stebenson that nut-kut bad word, very. You Englese say ruska—bad man."

"And a very proper name too for that Drawlin-court," said Mrs. Stevenson.

"Ah, Mrs. E-stebenson, that true word, he very bad gentleman indeed,—he not love my master."

"Never mind that, my dear," suggested Mrs. Stevenson, "but tell me more about the pistols."

"Yes; I tell. I know Mr. Dollinguts and my master want fight. I know Mr. Dollinguts make esleep in this Punch house."

"Dear me, Mr. Peer Khan," interrupted Mrs. Stevenson, "I beg you won't call any house I and my young ladies is in, by such an ignomin-i-ous name."

"It custom in my country, Mrs. E-stebenson. I know master go fight, so I lie watch, see Mr. Dollinguts come home—know he give hookham to call at five o'clock; my master give hookham too. I see my master have pistol on table when dress—I see estrange gentleman go in Mr. Dollinguts room, so I turn key, bund door. My master go out, Mr. Dol-

linguts he not can go; he make plenty noise, I hear all, nobody else hear, I know, then I laugh, ha, ha! He not get out till I open," and this reflection seemed to be productive of so pleasant a train of thought in Peer Khan's mind, that he laid his hands on his side, and laughed a merry peal, long and obstreperous. "Well, I never!" exclaimed Mrs. Stevenson, and she might have said something more if she had not heard a bell ringing somewhat violently, and been told by the housemaid that it was "her missuse's."

CHAPTER XIV.

Showing how Peregrine Pultuney and Julian Jenks amused themselves at the Cape of Good Hope.

WHEN Peregrine Pultuney and Julian Jenks reached home, which they did about ten o'clock, they both felt prodigiously hungry, and it is no very great wonder that they did, for a twenty miles ride before breakfast, is generally considered to be a tolerable stimulus to the appetite. There are some very excellent cray-fish to be got at the Cape, which we highly recommend to gentlemen, who are not troubled with weak digestions; and in this category must certainly be included Peregrine Pultuney and Julian Jenks, who devoured a plate of the said cray-fish without ever knowing that they had such a thing as a digestion to tamper with, thereby strikingly exemplifying the truth of the poet's observation, that, "where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise."

It may be thought by the superficial reader, that a man, or a hobbledchey rather, at eighteen, has

no business with a bad digestion, nor, under ordinary circumstances, indeed, has he ; but we have already observed, that the Addiscombe seminary is a nursery for bad digestions, and that the cadet who escapes being made there dyspeptic for life, is an uncommonly fortunate individual. Peregrine Pultuney and Julian Jenks were fortunate individuals, or they could never have made such a breakfast as they did, without paying for it by an attack of dyspepsia.

The meal being over, and Julian Jenks having declared that he would not call the king his uncle, or something to that unloyal effect, strolled out of the room, humming a tune, whilst Peregrine Pultuney put his legs upon a chair, and began with the utmost assiduity, to study Dutch, on the Hamiltonian system, in the columns of the *Zuid Afrikain* newspaper.

He had not long been engaged in this laudable pursuit of knowledge, when a waiter put a card into his hand and informed him that Lieutenant Peterkin, of the hundredth, was anxious for a personal interview with our hero, and was at the door waiting for admittance.

“Show him in,” said Peregrine Pultuney, in a tone of assumed affectation—“show the gentleman in.”

So the gentleman was accordingly shown in, and Peregrine had the satisfaction of finding himself closeted with a slight, rather gentlemanly but de-

baunched looking man, with an uncommonly small waist, a blue surtout, and a glass screwed into the corner of his eye, after a fashion so indicative of extreme ingenuity, that it has always excited in us the most unqualified approbation, and baffled all our endeavours at attaining, on our own account, the degree of skill necessary to its adoption.

Peregrine laid down the newspaper, bowed slightly, took the lieutenant's card into his hand, as though to fortify himself against the chance of making a mistake, and then, with an air of extreme politeness, observed, "Good morning, Mr.—Peterkin."

The lieutenant bowed slightly too, hemmed three or four times, and then presumed that he was addressing Mr. Pultuney's friend.

"Certainly," returned Peregrine, "certainly—I believe, sir, it may be laid down as an incontrovertible dogma, that no man has a more zealous, a more solicitous friend than he possesses in his own person—I am Mr. Pultuney's friend, sir—that is, I am Mr. Pultuney."

As this answer was something totally different from what the lieutenant expected to receive, it need not be a matter of much surprise that he was a little staggered by the cool philosophy of Peregrine Pultuney's rejoinder. However, he soon recovered himself and observed, that there had been some mistake or other, as he did not wish to see the principal, but the principal's friend, it being neces-

sary always that these little matters should be formerly arranged. He therefore begged Mr. Pultuncy's pardon, wished him good morning, and would have withdrawn, if Peregrine had not called him back.

"There's nothing like treating with principals," said that young gentleman, in a tone of voice, which, had it been real, ought to have been rewarded with a horsewhip—"nothing like principals, depend upon it, Mr. Peter—ah! Mr. Peter-kin. It saves trouble, sir, and confusion and all that sort of thing. There's nothing like dealing with principals."

"Well," returned the lieutenant, "I don't care—upon my soul I don't care a straw. It's all the same to me whom I treat with, sir. I have come from Mr. Drawlincourt."

"So I supposed, sir," said Peregrine Pultuncy.

"And I am that gentleman's friend," continued the lieutenant—"he has placed his honour in my keeping."

"That was prudent in him," remarked Peregrine Pultuncy, "for he kept it very badly himself."

"Sir!" ejaculated the lieutenant.

"I say," continued Peregrine Pultuncy, "he took such bad care of his honour on board ship, that it had wasted away into a mere skeleton, before we had crossed the line. If you intend, sir, to take it to dry-nurse, I hope you will get it into better condition."

"Sir!" again ejaculated the lieutenant, for it was

beginning to dawn upon his faculties that instead of catching a greenhorn, he had caught a Tartar, and there was something in this discovery very subversive of Lieutenant Peterkin's equanimity. He had expected to have carried it all his own way, to have bullied the griffs, and to have magnified himself; but instead of this he was looking smaller and smaller every moment—he was no match for Peregrine Pultuney.

“Sir,” ejaculated the lieutenant.

“Well,” said Peregrine,—who was desirous of coming to the point without any further preliminaries,—“if you, sir, are the guardian of Cornet Drawlincourt's honour, perhaps you can explain why it was found wanting this morning—why I was disappointed by not finding it in attendance at the proper time?”

“Disappointed!” exclaimed Mr. Peterkin.

“Yes, sir, disappointed,” continued Peregrine, “and a very expensive disappointment too, sir. Do you know, Mr. Peterkin, that in the absence of a living target, I was obliged to practice on my friend's hat. There, sir, at fifteen paces!—now just tell me what would have become of Mr. Drawlincourt if his head had been inside *that* ;” and as Peregrine said this he held up, in triumph, with a pair of tongs, Jenks's beaver, which was literally drilled through and through like a cullender.

Lieutenant Peterkin's long face looked still longer as he eyed the perforated tile, and remarked

with an air of assumed indifference: "In that?—why, yes, he would have been in Quicer-street—upon my soul, he would have been in Queer-street; unless he was a deveylish good shot, and had managed to pink you first."

"Very good," returned Peregrine Pultuney; "and now, sir, I will be obliged by your accounting for the absence of Mr. Drawlincourt's skeleton honour, at the very moment when it was most wanted."

"I do not precisely understand you, sir," drawled Peterkin—"upon my soul I do not understand you; but perhaps it is your wish, sir, to insult *me*? If so"—and he looked fierce, but thought it expedient not to finish the sentence, for although he was no coward, he thought that the condition of a spectator in an affair of this kind was more enjoyable than that of an actor.

"By no manner of means," replied Peregrine, with an air of politeness; "I never insult any body. I merely wish to know, sir, in plain words, the reason why Cornet Drawlincourt sent me a challenge and then left me in the lurch, when I was all ready with my friend and with my pistols, at the place appointed, to satisfy him with a bullet or two."

Now Lieutenant Peterkin had originally entertained a design of taxing Peregrine, through his friend, with having locked up Drawlincourt himself; but this design was speedily abandoned on discovering what sort of a gentleman he had to deal

with, for Lieutenant Peterkin, being a man of the world, always made a point of adapting his conversation and his conduct to the individual peculiarities of the people into whose society he chanced to be thrown; upon the present occasion, therefore, he made no accusation, but merely stated a fact. "We were locked up, sir," said Lieutenant Peterkin, "in Mr. Drawlincourt's bed-room, and we did our best to get out, but could not."

"And who locked you up, sir?" asked Peregrine, with an aspect of genuine astonishment.

Now, here was an opportunity for the lieutenant; he might easily have answered, "*You* did," but he thought it more prudent to do nothing of the sort.

And so there followed divers explanations instead, to all of which Peregrine Pultuney, who like all other fine fellows, had very little suspicion in him, most readily gave credence. The lieutenant was struck with this, and immediately acquitted Peregrine of all share in the very singular proceedings of the morning. Peregrine was astonished beyond measure; he did not know whom to suspect, so he volunteered no surmises on the occasion; nor, upon his part, did Lieutenant Peterkin, who was contented with renewing the challenge previously tendered by his friend, and hoping, as, to do him justice, he did most sincerely, that no accident would occur to interrupt a second time the occurrence of the meeting in prospect.

Peregrine Pultune had nothing to say in objection to this proposal, so he merely remarked, "The same time and place, sir, to-morrow, and better luck to you next time," having said which he bowed the lieutenant out of the room, and continued his study of the *Zuid Afrikain* paper.

But he was soon tired of this, so he called for his boots, put on his hat, and went out to take a survey of the town. In one of the streets, he fell in with Julian Jenks who, with his board-ship cap on his head, had gone in search of a new beaver, and got one. So the two friends walked on together, making divers observations as they went, which, if any body had been near to record them, would have made a volume of travels in South Africa.

They went first to look at the lions—the real, genuine, literal, hairy lions, for in this history we have abjured the figurative; and then they went to the museum and criticized the proportions of the stuffed bush-woman, which, without exception, is one of the most interestingly repulsive specimens of natural history we have ever seen in our lives; and having done this they went to all the shops in the place, for the laudable purpose of benefiting the trade of the colony, by purchasing not only every thing they wanted, but every thing they might possibly want at some indefinitely future period of time. And let me tell you, reader, that after two months on board ship, it is no little pleasure to spend money, even upon things that are of no earthly

use to the purchaser, or, as far as he knows, to any body else.

So Peregrine Pultuney, and Julian Jenks, having spent between them nearly thirty pounds upon inutilities, returned towards the hotel to talk over their purchases, and to rail at the extortioners, who had cheated them—which, every body knows, is ample compensation for any losses you have previously sustained.

On their way home it chanced that the eye of Julian Jenks was arrested by a large sign-board, over a store shop, on which was written in huge characters the announcement of “*passengers and families supplied.*”

“We must go in here,” said Julian Jenks.

“Surely we don’t want any thing more?” suggested Peregrine; “we have more things now than we know what to do with.”

“Never mind,” said Julian, “I’m going in by way of a lark. I don’t want you to buy any thing at all; you have only to look on.”

“Very good,” observed Peregrine Pultuney, and the two friends entered the shop.

A decent-looking young Dutchman came forward to serve them, and asked, in very tolerable English, what article they were pleased to require.

“A few passengers and a small family,” responded Julian Jenks.

The man stared—“I beg your pardon, sir—I don’t exactly understand.”

“Have you not stated,” said Julian Jenks, with an imperturbable countenance, “on that board over your shop, that ‘passengers and families’ are supplied here.”

“Ye-e-s,” stammered the man, looking aghast with astonishment, “I believe those are the words.”

“Then supply me instantly,” said Julian Jenks, “with a few passengers and a small family, or I shall have you punished for enticing me here under false pretences. A few passengers, and a small family—half-a-dozen of the former, sir—with two boys and a girl.”

Here Peregrine Pultuney burst out into a laugh, and the shopman began, as Julian Jenks would have said, to “twig;” so he laughed, too, a faint sort of a laugh, and observed, in a mongrel tone of voice, betokening real distress and would-be amusement, that Julian Jenks was “a very funny gentleman.”

Now Julian Jenks, having had his joke, thought he might as well pay for it, so he began to look about the store just to see whether there was any thing in it he could purchase. It was a sort of a large ship-chandlery shop, and there were plenty of hams, cheeses, pickles, oils, hermetically-sealed provisions, and other things of that kind in it. After a rapid survey of these articles, Mr. Jenks remembered that he had heard somebody or other speak, in terms of considerable commendation, of the fresh cheeses of the country, so never having tasted one, he resolved,

just by way of a small return for his joke on the store-keeper, at once to become a purchaser.

So the question was put about the country cheese, and a sample of the article was produced. Julian tasted it, thought it was very good, paid for it, and ordered it to be sent immediately to his hotel. The cheese was accordingly packed up and sent, in Julian's presence, to George's; and the store-keeper was very well satisfied to think that although he had been sold a bargain, he had made one, in his own favour, in exchange.

When Peregrine Pultuncy and Julian Jenks reached home, there was the cheese awaiting their arrival; and it so happened that Ensign Allworthy of the 120th was waiting their arrival too. Astonished at the piles of goods on the table of their sitting-room, the ensign began to interrogate them about their purchases, and after having inspected a fur cloak or two (most useful things for India!) lots of ostrich feathers, and ditto eggs, pots of preserves, Dutch liqueurs, cases of soda water, and divers other useful articles, Mr. Allworthy lighted upon the cheese and exclaimed, "Well, Pultuncy, what the devil is this?"

"A fresh Cape cheese, I believe," said Peregrine. "It belongs to my friend, Jenks."

"Cape cheese! Devil a bit of it," cried Allworthy, "and about as fresh as a red-herring. Why, man, it's a Dutch cheese, the smell of it might tell you that."

“ Oh! the rascal!” exclaimed Julian Jenks, “ he swore it was a country cheese,” and seizing his hat, he set forth to “ have it out” of the fallacious store-keeper.

In less than three minutes he had arrived at the shop; the same man was behind the counter. “ How comes it, sir,” asked Julian Jenks, quite out of breath, “ that you have had the impertinence to sell me that cheese, and to declare to me that it was a country one?”

“ I spoke the truth,” said the man, respectfully, and not in the least disconcerted by the accusation.

“ How so—you, you, you—you, *sir!*” gasped Julian.

“ I told you, sir, that it was one of my country cheeses, and so it is, sir—what else? It is a Dutch cheese, if you please, sir, and I am a Dutchman. I never told you an untruth.”

“ Why,” said Julian, “ you gave me to understand it was a Cape cheese, and for that reason I bought it; why did not you say it was a Dutch one?”

“ Because,” replied the man, “ I thought you knew that the white people of the colony are Dutchmen, and when we speak of our country, sir, we mean Holland. People of this country are called Afrikanders—when I mean *this* country cheese I say Afrikander—I didn’t say the cheese was that.”

“Well,” said Julian Jenks, good-naturedly, “you have got the best of it, my good fellow, so I wish you a good morning—you’ve sold me the better bargain of the two;” and Julian Jenks went home again to tell Peregrine Pultuney how he had been served out by the Dutch storekeeper.

When Jenks reached the hotel, he was informed of two things important to himself and likewise to this history. The first of these was that the captain of the *Hastings* had been to George’s to inform his passengers that the ship was to sail on the following evening from Simon’s bay, and the second was that Peregrine Pultuney had made an engagement for himself and Julian Jenks to dine that evening with Ensign Allworthy at the mess of the 120th.

We take it for granted that every body knows there are two royal regiments quartered at Cape Town, but perhaps every body is not equally well informed of the fact, that though Lieutenant Peterkin belonged to the 100th, Ensign Allworthy was in the 120th. This was very convenient for Peregrine Pultuney and the cornet, as it is not particularly agreeable to meet a man at dinner over night, whose brains you are engaged to blow out, for satisfaction’s sake, on the following morning.

So Peregrine Pultuney and Julian Jenks repaired, at dinner time, to the mess of the 120th, not in the fort, but in the barracks (we forget what they are called) in the outskirts of the town. There the two

friends were introduced by Ensign Allworthy to Major This, and Captain That, and Lieutenant Somebody-else, in a sort of waiting-room, with a great number of English newspapers, an army list, and a copy of the "United Service Journal," laid out very formally upon a square table. This apartment Peregrine guessed to be the regimental library, though he could not see any thing like a book-shelf. But then it was a marching regiment; and although it has been said, that "he who runs may read," it does not follow that he who marches has equal facilities.

After a little personal conversation, which seemed to be of a peculiarly exhilarating nature, for it elicited abundance of laughter from every body present except the guests, who concluded it was all very facetious, without understanding the pith of it at all, the second mess bugle was sounded, and the party went huddling into dinner, like a huge flock of geese at feeding time. There was plenty to eat, and that plenty very good, as it always is at mess dinners; the wines, too, were excellent, and as Peregrine Pultuncy was pretty frequently challenged, either by name, or through the ensign—as "Allworthy, I shall be happy to take wine with your friend,"—by the time that the cloth was removed, he felt ripe for any fun or any mischief that might happen to be proposed for the evening's entertainment, by his new military acquaintances.

There were no "bottle-stoppers" at the mess, and

the president happened to bear a very high character as "a soaker," so the wine circulated briskly, and there was a vast deal of talking and laughing, which, in due time, was followed by sundry calls for a song, which were sure to be accompanied by a thump on the table from every body present, but the party called upon. Then, after the honour of leading off, had been transferred pretty frequently from one person to another, a song of a peculiarly classical and delicate nature was bellowed out by a young officer, who, having finished and been well applauded in the usual way, which consists of table-thumping, wine-spilling, and glass-breaking, called upon Mr. Pultuney for a song, and Mr. Pultuney, without any unnecessary display of modesty, came out in great force, with a humorous ballad, which set the whole table in a roar.

Then there were several more very choice songs given out in the first style of the art, and during the intervals, Peregrine Pultuney got very intimate with a young gentleman named Harrison, who belonged to the 120th regiment, and was, by his own account, "a devil of a fellow." As the bottle passed round the table, Mr. Harrison got more and more confidential, and at last informed our hero of the fact that he had taken a prodigious fancy to him. Peregrine Pultuney acknowledged the compliment with a gracious smile, and expressed his regret that the shortness of his stay at Cape Town would prevent him from forming a closer friendship with a

young gentleman so highly endowed as Lieutenant Harrison of the 120th, upon which Lieutenant Harrison of the 120th asked Peregrine Pultuney if he was "inclined for a spree," and received for answer a most unqualified affirmative.

"Then you are the man for my money," cried Mr. Harrison; "for I'm bent upon a spree myself."

"What is it?" asked Peregrine Pultuney.

"Oh! merely a painting touch," responded Mr. Harrison; "a little vermilion or so."

"And what are we to paint?" asked Peregrine.

"Oh! simply a few sign-posts or so," replied Mr. Harrison; "the *Zuid Afrikain* Newspaper Office, and one or two of the large shops."

"Dear me!" exclaimed Peregrine Pultuney, with a grateful reminiscence in his mind that he had been studying Dutch on the Hamiltonian system that very morning in the *Zuid Afrikain*; "what are you going to paint the newspaper office for? What spite have you got against it, my good sir."

"Oh! simply," replied Mr. Harrison, "that the editor has been blackguarding the military, and our regiment in particular."

Upon this Peregrine remarked that he admired Mr. Harrison's *esprit de corps*, and asked why he had selected certain shop-keepers as the especial objects of his vengeance too.

"Because I owe them money," replied Harrison, "and they are most intolerable duns."

“A very satisfactory reason,” remarked Peregrine Pultuney; “and I shall be most willing to assist you.”

And then Lieutenant Harrison began to explain as well as the wine he had drunk would let him, all the details of the arrangements he had made for carrying his notable design into execution. He had provided himself with the three thick joints of a fishing-rod, which being hollow, were ingeniously contrived so as to resolve themselves into a walking-stick; and he had got a large painting-brush, the handle of which had been cut to fit into the end point of the fishing-rod, so that the painters when actually employed, might use the rod and the brush *in extensum*, and bedaub a sign-board many yards above their heads, though at other times, when observed, they might elude all suspicion by returning again to the walking-stick, and putting the brush in one of their pockets. Then he had got a can of red paint, which was to be carried beneath one of their cloaks, for they were both to go out well muffled up; and, moreover, he had come to an understanding with the officer on main guard, who was a friend of his, that if disturbed they were to run to the guard as a sanctuary, and the sentries were to receive orders not to let any one pass who wished to do so in pursuit of “the gentlemen.”

Peregrine was so lost in admiration at the surpassing ingenuity of his new friend, and the completeness of all that gentleman's arrangements, especially this last one, which showed a most laudable deter-

mination on the part of Lieutenant Harrison of the 120th to make the most of his majesty's commission, that he had no attention to bestow upon the proceedings of his fellow-roysterers at the mess. Had he been observing them, he might have perceived that they had all been slipping out in small detachments of twos and threes, for the purpose, as it subsequently appeared, of putting on *mufti*, which is a military term, signifying non-regimental attire. But though Peregrine Pultuney had not perceived this, he was soon made sensible that there was something in the wind, for the officers of the 120th had ingeniously made themselves look as unlike officers as they could possibly be, and, we must add, as unlike gentlemen too. But had any thing been wanting to complete Peregrine's conviction, that all these young gentlemen were going out for a lark, the deficiency would have been amply supplied by a vehement call which reached his ears from divers quarters, for candles and corks—and by perceiving the use which these gentlemen made of the above articles when they were brought. The use they made of them was to adorn their persons with sundry supplemental whiskers, moustaches, eyebrows and other facial appendages, which are considered to be favourable towards the disguising of what is commonly called the human face divine; and so completely did one or two fair, beardless boys metamorphose themselves into hairy-checked ruffians, that Peregrine had some difficulty in re-

cognising the gentlemen who had sat opposite to him at the mess-table.

“And what is all this?” asked Peregrine, of Mr. Allworthy, who was just beginning to think that it was nearly time to beat a precipitate retreat. “What the deuce is in the wind now?”

“A hop, I suppose,” said the gentleman addressed; “but, for my part, I’m always of opinion that the best hop at this time of night is the hop to bed, and I’m going out to-morrow with the Butcher.”

“Do you mean?” asked Peregrine, “that they are going to a ball?”

“Yes,” returned Allworthy, “a dignity one; should you like to go? for if you should, I dare say my friend Harrison will escort you.”

“I’ve got a sort of an engagement already,” said Peregrine Pultuney, winking his eye at his new friend.

“Then perhaps you will excuse me,” suggested Allworthy.

“By all means,” said Peregrine Pultuney.

“Good night, then Pultuney; take care of yourself.”

“Good night, Allworthy; a pleasant run with the Butcher.”

And thus they parted, these two old friends, perhaps never to meet again; but there is something very anti-sentimental in the precincts of a military mess—a place where no one ever gets an attack of of romance without having previously got abo-

So Mr. Allworthy having taken his departure and left Mr. Peregrine Pultuney, as well as Mr. Julian Jenks, to the guidance of Lieutenant Harrison, it was arranged by these three gentlemen, that they should go to the hop first, and that their pictorial diversions should be reserved as an after-piece; for the better promotion of which scheme, it was unanimously resolved, that they should drop their painting implements at the main-guard, and call for them again when they were needed.

CHAPTER XV.

In which poetical justice is done upon the long Cornet.

THE night was favourable to the adventurers, or, in other words, it was tolerably dark, when Peregrine Pultuney and Julian Jenks set out, under the guidance of Lieutenant Harrison, each gentleman having a cigar in his mouth, and a cloak thrown over his shoulder. Mr. Harrison undertook the conduct of the expedition, and the safe guardianship of the fishing-rod, whilst Julian Jenks, who never refused to do any thing he was asked, carried the paint-pot in the folds of his cloak, and Peregrine Pultuney, who was not troubled with any cravings of ambition, stowed away the paint-brush in his coat-pocket, and was perfectly satisfied with his share of the burden.

Thus equipped, the three young gentlemen sallied forth in the direction of the main-guard, laughing and talking, as they went, with the utmost degree of hilarity; whilst Lieutenant Harrison, every now and then took occasion to vary the pleasures of the

walk, by tapping at divers windows as he went by, and once or twice raising a knocker, all of which feats appeared to afford the perpetrator very great diversion, for he laughed immoderately at his own practical jokes, and characterized them as "precious goes," their claim to which nomenclature was neither disputed by Peregrine Pultuney nor Julian Jenks.

After a little time, the main-guard was reached by a somewhat circuitous route, for Mr. Harrison, having inadvertently broken two windows, was obliged to turn down two by-streets, which took the adventurers a little out of their way, and delayed their arrival at the guard, which took place just as the officer thereon was getting ready to go the grand rounds, and in a shocking bad humour in consequence; and it is a remarkable proof of the perversity of human nature that, although but a few hours before he had fully entered into Mr. Harrison's plot, and proposed himself to assist that gentleman by throwing open the guard-house as a sanctuary, in case of pursuit, he now grumbled and thought it was very wrong, highly unmilitary, and all that sort of thing, and made a prodigious favour of the very permission that he had thrust upon Mr. Harrison in the morning. But the reader must take it into consideration how very unpleasant a thing it is to be awakened out of one's first sleep for the purpose of making a circuit of the town, when one devoutly wishes the town at the devil, before he judges

harshly of this officer on guard, or sets him down as an unamiable character.

However, in spite of the grumbling, which had not the least effect on Mr. Harrison, who only laughed at his friend, gave him a poke or two with the end of the fishing-rod, and compared him to a bear with a sore head, the paraphernalia of the expedition were safely deposited in the guard-room store-closet, between the remains of a pound-cake and a bottle of brandy; and Mr. Harrison, who always liked to keep moving, having accomplished this, and won over his friend by his blandishments, suggested the advisability of a start to Mr. Pultuney, who, together with Julian Jenks, was employed in examining, with intense feelings of admiration, two large profile portraits of the governor and his lady, which Mr. Harrison had sketched a few days before over the chimney-piece, with the burnt end of a walking-stick, and which were generally esteemed by the subaltern community to be most undeniable likenesses.

So the three young gentlemen started again, and after traversing two or three streets and taking one or two turnings to the right, and the same number of turnings to the left, they got into a street rather narrower, and dirtier, and darker, than any they had hitherto passed, at the extremity of which there was a tolerable sized house, with a great number of windows, from which you saw the light

through the shutters; and from this house was heard to issue the squeaking liveliness of a cadaverous fiddle, which rendered Mr. Harrison's information that they had reached the house they were bound for, perfectly superfluous both to Peregrine Pultuney and Julian Jenks, who were almost as much "up to snuff" as was their very accomplished leader himself.

Mr. Harrison conducted our two friends up a flight of stairs lighted by an oil-lamp or two, which emitted rather an unpleasant odour, and in a minute he found himself in the ball-room, where dancing was going on with great spirit, though not with very great "dignity;" but then it is notorious that these entertainments are called "dignity-balls" because every body makes a point of throwing off his dignity directly he enters the room.

The apartment in which Peregrine Pultuney now found himself, was one of tolerable dimensions, lighted up by a number of small round custard-glasses, with a little oil at the top, and a little coloured water at the bottom, to give them a picturesque effect. A depraved-looking sofa at one end of the room, and several chairs along the walls, invited any body to sit down upon them, who was not inclined to dance; whilst an open door at the end of the apartment disclosed an inner chamber, with a long table spread with refreshments of various kinds, such as tough cheesecakes, dirty brown

sandwiches, oranges, and jam tarts, precisely of that description which the boys at Eton in our time were wont to call "open brutality." These eatables, which, if they did not exactly comprehend all the delicacies of the season, were of a peculiarly inviting nature, were rendered all the more tempting by a most gorgeous display of black bottles, containing real Cape wine, which garnished the well-spread refreshment-table; and had any thing been wanting to render this appeal to the senses utterly irresistible, the deficiency would have been more than supplied by the rare qualities of the presiding genius—an elderly lady with red ribbons in her cap—who called Peregrine a pretty dear, and told him "to fill his little stomach with summut."

But perhaps the most striking features of the entertainment were not so much in the rooms as in the live furniture that graced them. When Peregrine entered, the first object he saw was a little black creature in a coat and trowsers, who sat on a low stool near the door, fiddling away with the utmost assiduity, and nodding his head, rolling his eyes and agitating his tongue all in time with the music. This animal was one of those mysterious beings whose age it is impossible to specify. He was either a little boy or an old man, but no human ingenuity could determine which. They called him "Jocy," but that proved nothing; he might have been an old Joe, or a young Joe, or a mid-

dling aged Joe; but as it was, he was all three. He was, in short, one of those inscrutable beings who are independent of the course of years; and there was not a person in the room who could say how long he had been playing those identical tunes, upon that identical stool, at all the dignity-balls in Cape Town.

It was plain that Joey was an enthusiast,—he was not blind, but he seemed to see nothing but the fiddle that rested against his shoulder, and the fiddle-stick that he flourished in his hand. He took no notice of the damsels whose graceful figures glided before him in the dance; there was a constant smile upon his jetty face, but it was not an amorous smile; it was a smile, so to speak, of conscious power mingled with certain keen sensations of professional delight. He did not look as though he ever desired to join the dance, nor did he appear to make any mental observations upon the proceedings which passed in his presence—it was enough for him that he set them all in motion—that when he ceased to play the young ladies and their partners ceased to dance; and when some sprightly damsel or other tripped up to ask for any particular tune, Joey dropped his head modestly, and struck up the measure required without even bestowing so much as a tender glance on the fair petitioner; and as to speaking, it had been confidently reported that Joey was never yet heard to speak, except

once, when Mr. Harrison, in a mood of more than ordinary playfulness, applied a lighted candle to the woolly head of the Orpheus, and then he murmured out, "Don't, sir—please."

Having bestowed his attention for a little while on the African Paganini, our friend Peregrine began to take cognizance of the young ladies who were dancing to the music of that wonderful artist's violin; and, as may be easily supposed, our hero's survey was productive of the most intense admiration that had entered his bosom for a long time. The gentle sylphs, whom he now gazed upon, were for the most part neither African nor European, but they enjoyed the advantage of concentrating the blood of both continents in one body, which every one who knows any thing about mathematics, must acknowledge to be better than an unmixed descent, precisely in the same way, as a whole is undeniably greater than a part. With black hair, and ditto eyes, and brown-paper-coloured faces, these southern houris tripped through the mazes of the quadrille, and what they wanted of "the light," they amply made up for by the irreproachable excellence of the "fantastic toe" with which they footed it across the room. It would have done any one's heart good, who had been accustomed to look upon the languid motions of our northern beauties, to have seen the energy with which these charming Afrikanders tore through the figures of

the quadrille, going right ahead of Joey's music, and threatening every minute to slip out of their shells—for these nymphs, amongst other fine qualities, were adorned with a total absence from all prudery, and they wore their clothes, which were light, many-coloured, and not particularly clean, in such a manner as to exhibit to the utmost advantage their tawney shoulders, their pink silk stockings, and the substantial enclosures of the same. Nor were the gentlemen with whom they danced, a bit behind them in vehemence of action, for, disdaining the artificial measures of the dancing-master, they harlequinaded with some earnestness—tossing about their legs, snapping their fingers, and every now and then turning their partners not by the tip of the finger, as in our modish ball-rooms, but by the circumference of the young ladies' waists; whilst the young ladies to their great honour, evinced no particular repugnance in being thus handled, but on the contrary, smiled upon their partners with faces full of affection and delight. These gentlemen were the *élite* of Cape Town; for ~~they~~ they were the officers of his majesty's regiments stationed there, and of his majesty's frigate *Harlequin*, anchored in Simon's Bay,* and it is well known that everywhere, except in India, the army and the navy are the pride of our colonies, and in fact it is very proper that they should be so.

When the dance, which was in progress when

Peregrine Pultune and his two companions entered the room, had been clapped into a conclusion, and Joey having brought himself up short (for without the clapping he would have played on till Doomsday), layed down his fiddle-stick and wiped his face with a blue-and-white pocket handkerchief, Mr. Harrison stepped forward to pay his respects to all the young ladies in the room. This ceremony he went through in the most easy, familiar, and engaging way possible, saying a few kind words to each in the most patronizing manner he could think of. These favours were received by different ladies after different fashions, but it struck Peregrine that they every one of them seemed to be intimately acquainted with the gallant lieutenant, fully manifesting the popular regard in which the accomplished Mr. Harrison was held by the softer portion of the colonial humanity.

Whilst Peregrine was engaged in contemplating the proceedings of his experienced leader, and wondering how long it would take to get upon such an intimate footing with all the girls, the old lady who had previously addressed Peregrine and asked him to put a little "summut in his little stummuck," came up to him again, with a winning smile on her bland physiognomy, patted him in a motherly sort of way on the cheek, and said, "Why, my dear, arn't you a going to dance?"

"Yes, old lady," replied Peregrine, who, as we

have before said, on various occasions, made a point of accommodating himself to circumstances. "I have no objection in the world, if you'll be good enough to recommend me a partner."

"Lauk, my dear, that I will," rejoined the old lady; "which on them now does you like? Bless your pretty face, if I were a gal I'd love such a gentleman as you."

Peregrine was very glad that she wasn't a girl, as he did not particularly covert the virgin affections of the old harridan; however, as he was in a good humour, he made the lady a bow, and remarked he was not very particular, as it was hard to choose amongst so many beauties.

"Ain't em now beauties?" said the old lady, "and as good gals as ever you see. That ere gal with the black eyes might have been long agone a 'spectable store-keeper's lady; but she warn't to be done over—not she! She wouldn't leave me at no price—that she wouldn't. Talk of gratitude—now sich a thing as that I call *genuine* and no mistake."

Now, as all the young ladies present had black eyes, Peregrine might have found some difficulty in ascertaining which was the special object of the matron's panegyric, if a young and rather pretty girl, apparently not more than sixteen, and dressed somewhat more neatly than her associates, had not made her way up to Peregrine, and asked him in a winning voice why he didn't dance.

The old lady gave Peregrine a nudge, and whispered, "That's she—" whilst the young gentleman put the question.

"Will you dance with me?"

And the young lady answered, "Yes."

These preliminaries were no sooner settled than the old lady, who was mistress of the establishment, exclaimed suddenly! "Lor!—bless us and save us! if it isn't to be a pillow dance."

"A pillow dance!" exclaimed Peregrine, "what's that?"

"Why it's that Mr. Harrison to be sure," returned the old lady, by way of an answer direct, "he's always for having a pillow dance! I never seed such a larker in my life."

"But what is it?" again asked Peregrine.

"I will teach you, my dear," whispered his amiable partner; "take hold of my hand."

So Peregrine took hold of the young lady's hand, and another young lady took hold of his other hand, and then in a little time there was a great circle formed out of ladies and gentlemen alternately, each holding the other by the hand, and in the middle a young lady of a sprightly disposition and a modest assurance stood up with a pillow in her hand; and when Joey struck up a lively tune, the ring of ladies and gentlemen danced round the solitary damsel, who after looking round for a little while, as though in a state of mental uncertainty, dropped the pillow gracefully at Mr. Harrison's feet, and flounced down on her knees at the end of it.

Upon this the dancers stood still, and Mr. Harrison, according to the established rules of the dance, being thus challenged by the young lady, flounced down on his knees at the other end of the pillow, and throwing his arms around the damsel's waist, imprinted on her lips a chaste kiss; and then they both started up and Mr. Harrison took the pillow, whilst the young lady joined hands in the circle, and then dancing recommenced with great spirit, and Mr. Harrison deposited the pillow at the feet of Peregrine Pultuney's little friend, who, in her turn deposited it at the feet of Peregrine Pultuney, and so they went on for a long time with the utmost harmony and enthusiasm, till after nearly half an hour of vigorous dancing and kissing, during which time Peregrine had been saluted by no less than seven young damsels, the whole party waxed hot and tired, and determined to leave off.

After having conducted his fair partner to the refreshment-table, where he supplied her with a pretty stiffish glass of rum-punch, and having won a sovereign from a naval gentleman, who was drinking raw brandy and insisted upon betting that it was Cape wine, Peregrine Pultuney was joined by Mr. Harrison and Julian Jenks, who asserted that it was time to go, and in spite of the vehement protestations and persuasions of his fair friend, succeeded, after they had disbursed five shillings each to the old woman, in carrying him off, very much to that young lady's annoyance.

"It is all your fault, Harrison, it is," pouted the damsel, "I wish you were at Jericho."

"Do you, my love," said Mr. Harrison. "Poor Fanny! I'll make up for your disappointment to-morrow."

"*You!*" cried the mortified damsel; and if Peregrine Pultuney had been a vain youth, he might have extracted whole volumes of flattery from that "*you.*"

So the three young men went down stairs and emerged into the open air, a change that would have been considerably grateful to them all, if the room they had just left had only been one-half as close as it really was, and the atmosphere only half as noxious. A walk of ten minutes took them to the guard-house where they passed the sentries, regained their painting implements, and having burnt the cork from the brandy bottle in the candle, and given the officer of the guard, who happened to be asleep, a moderately sized moustache therewith, they set out once again with the fishing-rod and the red paint, to perform the pleasant task they had assigned themselves, and brave the efficiency of the mounted patrol.

They were presently opposite the *Zuid Afrikain* newspaper office, and then, the street having been thoroughly explored, and ascertained to be quite safe, operations commenced in real earnest. The joints of the fishing-rod were stuck together, the paint-brush inserted in the end of it, and copiously

besmeared with vermilion—"Now for it, my boys," cried Mr. Harrison in the excitement of his feelings, "here goes, daub number one"—and daub number one completely crippled the whole of the A in "Afrikain."

"More paint, Mr. Jenks—more paint—here goes for the Z—now for it again—U—I—bravo, my boys—look out well, sir—look out well, Mr. Pultuney—Here's for the I—and the D—capital!—Good, Mr. Editor—you'll blackguard the military, will you?—there, that will do, excellent!"—and with these and sundry other expressions of self-encouragement and delight, delivered *sotto voce* of course, Mr. Harrison enhanced the pleasures of his pictorial avocations, and afforded great merriment to Julian Jenks, who laughed so immoderately all the time, that he was very nearly spilling the whole of the red paint, *viâ* his inexpressibles, on the pavement.

"Well, now, what do you think of that?" asked Mr. Harrison, with an air of satisfaction, as he gave a finishing stroke to his job, and began to think of taking his departure.

"Won't they just stare to-morrow morning?" said Julian Jenks, dipping the brush he had just received from Mr. Harrison into the paint-pot, and writing "find me out," in large straggling characters on the door of the house—"won't they just stare in the morning."

"That's what I call adding insult to injury,"

observed Mr. Harrison, as he looked approvingly at Jenks's handicraft—"but now let us cut our sticks."

So the young gentlemen cut their sticks accordingly, and made their way into another street, where a similar course of operations was performed upon a large haberdashery and miscellaneous store, to the proprietor of which Mr. Harrison owed a sum of money equivalent to a lieutenant's annual allowances, and about thirty pounds over to boot. But it so happened, that "the harmony of the evening was broken in upon," [as the English newspaper-writers say, when one gentleman happens to cut another gentleman's throat in a ball-room,] by an accident, the liability of which had not wholly escaped Mr. Harrison, but which, trusting to his good fortune, he had hoped altogether to avoid the inconvenience of--this accident was no other than the untimely intervention of the police.

The streets of Cape Town are guarded by mounted patrol; it was, therefore, with no particular emotions of delight that Mr. Harrison, who knew this but too well, was informed by Peregrine Pultuney, who was on the look-out, that there was a horseman coming along the street, and upon looking up, or rather looking down, for he was painting the sign-board at the time, perceived the well-known blue cloak of the horseman, and thought it was all over with him for that night at the least. "We must make a bolt of it," cried Mr. Harrison--

“there, fling away the paint—and trust to your legs as fast as you can—turn down the first turning or follow me,” and the lieutenant dashed down the street—as fast as his limbs could carry him, with Julian Jenks close at his heels.

But Peregrine Pultuney had no idea of running away, even from a mounted patrol. There was something ignoble as he thought in the act of turning his back upon an enemy; so instead of running away, he stood stock still, looked at the mounted patrol, and then walked leisurely on.

But the guardian of the public peace had seen Peregrine's comrades dash at full speed down the street, and judging pretty accurately the place that they had started from, he halted opposite to the bedaubed store-house, by the aid of his dark-lantern saw the mischief that had been committed on the front of the shop, made up his mind that he saw three figures engaged there, whilst only two had escaped, and, without saying a word, dismounted and took Peregrine into custody.

Our hero, as he always did, on these occasions, felt wondrously inclined to show fight, and to do him justice he actually commenced operations upon the thickly-vested body of the patrol, but the result speedily convinced Peregrine that his efforts were bootless, for the public officer was well armed, and, as our hero had no desire to be cut down, he thought it best to make no further demonstrations of a warlike character, but quietly to be taken to

the watch, and there prove his innocence if he could.

But as he went along, it occurred to him, firstly, that he was under a special engagement to fight the long cornet on the following morning; and secondly, that the ship *Hastings* was under an engagement too to sail on the following evening, and these considerations, it may readily be believed, rendered Peregrine's position not a very pleasant one; but what was he to do in this extremity? The patrol, who was a remarkably strong man, had grasped one of Peregrine's arms as though with an iron vice, and there was no chance in the world of effecting an escape by main force from the clutches of so formidable a ruffian.

So he looked around him with a sort of vague hope that his friends might be somewhere near, and willing to render him assistance; but he did not see a soul in the street—there was not a creature before, behind, or on either side of him, but the patrol and the patrol's horse, who being a well-trained animal, and considerably used to these dilemmas, was following his master very quietly with the bridle loose over his neck.

"I have one chance," thought Peregrine Pultuney, as he looked at the docile animal; and then he said aloud to the patrol—"you don't know, perhaps, that you hurt me."

The man, who understood very little English, made an unintelligible reply in Dutch, and Pere-

grine Pultuney began therefore to rub his shoulder, and make certain noises, comprehended in all countries, indicative of extreme pain.

The patrol understood him, and either in kindness or with the fear of consequences before his eyes, relaxed his grasp of our hero for a minute, and Peregrine began instantly to rub his arm with the utmost vehemence, whilst the policeman looked on with a grim smile bedecking his face.

But the smile soon passed away, for Peregrine began lustily to cry out "Jones—Jones—quick—Jones—come here—there's a good fellow—quick;" and the patrol knew just enough of what he said to make out that Peregrine was calling for the assistance of somebody, near at hand. So he turned his head round to see where the comrades of his prisoner were stationed, and Peregrine Pultuney took advantage of the occasion to spring upon the back of the patrol's horse, stick his heels into the animal's sides, and gallop off at full speed.

By a miracle, as it seemed to Peregrine, for he was almost utterly ignorant of the turnings of the streets, he found himself in a few minutes, opposite the guard-house; thence he knew very well the way to George's, for it is but a few strides, and having reached the door of his hotel he dismounted, sent the horse adrift, and entered the house, exulting in his own ingenuity.

There he found his two companions, who laughed heartily at his adventure, thought he was a great

fool for not running away, said he had had a narrow escape, and finished the evening by calling for some spirits and water, which they had great difficulty in getting at such a late hour of the night.

But the adventure did not end here, for the long cornet had in the mean while been dining with Lieutenant Peterkin of the hundredth, in no very enviable condition of mind. As on the previous evening he drunk freely, but again failed to intoxicate himself, and when he emerged from the fort, he was as much alive to the extreme unpleasantness of his situation as he had been before dinner.

Mindful of the wretched time he had passed the night before, he did not proceed at once to his hotel, but branched off into the town, to divert his mind, to fatigue his body, or with some other object, the true nature of which he could not himself precisely define.

He walked very quick, then ran a little, then strode on with huge paces again, anxious, as people are in his situation, to run away if possible from himself. His cloak was an encumbrance to him, so he took it off and slung it over his shoulder—then ran on again at no very moderate pace, scarcely knowing what he was doing.

But in a little time he was brought suddenly to a stand still—a pair of strong arms were around his waist—he turned round and discovered that he was in the hands of a patrol—the very identical patrol it was, too, who had been served out by Peregrine Pultuney.

“I have caught one of them, at all events,” said the man between his teeth, in a dire passion; “I know the cloak, he was running away too, there can’t be any mistake,” and he led the long cornet by the arm towards the watch-house, pinching him even more than he had pinched Peregrine Pultuney.

“Well,” thought the cornet, “I suppose somebody has laid an information against me for contemplating a breach of the peace to-morrow—I shall be bound over, the very thing I want,” and with these reflections in his mind he walked quietly to the watch-house, far happier than he had been for some time.

CHAPTER XVI.

In which the nervous Youth is made the Victim of a splendid Delusion.

WHAT became of the long cornet after this, we do not precisely know, but we can confidently state, that on the following morning he was "found missing" by Lieutenant Peterkin, when that gentleman, punctual to the appointed time, called to escort him to the place of meeting; and we are equally well informed of the fact, that Lieutenant Peterkin, upon making the discovery above mentioned, invoked sundry maledictions upon the soul of the absent hero, and in the most disrespectful manner imaginable, reflected upon his friend as a "skulking hound," whom he felt a very strong inclination to serve out, on his own responsibility, if ever he should chance to come across him.

As for Peregrine Pultuncy and Julian Jenks, they fortunately discovered that Mr. Drawlincourt was not forthcoming, before they set out to give him the meeting. The latter gentleman observed that his second failure beat cock-fighting and

flogged Europe, while Peregrine Pultune expressed a laudable intention to submit to his disappointment as philosophically as possible.

So after breakfast these two young gentlemen started off, with sundry others of their fellow-passengers, in a huge covered waggon, with six horses and two drivers, to rejoin the *Hastings*. They beguiled the time as they went along, with much very choice conversation and some not very choice cigars, (for, perhaps, in the shape of the latter article, there is more nastiness sold in Cape Town than in any other town in the world) but as nothing of very great importance to this history occurred upon the road to Simon's Town, we shall take the liberty of transferring "the characters of our drama" to the deck of the good ship *Hastings* without any more delay.

There of course the long cornet was missing, and there could not have been a more striking example of submissiveness to the will of Providence, than was universally manifested by the resigned behaviour of all the passengers on board the *Hastings*, under the heavy bereavement inflicted upon them by the loss of Mr. Cornet Drawlincourt. There was not a murmur to be heard—not a tear to be seen—not a word of regret uttered upon this melancholy occasion—strong proof of what Christians can do when they are determined to grapple with their misfortunes.

So the anchor was weighed, and with a favourable wind, the vessel freighted with the personages of

our history rolling out of False Bay, the said rollings generating a small measure of sickness amongst the said historical personages, who, with one or two exceptions, began to wish that they had never put into Simon's Bay at all.

But as we are anxious to introduce our readers again to one of their old friends, whom, during the last few chapters they have entirely lost sight of, we must suppose the sea-sickness above alluded to, to have passed away in due course of time, for, without such a supposition, we cannot, with any degree of consistency, get Cadet Doleton out of his cabin; and it is by no means our intention that he should remain incarcerated there during the remainder of the voyage, especially as that young gentleman has been "stopping on board" all the time that we and our readers have been larking in the streets of Cape Town.

It was a fine morning, about an hour before eight bells or noon, when Peregrine Pultuney was sitting on the poop, in the full enjoyment of an almost unclouded sky, a bright blue sparkling sea, and one of the most luxurious trade-winds that ever gladdened the heart of a sailor. Beside him sat Mr. Doleton, intent upon the "Sorrows of Werter," fluttering with nervous anxiety, produced by his extreme interest in the fate of the hero, and looking as sentimentally absurd as the unfortunate creature he was reading about.

He had just arrived at one of the most touching

epochs in this most maudlin of German novels, and had laid down his book upon the hencoop to mitigate the intensity of his emotion by staring about the ship, when the two Miss Gowanspecs, tempted by the fineness of the morning, emerged from the cuddy door upon the quarterdeck and began to constitutionalize, with much energy, upon the *leeward* side of the vessel, thereby showing a degree of sense and judgment rarely displayed by young ladies, who are generally in the habit of going upon the deck to take the air and walking where no air is to be got—to wit, on the windward side, where the bulwarks of the vessel effectually keep the pleasant breezes from their pretty persons. But the Miss Gowanspecs knew better than this, for they were young ladies with most unexceptionable ankles and a most blameless supply of silk hose.

Now, Mr. Doleton had been for some time cherishing in secret a certain partiality for the younger Miss Gowanspec, which was gradually ripening into an affection of a deeply-seated and permanent character. He had often taken occasion to gaze at her unseen, when he was quite sure there was no chance of being discovered, and had actually gone so far as to hoard up in his dressing-case one of the young lady's sandal-strings, which he had observed her to break off, one morning, when she was taking an airing on the deck. He was evidently smitten by the pretty ankles, to say nothing of the rosy cheeks of Miss Lucretia Eliza Gowanspec, and if there had been

any thing wanting to give a more decided character to the state of his feelings, that deficiency would have been more than supplied by his recent study of the "Sorrows of Werter," a book most eminently qualified to make an impression upon a mind so constituted as Doleton's.

But he had "never told his love" to a living creature—he had never designed to tell it, and least of all to the object of his affection. It seemed to him that a discovery of his sentiments would be enough to kill him outright, and as he never contemplated any other issue to so wild an attachment than hopelessness and misery, he had been contented to gaze at his fair idol, as he would have gazed at some "bright particular star," never seeking, for one moment, to woo it. He knew that no one would suspect him of being in love with a young lady, whom he had never addressed, so he scrupulously abstained from coming in contact with the Miss Gowanspees, or from even taking up a position near them; but he took every opportunity of imbibing the delicious poison from a distance, and when the young ladies appeared upon deck, he was sure to be on the poop or in the cuddy, apparently engaged upon the perusal of a book, but in reality eyeing his beloved, and envying the little dog which she every now and then stood still to play with for a moment, or the free and happy trade-wind which rustled through her garments unreproached, and exposed her taper ankles to his view.

And now, as the young ladies emerged upon deck, poor Doleton, unconscious of being observed, fixed his admiring gaze upon the fair damsel, who had unwittingly made her way to his heart. The wind was more free than ever, and Miss Lucretia's cheeks more rosy—Miss Lucretia's ankles more symmetrical, if possible, than they had ever yet appeared to be in the eyes of the love-sick boy. It was indeed a fair vision he gazed upon, so fair that, in the intensity of his admiration, he lost sight of his wonted caution, and betrayed himself to a looker-on.

That looker-on was Peregrine Pultuney, who had been for some time watching the flying-fish, as they leapt from out the blue waters, flashing in the sunlight, and scattering the bright drops from their featherless wings; tired, however, of such an occupation, he suddenly turned his face round, marked the fixed gaze of Cadet Doleton, perceived at once the object of his gaze, and tapped the poor youth upon the shoulder.

Doleton started as though he had been stung by a serpent, turned first crimson and then as pale as ashes—tried to say something, but could not, and let his book fall upon the deck.

“Well, Doleton, what do you think of those girls?” asked Peregrine Pultuney.

“I—I—” faltered the nervous youth, “what do I think of them, did you ask?”

“Yes,” resumed Peregrine, “I want to know

what is your candid opinion of the Miss Gowan-specs."

"I—I—don't know," stammered Doleton.

"Oh! stuff!—you do know very well," continued Peregrine, in an encouraging voice, and placing his hand on the shoulder of Mr. Doleton as he spoke; "you know very well what you think of them—deuced pretty girls. Ain't they?"

"Why, ye-e-s," whispered Doleton, looking around him to see whether there was any one else within ear-shot; "I *do* think they *are* pretty girls."

"Miss Lucretia especially," suggested Peregrine.

Doleton blushed again, but there was something in Peregrine Pultuney that invited one's confidence wonderfully, and he said, still in a low voice, "Yes, Miss Lucretia especially."

"What cheeks!" suggested Peregrine Pultuney.

"And ankles," added Cadet Doleton, glancing furtively at the damsel who was the unconscious subject of this colloquy. "Look, Pultuney, look there."

Peregrine did look, and as the wind was somewhat boisterous at that moment, he had a very good opportunity of ascertaining the justice of Mr. Doleton's criticism; the young lady seemed suddenly to be made aware of this, for she looked up towards the poop with a sly glance at Peregrine Pultuney.

"There," said that young gentleman, "she is looking at you—she gave you *such* a smile. Dole-

“No! surely,” stammered the nervous youth, in his most nervous manner; “not me, it couldn’t be me,—you don’t really think, do you now, that Miss Lucretia was looking at me?”

“Of course she was,” said Peregrine Pultuney; “didn’t you think so yourself?”

“Why, to be sure,” answered Doleton, getting bolder and bolder, and waxing more confidential every minute; “it did look like it, I think it did; dear me, if it should be true!”

“What then?” asked Peregrine, smiling.

“I might—why I—might—I think I might perhaps ——”

“What?” cried Peregrine, for Mr. Doleton after a good deal of faltering and floundering had come to a full stop.

“*Kiss her*,” whispered the enamoured cadet, in astonishment at his own boldness.

“Nothing easier,” hinted Peregrine Pultuney, who, as our readers may have already discovered, had a spice of the devil in his composition, and loved a little mischief as well as any one. “Nothing easier, if you like to do it.”

“No, no, no,” stammered Doleton, who was beginning to repent of the rashness into which he had been betrayed; “it was all my fun; I didn’t mean it—of course you know I didn’t mean it.”

“Stuff!” said Peregrine, “you did mean it, I know that very well; you would like to kiss her; now wouldn’t you like to kiss those nice, rosy,

full, delicious lips—like to kiss that soft swelling cheek—wouldn't you, you sly dog, eh?"

As Mr. Doleton had never been called a sly dog before, he felt the full force of the compliment. It pleased him, it flattered him, and it enhanced his confidence both in himself and in Peregrine Pultuney. He began to think really that he must have been a sly dog, and a very fine fellow all this time without knowing it, so he remarked, with a sort of an effort at composure and a wink of the eye, intended to look roguish, but which in reality made Peregrine Pultuney imagine that he had got something in it. "Oh, yes, I should like it very well, I think it would be rather nice."

"Nice!" exclaimed Peregrine Pultuney, poking his friend in the ribs as he spoke. "Delicious, rapturous, soul-enthraling! Oh! that I were in your place, oh! that she had smiled on me just now, as she did upon you, Doleton. I would not neglect such a chance, not I—I would reap a harvest of kisses from those full, rosy lips, delicious, ambrosial kisses; yes, that I would, my good fellow."

"I think it *would* be very nice, very nice indeed," said Doleton, partly soliloquizing, and partly addressing himself to his friend. "Yes, I *should* like it—I should, indeed; delicious! How pretty she looks! do you think, Pultuney, I could do it?"

"Nothing easier," repeated Peregrine.

"How—how?" asked Doleton, in a nervous state of eagerness, "tell me how, and I will do it."

"You are quite sure, you will do it?"

"Yes—quite sure—Lor! how pretty she looks."

"Then if I arrange the means," said Peregrine, "you will go through it to the end?"

"Yes, that I will—sweet creature!" replied Doleton, launching out into an extraordinary boldness of demeanour, the result of love and vanity commingled; "tell me how, and I *will* do it."

"I must *contrive* how, first," said Peregrine; "you may depend upon me, however, for I will set about it at once without a moment's delay;" and Peregrine Pultuney, quick as thought, darted down the poop-ladder, and in less than a minute, Doleton saw him talking to the Miss Gowanspecs.

What he said to them we do not know, but we are very sure that Peregrine Pultuney had not reckoned without his host. He had his own private reasons for knowing that he could arrange a meeting between Doleton and Miss Lucretia Gowanspec, so as to enable the young gentleman to reap as many kisses as he liked from the lips of the young lady, with the greatest possible facility.

The fact was that Miss Lucretia Gowanspec was considerably enamoured of Peregrine Pultuney, and Peregrine Pultuney happened to be perfectly well aware of the fact. But what that had to do with the matter in hand will be best ascertained by following our hero down the companion-ladder, along

the steerage and into the midshipmen's berth. Peregrine opened the door of that magazine of sea-chests, broken looking-glasses, pea-jackets, darkness, and dirt, or rather he entered it, without opening the door, for the door happened to be open at the time, and saw three or four midshipmen playing at cribbage with a pack of cards which looked for all the world as though they were contemporaries of the *Hastings*, which was one of the oldest ships in the trade; and perceiving that Master Millikin, who perhaps our readers may remember as the personator of Ophelia in the play, and the favourite of the Miss Gowanspecs, was not a player, but looker on, he called the boy by name and asked him to accompany him aft into his own cabin.

"Sit down, my little fellow," said Peregrine. The boy obeyed, and Peregrine opened a box, took thence a dwarf-bottle, and said to the midshipman, "Take a glass of cherry-brandy, Millikin?"

"Won't I just!" said that young gentleman, and tossing off the proffered glass, he added—"What jolly good tipple it is."

"You young scamp!" said Peregrine Pultuney—"you like it, do you, you villain?"

"It beats mother's milk all to nothing," returned Master Millikin. "I wouldn't mind breakfasting off it—not I!"

"You little rogue!" exclaimed Peregrine, patting him on the cheek. "I never knew such a scamp

at your years. Now tell me, have you been lately into the cabin of the Miss Gowanspecs?"

"Let me see," said the boy; "yesterday, I think—what jolly nice girls they are, sir."

"Very nice," observed Peregrine.

"And Miss Lucretia, sir," continued the boy, "is as sweet as a treacle-pot on you—that she is, sir, I've told you before that she's over head and ears in love with you—she did as much as tell me so herself."

"And did you tell her," asked Peregrine, "what I told you?"

"Yes," replied the boy, "that I did; 'tisn't so easy to get them a part though."

"I know that," interrupted Peregrine, "or I might have told her this myself. But come, Milly, what did she say?"

"What will you give me to tell you?" asked the middy, looking into Peregrine's face, with an arch expression upon his fair, pleasing countenance—"what will you give me to tell you?"

"Another glass of the tippie," suggested Peregrine.

"Done!" cried the boy, "done; give me the tippie, and I will tell you."

The tippie was accordingly given, and then Master Millikin, having licked his lips, continued, "She told me to ask you, Mr. Pultuney, why you did not return her *album* yourself, as you said that you had written the verses in it?"

"And was that all?" asked Peregrine Pultuney.

“No sir, not all,” said the boy, “just a trifle beyond that.”

“Well then, out with it.”

“She said,” resumed the middy, with a most sagacious smile on his face, “that she would be alone in her cabin this evening after dinner, as her sister was going into Mrs. Factor’s cabin to learn some new fancy-work or other.”

“Did she?” exclaimed Peregrine, “the very thing I want, by Jingo!”

“I’m very glad to hear it,” said the middy. “You haven’t got a pack of cards, have you, to spare for our berth, Mr. Pultuney? We’re shocking hard up, we are, sir.”

“So I saw,” observed Peregrine, “and accordingly I take compassion on you—here, these will do,” and he put into the middy’s hands a new pack of Hunt and Co.’s best, gave the boy a pat on the head, and told him to go about his business.

Having displayed his generosity in this way, without much regard to its ulterior effects, he quitted his cabin, went again on the deck, and rejoined Mr. Doleton, who was indulging on a hen-coop, in most delicious visions of love, kisses, and other things of that sort, interspersed now and then with a few pleasing variations in the way of pistols, razors, garters, and bedposts, after the most approved Werterian fashion.

“I’ve settled it for you,” said Peregrine Pultuney; “it is even as I suspected.”

“Yes, yes,” faltered the nervous youth, “I saw

her go down—you spoke to her. Well, well, what does she say?"

"She will be alone," said Peregrine, "this evening a little before tea-time—you must take my cloak—nobody will see you, for it will be nearly dark. You may as well take my cap, too; I will lend it to you, and you must tap at the door—tap twice, remember, that is the signal. You must not say any thing on first entering, but throw your arms round her neck and kiss her—kiss her a dozen times: stifle her with kisses: she will have no objection, I assure you."

"I—I—I," stammered Doleton. "I don't know—I really don't know what to say to it. I may be found out, you see, and I don't know what—perhaps I had better not do it—better not do it, Pultuney."

"You can't retreat now," said Peregrine, "it is too late—the assignation is made. She will be furious if you disappoint her; besides if you are seen, people will think I am the person, if you put on my cloak."

"Ah! true, I forgot that," gasped Doleton, gradually recovering his breath, "so they will, I see that—and you say it will be dark too."

"Quite dark below decks," said Peregrine.

"Well then, I *will* do it—I will indeed—she will be angry, you see, if I don't."

"Of course she will," rejoined Peregrine, "and

only think of those ripe, rosy lips—lucky fellow! I wish I were you.”

“I *will* do it,” cried Doleton, with desperate resolution, in a most decisive tone of voice; “I will do it, yes, that I will.”

The morning passed by slowly enough, and the dinner went off languidly both to Peregrine Pultuney, who was full of expectation, and to Cadet Doleton, who was full of fear. The latter drank a great deal of wine, having been repeatedly challenged by our hero and by Julian Jenks, who had been instigated thereto by that mischievously disposed young gentleman, so that by the time he rose from the cuddy-table, he had gained a considerable accession of courage, and felt himself well primed to go through the valorous achievement he had undertaken.

Often and often he repented of his rash promise, but he felt that it was too late to retract. He dreaded the consequences of proceeding and of turning back, but his amorous inclinations prompted him to adopt the former course of the two.

So a little before six o'clock, a message having been previously conveyed to Miss Lucretia Gowan-spec, through that active little Mercury, Master Millikin, to the effect that Peregrine Pultuney intended to pay her a visit in the twilight hour, that young gentleman suggested to Cadet Doleton that it was time for him to commence operations,

and the poor youth having wrapped himself up in the cloak, and donned the cap of our hero, skulked along the steerage like a midnight marauder, and having reached the larboard stern cabin, tapped twice at Miss Gowanspec's door.

The signal was answered in person by Miss Lucretia, who opened the door gently, took Doleton by the hand, whispered to him to be silent, and led him into the middle of the cabin. There she pointed to a sofa, dropped the hand of the youth, and proceeded to lock the cabin-door, having done which, she returned to where Doleton was standing immoveable as a marble statue, in the very centre of the room.

The poor boy's energies were fairly paralyzed; he neither knew what to say or to do; his self-consciousness had almost deserted him: he had a sort of vague idea in his mind that he ought to be kissing and hugging the young lady, instead of standing like a fool or a rock in the middle of the room; but he felt utterly unable to act as he had intended to act in this emergency. It was almost dark, and he could see the outline of Miss Gowanspec's figure facing him as he stood with his back towards the port, whence the little light there was in the room proceeded; a struggling sense of the extreme singularity and danger of his position flashed across his mind, and he almost resolved to fall upon his knees, and beg the pardon of the lady he had offended by his absurd manner.

him again by the hand, led him to the sofa, and whispered, "What's the matter, my dear?"

Now, to tell the truth, Miss Gowanspec felt at this time almost as much overwhelmed by the extreme singularity of her position as did the unfortunate youth, Doleton, who had been the unlucky cause of it. She had not expected from Peregrine Pultuney such palpable demonstrations of a faint heart, as those she saw presented before her. She had thought that our hero, as a lover, would only have been too bold, and she was not very wrong in her surmises; but to stand like a stock in the middle of the room, instead of enfolding her in his arms, she esteemed a very strange proceeding on the part of the young gentleman who had horse-whipped the long cornet.

"What's the matter with you?" she asked; but the question elicited no answer.

"Have you brought my album?" she began again, leaning her head against Doleton's shoulder.

And the force of love triumphed then—fear was beaten at all points thoroughly—he could not stand the pressure of this fair head against his shoulder without thawing—and thaw he did rapidly, completely. Away melted the thick ice that had bound him, and he—Doleton—the nervous youth of this history—clasped the fair Lucretia in his arms and kissed her to her heart's content.

It was a delicious moment—a moment fraught with the bliss of centuries to this poor, unloved

boy. He really loved and had been splendidly deluded. Who can say that the act was unkind, which was laden, in its issue, with so much bliss?

But it was too short-lived, as all great happiness is—a noise was heard at the cabin-door—"Hush!" cried the damsel, disengaging herself from the embraces of the enamoured youth; and as she spoke the noise became more distinct—it was somebody turning the handle of the door—somebody seeking for admittance.

"What are we to do?" faltered the young lady; "it is my sister: what are we to do?"

Doleton made no answer—he only trembled very much.

"Who's there?" cried Lucretia.

"I—only I—let me in," answered Miss Adela Gowanspec.

"Wait a minute—I'll come in a second," and as she said this, she flung open a large chest, that had only a few sheets and table-cloths at the bottom, whispered to Doleton to jump in, and, as she helped him, kissed her supposed lover on the cheek.

Doleton obeyed as quickly as the trembling of his limbs would let him—the lid was shut down—the key turned and deposited in Miss Lucretia's pocket, and then, but not till then, her sister Adela was admitted without more delay.

CHAPTER XVII.

In which the Nervous Youth is rescued from his perilous Situation, and the *Hastings* arrives in Soundings.

WE left, at the conclusion of our last chapter, Mr. Gentleman Cadet Doleton, in full possession of Miss Lucretia Gowanspec's linen-chest, a locality which no person, either male or female, would select of his own free will to pass the evening in, on ordinary occasions; but which, nevertheless, to any one, who has been four months on board ship, is not, after all, so very strange a residence, for a cabin of ordinary dimensions, is little more than a chest on a large scale, with an eyelit hole or too in it, for the purpose of letting in the water whenever the sea happens to be rough.

That Cadet Doleton enjoyed his situation in the linen-chest we by no means take upon ourselves to affirm, but it is very certain that he suffered from mental inquietude much more than from bodily uneasiness. It was as hot as the Black hole of Calcutta, and his limbs were dreadfully cramped, but it is a question whether he was conscious of the heat

or the cramps, so deplorable was the terror that possessed him. The perspiration streamed down his forehead and issued copiously from every pore of his skin; but it is doubtful whether the outward heat or the inward fear were the more powerful sudorific of the two. What his thoughts were in this awful conjuncture it is almost impossible to say, so confused and phantasmagoric was the nature of them; but amongst the most prominent of the images that stood out of the chaotic mass, were skeletons, sharks, and cats-of-nine-tails, looking hideously and threateningly terrific. He pictured to himself the possibility of being left, like Lord Lovel's bride, for years at the bottom of the linen chest, then of being cast into the ocean like the Old Man of the Sea, and again, of being flogged at the gang-way by the boatswain's mate for the high crimes and misdemeanours he had committed. It seemed to him that discovery was inevitable. Somebody had entered the cabin, and he heard a confused murmur of voices. Perhaps they were talking about him—perhaps the discovery had already been made. He longed for utter annihilation at once; for death, by suffocation or drowning, or something. He tried not to breathe, lest he should be heard—not to move, lest he should betray himself—he felt some cockroaches creeping over his face, and they seemed to him to be the size of tortoises; yet he durst not brush them off,—he durst not scream as he fain would have done, for he hated a cockroach. Per-

haps too there were rats in the box. He had read a horrible story in some magazine about an officer who had been devoured by rats in the vaults of some church or other. Perhaps that might be his fate. How dreadful!—Or just as bad, to be devoured by cockroaches. Who could say that might not happen, more improbable things had often come to pass?

Bishop Hatto was eaten up by rats, and Mr. Southey had written a poem about it. Perhaps he might be eaten up by cockroaches, and somebody might write a poem about *him*. More unlikely things had happened before, but that was not the worst of the business. Better to be eaten by cockroaches than to be detected in his present position. He might be tried and perhaps hanged for burglariously entering a dwelling-house; or else he might be shot by Miss Gowanspec's brother, or tried by a court-martial, for conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman, in entering a young lady's sleeping-room. Who could say that they might not try him on board-ship, and sentence him to be shot out of a gun? Who could say—but here his alarm reached its climax, and he went off into a sort of a swoon, in which he saw all manner of hideous faces grinning at him in ghastly derision.

In the mean time, Miss Adela Gowanspec, having gained admission into her cabin, was putting to her sister, in the most innocent way possible, a number of very searching questions, which Miss Lucretia,

crafty as she imagined herself, nay, crafty indeed as she was, found no great facility in answering. Moreover Miss Adela, for some reason or other, was not in one of her most amiable humours; and, being the elder sister, like most other elder sisters, she thought she had the prescriptive right of rating Miss Lucretia as soundly as she liked upon every occasion. The present opportunity was one too favourable to the display of her prerogative of seniority to be passed over without improving upon it, so Miss Adela began, upon entering the room, in a sharp tone of voice, to ask her sister why she had kept her waiting at the door.

“Because it was bolted,” answered Miss Lucretia, delivering herself of this self-evident truth, for the sole purpose of gaining time to consider what answer it was next advisable to give.

“I know that,” returned Miss Adela, warmly, “you need not have told me that; but why did you keep me waiting? You might have answered when I tapped.”

“I was engaged, Adela,” replied Miss Lucretia.

But as this answer was of too vague a nature to satisfy the elder spinster, she desired to be informed more specifically of the nature of the business her sister was engaged upon. The question was not so difficult of solution as it may appear to be at the first glance; at all events, whether difficult or not, Miss Lucretia Gowanspec answered it off-hand, and what

is even still more marvellous, without the necessity of telling a fib.

“ I was putting some things by in one of the boxes,” replied Miss Lucretia Gowanspec, promptly; and we trust that the reader will acknowledge that the reply evinced considerable dexterity, though we cannot assert that its veracity was not altogether accidental, or, in the language of the billiard-tables, “ a crow.”

“ What things?” asked Miss Adela Gowanspec.

“ What things?” returned Miss Lucretia, “ one would think that you doubted my word. What things? why if you must know, Adela, some clothes, a *body* or so, and—and why, really, Adela, I forget.”

“ You might have got a candle lit too, I think.” continued Miss Adela Gowanspec. “ I don’t know what you could have been doing in the dark. We haven’t been able to see one shade of worsted from another for an hour or more in the next cabin, so I can’t conceive what you have been doing.”

“ It blew out,” returned Miss Lucretia, doggedly. “ How cross you are this evening, Adela.”

“ And enough to make me so too,” said the elder sister, “ to be kept waiting five minutes at the door, and then to find the cabin as dark as the hold. Bless me, what noise was that?”

“ The rudder, to be sure,” replied Miss Lucretia; “ what else could you suppose it to be?”

any noise more unlike the creaking of a rudder, than that which Miss Adela Gowanspec was making inquiries about at that moment; for, in fact, it was no other than a human sound, midway between a cough and a sneeze; and instead of issuing from the stern of the vessel, it issued from the linen chest in the middle of the room. A young cockroach of an enterprising disposition had been making a voyage of discovery in the interior of one of Doleton's nostrils, and the noise that Miss Adela heard, was the effect of the animal's inquisitiveness. It is not, therefore, very extraordinary, that this young lady, upon receiving the answer we have recorded, should have expressed her incredulity in forcible terms.

“The rudder, indeed! Stuff and nonsense,—it's as much like the rudder as it is to an *Æolian* harp. What are you thinking of, Lucretia?”

The young lady thus addressed, had her own private reasons for not saying what she was thinking about; but, putting on a *nonchalant* air, as though she were thinking of nothing particular, she observed, that “perhaps it was a rat.”

She had no sooner said this, than she had good cause to wish she had made the suggestion before; for Miss Adela observed, that, “perhaps it was,” and began forthwith to abuse the “horrid creatures,” in terms expressive of the strongest aversion.

rats, we know not, if a loud tapping had not been heard at the cabin-door of the young ladies, and the voice of one of the cuddy servants had not been heard announcing "Tea, if you please, miss," in such a loud and distinct tone of voice, that Cadet Doleton, who had been awakened from his swoon by the adventurous cockroach, heard plainly the words that were uttered.

"Come along, Lucretia, then, come along," said Miss Adela, "there's no good staying down here in this dark cabin any longer."

"Very well," returned Miss Lucretia, "you may go up. I'll follow you in half a minute?"

"Why can't you come now?" asked Miss Adela.

"Dear me! Adela," cried Miss Lucretia, petulantly, "I don't know why you are always questioning me, just as if I could not judge for myself what to do. Just as though I were a perfect child."

"I only asked you a question," returned Adela.

"Well then, if you *must* know," said Miss Lucretia, "I only want to get a book to read."

"I can wait for you then," returned her sister. "I'm in no particular hurry," and the provoking creature insisted on remaining in the cabin, whilst Miss Lucretia had to open a drawer, and take out a volume of Cowper's poems, without the most remote idea of reading a page of it.

Thus, fairly baffled in her first attempt to delude her sister, Miss Lucretia Gowanspec quitted the

cabin, internally cursing—if young ladies ever curse,—the provoking adhesiveness of Miss Adela, who, without the least consciousness of what she was doing, was frustrating and annoying her younger sister at every step that she took. When Miss Lucretia, therefore, entered the cuddy, and took her seat at the table, an observer might have seen, by the pouting of her pretty lips, that she had got an attack of the sullens. This, however, did not last very long, for a bright thought having suddenly flashed across her mind, her face became suddenly irradiated, and she looked quite bland again, as she said to her sister, “ Dear me, I have forgotten my handkerchief.”

The young lady rose up, and was about to retire down the after hatchway in search of the forgotten *mouchoir*, when suddenly a most unexpected apparition arrested the course of her movements; she resumed her seat, turned very pale, trembled a little, and fixed her eyes on the open book before her, with a violent effort to appear collected. This apparition was, in point of fact, nothing more unearthly or supernatural than the material presence of Peregrine Pultuney, who, just at this moment, entered the cuddy, looking as cheerful and composed as he had ever looked in the whole course of his life.

But to Miss Lucretia Gowanspec, who was fully persuaded, in her own mind, that she had left our hero closely confined in the linen chest, the sight

that greeted her, was as the sight of a spectre, and she was by no means sure that she had not in reality seen one. She was quite certain that she had turned the key, and, moreover, that she had got it in her pocket. She could not have made any mistake about his having entered the box; she had helped to stow him in with her own hands, and had given him a kiss on the cheek, before she shut down the lid. There could be no mistake about that; but here was the gentleman before her, visibly at least, if not corporeally. Perhaps he had been smothered in the linen chest, and this was his wraith come to reproach her.

But this delusion was but short lived, for, whilst the young lady was making up her mind whether to rush out of the cuddly, or do a fit in the chair, she heard the well-known voice of our hero close beside her, saying in a low and insinuating tone, "Will Miss Lucretia Gowanspec play *écarté* to-night, or is she determined to pore over her book?"

As ghosts are not in the habit of playing at *écarté*, this question fully convinced Miss Lucretia that it was a corporeal substance, and not an aerial being that had just glided into the chair beside her. Still, however, she was so overwhelmed with astonishment that she could not articulate a word. She lifted up her heavy eyelids for a minute, and glanced sideways at Peregrine Pultuncy. He was there—there was no mistaking that, though the manner of his getting there was involved in obscurity.

Peregrine Pultoney repeated his question, but the repetition elicited no answer direct. Miss Lucretia Gowanspec, said something in a low key, and our hero inclined his head to catch the words that she uttered. He could not do this distinctly, but he thought he heard something about a "box," and "making his escape."

He guessed that this had something or other to do with the interview between Doleton and the lady, but he did not exactly know in what manner. He had been thinking for the last half hour, that perhaps he had carried the joke a little too far, and had behaved unkindly to poor Doleton. His inherent good nature and kindness of heart had triumphed over his mischievous propensities, and he had resolved, as the best compensation he could make, to rescue the poor fellow, if possible, from the dangers that might result from the trick that had been played upon him by confessing the whole truth to Miss Gowanspec, and taking the onus of the offence upon himself. It was mainly with this object in view, that he had addressed Miss Lucretia Gowanspec, and invited her to play at *écarté*, as a preliminary step upon his part. He was utterly ignorant as to what had taken place in the cabin; but he thought that by a little generalship he might extract it all from the young lady, and devise his own plans of operation accordingly. Peregrine caught, as we have said, the word "box," and heard something about making his escape; but not know-

ing exactly what it was, he determined that his answer should be as vague as his knowledge; so he said something in so low a tone of voice, that Miss Lucretia scarcely heard a word of it.

This was precisely what Peregrine wanted. He had not committed himself at the outset—so far so well. Miss Lucretia's lips moved again, and this time he heard her say distinctly,

“In mercy's name, tell me how you escaped?”

“I opened the box,” said Peregrine.

“How?” whispered Miss Lucretia.

“I pushed it open with my head,” returned Peregrine.

“Impossible,” whispered the young lady. “I am quite sure that I locked it.”

“You must have been mistaken, my love,” observed Peregrine.

“No—no—I have the key in my pocket—here it is,” and as Miss Lucretia said this, she put her arm under the table and placed the key in Peregrine's hand, taking care to give his fingers, as she did it, a most amatory squeeze.

This dialogue, carried on of course *sotto voce*, convinced Peregrine that Doleton was as yet undiscovered, but still in a most dangerous situation at the bottom of some box or other in Miss Gowanspec's cabin. He had the key in his hands too, and by the assistance of that key he knew that he could liberate the unfortunate cadet. Nor was he long in making up his mind to do so; he saw that Miss

Adela Gowanspec was in the cuddy, and fully engaged in an innocent flirtation with one of the young writers, over a picture-book—there could not be a better opportunity than the present to carry his designs into execution. So, pocketing the key of Miss Gowanspec's linen-chest, he rose suddenly from his chair, said to the young lady, "I've got something to show you," and vanished down the after hatch-way.

The coast was all clear below decks, so he glided noiselessly into Miss Gowanspec's cabin, groped his way into the middle of the apartment, and stumbled against a large box—an accident which, though somewhat detrimental to his shins, was productive of the most desirable results; for he had no sooner run foul of the box, than he heard a low groan issuing from it, which pointed out the locality of Dolton's prison at once. As quick as thought he inserted the key, turned it, and threw open the box.

"It's I—Pultuney—now don't say any thing—it's all safe;" whispered the liberator, and as he said this, he took the unfortunate cadet by the collar, and pulled him up into a perpendicular position.

Having done this, he dragged him out of the box, for the poor youth was incapable of volition, hurried him along the steerage, deposited him safely in his cabin, told him to go to bed as fast as he could, and then, having taken from his own cabin a caricature of the skipper that he had made the day before, he

returned to the cuddy to show it to Miss Lucretia.

That poor Dolton was none the worse for his incarceration we do not take upon us to assert; but the worst of it was a slight attack of jaundice, an evil which most young men would undergo for the pleasure of kissing and being kissed by a pretty young lady-girl in her teens.

So, little harm came of the adventure; and, perhaps, Peregrine was the greatest sufferer by it of the whole party concerned; as this history may hereafter show.

And so things went on very well—remarkably well for the remainder of the voyage. As they spanked along the Bay of Bengal, with a strong south-west monsoon, there was the usual quantum of speculation and betting, and lottery-making, and looking at charts, and consulting of log-slates. Every body was talking about the pilot and the floating-light, and the soundings, and all that sort of thing. Land was seen a dozen times every day, and the young men went to the mast-head to look out for it again after every disappointment, whilst ladies were talking to one another about what dresses they were going to land in, and the ship's officers seemed very anxious to know whether such and such a vessel had arrived before them: and what with the lottery for “the day,” and the packing up, and the settling of card-accounts, every body was very busy and very anxious, and chock-full of delightful expectations.

And at last the floating light *was* seen; and on the following morning all the passengers were up on the poop to look at the pilot brig through the telescope, and there were signals sent aloft, and divers other things of that sort, but the pilot-brig would not move an inch for any body.

So, as the mountain would not come to Mahomet, Mahomet was obliged to go to the mountain, and after a good deal of tacking, the *Hastings* neared the pilot-brig, a boat was lowered, and a sun-burnt gentleman, with a straw-hat and a blue jacket, came on board, accompanied by a half-cast boy, called "the leadsman," and every body crowded round him to ask the news, and to borrow a Calcutta newspaper, Julian Jenks being particularly delighted at the idea of having won the lottery for "the day."

END OF VOL. I.

C. WHITING, BEAUFORT HOUSE, STRAND.