SAVED AT LAST

FROM AMONG THE MORMONS.

BY MRS. A. G. PADDOCK.

ALSO,

MRS. CAUDLE'S CURTAIN LECTURES.

BY DOUGLAS JERROLD.

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FROM

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BY MRS. A. G. PADDOCK.

SPRINGFIELD, OHIO:
FARM AND FIRESIDE COMPANY.
1881.

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CHAPTER I.

The scene of my story is a narrow valley, bounded on either side by rocky and barren mountains, cleft here and there by gorges, through which torrents, formed by melting snow of the peaks, rush and roar and foam until they reach their outlets and subside into the placid streams that water the fields below; hundreds of orchards, bright with the pink blossoms that just now hide the low roofs of the adobe cabins among the trees; flocks and herds feeding peacefully upon the slopes above, and over all a sky so clear, of such a tender, melting blue, it might be the dome of that temple whose foundations are laid with "all manner of precious stones." Surely this fair valley is the very home of "peace on earth and good will to men."

Let us look more closely at the homes behind the flowery screen that borders either side of the way. Under the trees, whose blossoms are falling in showers upon the path, groups of neglected-looking children are playing. Coarsely dressed women are at work in the gardens; and at one or two of the open doors a haggard face looks out. In the last cottage on the street the doors are closed and the windows darkened. No smoke rises from the chimney, no children play in the yard, the garden is overgrown with weeds and the gate creaks on its hinges. Within all is gloomy and silent; and yet the house is not deserted. In an arm-chair beside one of the closed windows a woman sits alone, her hands folded idly in her lap, her eyes fixed on vacancy. For two years she has been the sole tenant of the house, and in those years her face has grown thin and furrowed and her hair has bleached until now it is as white as the snow on the peaks.

In the next house, separated from this one only by a low hedge, all the doors and windows are thrown open, a flood of spring sunshine pouring into every room, and a round-faced, cheery-looking matron moving briskly about her household tasks. As she takes the bread from the oven and deposits the crisp, brown loaves upon a table scoured until its whiteness rivals that of the cloth that she lays over it, a sudden thought strikes her, and she says aloud:

"I'll jest take a loaf into Sister Hartley. Poor creetur! I ain't seen a mite of smoke comin' out of her chimbly these two days, and I mistrust she ain't cooked a bite for herself. Mebbe she ain't had a bite to cook. That man—" an indignant slap upon the unoffending loaf, which by this time was wrapped up in a towel, completed the sentence.

A little gap in the hedge served as a gateway, and the bustling housekeeper, after tucking a pat of butter and half a dozen eggs into the basket that held the loaf, stepped through into her neighbor's neglected garden and knocked at a side door, following up the knock with the announcement:

"It's only me, Sister Hartley."

"Come in."

The voice sounded dull and hollow; and when the door was thrown open, letting in the sunlight, the woman at the window clasped her hands over her eyes.

"Shut the door," she said, in the same dull tones, "the light hurts me."

"I shan't do no such thing," was the decided answer. "The light'll do you good, and you're goin' to have it whilst I stay. What do you 'spose would become of you if I let you have your own way? What with washin' and gettin' Johnny ready to go to St. George, I've bin that busy that I ain't had a minute's time to run over sence Sunday, and I didn't know as I'd find you alive. You ain't made yourself no breakfast this mornin'?"

The woman shook her head.

"Jest as I thought. Now I am agoin' to make you a fire, hang on the kittle and git you a cup of tea. You can put on two plates, for I lay out to eat a bite with you. We had breakfast that early on account of Johnny's goin' away I didn't take more'n two mouthsful."

The fire had to be built in the next room, and a window was opened there by the energetic hands that kept at work while their owner talked. In a marvelously short space of time the tea-kettle was singing over the fire, a little round table was drawn out and duly set with plates, cups and saucers, and a couple of poached eggs were served up with the fresh, home-made loaf and the tea, whose fragance diffused itself through the room.

"Now, Sister Hartley, you can't help eatin', I know. Anyways I lay out to stay till I see you make a good breakfast and then I must hurry back, for William would look for his dinner when the sun gits to the noon mark, if there'd bin wars and earthquakes sence breakfast."

"I ought to be more thankful to you than I am, Martha—you, who are the only person on earth that cares whether I live or die."

The rigid outlines of the woman's face softened a little as she spoke, and one of the thin, white hands was laid on the neighbor's shoulder.

"Don't go to talkin' like that, Sister Hartley, or I shall be clean upset. Who was it, I'd like to know, that took me in when I hadn't neither father nor mother and learnt me all I know, and kept me till I was married from her house to as good a man as ever drawed breath; for if William *is* a little sot about havin' dinner just at twelve, there ain't a woman anywhere that's got less to complain about than I have; though, to be sure, if you d had this door open last night you might o' heard me scoldin' him for spillin' the milk on my clean table. He *will* strain the pans so full that they run over, spite of all I can say or do."

The shadow of a smile played for a moment about the pale lips of the elder woman.

"There," exclaimed the other, triumphantly, "I know'd I could chirk you up if you'd only give me the chance. You remember Miss Dobbs, back home—what a pernickitty old maid she was to be sure! Well, after I went to housekeepin' next door to her she would run in mornin', noon and night to tell about the neighbor's hens that got into her garden, and the boys that stole her fruit, and all that. She always brung the longest face I ever see on a mortal woman, but most generally she had to smile about something before she went back. She said I done her good, and I guess I did."

"You have done *me* good, Martha, and I wish I could thank you."

"Well, then, if you're pertikiler about thanks I'll take it for an accommodation if you'll leave this door and winder open awhile to-day and let me fix up somethin' for your supper to-night. And if you want to oblige me *very* much you can take a turn in the garden while the sun is shinin'."

The last words were spoken while Martha was folding the towel that had covered the bread and replacing it in the basket on her arm. In another minute she was out of the house, and to the solitary occupant who watched her retreating figure the room seemed to have become suddenly darker aud smaller.

Angels do not always wear wings and white robes. The angel who let the sunshine into Mrs. Hartley's darkened room that spring morning wore a dress of brown home-spun, a check apron, and a heavy, serviceable pair of shoes. Her face was browned with exposure to sun and wind, and her plump arms, bare to the elbows just now, were brown likewise.

Martha Sloan, the orphan daughter of a farm laborer and married before she was twenty to a man who followed the same occupation, had never heard of ministering spirits unless it might have been in some forgotten Sunday-school lesson. Her literary accomplishments were limited to writing her own name and spelling her way laboriously

through some of the verses of a well-worn book, her mother's legacy, which she had kept through many vicissitudes.

"Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." That was a short verse and all the words were easy. She had known it by heart a good many years. She needed to know it by heart here where there were such neighbors.

Hardly had she crossed the threshold of her own house when the woman who lived on the other side of her place came in, and dropping helplessly into a chair, covered her head with her apron and began to sob.

"What is the matter now, Sister Dunbar?" Martha asked, though not in the tone of one who expected to hear anything new. The woman took down her apron and wiped her eyes.

"I'm clear discouraged, Sister Martha. This is George's week to stay with me. I do my best to please him, but he finds fault with everything. And yet before we came here he was the kindest husband that ever lived. I hope it isn't wicked in me to say so, but I know Julia tries everyway to set him against me. Oh, me! I wish I was dead."

"Sh, Sister Dunbar! You shouldn't say that. Think of your little children!"

"I do think of them. It was thinking of them that made me consent to that marriage. You're a mother yourself, Martha Sloan, and you know if you'd had to choose between Johnny being turned out to perish when he was little and William taking another wife, you'd have done just as I did."

"We don't none of us know what we'll do till we're tried, Sister Dunbar."

"May be that's so; but no more do we know what polygamy is till we've tried it. Not but what I believe in the principle"—with a frightened glance over her shoulder, as though suspecting an unseen listener—"but I haven't got the strength to live in it."

"Any fresh trouble to-day?"

"Oh, no! Only the old story: The house never put to rights, nothing fit to eat, and if things don't go any better he will bring Julia here and let her take charge of everything. You know I'd rather work myself to death than have her brought back. I remember too well the three months she staid in the house when he was first sealed to her."

The pale, blue eyes flashed for a moment like the flame leaping up from an expiring fire. Martha opened her lips as if to speak, then closed them again firmly. "Sister Dunbar" was as weak as she was miserable, and any pitying words that her kind-hearted neighbor might have uttered would have been repeated a dozen times before night to those who were always ready to repeat such words as an evidence of a wrong spirit—a spirit at war with the law which the women of this community were bound to obey.

"I don't know what to do, I'm sure." It was the complaining voice of Martha's visitor that broke the silence. "Things *are* at sixes and sevens; but with four children and little enough provided and the baby so cross with teething, I'm at my wits' end."

"May be I can help you out to-day." Martha spoke cheerily this time, for she knew she was on safe ground. "Send Jimmy and the baby over here. I can take care of 'em just as well as not, and after I git my dinner out of the way I'll run over. George at home to-day?"

"No; he took the team and went to the canyon early this morning. He won't be home before dark."

"And before dark we'll have the house to rights and a good supper a cookin'. Chirk up, Sister Dunbar. By patience and perseverance the mouse gnawed through the mountain."

"That's what my mother used to say, and I say it to myself whenever my work gits ahead of me."

It was wise to ignore everything except the day's work. No one knew this better than Martha; and when her visitor rose to depart she followed her to the gate and looked about her in all directions to be certain that Sister Dunbar's remarks had not been overheard. It was a busy day for Martha. Besides attending to her own household affairs and helping to bear Sister Dunbar's burdens, she had her neighbor on the right to care for. No one, not even Martha's husband, knew what a faithful watch she kept over this woman. That night, after all her other tasks were done, she found an hour to devote to her, and left her, as she hoped, better than in the morning.

But when all the lights that twinkled in the cottage windows had gone out, the solitary tenant of the house whose windows never showed a light from within, paced the tangled paths of the weed-grown garden, and with hands and eyes uplifted to the cold, silent stars, cried out:

"Oh, God! If there be a God, have pity upon me and let me die!"

So many nights she had stood in the same place and uttered the same prayer, and yet death appeared as far off as ever. To-night she seemed to see, in place of the weeds and brambles around her, the smooth, grassy mounds of that far away burial place in which her kindred slept a peaceful, dreamless sleep. Why could she not share her rest? At first she had hoped that the boon she sought might come to her from unseen hands in this very spot; for in this fair valley, filled to the brim with bloom and verdure, bloody graves awaited all who rebelled against the despotism under which they lived. She had rebelled against it. She had defied the tyrant who held all their lives in his hand, and yet death did not overtake her. Elsewhere the ministers of blood atonement were swift and sure; but here in this lonely place, where they might dig her grave by day unquestioned, they did not come.

The fog that had risen from the river dripped coldly from the trees. It was not like the dew that fell in that far-off home which she had left years, oh, so many years ago! It had dropped on her uncovered head. Her white hair was damp with it. Slowly, very slowly, she turned her steps and went indoors. It was not fear that caused her to slide the heavy bolts and put up the bars that secured every entrance to the house. What had she to fear? Since death was denied her, all she sought was to hide herself from human eyes. She shut herself in an inner room whose one window was so thickly curtained that no ray of the feeble light burning beside her bed could be seen from without.

It was long past midnight, but she had not come here seeking sleep. Last night when worn-out nature gave way entirely, she had sunk upon the bed in a sleep that resembled a swoon, and lain many hours in blessed unconsciousness. To-night all her faculties were awake, and a thousand stinging memories beset her heart. In this room, which no one save herself ever entered, three portraits hung side by side. The first was that of a fair, young girl dressed in white. The hair that fell in rippling masses to the waist was black as night. The violet eyes that even on the canvas seemed to flash with merriment, were shaded by long, silken lashes of the same hue. The winsome beauty of the face, the pose of the lovely head, the attitude of the figure full of girlish grace, might well cause the gaze of the beholder to linger upon it. But who would guess that it had ever represented the white-haired woman who now stood before it with clasped hands and eyes dull with dispair? Yet it was in truth *herself* at whom Miriam Hartley now looked, and her lusterless eyes brightened a little as she saw through and beyond the painted canvas the home of her childhood and all within it. The faces of father and mother, of brothers and sisters, passed quickly before her, and for a little while the dark room seemed lighted by their presence. Then she turned slowly away and her eyes rested on the next picture—a baby boy in the act of taking his first, uncertain steps, reaching out his hands for help. Her face softened. She smiled, and murmured in tones of unutterable tenderness:

"My baby, my lamb! Come to mother."

The illusion lasted but a moment. Then another picture, one that had burned itself in upon her brain, came up and blotted out the image of the rosy, smiling face and the dimpled hand. She saw, instead of the canvas before her, a boyish figure lying stark and motionless upon a rocky path, the golden curls, the very same curls that crowned the baby's head, stained with the blood that oozed from a cruel wound, and the blue eyes wide open, but sightless. A terrible cry, such a cry as had broken the silence of the dark canyon above her house ten years before, echoed through the deserted rooms now as she clasped her hands over her eyes as if to shut out the awful vision. It was her boy, the only one that ever called her mother, whose blood was shed in that canyon by men whose natures were more fierce than the beasts of prey that harbored there. Was there a God who saw it all? If there was, he must surely make inquisition for blood some day, and then these murderers would not go unpunished.

As if bent on self-torture she dropped her hands and faced the next picture—that of a man of commanding figure and haughty bearing. The eyes were as blue as those of the baby's portrait at the right, but the expression, as well as of the handsome mouth, told of pride and unconquerable self-will.

"Ah, cruel as ever!" the woman muttered aloud. "What do you care for the agonies of the poor fool that worshiped you? Does it make any shadow that comes between you and the baby face of your mistress? My curse on you both!"

Now her eyes blazed, and the thin hands clenched until the nails cut into the flesh.

"Oh!" she cried out, "if I could make you suffer as I have suffered. *She* will suffer,

for they say she loves you—loves you almost as I did once, and you will tire of her in another year and cast her aside for a fresh face. I could almost find it in my heart to pity her; but you—you will go on your way, caring for nothing, feeling nothing, and invoking the name of God as a shield for your crimes. If there is a God, surely he will smite you at last."

Are my readers repelled by the pictures here presented? Lord Macauley closed and put aside *Uncle Tom's Cabin* with the comment: "A disagreeable book!"

Doubtless. And the reality was yet more disagreeable. Men, women and children bought, sold, chained, lashed, starved. Human beings condemned to a fate worse than that of the beasts of the field. With such a subject how could a picture painted from life abound in cheerful tints?

So is the present case. A system more barbarous than anything outside those "dark corners of the earth that are full of the habitations of cruelty" holds multitudes of human beings in absolute thrall. On the one hand this system rears the altar of blood atonement, and its high priest stands by and says:

"When a man transgresses his covenants, breaks his oath of unquestioning obedience, his blood must be poured out on this altar."

On the other hand rises the altar of celestial marriage, upon which thousands of women are immolated and tens of thousands of children, born to an inheritance of sorrow and shame, swelling the sacrifice. A law which the people dare not set aside reads:

"It is the duty of woman to give other wives to her husband, even as Sarah gave Hagar to Abraham. But if she refuse, then it shall be lawful for the husband to take other wives without her consent, *and she shall be destroyed for her disobedience.*"

And yet, standing face to face with the wrongs and cruelties of this system, compelled to witness its crimes, beholding its victims, the artist is commanded to paint a picture in which light and shade shall blend harmoniously. The skies of Utah are soft as those of Italy; but beneath them the blackest crimes go unpunished. The air is exhilerating as wine, but it is tainted with treason and murder. The valleys are bright in summer with ten thousand blossoms, and rich in autumn with golden grain and ripened fruit, but their sod is red with innocent blood. The mountains are storehouses of treasures, such as Aladdin never dreamed of, but their hidden recesses have echoed again and again with the cries of those whom the Danites hunted to death.

A woman crazed by her wrongs, all the sweetness of her nature turned to gall, her lips uttering curses, her heart full of jealousy and hatred, is not a pleasant sight to look upon, I admit. Yet there are many such women in Utah, and they have been made what they are by a system which has grown up under the shadow of the American flag, and in the very heart of the freest, the greatest, the most enlightened and the most Christian nation under the sun.

Upon a sandy, barren hillside overgrown with sage brush lies our city of the dead. A more desolate spot could scarcely be imagined than this bare, bleak burial ground with its hundreds of unmarked graves; and yet with what longing eyes the women of this beautiful valley have looked toward it! How they have coveted the rest of those who sleep there! To many, very many, of the heart-broken wives sacrificed on the altar of celestial marriage, this rest has been granted. The city of the dead is populous. It is a marvel to the stranger how it could have gathered so many tenants from this sparsely settled valley, but to us who know how many women, killed by the horrors of polygamy, have been carried there with their little children, the marvel is that room has been found for all.

Oh, my countrymen! Is it nothing to you that thousands of your sisters are dragging out the slow years of a wretched life in the midst of tortures that causes them to pray daily for death? Mothers, is it nothing to you that multitudes of young girls just budding into womanhood are destined for the same fate? Christians, is it nothing to you that all these women are destroyed, body and soul, in the name of religion? Follow with me the fortunes of the characters of this story, and remember as you read that *they are taken from life*, and that the incidents are *actual everyday occurrences.*

On the morning succeeding that with which our story opens, Martha Sloan, busy and cheerful as usual, was out in her trim little garden tying up currant bushes and coaxing refractory borders into straight lines. When her work was done she stopped a few minutes longer to bend admiringly over the open blossoms of a strawberry bed that was the pride and delight of her heart. Her back was to the gate, and she was so absorbed for the moment in the contemplation of her treasures that she did not hear a step upon

the walk, and was quite unconscious that any one had entered the garden until a hand clutched her dress.

"Why, Sister Dunbar!" she exclaimed, turning round so quickly as to almost knock the intruder over, "you like to scairt me clean out of my wits. What's the matter? You're as white as a sheet."

"Matter enough"—in a whisper. "Come into the house and I'll tell you."

Martha led the way indoors without any appearance of excitement or alarm. She was too well accustomed to Sister Dunbar's revelations to expect anything out of the usual order. Still she took the precaution to motion her to step into the bed-room and to close the door when both were seated.

"Now, what is it?" she asked, after giving her visitor time to recover herself.

"You know," Sister Dunbar began, still in a whisper, "that old man Cope brought Jane back to the settlement about a week ago?"

Martha nodded.

"Well, he's made up with his first wife, or he's trying to, and he treats Jane worse than a dog, thinking, I suppose, that he will please her. You know what I think of second wives, and what I've had to put up with myself, but I do not pity Jane. Yesterday they had a fuss about her baby. It's been sick a good while, and he had some medicine that he wanted to give it—something that would kill it, most likely. I'm sure I wouldn't trust him to give medicine to a kitten. Jane stood out about it. She worships her baby; thinks all the more of it because it's a poor, weakly thing, and she took it in her arms and went off to a neighbor's, declaring that neither he nor the first wife should touch it. She staid till dark, but the neighbor (I don't say who it was) thought it would make matters worse to keep her over night, and advised her to go home then. She went and the old man acted as if nothing had happened; but it appears he'd made up his mind what to do, and what do you suppose it was?"

"I'm sure I couldn't tell for the life of me."

"Well, you shall hear. In the middle of the night he takes Jane out of the house in her night-clothes, drags her as far as the old cottonwood tree on the canyon road and chains her up with an ox-chain."

Martha uttered an exclamation.

"Stop! You haven't heard all yet. After he'd got her chained fast, he went back and fetched the baby and threw it down on the ground just far enough from her so that she could not possibly reach it with hand or foot, and there they both are yet. You knew Jane's condition, and the heavy ox-chain is fastened about her waist, for I've been down myself to see. I didn't get very near her, though, for Cope stands in the road with an ax and swears he will use it on anybody that interferes. I've been to the bishop about it, but all he says, is: 'Let the woman obey her husband.'"

Martha rose to her feet. Her ruddy face had turned pale, and her lips were firmly compressed as she walked to a closet in the corner of the room, took down a long-handled hatchet and started for the door.

"What on earth are you going to do?" exclaimed Sister Dunbar, in alarm.

"I'm goin' to let Jane loose and take her and her baby away, and if Cope wants to use his axe he'll find I can handle this hatchet jest as well."

"Don't, for heaven's sake, Sister Martha. You'll only get yourself into trouble and do the poor thing no good. I've seen how such things end."

But Martha was already out of the house and walking rapidly in the direction of the canyon road. Sister Dunbar, whose curiosity for the moment mastered her fears, rose and followed her at a considerable distance; but long before either reached the cottonwood tree a horseman came in sight riding down the road from the mouth of the canyon.

CHAPTER II.

The poor creature chained to the tree was in plain view. Her head drooped low on her breast; she was silent, and the beholders might have thought her unconscious if she had not made an effort to reach out her hands toward her babe, whose faint moans the other women were by this time able to distinguish. In the middle of the road, and only a few feet from the tree, stood Cope, brandishing his axe above his head.

The man on horseback, now within a rod or so of this tableau, halted and called out:

"What does all this mean?"

"It means," answered Martha, "that this brute chained one of his wives to a tree last night and says he will keep her there."

The words were scarcely spoken when the horseman leaped to the ground, and leveling a heavy dragoon six-shooter at Cope's head, ordered him to drop his axe. The wretch, who was as cowardly as he was brutal, obeyed at once.

"Now take yourself off on the instant or I'll send you where you belong."

Cope needed no second bidding. The revolver still covered him, and the sharp click of the lock emphasized the new comer's threat. In less time than it takes to write the words he had vanished from the scene, and the stranger had begun the work of releasing the victim of his cruelty. The chain was fastened by strong staples which it required time and strength to remove. Martha stood by holding the baby, which she had taken up as soon as she reached the spot, and Sister Dunbar looked on, pale and trembling.

"Now," said the man, when his task was ended, "you women take her away as quickly as possible—or stay, I will put her on my horse."

"No," said Martha, "you have risked enough already. I will take her home with me. You must not stop here. Ride as fast as your horse can carry you, and get out of the way of all of them before Cope spreads his story through the settlement." Then seeming to realize that her words did not convey the gratitude she felt, she added:

"Whoever you are, the Lord bless you for your good deed and keep you safe! Go now."

Her earnestness and the terror in Sister Dunbar's face seemed to decide the stranger. He lifted his hat courteously, and with a simple "good morning," sprang upon his horse and rode away in the direction from which he had come.

"Lord, help us!" said Sister Dunbar, in whose trembling arms Martha had placed the baby. "How will this end for all of us? I know that man; it is the Gentile who passed through here last month on his way to the mountains to prospect for silver; the same one who talked with Mary Ellsworth. What will become of him now? *They* will be on his track before night."

"Never you fear for him, Sister Dunbar. He's a man that can take care of himself."

Martha, as the reader may have discovered, was given to deeds rather than words. She said no more now, but made the best of her way homeward, half leading, half carrying poor Jane, while Sister Dunbar followed with the baby.

Meanwhile the stranger was riding northward along a bridle path that skirted the foothills. He was, as Sister Dunbar had said, a Gentile, whose mere presence in the valley was reckoned an intrusion, and he was quite well aware of the consequences of his recent act. The women present were Mormons without doubt, and might be forgiven for their share in the transaction; but interference in any of the domestic affairs of the people by one not of their faith was a crime punishable with death.

Robert Maynard was not easily intimidated. All the years of his manhood had been spent in the northern territories, and he had come off victorious in many a desperate encounter with the wild beasts of the rocky mountains, and with savages more fierce and formidable than they. Here, however, he knew he must meet foes far harder to deal with; men who united all the means and appliances of civilization to the treachery, cruelty and cunning of savages. He knew, too, that after what had occurred he could not trust himself for an hour by daylight in one of their isolated settlements, and that night must overtake him on the lonely road he was traveling. He hoped to reached Salt Lake by dark. There were a few Gentile residents there, and a military post at which a handful of troops were stationed. And yet even in Salt Lake a man's life was not safe for a day if he fell under the ban of the priesthood. Maynard remembered that only a little while before, a man loved and revered by all outside of the Mormon community had been brutally murdered within a few steps of his own door, and that another exemplary citizen whose only crime consisted in marrying a woman who had renounced polygamy had been shot down in broad daylight on one of the principal streets of the city while in the custody of an officer.

"If it was only a fair fight, now," Maynard said to himself, "I think I could stand off a dozen of them; but cowards who always lie in wait for a man in the dark, or creep up behind him to shoot him in the back, are not so easy to get away with."

Then as his thoughts reverted to the scene in which he had just taken part, and to the settlement that lay in the distance behind him, a face came up that for a time drove his present danger from his mind.

A month before, when on his way to the mountains, he had stopped at this settlement

for dinner. There was no inn in the place, but the bishop turned an honest penny occasionally by furnishing meals to wayfarers at an exorbitant price. Maynard was waited on at the table by a dark-eyed girl whose delicate beauty was in such strong contrast to the appearance of the bishop's red-faced daughters that he surmised that she bore no relationship to any of the flock.

Before leaving Salt Lake one of the oldest Gentile residents had given him this parting advice:

"Maynard, my boy, whatever else you do, don't venture to look at a Mormon girl, much less to speak to one. I could tell you stories that would make your hair stand on end of the fate that has overtaken men who had committed the imprudence of making a pretty speech or two to some of the daughters of the saints."

Doubtless this was excellent counsel, and Maynard meant to follow it; but the dark eyes of this girl, veiled by long lashes that swept her cheek; the extreme beauty of her face and form; the timid, deprecating air with which she waited on him, quite disarmed him of his customary caution, and before he knew it he was asking her questions and telling something of his own plans.

His horse had lost a shoe in the morning, and before dinner was over he felt quite reconciled to the accident which made it necessary for him to stop in the settlement for several hours. In the course of the afternoon he contrived to learn all that Mary Ellsworth had to tell of herself.

She was an orphan. Her parents, who accompanied the Mormon emigration of the previous year, had died on the plains, and their money and other property, of which they brought a considerable amount, had disappeared, so that she was left penniless as as well as friendless, and had no resort but to seek employment in any family that would take her. She filled a servant's place now, and it was very evident not only that the work required of her was beyond her strength, but that she was harshly treated by the bishop's wife and daughters. As for the bishop himself, he was very kind—offensively so, Maynard thought, repressing a strong inclination to knock him down as he listened to some of his speeches to the girl.

"So young, so beautiful, so unprotected"—these were some of Maynard's thoughts to-day. "What will be her fate in that house? If it had not been for this morning's encounter I might have seen her again."

To tell the truth, the hope of seeing Mary Ellsworth again was the only motive that had induced him to visit the settlement a second time, though he meant to make the purchase of certain supplies from the bishop a pretext for coming down into the valley.

Robert Maynard was a miner. For ten years he had searched with varying success for the hidden treasures of the earth. He had "a claim" now far up the rugged sides of the Wasatch that promised him the fortune he had been seeking so long. A year ago he would have laughed at the idea of jeopardising all his prospects of wealth for a single glimpse of a girl's face.

The life he had led, full of dangers and vicissitudes, the hardships he had endured, his hand to hand strife with nature to wrest from her grasp the riches she had concealed in the heart of the mountains, had left little leisure for the tender passion. He had, moreover, no youthful memories of any face which was to him more than all others. No silken tress of hair, no letter breathing the fragrance of by-gone years, formed any portion of the treasures such as are buried with many a poor fellow who finds a grave in the mountains. Up to the day he met Mary Ellsworth he was absolutely heart-whole. It may be that if questioned now he would have asserted that he was so still, but somehow the dark eyes cast down except when some question of his had caused her to raise them to his face, the smooth cheek, with its tender, changing color, the lovely mouth (he had seen the lips quiver at a harsh reproof from her mistress), made a picture that he could not banish, even in the midst of his hardest day's work upon the unyielding rock that covered the silver he sought. Yet when his partner, Jim Bradford, a rough, grizzled "forty-niner," grumbled loudly at his determination to go down the valley for supplies that were not immediately needed, and more than hinted that there was a woman in the case, he had repelled the insinuation with lofty scorn, declaring that he had no sweetheart except the Flora Bell, that being the name Jim had given to their mine.

It was a long ride to Salt Lake, and a solitary one. He did not meet or pass a single traveler, for prospectors on their way to the canyons usually took another route, and the farmers just now were too busy to be absent from home. It was an hour after dark before the lights of Salt Lake began to show in the distance, and when he entered the

principal street of the city most of the houses seemed closed for the night. Street lamps had not yet been introduced into the Mormon capital, and after finding stabling for his horse, he picked his way on foot as best he could to the bachelor quarters of his friend, Major Golden. A brief history of the morning's adventure drew from the major an emphatic remark as to the fate that ought to overtake the entire Mormon priesthood.

"But you were lucky, after all," he added, "to get out of the scrape so easily. Likely as not the whole scene was gotten up for a trap; I've heard of such things here."

"No," answered Maynard, "that could not have been the case this time. The face of the woman who spoke to me first was truth itself. I cannot forget her expression when she told me to ride for my life, and the poor girl fastened to the tree was half dead when I released her."

"Well, at any rate, you have stirred up a hornet's nest in that settlement, and it is doubly unfortunate because it lies on the direct route to your mine."

"That's so, but still I think I shall take that route when I get ready to go back."

"Don't, unless you have got your will made and are quite ready to step into the next world. You haven't been here long enough to learn all I could tell you about these cowardly wretches."

Nevertheless, when Maynard laid his head on his pillow that night he said to himself: "I will see her again if I die for it."

When he slept it was to dream of flying through the mountain passes to a land of freedom, carrying with him one whom he had rescued from Mormon tyranny.

It is now time to return to Martha Sloan, who, with such assistance as her frightened neighbor was able to render her, had succeeded in getting poor Jane and her baby under her hospitable roof. Fortunately for Martha her husband and herself were usually of one mind, and in nothing were they more heartily agreed than in their secret hatred of Mormonism.

In their old home in one of the middle states they had listened to the persuasive words of a Mormon elder and had been baptised into that faith, but they had no thought of emigrating to Utah until influenced to do so by Mr. Hartley. On their arrival in the dominions of the Mormon prophet they found everything so different from the representations made to them that they determined to return at once, but they soon found that they would not be permitted to do so; and for fifteen years they had realized that they were prisoners. During all these years they had been on the lookout for an opportunity to escape, but as yet no such opportunity had presented itself. Their boy, who was a toddling baby when they brought him here, was now a stalwart lad of sixteen.

"Thank the Lord he ain't a girl," Willam Sloan often said to his wife. "If we had a daughter some o' them gray-haired scoundrels that's a pickin' up all the young girls in the settlement would be after her; and if one of 'em come around *my* house on such an errant, I should be obleeged to kill him."

Yet the Mormon priesthood knew how to stab fathers and mothers through their sons as well as through their daughters. Mrs. Hartley's only son was but sixteen when he went out of the house one summer morning never to return; and it was his mother who found his lifeless body in the canyon after night fell.

Martha Sloan, courageous always where no one but herself was concerned, was filled with fear for her boy, and after Clarence Hartley's tragic death, her Johnny, then but a child, was never allowed to be out of his parents' sight. For his sake, too, both Martha and her husband forced themselves to wear a mask which their honest natures loathed. Outwardly, they conformed to all the requirements of the Mormon faith, except in the matter of polygamy, and even on this subject they never allowed their real sentiments to be known.

When William Sloan was "counseled" by the bishop to take another wife, he always answered that he did not see his way quite clear yet; but while his backwardness called down frequent reproofs upon his head, it was supposed by his brethren that he "believed in the principle"—that being the expression commonly used to denote faith in the revelation upon celestial marriage.

Martha's interference in Brother Cope's family affairs was the first overt act of rebellion which any of the family had committed, and this might perhaps be forgiven, for Cope was universally detested, even by his brethren, while Jane, besides having the good will of her neighbors, was the daughter of an influential member of the priesthood, who lived twenty miles farther south.

"If her father only takes her part," said poor, frightened Sister Dunbar, "we may not be called to account for what we have done, though to be sure it was directly against the bishop's counsel."

"Her father'll take her part, don't you never worry about that," was the answer.

"Yes, but how is he to find out what has happened."

"Oh, he'll hear soon enough. Jest you make your mind easy, Sister Dunbar. I ain't a grain afeard but what when the thing is laid before President Young (the title by which the prophet was usually addressed) he'll say we did right."

"Maybe that's so; but what can we say about the Gentile that helped her? The bishop won't be willing to overlook *that*. His wife says he was in such a temper they all had to keep out of his way after he found out how this same fellow talked to Mary Ellsworth when he was here before."

"*We* hain't nothin' to do with the Gentile. We didn't ask him to help us. We don't know his name, and we ain't expected to swear jest how he looked. And as for Cope, we know he never set eyes on the man before, for he was down south last month."

"Well, I'll leave you to manage all that. I can say I stood back and was too much frightened to tell what was going on; and dear knows that's the truth."

Martha's judgment proved correct. In a couple of days Jane's father arrived in the settlement, and as his daughter and her child were both dangerously ill in consequence of the brutal treatment they had received, he forwarded a complaint against Cope to the prophet, and being a man of wealth and influence the charge received much more attention than it otherwise would. Cope was severely reprimanded, and the prophet granted Jane a divorce (it may be necessary to state, for the information of those who are strangers to the customs of Utah, that the parties to a plural marriage go to the prophet for a divorce. The usual fee for such divorce is ten dollars), and gave her father permission to take her and her child home with him.

The bishop was not altogether pleased with the turn which affairs had taken. His own counsel had been set at naught, and being a man of an arbitrary disposition and a most violent temper, he chafed and fumed at this, and made his home more uncomfortable than usual for his family, though he dared not make any open comments upon the prophet's decision.

But this was not all. Cope's description of the stranger who had liberated Jane made him feel certain that he was no other than the miner who had stopped at his house a month ago, and roused his wrath by daring to notice Mary Ellsworth.

It is hardly necessary to say that the bishop looked upon Mary as his own property. From the day that she came into his family he had made up his mind that she should be sealed to him, with or without her consent. He had already four wives. His first wife, the mother of his grown daughters, was the hard task-mistress whom poor Mary served; but in justice to her it must be said that she had full knowledge of her husband's designs, and though she told herself over and over again that she never loved him since the day, now nearly twenty years ago, when he first brought another woman into the house to claim the title of wife, she could not look upon the girl's beautiful face without a feeling of jealous rage.

The second wife, nearly as old as herself, was now a faded, spiritless, heart-broken woman, "as miserable as she deserves to be," so said her rival, whose happiness she had destroyed twenty years ago. The other two wives were mere drudges who saved the bishop a man's wages by working the farm upon which he had placed them. But this girl, with her fair face, her dainty ways, her refinement of speech and manner, would receive far different treatment.

"*She* will be put in a fine house in the city, no doubt, as soon as she is sealed to him, while I and my daughters slave here as we have always done."

This was the burden of her thoughts, the secret of much of her harshness to the poor girl, who on her part could not divine why all her efforts to please her mistress were unsuccessful.

Mary at first was grateful to the bishop because he was kind to her and tried to lighten her tasks and to save her from ill treatment; but when he began to pay her attentions which annoyed her, and to praise her beauty, she learned to dread him. Still she did not dream that he meant to make her his wife until after the episode narrated in the present chapter.

It happened that she was present when Cope described the stranger who had, as he phrased it, "meddled in his family affairs," and she recognized Maynard from this

description quite as readily as the bishop did. In spite of herself her heart beat quickly at the thought that he had been so near her, and her cheek flushed and paled as she remembered that he had said, as he rode away:

"I hope to see you when I come again."

Simple words that might have meant very little to anyone else, or to Mary herself in happier days, but which she had treasured, in her loneliness and sadness, as something too precious to part with.

Unfortunately for her the bishop, turning suddenly toward her, saw the blush that dyed her cheeks and guessed the cause.

"Aha! So she remembers that scamp," he said to himself. "Well, if the thought of him can bring the color into her face like that it is high time that she be placed beyond his reach. I'll speak to her this very night, and let her know that she must get ready to go to the Endowment House with me next week. No use asking Margaret to go" (glancing toward the next room, in which he could hear his wife's sharp voice scolding some member of the household), "but we can easily dispense with her company."

Having settled these matters to his own satisfaction the bishop took no more notice of Mary for the present; but in the evening he astonished and terrified her by demanding a private interview, and closing and locking the door of the room in which he ordered her to seat herself.

Polygamic courtship is usually a most unromantic affair. When, as is often the case, a man is making arrangements to marry two or three wives on the same day, his mind is somewhat distracted by the necessity of dividing his attentions equally among the different claimants. Young men about to venture on the uncertain sea of matrimony, are frequently advised to take two wives to beginwith. This advice is well meant, as it is supposed that the two, being wedded on the same day, neither will be able to claim the precedence, and thus the warfare between the first and second wives, which often converts many a Mormon home into a battle-ground, will be avoided. Experience has demonstrated, however, that the single hour which intervenes between the two marriage ceremonies gives occasion for an assumption of superiority on the part of the one first wedded, and for bitter jealousies and heart-burnings on the part of the other.

Then, too, the trouble which the first or legal wife of an old man often makes when he decides to take a youthful bride, has the effect of checking the tender speeches and delicate attentions which are supposed to be part and parcel of an orthodox courtship.

The fact that many of the young girls so married are taken to the Endowment House sorely against their will must also be taken into account. It is much easier for a gray-haired high-priest to make a brief, business-like bargain with the girl's parents—or if she is an orphan or her parents are not in the territory, with the bishop of the ward or the president of the stake—than attempt to win a reluctant bride in the fashion that prevails in other countries. It is not known that any gray-beard in Utah, in search of a fourth or fifth wife, has ever been guilty of writing sonnets to her eye-brows, or serenading her at midnight in the touching strains in which wooers elsewhere sing of their love.

The Utah mode of courtship has its advantages. It is short, practical, and generally successful. The present writer recalls an instance in which an elderly suitor won from a stern father the promise to bestow on him the hand of his fourteen-year-old daughter by the well-timed present of a span of mules. A thrifty and well-to-do citizen, who always has an eye to business, even in his love affairs, makes a practice of hiring a good-looking servant girl, keeping her until her wages amount to thirty or forty dollars, and then offering his hand in lieu of a cash payment. After the marriage the girl remains in the kitchen doing the work of the family without wages until her children become troublesome, when she is turned out to make room for a fresh importation.

In the present case the good bishop might have been a little less abrupt in making his offer of marriage if his temper had not been so sadly ruffled by the recent disturbances in the settlement; but when the suspicion that Mary might be interested in the handsome stranger was added to his other annoyances he was in no mood to waste time in soft speeches. As soon, therefore, as the key was turned in the lock (to guard against the possible appearance of his wife upon the scene), he began without any preface:

"Mary, it is my duty to provide you with a husband to be your protector in this world, and to raise you up in the last day and give you a place in the celestial kingdom.

It does not become me to boast of my attainments" (here the bishop's modesty almost overcame him), "but it is well known that I rank very high in the priesthood for a man of my age. I have therefore decided to marry you myself, and I will take you up to the Endowment House some day next week—say Thursday. I did intend to put it off till after the spring planting, but there are so many dangers besetting an unprotected young girl," looking keenly at her to discover if possible whether she would show that she understood what his last words referred to, "I have made up my mind that I ought not to let the planting or anything else stand in the way of my duty toward you. The boys are old enough to attend to the farm, and it is time they were put in charge, for of course I shall live principally in the city after this."

Mary was at first too much astounded to utter a word, but after a few minutes she managed to falter out:

"I do not feel unsafe. I am well taken care of here, and content. I—I—do not wish to—to make any change."

"Nonsense, Mary," the bishop interrupted sharply; "contented here where you have to work like a slave, besides being scolded and tormented from morning till night! Don't you think I've got eyes, girl?"

Then after a moment's pause he added, as though the idea had just struck him: "You don't suppose that I mean to marry you and bring you back here? I own a good house in Salt Lake and I am going to furnish it up with the best, and get you a hired girl, too, though of course it isn't best to speak about that here. You know as well as I do what trials I have with my family (the bishop sighed mournfully), and it would only make matters more unpleasant to talk about our plans before Margaret and the girls. In some families, now," continued the ill-used husband, "the first wife does all she can to make things agreeable, and goes to the Endowment House and gives her consent without any fuss, but Margaret never had an obliging disposition, and I am sorry to say she is more obstinate than ever just now. She was *made* to go to the Endowment House when I took Ellinor, but she raised such a storm about it afterward I settled it in my own mind that I would never take her again, and I never have."

Mary sat silent—literally struck dumb—and the bishop not feeling called upon to trouble himself about the objections which she was powerless to make, and having besides a growing fear that if their interview lasted longer his wife might knock at the door and demand admittance, rose to go, saying as he did so:

"Don't trouble yourself about any preparations. We will start early on the day before the ceremony so as to get to Salt Lake in the afternoon, and I have a sister there who will fit you out with everything you need."

The bishop was gone, and Mary sat alone in the room. It had grown dark, and she crouched in the corner with the feeling that makes a hunted creature seek the slightest shelter when its strength is gone. How helpless she was! How uttterly helpless and alone! It seemed for the moment as though God, as well as man, had forsaken her. One week, only one little week, remained in which help might come up to her; and yet, from what quarter could it come?

Her thoughts turned for an instant to the stranger who had spoken the only words of sincere kindness she had heard since that night when she closed her father's eyes in the lonely mountain pass in which they buried him. Robert Maynard was brave and good. If he knew, would he not help a poor girl who was utterly friendless and forsaken? But she must not wish for him to come. They would kill him if they could find him even now. She hoped he was far away and safe; and as she said this to herself she felt a choking sensation in her throat. She could have sobbed aloud, but she must not. In another minute her mistress might come.

"And if she finds me here in this room into which I have no business to go, she will say something dreadful."

This thought mingled with the poor child's confused longings to hide some place where no one could find her. She rose mechanically and groped her way out. Her tasks for the day were done, and in the little closet in which she slept she would have the blessed privilege of being alone for a few hours at least. There was a bolt on the door of this sleeping room; how she wished to-night that the door was of iron, with bars of treble thickness. "For then," she said to herself, "I might shut myself up here and die alone, and never look on *his* face again."

A shudder of dread and repulsion passed over her at the thought of this man from whom she wished to hide—from whom she *must* escape, though she knew not how.

After a night of such misery and terror that it seemed to her her hair must have

turned gray, the first faint light of dawn began to steal through her window, and with it came a knock upon her door, followed by the sharp voice of her mistress, bidding her get up at once to cook breakfast for the bishop, who had been called away south and must start that morning.

Here was a reprieve! It might be that the man who held her fate in his hands would be gone for weeks, and in the meantime might not God open up some way of escape? Happily for her her mistress chose to wait upon the bishop herself and keep Mary in the kitchen, so that she was spared any parting words from him; and as he rode away she heard him say, in answer to a neighbor's question, that he might be gone a week or more.

It is possible that the wife suspected what had taken place on the previous evening, for she was doubly irritable and exacting to-day, and poor Mary was kept so hard at work and under such a constant fire of angry and abusive words, that she had little time to brood over her own danger or to form plans for escaping from it. But when night fell, and she was once more locked in her own room, a thought came to her that seemed an inspiration. If she could get to Salt Lake before the bishop returned she would be safe. There were Gentiles there—she had heard that often enough—and now there was a Gentile court which had done something to protect those who appealed to it. She knew the distance, too, and she was sure she could walk it in a night and a day.

Hope gave her new strength as she sat and waited for the house to grow silent, and for the lights in the settlement to disappear. The hours seemed endless, but at last midnight came, and a cautious survey from her window assured her that no one was stirring in sight of the house.

The window was small and not intended to open, but with some difficulty she succeeded in removing the fastenings that held it in place and climbed through it. There was no moon, but the faint starlight showed the road distinctly enough for her. Crouching in the shadow of the trees that bordered it the fugitive made her way noiselessly to the limits of the small settlement and then paused in doubt as to what course to take. The traveled road would not be safe—of that she was sure—and she knew no other route.

"But," she reasoned, "Salt Lake lies to the north, and close to the mountains, and if I keep along the foot-hills I must reach there sometime."

The road to the foot-hills led past the cotton wood tree to which Cope had chained his disobedient wife, and a little way beyond this was a deep ravine spanned by a rickety bridge. On the other side of the ravine the only road visible was the one leading to the canyon. This was not her route, and picking her way among the sage brush and rocks she endeavored to fix upon a northward course. After an hour's walking and climbing, during which it seemed to her that she made little progress, she came upon a bridle path, the same one by which Maynard had made his journey to the city a few days before. This path seemed to her to lead in the direction in which she wished to go, and quickening her pace to a run, she hurried forward until out of breath. As she stopped for a few minutes to rest she fancied she heard voices in the distance behind her. It was only fancy; but the fear that she might be pursued lent new strength to her tired limbs, and she rose and pressed onward with such blind haste that she stumbled over the rocks in her path and fell more than once into the streams that crossed it. How long the way seemed! Try as she would she could not continue to run, and by and by it became almost impossible for her to walk. Yet she *must* keep on. The sky was already beginning to show signs of the coming dawn. In a little while her flight would be discovered. Her temples throbbed, her head swam, her wet garments clung to her feet. How long could she keep from falling down in the path? She looked up to the sky. Was not God there, and did he not see her? If he did, he surely knew that her strength was all gone, and that it was time for him to help her.

She was trembling and shaking all over now. She could go no farther. Maybe, though, she was going to die; then she would be safe; then——a mist blurred her sight; there was a ringing sound in her ears; then she knew no more.

CHAPTER III.

It was a hot day in early June, and the sunlight, pouring down from a sky in which no cloud had been seen for weeks, filled the whole atmosphere with a blinding glare, making the shade of the trees that bordered the streets of Salt Lake doubly welcome.

The city was such only in name. Every house was set in the midst of an orchard; well-kept gardens came up to the sidewalks, and cows grazed beside the little rivulets that ran along every street, giving the place an aspect more rural than that of many a New England town.

On one of the most quiet streets of this city of orchards and gardens stood a large, square, two-story house with pleasant surroundings. On a porch, covered with climbing vines, a slender figure dressed in white sat in a low rocking chair, doing nothing as it seemed, for she had neither book nor work in her hands. A girlish face, shaded by wavy masses of golden hair, blue eyes, and cheeks tinted with a sea-shell pink, made a pretty picture, lighted up as it was by a single ray of sunshine that streamed through an opening in the vines. Yet the fair face had none of the brightness of girl hood. There was a grave, almost sad look in the blue eyes, and the expression of the countenance was tinged with anxiety and foreboding. This girl, who seemed scarcely eighteen, was a wife, and alas for her, a childless wife. Does any one ask why this should cause the premature look of sadness and care which marked her face? A Mormon wife who has no children is not counted worthy of a high place in her husband's regard, and she knows that she will soon be called upon to witness his marriage with another. She, moreover, was a second wife, and in spite of the fact that she had been taught to regard a polygamous marriage as legal and honorable, she felt in her heart that the tie which bound her to the man she called husband was slender indeed.

"If I were a first wife I should not feel so much afraid of being cast off."

This was the burden of her thoughts to-day as she sat alone, her eyes wandering idly up and down the deserted street. The sound of approaching wheels broke in upon her revery. One of the canvas-covered wagons that came in daily from the settlements turned the corner near the house and stopped at the gate. A woman dressed in homespun, her face shaded by a gingham sun-bonnet, climbed out of the wagon unassisted and approached the house.

"Does Brother Hartley live here?" she inquired.

"He does," was the answer. "Please walk in. He is out just now, but I expect him home to dinner."

"I will come in, for I should not like to miss seeing him."

Elsie Hartley had the instincts of a lady, and her unknown and shabbily-attired guest was ushered into the best room and made to feel as though her dress and equipage had been more elegant and fashionable.

"You will stay to dinner, of course," the hostess said, when the gingham sun-bonnet had been removed.

"I think I will, since you are kind enough to ask me."

The face and manners of the visitor did not quite accord with the homespun dress, but rather hinted at a past when she too might have had the same surroundings as her hostess.

"You do not know me, but Brother Hartley is an old neighbor—I might say an old friend, for we came from the same town in the states, and I have known him all my life. My name is Dunbar."

"Ah, you are from W——, then; and of course you know—Sister Hartley?"

"Yes."

"She lives near you?"

"Yes."

For once in her life Sister Dunbar was reduced to the necessity of answering in monosyllables. She had not expected these questions, and she was at a loss how to speak of the white-haired, half-crazed woman who was her neighbor to this girl, for whose fair face Hartley had forsaken the wife of his youth. This second marriage was all right, according to the "principles" in which Sister Dunbar professed to believe, yet somehow the contrast between this handsome house, with its pretty and youthful mistress, and that other house in whose gloomy and silent rooms the deserted wife was waiting for death, oppressed her strangely and made her wish herself away. If she had known beforehand how Elsie longed to find out why the first wife refused to see her, and why her husband would never speak of her or go to see her himself, it is doubtful whether even her love of gossip would have induced her to come.

"I have never seen Sister Hartley," Elsie continued. "She was sick when we were married; and though I have begged Brother Hartley to take me to see her or to bring her here, he will not do it."

Lest the reader should think Elsie a simpleton, it is necessary to state that the priva-

cies of domestic life are not by any means considered sacred in Mormon communities. How can they be when the teachers or inspectors, whose duty it is to visit each family once a month, are required to find out and report everything that passes between husbands and wives, parents and children, or brothers and sisters?

It took Sister Dunbar some minutes to frame a reply to the last question, but at length she stammered out:

"Sister Hartley has been in poor health for a long time, and we are afraid she is not altogether right in her mind. She never sees anybody now if she can help it."

"I am very sorry. How long has she been in such a state?"

Here was another embarrassing question. To mention the exact time from which Mrs. Hartley's illness dated would be to give the month and the day of Hartley's second marriage.

"I really can't say; I have such a poor memory," she answered at last, "but she has not been out anywhere for a couple of years."

"Poor woman! And is there any one staying with her to take care of her?"

"No."

Elsie sat a few minutes lost in deep and seemingly painful thought. At length she lifted her eyes and looked her visitor steadily in the face.

"Sister Dunbar," she said, "I was brought up here, and you have been here many years. We both know that polygamy brings trouble into families. When I married it was with the understanding that the first wife gave her consent, but it has never seemed right that Brother Hartley (Mormon wives always address their husbands as "Brother") should live with me altogether, and of late I have been almost sure that his wife determined to give him up when he married me. I want to know the truth, and then—I will try to find out what I ought to do. Will you tell me the truth?"

Sister Dunbar thus appealed to turned red, then pale, and finally began with a deprecating manner:

"I am sure I want to tell the truth, but at the same time I don't want to make trouble. Sister Hartley never believed in polygamy; indeed, I am not sure that she believed in any of the principles, and I know that she came to Utah much against her own wishes and only because her husband was determined to come. She lost her only child some years ago, and after that she never seemed like herself. She worshiped her husband. He was all that she had left in the world, and I don't think she ever dreamed of his taking another wife. When he made up his mind that it was his duty to do so she may have *said* she consented—a good many of us feel obliged to say that—but in her heart I know she was bitterly opposed to it, and I think she felt as though it would be more than she could bear to see him afterward."

When Sister Dunbar once began to make revelations her infirmity in that respect caused her to go much further than she intended. She was an inveterate gossip, and like certain parties who lived eighteen centuries before her, lived for little else than to hear or tell some new thing. In the present instance she had meant to say as little as possible in reply to Elsie's questions; but when she paused to take breath the white face of her listener showed her that she had told too much. Elsie was a second wife, and in the depths of her heart Sister Dunbar felt that she deserved to suffer; but not for worlds would she have given expression to this feeling now, and when the girl raised her eyes to her face with a piteous, appealing look she said, as though soothing a child:

"There, there! Don't feel badly. *You* are not to blame."

"Who *is* to blame then?"

Elsie spoke with a quiver in her voice that showed the tears were not very far off.

"Nobody. It seems ordained that women should suffer in this life. I have suffered myself. My husband took another wife when I was sick in bed, with a baby only a week old lying beside me. It seemed very hard, but if God orders such things we have nothing to say."

"Sister Dunbar," Elsie spoke up impulsively, "God *never* ordered any such thing. You know better and so do I. When I married I didn't think anything about what God had ordered. I liked Brother Hartley very much, and I was persuaded by those who were older and wiser than I that it was right for me to marry him. All the other girls were going into polygamy and why should not I? But I never thought of the trouble I was bringing on the first wife."

"What did your mother say?"

"Only this: 'You will suffer less as a second wife.' I didn't understand her then but I do now. Polygamy is a curse to every woman in the territory."

"Hush! hush! You don't know who may be listening. We may think what we please, but we must not talk."

A step was heard at this moment on the walk, and Elsie, looking out, said:

"Brother Hartley is coming."

Yesterday she might have said, "my husband," but now it seemed to her that no one except that lonely, deserted wife, whose sad story was ringing in her ears, had any right to call him so.

It was easy to recognize in the man who now entered the room the original of the portrait which hung in Mrs. Hartley's chamber. There was the same haughty, handsome face, the same proud mouth, the same piercing eyes; but the hair was sprinkled with silver, and the smile with which he greeted his young wife and welcomed her visitor could not hide the deep lines graven by care—shall we say also by remorse? Yes, for this man had once loved the wife of his youth as he did not and could not love the girl whose fresh, youthful beauty had caught his fancy.

It was partly the passion kindled by this beauty and partly his over-mastering ambition to gain a place among the leaders of the people—a place that could never be his while he had but one wife—that had caused him to forget his marriage vows and crush the heart he had won in those long-past, happy years, whose memory he now tried to banish.

In Mormonism, as in religion, he had not a particle of faith; but he saw in the system a stepping-stone to wealth and power, and of this he meant to avail himself. He had already grown tired of Elsie's pretty face, and he was now negotiating with one of the rulers of the people for the hand of his daughter. This new alliance, if he succeeded in making it, would give him the prestige he sought, and he had his eye upon an important office, just vacant, which his future father-in-law could easily obtain for him. The necessity of making application for this office in advance of any one else caused him to push his suit for the hand of the girl who, if she lacked Elsie's beauty, would bring him money and secure her father's influence in his favor.

Elsie knew nothing as yet of his plans, and he did not mean to tell her until everything was in readiness for the ceremony. She would cry for a day or two, of course,—she always did when anything went wrong,—but she was only a child, and he could buy her off with a new dress and a trinket or two. In fact, Elsie was very little in his thoughts as he perfected his arrangements for his third marriage; but often and often another face rose up before him—a face that haunted him by night as he turned on his sleepless pillow, and made his days wretched in spite of all that he told himself he had gained. What would he not give to be able to banish that face from his memory!

He had never been near W—— since the day of his second marriage, and he had avoided, as far as possible, any meeting with its inhabitants. It was not, therefore, a pleasant surprise to him to find Sister Dunbar sitting with Elsie; but he was too good an actor to betray his feelings, and his visitor missed none of the cordiality of other days in his welcome. Still, notwithstanding his outward composure, he was nervously afraid that she would mention his wife's name, and he filled up the dinner hour with questions about the religious progress of the people of W——, in which he professed the deepest interest.

Contrary to his usual custom he remained at home after dinner and took the burden of the conversation upon himself until he saw Sister Dunbar safely deposited in the wagon that was to take her back to the settlement. He flattered himself that by this means he had prevented her saying anything to Elsie which he did not wish to reach her ears. It was therefore with as much surprise as displeasure that he heard Elsie's first question after they were left alone:

"Why did you not tell me the truth about your wife?"

"What do you mean?" he asked, affecting the greatest astonishment, though he changed color visibly.

"I mean," answered Elsie, "that if I had known all I would never have married you."

She was not deficient in courage after all, this fair, fragile-looking girl. She regarded Hartley now with a steady gaze, which somehow he shrank from meeting, and he could not at first find words to answer her. When he spoke, at length, it was in a jesting tone:

"Why, Elsie, child, what tragic airs you put on! Are you rehearsing for the stage?"

"You need not speak in that way." She had risen to her feet now, and her cheeks were crimson. "You made me believe that your wife consented to our marriage. I was too young and ignorant then to realize that no woman could consent to such

a thing with her heart; but I have learned much in two years, and I know now that your wife has lost all she had to live for."

In spite of himself, in spite of his pride and his iron will, Hartley trembled. How plainly he could see that face now! And the accusing voice that sounded in his ears was not that of the girl before him. No; it was a voice that had thrilled his heart in that dead past which for him could have no resurrection. But he must not let Elsie see how he felt, and affecting anger he said harshly:

"That gossiping woman has been filling your ears with her tales. I will take good care that she does not come here again."

"Sister Dunbar only answered my questions, and she did that most reluctantly. I knew before that polygamy was a curse, but I did not know until to-day how much another had suffered through me."

"Elsie, until now you have only talked nonsense; but when you speak in such terms of a divine ordinance you commit a sin that if known would not be passed over lightly. For my sake, if not for your own, be a little more careful what you say."

For his sake! Hartley knew what chord to touch. She loved him, this fond, simple-hearted girl, against whose happiness he was even now planning a fatal blow. He had a strange power to win the love of women—a love from whose bonds they could not free themselves, even when it became the curse of their lives. The pallid, gray-haired woman who tortured herself daily by looking on his pictured face was forced to say:

"My doom is, 'I love thee still.'"

And Elsie, whose young life he had blighted, would go down to her grave loving him. She knew this herself. She felt it in every fiber of her being after Hartley had left her, with a clouded brow, and without the kiss which until to-day she had never failed to recieve. When she asked Sister Dunbar to tell her the truth she had said:

"I will try to find out what I ought to do."

She knew her duty now. She knew, notwithstanding the specious reasonings by which the priesthood sought to commend polygamy to the people, that it was a crime against God and humanity. Her woman's heart told her that the wife whom he had promised long ago to love and cherish was the only one who had a rightful claim upon the man they both called husband, and that she ought to give him up.

"But I cannot, I cannot!" she moaned, wringing her hands and sobbing.

She was young yet, little more than a child, and the relief of tears was not denied her. She wept until the pain at her heart eased a little, and then with a quick revulsion of feeling, said half aloud:

"I could not leave him if I would. The laws of my people bind me to him, and I cannot go to the president and ask for a divorce for I have no complaint to make against my husband. He has been kind always—too kind; and as for *her* (Elsie felt as though a strong, cruel hand grasped her heart as her thoughts went back to the deserted wife), I cannot right her wrongs. I could not make her happy again even if I should leave him. No, I must stay where I am and bear whatever comes. There are two of us now to suffer instead of one, that is all."

About two weeks after Sister Dunbar's visit, Hartley, who had been very kind to Elsie, and had apparently forgotten their conversation at that time, said to her one morning as he was leaving the house:

"I want you to get up a nice supper to-night and invite Alice Farr and her mother."

Elsie opened her blue eyes a little wider than usual.

"What makes you think of inviting them," she asked, "I have hardly ever spoken to either of them."

"That is no reason why you should not get acquainted now. They are very nice people, and Brother Farr's friendship is worth having. Do as I tell you and we shall have a pleasant time. I shall not be home until five o'clock, so good-bye till then."

Brother Hartley mounted his horse, which was standing at the gate, and with a parting wave of his white hand, rode away. Elsie watched him until he was out of sight and then returned to the house oppressed by a feeling of sadness and dread, for which she could give no reason.

"Somehow it seems as though he were never coming back," she said to herself. "My old nurse used to tell me that it brought ill luck to watch one out of sight, but I hope I am not childish enough to feel that way. What on earth makes him wish me to invite those people? I cannot imagine, but I will do my best to please him."

The first thing in order was to dispatch a note to Alice Farr and her mother. Alice was the daughter of a polygamous wife, but her mother had always been the husband's favorite and money had been freely spent to give her children the best advantages the territory afforded. Alice was no beauty, but she was bright and sensible, and had, moreover, a spirit of her own that promised anything but quiet submission to the fate to which she, in common with all other Mormon girls, was destined. And yet what could rebellion avail here, where woman was wholly in the power of a tyrant from whose decrees there was no appeal?

Five o'clock came and brought Mr. Hartley, as well as the expected guests. Elsie noticed with a little surprise that her husband greeted the ladies with the air of an old and privileged friend. She noticed, too, that Alice returned his greeting with eyes cast down and with heightened color, but her embarrassment, if such it was, was of short duration.

There were two or three other guests, for Elsie had invited some of her own relatives, and during the supper and the evening that followed Alice kept the whole company amused by her lively sallies.

When the last guest had said good-night, and host and hostess were left alone, Hartley turned suddenly to Elsie and asked:

"What do you think of Alice?"

"She is accomplished and witty," was the answer, "but to-night she seemed to me to be acting a part."

"What a fancy! I have known her a good while and she always appears just as you have seen her."

"You have known her a good while! I don't think you ever mentioned her name to me until to-day."

"Maybe I have not. I—Elsie, I had a particular reason for asking you to invite her here to-day. I wanted you to get acquainted with each other, because—Elsie, child, do sit down in that chair. I cannot talk while you are standing up, and I have something of importance to say to you."

Elsie sank into the chair that he pointed out. All the forebodings of the morning rushed back upon her, and her heart stood still with a vague terror.

"My dear," Hartley resumed in his calmest tones, and in the most matter-of-fact manner, "you and I believe in the principle of celestial marriage, do we not?"

Elsie bowed her head. She could not trust herself to speak.

"We believe also that no man can inherit the kingdom promised the Saints unless he has children to bear his name?"

Elsie again made a faint sign of assent. Now, indeed, she knew what was coming.

"I am past the prime of life—past fifty," he continued, "and yet it is my misfortune to be childless. I may say, too, that I have only one wife, for there is only one who is willing to share my home. My brethren have spoken to me often of the matter, and I have at length consented to be guided by their counsel and to take another wife. It has been my chief concern to select some one who would be a companion for you and with whom you could live happily. I have therefore chosen Alice Farr."

Elsie grasped the arms of the chair tightly that she might not fall. What right had she, who had displaced another woman with a far better right to this man's name and love, to utter one word of complaint? It was but just that she should suffer as she had caused another to suffer, and yet a feeling of jealous rage, stranger even than the pangs of slighted love, burned in her heart as she thought of the girl who it seemed to her had been mocking her under her own roof that night.

"I am glad that you receive this announcement like the sensible girl that you are." It was Hartley's voice that roused her from her trance. "And I know you will be ready to go with us to the Endowment House on Thursday, and to give Alice a sister's welcome when I bring her home."

"On Thursday! So soon as that?" gasped Elsie.

"Yes. Circumstances which I will afterward explain make it necessary that the sealing should take place then, and I prefer to bring Alice here at once."

What could Elsie say? What could she do? A plural wife herself, she had not a single right beyond what Alice would have that very week. She summoned all her pride to her aid, and perceiving that Hartley was waiting for her to speak, said:

"I will be ready to do anything you wish."

"Spoken like yourself. I could not bestow higher praise than that;" and in his gratitude to her for sparing him a scene, Hartley kissed her cold cheek. For the first

time since she had called herself his wife she shrank from the caress, and pleading weariness, begged to be allowed to go to her room. She was already in bed and feigning sleep when Hartley came up stairs, but her face was deathly, and her white lips and the lines about her mouth betrayed the agony she was stifling.

"Poor little girl!" he said to himself with a a touch of pity, "she takes it very hard after all, but I know her pride will carry her through, and after everything is settled she will become reconciled to what can't be helped."

Hartley was right in one thing. Elsie had pride enough not only to cause her to mask her sufferings, but to enter with seeming alacrity into the preparations for the wedding party with which Hartley proposed to celebrate his third marriage. The Farr's were rich and had a large circle of friends and acquaintances. Hartley wished to impress his new connections with a suitable idea of his own wealth and importance, and therefore all the arrangements for the party were on an extensive scale.

When the appointed day arrived Elsie accompanied Hartley to the Endowment House and witnessed the ceremony which united him to another woman "for time and eternity," and during the evening that followed she acted the part of a smiling and attentive hostess with as much ease and grace as though she had not a thought or a care beyond the comfort and enjoyment of her guests.

The next morning, however, she was unable to rise from her bed, and though she protested that she was only a little tired, another morning and yet another found her no better, until finally she was forced to confess herself really ill. A slow, nervous fever—nature's revenge for the constraint the poor child had put upon herself—kept her a prisoner in her room for weeks. Hartley came in once or twice a day and made civil inquiries after her health, but beyond this she saw nothing of him. Alice stepped at once into the place of mistress of the house, and though she was quite as mindful of appearances as Hartley himself, and came in regularly before the duties of the day commenced to inquire if there was anything she could do for her "dear sister," she was too much taken up with the responsibilities of her new position to have any time to devote to the invalid, and Elsie would have been left altogether to the care of a hired nurse if she had not been blessed with a mother.

This mother, a pallid, hollow-eyed woman, with all the marks of age and infirmity in her face and form, was in reality but sixteen years older than her daughter, but polygamy had done the work of time and furrowed her face and bleached her hair. She was a first wife, and Elsie, before she was married to Hartley, had prided herself a little upon being the offspring of a legal marriage, possibly because her mother had unconsciously betrayed the fact that she looked upon the other children in the family as illegitimate.

Yet Mrs. Kendall professed to be "reconciled" to her husband's subsequent marriages, and though she declined to live in the same house with the plural wives Elsie had never heard her speak unkindly of them. It was for this reason, perhaps, that she sought now to hide her own misery and jealousy from her mother's eyes; but sickness had broken down her strength, and one day after Hartley's accustomed call and the stereotyped inquiry whether she was not feeling a little better, she burst into an uncontrollable fit of weeping. All her mother's attempts to sooth her only redoubled her hysterical sobs, and finally Mrs. Kendall said:

"Something must be done to quiet you. I will call your husband."

Elsie sprang up in bed. "No, no! Not him nor *her*. Not for worlds. Lock the door and let me get over it. I will be quiet; only give me time."

A strange look passed over the mother's face. "Poor child!" she murmured. "Is it possible that she loves him after all? Loves him as if she had the right?"

"What are you saying, mother?" Elsie demanded sharply.

"Nothing, my daughter. Here, drink this cordial, and let me bathe your face."

Elsie submitted like a child. Her strength was quite gone, and for the next half hour she was glad to lie back among her pillows; but when she felt able to speak again her eyes were lighted with a newly-formed resolution.

"Mother," she said in a faint voice, "sit down here close beside me and—is the door locked?"

"Yes, my child."

"Then I want to tell you something—something that I could not tell to any one else if I died for not speaking. When I was a little child you taught me that it was wicked to tell lies, and I thought that was something I should never do; but, mother, I have been acting lies for a long time—such a long time—and now it seems as though I must go on

in the same way till I die. When I was married," a spasm of pain passed over her as she pronounced the word, "I was as ignorant as a baby about the meaning of marriage, and because I was brought up in the midst of polygamy, and better people than I were living in it, I supposed it must be right. I never dreamed that I was injuring anybody by going into it, but I began to find out things before I had been married six months, and I have been finding out more ever since. When the months passed and my—and Brother Hartley never went to see his first wife, and never spoke of her to me, I knew something was wrong and I felt guilty, though I did not know why. Then I began to see that he did not care as much for me as he did at first, and I was unhappy enough, but I little knew how much there was for me to bear yet."

"About a month ago a woman came here from W——. Brother Hartley was not in the house when she came, and I questioned her and learned—too much. Brother Hartley's first wife was driven into insanity by his marriage with me, and she is all alone in a house in which he left her, and dying by inches. When I heard that I felt like a murderer. I knew, too, that I was not his wife—that I never had been—and yet I could not give him up. I thought my cup of suffering was full, but I knew nothing about *real* suffering until the night when he told me he was going to take Alice. Oh, mother, mother! I died a thousand deaths that night."

"My poor child! Until now I never dreamed of your loving that man. It was only because I felt sure that you did not love him that I consented to the arrangement which your father had made."

"Not love him! Did you want me to be married without love?"

"Married? Child, there is no marriage here. Women are only sacrificed, and that is all, and the less heart they have, the less they will suffer. *I* was *married*;" a faint touch of pride, a little of the dignity of wifehood shone in the worn face, "but those who are sealed in that cursed Endowment House are only sold into slavery."

"Mother, you frighten me!" Elsie exclaimed, forgetting her own sorrows for the moment. "I always thought you believed in celestial marriage."

"I have lived a lie for a good many years, just as all women do here. I have taught this to you because I was compelled to, but I never believed God had anything to do with a system that breaks a woman's heart, blights her life, and either kills her or kills all the good in her."

"That is just what polygamy is doing for me—killing all the good in me. You know, mother, that I was not cruel once; I would not hurt any living thing if I could help it; but what tortures I have wished upon others since I have been lying here! Yesterday morning Alice came in here with Sister Grove, and while she stood close beside my bed she said in such a way I knew she did it on purpose to wound me:

"My husband insists that I shall take a horseback ride every day. He fears my health will suffer, I have so many cares just now."

"I could have killed her as she stood there speaking to Sister Grove, but watching me to see me turn a little paler. Then, last night," Elsie paused a moment to gather strength, "last night she came in with *him*, and he put his arm around her, and she leaned against his shoulder and looked up in his face, while he pretended to be waiting for me to answer his questions. I wished then that one of these mountains might fall on them and crush them both."

"My child, listen to me: You cannot hurt them, but you are hurting yourself more and more every day. You *must* conquer such feelings."

"Must! I cannot."

"Elsie, if I seem cruel now you will think me kind in the end. Has not Alice a claim on this man equal to yours?"

"Maybe she has. I said that to myself at first; but, oh, I love him so, I love him so!"

"Pluck that love out of your heart; it will be the curse of your life. Elsie, I had a *right* to love your father. He was *mine*, mine only in the sight of God and man. We had a home once that was like heaven to me; but we were persuaded to leave all and come here, and in less than six months he was sealed to another woman. If you will look on my face, on my white hair, and remember that I am only thirty-six, you may form some faint idea of what I endured for years. My love died a lingering death, but I am free from it now. I care no more for the man who was once my husband than I do for the ground under my feet. That seems a hard thing to say to you who are his child, but it is true; and I repeat, you will suffer as long as you love that man."

"I would kill my love for him if I could"—Elsie was sitting up in bed now, with a

bright flush on her cheeks and an unnatural light in her eyes—"but how shall I do it?"

"Allow yourself to think of him just as he is. Remember his treachery to the wife of his youth; remember, too, that he never loved you; that you were only the plaything of his idle hours, to be cast aside at will. *He* does not believe in Mormonism. He knew that the ceremony which gave you to him was not marriage, and he looks upon you just as any man does upon a girl who has sacrificed everything that woman holds dear for his sake."

Elsie clenched her hands and set her teeth. "If I could believe *that*," she said, after a time, speaking almost in a whisper, "then indeed my love would die. How many times he has told me that he looked upon our union as something far more sacred than what the world calls marriage! But he lied to me in other things, and why not in that?"

CHAPTER IV.

Robert Maynard only stayed in Salt Lake three or four days. He was anxious to get back to the mine, so he told the major, for from the indications when he left he felt pretty certain that the streak of ore which he and his partner were following would widen out into a ledge which could be worked profitably.

"And when the railroad gets here," he added, "our mines will yet astonish the world."

"Yes, the railroad," said the major, "that is the great civilizer after all. When the line is once completed the tide of emigration will set this way, and these precious scoundrels that run the Latter Day Church will soon find themselves in the minority. I know a good many people who are waiting for the day when they can teach them a much-needed lesson, and I have a few old scores to pay off myself. Stick to your mine, Robert, my boy. I hope there may be millions in sight when you get back; for if this territory proves as rich as Nevada we will have ten thousand miners in here before this time next year."

Maynard's enthusiasm on the subject of mines was usually much greater than that of his companion, but to-day there was an absent look on his face while the major talked. Truth to tell, it was not the mine at all that was drawing him toward the mountains just now. Mary Ellsworth's dark eyes were more potent than all the silver hidden away among the rocky peaks of the Wasatch, and the spell they had cast over him could not be resisted. He *must* see her again, no matter what might be the consequences to himself. Brave, resolute and determined hitherto, he had always mastered the difficulties that lay in his path, and he did not despair now of being able not only to catch sight once more of the face that haunted him, but

> "Perchance to speak, kneel, touch, kiss—
> In sooth, such things have been."

Porphyro, seeking a glimpse of Madeline, on the eve of St. Agnes, was not more set of purpose, nor had he the greater dangers to encounter.

But our hero, though brave, was not reckless. True courage does not disdain to counsel with prudence, and Maynard laid his plans so that he might meet his foes by daylight and guard against concealed assassins, such as lay in wait at night for all whom the priesthood had doomed to death. The bridle path skirting the foot-hills, by which he had reached the city, was comparatively safe, partly for the reason that the soldiers from Camp Douglass made use of it, and partly because there was no cover near it except a little stunted sage-brush, and a horseman riding along the path could see and be seen for miles. The unsafe portion of Maynard's route was that which lay through the settlement and the canyon beyond, and in order to make this part of his journey by daylight it was necessary that he should leave Camp Douglas during the night.

His horse, a powerful bay, whose fleetness and endurance had stood many a hard test, and whose sagacity had more than once saved his master from an Indian ambush, seemed to-night to understand the situation quite as well as his master. He maintained a steady trot, getting over the ground quite rapidly, yet reserving his strength for a time when it might be needed more. The stars twinkled brightly in the clear sky. The soft breeze fanned Maynard's temples, and seemed like the bearer of good tidings, as with his heart full of dreams and fancies far more sweet and unselfish than most of those which stir the breast of mature manhood, he pursued the journey, every step of which brought him nearer to the one object of his thoughts.

Hours passed. The stars began to grow paler, and a faint flush tinted the sky—the promise of coming day. He felt his spirits rising, he scarcely knew why, and unconsciously hummed the fragments of a song that belonged to the memories of his boyhood. The horse quickened his pace, as though sharing his master's elation of spirit. Maynard eyes were raised to the brightening sky. Somehow the breaking day seemed the promise of time

> When error shall decay and truth grow strong,
> And right shall reign supreme and vanquish wrong.

His path lay in the shadow of the mountains, but the beams of the rising sun already shone upon the peaks on the other side of the valley, and cast a glow upon the lake at their base.

"What a fair picture," he said aloud. The words were scarcely uttered when his horse stopped so suddenly as almost to unseat him.

"Bayard, good Bayard, what is it?" he said, smoothing the neck of the horse, who trembled visibly; but even as he spoke he saw for himself. A rod before him a dark object, unmistakably a human figure, lay across the path.

Great heaven, a woman! Another victim of their accursed cruelty!"

He sprang from the saddle, and with a word to his bonnie bay, who still trembled in every limb, walked toward what seemed the dead body of a woman, the head and arms hidden by a shawl. The body lay face downward. He knelt beside it and raised it from the ground, turning the face to the light as he did so. The shawl dropped off, and with a cry that echoed from the rocks above the strong man sank down with his lifeless burden.

It was the face of Mary Ellsworth! White, rigid and expressionless, but yet the same face that had filled his thoughts by day and his dreams by night since he saw it last. In that moment he knew how he loved her—knew that, living or dead, he must continue to love her to the end of his own life and beyond. He rested the head on his knee and kissed the white face. Was it fancy, or did the form in his arms stir? The eyes, too, were closed; in death would they not be open? The bare possibility that this might not be death roused him to instant exertion. He chafed the cold hands and bathed the face with spirits from the flask he carried. In a little while a tremor passed over the slight frame, and a faint, fluttering sigh parted the lips.

"Not dead? O God, I thank thee!"

Maynard thought sometime in his wild wandering life he had forgotten how to pray aright, but surely no more earnest prayer, no more sincere thanksgiving ever went up from a human heart than that which rose to heaven from that lonely spot. He redoubled his efforts and was rewarded by seeing the closed eyes open slowly. Consciousness had returned, but not recollection.

"Mother?" the girl murmured faintly, and Maynard felt the tears, which were no shame to his manhood, filling his own eyes. He would not startle her by speaking, but her head was still pillowed on his knee, and as her faculties gradually awoke to life her glance rested on his face, first with a look of fear, then of recognition. A faint red tinged her cheek as she seemed to become aware whose arms supported her, and she made a slight movement as though to raise herself up.

"Do not be afraid; you are quite safe," Maynard said, gently.

"Where am I? How came I here? Oh, I remember now. I was running away from—from them all, and I fell down. My strength was all gone. I thought I was dying. That is the last I knew."

"Don't try to talk about it. My horse is here, and when you are able to sit up he will carry you to a place of safety."

"Let me go now." A terrified look swept over the girl's face. "They have found out by this time that I have run away, and they will follow me."

"Never fear. Nobody will come after you here by daylight, and long before night we will be at Camp Douglass, where the wife of one of my friends will be glad to receive you and take care of you."

"By this time Maynard had lifted the girl to her feet, but her first attempt to walk showed how weak she was.

"No use trying to get away from here just now;" and Maynard was not sure that he regretted the delay, which involved no present danger. "You are not able to ride yet, and see, your clothing is wet and you are shivering with cold. I will find a seat for you and then build a fire and make you as comfortable as I can."

Mary could not do otherwise than acquiesce in this arrangement. She was still dizzy and faint, and glad to rest in the seat which her rescuer prepared for her; glad, too, of the warmth of the fire, for dress, shoes and stockings were wet through. When the fire was burning brightly Maynard bethought him of the lunch which the major had insisted on his taking with him.

"Don't get anything to eat at the houses on the way; they'll poison you, depend on it."

This was the major's warning, to which his friend was inclined to pay very little attention, but he was glad now that Golden's caution had born fruit in the shape of such ample material for the impromptu breakfast which he had set about preparing. He was in the highest spirits, and yet when he addressed the helpless girl so strangely thrown upon his protection, he compelled himself to speak in tones of the gravest and most respectful courtesy.

"Poor, frightened dove! I must do my best to reassure her; and yet I do not think she is afraid of *me*."

He said this to himself as he made ready to place her on the horse, after the breakfast, which was certainly the most delightful meal of his life. She did not seem afraid of him. On the contrary, her dark eyes spoke her gratitude and trust most eloquently as she said:

"It was surely God who sent you to save me."

She objected a little to the arrangements for the journey, which obliged him to walk while she rode.

"I can walk part of the way," she averred, "or—or we might both ride."

The last suggestion was a tempting one, certainly, but he put aside the temptation and answered lightly:

"You do not know what a good walker I am. I have traveled on foot over all the territories, and I could make the journey across the continent in the same way."

It was eight o'clock when they started, and they would need nearly the whole day to reach Camp Douglass. Maynard, on his part, would have wished the journey longer if he had not seen how much his companion needed rest. His wildest fancies of the night before, when he was riding over the same ground, had not pictured anything like this delicious day, alone with the only woman he had ever loved; and though he controlled his words, his manner, and even the tones of his voice, his eyes betrayed his secret.

Two or three times in the course of the day he was tempted to ask the immediate cause of her flight, but he refrained for fear of distressing her. But when they were within two or three miles of the camp she spoke herself of her unhappy life at W——, and finally, amid tears and painful blushes, the whole truth came out. Maynard could scarcely hear her through.

"The miscreant, the double-dyed villain!" he exclaimed, laying his hand upon his weapon; "I will kill him yet." Then in a softer tone he added: "Poor child, you had no father, no brother, no one to protect you. I wonder at your courage."

"My father told me just before he died that there was One who would always be near me to protect me. If I had not remembered that I think I must have died of terror."

They were by this time very near the end of their journey, and a new anxiety took possession of the girl's mind.

"Are you sure," she asked, "that this lady, your friend, will welcome a forlorn stranger like me?"

"Quite sure, or I should not take you to her. She has daughters of her own, and will be as kind to you as a mother. Besides you are not the first one who has fled to Camp Douglass for safety. There are many there now who will stay and be cared for until they have an opportunity to leave the territory."

"I have nowhere to go, and no friends nearer than England. Indeed, I am not sure that I have friends there now. All our people were so displeased with us for going off with the Mormons; so I may say I have no one to care for me."

Here was another temptation. It was hard, indeed, to refrain from telling her that he meant to make it the business of his life to take care of her, but as this was not the time or the place for such a declaration, he wisely contented himself with assuring her that she would find friends in the place to which he was taking her. The motherly welcome of Mrs. Rushton, to whom Maynard entrusted his charge with a few words of explanation, confirmed this assurance; and when he took leave of her for the night he had the satisfaction of knowing that her anxieties on this point were set at rest.

Two more days passed and Maynard still lingered at the camp. His haste to return to

the mine had subsided, and if he had consulted his inclinations he would have put off the trip indefinitely; but his good sense told him that he would lose nothing by a month's absence from the girl to whom he could not yet speak of his love, and besides he depended on the Flora Bell for the means to take care of a wife when she should be won. So on the morning of the third day he called to say good-bye, and either by accident or by a little volunteered co-operation on the part of Mrs. Rushton, found Mary alone.

"You are not going away?" This was her only reply to the announcement he had to make, but her color came and went in a manner that would have given Maynard courage to say a great deal if he had been used to read ng such signs.

"I *must* go," he said, "but I shall be down again in a month, or sooner than that if we get to shipping ore." And then he could not help adding: "Shall you be glad to see me?"

"Glad to see you! I owe my life—everything to you," and the tears began to fall Maynard would have been more than human if he had turned away then without saying, "I love you," and in words that were none the less effective because unpremeditated, he told her how hard it was to put her out of his thoughts for an hour since he first saw her, and how he had made up his mind to risk everything for one more sight of her sweet face.

"But you never thought of me, while I was willing to risk my life to see you," he added, with as much art as though he had studied all his life how to win a woman's love.

"I thought of you all the time. I—that is—I meant—"

"Never mind what you meant. That is enough;" and as he drew her toward him she hid her crimson face on his shoulders.

"You belong to me now, remember that"—these were Maynard's parting words—"and you must never say again that you have nobody to care for you. It nearly broke my heart to hear you say that the day we came here."

"I will remember. But—ought I to tell Mrs. Rushton? I do not think I could."

"You little goose! I will tell her myself, and she will take care of you for me till I come again. Then I expect you to give me the right to take care of you always."

It was a hasty wooing, and had Maynard been worldly-wise he might have thought as he rode away that it would have been more prudent to wait a few weeks, or even months, before committing himself as he had done. He was not, however, of a coldly calculating temperament, and no such reasonings disturbed him this morning as he presented himself at Major Golden's door, very much to that gentleman's astonishment.

"I thought you were at the mine, days ago," he said in reply to Maynard's salutation.

"I should have been but for something which I could not possibly forsee." And then in a few words he told the story of his adventures, omitting, however, any account of the morning's interview.

"Poor girl!" the major said, "I cannot wish that you had not been the one to rescue her unless, indeed, I add the wish that I had been there myself; but I warn you to keep clear of the settlements after this. They will track you like bloodhounds, and your life will not be worth a penny if one of them ever gets a chance to shoot you in the back."

"I know; but I don't mean to give anyone that chance."

"Yes, but how will you get back to your mine?"

The major looked deeply troubled, for Robert was as dear to him as a brother; but all at once his face brightened, and he exclaimed:

"I have it; strange that I didn't think of it sooner! About twenty of the boys who came in this spring were here yesterday. They are wild to start on a prospecting trip somewhere, and your part of the country will suit them as well as anything else that I know of. I will see them at once, and I'll engage that they will be ready to go with you this afternoon."

The major's plan worked well, and when at an early hour in the afternoon the "boys" started southward, riding two abreast, he looked after them admiringly and said to himself:

"Robert is safe this time. These sneaking, Latter Day cowards will think twice before making even a night attack on twenty such fellows."

The prospecting party camped for the night about a dozen miles south of the city and made the rest of the journey by daylight; so that beyond a few black looks from the

saints they chanced to meet they encountered nothing to remind them that they were in an enemy's country. Two years before this the Danites had received orders to drive all prospectors out of the country with shot-guns, and this order had never been rescinded. Still it was evident that while the miners were as obnoxious as ever to the Mormon leaders, the latter had begun to learn that they must substitute strategy for force in their dealings with them. A few of the Mormon people, restive under the rule of the priesthood, and glad of anything that promised deliverance from it, had also joined the ranks of the prospectors. For this glaring disobedience to counsel they had been cut off from the church, and they would have been blood-atoned (Blood-atonement —death by the knife—is, according to Mormon creed, the only means by which one who apostatizes from their faith can be saved in the next world), likewise, but for the protection afforded them by their new allies. Two of these apostates, as they were termed, joined our party at the mouth of the canyon, and half way up the steep defile they were overtaken by another, a boy of sixteen, whose hard-ridden horse panted an indignant protest against the forced march which his master had undertaken in order to reach the company.

"My eyes, ef that ain't Johnny Sloan," exclaimed one of the new recruits—Morris, by name. "I say, boy, did the bishop send yer after us?"

"You bet. Same as he sent you. The bishop ordered me to St. George, and I went; oh, yes!"

"How far did yer git on that trail, Johnny?" asked another.

"Jist a little ways beyond Provo. Then you see I had a pressin' errant for my mother to old man Hoag's, and I rode over that way while the others was baitin' their horses, but I lost the trail somehow, turned north, come around the pint of a mountain, and here I be."

"Johnny," said one of the apostates who had not yet spoken—an old man with white hair and bent, but still vigorous frame—"I 'spose you know the consequence of this?"

"Likely as not I do." Johnny made an ugly, but deeply significant, gesture—that of drawing the forefinger of his right hand across his throat—"but you see, before folks cooks a rabbit they has to catch him."

The old man shook his head sadly. The boy, full of the reckless courage of youth, might scoff at the dangers he had never encountered, but those who had listened to the dying cries of friends that they could not rescue ought not to be called cowards, though they expressed their fears of the murderous Danites. The distance from the mouth of the canyon to Maynard's mine was fifteen miles, but the trail was so rough and steep that the progress of the party was necessarily slow, and night overtook them before they were within hailing distance of the Flora Bell. Jim, aided by a couple of wandering prospectors who had stopped at the mine to work for a "grub stake," had been pushing the tunnel night and day since his partner left with results that will be told afterward.

It was now the first of June, but the snow was still deep in the mountains in some places. Just below the mine, however, there had been a slide which had carried off snow and rocks together, and in the immediate vicinity of the tunnel and of Maynard's cabin, which was built on a little flat, the ground was bare, affording the new-comers a place to camp comfortably. The cabin, constructed of logs still encased in their native bark, with a roof of poles held in place, and rendered water-tight by a coating of earth, was not more than twelve feet by fourteen by inside measurement. The company which had just arrived numbered twenty-three souls, but, as one of them observed, there was plenty of room outside, and there preparations for the night were soon made.

A prospector starting out on a month's trip, such as the present party contemplated, carries with him, in addition to his tools, blankets and cooking utensils and the inevitable bacon, flour, yeast powder, a little sugar and coffee, and a small sack of "Nevada strawberries" (white beans). Thus equipped and provisioned he works hard, eats heartily, sleeps soundly, and if success does not crown his search, returns to the base of supplies at the end of the month for a fresh outfit and starts out again with unabated courage. All of the present party, with the exception of the three recruits from the valley, had led this life for years. Many of them had grown gray in their search for silver and gold, but all were ready to begin over again in this new field, and if their unflagging energy and perseverance did not win success they at least merited it.

Morning dawned upon a busy scene. Breakfast was dispatched in haste, and the prospecting party broke up into small squads and departed in different directions to

explore the mountains. When the last one was out of sight Maynard turned to his partner with the question that he had waited until now to ask:

"Well, Jim, old fellow, what luck."

"Come inside and I'll show yer," was the sententious response.

Hereupon Bradford, with a little unnecessary ostentation, produced a key and led the way to the mouth of the tunnel. A heavy door, fastened with a padlock and chain, closed the entrance.

"What's this for?" Maynard asked.

"Wait an' see," was all the reply that Jim vouchsafed. The key was turned in the lock, the heavy door swung back, and the two men, each with a lighted candle in his hand, stepped inside.

The rocks on either side were damp; the water trickled down upon them from above and formed little pools below. The tunnel made two or three sharp turns, easily understood by a miner who noticed the narrow, grayish streak overhead. This was the "vein" which the tunnel followed through all its windings and turnings. The candles flickered feebly, and did little more than make darkness visible; yet all the work necessary to excavate the solid rock for a distance of one hundred and fifty feet had been done by their aid alone. About a hundred feet from the mouth of the tunnel a winze let in a little of the light of the outer world, but this only served to make the pitchy darkness beyond appear more intense. Maynard asked no questions as they walked along, having learned by experience that Jim's "Wait an' see" was final. When they reached the "face" (the last point at which work had been done in the tunnel), Jim lighted the two extra candles he had brought, held them up and exclaimed in a triumphant tone:

"Jest you look thar!"

Maynard *did* look, and for the moment the sight nearly took away his breath. Overhead, underfoot, and on either side the rock had given place to the gray mineral which they had followed through so many difficulties. He stood in the midst of a body of ore whose extent he could not even guess. The wealth so long sought for lay before his eyes—within his grasp.

"Didn't I tell you the very last thing afore you started on that wild goose chase that this here vein was agoin' ter widen out? And hain't she widened out? See!"

Jim picked up a crow-bar and pushed it into the soft mineral.

"I've sounded this all around, an' can't find bottom nor top nor sides, nowhere. An' look! here (indicating a streak of ore about a foot wide in the face of the tunnel) is the richest thing I've seen in my travels, outside of the Poor Man's Lead, up in Idaho. It'll go two thousand ounces, I'll stake my bottom dollar on that; an' t'wont surprise me ef it assays three thousand. There's enough of that to set us both up ef there wasn't anything more; an' when you come to think of this hull ore-body, that'll average a hundred an' fifty ounces all the way through. We can begin to lay out fer a two-forty team, an' a high-toned kerridge, an' a house with a coopilow, an'—"

"Stop, Jim," interposed his partner; "don't let us get too much on our hands at once. The house and the horses and the carriage are all that I can take care of at present. How much ore have you got out?"

"See for yourself." Jim pointed to the walls. "We've only run in about ten foot. The ore is sorted an' sacked an' piled in the shed. I didn't want to do any more till you got back, an' I don't think we'd better strike a lick to-day till we've talked the thing over."

"Right. We will talk it over by ourselves. I will send the boys after wood, so that we can be alone till night."

The partners feasted their eyes for a few minutes longer on their newly-discovered treasures, picked out a few bits of ore that appeared exceptionally rich, and then slowly retraced their steps. As they neared the entrance Maynard asked:

"Why did you lock up the tunnel; were you expecting visitors?"

"Didn't know *what* ter expect," was the reply; "an' it's been my way always to lock up the stable door *afore* the horse is stole."

The "boys," both of them gray-haired and a little bent by many years of underground work, were enjoying their morning smoke and making themselves generally comfortable, but at their employer's suggestion they shouldered their axes at once and started out for the wood, which, if not urgently needed, might as well be got that day as any other. The partners thus left in undisturbed possession of the cabin replenished the fire and seated themselves for "the talk" which was to decide their own future and that

of the mine. Jim smoked a few minutes in silence, and then opened the conversation.

"Pardner, I dunno as I'd care about ownin' it to anybody else, but sence the first minute that I know'd this strike was a sure thing I've had the curiousest feelin's. Seemed as ef I was a boy agin, an' nights I dreamed of the old farm, an' wake up callin' for some of 'em at home—some that may be the grass has bin a growin' over these many years; for I've never heard a word from any of 'em sence '57.

"You see, I was in the thick of the first stampede to Californy; went overland, an' had a rough time; but I was young then, an' didn't mind it. You've heard me tell about that often enough, but I've never told you about the folks at home. I left father an' mother an' sister—little Minny—she was the cutest little thing. I can see her blue eyes an' her pink cheeks this minute, plain as I see you."

Jim paused, drew his rough hand across his eyes as though to clear the mists of years from his sight, and then went on:

"But that wasn't all I left. There was a dear little girl, not my sister—Deacon Holts' daughter—his farm jined ours. The Deacon was rich an' close-fisted an' wouldn't give his daughter to anybody that was'nt fore-handed; an' it was for *her* that I went to Californy. 'Twas the easiest thing in the world, so I thought then, to get rich, when you had'nt nothin' to do but pick up gold offen the ground. An' next year I'd come back, so I told Hetty, with money enough to buy out 'Squire Ruggles an' build a house twice as big as his. I've told you about them times in Californy; no luck the first year, an' not much the second; but I kept hopin' an hopin', for I was young then, and besides, in them days I got letters that helped me through.

"At last, along in the spring of '51, I made a little raise—not much, but enough to take me to the states an' start some kind of business when I got there. I was homesick enough to make me willin' to give up the idee of the hundred thousand that I'd meant to take back with me, an' after I got my next letter I meant to start. You know how letters used to come in them days. We waited for 'em months an' months, an' tramped clear to Frisco after 'em.

"One day—I can't never forgit that day, though I've tried hard enough—I went into town for my letters. I've told you how the boys used to stand in line at the post-office for hours. I was a little late, and felt bad enough about takin' my place down to the end of the line; but there was one feller close to the winder that didn't seem to care much about his mail, an' so I bought out his place—give him twenty-five dollars for it. In a few minutes I got a chance to call for my letter, and took it in my hand, feelin' as happy as a king; an' even after I'd opened it I didn't seem to git hold of what was in it. It was from mother; an' she wrote everything else first, thinkin' to soften what she had to tell me—that Hetty, my Hetty, was dead! I don't want to talk about that. I got over it after a while—enough so'st to feel that she was waitin' for me somewhere; an' in the long night tramps I've took it's seemed as ef she was a lookin' down from the stars. But I've never wanted to speak her name, only to myself, an' I never have till to-day."

Maynard laid his hand gently on his comrade's shoulder. His own eyes were misty, but he, too, felt that words were not called for.

"I understand," was all that he said.

After a long silence Jim resumed:

"That broke up my goin' home; an' as the years went on, an' I kept on trampin', now in Californy, now in the territories, my folks lost track of me. I didn't get their letters, an' then I stopped writin, an' as I told you, I hain't heard nothin' sence '57; but this strike has made me rich enough to go home; an' as I was a sayin', I hain't been able to think of nothin' else sence."

Maynard gave himself, as well as Jim, a little time to think before he spoke.

"I don't know that we can sell out just now," he said at length, "but I believe there will be a chance for us to get pretty near what the mine is worth in a couple of months. You know the railroad will be completed in July, and Major Golden has friends who are already forming companies in the East to buy up and work mines here.

"Now my idea is this: Let us leave the tunnel as it is, but run a drift each way to show the ore, and slope out a little from above. The mine will then look just as well as we want it to. We will put up something that will answer as an ore-house for the present, sack the ore we take out and pile it up, have a few assays made, and then invite those who are looking about for investments to come and examine the mine. The property will sell itself—there is no doubt about that—and we can leave the territory as soon

afterward as we like; for though I haven't any home to go to just yet, I mean to have one."

Jim smiled grimly. "I thought as much," he said. "I knowed I was right about your made-up trip into the valley; but go ahead an' tell your story."

And Maynard *did* tell his story much more freely and fully than he would have done if Jim had not revealed a side of his own nature which his partner had never seen before.

"I hope the girl is cured of Mormonism, an' out," was Jim's first remark after the story was finished.

"She never was a Mormon," Maynard answered, flushing a little, "nor her parents, either, for that matter, though her father was persuaded to accompany the Mormon emigration in the hope of bettering his fortune here."

"Well, it's all right; I don't question that, an' there is nobody wishes you more joy than your old pardner does. But to take any comfort after this you want to git out of the territory, an' that's another reason for puttin' things in shape to sell the mine."

"We ought to have some assays made the first thing," Maynard observed; "but it's a long trip to Salt Lake, and I've only just got back. Still—"

"You'd be willin' I 'spose to take it all on yourself," Jim interrupted, his eyes twinkling with suppressed merriment," and save your old pardner the journey. It's very good of you; there ain't anybody in partikler that's waitin' to see me, at the camp or anywhere else; then agin, there ain't anybody layin' for me to blood-atone me; so on the hull I think I'd better go this time."

"All right. Two of the boys who stopped here last night are going back next week, and you can make the journey in their company."

"I could carry a letter, you know, jest as well as not. 'Twouldn't be a mite of trouble; and ef there was an answer I'd manage to find time to call for it."

Maynard's late experience was something so entirely new to him that he colored like a girl at his partner's good-natured railery.

"You are very kind," he said, "and I'll think about your offer to-day; but in the meantime I believe we had better have some dinner; that is, unless the strike has taken away your appetite. I've known such things to happen."

Jim loudly disclaimed having been affected in this way by their good fortune, and at once set about the preparation of the meal, which included a few luxuries not down on their ordinary bill of fare.

"To-day is Thanksgivin', Christmas an' Fourth of July all in one," he said." Leastways it amounts to that to us, an' I'm a goin to celebrate it. Seems as ef I could see the table set at home jest as it was that last Thanksgivin', way back in '48.

CHAPTER V.

"I declare, Martha Sloan, the sight of that house, with its furniture that cost, dear knows how many hundred dollars, and a piano—a thing I haven't seen or heard before since I left the states—has made me more discontented than I've ever been since the first year I came here. Look at my house! Bare floors, wooden chairs, a table that George made himself out of some old boxes, and no two dishes alike to put on it."

"Better have the bare floors an' the wooden chairs, an' be an honest woman, married lawfully to the man you're a livin' with, than have all the pianny's an' sofy's in the world an' be a —"

"Sister Martha, for goodness sake think what you're saying. Nobody knows who might be listening."

Sister Dunbar spoke in a distressed whisper, looking over her shoulder, as was her wont, for eaves-droppers.

"There's nobody about the place but our two selves, Sister Dunbar, an' anyhow, I've got pretty near through whisperin' an' watchin' for fear somebody might be a listenin'. I've kept that up for nigh onto sixteen years, an' it's a wearin' on me."

"You don't mean to say, Martha, that you're not going to obey counsel any more?"

"I mean to say that I've made up my mind to go to the Lord for counsel after this, an' not to anybody else."

Two causes, of which Sister Dunbar knew nothing, were operating to produce this unwonted boldness of speech on the part of Martha. Johnny, her only child, was

with the Gentiles, and safe (so his mother believed), and the night before, William Sloan, who had just returned from a trip to Salt Lake, had brought news which strengthened her belief that the day of their deliverance from Mormon rule was near at hand.

"I tell you, Martha," he said, "the bishop is a weakenin', and so is some that's higher up than the bishop. They see that they can't carry things with such a high hand much longer. The Gentiles are a comin' in by hundreds, an' the new judges that's been sent on from the states has got real grit, I can tell you that. Why, the one that holds court at Provo has got out warrants for them that had a hand in blood-atonin' the Potter's an' Parrishes, an' the one at Salt Lake is goin' after the men mixed up in that Jones affair, an' a good many others. Things that we hain't dared to talk about, even in a whisper, is bein' brought right into court, and there's bin a reglar stampede to St. George among them that wouldn't dare stay any longer in this part of the territory."

Another piece of news which her husband brought gave Martha far more hope than anything else. A stage line running to and from the mines was to pass through the settlement, and a Gentile who wished to open a hotel was ready to buy their place for that purpose. The sale, if conducted with secrecy and dispatch, could not be prevented by the church authorities, and then they would get out of the settlement—perhaps even out of the territory.

"It 'pears to me too good, almost, to be true," Martha said, musingly, "to git back home where there ain't no priesthood nor spies to listen under a body's winder, nor murderin' wretches layin' behind fences with shot guns, an' follerin' decent folks nights. It'll be pretty near like goin' to heaven, only it would seem more that way to me if I could take Sister Hartley along. Poor creetur!"

"Martha sighed deeply, and her round, smiling face grew very grave. Since the week succeeding the one on which this story opens Mrs. Hartley had not left her bed. Martha had watched over her and waited on her with the same devotion which had caused her to follow her benefactors to this country, in which they had found nothing but sorrow. There was no physician in the settlement, for the Saints were forbidden to employ a physician in sickness, and had there been one, both Mrs. Hartley and her faithful nurse knew that her ailment was something beyond the reach of medicine. The prayer for death, so long offered in vain, seemed now about to be answered; but as the hour of deliverance drew near a great change appeared to come over the sufferer's spirit. The handsome, haughty face of the portrait on the wall still looked down upon her, and in all her waking hours her eyes met those which had won her girlish heart only to crush it and cast it aside after her love had been tested by years of sacrifice and suffering. Yet she did not now invoke curses upon her husband; and when Sister Dunbar, who had been allowed by Martha to go into the room, with some delicacy for the invalid repeated the story of his third marriage, the wife felt no exultation at the thought that the girl for whom her husband had abandoned her was now suffering in her turn. Martha wondered much at the change in her old mistress, but finally set it all down as due to her sickness.

"An' mebbe," she said to William, in an awe-struck whisper, "she's had a warnin'. She says to me last night, 'Martha, *they* have been here;' an' when I asked her who she meant, she says: 'Father and mother and my boy. They are here now, night and day.' I declare, she spoke in such a way an' looked so strange you might o' knocked me down with a feather, I was that upset. She won't be here long, depend on it; an' nobody that knows what she's bin through an' how she's prayed to go can grudge her the answer to her prayer. I don't, though I'll miss her as if she was my own mother."

Martha wiped her eyes with her apron, and set about preparing something which she hoped the invalid might be tempted to eat.

The day passed, and at night Martha, after begging vainly, as she had often done before, to be allowed to stay with her beloved mistress, made her as comfortable as possible and left her alone. It was now near mid-summer, but though the days were hot the nights were delightfully cool. Martha and her husband sat until a late hour on the porch before their door, talking of indifferent matters, for there were listeners close at hand most probably, and this was no place to discuss their plans. A faint light was visible in Mrs. Hartley's window, from which Martha had removed the thick curtains, and William said:

"It seems as if you ought to step in before we go to bed and see how she is."

"I'd be glad to, but it worries her to have me come in after dark. She says if she gits

any sleep at all now it's in the fore part of the night, an' she don't want to be disturbed. She's very gentle, though, poor, dear creature, to what she used to be, an' lets me do almost anything for her. She et that puddin' to-day, an' thanked me in a way that made the tears come to my eyes. But when she had that bad spell last winter, I might a' begged her on my hands and knees an' she wouldn't a' touched it."

The next morning Martha was up betimes. She was an early riser always, and to-day William was going to Salt Lake to complete the arrangements for disposing of their place. So they sat down to breakfast just as the day was dawning, and by sunrise William was on his way.

The first business of the morning, with Martha, was to see how the invalid had passed the night, and to attend to her wants. The key of the side door she always kept, and letting herself in this way she went directly to Mrs. Hartley's room, and rapped gently There was no response from within.

"Poor soul! She's dropped asleep, I dare say, an' I won't disturb her," she whispered to herself, turning away. Half an hour later she came back and knocked again. Receiving no answer this time, she opened the door softly and looked in. The part of the room in which the bed stood was in shadow, but she could see the face of the invalid on the pillow. The covering of the bed was thrown back a little, the hands were folded on the breast, and the whole attitude was that of a person in a quiet, undisturbed slumber.

"It's a new thing—her sleepin' in the mornin' like this—but it'll do her good, poor dear."

She drew a little nearer the bed, looked again, and started back with a cry. Her mistress indeed slept well. All the pangs that broke her rest, all torturing memories, all disquieting dreams, were ended forever.

"For so he giveth his beloved sleep."

That was a text which Martha remembered well. It was carved on the headstone which bore the name of her own mother, whose life of toil had long ago ended in perfect rest. Tears dimmed her eyes as she looked at her dear mistress lying there in that

"Blessed sleep!
From which none ever wake to weep."

But through her tears she said:

"Thank God! *they* waited for her, and she has gone with them to her Father's house."

There was nothing now to bind her faithful heart to this spot; and after the funeral, at which Mr. Hartley was not present, the Sloans' gave up their house to the purchaser and moved to Salt Lake, from which place they succeeded, in the course of the year, in making good their escape from the territory and returning to their old home in Ohio.

Mrs. Hartley's death, which took place about three weeks after her husband's marriage to Alice Farr, was duly announced to him at his city residence. He regretted very much his inability to be present at the funeral, so he told the messenger, but his wife, Elsie, was dangerously ill, and it was impossible for him to leave home, even for a day. He, however, sent a liberal sum to defray the funeral expenses, but the money was promptly returned by the indignant Martha.

Whether conscience was entirely dead, or whether years of hypocrisy had taught him to mask his real self so successfully that none could guess what passed in his heart, not even those who knew him best could tell. To all outward seeming his life went on exactly as before. He had gained the position he coveted, wealth began to flow in, and in less than six months he took another wife—this time a rich widow somewhat advanced in years, who had a house of her own, which she declined to share with Elsie and Alice.

Elsie found some comfort in this marriage because it distressed Alice, who, poor child, had learned too to love the man who had such a fatal power to win the hearts of women.

"I suppose you know," Elsie said to her directly after the wedding, which they both attended, "that the last Mrs. Hartley is a *legal* wife."

"A legal wife! What do you mean?" Alice asked petulantly.

"I mean, my dear," was the unruffled response, "that Mr. Hartley was a widower when he married her, which was not the case when he married you and I. Therefore the law recognizes their union; and if they choose to remove from this territory Mrs. Hartley can still associate on equal terms with other ladies, while *we*—well, I dare say you can tell what we would be called anywhere else."

Alice burst into angry tears. "Say what you please about yourself. I am a wife, with a better right to the name than that fat, ugly old woman, who was only married for the sake of her money."

"A wife! Yes; but still I presume you have noticed how our Gentile neighbors, Mrs. R— and Mrs. W—, lift their eyebrows and draw back their skirts when they happen to pass you on the street. I was looking out of the window yesterday when they met you at the gate, and really it was as good as a play."

Alice rushed from the room, shutting the door violently after her.

She was little more than a child, and Elsie pleased herself by saying something to throw her into a fit of rage whenever they were alone together; but in the presence of "our husband," as Elsie made a point of calling him when speaking to Alice, the two wives treated each other with elaborate courtesy, and in public they were pointed out as examples of the harmony that exists in polygamous families.

Elsie had risen from her sick bed so changed that it seemed to her as though the girl Elsie had died and a lost spirit had come back in her place. She hated Alice with a vindictiveness that frightened her when she allowed herself to reason about her own feelings, and she wished to hate Hartley too, but could not. Something that she could not define, the ghost of her dead love, bound her to him and made her swear to herself never to go away, as she had once thought of doing, and give him up to Alice.

There was not the slightest pretense of sentiment in his marriage with the Widow Brant, who was older than himself, besides being quite as fat and ugly as Alice had described her. She was rich, and wanted some one to manage her property for her, and Hartley was quite willing to assume that charge, in the hope of making something for himself; so the only rivalry which existed in the family was between the two young wives.

Elsie still retained her marvelous beauty, which she knew well how to enhance by every art of dress and adornment. Alice was plain, but witty and accomplished, and the birth of a child toward the end of the year gave her a much stronger hold upon her husband than before. Still, she knew quite as well as Elsie that the law did not recognize her as a wife, and the freezing contempt with which she had been treated by the few Gentile ladies she had met gave her a most unpleasant consciousness of her true position. Years ago, when the Saints had the valley to themselves, and the slightest expression of doubt with regard to the validity of plural marriages was promptly and effectually punished, polygamous wives seemed not to have any anxieties on this head, but now all things were changed, and in a few years she, Alice Farr, who had always considered herself as good as the best, might be pointed at as a shameless creature who had lost all that makes a woman's life worth living.

These were not pleasant thoughts, and she tried to put them away, but could not. They embittered her life far more than her daily quarrels with Elsie, or the claim set up by that odious Widow Brant, who insisted that Hartley should spend every third week at her house, and even proposed that he should accompany her to California, to look after her property there. Decidedly, Alice was not happy; but neither was she miserable as Elsie was. She had neither her capacity for suffering, nor her penetration, which enabled her to judge rightly as to Hartley's estimate of those who called themselves his wives.

"He loves me. I am sure of that, no matter what Elsie may say, or what other people may think!"

This was the comfort which Alice always administered to herself when smarting under Elsie's taunts or the treatment she recieved from her Gentile neighbors.

Elsie, on her part, tried to find comfort in outdressing and outshining her neighbors, in giving costly entertainments, and plunging into a vortex of amusements. Hartley was growing rich, and as he was much more liberal in the matter of furnishing money to his family than Mormon husbands commonly are, Elsie had all that she wished to spend. But dress and amusements were not able to pluck from her memory a rooted sorrow, and before another year passed a little vial labeled "Morphine" might have been found on an upper shelf of her bed-room closet. This was, as she told herself, her only friend—the only thing that enabled her to forget her misery and endure life. She counts it her only friend still. She is growing haggard. Her beauty is disappearing in spite of cosmetics, and in a little while she will escape from the burdens of life in the same way that other plural wives have done.

As for Hartley, no judgment overtakes him. He is one of the law-givers of the people. Riches and honors are heaped upon him; strangers who visit Utah partake

of his hospitality, and when he visits the cities of the East, as he often does, he is treated with distinguished consideration as one of the most wealthy and influential citizens of Utah.

But we turn from this picture of a happy and prosperous polygamous family to follow once more the fortunes of the hardy miners, whose presence in the territory has dealt the peculiar institutions of the country the heaviest blows they have yet received.

Jim Bradford made the next trip to Salt Lake, as he had proposed, and it is pretty certain, also, that he carried a letter which had to be delivered at Camp Douglass, and that he brought an answer back; and much as Jim affected to make light of this "foolishness," he would rather have lost the precious specimens he carried to the city, or the certificates of assay he received, than either of the letters entrusted to him.

The Flora Bell proved herself worthy of the estimate placed on her, and the assays made in the city vindicated Jim's judgment with regard to the quality of the ore. Specimens taken from the little streak in the center of the vein, which differed in color, weight and general appearance from the rest, assayed a little more than two thousand ounces to the ton, while the great body of the ore into which they ran their drifts assayed from forty ounces all the way up to two hundred and seventy.

"It'll sample a hundred an' fifty ounces—jest what I've said all along," was Jim's remark to the assayer; "an' that's as good a thing as I want."

"I should think so," was the answer, "if you've got enough of it."

"Enough! We can't find top nor bottom to the ore body; an' as for the walls, we've drifted twenty foot each way an' hain't touched 'em yet."

"Think anything about selling?" inquired the assayer.

"Well, I dunno. It 'ud take a pile of money to buy *me* out now, I can tell you. It'll pay big to ship the richest of the ore soon's the railroad comes in; an' as for the low grade, we can pile that up on the dump an' wait for the smelters to start up; for the first man that comes in here with money, an' knows a chance to make money when he sees it, is goin' to put up a smelter, you mark that."

"A party of gentlemen from the East came in last night, and some of them were here making inquiries about the mines. That is why I spoke to you."

"Tenderfeet!" Jim's face expressed boundless contempt. "I never see a chap fresh from the states yet that didn't think nuggets of gold orter lay around on the ground big as tea-kittles, or else they're lookin' for boulders of pure silver. An' when you take these fellers into a mine an' they see the pickin' and blastin' an shovelin' that's got to be done, to say nothin' about the ore that's got to be shipped an' smelted, an' the bullion that's got to be refined, they're took sick right away, an' want to go back to New York or Bosting, where they find the gold an' silver ready coined."

"But these gentlemen have had some experience in mines. They own property in Nevada and California."

"Well, in that case I don't mind their comin' up, ef they want to *see* the Flora Bell. I ain't ashamed to show her to nobody, nor my pardner ain't neither. But sellin' out is another thing."

As a result of this talk with the assayer, two of the gentlemen alluded to called on Jim the next morning. They found him willing to talk by the hour about the tunnel, the vein it followed, the extent of the ore body; but on the subject of selling out he was decidedly reticent.

"You see," he explained to his visitors, "it's jest this way with me an' my pardner: We've bin a huntin' a mine these twenty year; leastways I have, an' he ain't more'n five years behind me, though you wouldn't think it to look at us. We've tramped all over the coast an' the territories; we've bin roasted in summer an' froze in winter; bin ketched in snow slides an' shot at by Injuns and blowed up with powder; an' now after goin' through so much we've got a mine, an' we want to hold on to it."

"But suppose," said one of the gentlemen, insinuatingly, "that you were offered ten thousand dollars apiece for your interests. That would take you to the states and set you up there in some business which would be free from risk and hardship."

Jim shook his head. "We can make more'n that this summer shippin' our high grade ore, an' then we've got thousands of tons of medium grade to fall back on when the smelter starts up."

"Suppose we take a trip to the mine," suggested the other gentleman; "we want to see the country, and we may not have a better opportunity."

"No objection; not the least in the world. You've bin in the mountings before, I

take it, an' that bein' the case, we can make you comfortable, my pardner an' me can, at our cabin."

It was finally arranged that three of the party from the East, representing a wealthy mining company, should go with Jim. One of the three was the professional "expert," whose report on a mine is considered indispensable by the purchaser, notwithstanding the undisguised contempt of the practical miner for the "book learning" which is the basis of such report.

Maynard received his visitors courteously, showed them all there was to see in the mine, was marvelously patient with the expert, whose constant use of technical and scientific terms was a sore trial to Jim, and won golden opinions from the others by his gentlemanly bearing and his readiness to oblige, but he had still less to say than Jim about selling the mine, and the visit ended without any definite result.

It was now four weeks since Maynard had said good-bye to the fair girl whom he already looked upon as his own. They had been long weeks—the longest he had ever known—in spite of the excitement caused by the strike and the interest he felt in the work of opening up the mine so as to make it look its best. So, a little to Jim's astonishment, he announced that he meant to return to Salt Lake in company with their visitors.

"I've 'tended to the assays," Jim said, "an' we've got supplies laid in for three months. We won't make nothin' by runin' after these chaps that wants to buy a mine. Let them run after us."

"That is just what I mean to do," Maynard answered; "I shall not say 'mines' to anybody while I am gone, and in less than three weeks these same friends of ours will be back to make us an offer that we can afford to take. My business in Salt Lake this time is a little more important even than making a sale of the Flora Bell."

"Of course! Queer that I didn't think of your reasons for goin' down a leetle offener than usual this summer. I'm a crusty old chap, pardner, but I take a sight of comfort in knowin' that you're some happier than you ever was before."

"I know it, Jim; I've never had a truer friend than you, and I didn't mean to go away without telling my errand to the city. Jim, old fellow, if Providence favors me, I'll come back a married man!"

"What! So soon? I thought you was agoin' to put it off till after the sale."

Maynard laughed—a clear, ringing, boyish laugh, which it did his companion's heart good to hear. "In that case," he said, "I should have hurried up the sale. No, Jim, I don't want to put off the day that will give me a legal right to protect my little girl, knowing, as I do, how much she needs a protector."

There was a tender light in his eyes as he spoke, and an unwonted tremor in his voice. Jim, who had known love once, nay, who still loved the gentle girl who was, as he said, "awaitin' for him somewheres," understood these signs and guessed how sacredly his promised bride was enshrined in his heart of hearts.

"I say again, as I said at the first, nobody wishes you more joy than your old pardner does; an' if you're as happy as you deserve to be, it'll be mighty near heaven."

These confidences were exchanged over night by the partners, and before the earliest beams of the sun began to show themselves above the crest of the Wasatch the party were on their way down the canyon. Maynard rode in advance of his companions. It was well perhaps that he was forced to wait a little for them; well, at least, for Bayard, whose speed would have been tested to the utmost if the impatient lover had been making the journey alone.

"These are the longest miles I ever traveled," Maynard said to one of the others as they reached the mouth of the canyon.

The gentleman smiled. "They seemed longer to us going up," he said; "but then the fact that we were climbing up hill, and our impatience to see the mine, made the journey a trifle tedious."

It was yet early in the forenoon when they passed through the settlement, and they came in sight of Salt Lake about sunset. When the party reached the southern limits of the city, Maynard bid good-bye to his companions and turned his horse's head in the direction of Camp Douglass.

"At last!" he said to himself, as though nearing the end of a pilgrimage of years. "Bayard, good Bayard, make haste; we have traveled too slowly."

The horse, obeying his master's voice and hand, quickened his speed. They were already within a mile of the camp.

"She does not expect me. She will be startled, but not sorry to see me. How she looked when I asked her if she would be glad!"

In ten minutes more he had dismounted from his panting horse and was knocking impatiently at Mrs. Rushton's door. Fortune favored him. It was Mary herself who opened the door. She gave a little cry as he stepped into the lighted hall, then threw herself into the arms that were open to receive her.

"I am so glad—so glad, you have come," was all she could say, but that was enough. She did not stop to think whether maidenly reserve required her to hide what she felt. He was her hero, her lover, the one to whom she owed her life, and to whom she was glad to give it back.

"Then you really wanted me to come back," Maynard said, lifting up the face that had drooped out of sight. "Really and truly?"

"Yes, really and truly; but you startled me so! Mrs. Rushton said you might not be down for a month yet."

"Mrs. Rushton did not know that every day has been a month since I went away. Where is she now?"

"Gone out for the evening; I forgot to tell you that, and I am forgetting to ask you in. Come this way, into the sitting room. There is no one at home but myself."

It is hardly to be supposed that Maynard was distressed by this announcement. If it was so sweet to walk by her side, to be alone with her on that day when he dared not tell his love, even by a look, what must he think of the hours that he was permitted to spend with her now, when she was his promised wife? Mary insisted on getting supper for him, and they sat down together.

"Quite as if we were married and keeping house," Maynard said, enjoying the pretty blush which this speech called up.

After supper they returned to the sitting-room. A piano was one of the features of this room, and Mary offered to play.

"You ought to ask me," she said, but since you don't, I will inflict something on you to punish you."

"I did not know you played. I have had no chance to find out," he said. "There are a great many things that we have not asked each other about, but there will be plenty of time for questions and answers after to-morrow."

"And why specially after to-morrow?" she asked.

"Because to-morrow is our wedding-day!"

"So soon! You do not mean it." Her color came and went, and she dropped the music in her hands.

"Why should I not mean it? My darling"—he placed her on the seat beside him and took both her hands—"six months from now we will not know each other or love each other any better than to-day, if we should put off our marriage so long, and in six months something might happen to take you away from me if I had not the legal right to keep you—to protect you. But be my wife to-morrow, and I will defy the world to take you from me."

"It shall be just as you wish. I was startled for the moment, just as I was when you came in so unexpectedly to-night, but I can wish for no greater happiness than to be your wife; God knows that, and I am willing that you should know it too, though may be it is a little bold in me to tell you so."

"My dear, little girl! My little wife! I wish everybody in the world was half as truthful. Why should either of us be ashamed of the love that makes marriage sacred? If we were going to be married to-morrow without love we would have reason enough for shame."

The lovers' talk that filled up the evening, interesting enough to themselves, but not quite so much so to others, we need not write down in full. Mrs. Rushton, returning about ten o'clock, found a very demure little maiden seated by herself on the sofa, her hands folded primly in her lap, while the gentleman who rose to greet the hostess occupied a chair at least three feet away; but there was a comical look in the matron's bright eyes as she picked from Mary's slightly disordered tresses a fragment of the flower that Maynard wore in his buttonhole. If any doubt existed in her mind after this as to the arrangements made during the evening, it was speedily dispelled by Maynard, who said:

"Mrs. Rushton, we are to be married to-morrow. May we presume that we have your consent?"

"My consent and my blessing, you foolish children. If I had had my way about it you should have been married before you went back to the mine. I am worn to a shadow by the responsibility you imposed on me. Please to consider that to-morrow you take the whole burden upon your own shoulders."

"The prospect does not terrify me. But I must tax your hospitality a little further and ask you to give *my wife* a home for another month. By the end of that time I hope to be able to take her out of the territory."

"Don't tell me too much at once. My poor head is quite confused already. I meant to ask you something about your mine, but I am not equal to that to-night. There are vague rumors that you have become a millionaire, but I don't want you to confirm them just yet."

Maynard had not once thought of his old sweetheart, the Flora Bell. This new love had driven everything else out of his head as well as his heart, and as it was near midnight he judged it best, as Mrs. Rushton had said, not to tell too much at once. The mine and the good fortune it had brought were things that would keep until after to-morrow.

It was a very quiet wedding at which the post chaplain officiated the next day, but a very happy one. There were no bridesmaids; there were no white favors, and no bells were rung. But the two most interested missed nothing in the festivities of the occasion. The bride cried a little, without knowing that this was the orthodox custom, but her tears were tears of joy. The groom was as composed "as though he was used to being married every day in the year," Mrs. Rushton said, and he made his responses in tones that might have been heard outside the building.

There was no wedding journey just yet.

"We will put that off until next month, when we start for California," Maynard had said, and his bride acquiesced in the arrangement most cheerfully. It was hard, at the end of the week, for Maynard to say good-bye to his wife, on account of the Flora Bell, but by that time another party of capitalists were making inquiries about the mine, and as they had plenty of money, which they seemed anxious to invest, he judged it best to go with them when they went up to look at his property. No expert accompanied this party, and it was perhaps due to this fact that they were able to make up their minds as to whether they wished to buy the Flora Bell, and what price they were willing to give.

Jim had his mind set upon large figures—a hundred thousand apiece for himself and his partner—but Maynard, who cared more just then about getting back to California with his bride than about waiting to realize an immense fortune, persuaded him to moderate his ideas, and finally eighty thousand dollars was named as the lowest figure at which the Flora Bell could be bought.

"That gives us forty thousand apiece—as much as we need to use just now"—Maynard said; "and there's nothing to hinder our finding another mine one of these days."

"Yes, but I've noticed that lightnin' don't often strike twice in the same place. Howsumever, if you're suited I am; an' the same day you start for Californy will see me on my way home to look up the old folks an' little Minny."

Late in August, Jim, as good as his word, stood on the depot platform at Ogden and waived his adieus to Maynard and his dark-eyed bride, as the westward bound train bore them swiftly away, then took out the ticket he had bought that day and whispered to himself:

"To-morrow I'll be goin' home—yes, home! If Hetty was only there!"

MRS. CAUDLE'S

CURTAIN LECTURES.

BY

DOUGLAS JERROLD.

THE PREFACE.

It has happened to the writer that two, or three, or ten, or twenty gentlewomen have asked him,—and asked in various notes of wonder, pity, and reproof,—

"What could have made you think of Mrs. Caudle?"
"How could such a thing have entered any man's mind?"

There are subjects that seem like raindrops to fall upon a man's head, the head itself having nothing to do with the matter. The result of no train of thought, there is the picture, the statue, the book, wafted, like the smallest seed, into the brain, to feed upon the soil, such as it may be, and grow there; and this was, no doubt, the accidental cause of the literary sowing and expansion—unfolding like a night-flower—of MRS. CAUDLE.

But let a jury of gentlewomen decide.

It was a thick, black, wintry afternoon, when the writer stopped in front of the play-ground of a suburban school. The ground swarmed with boys full of the Saturday's holiday. The earth seemed roofed with the oldest lead; and the wind came, sharp as Shylock's knife, from the Minories. But these happy boys ran and jumped, and hopped and shouted, and—unconscious men in minature!—in their own world of frolic, had no thought of the full-length men they would some day become; drawn out into grave citizenship; formal, respectable, responsible. To them the sky was of any or all colors; and for that keen east-wind—cutting the shoulder-blades of old, old men of forty—they in their immortality of boyhood had the redder faces and the nimbler blood for it.

And the writer, looking dreamily into that play-ground, still mused on the robust jollity of those little fellows, to whom the tax-gatherer was as yet a rarer animal than baby hippopotamus. Heroic boyhood, so ignorant of the future in the knowing enjoyment of the present! And the writer, still dreaming and musing, and still following no distinct line of thought, there struck upon him, like notes of sudden household music, these words—CURTAIN LECTURES.

One moment there was no living object save those racing, shouting boys; and the next, as though a white dove had alighted on the pen-hand of the writer, there was—MRS. CAUDLE.

Ladies of the jury, are there not then some subjects of letters that mysteriously assert an effect without any discoverable cause? Otherwise, wherefore should the thought of CURTAIN LECTURES grow from a school-ground—wherefore, among a crowd of holiday school-boys should appear MRS. CAUDLE?

For the LECTURES themselves, it is feared they must be given up as a farcical desecration of a solemn time-honored privilege; it may be, exercised once in a lifetime—and that once having the effect of a hundred repetitions; as JOB lectured his wife. And Job's wife, a certain Mohammedan writer delivers, having committed a fault in her love to her husband, he swore that on his recovery he would deal her a hundred stripes. Job got well, and his heart was touched and taught by the tenderness to keep his vow, and still to chastise his helpmate; for he smote her once with a palm-branch having a hundred leaves.

D. J.

THE INTRODUCTION.

Poor Job Caudle was one of the few men whom Nature, in her casual bounty to women, sends into the world as patient listeners. He was, perhaps, in more respects than one, all ears. And these ears, Mrs. Caudle—his lawful, wedded wife, as she would ever and anon impress upon him, for she was not a woman to wear chains without shaking them—took whole and sole possession of. They were her entire property; as expressly made to convey to Caudle's brain the stream of wisdom that continually flowed from the lips of his wife, as was the tin funnel through which Mrs. Caudle in vintage time bottled her elder wine. There was, however, this difference between the wisdom and the wine. The wine was always sugared: the wisdom, never. It was expressed crude from the heart of Mrs. Caudle, who, doubtless, trusted to the sweetness of her husband's disposition to make it agree with him.

Philosophers have debated whether morning or night is most conducive to the strongest and clearest moral impressions. The Grecian sage confessed that his labors smelt of the lamp. In like manner did Mrs. Caudle's wisdom smell of the rushlight. She knew that her husband was too much distracted by his business as toy-man and doll-merchant to digest her lessons in the broad-day. Besides, she could never make sure of him: he was always liable to be summoned to the shop. Now, from eleven at night until seven in the morning there was no retreat for him; he was compelled to lie and listen. Perhaps there was little magnanimity in this on the part of Mrs. Caudle; but in marriage as in war, it is permitted to take every advantage of the enemy. Besides, Mrs. Caudle copied very ancient and classic authority. Minerva's bird, the very wisest thing in feathers, is silent all the day. So was Mrs. Caudle. Like the owl, she hooted only at night.

Mr. Caudle was blessed with an indomitable constitution. One fact will prove the truth of this. He lived thirty years with Mrs. Caudle, surviving her. Yes, it took thirty years for Mrs. Caudle to lecture and dilute upon the joys, griefs, duties, and vicissitudes comprised within that seemingly small circle—the wedding-ring. We say, seemingly small; for the thing, as viewed by the vulgar, naked eye, is a tiny hoop made for the third feminine finger. Alack! like the ring of Saturn, for good or evil, it circles a whole world. Or, to take a less gigantic figure, it compasses a vast region; it may be Arabia Felix, and it may be Abrabia Petrea.

A lemon-hearted cynic might liken the wedding-ring to an ancient circus, in which wild animals clawed one another for the sport of lookers-on. Perish the hyperbole! We would rather compare it to an elfin ring, in which dancing fairies made the sweetest music for infirm humanity.

Manifold are the uses of rings. Even swine are tamed by them. You will see a vagrant, hilarious, devastating porker—a full-blooded fellow that would bleed into many, many fathoms of black pudding—you will see him, escaped from his proper home, straying into a neighbor's garden. How he tramples upon the heart's-ease; how, with quivering snout, he roots up lilies—odoriferous bulbs! Here he gives a reckless snatch at thyme and marjoram—and here he munches violets and gillyflowers. At length the marauder is detected, seized by his owner, and driven, beaten home. To make the porker less dangerous, it is determined that he shall be *ringed*. The sentence is pronounced—execution ordered. Listen to his screams!

> "Would you not think the knife was in his throat?
> And yet they're only boring through his nose!"

Hence, for all future time, the porker behaves himself with a sort of forced propriety—for in either nostril he carries a ring. It is, for the greatness of humanity, a saddening thought that sometimes men must be treated no better than pigs.

But Mr. Job Caudle was not of these men. Marriage to him was not made a necessity. No; for him call it, if you will, a happy chance—a golden accident. It is, however, enough for us to know that he was married; and was therefore made the recipient of a wife's wisdom. Mrs. Caudle, like Mahomet's dove, continually pecked at the good man's ears; and it is a happiness to learn from what he left behind that he had hived all her sayings in his brain; and further, that he employed the mellow evening of his life to put such sayings down, that, in due season, they might be enshrined in imperishable type.

When Mr. Job Caudle was left in this briery world without his daily guide and nocturnal monitress, he was in the ripe fullness of fifty-two. For three hours at least after he went to bed—such slaves are we to habit—he could not close an eye. His wife still talked at his side. True it was, she was dead and decently interred. His mind—it was a comfort to know it—could not wander on this point; this he knew. Nevertheless, his wife was with him. The Ghost of her Tongue still talked as in the life; and again and again did Job Caudle hear the monitions of by-gone years. At times, so loud, so lively, so real were the sounds, that Job, with a cold chill, doubted if he were really widowed. And then, with the movement of an arm, a foot, he would assure himself that he was alone in his Holland. Nevertheless the talk continued. It was terrible to be thus haunted by a voice: to have advice, commands, remonstrances, all sorts of saws and adages still poured upon him, and no visible wife. Now did the voice speak from the curtains; now from the tester; and now did it whisper to Job from the very pillow that he pressed. "It's a dreadful thing that her tongue should walk in this manner," said Job, and then he thought confusedly of exorcism, or at least of counsel from the parish priest.

Whether Job followed his own brain, or the wise direction of another, we know not. But he resolved every night to commit to paper one curtain lecture of his late wife. The employment would, possibly, lay the ghost that haunted him. It was her dear tongue that cried for justice, and when thus satisfied, it might possibly rest in quiet. And so it happened. Job faithfully chronicled all his late wife's lectures; the ghost of her tongue was thenceforth silent, and Job slept all of his after-nights in peace.

When Job died, a small packet of papers was found inscribed as follows:

"*Curtain Lectures delivered in the course of Thirty Years by Mrs. Margaret Caudle, and suffered by Job, her Husband.*"

That Mr. Caudle had his eye upon the future printer, is made pretty probable by the fact that in most places he had affixed the text—such text for the most part arising out of his own daily conduct—to the lecture of the night. He had, also, with an instinctive knowledge of the dignity of literature, left a bank-note of very fair amount with the manuscript. Following our duty as editor, we trust we have done justice to both documents.

THE FIRST LECTURE.

MR. CAUDLE HAS LENT FIVE POUNDS TO A FRIEND.

"You ought to be very rich, Mr. Caudle. I wonder who'd lend you five pounds? But so it is; a wife may work and may slave! Ha, dear! the many things that might have been done with five pounds. As if people picked up money in the street! But you always were a fool, Mr. Caudle! I've wanted a black satin gown these three years, and that five pounds would have entirely bought it. But it's no matter how I go—not at all. Everybody says I don't dress as becomes your wife—and I don't; but what's that to you, Mr. Caudle? Nothing. Oh, no! you can have fine feelings for everybody but those belonging to you. I wish people knew you as I do—that's all. You like to be called liberal—and your family pays for it.

"All the girls want bonnets, and where they're to come from I can't tell. Half five pounds would have bought 'em—but now they must go without. Of course, *they* belong to you; and anybody but your own flesh and blood, Mr. Caudle.

"The man called for the water-rate to-day; but I should like to know how people are to pay taxes, who throw away five pounds to every fellow that asks them?

"Perhaps you don't know that Jack, this morning, knocked his shuttlecock through his bedroom window. I was going to send for the glazier to mend it; but after you lent that five pounds I was sure we couldn't afford it. Oh, no! the window must go as it is; and pretty weather for a dear child to sleep with a broken window. He's got a cold already on his lungs, and I shouldn't at all wonder if that broken window settled him. If the dear boy dies, his death will be upon his father's head; for I'm sure we can't now pay to mend windows. We might, though, and do a great many more things, too, if people didn't throw away their five pounds.

"Next Tuesday the fire-insurance is due. I should like to know how it's to be paid? Why, it can't be paid at all! That five pounds would more than done if—and now, insurance is out of the question. And there never were so many fires as there are now. I shall never close my eyes all night—but what's that to you, so people can call you liberal, Mr. Caudle? Your wife and children may all be burnt alive in their beds—as all of us to a certainty shall be, for the insurance *must* drop. And after we've insured for so many years! But how, I should like to know, are people to insure who make ducks and drakes of their five pounds?

"I did think we might go to Margate this summer. There's poor little Caroline, I'm sure she wants the sea. But no, dear creature! she must stop at home—all of us must stop at home—she'll go into a consumption, there's no doubt of that; yes—sweet little angel!—I've made up my mind to lose her, *now*. The child might have been saved; but people can't save their children and throw away their five pounds too.

"I wonder where poor little Mopsy is? While you were lending that five pounds, the dog ran out of the shop. You know, I never let it go into the street, for fear it should be bit by some mad dog, and come home and bite all the children. It wouldn't now at all astonish me if the animal was to come back with the hydrophobia, and give it to all the family. However, what's your family to you, so you can play the liberal creature with five pounds?

"Do you hear that shutter, how it's banging to and fro? Yes—I know what it wants as well as you; it wants a new fastening. I was going to send for the blacksmith to-day, but now it's out of the question: *now* it must bang of nights, since you've thrown away five pounds.

"Ha! there's the soot falling down the chimney. If I hate the smell of anything, it's the smell of soot. And you know it; but what are my feelings to you? *Sweep the chimney!* Yes, it's all very fine to say sweep the chimney—but how are chimneys to be swept—how are they to be paid for by people who don't take care of their five pounds?

"Do you hear the mice running about the room? *I* hear them. If they were to drag only you out of bed, it would be no matter. *Set a trap for them!* Yes, it's easy enough to say, "set a trap for 'em." But how are people to afford mouse-traps, when every day they lose five pounds?

"Hark! I'm sure there's a noise down stairs. It wouldn't at all surprise me if there were thieves in the house. Well, it *may* be the cat, but thieves are pretty sure to come in some night. There's a wretched fastening to the back door; but these are not times to afford bolts and bars, when people won't take care of their five pounds.

"Mary Anne ought to have gone to the dentist's to-morrow. She wants three teeth taken out. Now, it can't be done. Three teeth that quite disfigure the poor child's mouth. But there they must stop, and spoil the sweetest face that was ever made. Otherwise, she'd have been a wife for a lord. Now, when she grows up, who'll have her? Nobody. We shall die, and leave her alone and unprotected in the world. But what do you care for that? Nothing; so you can squander away five pounds."

"And thus," comments Caudle, "according to my wife, she—dear soul!—couldn't have a satin gown—the girls couldn't have new bonnets—the water-rate must stand over—through a broken window, Jack must get his death—our fire-insurance couldn't be paid, so that we should all fall victims to the devouring element—we couldn't go to Margate, and Caroline would go to any early grave—the dog would come home and bite us all mad—the shutter would go banging forever—the soot would always fall—the mice never let us have a wink of sleep—thieves be always breaking in the house—our dear Mary Anne be forever left an unprotected maid—and with other evils falling upon us, all, all because I would go on lending five pounds!"

THE SECOND LECTURE.

MR. CAUDLE HAS BEEN AT A TAVERN WITH A FRIEND, AND "IS ENOUGH TO POISON A WOMAN" WITH TOBACCO-SMOKE.

"I'm sure I don't know who'd be a poor woman! I don't know who'd tie themselves up to a man, if they only knew half they'd have to bear. A wife must stay at home and be a drudge, whilst a man can go anywhere. It's enough for a wife to sit like Cinderella by the ashes, whilst her husband can go drinking and singing at a tavern. *You never sing?* How do I know you never sing? It's very well for you to say so; but, if I could hear you, I dare say you're among the worst of 'em.

"And now, I suppose, it will be the tavern every night? If you think I'm going to sit up for you, Mr. Caudle, you're very much mistaken. No; and I'm not going to get out of my warm bed to let you in, either. No; nor Susan sha'n't sit up for you. No; nor you sha'n't have a latch-key. I'm not going to sleep with the door upon the latch, to be murdered before the morning.

"Faugh! Pah! Whewgh! That filthy tobacco-smoke! It's enough to kill any decent woman. You know I hate tobacco, and yet you will do it. *You don't smoke yourself?* What of that? If you go among people who *do* smoke, you're just as bad—or worse. You might as well smoke—indeed, better. Better smoke yourself than come home with other people's smoke all in your hair and whiskers.

"I never knew any good come to a man who went to a tavern. Nice companions he picks up there! Yes; people who make it a boast to treat their wives like slaves, and ruin their families. There's that wretch, Harry Prettyman. See what he's come to. He doesn't now get home till two in the morning; and then in what a state! He begins quarreling with the door-mat, that his poor wife may be afraid to speak to him. A mean wretch! But don't you think I'll be like Mrs. Prettyman. No; I wouldn't put up with it from the best man that ever trod. You'll not make me afraid to speak to you, however you may swear at the door-mat. No, Mr. Caudle, that you won't.

"*You don't intend to stay out till two in the morning?* How do you know what you'll do when you get among such people? Men can't answer for themselves when they get to boosing one with another. They never think of their poor wives, who are grieving and wearing themselves out at home. A nice headache you'll have to-morrow morning—or rather *this* morning; for it must be past twelve. *You won't have a headache?* It's very well for you to say so, but I know you will; and then you may nurse yourself for me. Ha! that filthy tobacco again! No; I shall not go to sleep like a good soul. How's people to go to sleep when they're suffocated?

"Yes, Mr. Caudle, you'll be nice and ill in the morning! But don't you think I'm going to let you have your breakfast in bed, like Mrs Prettyman. I'll not be such a fool. No; nor I won't have discredit brought upon the house by sending for soda-water early, for all the neighborhood to say, 'Caudle was drunk last night.' No; I've some regard for the dear children, if you haven't. No; nor you sha'n't have broth for dinner. Not a neck of mutton crosses my threshold, I can tell you.

"*You won't want soda, and you won't want broth?* All the better. You wouldn't get 'em if you did, I can assure you. Dear, dear, dear! That filthy tobacco! I'm sure it's enough to make me as bad as you are. Talking about getting divorced—I'm sure tobacco ought to be good grounds. How little does a woman think, when she marries, that she gives herself up to be poisoned! You men contrive to have it all of your own side, you do. Now, if I was to go and leave you and the children, a pretty noise there'd be! You, however, can go and smoke no end of pipes and—— *You didn't smoke?* It's all the same, Mr. Caudle, if you go among smoking people. Folks are known by their company. You'd better smoke yourself, than bring home the pipes of all the world.

"Yes, I see how it will be. Now you've once gone to a tavern, you'll be always going. You'll be coming home tipsy every night; and tumbling down and breaking your leg and putting out your shoulder, and bringing all sorts of disgrace and expense upon us. And then you'll be getting into a street fight—oh, I know your temper too well to doubt it, Mr. Caudle!—and be knocking down some of the police. And then I know what will follow. It *must* follow. Yes, you'll be sent for a month or six weeks to the tread-mill. Pretty thing that, for a respectable tradesman, Mr. Caudle; to be put upon the tread-mill with all sorts of thieves and vagabonds and—there, again, that horrible

tobacco!—and riff-raff of every kind. I should like to know how your children are to hold up their heads, after their father has been upon the tread-mill? No; I *won't* go to sleep. And I'm not talking of what's impossible. I know it will all happen—every bit of it. If it wasn't for the dear children, you might be ruined and I wouldn't so much as speak about it, but—oh, dear, dear! at least you might go where they smoke *good* tobacco—but I can't forget that I'm their mother. At least they shall have *one* parent.

"Taverns! Never did a man go to a tavern who didn't die a beggar. And how your pot-companions will laugh at you when they see your name in the Gazette! For it *must* happen. Your business is sure to fall off; for what respectable people will buy toys for their children of a drunkard? You're not a drunkard! No; but you will be —it's all the same.

"You've begun by staying out till midnight. By and by 'twill be all night. But don't you think, Mr. Caudle, you shall ever have a key. I know you. Yes; you'd do exactly like that Prettyman; and what did he do, only last Wednesday? Why, he let himself in about four in the morning and brought home with him his pot-companion, Puffy. His dear wife woke at six and saw Prettyman's dirty boots at her bed-side. And where was the wretch, her husband? Why, he was drinking down stairs—swilling. Yes; worse than a midnight robber, he'd taken the keys out of his dear wife's pockets —ha, what that poor creature has to bear!—and had got at the brandy. A pretty thing for a wife to wake at six in the morning and, instead of her husband, to see his dirty boots!

"But I'll not be made your victim, Mr. Caudle; not I. You shall never get at my keys, for they shall lie under my pillow—under my own head, Mr. Caudle.

"You'll be rnined, but, if I can help it, you shall ruin nobody but yourself.

"Oh! that hor—hor—hor—i—ble tob—ac—co!"

To this lecture Caudle affixes no comment. A certain proof, we think, that the man had nothing to say for himself.

THE THIRD LECTURE.

MR. CAUDLE JOINS A CLUB, "THE SKYLARKS."

"Well, if a woman hadn't better be in her grave than be married! That is, if she can't be married to a decent man. No; I don't care if you are tired. I *sha'n't* let you go to sleep. No; and I won't say what I have to say in the morning; I'll say it now. It's all very well for you to come home at what time you like—it's now half past twelve —and expect I'm to hold my tongue and let you go to sleep. What next, I wonder? A woman had better be sold for a slave at once.

"And so you've gone and joined a club? The Skylarks, indeed! A pretty skylark you'll make of yourself! But I won't stay and be ruined by you. No; I'm determined on that. I'll go, and take the dear children, and you may get who you like to keep your house. That is, as long as you have a house to keep—and that won't be long, I know.

"How any decent man can go and spend his nights in a tavern!—oh, yes, Mr. Caudle; I dare say you *do* go for rational conversation. I should like to know how many of you would care for what you call rational conversation, if you had it without your filthy brandy and water; yes, and your more filthy tobacco-smoke. I'm sure the last time you came home I had the headache for a week. But I know who it is who's taking you to destruction. It's that brute, Prettyman. He has broken his own poor wife's heart and now he wants to—but don't you think of it, Mr. Caudle; I'll not have my peace of mind destroyed by the best man that ever trod. Oh, yes! I know you don't care so long as you can appear well to all the world—but the world little thinks how you behave to me. It shall know it, though—that I'm determined.

"How any man can leave his own happy fireside to go and sit and smoke and drink and talk with people who wouldn't one of 'em lift a finger to save him from hanging—how any man can leave his wife—and a good wife, too, though I say it—for a parcel of pot-companions—oh, it's disgraceful, Mr. Caudle; it's unfeeling. No man who had the least love for his wife could do it.

"And I suppose this is to be the case every Saturday? But I know what I'll do. I know—it's no use, Mr. Caudle, your calling me a good creature. I'm not such a fool as

to be coaxed in that way. No: if you want to go to sleep you should come home in Christian time, not at half past twelve. There was a time when you were as regular at your fireside as the kettle. That was when you were a decent man, and didn't go amongst heaven knows who, drinking and smoking and making what you think your jokes. I never heard any good come to a man who cared about jokes. No respectable tradesman does. But I know what I'll do; I'll scare away your Skylarks. The house serves liquor after twelve of a Saturday; and if I don't write to the magistrates, and have the license taken away, I am not lying in this bed this night. Yes, you may call me a foolish woman; but no, Mr. Caudle, no; it's you who are the foolish man—or worse than a foolish man; you're a wicked one. If you were to die to-morrow—and people who go to public-houses do all they can to shorten their lives—I should like to know who would write upon your tombstone, 'A tender husband and an affectionate father?' *I*—I'd have no such falsehoods told of you, I can assure you.

"Going and spending your money and—nonsense! don't tell me—no, if you were ten times to swear it, I wouldn't believe that you only spent eighteen pence on a Saturday. You can't be all those hours and only spend eighteen pence. I know better. I'm not quite a fool, Mr. Caudle. A great deal you could have for eighteen pence! And all the club married men and fathers of families. The more shame for 'em! Skylarks, indeed! They should call themselves Vultures; for they can only do as they do by eating up their innocent wives and children. Eighteen pence a week! And if it was only that—do you know what fifty-two eighteen pences come to in a year? Do you ever think of that, and see the gowns I wear? I'm sure I can't, out of the house-money, buy myself a pincushion; though I've wanted one these six months. No—not so much as a ball of cotton. But what do you care, so you can get your brandy and water? There's the girls, too—the things they want! They're never dressed like other people's children. But it's all the same to their father. Oh, yes! So he can go with his Skylarks they may wear sackcloth for pinafores and packthread for garters.

"You'd better not let that Mr. Prettyman come here, that's all—or, rather, you'd better bring him once. Yes, I should like to see him. He wouldn't forget it. A man who, I may say, lives and moves in a spittoon. A man who has a pipe in his mouth as constant as his front teeth. A sort of tavern king, with a lot of fools, like you, to laugh at what he thinks his jokes and give him consequence. No, Mr. Caudle, no; it's no use your telling me to go to sleep, for I won't. Go to sleep, indeed! I'm sure it's almost time to get up. I hardly know what's the use of coming to bed at all now.

"The Skylarks, indeed! I suppose you'll be buying a 'Little Warbler,' and, at your time of life, be trying to sing. The peacocks will sing next. A pretty name you'll get in the neighborhood; and, in a very little time, a nice face you'll have. Your nose is getting redder already; and you've just one of the noses that liquor always flies to. *You don't see it's red?* No—I dare say not—but *I* see it; *I* see a great many things you don't. And so you'll go on! In a little time, with your brandy and water—don't tell me that you only take two small glasses; I know what men's two small glasses are—in a little time you'll have a face all over as if it was made of red currant jam. And I should like to know who's to endure you then? I won't, and so don't think it. Don't come to me.

"Nice habits men learn at clubs! There's Joskins; he was a decent creature once, and now I'm told he has more than once boxed his wife's ears. He's a Skylark too. And I suppose, some day you'll be trying to box *my* ears. Don't attempt it, Mr. Caudle; I say, Don't attempt it. Yes—it's all very well for you to say you don't mean it—but I only say again, Don't attempt it. You'd rue it till the day of your death, Mr. Caudle.

"Going and sitting for four hours in a tavern! What men, unless they had their wives with them, can find to talk about I can't think. No good, of course.

"Eighteen pence a week—and drinking brandy and water enough to swim a boat! And smoking like the funnel of a steamship! And I can't afford myself so much as a piece of tape! It's brutal, Mr. Caudle. It's ve-ve-ve—ry bru—tal."

"And here," says Caudle, "here, thank heaven! at last she fell asleep."

THE FOURTH LECTURE.

MR CAUDLE HAS BEEN CALLED FROM HIS BED TO BAIL MR. PRETTYMAN FROM THE WATCH-HOUSE.

"Yes, Mr. Caudle, I knew it would come to this. I said it would, when you joined those precious Skylarks. People being called out of their beds at all hours of the night to bail a set of fellows who are never so happy as when they're leading sober men to destruction. I should like to know what the neighbors will think of you, with people from the police knocking at the door at two in the morning. Don't tell me that the man has been ill-used; he's not the man to be ill-used. And you must go and bail him! I know the end of that: he'll run away and you'll have to pay the money. I should like to know what's the use of my working and slaving to save a farthing, when you throw away pounds upon your precious Skylarks. A pretty cold you'll have to-morrow morning, being called out of your warm bed this weather; but don't you think I'll nurse you—not I; not a drop of gruel do you get from me.

"I'm sure you've plenty of ways of spending your money—not throwing it away upon a pack of dissolute peace-breakers. It's all very well for you to say you haven't thrown away your money, but you will. He'll be certain to run off; it isn't likely he'll go upon his trial, and you'll be fixed with the bail. Don't tell me that there's no trial in the matter, because I know there is; it's for something more than quarreling with the policeman that he is locked up. People ar'n't locked up for that. No, it's for robbery, or something worse, perhaps.

"And as you bailed him, people will think you are as bad as he is. Don't tell me you couldn't help bailing him; you should have shown yourself a respectable man, and have let him been sent to prison.

"Now people know you're the friend of drunken and disorderly persons, you'll never have a night's sleep in your bed. Not that it would mattter what fell upon you, if it wasn't your poor wife who suffered. Of course all the business will be in the newspapers, and your name with it. I shouldn't wonder, too, if they give your picture as they do the other folks of the Old Bailey. A pretty thing, that, to go down to your children. I'm sure it will be enough to make them change their name. No, I shall not go to sleep; it's all very well for you to say, Go to sleep, after such a disturbance. But I shall not go to sleep, Mr. Caudle; certainly not."

"Her will, I have no doubt," says Caudle, "was strong, but Nature was stronger, and she *did* sleep; this night inflicting upon me a remarkably short lecture."

THE FIFTH LECTURE.

MR. CAUDLE HAS REMAINED DOWN-STAIRS TILL PAST ONE, WITH A FRIEND.

"Pretty time of night to come to bed, Mr. Caudle. Ugh! As cold, too, as ice. Enough to give any woman her death, I'm sure. What! *I shouldn't have locked up the coals?* If I hadn't I've no doubt that fellow would have stayed all night. It's all very well for you, Mr. Caudle, to bring people home, but I wish you'd think first what's for supper. That beautiful leg of pork would have served for our dinner to-morrow—and now it's gone. *I* can't keep the house upon the money, and I won't pretend to do it if you bring a mob of people every night to clear out the cupboard.

"I wonder who'll be so ready to give you a supper when you want one; for want one you will unless you change your plans. Don't tell me! I know I'm right. You'll first be eaten up, and then you'll be laughed at. I know the world. No, indeed, Mr. Caudle, I don't think ill of everybody; don't say that. But I can't see a leg of pork eaten up in that way without asking myself what it's all to end in if such things go on? And then he must have pickles, too! Couldn't be content with my cabbage—no, Mr. Caudle, I won't let you go to sleep. It's very well for you to say let you go to sleep, after you've kept me awake till this time. *Why did I keep awake?* How do you suppose I could go to sleep when I knew that man was below, drinking up your sub-

stance in brandy and water? for he couldn't be content upon decent, wholesome gin. Upon my word, you ought to be a rich man, Mr. Caudle. You have such very fine friends. I wonder who gives you brandy when you go out!

"No, indeed, he couldn't be content with my pickled cabbage—and I should like to know who makes better—but he must have walnuts. And you, too, like a fool—now don't you think to stop me, Mr. Caudle; a poor woman may be trampled to death, and never say a word—you, too, like a fool—I wonder who'd do it for you—to insist upon the girl going out for pickled walnuts. And in such a night, too! With snow upon the ground. Yes; you're a man of fine feelings, you are, Mr. Caudle; but the world doesn't know you as I know you—fine feelings, indeed! to send the poor girl out, when I told you, and told your friend, too—a pretty brute he is, I'm sure—that the poor girl had got a cold, and I dare say chilblanes on her toes. But I know what will be the end of that; she'll be laid up, and we shall have a nice doctor's bill. And you'll pay it, I can tell you—for *I* won't.

"*You wish you were out of the world?* Oh, yes! that's all very easy. I'm sure *I* might wish it. Don't swear in that dreadful way! Ar'n't you afraid that the bed will open and swallow you? And don't swing about in that way. *That* will do no good. *That* won't bring back the leg of pork, and the brandy you've poured down both your throats. Oh, I know it! I'm sure of it. I only recollected it when I got into bed, and if it hadn't been so cold you'd have seen me down-stairs again, I can tell you; I recollected it—and a pretty two hours I've passed—that I left the key in the cupboard—and I know it—I could see by the manner of you when you came into the room—I know you've got at the other bottle. However, there's one comfort; you told me to send for the best brandy—the very best—for your other friend, who called last Wednesday. Ha! ha! It was British—the cheapest British—and nice and ill I hope the pair of you will be to-morrow.

"There's only the bare bone of the leg of pork; but you'll get nothing else for dinner, I can tell you. It's a dreadful thing that the poor children should go without; but, if they have such a father, they, poor things, must suffer for it.

"Nearly a whole leg of pork and a pint of brandy! A pint of brandy and a leg of pork. A leg of—leg—leg—pint——"

"And mumbling the syllables," says Mr. Caudle's MSS., "she went to sleep."

THE SIXTH LECTURE.

MR CAUDLE HAS LENT AN ACQUAINTANCE A FAMILY UMBRELLA.

"That's the third umbrella gone since Christmas. *What were you to do?* Why, let him go home in the rain to be sure. I'm very certain there was nothing about *him* that could spoil. Take cold, indeed! He doesn't look like one of the sort to take cold. Besides, he'd have better taken cold than take our only umbrella. Do you hear the rain, Mr. Caudle? I say, do you hear the rain? And, as I'm alive, if it isn't St. Swithin's Day! Do you hear it against the windows? Nonsense; you don't impose upon me. You can't be asleep with such a shower as that! Do you hear it, I say? Oh, you *do* hear it! Well, that's a pretty flood, I think, to last for six weeks; and no stirring all the time out of the house. Pooh! Don't think me a fool, Mr. Caudle. Don't insult me. *He* return the umbrella. Anybody would think you were born yesterday. As if anybody ever *did* return an umbrella! There—do you hear it? Worse and worse! Cats and dogs, and for six weeks—always six weeks. And no umbrella!

"I should like to know how the children are to go to school to-morrow? They shan't go through such weather, I'm determined. No; they shall stop at home and never learn anything—the blessed creatures!—sooner than go and get wet. And when they grow up I wonder who they'll have to thank for knowing nothing; who, indeed, but their father? People who can't feel for their own children ought never to be fathers.

"But I know why you lent the umbrella. Oh, yes; I know very well. I was going out to tea at dear mother's to-morrow—you knew that; and you did it on purpose. Don't tell me; you hate me to go there, and take every mean advantage to hinder me. But don't you think it, Mr. Caudle. No, sir; if it comes down in buckets-full, I'll go all the more. No; I won't have a cab. Where do you think the money's to come from? You've got nice high notions at that club of yours. A cab, indeed! Cost me sixteen-pence at least—sixteen-pence! two-and-eightpence for there's back again. Cabs,

indeed! I should like to know who's to pay for 'em; *I* can't pay for 'em, and I'm sure you can't if you go on as you do, throwing away your property and beggaring your children—buying umbrellas!

"Do you hear the rain, Mr. Caudle? I say, do you hear it? But I don't care—I'll go to mother's to-morrow; I will; and what's more, I'll walk every step of the way—and you know that will give me my death. Don't call me a foolish woman; it's you that is the foolish man. You know that I can't wear clogs; and with no umbrella, the wet's sure to give me a cold, it always does. But what do you care for that? Nothing at all. I may be laid up for what you care, as I dare say I shall—and a pretty doctor's bill there'll be. I hope there will! It will teach you to lend your umbrella again. I shouldn't wonder if I caught my death; yes; and that's what you lent the umbrella for. Of course!

"Nice clothes I shall get too, trapesing through weather like this. My gown and bonnet will be spoiled quite. *Needn't I wear 'em, then?* Indeed, Mr. Caudle, I *shall* wear 'em. No, sir, I'm not going out a dowdy to please you or anybody else. Gracious knows! it isn't often that I step over the threshold; indeed, I might as well be a slave at once—better, I should say. But when I do go out, Mr. Caudle, I choose to go like a lady. Oh! that rain—if it isn't enough to break in the windows.

"Ugh! I do look forward with dread for to-morrow! How I'm going to mother's I'm sure I can't tell. But if I die, I'll do it. No, sir; I won't borrow an umbrella. No; and you shan't buy one. Now, Mr. Caudle, only listen to this: if you bring home another umbrella, I'll throw it in the street. I'll have my own umbrella, or none at all.

"Ha! and it was only last week that I had a new nozzle put to that umbrella. I'm sure, if I'd have known as much as I do now, it might have gone without one for me. Paying for new nozzles for other people to laugh at you. Oh, it's very well for you—you can go to sleep. You've no thought of your poor, patient wife, and your own dear children. You think of nothing but lending umbrellas!

"Men, indeed!—call themselves lords of the creation!—pretty lords, when they can't even take care of an umbrella!

"I know that walk to-morrow will be the death of me. But that's what you want—then you can go to your club, and do as you like—and then, nicely my poor dear children will be used—but then, sir, then you'll be happy. Oh, don't tell me! I know you will. Else you'd never lent the umbrella!

"You have to go on Thursday about that summons; and, of course, you can't go. No, indeed, you *don't* go without the umbrella. You may lose the debt for what I care—it won't be so much as spoiling your clothes—better lose it; people deserve to lose debts who lend umbrellas!

"And I should like to know how I'm to go to mother's without the umbrella? Oh, don't tell me that I said I *would* go—that's nothing to do with it; nothing at all. She'll think I'm neglecting her, and the little money we were to have we shan't have at all—because we've no umbrella.

"The children, too! Dear things! They'll be sopping wet; for they shan't stop at home—they shan't lose their learning; it's all their father will leave 'em, I'm sure. But they *shall* go to school. Don't tell me I said they shouldn't; you are so aggravating, Caudle; you'd spoil the temper of an angel. They *shall* go to school; mark that. And if they get their deaths of cold its not my fault—I didn't lend the umbrella."

"At length," writes Caudle, "I fell asleep, and dreamt that the sky was turned into green calico with whalebone ribs; that, in fact, the whole world turned round under a tremendous umbrella!"

THE SEVENTH LECTURE.

MR. CAUDLE HAS VENTURED A REMONSTRANCE ON HIS DAY'S DINNER: COLD MUTTON AND NO PUDDING.—MRS. CAUDLE DEFENDS THE COLD SHOULDER.

"I'm sure! Well, I wonder what it will be next? There's nothing proper now—nothing at all. Better get somebody else to keep the house, I think. I can't do it now, it seems; I'm only in the way here; I'd better take the children and go.

"What am I grumbling about now? It's very well for you to ask that! I'm sure

I'd better be out of the world than—there now, Mr. Caudle, there you are again! I *shall* speak, sir. It isn't often I open my mouth, heaven knows. But you like to hear nobody talk but yourself. You ought to have married a negro slave, and not any respectable woman.

"You're to go about the house looking like thunder all the day, and I'm not to say a word. Where do you think the pudding's to come from every day? You show a nice example to our children, you do; complaining and turning your nose up at a sweet piece of cold mutton, because there's no pudding! You go a nice way to make 'em extravagant—teach 'em nice lessons to begin the world with. Do you know what puddings cost? or do you think they fly in at the window?

"You hate cold mutton. The more shame for you Mr. Caudle. I'm sure you've the stomach of a lord, you have. No, sir; I don't choose to hash the mutton. It's very easy for you to say hash it; but *I* know what a joint loses in hashing; it's a day's dinner the less, if it's a bit. Yes, I dare say; other people may have puddings with cold mutton. No doubt of it; and other people become bankrupts. But if ever you get into the Gazette it shan't be *my* fault—no; I'll do my duty as a wife to you, Mr. Caudle; you shall never it to say that it was *my* housekeeping that brought you to beggary. No; you may sulk at the cold meat—ha! I hope you'll never live to want such a piece of cold mutton as we had to-day! and you may threaten to go to the tavern to dine; but, with our present means, not a crumb of pudding do you got from me. You shall have nothing but the cold joint—nothing, as I'm a Christian sinner.

"Yes; there you are, throwing those fowls in my face again! I know you once brought home a pair of fowls; I know it; but you were mean enough to want to stop 'em out of my week's money! Oh, the selfishness—the shabbiness of men! They can go out and throw away pounds upon pounds with a pack of people who laugh at 'em afterward; but if it's anything wanted for their own homes, their poor wives may hunt for it. I wonder you don't blush to name those fowls again! I wouldn't be so little for the world, Mr. Caudle!

"What are you going to do? *Going to get up?* Don't make yourself rediculous, Mr. Caudle; I can't say a word to you like any other wife, but you must threaten to get up. *Do* be ashamed of yourself.

"Puddings, indeed! Do you think I'm made of puddings? Didn't you have some boiled rice three weeks ago? Besides, is this the time of year for puddings? It's all very well if I had money enough allowed me like any other wife to keep the house with; then, indeed, I might have preserves like any other woman; now, it's impossible; and it's cruel—yes, Mr. Caudle, cruel—of you to expect it.

"*Apples ar'n't so dear, are they?* I know what apples are, Mr. Caudle, without your telling me. But I suppose you want something more than apples for dumplings? I suppose sugar costs something, doesn't it? And that's how it is. That's how one expense brings on another, and that's how people go to ruin.

"*Pancakes?* What's the use of your lying muttering there about pancakes? Don't you always have 'em once a year—every Shrove Tuesday? And what would any moderate, decent man want more?

"Pancakes, indeed! Pray, Mr. Caudle—no, its no use your saying fine words to me to let you go to sleep; I shan't!—pray do you know the price of eggs just now? There's not an egg you can trust to under seven and eight a shilling; well, you've only just to reckon up how many eggs—don't lie swearing there at the eggs in that manner, Mr. Caudle, unless you expect the bed to let you fall through. You call yourself a respectable tradesman, I suppose? Ha! I only wish people knew you as well as I do! Swearing at eggs, indeed! But I'm tired of this usage, Mr. Caudle; quite tired of it; and I don't care how soon it's ended!

"I'm sure I do nothing but work and labor, and think how to make the most of everything; and this is how I'm rewarded. I should like to see anybody whose joints go further than mine. But if I was to throw away your money into the street, or lay it out in fine feathers on myself, I should be better thought of. The woman who studies her husband and her family is always made a drudge of. It's your fine fal-ral wives who've the best time of it.

"What's the use of your lying groaning there in that manner? That won't make me hold my tongue, I can tell you. You think to have it all your own way—but you won't, Mr. Caudle! You can insult my dinner; look like a demon, I may say, at a wholesome piece of cold mutton—ah! the thousands of far better creatures than you are who'd been thankful for that mutton!—and I'm never to speak. But you'r mistaken—I will!

Your usage of me, Mr. Caudle, is infamous—unworthy of a man. I only wish people knew you for what you are; but I've told you again and again they shall some day.

"Puddings! And now I suppose I shall hear of nothing but puddings! Yes, and I know what it will end in. First, you'll have a pudding every day—oh, I know your extravagance—then you'd go for fish—then I shouldn't wonder if you'd have soup; turtle, no doubt; then you'd go for a dessert; and—oh! I see it all as plain as the quilt before me—but no, not while I'm alive! What your second wife may do, I don't know; perhaps *she'll* be a fine lady; but you shan't be ruined by me; Mr. Caudle; that I'm determined. Puddings, indeed! Pu-dding-s! Pud——"

"Exhausted nature," says Mr. Caudle, "could hold out no longer. She went to sleep."

THE EIGHTH LECTURE.

MR. CAUDLE HAS BEEN MADE A MASON.—MRS CAUDLE INDIGNANT AND CURIOUS.

"Now, Mr. Caudle—Mr. Caudle, I say; oh! you can't be asleep already, I know—now what I mean to say is this: there's no use, none at all, in our having any disturbance about the matter; but at last my mind's made up, Mr. Caudle, I shall leave you. Either I know all you've been doing to-night, or to-morrow morning I quit the house. No, no; there's an end of the marriage-state, I think—an end of all confidence between man and wife—if a husband's to have secrets and keep 'em all to himself. Pretty secrets they must be, when his own wife can't know 'em! Not fit for any decent person to know, I'm sure, if that's the case. Now, Caudle, Caudle, don't let us quarrel, there's a good soul, tell me what it's all about? A pack of nonsense, I dare say; still—not that I care much about it—still I *should* like to know. There's a dear. Eh? Oh, don't tell me there's nothing in it; I know bettter. I'm not a fool, Mr. Caudle. I know there's a good deal in it. Now, Caudle, just tell me a little bit of it. I'm sure I'll tell you anything. You know I would. Well?

"Caudle, you're enough to vex a saint! Now, don't you think you're going to sleep; because you're not. Do you suppose I'd ever suffer you to go and be made a Mason if I didn't suppose I was to know the secrets too? Not that it's anything to know, I dare say; and that's why I'm determined to know it.

"But I know what it is; oh yes, there can be no doubt. The secret is to ill-use poor women; to tyrannize over 'em; to make 'em your slaves, especially your wives. It must be something of the sort, or you wouldn't be ashamed to have it known. What's right and proper never need be done in secret. It's an insult to a woman for a man to be a freemason, and let his wife know nothing of it. But, poor soul! she's sure to know it somehow—for nice husbands they all make. Yes, yes, a part of the secret is to think better of all the world than their own wives and families. I'm sure men have quite enough to care for—that is, if they act properly—to care for them they have at home. They can't have much care to spare for the world beside.

"And I suppose they call you *Brother* Caudle? A pretty brother, indeed! Going and dressing yourself up in an apron like a turnpike man—for that's what you look like. And I should like to know what the apron's for? There must be something in it not very respectable, I'm sure. Well, I only wish I was Queen for a day or two. I'd put an end to freemasonry and all such trumpery, I know.

"Now, come, Caudle; don't let's quarrel. Eh! you're not in pain, dear? What's it all about? What are you lying laughing there at? But I'm a fool to trouble my head about you.

"And you're not going to let me know the secrets, eh? You mean to say—you're not? Now, Caudle, you know it's a hard matter to put me in a passion—not that I care about the secret itself; I wouldn't give a button to know it, for it's all nonsense, I'm sure. It isn't the secret I care about; its the slight, Mr. Caudle; its the studied insult that a man pays to his wife when he thinks of going through the world keeping something to himself which he won't let her know. Man and wife one, indeed! I should like to know how that can be when a man's a mason—when he keeps a secret that sets him and his wife apart? Ha, you men make the laws, and so you take good care to have the best of 'em to yourselves; otherwise a woman ought to be allowed a divorce when

a man becomes a mason; when he's got a sort of corner-cupboard in his heart—a secret place in his mind—that his poor wife isn't allowed to rummage!

"Caudle, you shan't close your eyes for a week—no, you shan't—unless you tell me some of it. Come, there's a good creature; there's a love, I'm sure, Caudle, I would'nt refuse you anything—and you know it, or ought to know it by this time. I only wish I had a secret! To whom should I think of confiding it, but to my dear husband? I should be miserable to keep it myself, and you know it. Now, Caudle?

Was there ever such a man? A man, indeed! A brute!—yes, Mr. Caudle, an unfeeling, brutal creature, when you might oblige me, and you won't. I'm sure I don't object to your being a mason; not at all, Caudle; I dare say it's a very good thing; I dare say it is—it's only your making a secret of it that vexes me. But you'll tell me—you'll tell your own Margaret? You won't! You're a wretch, Mr. Caudle.

"But I know why; oh yes, I can tell. The fact is, you're ashamed to let me know what a fool they've been making of you. That's it. You, at your time of life—the father of a family! I should be ashamed of myself, Caudle.

"And I suppose you'll be going to what you call your Lodge every night, now? Lodge, indeed! Pretty place it must be, where they don't admit women. Nice goings on, I dare say. Then you call one another brethren. Brethren! I'm sure you'd relations enough; you didn't wan't any more.

"But I know what all this masonry's about. It's only an excuse to get away from your wives and families, that you may feast and drink together; that's all. That's the secret. And to abuse women—as if they were inferior animals, and not to be trusted. That's the secret; and nothing else.

"Now, Caudle, don't let us quarrel. Yes, I know you're in pain. Still, Caudle, my love; Caudle! Dearest, I say—Caudle!"

"I recollect nothing more," says Caudle, "for I had eaten a hearty supper, and somehow became oblivious."

THE NINTH LECTURE.

MR. CAUDLE HAS BEEN TO GREENWICH FAIR.

"So, Mr. Caudle, I hope you've enjoyed yourself at Greenwich. *How do I know you've been to Greenwich?* I know it very well, sir; know all about it; know more than you think I know. I thought there was something in the wind. Yes, I was sure of it when you went out of the house to-day I knew it by the looks of you, though I didn't say anything. Upon my word! And you call yourself a respectable man, and the father of a family! Going to a fair among all sorts of people—at your time of life. Yes; and never think of taking your wife with you. Oh, no! you can go and enjoy yourself out, with *I* don't know who; go out and make yourself very pleasant, I dare say. Don't tell me; I hear what a nice companion Mr. Caudle is; what a good-tempered person. Ha! I only wish people could see you at home, that's all. But so it is with men. They can keep all their good temper for out-of-doors—their wives never see any of it. Oh, dear! I'm sure I don't know who'd be a poor woman!

"Now, Caudle, I'm not in an ill temper; not at all. I know I used to be a fool when we were first married. I used to worry and fret myself to death when you went out; but I've *got* over that. I wouldn't put myself out of the way now for the best man that ever trod. For what thanks does a poor woman get? None at all. No; it's those who don't care for their families who are the best thought of. I only wish I could bring myself not to care for mine.

"And why couldn't you say, like a man, you were going to Greenwich Fair when you went out? It's no use your saying that, Mr. Caudle; don't tell me that you didn't think of going; you'd made your mind up to it, and you know it. Pretty games you've had, no doubt! I should like to have been behind you, that's all. A man at your time of life!

"And I, of course, I never want to go out. Oh, no! I may stay at home with the cat. You couldn't think of taking your wife and children, like any other decent man, to a fair. Oh, no; you never care to be seen with us. I'm sure many people don't know you're married at all; how can they? Your wife's never seen with you. Oh, no; anybody but those belonging to you!

"Greenwich Fair, indeed! Yes—and of course you went up and down the hill, run-

ning and racing with nobody knows who. Don't tell me; I know what you are when you're out. You don't suppose, Mr. Caudle, I've forgotten that pink bonnet, do you? No; I won't hold my tongue, and I'm not a foolish woman. It's no matter, sir, if the pink bonnet was fifty years ago—it's all the same for that. No; and if I live for fifty years to come I never will leave off talking of it. You ought to be ashamed of yourself. Mr. Caudle. Ha! few wives would have been what I've been to you. I only wish my time was to come over again, that's all; I wouldn't be the fool I have been.

"Going to a fair!—and I suppose you had your fortune told by the gipsies? You needn't have wasted your money. I'm sure I can tell you your fortune, if you go on as you do. Yes, the jail will be your fortune, Mr. Caudle. And it would be no matter—none at all—if your wife and children didn't suffer with you.

"And then you must go riding upon donkeys. *You didn't go riding upon donkeys?* Yes; it's very well for you to say so, but I dare say you did. I tell you, Caudle, I know what you are when you're out. I wouldn't trust any of you—you especially, Caudle.

"Then you must go in the thick of the fair, and have the girls scratching your coat with rattles! *You couldn't help it, if they did scratch your coat?* Don't tell me; people don't scratch coats unless they're encouraged to do it. And you must go in a swing, too. *You didn't go in a swing?* Well, if you didn't it was no fault of yours; you wished to go, I've no doubt.

"And then you must go into the shows! There—you don't deny that. You did go into a show. *What of it, Mr. Caudle?* A good deal of it, sir. Nice crowding and squeezing in those shows, I know. Pretty places! And you a married man and the father of a family. No; I won't hold my tongue. It's very well for you to threaten to get up. You're to go to Greenwich Fair, and race up and down the hill, and play at kiss in the ring. Pah! it's disgusting, Mr. Caudle. Oh, I dare say you *did* play at it; if you didn't you'd have liked, and that's just as bad—and you can go into swings, and shows and roundabouts. If I was you I should hide my head under the clothes and be ashamed of myself.

"And what is most selfish—most mean of you, Caudle—you can go and enjoy yourself and never so much as bring home for the poor children a gingerbread nut. Don't tell me that your pocket was picked of a pound of nuts! Nice company you must have been in to have your pocket picked.

"But I dare say I shall hear all about it to-morrow. I've no doubt, sir, you were dancing at the Crown and Anchor. I should like to have seen you. No; I'm not making myself ridiculous. It's you that's making yourself ridiculous, and everybody that knows you says so. Everybody knows what I have to put up with from you.

"Going to a fair, indeed! And at your time——"

"Here," says Caudle, "I dozed off, hearing confusedly the words—hill—gipsies—rattles—roundabouts—swings—pink bonnet—nuts."

THE TENTH LECTURE.

ON MR. CAUDLE'S SHIRT-BUTTONS.

"Well, Mr. Caudle, I hope you're in a little better temper than you were in this morning? There—you needn't begin to whistle; people don't come to bed to whistle. But it's like you. I can't speak, that you don't try to insult me. Once I used to say that you were the best creature living; now you get quite a fiend. *Do let you rest?* No, I won't let you rest. It's the only time I have to talk to you, and you *shall* hear me. I'm put upon all day long—its very hard if I can't speak a word at night; besides, it isn't often I open my mouth, goodness knows!

"Because *once* in your lifetime your shirt wanted a button you must almost swear the roof off the house! *You didn't swear?* Ha, Mr. Caudle! you don't know what you do when you're in a passion. *You were not in a passion?* Wer'n't you? Well, then, I don't know what a passion is—and I think I ought by this time. I've lived long enough with you, Mr. Caudle, to know that.

"It's a pity that you haven't something worse to complain of than a button off your shirt. If you'd *some* wives, I know you would. I'm sure I'm never without a needle and thread in my hand. What with you and the children, I'm made a perfect slave of. And what's my thanks? Why, if once in your life a button's off your shirt—what do

you cry '*oh*' at?—I say once, Mr. Caudle; or twice, or three times at most. I'm sure, Mr. Caudle, no man's buttons in the world are better looked after than yours. I only wish I had kept the shirts you had when you were first married! I should like to know where were your buttons then?

"Yes, it *is* worth talking of! But that's how you always try to put me down. You fly into a rage and then, if I only try to speak, you won't hear me. That's how you men always will have all the talk to yourselves; a poor woman isn't allowed to get a word in.

"A nice notion you have of a wife, to suppose she's nothing to think of but her husband's buttons. A pretty notion, indeed, you have of marriage. Ha! if poor women only knew what they had to go through—what with buttons and one thing and another—they'd never tie themseves up! no, not to the best man in the world, I'm sure. *What would they do, Mr. Caudle?* Why, do much better without you, I'm certain.

And it's my belief, after all, that the button wasn't off the shirt; it's my belief that you pulled it off, that you might have something to talk about. Oh, you're aggravating enough, when you like, for anything! All I know is, it's very odd that the button should be off the shirt; for I'm sure no woman's a greater slave to her husband's buttons than I am. I only say it's very odd.

"However, there's one comfort; it can't last long: I'm worn to death with your t mper, and sha'n't trouble you a great while. Ha, you may laugh! And I dare say you would laugh! I've no doubt of it! That's your love—that's your feeling! I know that I'm sinking every day, though I say nothing about it. And, when I'm gone, we shall see how your second wife will look after your buttons. You'll find out the difference then. Yes, Caudle, you'll think of me then; for then, I hope, you'll never have a blessed button to your back.

"No, I'm not a vindictive woman, Mr. Caudle; nobody ever called me that but you. What do you say? *Nobody ever knew so much of me?* That's nothing at all to do with it. Ha! I wouldn't have your aggravating temper, Mr. Caudle, for mines of gold. It's a good thing I'm not as worrying as you are—or a nice house there'd be between us. I only wish you'd had a wife that *wou d* have talked to you! Then you'd have known the difference. But you impose upon me because, like a poor fool, I say nothing. I should be ashamed of myself, Caudle.

"And a pretty example you set as a father! You'll make your boys as bad as yourself. Talking as you did all breakfast-time about your buttons! And of a Sunday morning, too! And you call yourself a Christian! I should like to know what your boys will say when they grow up? All about a paltry button off one of your wristbands! A decent man wouldn't have mentioned it. *Why won't I hold my tongue?* Because I *won't* hold my tongue. I'm to have my peace of mind destroyed—I'm to be worried into my grave for a miserable shirt-button, and I'm to hold my tongue! Oh, but that's just like you men!

"But I know what I'll do for the future. Every button you have may drop off and I won't so much as put a thread to 'em. And I should like to know what you'll do then? Oh, you must get somebody else to sew 'em, must you? That's a pretty threat for a husband to hold out to a wife! And to such a wife as I've been, too; such a negro-slave to your buttons, as I may say! Somebody else to sew 'em, eh? No, Caudle, no; not while I'm alive! When I'm dead—and with what I have to bear there's no knowing how soon that may be—when I'm dead, I say—oh, what a brute you must be tosnore so!

"*You're not snoring?* Ha! that's what you alway's say; but that's nothing to do with it. You must get some! ody else to sew 'em, must you? Ha! I shouldn't wonder. Oh, no! I should be surprised at nothing now! Nothing at all! It's what people have always told me it would come to—and now the buttons have opened my eyes! But the whole world shall know of your cruelty, Mr. Caudle. After the wife I've been to you! Somebody else, indeed, to sew your buttons! I'm no longer to be mistress in my own house! Ha, Caudle! I wouldn't have upon my conscience what you have, for the world! I wouldn't treat anybody as you treat—no, I'm not mad! It's you, Mr. Caudle, who are mad—or bad, and that's worse! I can't even so much as speak of a shirt-button, but that I'm threatened to be made nobody of in my own house! Mr. Caudle, you've a heart like a hearth-stone, you have! To threaten me, and only because a button—a button——"

"I was conscious of no more than this," says Caudle; "for here nature relieved me with a sweet, deep sleep."

THE ELEVENTH LECTURE.

MRS. CAUDLE SUGGESTS THAT HER DEAR MOTHER SHOULD "COME AND LIVE WITH THEM."

"Is your cold better to-night, Caudle? Yes; I thought it was. 'Twill be quite well to-morrow I dare say. There's a love! You don't take care enough of yourself, Caudle, you don't! And you ought, I'm sure; if only for my sake. For whatever I should do, if anything was to happen to you—but I won't think of it; no, I can't bear to think of *that*. Still you ought to take care of yourself; for you know you're not strong, Caudle, you know you're not.

"Wasn't dear mother so happy with us, to-night? Now, you needn't go to sleep so suddenly. I say, wasn't she so happy? *You don't know?* How can you say you don't know? You must have seen it. But she always is happier here than anywhere else. Ha! what a temper that dear soul has! I call it a temper of satin; it's so smooth, so easy and so soft. Nothing puts her out of the way. And then, if you only knew how she takes your part, Caudle! I'm sure, if you had been her own son ten times over, she couldn't be fonder of you. Don't you think so, Caudle? Eh, love? Now, do answer. *How can you tell?* Nonsense, Caudle; you must have seen it. I'm sure, nothing delights the dear soul so much as when she's thinking how to please you.

"Don't you remember Thursday night, the stewed oysters when you came home? That was all dear mother's doings! 'Margaret,' says she to me, 'it's a cold night, and don't you think dear Mr. Caudle would like something nice before he goes to bed?' And that, Caudle, is how the oysters came about. Now, don't sleep, Caudle; do listen to me for five minutes—'t isn't often I speak, goodness knows.

"And then, what a fuss she makes when you're out, if your slippers ar'n't put to the fire for you. *She's very good?* Yes—I know she is, Caudle. And hasn't she been six months—though I promised her not to tell you—six months working a watch-pocket for you! And with *her* eyes, dear soul—and at *her* time of life!

"And then, what a cook she is! I'm sure the dishes she'll make out of next to nothing! I try hard enough to follow her, but—I'm not ashamed to own it, Caudle—she quite beats me. Ha! the many nice little things she'd simmer up for you—and I can't do it; the children—you know it, Caudle—take so much of my time. I can't do it, love; and I often reproach myself that I can't. Now, you sha n't go to sleep, Caudle—at least, not for five minutes. You must hear me.

"I've been thinking, dearest—ha! that nasty cough, love!—I've been thinking, darling, if we could only persuade dear mother to come and live with us. Now, Caudle you can't be asleep; it's impossible—you were coughing this minute—yes, to live with us. What a treasure we should have in her! Then, Caudle, you never need go to bed, without something hot. And you want it, Caudle. *You dont want it?* Nonsense, you do; for you're not strong, Mr. Caudle—you know you re not.

"I'm sure, the money she'd save us in housekeeping. Ha! what an eye she has for a joint! The butcher doesn t walk that could deceive dear mother. And then, again, for poultry! What a finger and thumb she has for a chicken! I never could market like her; it's a gift—quite a gift.

"And then you recollect her marrow-puddings? *You don't recollect 'em?* Oh, fie, Caudle! how often have you flung her marrow-puddings in my face, wanting to know why I couldn t make 'em? And I wouldn't pretend to do it after dear mother. I should think it presumption. Now, love, if she was only living with us—come, you're not asleep, Caudle—if she was only living with us you could have marrow-puddings every day. Now, don't fling yourself about and begin to swear at marrow-puddings; you know you like 'em, dear.

"What a hand, too, dear mother has for a pie-crust! But it's born with some people. What do you say? *Why wasn t it born with me?* Now, Caudle, that's cruel—unfeeling of you; I wouldn't have uttered such a reproach to you for the whole world. Consider, dear; people can't be born as they like.

"How often, too, have you wanted to brew at home! And I never could learn anything about brewing. But, ha! what ale dear mother makes! *You never tasted it?* No, I know that. But I recollect the ale we used to have at home; and father never would drink wine after it. The best sherry was nothing like it. *You dare say not?* No; it wasn't indeed, Caudle. Then, if dear mother was only with us, what money we should

save in beer! And then you might always have your nice, pure, good, wholesome ale, Caudle; and what good it would do you! For you're not strong, Caudle.

"And then, dear mother's jams and preserves, love! I own it, Caudle; it has often gone to my heart that with cold meat you haven't always had a pudding. Now, if mother was with us, in the matter of fruit puddings she'd make it summer all the year round. But I never could preserve—now, mother does it, and for next to no money whatever. What nice dogs-in-a-blanket she'd make for the children! *What's dogs-in-a-blanket?* They're delicious—as dear mother makes 'em.

"Now you *have* tasted her Irish stew, Caudle? You remember that? Come, you're not asleep—you remember that? And how fond you are of it! And I know I never have it made to please you. Well, what a relief to me it would be if dear mother was always at hand, that you might have a stew when you liked. What a load it would be off my mind!

"Again, for pickles! Not at all like anybody else's pickles. Her red cabbage—why, it's as crisp as a biscuit! And then her walnuts—and her all-sorts! Eh, Caudle? You know how you love pickles—and how we sometimes tiff about 'em? Now, if dear mother was only here, a word would never pass between us. And I'm sure nothing would make me happier; for—you're not asleep, Caudle?—for I can't bear to quarrel, can I, love?

"The children, too, are so fond of her! And she'd be such a help to me with 'em! I'm sure, with dear mother in the house, I shouldn't care a fig for measles, or anything of the sort. As a nurse she's such a treasure!

"And, at her time of life, what a needlewoman! And the darning and mending for the children, it really gets quite beyond me now, Caudle. Now, with mother at my hand, there wouldn't be a stitch wanted in the house.

"And then, when you're out late, Caudle—for I know you must be out late sometimes; I can't expect you, of course, to be always at home—why, then dear mother could sit up for you, and nothing would delight the dear soul half so much.

"And so, Caudle, love, I think dear mother had better come; don't you? Eh, Caudle? Now, you're not asleep, darling; don't you think she'd better come? You say *No!* You say *No* again? *You won't have her*, you say; *you won't—that's flat!* Caudle—Cau-Cau-dle—Cau—dl——"

"Here Mrs. Caudle," says her husband, "suddenly went into tears; and I went to sleep."

THE TWELFTH LECTURE.

MR. CAUDLE, HAVING COME HOME A LITTLE LATE, DECLARES THAT HENCEFORTH "HE WILL HAVE A KEY."

"Upon my word, Mr. Caudle, I think it a waste of time to come to bed at all now! The cocks will be crowing in a minute. *Why did I sit up, then?* Because I choose to sit up—but that's my thanks. No, it's no use your talking, Caudle; I never *will* let the girl sit up for you, and there's an end. What do you say? *Why does she sit up with me, then?* That's quite a different matter; you don't suppose I'm going to sit up alone, do you? What do you say? *What's the use of two sitting up?* That's my business. No, Caudle, it's no such thing. I *don't* sit up because I may have the pleasure of talking about it; and you're an ungrateful, unfeeling creature to say so. I sit up because I choose it; and if you don't come home all the night long—and 'twill come to that, I've no doubt—still, I'll never go to bed; so don't think it.

"Oh, yes! the time runs away very pleasantly with you men at your clubs—selfish creatures! You can laugh and sing and tell stories, and never think of the clock—never think there's such a person as a wife belonging to you. It's nothing to you that a poor woman's sitting up, and telling the minutes, and seeing all sorts of things in the fire—and sometimes thinking something dreadful has happened to you—more fool she to care a straw about you!—this is all nothing. Oh, no! when a woman's once married she's a slave—worse than a slave—and must bear it all!

"And what you men can find to talk about I can't think! Instead of a man sitting every night at home with his wife, and going to bed at a Christian hour—going to a club, to meet a set of people who don't care a button for him—it's monstrous! What

do you say? *You only go once a week!* That's nothing at all to do with it; you might as well go every night—and I dare say you will soon. But if you do, you may get in as you can; *I* won't sit up for you, I can tell you.

"My health's being destroyed night after night, and—oh, don't say it's only once a week; I tell you that's nothing to do with it—if you had any eyes you would see how ill I am; but you've no eyes for anybody belonging to you; oh, no! your eyes are for people out of doors. It's very well for you to call me a foolish, aggravating woman! I should like to see the woman who'd sit up for you as I do. *You didn't want me to sit up?* Yes, yes; that's your thanks—that's your gratitude; I'm to ruin my health, and to be abused for it. Nice principles you've got at that club, Mr. Caudle!

"But there's one comfort—one great comfort—it can't last long; I'm sinking—I feel it, though I never say anything about it—but I know my own feelings, and I say it can't last long. And then I should like to know who will sit up for you? Then I should like to know how your second wife—what do you say? *You'll never be troubled with another?* Troubled, indeed! *I* never troubled you, Caudle. No; it's you who've troubled me; and you know it—though like a foolish woman, I've borne it all and never said a word about it. But it *can't* last—that's one blessing!

"Oh, if a woman could only know what she'd have to suffer, before she was married—don't tell me you want to go to sleep! If you want to go to sleep you should come home at proper hours! It's time to get up, for what I know, now. Shouldn't wonder if you hear the milk in five minutes—there's the sparrows up already—yes, I say the sparrows; and, Mr. Caudle, you ought to blush to hear 'em. *You don't hear 'em?* Ha! you won't hear 'em, you mean; *I* hear 'em. No, Mr. Caudle, it *isn't* the wind whistling in the keyhole; I'm not quite foolish, though you may think so. I hope I know wind from a sparrow!

"Ha! when I think what a man you were before we were married! But you're now another person—quite an altered creature. But I suppose you're all alike—I dare say every poor woman's troubled and put upon, though I should hope not so much as I am. Indeed, I should hope not! Going and staying out, and——

"What! *You'll have a key?* Will you? Not while I'm alive, Mr. Caudle. I'm not going to bed with the door upon the latch for you or the best man living. *You won't have a latch—you'll have a Chubb's lock?* Will you? I'll have no Chubb here, I can tell you. What do you say? *You'll have the lock put on to-morrow?* Well, try it; that's all I say, Caudle; try it. I won't let you put me in a passion; but all I say is—try it.

"A respectable thing that, for a married man to carry about with him—a street-door key; that tells a tale, I think. A nice thing for the father of a family! A key! What, to let yourself in and out when you please? To come in, like a thief, in the middle of the night, instead of knocking at the door like a decent person! Oh, don't tell me that you only want to prevent me sitting up—if I choose to sit up what's that to you? Some wives, indeed, would make a noise about sitting up, but *you've* no reason to complain—goodness knows!

"Well, upon my word, I've lived to hear something! Carry the street-door key about with you! I've heard of such things with good-for-nothing bachelors, with nobody to care what became of 'em; but for a married man to leave his wife and children in a house with the door upon the latch—don't talk to me about Chubb, it's all the same—a great deal you must care for us. Yes, it's very well for you to say that you only want the key for peace and quietness—what's it to you if I like to sit up? You've no business to complain; it can't distress you. Now, it's no use your talking; all I say is this, Caudle: if you send a man to put on any lock here I'll call in a policeman; as I'm your married wife I will!

"No; I think when a man comes to have the street-door key, the sooner he turns bachelor altogether the better. I'm sure, Caudle, I don't want to be any clog upon you. Now, it's no use your telling me to hold my tongue, for I—— What? *I give you the headache, do I?* No, I don't, Caudle; it's your club that gives you the headache; it's your smoke and your—well! if ever I knew such a man in all my life! there's no saying a word to you! You go out and treat yourself like an emperor—and come home at twelve at night, or any hour, for what I know—and then you threaten to have a key, and—and—and——"

"I *did* get to sleep at last," says Caudle, "amidst the falling sentences of 'take children into a lodging'—'separate maintenance'—'won't be made a slave of'—and so forth."

THE THIRTEENTH LECTURE.

MRS. CAUDLE HAS BEEN TO SEE HER DEAR MOTHER.—CAUDLE, ON THE "JOYFUL OCCASION," HAS GIVEN A PARTY.

"It *is* hard, I think, Mr. Caudle, that I can't leave home for a day or two, but the house must be turned into a tavern; a tavern?—a pot-house! Yes, I thought you were very anxious that I should go; I thought you wanted to get rid of me for something, or you would not have insisted on my staying at dear mother's all night. You were afraid I should get cold coming home, were you? Oh, yes; you can be very tender, you can, Mr. Caudle, when it suits your own purpose. Yes! and the world thinks what a good husband you are! I only wish the world knew you as well as I do, that's all; but it shall, some day, I'm determined.

"I'm sure the house will not be sweet for a month. All the curtains are poisoned with smoke; and, what's more, with the filthiest smoke I ever knew. *Take 'em down, then?* Yes, it's all very well for you to say, Take 'em down; but they were only cleaned and put up a month ago—but a careful wife's lost upon you, Mr. Caudle. You ought to have married somebody who'd have let your house go to wreck and ruin—as I will, for the future. People who don't care for their families are better thought of than those who do; I've long found out *that*.

"And what a condition the carpet's in! They've taken five pounds out of it, if a farthing, with their filthy boots, and I don't know what besides. And then the smoke in the hearth-rug, and a large cinder-hole burnt in it! I never saw such a house in *my* life! If you wanted to have a few friends, why couldn't you invite 'em when your wife's at home, like any other man? not have 'em sneaking in like a set of housebreakers directly a woman turns her back. They must be pretty gentlemen, they must; mean fellows, that are afraid to face a woman! Ha! and you all call yourselves the lords of the creation! I should only like to see what would become of the creation if you were left to yourselves! A very pretty pickle creation would be in very soon!

"You must all have been in a nice condition! What do you say? *You took nothing?* Took nothing, didn't you? I'm sure there's such a regiment of empty bottles, I haven't had the heart to count 'em. And punch, too! you must have punch! There's a hundred half-lemons in the kitchen, if there's one; for Susan, like a good girl, kept 'em to show 'em me. No, sir; Susan *sha'n't leave the house!* What do you say? *She has no right to tell tales, and you* WILL *be master of your own house?* Will you? If you don't alter, Mr. Caudle, you'll soon have no house to be master of. A whole loaf of sugar did I leave in the cupboard, and now there isn't as much as would fill a tea-cup. Do you suppose I'm to find sugar for punch for fifty men? What do you say? *There wasn't fifty?* That's no matter; the more shame for 'em, sir. I'm sure they drank enough for fifty. Do you you suppose, out of my housekeeping money, I'm to find sugar for punch for all the world? *You don't ask me?* Don't you ask me? You do—you know you do; for if I only want a shilling extra the house is in a blaze. And yet a whole loaf of sugar can you throw away upon—— No, I *won't* be still; and I won't let you go to sleep. If you'd got to bed at a proper hour last night you wouldn't have been so sleepy now. You can sit up half the night with a pack of people who don't care for you, and your poor wife can't get in a word!

"And there's that China image that I had when I was married—I wouldn't have taken any sum of money for it, and you know it—and how do I find it? With its precious head knocked off? And what was more mean, more contemptible than all besides, it was put on again, as if nothing had happened. *You knew nothing about it?* Now, how can you lie there, in your Christian bed, Caudle, and say that? You know that that fellow, Prettyman, knocked off the head with the poker! You know that he did. And you hadn't the feeling—yes, I will say it—you hadn't the feeling to protect what you knew was precious to me. Oh, no, if the truth was known, you were glad to see it broken for that very reason.

"Every way, I've been insulted. I should like to know who it was who corked whiskers on my dear aunt's picture? Oh, you're laughing, are you? *You're not laughing?* Don't tell me that. I should like to know what shakes the bed, then, if you're not laughing? Yes, corked whiskers on her dear face—and she was a good soul to you, Caudle, and

you ought to be ashamed of yourself to see her ill-used. Oh, you may laugh! It's very easy to laugh! I only wish you'd a little feeling, like other people, that's all.

"Then, there's my China mug—the mug I had before I was married—when I was a happy creature. I should like to know who knocked the spout off that mug? Don't tell me it was cracked before—it's no such thing, Caudle; there wasn t a flaw in it—and now, I could have cried when I saw it. Don't tell me it wasn't worth twopence. How do you know? You never buy mugs. But that's like men; they think nothing in a house costs anything.

"There's four glasses broke, and nine cracked. At least, that's all I've found out at present; but I dare say I shall discover a dozen to-morrow.

"And I should like to know where the cotton umbrella's gone to; and I should like to know who broke the bell-pull; and perhaps you don't know there's a leg off a chair; and perhaps——"

"I was resolved," says Caudle, "to know nothing, and so went to sleep in my ignorance."

THE FOURTEENTH LECTURE.

MRS. CAUDLE THINKS IT "HIGH TIME" THAT THE CHILDREN SHOULD HAVE SUMMER CLOTHING.

"If there's anything in the world I hate—and you know it, Caudle—it is asking you for money. I'm sure, for myself, I'd rather go without a thing a thousand times, and I do—the more shame of you to let me, but—there, now! there you fly out again! *What do I want now?* Why, you must know what's wanted, if you'd any eyes—or any pride for your children, like any other father. *What's the matter—and what am I driving at?* Oh, nonsense, Caudle! As if you didn't know! I'm sure if I'd any money of my own I'd never ask you for a farthing; never; it's painful to me, goodness knows! What do you say? *If it's painful, why so often do it?* Ha! I suppose you call that a joke—one of your club jokes? I wish you'd think a little more of people's feelings, and less of your jokes. As I say, I only wish I'd money of my own. If there is anything that humbles a poor woman, it is coming to a man's pocket for every farthing. It's dreadful!

"Now, Caudle, if ever you kept awake, you shall keep awake to-night—yes, you shall hear me, for it isn't often I speak, and then you may go to sleep as soon as you like. Pray do you know what month it is? And did you see how the children looked at church to-day—like nobody else's children? *What was the matter with them?* O Caudle! How can you ask! Poor things! weren't they all in their thick merinos, and beaver bonnets? What do you say? *What of it?* What! you'll tell me that you didn't see how the Briggs's girls, in their new chips, turned their noses up at 'em? And you didn't see how the Browns looked at the Smiths, and then at our dear girls, as much as to say, 'Poor creatures! what figures for the month of May!' *You didn't see it?* The more shame for you—you would if you'd had the feelings of a parent—but I'm sorry to say, Caudle, you haven't. I'm sure those Briggs's girls—the little minxes! —put me into such a pucker I could have pulled their ears for 'em over the pew. What do you say? *I ought to be ashamed of myself to own it?* No, Mr. Caudle: the shame lies with you, that don't let your children appear at church like other people's children; that make 'em uncomfortable at their devotions, poor things; for how can it be otherwise, when they see themselves dressed like nobody else?

"Now, Caudle, it's no use talking; those children shall not cross the threshold next Sunday, if they haven't things for the summer. Now mind—they sha'n't; and there's an end of it. I won't have 'em exposed to the Briggs's and the Browns again; no, they shall know they have a mother, if they've no father to feel for 'em. What do you say, Caudle? *A good deal I must think of church, if I think so much of what we go in?* I only wish you thought as much as I do, you'd be a better man than you are, Caudle, I can tell you; but that's nothing to do with it. I'm talking about decent clothes for the children for the summer, and you want to put me off with something about the church; but that's so like you, Caudle!

"I'm always wanting money for clothes? How can you lie in your bed and say that?

I'm sure there's no children in the world that cost their father so little: but that's it; the less a poor woman does upon, the less she may. It's the wives who don't care where the money comes from who are best thought of. Oh, if my time was to come over again, would I mend and stitch, and make things go so far as I have done? No—that I wouldn't. Yes, it's very well for you to lie there and laugh; it's easy to laugh, Caudle; very easy to people who don't feel.

"Now, Caudle, dear! What a man you are! I know you'll give me the money, because, after all, I think you love your children, and like to see 'em well dressed. It's only natural that a father should. Eh, Caudle, eh! Now you shan't go to sleep till you've told me. *How much money do I want?* Why, let me see me, love. There's Caroline, and Jane, and Susannah, and Mary Anne, and—what do you say? *I needn't count 'em, you know how many there are?* Ha! that's just as you take me up. Well, how much money will it take? Let me see; and don't go to sleep. I'll tell you in a minute. You always love to see the dear things like new pins, I know that, Caudle; and though I say it—bless their little hearts—they do credit to you, Caudle. Any nobleman of the land might be proud of 'em. Now, don't swear at noblemen of the land, and ask me what they have to do with your children; you know what I meant. But you *are* so hasty, Caudle.

"*How much?* Now, don't be in a hurry! Well, I think, with good pinching—and you know, Caudle, there's never a wife who can pinch closer than I can—I think, with close pinching, I can do with twenty pounds. What did you say? *Twenty fiddlesticks?* What? *You won't give half the money?* Very well, Mr. Caudle; I don't care; let the children go in rags; let them stop from church, and grow up like heathens and cannibals, and then you'll save your money, and I suppose, be satisfied. *You gave me twenty pounds five months ago?* What's five months ago to do with now? Besides, what I *have* had is nothing to do with it.

"What do you say? *Ten pounds are enough?* Yes: just like you men; you think things cost nothing for women; but you don't care how much you lay out upon yourselves. *They only want bonnets and frocks?* How do you know what they want? *How* should a man know anything at all about it? And you won't give me more than ten pounds? Very well. Then you may go shopping with it yourself, and see what *you'll* make of it. I'll have none of your ten pounds, I can tell you. No, sir—no; you have no cause to say that. *I don't want to dress the children up like countesses!* You often fling that in my teeth, you do; but you know it's false, Caudle, you know it. I only want to give 'em proper notions of themselves; and what, indeed, can the poor things think when they see the Briggs's, and the Browns, and the Smiths—and their fathers don't make the money you do, Caudle—when they see them as fine as tulips? Why, they must think themselves nobody; and to think yourself nobody—depend upon it, Caudle—isn't the way to make the world think anything of you.

"What do you say? *Where did I pick up that?* Where do you think? I know a great deal more than you suppose—yes; though you don't give me credit for it. Husbands seldom do. However, the twenty pounds I *will* have, if I've any—or not a farthing.

"No, sir, no. *I don't want to dress up the children like peacocks and parrots!* I only want to make 'em respectable and—what do you say? *You'll give fifteen pounds?* No, Caudle, no—not a penny will I take under twenty; if I did, it would seem as if I wanted to waste your money: and I'm sure, when I come to think of it, twenty pounds will hardly do. Still, if you give me twenty—no, it's no use your offering me fifteen, and wanting to go to sleep. You sha'n't close an eye until you promise the twenty. Come, Caudle, love!—twenty, and then you may go to sleep. Twenty—twenty—twenty——"

"My impression is," writes Mr. Caudle, "that I fell asleep sticking firmly to the fifteen; but in the morning Mrs. Caudle assured me, as a woman of honor, that she wouldn't let me wink an eye before I promised the twenty: and man is frail—and woman is strong—she had the money."

THE FIFTEENTH LECTURE.

MR. CAUDLE HAS AGAIN STAID OUT LATE.—MRS. CAUDLE, AT FIRST INJURED AND VIOLENT, MELTS.

"Perhaps, Mr. Caudle, you'll tell me where this is to end? Though, goodness knows, I needn't ask *that*. The end is plain enough. Out—out—out! Every night—every night! I'm sure, men who can't come home at reasonable hours have no business with wives: they have no right to destroy other people, if they choose to go to destruction themselves. Ha, Lord! Oh, dear! I only hope none of my girls will ever marry—I hope they'll none of 'em ever be the slave their poor mother is: they sha'n't if I can help it. What do you say? *Nothing?* Well, I don't wonder at that, Mr. Caudle; you ought to be ashamed to speak; I don't wonder that you can't open your mouth. I'm only astonished that at such hours you have the confidence to knock at your own door. Though I'm your wife, I must say it, I do sometimes wonder at your impudence. What do you say? *Nothing?* Ha! you are an aggravating creature, Caudle: lying there like the mummy of a man, and never as much as opening your lips to one. Just as if your own wife wasn't worth answering! It isn't so when you're out, I'm sure. Oh, no! then you can talk fast enough; here, there's no getting a word from you—and you know it.

"Out—out every night! What? *You haven't been out this week before?* That's nothing at all to do with it. You might just as well be out all the week as once—just! And I should like to know what could keep you out till these hours? *Business?* Oh, yes—I dare say! Pretty business a married man and the father of a family must have out of doors at one in the morning. What! *I shall drive you mad?* Oh, no; you haven't feelings enough to go mad—you'd be a better man, Caudle, if you had. *Will I listen to you?* What's the use? Of course you've some story to put me off with—you can do all that, and laugh at us afterward.

"No, Caudle, don't say that. I'm not always trying to find fault—not I. It's you. I never speak but when there's occasion; and what in my time I've put up with, there isn't anybody in the world that knows. *Will I hear your story?* Oh, you may tell it if you please; go on: only mind, I sha'n't believe a word of it. I'm not such a fool as other women are, I can tell you. There, now—don't begin to swear—but go on——

"And that's your story, is it? That's your excuse for the hours you keep! That's your apology for undermining my health and ruining your family! What do you think your children will say of you when they grow up—going and throwing away your money upon good-for-nothing pot-house acquaintance? *He's not a pot-house acquaintance?* Who is he, then? Come, you haven't told me that; but I know—it's that Prettyman! Yes, to be sure it is! Upon my life! Well, if I've hardly patience to lie in the same bed! I've wanted a silver teapot these five years, and you must go and throw away as much money as—what! *You haven't thrown it away?* Haven't you? Then my name's not Margaret, that's all I know!

"A man gets arrested, and because he's taken from his wife and family, and locked up, you must go and trouble your head with it! And you must be mixing yourself up with nasty sheriff's officers—pah! I'm sure you're not fit to enter a decent house—and go running from lawyer to lawyer to get bail, and settle the business, as you call it! A pretty settlement you'll make of it—mark my words! Yes—and to mend the matter, to finish it quite, you must be one of the bail! That any man who isn't a born fool should do such a thing for another! Do you think anybody would do as much for you? *Yes?* You say yes? Well, I only wish—just to show that I'm right—I only wish you were in a condition to try 'em. I should only like to see you arrested. You'd find the difference—*that* you would.

"What's other people's affairs to you? If you were locked up, depend upon it, there's not a soul would come near you. No; it's all very fine now, when people think there isn't a chance of your being in trouble—but I should only like to see what they'd say to you if *you* were in a sponging-house. Yes—I should enjoy *that*, just to show you that I'm always right. What do you say? *You think better of the world?* Ha! that would be all very well if you could afford it; but you're not in means, I know, to think so well of people as all that. And of course they only laugh at you. 'Caudle's an easy

fool,' they cry—I know it as well as if I heard 'em—'Caudle's an easy fool, anybody may lead him.' Yes; anybody but his own wife; and she—of course—is nobody.

"And now, everybody that's arrested will of course send to you. Yes, Mr. Caudle, you'll have your hands full now, no doubt of it. You'll soon know every sponging-house and every sheriff's officer in London. Your business will have to take care of itself; you'll have enough to do to run from lawyer to lawyer after the business of other people. Now, it's no use calling me a dear soul—not a bit! No; and I sha'n't put it off till to-morrow. It isn't often I speak, but I *will* speak now.

"I wish that Prettyman had been at the bottom of the sea before—what? *It isn't Prettyman?* Ha! it's very well for you to say so; but I know it is; it's just like him. He looks like a man that's always in debt—that's always in a sponging-house. Anybody might swear it. I knew it from the very first time you brought him here—from the very night he put his nasty, dirty wet boots on my bright steel fender. Any woman could see what the fellow was in a minute. Prettyman! A pretty gentleman, truly, to be robbing your wife and family!

"Why couldn't you let him stop in the sponging—— Now don't call upon heaven in that way, and ask me to be quiet, for I won't. Why couldn't you let him stop there? He got himself in; he might have got himself out again. And you must keep me awake, ruin my sleep, my health, and, for what you care, my peace of mind. Ha! everybody but you can see how I'm breaking. You can do all this while you are talking with a set of low bailiffs! A great deal you must think of your children to go into a lawyer's office.

"And then you must be bail—you must be bound—for Mr. Prettyman! You may say, bound! Yes, you've your hands nicely tied, now. How he laughs at you—and serves you right! Why, in another week he'll be in the East Indies; of course he will! And you'll have to pay his debts; yes, your children may go in rags, so that Mr. Prettyman—what do you say? *It isn't Prettyman?* I know better. Well, if it isn't Prettyman that's kept you out—if it isn't Prettyman you're bail for—who is it then? I ask, who is it then? What! *My brother? Brother Tom?* Oh, Caudle, dear Caudle——"

"It was too much for the poor soul," says Caudle; "she sobbed as if her heart would break, and I——" And here the MS. is blotted, as though Caudle himself had dropped tears as he wrote.

THE SIXTEENTH LECTURE.

BABY IS TO BE CHRISTENED; MRS. CAUDLE CANVASSES THE MERITS OF PROBABLE GODFATHERS.

"Come, now, love, about baby's name? The dear thing's three months old, and has not a name to it's back yet. There you go again! Talk of it to-morrow! No; we'll talk of it to-night. There's no having a word with you in the daytime—but here you can't leave me. Now, don't say you wish you could, Caudle; that's unkind, and not treating a wife—especially the wife I am to you—as she deserves. It isn't often that I speak; but I *do* believe you'd like never to hear the sound of my voice. I might as well have been born dumb!

"I suppose the baby *must* have a godfather; and so, Caudle, who shall we have? Who do you think will be able to do the most for it? No, Caudle, no; I'm not a selfish woman—nothing of the sort—but I hope I've the feelings of a mother; and what's the use of a godfather, if he gives nothing else to a child but a name? A child might almost as well not be christened at all. And so who shall we have? What do you say? *Anybody?* Ar'n't you ashamed of yourself, Caudle? Don't you think something will happen to you, to talk in that way? I don't know where you pick up such principles. I'm thinking who there is among our acquaintances who can do the most for the blessed creature, and you say, '*Anybody!*' Caudle, you're quite a heathen.

"There's Wagstaff. No chance of his ever marrying, and he's very fond of babies. He's plenty of money, Caudle; and I think he might be got. Babies, I know it—babies are his weak side. Wouldn't it be a blessed thing to find our dear child in his will? Why don't you speak? I declare, Caudle, you seem to care no more for the child than if it was a stranger's. People who can't love children more than you do

ought never to have 'em. *You don't like Wagstaff?* No more do I much; but what's that to do with it? People who've their families to provide for mustn't think of their feelings. *I* don't like him; but then I'm a mother, and love my baby! *You won't have Wagstaff, and that's flat?* Ha, Caudle, you're like nobody else—not fit for this world, you're not.

"What do you think of Pugsby? I can't bear his wife; but that's nothing to do with it. *I* know my duty to my babe: I wish other people did. *Pugsby's a wicked fellow?* Ha! that's like you—always giving people a bad name. We mustn't always believe what the world says, Caudle; it doesn't become us as Christians to do it. I only know that he hasn't a chick or child; and, besides that, he's a very strong interest in the Blue-coats; and so, if Pugsby—— Now, don't fly out at the man in that manner, Caudle, you ought to be ashamed of yourself! You can't speak well of anybody. Where *do* you think to go to?

"What do you say, then, to Sniggins? Now, don't bounce round in that way, letting the cold air into the bed? What's the matter with Sniggins? *You wouldn't ask him a favor for the world?* Well, it's a good thing the baby has somebody to care for it: *I* will. What do you say? *I sha'n't?* I will, I can tell you. Sniggins, besides being a warm man, has good interest in the Customs; and there's nice pickings there, if one only goes the right way to get 'em. It's no use, Caudle, your fidgeting about—not a bit. I'm not going to have baby lost—sacrificed, I may say, like its brothers and sisters. *What do I mean by sacrificed?* Oh, you know what I mean very well. What have any of 'em got by their godfathers beyond a half-pint mug, a knife and fork, and spoon—and a shabby coat, that I know was bought second-hand, for I could almost swear to the place? And then there was your fine friend Hartley's wife—what did she give to Caroline? Why, a trumpery lace cap it made me blush to look at. What? *It was the best she could afford?* Then she'd no right to stand for the child. People who can't do better than that have no business to take the responsibility of godmother. They ought to know their duties better.

"Well, Caudle, you can't object to Goldman! *Yes, you do!* Was there ever such a man? What for? *He's a usurer and a hunks?* Well, I m sure, you've no business in this world, Caudle; you have such high-flown notions. Why, isn't the man as rich as the bank? And as for his being a usurer—isn't it all the better for those who come after him? I'm sure, it's well there's some people in the world who save money, seeing the stupid creatures who throw it away. But you are the strangest man! I really believe you think money a sin, instead of the greatest blessing; for I can't mention any of our acquaintance that's rich—and I'm sure we don't know too many such people—that you haven't something to say against 'em It's only beggars that you like—people with not a shilling to bless themselves. Ha! though you're my husband, I must say it—you're a man of low notions, Caudle. I only hope none of the dear boys will take after their father!

"And I should like to know what's the objection to Goldman? The only thing against him is his name; I must confess it, I don't like the name of Lazarus: it's low, and doesn't sound genteel—not at all respectable. But, after he's gone and done what's proper for the child, the boy could easily slip Lazarus into Laurance. I'm told the thing's often done. No, Caudle, don't say that—I m not a mean woman; certainly not; quite the reverse. I've only a parent's love for my children; and I must say it—I wish everybody felt as I did.

"I suppose, if the truth was known, you'd like your tobacco-pipe friend, your pot-companion, Prettyman, to stand for the child? *You'd have no objections?* I thought not! Yes; I knew what it was coming to. He's a beggar, he is; and a person who stays out half the night; yes, he does; and it's no use your denying it—a beggar and a tippler, and that's the man you'd make godfather to your own flesh and blood! Upon my word, Caudle, it's enough to make a woman get up and dress herself to hear you talk.

"Well, I can hardly tell you, if you won't have Wagstaff, or Pugsby, or Sniggins, or Goldman, or somebody that's respectable, to do what's proper, the child sha'n't be christened at all. As for Prettyman, or any such raff—no, never! I'm sure, there's a certain set of people that poverty s catching from, and that Prettyman's one of 'em. Now, Caudle, I won't have my dear child lost by any of your spittoon acquaintances, I can tell you.

"No; unless I can have *my* way, the child sha'n't be christened at all. What do you say? *It must have a name?* There's no 'must' at all in the case—none. No: it shall

have no name; and then see what the world will say. I'll call it Number Six—yes, that will do as well as anything else, unless I've the godfather I like. Number Six Caudle! ha! ha! I think that must make you ashamed of yourself if anything can. Number Six Caudle—a much better name than Mr. Prettyman could give; yes, Number Six. What do you say? *Anything but Number Seven?* Oh, Caudle, if ever——"

"At this moment," writes Caudle, "little Number Six began to cry; and taking advantage of the happy accident, I somehow got to sleep."

THE SEVENTEENTH LECTURE.

CAUDLE IN THE COURSE OF THE DAY HAS VENTURED TO QUESTION THE ECONOMY OF "WASHING AT HOME."

"A pretty temper you come to bed in, Mr. Caudle, I can see! Oh, don't deny it—I think I ought to know by this time. But it's always the way; whenever I get up a few things, the house can hardly hold you! Nobody cries out more about clean linen than you do—and nobody leads a poor woman so miserable a life when she tries to make her husband comfortable. Yes, Mr. Caudle—comfortable! You needn't keep chewing the word, as if you couldn't swallow it. *Was there ever such a woman?* No, Caudle, I hope not: I should hope no other wife was ever put upon as I am. It's all very well for you. I can't have a little wash at home like anybody else, but you must go about the house swearing to yourself, and looking at your wife as if she was your bitterest enemy. But I suppose you'd rather we didn't wash at all. Yes; then you'd be happy! To be sure you would—you'd like to have all the children in their dirt, like potatoes: anything, so that it didn't disturb you. I wish you'd a wife who'd never washed—*she'd* have suited you, she would. Yes: a fine lady who'd have let your children go that you might have scraped 'em. She'd have been much better cared for than I am. I only wish I could let all of you go without clean linen at all—yes, all of you. I wish I could! And if I wasn't a slave to my family, unlike anybody else, I should.

"No, Mr. Caudle; the house isn't tossed about in water, as if it was Noah's Ark. And you ought to be ashamed of yourself to talk of Noah's Ark in that loose manner. I am sure I don't know what I've done to be married to a man of such principles. No; and the whole house *doesn't* taste of soapsuds either; and if it did, any other man but yourself would be above naming it. I suppose I don't like washing-day any more than yourself. What do you say? *Yes, I do?* Ha! you're wrong there, Mr. Caudle. No; I don't like it because it makes everybody else uncomfortable. No; and I ought not to have been born a mermaid, that I might always have been in water. A mermaid, indeed! What next will you call me? But no man, Mr. Caudle, says such things to his wife, as you. However, as I've said before, it can't last long, that's one comfort. What do you say? *You're glad of it?* You're a brute, Mr. Caudle! No, you *didn't* mean washing: I know what you meant. A pretty speech to a woman who has been the wife to you I have! You'll repent it when it's too late; yes, I wouldn't have your feelings when I'm gone, Caudle—no, not for the Bank of England.

"And when we only wash once a fortnight! Ha! I only wish you had some wives: they'd wash once a week! Besides, if once a fortnight's too much for you, why don't you give me money that we may have things to go a month? Is it *my* fault, if we're short? What do you say? *My 'once a fortnight' lasts three days?* No, it doesn't; never; well, very seldom, and that's the same thing. Can I help it, if the blacks will fly, and the things must be rinsed again? Don't say that; I'm *not* made happy by the blacks, and they *don't* prolong my enjoyment; and, more than that, you're an unfeeling man to say so. You're enough to make a woman wish herself in her grave—you are, Caudle.

"And a pretty example you set to your sons! Because we'd a little wash to-day, and there wasn't a hot dinner—and who thinks of getting anything hot for washerwomen?—because you hadn't everything as you always have it, you must swear at the cold mutton—and you don't know what that mutton cost a pound, I dare say you must swear at a sweet, wholesome joint like a lord. What? *You didn't swear?* Yes; it's very well for you to say so; but I know when you're swearing, and you swear when you little think it; and I say you must go on swearing as you did, and seize your hat like a sav-

age, and rush out of the house, and go and take your dinner at a tavern! A pretty wife people must think you have, when they find you dining at a public-house. A nice home they must think you have, Mr. Caudle! What! *You'll do so every time I wash?* Very well, Mr. Caudle—very well. We'll soon see who's tired of that first; for I'll wash a stocking a day if that's all, sooner than you should have everything as you like. Ha! that's so like you; you'd trample everybody under foot, if you could—you know you would, Caudle, so don't deny it

"Now, if you begin to shout in that manner, I'll leave the bed. It's very hard that I can't say a single word to you, but you must almost raise the place. *You didn't shout?* I don't know what you call shouting, then! I'm sure the people must hear you in the next house. No—it won't do to call me soft names, now, Caudle; I'm not the fool that I was when I was married—I know better now. You're to treat me in the manner you have, all day; and then at night, the only time and place when I can get a word in, you want to go to sleep. How can you be so mean, Caudle?

"What! *Why can't I put the washing out?* Now, you have asked that a thousand times, but it's no use, Caudle; so do not ask it again. I won't put it out. What do you say? *Mrs. Prettyman say's its quite as cheap?* Pray, what's Mrs. Prettyman to me? I should think Mr. Caudle, that I know very well how to take care of my family, without Mrs. Prettyman's advice. Mrs. Prettyman, indeed! I only wish she'd come here, that I might tell her so! Mrs. Prettyman! But, perhaps she'd better come and take care of your house for you! Oh, yes! I've no doubt she'd do it much better than I do—*much.* No, Caudle! *I won't hold my tongue.* I think I ought to be mistress of my own washing by this time—and after the wife I've been to you, it's cruel of you to go on as you do.

"Don't tell me about putting the washing out. I say it isn't so cheap—I don't care whether you wash by the dozen or not—it isn't so cheap; I've reduced everything, and I save at least a shilling a week. What do you say? *A trumpery shilling?* Ha! I only hope to goodness you'll not come to want, talking of shillings in the way you do. Now, don't begin about your comfort; don't go on aggravating me, and asking me if your comfort's not wort a shilling a week? That's nothing at all to do with it—nothing; but that's your way—when I talk of one thing, you talk of another; that's so like you men, and you know it. Allow me to tell you, Mr. Caudle, that a shilling a week is two pound twelve a year; and take two pound twelve a year for, let us say, thirty years, and—well, you needn't groan, Mr. Caudle—I don't suppose it will be so long; oh, no! you'll have somebody else to look after your washing long before that—and if it was'nt for my dear children's sake I shouldn't care how soon. You know my mind—and so good-night, Mr. Caudle."

"Thankful for her silence," writes Caudle, "I was fast dropping to sleep; when, jogging my elbow, my wife observed—'Mind, there's the cold mutton to-morrow; nothing hot till that's gone. Remember, too, as it was a short wash to-day, we wash again on Wednesday.'"

THE EIGHTEENTH LECTURE.

CAUDLE, WHILST WALKING WITH HIS WIFE, HAS BEEN BOWED TO BY A YOUNGER AND EVEN PRETTIER WOMAN THAN MRS. CAUDLE.

"If I'm not to leave the house without being insulted, Mr. Caudle, I had better stay in-doors all my life.

"What! Don't tell me to let you have *one* night's rest! I wonder at your impudence! It's mighty fine, I never can go out with you, and—goodness knows!—it's seldom enough, without having my feelings torn to pieces by people of all sorts. A set of bold minxes! *What am I raving about?* Oh, you know very well—very well, indeed, Mr. Caudle. A pretty person she must be to nod to a man walking with his own wife! Don't tell me that it's Miss Prettyman—what's Miss Prettyman to me? Oh! *You've met her once or twice at her brother's house?* Yes, I dare say you have—no doubt of it. I always thought there was something very tempting about that house—and now I know it all. Now, it's no use, Mr. Caudle, your beginning to talk loud, and twist and toss your arms about as if you were as innocent as a born babe—I'm not to be deceived by

any such tricks now. No; there was a time when I was a fool and believed anything; but—I thank my stars!—I've got over that.

"A bold minx! You suppose I didn't see her laugh, too, when she nodded to you! Oh, yes, I knew what she thought me; a poor, miserable creature, of course. I could that. No—don't say so, Caudle. *I don't* always see more than anybody else—but I can't and won't be blind, however agreeable it might be to you; I must have the use of my senses. I'm sure if a woman wants attention and respect from a man, she'd better be anything than his wife. I've always thought so; and to-day's decided it.

"No, I'm not ashamed of myself to talk so—certainly not. *A good, amiable young creature, indeed!* Yes, I dare say, very amiable, no doubt. Of course, you think her so. You suppose I didn't see what sort of a bonnet she had on? Oh, a very good creature! And you think I didn't see the smudges of court-plaster about her face? *You didn't see 'em?* Very likely; but I did. Very amiable, to be sure! What do you say? *I made her blush at my ill-manners?* I should like to have seen her blush! 'Twould have been rather difficult, Mr. Caudle, for a blush to come through all that paint. No—I'm not a censorious woman, Mr. Caudle; quite the reverse. No, and you may threaten to get up, if you like—I will speak. I know what color is, and I say it *was* paint. I believe, Mr. Caudle, *I* once had a complexion; though, of course, you've quite forgotton that, I think I once had a color, before your conduct destroyed it. Before I knew you, people use to call me the the Lily and Rose; but—what are you laughing at? I see nothing to laugh at. But, as I say, anybody before your own wife.

"And I can't walk out with you but you're bowed to by every woman you meet! *What do I mean by every woman, when it's only Miss Prettyman?* That's nothing at all to do with it. How do I know who bow to you when I'm not by? Everybody, of course. And if they don't look at you, why you look at them. Oh, I'm sure you do. You do it even when I'm out with you, and of course you do it when I'm away. Now, don't tell me, Caudle—don't deny it. The fact is, it's become such a dreadful habit with you, that you don't know when you do it, and when you don't. But I do.

"Miss Prettyman, indeed! What do you say? *You won't lie still and hear me scandalize that excellent young woman?* Oh, of course you'll take her part! Though, to be sure, she may not be so much to blame after all. For how is she to know you're married? You're never seen out-of-doors with your own wife—no, never. Wherever you go, you go alone. Of course people think you're a bachelor. What do you say? *You well know you're not?* That has nothing to do with it—I only ask what must people think, when I'm never seen with you? Other women go out with their husbands, but as I've often said, I'm not like any other woman. What are you sneering at Mr. Caudle? *How do I know you are sneering?* Don't tell me; I know well enough by the movement of the pillow.

"No; you never take me out—and you know it. No; and it's not my fault. How can you lie there and say that? Oh, all a poor excuse! That's what you always say. You're tired of asking me, indeed, because I always start some objection? Of course I can't go out a figure. And when you ask me to go, you know very well that my bonnet isn't as it should be—or that my gown hasn't come home—or that I can't leave the children—or that something keeps me in-doors. You know all this, well enough, before you ask me. And that's your art. And when I *do* go out with you, I'm sure to suffer for it. Yes; you needn't repeat my words. *Suffer for it.* But you suppose I have no feelings; oh, no, nobody has feelings but yourself. Yes; I'd forgot; Miss Prettyman, perhaps,—yes, she may have feelings, of course.

"And as I've said, I dare say a pretty dupe people think me. To be sure a poor, forlorn creature I must look in everybody's eyes. But I knew you couldn't be at Mr. Prettyman's house night after night till eleven o'clock—and a very great deal you thought of me sitting up for you—I knew you couldn't be there without some cause. And now I've found it out! Oh, I don't mind your swearing, Mr. Caudle! It's I, if I wasn't a woman, who ought to swear. But it's like you men. Lords of the creation, as you call yourselves! Lords, indeed! And pretty slaves you make of the poor creatures who're tied to you. But I'll be separated, Caudle; I will; and then I'll take care and let all the world know how you've used me. What do you say? *I may say my worst?* Ha! don't you tempt any woman in that way—don't, Caudle; for I wouldn't answer for what I said.

"Miss Prettyman, indeed, and—oh, yes! now I see! Now the whole light breaks in upon me! And now, I know why you wished me to ask her with Mr. and Mrs. Prettyman to tea! And I, like a poor, blind fool, was nearly doing it. But now, as I say, my

eyes are open! And you'd have brought her under my roof—now it's no use your bouncing about in that fashion—you'd have brought her into the very house where——"

"Here," says Caudle, "I could endure it no longer. So I jumped out of bed, and went and slept somehow with the children."

THE NINETEENTH LECTURE.

MRS. CAUDLE THINKS "IT WOULD LOOK WELL TO KEEP THEIR WEDDING-DAY.

"Caudle, love, do you know what next Sunday is? *No! you don't?* Well, was there ever such a strange man! Can't you guess, darling? Next Sunday, dear? Think, love, a minute—just think. *What! and you don't know now?* Ha! if I hadn't a better memory than you, I don't know how we should ever get on. Well, then, pet,—shall I tell you what next Sunday is? Why, then, it's our wedding-day. What are you groaning at, Mr. Caudle? I don't see anything to groan at. If anybody should groan, I'm sure it isn't you. No; I rather think it's I who ought to groan!

"Oh, dear! That's fourteen years ago. You were a very different man, then, Mr. Caudle. What do you say? *And I was a very different woman?* Not at all—just the same. Oh, you needn't roll your head about on the pillow in that way; I say, just the same. Well, then, if I'm altered, whose fault is it? Not mine, I'm sure—certainly not. Don't tell me that I couldn't talk at all then—I could talk just as well then as I can now; only then I hadn't the same cause. It's you who've made me talk. What did you say? *You're very sorry for it?* Caudle, you do nothing but insult me.

"Ha! you were a good-tempered, nice creature fourteen years ago, and would have done anything for me. Yes, yes, if a woman would be always cared for, she should never marry. There's quite an end of the charm when she goes to church! We're all angels while you're courting us; but once married, how soon you pull our wings off! No, Mr. Caudle, I'm not talking nonesense; but the truth is, you like to hear nobody talk but yourself. Nobody ever tells me that I talk nonesense but you. Now it's no use your turning and turning about in that way; it's not a bit of—what do you say? *You'll get up?* No, you won't, Mr. Caudle; you'll not serve me that trick again; for I've locked the door and hid the key. There's no getting hold of you all the daytime—but here you cant leave me. You needn't groan again, Mr. Caudle.

"Now, Caudle, dear, do let us talk comfortably. After all, love, there's a good many folks who, I dare say, don't get on half so well as we've done. We've both our little tempers, perhaps; but you *are* aggravating; you must own that, Caudle. Well, never mind; we won't talk of it; I won't scold you now. We'll talk of next Sunday, love. We never have kept our wedding-day, and I think it would be a nice day to have our friends. What do you say? *They'd think it hypocrisy?* No hypocrisy at all. I'm sure I try to be comfortable; and if ever a man was happy, *you* ought to be. No, Caudle, no; it isn't nonesense to keep wedding-days; it isn't a deception on the world; and if it is, how many people do it? I'm sure it's only a proper compliment that a man owes to his wife. Look at the Winkles—don't they give a dinner every year? Well, I know, and if they do fight a little in the course of the twelvemonth, that's nothing to do with it. They keep their wedding-day, and their acquaintance have nothing to do with anything else.

"As I say, Caudle, it's only a proper compliment that a man owes to his wife to keep his wedding-day. It's as much as to say to the whole world, 'There! if I have to marry again, my blessed wife's the only woman I'd choose!' Well! I see nothing to groan at, Mr. Caudle,—no, nor to sigh at either; but I know what you mean; I'm sure, what would have become of you, if you hadn't married as you have done—why, you'd have been a lost creature! I know it; I know your habits, Caudle; and—I don't like to say it—but you'd have been little better than a ragamuffin. Nice scrapes you'd have got into, I know, if you hadn't had me for a wife. The trouble I've had to keep you respectable—and what's my thanks? Ha! I only wish you'd had some women!

"But we won't quarrel, Caudle. No; you don't mean anything, I know. We'll have this little dinner, eh? Just a few friends? Now, don't say you don't care—that isn't the way to speak to a wife; and especially the wife I've been to you, Caudle.

Well, you agree to the dinner, eh? Now, don't grunt, Mr. Caudle, but speak out. You'll keep your wedding-day, darling? What? *If I'll let you go to sleep?* Ha, that's unmanly, Caudle; can't you say 'Yes,' without anything else? I say—can't you say 'Yes?' There, bless you! I knew you would.

"And now, Caudle, what shall we have for dinner? No—we won't talk of it to-morrow; we'll talk of it now, and then it will be off my mind. I should like something particular—something out of the way—just to show that we thought the day something. I should like—Mr. Caudle, you're not asleep? *What do I want?* Why, you know I want to settle about the dinner. *Have what I like?* No; as it's your fancy to keep the day, it's only right that I should try to please you. We never had one, Caudle; so what do you think of a haunch of venison? What do you say? *Mutton will do?* Ha! that shows what you think of your wife; I dare say if it was with any of your club friends—any of your pot-house companions—you'd have no objection to venison. I say if—what do you mutter? *Let it be venison?* Very well. And now about the fish? What do you think of a nice turbot? No, Mr. Caudle, brill won't do—it shall be turbot, or there sha'n't be any fish at all. Oh, what a mean man you are, Caudle! Shall it be turbot? *It shall?* Very well. And now about the soup—now, Caudle, don't swear at the soup in that manner; you know there must be soup. Well, once in a way—and just to show our friends how happy we've been—we'll have some real turtle. *No, you won't; you'll have nothing but mock?* Then, Mr. Caudle, you may sit at the table by yourself. Mock-turtle on a wedding-day! Was there ever such an insult? What do you say? *Let it be real, then, for once?* Ha, Caudle! as I say, you were a very different person fourteen years ago.

"And, Caudle, you'll look after the venison? There's a place I know, somewhere in the city, where you get it beautiful! You'll look to it? *You will?* Very well.

"And now, who shall we invite? *Who I like?* Now, you know, Caudle, that's nonsense; because I only like whom you like. I suppose the Prettymans must come? But understand, Caudle, I don't have Miss Prettyman; I'm not going to have my peace of mind destroyed under my own roof. If she comes, I don't appear at the table. What do you say? *Very well?* Very well be it, then.

"And now, Caudle, you'll not forget the venison? In the city, my dear? You'll not forget the venison? A haunch, you know; a nice haunch. And you'll not forget the venison——"

"Three times did I fall off to sleep," says Caudle, "and three times did my wife nudge me with her elbow, exclaiming, 'You'll not forget the venison?' At last I got into a sound slumber, and dreamt I was a pot of currant-jelly."

THE TWENTIETH LECTURE.

"BROTHER" CAUDLE HAS BEEN TO A MASONIC CHARITABLE DINNER.—MRS. CAUDLE HAS HIDDEN THE "BROTHER'S" CHECK-BOOK.

"All I say is this: I only wish I'd been born a man. What do you say? *You wish I had?* Mr. Caudle, I'll not lie quiet in my own bed to be insulted. Oh, yes, you *did* mean to insult me. I know what you mean. You mean if I *had* been born a man you'd never have married me. That's a pretty sentiment, I think! and after the wife I've been to you. And now, I suppose, you'll be going to public dinners every day—it's no use your telling me you've only been to one before; that's nothing to do with it—nothing at all. Of course you'll be out every night now. I knew what it would come to when you were made a mason; when you were once made a 'brother,' as you call yourself, I knew where the husband and father would be. I'm sure, Caudle—and though I'm your own wife I grieve to say it—I'm sure you haven't so much heart that you have any to spare for people out of doors. Indeed, I should like to see the man who has! No, no, Caudle; I'm by no means a selfish woman—quite the contrary; I love my fellow-creatures as a wife and mother of a family, who has only to look to her own husband and children, ought to love 'em.

"A 'brother,' indeed! What would you say if I was to go and be made a 'sister?' Why, I know very well—the house wouldn't hold you.

"*Where's your watch?* How should I know where your watch is? You ought to

know. But, to be sure, people who go to public dinners never know where anything is when they come home. You've lost it, no doubt; and 'twill serve you quite right if if you have. If it should be gone—and nothing more likely—I wonder if any of your brothers will give you another? Catch 'em doing it.

"*You must find your watch?* *And you'll get up for it?* Nonsense—don't be foolish—lie still. Your watch is on the mantel-piece. Ha! isn't it a good thing for you, you've somebody to take care of it?

"What do you say? *I'm a dear creature?* Very dear indeed you think me, I dare say. But the fact is, you don't know what you're talking about to-night. I'm a fool to open my lips to you—but I can't help it.

"*Where's your watch?* Haven't I told you—on the mantle-piece? *All right, indeed?* Pretty conduct you men call all right. There, now, hold your tongue, Mr. Caudle, and go to sleep; I'm sure it's the best thing you can do to-night. You'll be able to listen to reason to-morrow morning; now it's thrown away upon you.

"*Where's your check-book?* Never mind your check-book. I took care of that. *What business had I to take it out of your pocket?* Every business. No, no. If you choose to go to public dinners, why—as I'm only your wife—I can't help it. But I know what fools men are made of there; and, if I know it, you never take your check-book again with you. What! Didn't I see your name down last year for ten pounds? 'Job Caudle, Esq., £10.' It looked very well in the newspapers, of course; and you thought yourself a somebody when they knocked the tavern tables; but I only wish I'd been there—yes, I only wish I'd been in the gallery. If I wouldn't have told a piece of my mind I'm not alive. Ten pounds, indeed! and the world thinks you a very fine person for it. I only wish I could bring the world here, and show 'em what's wanted at home. I think the world would alter their mind then; yes—a little.

"What do you say? *A wife has no right to pick her husband's pocket?* A pretty husband you are, to talk in that way. Never mind; you can't prosecute her for it—or I've no doubt you would; none at all. Some men would do anything. What? *You've a bit of a headache?* I hope you have—and a good bit, too. You've been to the right place for it. No—I won't hold my tongue. It's all very well for you men to go to taverns—and talk—and toast—and hurrah—and—I wonder you're not all ashamed of yourselves to drink the Queen's health, with all the honors, I believe you call it—yes, pretty honors you pay to the sex—I say I wonder you're not ashamed to drink the blessed creature's health, when you've only to think how you use your own wives at home. But the hypocrites that the men are—oh!

"*Where's your watch?* Haven't I told you? It's under your pillow—there, you needn't be feeling for it. I tell you it's under your pillow. *It's all right?* Yes; a great deal you know of what's right just now. Ha! was there ever any poor soul used as I am? *I'm a dear creature?* Pah! Mr. Caudle. I've only to say I'm tired of your conduct—quite tired, and don't care how soon there's an end of it.

"*Why did I take your check-book?* I've told you—to save you from ruin, Mr. Caudle. *You're not going to be ruined?* Ha! you don't know anything when you're out! I know what they do at those public dinners—charities, they call 'em; pretty charities! True charity, I believe, always dines at home. I know what they do; the whole system's a trick. No; *I'm not a stony-hearted creature*—and you ought to be ashamed to say so of your wife and the mother of your children. But you'll not make me cry to-night, I can tell you. I was going to say that—oh, you're such an aggravating man, I don't know what I was going to say!

"*Thank heaven?* What for? I don't see that there's anything to thank heaven about. I was going to say, I know the trick of public dinners. They get a lord, or a duke, if they can catch him—anything to make people say they've dined with nobility, that's it—yes, they get one of these people, with a star, perhaps, in his coat, to take the chair—and to talk all sorts of sugar-plum things about charity—and to make foolish men, with wine in 'em, feel that they've no end of money; and then—shutting their eyes to their wives and families at home—all the while that their own faces are red and flushed like poppies, and they think to-morrow never will come—then they get 'em to put their hand to paper. Then they make 'em pull out their checks. But I took your book, Mr. Caudle—you couldn't do it a second time. What are you laughing at? *Nothing?* It's no matter; I shall see it in the paper to-morrow—for if you gave anything you were too proud to hide it. I know *your* charity.

"*Where's your watch?* Haven't I told you fifty times where it is? In the pocket—over your head—of course. Can't you hear it tick? No; you can hear nothing to-night,

"And now, Mr. Caudle, I should like to know whose hat it is you've brought home? You went out with a beaver worth three and twenty shillings—only the second time you've worn it—and you bring home a thing that no Jew in his senses would give me fivepence for. I couldn't even get a pot of primroses—and you know I always turn your old hats into roots—not a pot of primroses for it. I'm certain of it now—I've often thought of it—but now I'm sure that some people dine out only to change their hats.

"*Where's your watch?* Caudle, you're bringing me to an early grave!"

We hope that Caudle was penitent for his conduct; indeed, there is, we think, evidence that he was so; for to this lecture he has appended no comment. The man had not the face to do it.

THE TWENTY-FIRST LECTURE.

MR. CAUDLE HAS NOT ACTED "LIKE A HUSBAND" AT THE WEDDING-DINNER.

"Ah me! It's no use wishing—none at all; but I do wish that yesterday fourteen years could come back again. Little did I think, Mr. Caudle, when you brought me home from church, your lawful wedded wife—little, I say, did I think that I should keep my wedding-dinner in the manner I have done to-day. Fourteen years ago! Yes, I see you now in your blue coat with bright buttons, and your white watered-satin waistcoat, and a moss rose-bud in your button-hole, which you said was like me. What? *You never talked such nonsense?* Ha! Mr. Caudle, you don't know what you talked that day—but I do. Yes; and you then sat at the table as if your face, as I may say, was buttered with happiness, and——What? No, Mr. Caudle, don't say that; *I* have not wiped the butter off—not I. If you, above all men, are not happy, you ought to be, gracious knows.

Yes, I *will* talk of fourteen years ago. Ha! you sat beside me then, and picked out all sorts of nice things for me. You'd have given me pearls and diamonds to eat if I could have swallowed 'em. Yes, I say, you sat beside me, and——What do you talk about? *You couldn't sit beside me to-day?* That's nothing to do with it. But it's so like you. I can't speak but you fly off to something else. Ha! and when the health of the young couple was drunk what a speech you made then! It was delicious! How you made everybody cry as if their hearts were breaking; and I recollect it as if it was yesterday, how the tears ran down dear father's nose, and how dear mother nearly went into a fit! Dear souls! They little thought, with all your fine talk, how you'd use me! *How have you used me?* Oh, Mr. Caudle, how can you ask that question? It's well for you I can't see you blush. *How* have you used me!

"Well, that the same tongue could make a speech like that, and then talk as it did to-day! *How did you talk?* Why, shamefully! What did you say about your wedded happiness? Why, nothing. What did you say about your wife? Worse than nothing; just as if she were a bargain you were sorry for, but were obliged to make the best of. What do you say? *And bad's the best?* If you say that again, Caudle, I'll rise from my bed. *You didn't say it?* What, then did you say? Something very like it I know. Yes, a pretty speech of thanks for a husband! And everybody could see that you didn't care a pin for me; and that's why you had 'em here; that's why you invited 'em, to insult me to their faces. What? *I made you invite 'em?* Oh, Caudle, what an aggravating man you are!

"I suppose you'll say next I made you invite Miss Prettyman? Oh, yes; don't tell me that her brother brought her without your knowing it. What? *Didn't I hear him say so?* Of course I did; but do you suppose I'm quite a fool? Do you think I don't know that that was all settled between you; And she must be a nice person to come unasked to a woman's house? But I know why she came. Oh, yes; she came to look about her. *What do I mean?* Oh, the meaning's plain enough. She came to see how she should like the rooms—how she should like my seat at the fire-place; how she—and if it isn't enough to break a mother's heart to be treated so!—how she should like my dear children.

"Now, it's no use your bouncing about—but of course that's it; I can't mention Miss Prettyman but you fling about as if you were in a fit. Of course that shows there's

something in it. Otherwise, why should you disturb yourself? Do you think I didn't see her looking at the ciphers on the spoons as if she already saw mine scratched out, and hers there? No, I shan't drive you mad, Mr. Caudle; and if I do it's your own fault. No other man would treat the wife of his bosom in—— What do you say? *You might as well have married a hedgehog?* Well, now it's come to something! But it's always the case! Whenever you've seen that Miss Prettymam I'm sure to be abused. A hedgehog! A pretty thing for a woman to be called by her husband! Now you don't think I'll lie quietly in bed and be called a hedgehog—do you, Mr. Caudle?

"Well, I only hope Miss Prettyman had a good dinner, that's all. *I* had none! You know I had none—how was I to get any? You know that the only part of the turkey I care for is the merry-thought. And that, of course, went to Miss Prettyman. Oh, I saw you laugh when you put it on her plate! And you don't suppose, after such an insult as that, I'd taste another thing upon the table? No, I should hope I have more spirit than that. Yes; and you took wine with her four times. What do you say? *Only twice?* Oh, you were so fascinated, Mr. Caudle; yes, fascinated—that you didn't know what you did. However, I do think while I'm alive I might be treated with respect at my own table. I say, while I'm alive; for I know I shan't last long, and then Miss Prettyman may come and take it all. I'm wasting daily, and no wonder. I never say anything about it, but every week my gowns are taken in.

"I've lived to learn something, to be sure! Miss Prettyman turned up her nose at my custards. It isn't sufficient that you're always finding fault yourself, but you must bring women home to sneer at me at my own table. What do you say? *She didn't turn up her nose?* I know she did; not but what it's needless—Providence has turned it up quite enough for her already. And she must give herself airs over my custards! Oh, I saw her mincing with her spoon as if she was chewing sand. What do you say! *She praised my plum-pudding?* Who asked her to praise it? Like her impudence, I think!

"Yes, a pretty day I've passed. I shall not forget this wedding-day, I think! And as I say, a pretty speech you made in the way of thanks. No, Caudle, if I was to live a hundred years—you need't groan, Mr. Caudle, I shall not trouble you half that time—if I was to live a hundred years I should never forget it. Never! You didn't even so much as bring one of your children in on your speech. And, dear creatures!—what have *they* done to offend you? No; I shall not drive you mad. It's you, Mr. Caudle, who'll drive me mad. Everybody says so.

"And you suppose I didn't see how it was managed that you and *that* Miss Prettyman were always partners at whist? *How was it managed?* Why, plain enough. Of course you packed the cards, and you'd cut what you liked. You'd settled that between you. Yes; and when she took a trick, instead of leading off a trump—*she* play whist, indeed!—what did you say to her when she found it was wrong? Oh—it was impossible that *her* heart should mistake! and this, Mr. Caudle, before people—with your own wife in the room!

"And Miss Prettyman—I won't hold my tongue. I *will* talk of Miss Prettyman; who's she, indeed, that I shouldn't talk of her? I suppose she thinks she sings? What do you say? *She sings like a mermaid?* Yes, very—very like a mermaid; for she never sings but she exposes herself. She might, I think, have chosen another song. '*I love somebody*,' indeed; as if I didn't know who was meant by that 'somebody;' and all the room knew it, of course; and that was what it was done for—nothing else.

"However, Mr. Caudle, as my mind's made up, I shall say no more about the matter to-night, but try and go to sleep."

"And to my astonishment and gratitude," writes Caudle, "she kept her word."

THE TWENTY-SECOND LECTURE.

CAUDLE COMES HOME IN THE EVENING AS MRS. CAUDLE HAS "JUST STEPPED OUT, SHOPPING."—ON HER RETURN, AT TEN, CAUDLE REMONSTRATES.

"You ought to have had a slave—yes, a black slave, and not a wife. I'm sure, I'd better been born a negro at once—much better. *What's the matter now?* Well, I like that. Upon my life, Mr. Caudle, that's very cool. I can't leave the house just to buy a

yard of ribbon, but you storm enough to carry the roof off. *You didn't storm—you only spoke?* Spoke, indeed. No, sir; I've not much superfine feelings; and I don't cry before I'm hurt. But you ought to have married a woman of stone, for you feel for nobody; that is, for nobody in your own house. I only wish you'd show some of your humanity at home, if ever so little—that's all.

"What do you say? *Where's my feelings, to go shopping at night?* When would you have me go? In the broiling sun, making my face like a gipsy's? I don't see anything to laugh at, Mr. Caudle; but you think of anybody's face before your wife's. Oh, that's plain enough; and all the world can see it. I dare say, now, if it was Miss Prettyman's face—now, now, Mr. Caudle! What are you throwing yourself about for? I suppose Miss Prettyman isn't so wonderful a person that she isn't to be named? I suppose she's flesh and blood. What? *You don't know?* Ha! I don't know that.

"What, Mr. Caudle? *You'll have a separate room—you'll not be tormented in this manner?* No, you won't sir—not while I'm alive. A separate room! And you call yourself a religious man, Mr. Caudle. I'd advise you to take down the prayer book, and read over the marriage service. A separate room, indeed! Caudle, you're getting quite a heathen. A separate room! Well, the servants would talk then! But no; no man—not the best that ever trod, Caudle—should ever make me look so contemptible.

I *sha'n't* go to sleep; and you ought to know me better than to ask me to hold my tongue. Because you come home when I've just stepped out to do a little shopping, you're worse than a fury. I should like to know how many hours I sit up for you? What do you say? *Nobody wants me to sit up?* Ha! that's like the gratitnde of men—just like 'em! But a poor woman can't leave the house, that—what? *Why can't I go at reasonable hours?* Reasonable! What do you call eight o'clock? If I went out at eleven and twelve, as you come home, then you might talk; but seven or eight o'clock—why, it's the cool of the evening; the nicest time to enjoy a walk, and, as I say, do a little bit of shopping. Oh, yes, Mr. Caudle, I do think of the people that are kept in the the shops just as much as you; but that's nothing at all to do with it. I know what you'd have. You'd have all those young men let away early from the counter to improve what you please to call their minds. Pretty notions you pick up among a set of free-thinkers, and I don't know what! When I was a girl people never talked of minds—intellect, I believe you call it. Nonsense! a new-fangled thing, just come up; and the sooner it goes out the better.

"Don't tell me! What are shops for if they've not to be open late and early too? And what are shopmen, if they're not to attend upon their customers? People pay for what they have, I suppose; and ar'n't to be told when they shall come and lay their money out, and when they shan't. Thank goodness! if one shop shuts, another keeps open; and I always think it a duty I owe to myself to go to the shop that's open last; it's the only way to punish the shop-keepers that are idle, and give themselves airs about early hours.

"Besides, there's some things I like to buy best at candle-light. Oh, don't talk to me about humanity! Humanity, indeed, for a pack of tall, strapping young fellows—some of 'em big enough to be shown for giants! And what have they to do? Why, nothing, but to stand behind a counter, and talk civility. Yes, I know your notions; you say that everybody works too much; I know that. You'd have all the world do nothing half its time but twiddle its thumbs, or walk in the parks, or go to picture-galleries and museums, and such nonsense. Very fine, indeed; but, thank goodness, the world isn't come to that pass yet.

"What do you say I am, Mr. Caudle? *A foolish woman, that can't look beyond my own fireside?* Oh, yes I can; quite as far as you, and a great deal farther. But I can't go out shopping a little with my dear friend, Mrs. Wittles—what do you laugh at? Oh, don't they? Don't women know what friendship is? Upon my life you've a nice opinion of us? Oh, yes, we *can*—we can look outside of our own fenders, Mr. Caudle. And if we can't, its all the better for our families. A blessed thing it would be for their wives and children if men couldn't, either. You wouldn't have lent that five pounds—and I dare say a good many other five pounds that I know nothing of—if you—a lord of creation!—had half the sense that women have. You seldom catch us, I believe, lending five pounds. I should think not.

"No; we won't talk of it to-morrow morning. You're not going to wound my feelings when I come home, and think I'm to say nothing about it. You have called me an inhuman person; you have said I have no thought, no feeling for the health and comfort of my fellow-creatures; I do not know what you haven't called me; and only for

buying a—but I sha'n't tell you what; no, I won't satisfy you there—but you've abused me in this manner, and only for shopping up t- ten o'clock. You've a great deal of fine compassion, you have! I'm sure the young man that served me could have knocked down an ox; yes, strong enough to lift a house; but you can pity him—oh, yes, you can be all kindness for him and for the world, as you call it. Oh, Caudle, what a hypocrite you are! I only wish the world knew how you treated your poor wife!

"What do you say? *For the love of mercy let you sleep* Mercy, indeed! I only wish you could show a little of it to other people. Oh, yes, I *do* know what mercy means; but that's no reason I should go shopping a bit earlier than I do—and I won't—No; you've preached this over to me again and again; you've made me go to meetings to hear all about it; but thats no reason women shouldn't shop just as late as they choose. It's all very fine, as I say, for you men to talk to us at meetings, where, of course, we smile and all that—and sometimes shake our white pocket-handkerchiefs—and where you say we have the power of early hours in our own hands. To be sure we have; and we mean to keep it. That is, I do. You'll never catch me shopping till the very last thing; and—as a matter of principle—I'll always go to the shop that keeps open latest. It does the young men good to keep 'em close to business. Improve their minds, indeed! Let em out at seven, and they'd improve nothing but their billiards. Besides, if they want to improve themselves, can't they get up, this fine weather, at three? Where there's a will there's a way, Mr. Caudle."

"I thought," writes Mr. Caudle, "that she had gone to sleep. In this hope, I was dozing off when she jogged me, and thus declared herself: 'You want night-caps; but see if I budge to buy 'em till nine at night.'"

THE TWENTY-THIRD LECTURE.

MRS. CAUDLE "WISHES TO KNOW IF THEY'RE GOING TO THE SEASIDE, OR NOT, THIS SUMMER—THATS ALL."

"Hot? yes, it *is* hot. I'm sure one might as well be in an oven as in town this hot weather. You seem to forget it's July, Mr. Caudle. I've been waiting quietly—have never spoken; yet, not a word have you said of the seaside yet. Not that I care for it myself—oh, no; my health isn't of the slightest consequence. And, indeed, I was going to say—but I won't—that the sooner, perhaps, I'm out of this world, the better. Oh, yes; I dare say you think so—of course you do, else you wouln't lie there saying nothing. You're enough to aggravate a saint, Caudle; but you sha'n't vex me. No; I've made up my mind, and never intend to let you vex me again. Why should I worry myself?

"But all I want to ask you is this: do you intend to go to the seaside this summer? *Yes? you'll go to Gravesend?* Then you'll go alone, that's all I know. Gravesend! You might as well empty a salt-cellar in the New River, and call that the seaside. What? *It's handy for business?* There you are again! I can never speak of taking a little enjoyment but you fling business in my teeth. I'm sure you never let business stand in the way of your own pleasure, Mr. Caudle—not you. It would be all the better for your family if you did.

"You know that Matilda wants sea-bathing; you know it, or ought to know it, by the looks of the child; and, yet, I know you, Caudle—you'd have let the summer pass over, and never said a word about the matter. What do you say? *Margate's so expensive?* Not at all. I'm sure it will be cheaper for us in the end; for if we don't go, we shall all be ill—every one of us—in the winter. Not that my health is of any consequence; I know that well enough. It never was yet. You know Margate's the only place I can eat a breakfast at, and yet you talk of Gravesend! But what's my eating to you? You wouldn't care if I never eat at all. You never watch my appetite like any other husband, otherwise you'd have seen whats it's come to.

"What do you say? *How much will it cost?* There you are, Mr. Caudle, with your meanness again. When you want to go yourself to Blackwall or Greenwich, you never ask how much it will cost? What? *You never go to Blackwall?* Ha? I don't know that; and if you don't, that's nothing at all to do with it. Yes, you can give a guinea a

plate for whitebait for yourself. No, sir; I'm not a foolish woman; and I know very well what I'm talking about—nobody better. A Guinea for whitebait for yourself, when you grudge a pint of shrimps for your poor family. Eh? *You don't grudge 'em anything?* Yes, it's very well for you to lie there and say so. *What will it cost?* It's no matter what it will cost, for we won't go at all now. No; we'll stay at home. We shall all be ill in the winter—every one of us, all but you; and nothing ever makes you ill. I've no doubt we shall be laid up, and there'll be a doctor's bill as long as a railroad; but never mind that. It's better—much better—to pay for nasty physic than for fresh air and wholesome salt water. Do not call me 'woman,' and ask 'what it will cost.' I tell you, if you were to lay the money down before me on that quilt, I wouldn't go now—certainly not. It's better we should all be sick; yes, then you'll be pleased.

"That's right, Mr. Caudle, go to sleep. It's like your unfeeling self! I'm talking of our all being laid up; and you, like any stone, turn around and begin to go to sleep. Well, I think that's a pretty insult! *How can you sleep with such a splinter in your flesh?* I suppose you mean to call me the splinter?—and after the wife I've been to you! But no, Mr. Caudle, you may call me what you please; you'll not make me cry now. No, no; I don't throw away my tears upon any such person now. What? *Don't?* Ha! that's your ingratitude! But none of you men deserve that any woman should love you. My poor heart!

"Everybody else can go out of town except us. Ha! If I'd only married Simmons. What! *Why didn't I?* Yes, that's all the thanks I get. *Who's Simmons?* Oh, you know very well who Simmon's is. He'd have treated me a little better, I think. He *was* a gentleman. *You can't tell?* Maybe not; but I can. With such weather as this, to stay melting in London; and when the painters are coming in! *You won't have the painters in?* But you must; and if they once come in, I'm determined that none of us shall stir then. Painting in July, with a family in the house! We shall all of us be poisoned, of course; but what do you care for that?

"*Why can't I tell you what it will cost?* How can I or any woman tell exactly what it it will cost? Of course lodgings—and at Margate, too—are a little dearer than living at your own house. *Pooh! You know that?* Well, if you did, Mr. Caudle, I suppose there's no treason in my naming it. Still, if you take 'em for two months, they're cheaper than for one. No, Mr. Caudle, I shall not be quite tired of it in one month. No; and it isn't true that I no sooner get out than I want to get home again. To be sure I was tired of Margate three years ago, when you used to leave me to walk about the beach by myself, to be stared at through all sorts of telescopes. But you don't do that again, Mr. Caudle, I can tell you.

"*What will I do at Margate?* Why, isn't there bathing, and picking up shells; and ar'n't there the packets, with the donkeys; and the last new novel—whatever it is, to read?—for the only place where I really relish a book is at the seaside. No; it isn't that I like salt with my reading, Mr. Caudle! I suppose you call that a joke? You might keep your jokes for the daytime, I think. But, as I was saying—only you always will interrupt me—the ocean always seems to me to open the mind. I see nothing to laugh at; but you always laugh when I say anything. Sometimes at the seaside—especially when the tide's down—I feel so happy; quite as if I could cry.

"When shall I get the things ready? For next Sunday? *What will it cost?* Oh, there—don't talk of it. No; we won't go. I shall send for the painters to-morrow. *I can go and take the children, and you'll stay?* No, sir; you go with me, or I don't stir. I'm not going to be turned loose like a hen with her chickens, and nobody to protect me. So we'll go on Monday? Eh?

"*What will it cost?* What a man you are! Why, Caudle, I've been reckoning that, with buff slippers and all, we can't well do it under seventy pounds. No; I won't take away the slippers, and say fifty; it's seventy pounds and no less. Of course, what's over will be so much saved. Caudle, what a man you are! Well, shall we go on Monday? What do you say? *You'll see?* There's a dear. Then, Monday."

"Anything for a chance of peace," writes Caudle. "I consented to the trip, for I thought I might sleep better in a change of bed."

THE TWENTY-FOURTH LECTURE.

MRS. CAUDLE DWELLS ON CAUDLE'S "CRUEL NEGLECT" OF HER ON BOARD THE "RED ROVER"—MRS. CAUDLE SO "ILL WITH THE SEA" THAT THEY PUT UP AT THE DOLPHIN, HERNE-BAY.

"Caudle, have you looked under the bed? *What for?* Bless the man! Why, for thieves, to be sure. Do you suppose I'd sleep in a strange bed, without? Don't tell me it's nonsense! I shouldn't sleep a wink all night. Not that you'd care for that; not that you'd—hush! I'm sure I hear somebody. No; it's not a bit like a mouse. Yes; that's like you—laugh. It would be no laughing matter if—— I'm sure there *is* somebody; I'm sure there is!

"Yes, Mr. Caudle; now I *am* satisfied. Any other man would have got up and looked himself; especially after my sufferings on board that nasty ship. But catch you stirring! Oh, no! You'd let me lie here and be robbed and killed, for what you'd care. Why, you're not going to sleep! What do you say? *It's the strange air—and you're always sleepy in a strange air?* That shows the feelings you have, after what I've gone through. And yawning, too, in that brutal manner! Caudle, you've no more heart than that wooden figure in a white petticoat at the front of the ship.

"No;—*couldn't* leave my temper at home. I dare say! Because for once in your life you've brought me out—yes, I say once, or two or three times, it isn't more; because, as I say, you once bring me out, I'm to be a slave and say nothing. Pleasure, indeed! A great deal of pleasure Im' to have if I'm to hold my tongue. A nice way that of pleasing a woman.

"Dear me! if the bed doesn't spin round and dance about! I've got all that filthy ship in my head! No; I shan't be well in the morning. But nothing ever ails anybody but yourself. You needn't groan in that way, Mr. Caudle, disturbing the people, perhaps, in the next room. It's a mercy I'm alive, I'm sure. I once I wouldn't have given all the world for anybody to have thrown me overboard! What are you smacking your lips at, Mr. Caudle? But I know what you mean—of course, you'd never have stirred to stop 'em, not you. And then you might have known that the wind would have blown to-day; but that's why you came.

"Whatever I should have done if it hadn't been for that good soul—that blessed Captain Large! I'm sure all the women who go to Margate ought to pray for him; so attentive in sea-sickness, and so much of a gentleman. How I should have got downstairs without him when I first began to turn, I don't know. Don't tell me I never complained to you—you might have seen I was ill. And when everybody was looking like a bad wax candle, you could walk about, and make what you call jokes upon the little buoy that was never sick at the Nore, and such unfeeling trash.

"Yes, Caudle, we've now been married many years, but if we were to live together for a thousand years to come—what are you clasping your hands at?—a thousand years to come, I say, I shall never forget your conduct this day, You could go to the other end of the ship and smoke a cigar, when you knew I should be ill—oh, you knew it; for I always am. The brutal way, too, in which you took that cold brandy and water—you thought I didn't see you; but ill as I was, hardly able to hold my head up, I was watching you all the time. Three glasses of cold brandy and water; and you sipped 'em, and drank the health of the people you didn't care a pin about, while the health of your own lawful wife was nothing. Three glasses of brandy and water; and *I* left—as I may say—alone! You didn't hear 'em but everybody was crying shame of you.

"What do you say? *A good deal my own fault? I took too much dinner?* Well, you are a man! If I took more than the breast and leg of that young goose—a thing, I may say, just out of the shell—with the slightest bit of stuffing, I'm a wicked woman. What do you say? *Lobster salad?* Ha! how can you speak of it? A month-old baby would have eaten more. What? *Gooseberry pie?* Well, if you'll name that, you'll name anything. Ate too much, indeed! D you think I was going to pay for a dinner and eat nothing? No, Mr. Caudle, it's a good thing for you that I know a little more of the value of money than that.

"But, of course, you were better engaged than in attending to me. Mr. Prettyman came on board at Gravesend. A planned thing, of course. You think I didn't see him give you a letter. *It wasn't a letter; it was a newspaper?* I dare say; ill as I was,

I had my eyes. It was the smallest newspaper I ever saw, that's all. But of course, a letter from Miss Prettyman—— Now, Caudle, if you begin to cry out in that manner I'll get up. Do you forget that you're not at your own house? making that noise! Disturbing everybody! Why, we shall have the landlord up! And you could smoke and drink 'forward,' as you called it. What? *You couldn't smoke anywhere else?* That's nothing to do with it. Yes; forward. What a pity that Miss Prettyman wasn't with you. I'm sure nothing could be too forward for her. No, I won't hold my tongue; and I ought not to be ashamed of myself. It isn't treason, is it, to speak of Miss Prettyman? After all I've suffered to-day, and I'm not to open my lips! Yes; I'm to be brought away from my own home, dragged down here to the seaside, and made ill; and I'm not to speak. I should like to know what next.

"It's a mercy that some of the dear children were not drowned; not that their father would have cared, so long as he could have had his brandy and cigars. Peter was as near through one of the holes as—*It's no such thing?* It's very well for you to say so, but you know what an inquisitive boy he is, and how he likes to wander among steam-engines. No, I won't let you go to sleep. What a man you are! What? *I've said that before?* That's no matter; I'll say it again. Go to sleep, indeed! as if one could never have a little rational conver ation. No, I sha'n't be too late for the Margate boat in the morning; I can wake up at what hour I like, and you ought to know that by this time.

"A miserable creature they must have thought me in the ladies' cabin, with nobody coming down to see how I was. *You came a dozen times?* No, Caudle, that won't do. I know better. You never came at all. Oh, no! cigars and brandy took all your attention. And when I was so ill that I didn't know a single thing that was going on about me, and you never came. Every other woman's husband was there—ha! twenty times. And what must ha e been my feelings to hear 'em tapping at the door, and making all sorts of kind inquiries—something like husband's!—and I was left to be ill alone? Yes; and you want to get me into an argument. You want to know, if I was so ill that I knew nothing, how could I know that you didn't come to the cabin-door? That's just like your aggravating way; but I'm not to be caught in that manner, Caudle. No."

"It is very possible," writes Caudle, "that she talked two hours more; but, happily, the wind got suddenly up—the waves bellowed—and, soothed by the sweet lullaby (to say nothing of the Dolphin's brandy and water), I somehow sank to repose."

THE TWENTY-FIFTH LECTURE.

MRS. CAUDLE, WEARIED OF MARGATE, HAS A GREAT DESIRE TO SEE FRANCE.

"Ar'n't you tired, Caudle?

"*No?* Well, was there ever such a man? But nothing ever tires you. Of course it's all very well for you; yes, you can read the newspaper and—— What? *So can I* And I wonder what would become of the children if I did? No; it's enough for their father to lose his precious time, talking about politics, and bishops, and lords, and a pack of people who wouldn't care a pin if we hadn't a roof to cover us—it's well enough for—no, Caudle, no; I'm not going to worry you; I never worried you yet, and it isn't likely I should begin now. But that's always the way with you—always. I'm sure we should be the happiest couple alive, only you do so like to have all the talk to yourself. We're out upon pleasure, and therefore let's be comfortable. Still, I must say it, when you like you're an aggravating man, Caudle, and you know it.

"*What have you done now?* There now; we won't talk of it. No; let's go to sleep; otherwise we shall quarrel—I know we shall. What have you done now, indeed! That I can't leave my home for a few days, but I must be insulted! Everybody upon the pier saw it. *Saw what?* How can you lie there in the bed and ask me? Saw what, indeed! Of course it was a planned thing!—regularly settled before you left London. Oh, yes; I like your innocence, Mr. Caudle; not knowing what I'm talking about. It's a heart-breaking thing for a woman to say of her own husband; but you've been a wicked man to me. Yes; and all your tossing and tumbling about in the bed won't make it any better.

"Oh, it's easy enough to call a woman 'a dear soul.' I must be very dear, indeed, to

you, when you bring down Miss Prettyman to—there now; you needn't shout like a wild savage. Do you know that you're not in your own house—that we're in lodgings? What do you suppose the people will think of us? You need'nt call out in that manner, for they can hear every word that's said. What do you say? *Why don't I hold my tongue, then?* To be sure; anything for an excuse with you. Anything to stop my mouth. Miss Prettymau's to follow you here, and I'm to say nothing. I know she *has* followed you; and if you were to go before a migistrate, and take a shilling oath to the contrary, I wouldn't believe you. No, Caudle, I wouldn't.

"*Very well, then?* Ha! what a heart you must have to say 'very well;' and after the wife I've been to you. I'm to be brought from my home—dragged down here to the seaside—to be laughed at before the world—don't tell me! Do you think I didn't see how she looked at you—how she puckered up her farthing mouth—and—what? *Why did I kiss her, then?* What's that to do with it? Appearances are one thing, Mr. Caudle; and feelings are another. As if women can't kiss one another without meaning anything by it! And you—I could see you—looking as cold and formal at her as—well, Caudle! I wouldn't be the hypocrite you are for the world!

"There, now, I've heard all that story. I dare say she did come down to join her brother. How very lucky, though, that you should be here! Ha! ha! how very lucky that—ugh! ugh! ugh! and with the cough I've got upon me—oh! you've a heart like a seaside flint! Yes, that's right. that's just like your humanity. I can't catch a cold, but it must be my own fault—it must be my thin shoes. I dare say you'd like to see me in plowman's boots; 'twould be no matter to you how I disfigured myself. Miss Prettyman's foot, now, would be another thing—no doubt.

"I thought when you would make me leave home—I thought we were coming here on pleasure; but it's always the way you embitter my life. The sooner that I'm out of the world, the better. What do you say? *Nothing?* But I know what you mean, better than if you talked an hour. I only hope you'll get a better wife, that's all, Mr. Caudle. What? *You'd not try?* Wouldn't you? But I know you. In six months you'd fill up my place; yes, and dreadfully my dear children would suffer for it.

"Caudle, if you roar in that way, the people will give us warning to-morrow. *Can't I be quiet, then?* Yes—that's like your artfulness; anything to make me hold my tongue. But we won't quarrel. I'm sure if it depended on me we might be as happy as doves. I mean it—and you needn't groan when I say it. Good-night, Caudle. What do you say? *Bless me!* Well, you are a dear soul, Caudle; and if it wasn't for that Miss Prettyman—no, I'm not torturing you. I know very well what I'm doing, and I wouldn't torture you for the world; but you don't know what the feelings of a wife are, Caudle; you don't.

"Caudle—I say, Caudle. Just a word, dear. *Well?* Now why should you snap me up in that way. *You want to go to sleep?* So do I; but that's no rea on you should speak to me in that manner. You know, dear, you once promised to take me to France. *You don't recollect it?* Yes—that's like you; you don't recollect many things you've promised me; but I do. There's a boat goes on Wednesday to Boulogne, and comes back the day afterward. *What of it?* For that time we could leave the children with the girls, and go nicely. *Nonsense?* Of course; if I want anything it's always nonsense. Other men can take their wives half over the world; but you think it is quite enough to bring me down here to this hole of a place, where I know every pebble on the beach like an old acquaintance—where there's nothing to be seen but the same machines—the same jetty—the same donkey's—the same everything. But then I'd forgot; Margate has an attraction for you—Miss Prettyman's here. No; I'm not censorious, and I wouldn't backbite an angel; but the way in which that young woman walks the sands at all hours—there! there!—I've done; I can't open my lips about that creature but you always storm.

"You know that I always wanted to go to France; and you bring me down here only on purpose that I should see the cliffs—just to tantalize me, and for nothing else. If I'd remained at home—and it was against my will I ever came here—I should never have thought of France; but, to have it staring in one's face all day, and not be able to go, it's worse than cruel, Mr. Caudle—it's brutal. Other people can take their wives to Paris; but you always keep me moped up at home. And what for? Why, that I may know nothing—yes; just on purpose to make me look little, and for nothing else.

"*Heaven bless the woman?* Ha! you've good reason to say that, Caudle; for I'm sure she's little blessed by you. She's been kept a prisoner all her life—has never gone anywhere—oh, yes! that's your old excuse—talking of the children. I want to go to

France, and I should like to know what the children have got to do with it! They're not babies *now*, are they? But you've always thrown the children in my face. If Miss Prettyman—there now; do you hear what you've done, shouting in that manner? The other lodgers are knocking overhead; who do you think will have the face to look at 'em tomorrow morning? *I* sha'n't—breaking people's rest in that way.

"Well, Caudle—I declare it's getting daylight, and what an obstinate man you are! —tell me, shall I go to France?"

"I forget," says Caudle, "my precise answer; but I think I gave her a very wide permission to go somewhere, whereupon, though not without remonstrance as to the place—she went to sleep."

THE TWENTY-SIXTH LECTURE.

MRS. CAUDLE'S FIRST NIGHT IN FRANCE—"SHAMEFUL INDIFFERENCE" OF CAUDLE AT THE BOULOGNE CUSTOM-HOUSE.

"I suppose, Mr. Caudle, you call yourself a man? I'm sure such men should never have wives. If I could have thought it possible you'd have behaved as you have done —and I might, if I hadn't been a forgiving creature, for you've never been like anybody else—if I could only have thought it, you'd never have dragged me to foreign parts. Never! Well, I *did* say to myself, if he goes to France, perhaps he may catch a little politeness—but no; you began as Caudle, and as Caudle you'll end. I'm to be neglected through life, now. Oh, yes! I've quite given up all thoughts of anything but wretchedness—I've made up my mind to misery, now. *You're glad of it?* Well, you must have a heart to say that. I declare to you, Caudle, as true as I'm an ill-used woman, if it wasn't for the dear children far away in blessed England—if it wasn't for them I'd never go back with you. No; I'd leave you in this very place. Yes; I'd go into a convent, for a lady on board told me there was plenty of 'em here. I'd go and be a nun for the rest of my days, and—I see nothing to laugh at, Mr. Caudle; that you should be shaking the bed-things up and down in that way. But you always laugh at people's feelings; I wish you'd only some yourself. I'd be a nun or a Sister of Charity. *Impossible?* Ha! Mr. Caudle, you don't know even now what I can be when my blood's up. You've trod upon the worm long enough; some day won't you be sorry for it?

"Now, none of your profane cryings out! You needn't talk about heaven in that profane way; I'm sure you're the last person who ought. What I say is this—your conduct at the custom-house was shameful—cruel! And in a foreign land, too! But you brought me here that I might be insulted; you'd no other reason for dragging me from England. Ha! let me once get home, Mr. Caudle, and you may wear your tongue out before you get me into outlandish places again. *What have you done?* There now? that's where you're so aggravating. You behave worse than any Turk to me—what? *You wish you were a Turk?* Well, I think that's a pretty wish before your lawful wife! Yes—a nice Turk you'd make, wouldn't you? Don't think it.

"*What have you done?* Well, it's a good thing I can't see you, for I'm sure you must blush. Done, indeed! Why, when the brutes searched my basket at the custom-house! *A regular thing, is it?* Then, if you knew that, why did you bring me here? No man who respected his wife would. And you could stand by, and see that fellow with the mustachios rummage my basket, and pull out my night-cap and rumple the borders, and—well! if you'd had the proper feelings of a husband your blood would have boiled again. But no! There you stood looking as mild as butter at the man, and never said a word; not when he crumpled my night-cap—it went to my heart like a stab—crumpled it as if it was any duster. I dare say if it had been Miss Prettyman's night-cap—oh, I don't care about your groaning—if it had been her night-cap, her hair-brush, her curl-papers, you'd have said something then. Oh, anybody with the spirit of a man would have spoken out if the fellow had had a thousand swords at his side. Well, all I know is this: if I'd have married somebody I could name, he wouldn't have suffered me to be treated in that way—not he!

"Now, don't hope to go to sleep, Mr. Caudle, and think to silence me in that manner. I know your art, but it won't do. It wasn't enough that my basket was turned topsy-turvy, but, before I knew it, they spun me into another room, and—How

could you help that? You never tried to help it. No; although it was a foreign land, and I don't speak French—not but what I know a good deal more of it than some people who give themselves airs about it—though I don't speak their nasty gibberish, still you let them take me away, and never cared how I was ever to find you again. In a strange country, too! But I've no doubt that's what you wished; yes, you'd have been glad enough to have got rid of me in that cowardly manner. If I could only know your secret thoughts, Caudle, that's what you've brought me here for—to lose me. And after the wife I've been to you!

"What are you crying out? *For mercy's sake?* Yes; a great deal you know about mercy! Else you'd never have suffered me to be twisted into that room. To be searched, indeed! As if I'd anything smuggled about me. Well, I will say it—after the way in which I've been used, if you'd the proper feelings of a man you wouldn't sleep again for six months. Well, I know there was nobody but women there; but that's nothing to do with it. I'm sure, if I'd been taken up for picking pockets they couldn't have used me worse. To be treated so—and 'specially by one's own sex!—it's *that* that aggravates me.

"And that's all that you can say? *What could you say?* Why, break open the door; I'm sure you must have heard my voice; you shall never make me believe you couldn't hear that. Whenever I shall sew the strings on again I can't tell. If they didn't turn me out like a ship in a storm I'm a sinner! You laughed! *You didn't laugh?* Don't tell me; you laugh when you don't know anything about it—but I do.

"And a pretty place you have brought me to. A most respectable place, I must say! Where the women walk about without any bonnets to their heads, and the fish-girls with their bare legs—well, you don't catch me eating any fish while I'm here. *Why not?* Why not—do you suppose I'd encourage people of that sort?

"What do you say? *Good-night?* It's no use your saying that—I can't go to sleep as soon as you can. Especially with a door that has such a lock as that to it. How do we know who may come in? What? *All the locks are bad in France?* The more shame for you to bring me to such a place, then. It only shows how you value me.

"Well, I dare say you are tired. *I* am! But then, see what I've gone through. Well, we won't quarrel in a barbarous country. We won't do that. Caudle, dear, what's the French for lace? I know it, only I forget it. The French for lace, love? What? *Dentelle?* Now, you're not deceiving me? *You never deceived me yet?* Oh, don't say that! There isn't a married man in this blessed world can put his hand upon his heart in bed and say that. French for lace, dear? Say it again. *Dentelle?* Ha! Dentelle! Good-night, dear. Dentelle! Dentelle!"

"I afterward," writes Caudle, "found out, to my cost, wherefore she inquired about lace. For she went out in the morning with the landlady to buy a veil, giving only four pounds for what she could have bought in England for forty shillings!"

THE TWENTY-SEVENTH LECTURE.

MRS. CAUDLE RETURNS TO HER NATIVE LAND—"UNMANLY CRUELTY" OF CAUDLE, WHO HAS REFUSED TO "SMUGGLE A FEW THINGS" FOR HER.

"There, it isn't often that I ask you to do anything for me, Mr. Caudle, goodness knows! and when I do I'm always refused, of course. Oh, yes! anybody but your own lawful wife. Every other husband aboard the boat could behave like a husband—but I was left to shift for myself. To be sure, that's nothing new; I always am. Every other man worthy to be called a man could smuggle a few things for his wife—but I might as well be alone in the world. Not one poor half dozen of silk stockings could you put in your hat for me; and everybody else was rolled in lace and I don't know what. Eh? What, Mr. Caudle? *What do I want with silk stockings?* Well! it's come to something now! There was a time, I believe, when I had a foot—yes, and an ankle too; but when a woman's once married she has nothing of the sort, of course. No, I'm *not* a cherub, Mr. Caudle; don't say that. I know very well what I am.

"I dare say, now, you'd have been delighted to smuggle for Miss Prettyman? Silk stockings become her! *You wish Miss Prettyman was in the moon?* Not you, Mr. Cau-

dle; that's only your art—your hypocrisy. A nice person, too, she'd be for the moon; it would be none the brighter for her being in it, I know. And when you saw the custom-house officers look at me, as though they were piercing me through, what was your conduct? Shameful! You twittered about and fidgeted and flushed up as if I really *was* a smuggler. *So I was?* What had that to do with it? It wasn't the part of a husband, I think, to fidget in that way and show it. *You couldn't help it?* Humph! And you call yourself a person of strong mind, I believe? One of the lords of the creation! Ha! ha! couldn't help it!

"But I may do all I can to save the money, and this is always my reward. Yes, Mr. Caudle, I shall save a great deal. *How much?* I sha'n't tell you; I know your meanness—you'd want to stop it out of the house allowance. No; it's nothing to you where I got the money from to buy so many things. The money was my own. Well, and if it was yours first that's nothing to do with it. No; I haven't saved it out of the puddings. But it's always the woman who saves who's despised. It's only your fine-lady wives who're properly thought of. If I was to ruin you, Caudle, then you'd think something of me.

"I sha'n't go to sleep. It's very well for you, who're no sooner in bed than you're fast as a church; but I can't sleep in that way. It's my mind keeps me awake. And, after all, I do feel so happy to-night, it's very hard I can't enjoy my thoughts. *No; I can't think in silence!* There's much enjoyment in that, to be sure! I've no doubt, now, you could listen to Miss Prettyman—oh, I don't care, I will speak! It was a little more than odd, I think, that she should be on the jetty when the boat came in. Ha! she'd been looking for you all the morning with a telescope, I've no doubt—she's bold enough for anything. And then how she sneered and giggled when she saw me, and said 'how fat I'd got'—like her impudence, I think. What? *Well she might?* But I know what she wanted; yes—she'd have liked to have had me searched. She laughed on purpose.

"I only wish I'd taken two of the dear girls with me. What things I could have stitched about 'em! No, I'm not ashamed of myself to make my innocent children smugglers—the more innocent they looked the better; but there you are, with what you call your principles again—as if it wasn't given to everybody by nature to smuggle. I'm sure of it—it's born with us. And nicely I've cheated 'em this day. Lace, and velvet, and silk stockings and other things—to say nothing of the tumblers and decanters. No; I didn't look as if I wanted a direction, for fear somebody should break me. That's another of what you call your jokes; but you should keep 'em for all those who like 'em. *I* don't.

"*What have I made, after all?* I've told you—you shall never, never know. Yes, I know you'd been fined a hundred pounds if they'd searched me; but I never meant that they should. I dare say you wouldn't smuggle—oh, no! you don't think it worth your while. You're quite a conjurer, you are, Caudle. Ha! ha! ha! *What am I laughing at?* Oh, you little know—such a clever creature! Ha! ha! Well, now, I'll tell you. I knew what an unaccomodating animal you were, so I made you smuggle whether or not. *How?* Why, when you were out at the *cafe'*, I got your great, rough coat, and if I didn't stitch ten yards of the best black velvet under the lining I'm a sinful woman! And to see how innocent you looked when the officers walked round and round you! It was a happy moment, Caudle, to see you!

"What do you call it? *A shameful trick—unworthy of a wife? I couldn't care much for you?* As if I didn't prove that by trusting you with ten yards of velvet. But I don't care what you say; I've saved everything—all but that beautiful English novel, that I've forgot the name of. And if they didn't take it out of my hand, and chopped it to bits like so much dog-meat. *Served me right?* And when I so seldom buy a book! No; I don't see how it served me right. If you can buy the same book in France for four shillings that people here have the impudence to ask more than a guinea for—well, if they *do* steal it that's their affair, not ours. As if there was anything in a book to steal!

"And now, Caudle, when are you going home? What? *Our time isn't up?* That's nothing to do with it. If we even lose a week's lodging—and we mayn't do that—we shall save it again in living. But you are such a man! Your home's the last place with you. I'm sure I don't get a wink of a night, thinking what may happen. Three fires last week; and any one might as well have been at our house as not. *No, they mightn't?* Well, you know what I mean—but you're such a man!

"I'm sure, too, we've had quite enough of this place. But there's no keeping you out of the libraries, Caudle. You're getting quite a gambler. And I don't think it's a nice

example to set your children, raffling as you do for French clocks and I don't know what. But that's not the worst; you never win anything. Oh, I forgot!—yes; a needle-case that, under my nose, you gave to Miss Prettyman. A nice thing for a married man to make presents: and to such a creature as that, too. A needle-case! I wonder whenever she has a needle in *her* hand!

"I know I shall feel ill with anxiety if I stop here. Nobody left in the house but that Mrs. Closepeg. And she is such a stupid woman. It was only last night that I dreamt I saw our cat quite a skeleton, and the canary stiff on it's back at the bottom of the cage. You know, Caudle, I'm never happy whem I'm away from home; and yet you will stay here. No; home's my comfort. I never want to stir over the threshold; and you know it. If thieves were to break in what could that Mrs. Closepeg do against 'em? And so, Caudle, you'll go home on Saturday? Our dear—dear home! On Saturday, Caudle?"

"What I answered," says Caudle, "I forget; but I know that on the Saturday we were once again shipped on board the 'Red Rover.'"

THE TWENTY-EIGHTH LECTURE.

MRS. CAUDLE HAS RETURNED HOME.—THE HOUSE (OF COURSE) "NOT FIT TO BE SEEN."—MR. CAUDLE, IN SELF-DEFENSE, TAKES A BOOK.

"After all, Caudle, it is something to get into one's own bed again. I *shall* sleep to-night. What? *You're glad of it?* That's like your sneering; I know what you mean. Of course; I never can think of making myself comfortable, but you wound my feelings. If you cared for your own bed, like any other man, you'd not have stayed out till this hour. Don't say that I drove you out of the house as soon as we came in it. I only just spoke about the dirt and the dust—but the fact is, you'd be happy in a pigsty! I thought I could have trusted that Mrs. Closepeg with untold gold; and did you only see the hearth-rug? When we left home there was a tiger in it; I should like to know who could make out the tiger now? Oh, it's very well for you to swear at the tiger, but swearing won't revive the rug again. Else you might swear.

"You could go out and make yourself comfortable at your club. You little know how many windows are broken. How many do you think? No; I sha'n't tell you to-morrow—you shall know now. I am sure! Talking about getting health at Margate! all my health went away directly I went into the kitchen. There's dear mother's china bowl cracked in two places. I could have sat down and cried when I saw it—a bowl I can recollect when I was a child. Eh? *I should have locked it up, then!* Yes; that's your feeling for anything of mine. I only wish it had been your punch-bowl; but, thank goodness! I think that's chipped.

"Well, you haven't answered about the windows—you can't guess how many? *You don't care?* Well, if nobody caught cold but you, it would be little matter. Six windows clean out, and three cracked! *You can't help it?* I should like to know where the money's to come from to mend 'em! They sha'n't be mended, that's all. Then you'll see how respectable the house will look. But I know very well what you think. Yes; you're glad of it. You think this will keep me at home—but I'll never stir out again. Then you can go to the seaside by yourself; then, perhaps, you can be happy with Miss Prettyman! Now, Caudle, if you knock the pillow with your fist in that way, I'll get up. It's very odd that I can't mention that person's name but you begin to fight the bolster, and do I don't know what. There must be something in it, or you wouldn't kick about so. A guilty conscience needs no—but you know what I mean.

"She wasn't coming to town for a week; and then, of a sudden, she'd had a letter. I dare say she had. And then, she said, it would be company for her to come with us. No doubt. She thought I should be ill again, and down in the cabin; but, with all her art, she does not know the depth of me—quite. Not but what I was ill; though, like a brute, you wouldn't see it.

"What do you say? *Good-night, love?* Yes; you can be very tender, I dare say—like all of your sex—to suit your own ends; but I can't go to sleep with my head full of the house. The fender in the parlor will never come to itself again. I haven't counted the

knives yet, but I've made up my mind that half of 'em are lost. No; I don't always think the worst; no, and I don't make myself unhappy before the time; but, of course, that's my thanks for caring about your property. If there are not spiders in the curtains, as big as nutmegs, I'm a wicked creature. Not a broom has the whole place seen since I've been away, But, as soon as I get up, won't I rummage the house out, that's all! I hadn't the heart to look at my pickles; but, for all I left the door locked, I'm sure the jars have been moved. Yes; you can swear at the pickles when you're in bed, but nobody makes more noise about 'em when you want 'em.

"I only hope they've been to the wine-cellar; then you may know what my feelings are. That poor cat, too!—What do you say? *You hate cats?* Yes, poor thing! because she's my favorite—that's it. If that cat could only speak—What? *It isn't necessary?* I don't know what you mean, Mr. Caudle; but if that cat could only speak, she'd tell me how she's been cheated. Poor thing! I know where the money's gone to that I left for her milk—I know. Why, what have you got there, Caudle? A book? What? *If you ar'n't a'lowed to sleep you'll read?* Well! now it is come to something! If that isn't insulting a wife, to bring a book to bed, I don't know what wedlock is. But you sha'n't read, Caudle; no, you sha'n't—not while I've strength to get up and put out a candle.

"And that's like your feelings! You can think a great deal of trumpery books—yes, you can't think too much of the stuff that's put into print—but, for what's real and true about you, why, you've the heart of a stone. I should like to know what that book's about. What? *Milton's 'Paradise Lost?'* I thought some rubbish of the sort—something to insult me. A nice book, I think, to read in bed; and a very respectable person he was who wrote it. *What do I know of him?* Much more than you think. A very pretty fellow, indeed, wit his six wives What? *He hadn't six—he'd only three?* That's nothing to do with it; but of course you'll take his part. Poor women! A nice time they had with him, I dare say! And I've no doubt, Mr. Caudle, you'd like to follow Mr. Milton's example; else you wouldn't read the stuff he wrote. But you don't use me as he treated the poor souls who married him! Poets, indeed! I'd make a law against any of 'em having wives except upon paper; for goodness help the dear creatures tied to them! Like innocent moths lured by a candle! Talking of candles, you don't know that the lamp in the passage is sp it to bits. I say you don't—do you hear me, Mr. Caudle? Won't you answer? Do you know where you are? What? *In the Garden of Eden?* Are you? Then you've no business there at this time of night."

"And, saying this," writes Caudle, "she scrambled from the bed and put out the light."

THE TWENTY-NINTH LECTURE.

MRS. CAUDLE THINKS "THE TIME HAS COME TO HAVE A COTTAGE OUT OF TOWN."

"Caudle, you ought to have had something nice to-night; for you're not well, love—I know you're not. Ha! that's like you men—so headstrong! You will have it that nothing ails you; but I can tell, Caudle. The eye of a wife—and such a wife as I've been to you—can at once see whether a husband's well or not. You've been turning like tallow all the week; and, what's more, you eat nothing now. It makes me melancholy to see you at a joint. I don't say anything at dinner, before the children; but I don't feel the less. No, no; you're not very well; and you're not as strong as a horse. Don't deceive yourself—nothing of the sort. No, and you don't eat as much as ever; if you do, you don't eat with a relish—I am sure of that. You can't deceive me there.

"I know what's killing you. It's the confinement; it's the bad air you breathe; it's the smoke of London. Oh, yes; I know your old excuse—you never found the air bad before. Perhaps not. But as people grow older, and get on in trade—and, after all, we've nothing to complain of, Caudle—London air always disagrees with 'em. Delicate health comes with money; I'm sure of it. What a color you had once, when you'd hardly a sixpence; and now look at you!

"Twould add thirty years to your life—and think what a blessing that would be to me; not that I shall live a tenth part of the time—thirty years, if you'd take a nice little house somewhere at Brixton. *You hate Brixton?* I must say it, Mr. Caudle, that's so like you; any place that's really genteel you can't abide. Now, Brixton and Baalam

Hill I think delightful. So select! There nobody visits nobody unless they're somebody. To say nothing of the delightful pews that make the churches so respectable!

However, do as you like. If you won't go to Brixton, what do you say to Clapham Common? Oh, that's a very fine story. Never tell me! No; you wouldn't be left alone, a Robinson Crusoe with wife and children, because you're in the retail way. What? *The retired wholesales never visit the retired retails at Clapham?* Ha! that's only your old sneering at the world, Mr. Caudle; but I don't believe it. And, after all, people should keep to their station, or what was this life made for? Suppose a tallow-merchant does keep himself above a tallow-chandler—I call it a proper pride. What? *You call it the aristocracy of fat?* I don't know what you mean by aristocracy; but I suppose it's only another of your dictionary words, that's hardly worth the finding out.

"What do you say to Hornsey, or Muswell Hill? Eh? *Too high?* What a man you are! Well then—Battersea? *Too low?* You're an aggravating creature, Caudle; you must own that! Hampstead, then? *Too cold?* Nonsense! it would brace you up like a drum, Caudle; and that's what you want. But you don't deserve anybody to think of your health, or your comforts either. There's some pretty spots, I'm told, about Fulham. Now, Mr. Caudle, I won't have you say a word against Fulham. That must be a sweet place—dry and healthy, and every comfort about it—else is it likely that a bishop would live there? Now, Caudle, none of your heathen principles—I won't hear 'em. I think what satisfies a bishop ought to content you; but the politics you learn at that club are dreadful. To hear you talk of bishops—well I only hope nothing will happen to you, for the sake of the dear children!

"A nice little house and a garden! I know it—I was born for a garden! There's something about it makes one feel so innocent. My heart, somehow, always opens and shuts at roses. And then what nice currant wine we could make! And, again, get 'em as fresh as you will, there's no radishes like your own radishes. They're ten times as sweet! What? *And twenty times as dear?* Yes, there you go! Anything that I fancy, you always bring up the expense.

"No, Mr. Caudle, I should not be tired of it in a month. I tell you I was made for the country. But here you've kept me—and much you've cared about my health—here you've kept me in this filthy London, so that I hardly know what grass is made of. Much you care for your wife and your family, to keep 'em here to be all smoked like bacon. I can see it—it's stopping the children's growth; they'll be dwarfs, and have their father to thank for it. If you'd the heart of a parent you couldn't bear to look at their white faces. Dear little Dick! he makes no breakfast. What? *He ate six slices this morning?* A pretty father you must be to count 'em. But that's nothing to what the dear child could do, if, like other children, he'd a fair chance.

"Ha! and when we could be so comfortable! But it's always the case—you never will be comfortable with me. How nice and fresh you'd come up to business every morning; and what pleasure 'twould be for me to put a tulip or a pink in your buttonhole, just, as I may say, to ticket you from the country.

"But then, Caudle, you never were like any other man! But I know why you won't leave London. Yes, I know. Then, you think, you couldn't go to your filthy club—that's it. Then you'd be obliged to be at home, like any other decent man. Whereas you might, if you liked, enjoy yourself under your own apple-tree, and I'm sure I should never say anything about your tobacco out of doors. My only wish is to make you happy, Caudle, and you won't let me do it.

"You don't speak, love. Shall I look about a house to-morrow? It will be a broken day with me, for I'm going out to have little pet's ears bored. What? *You won't have her ears bored?* And why not, I should like to know? *It's a barbarous, savage custom?* Oh, Mr. Caudle, the sooner you go away from the world, and live in a cave, the better! You're getting not fit for Christian society. What next? My ears were bored, and—— What? *And so are yours?* I know what you mean—but that's nothing to do with it. My ears, I say, were bored, and so were dear mother's, and grandmother's before her; and I suppose there were no more savages in our family than in yours, Mr. Caudle. Besides, why should little pet's ears go naked any more than any of her sisters'? They wear ear-rings; you never objected before. What? *You've learned better now?* Yes, that's all with your filthy politics again. You'd shake all the world up in a dice-box, if you'd your way; not that you care a pin about the world, only you'd like to get a better throw for yourself—that's all. But little pet *shall* be bored, and don't think to prevent it.

"I suppose she's to be married some day, as well as her sisters? And who'd look at

a girl without ear-rings, I should like to know? If you knew anything of the world you'd know what a nice diamond ear-ring will sometimes do—when one can get it—before this. But I know why you can't abide ear-rings now; Miss Prettyman doesn't wear 'em—she would, I've no doubt, if she could only get 'em. Yes; it's Miss Prettyman who——

"There, Caudle, now be quiet, and I'll say no more about pet's ears at present. We'll talk when you're reasonable. I don't want to put you out of temper, goodness knows! And so, love, about the cottage? What? *'Twill be so far from business?* But it needn't be far, dearest. Quite a nice distance; so that, on your late nights, you may always be at home, have your supper, get to bed, and all by eleven. Eh, sweet one?"

"I don't know what I answered," says Caudle, "but I know this: in less than a fortnight I found myself in a sort of a green bird-cage of a house, which my wife—gentle satirist—insisted upon calling 'The Turtle-Dovery.'"

THE THIRTIETH LECTURE.

MRS. CAUDLE COMPLAINS OF THE "TURTLE-DOVERY"—DISCOVERS BLACK BEETLES—THINKS IT "NOTHING BUT RIGHT" THAT CAUDLE SHOULD SET UP A CHAISE.

"You'd never have got me into this wilderness of a place, Mr. Caudle, if I'd only have thought what it was. Yes, that's all right; throw it in my teeth that it was my choice—that's manly, isn't it? When I saw the place the sun was out, and it looked beautiful—now it's quite another thing. No, Mr. Caudle; I don't expect you to command the sun—and if you talk about Joshua in that infidel way I'll leave the bed. No, sir; I don't expect the sun to be in your power—but that's nothing to do with it. I talk about one thing, and you always start another. But that's your art.

"I'm sure a woman might as well be buried alive as live here. In fact, I am buried alive; I feel it. I stood at the window three hours this blessed day, and saw nothing but the postman. No; it isn't a pity that I hadn't something better to do; I had plenty—but that's my business, Mr. Caudle. I suppose I'm to be mistress of my own house? If not, I'd better leave it.

"And the very first night we were here, you know it, the black beetles came into the kitchen. If the place didn't seem spread all over with a black cloth, I'm a story teller. What are you coughing at, Mr. Caudle? I see nothing to cough at. But that's your way of sneering. Millions of large, black beetles. And as the clock strikes eight, out they march. What? *They're very punctual?* I know that. I only wish other people were half as punctual: 'twould save other people's money and other people's peace of mind. You know I hate a black beetle! No; I don't hate so many things. But I do hate black beetles, as I hate ill treatment, Mr. Caudle. And now I have enough of both, goodness knows!

"Last night they came into the parlor. Of course, in a night or two, they'll walk up into the bedroom. They'll be here—regiments of 'em—on the quilt. But what do you care? Nothing of the sort ever touches you: but you know how they come to me; and that's why you're so quiet. A pleasant thing to have black beetles in one's bed! *Why don't I poison 'em?* A pretty matter, indeed, to have poison in the house! Much you must think of the dear children. A nice place, too, to be called the Turtle-Dovery? *Didn't I christen it myself?* I know that—but then I knew nothing of the black beetles. Besides, names of houses are for the world outside; not that anybody passes to see ours. Didn't Mrs. Digby insist on calling their new house 'Love-in-Idleness,' though everybody knew that the wretch Digby was always beating her? Still, when folks read 'Rose Cottage' on the wall, they seldom think of the lots of thorns that are inside. In this world, Mr. Caudle, names are sometimes quite as good as things.

"That cough again! You've got a cold, and you'll always be getting one—for you'll always be missing the omnibus as you did on Tuesday—and always be getting wet. No constitution can stand it, Caudle. You don't know what I felt when I heard it rain on Tuesday, and thought you might be in it. What? *I'm very good?* Yes, I trust so; I try to be so, Caudle? And so, dear, I've been thinking that we'd better keep a chaise. *You can't afford it, and you won't?* Don't tell me; I know you'd save money by it. I've been reckoning what you lay out in omnibuses; and if you'd a chaise of your own

—besides the gentility of the thing—you'd be money in pocket. And then again, how often I could go with you to town—and how, again, I could call for you when you liked to be a little late at the club, dear? Now, you're obliged to be hurried away—I know it—when, if you'd only have a carriage of your own, you could stay and enjoy yourself. And after your work you want some enjoyment. Of course, I can't expect you always to run home directly to me: and I don't, Caudle, and you know it.

"A nice, neat, elegant little chaise! What? *You'll think of it?* There's a love! You are a good creature, Caudle, and 'twill make me so happy to think you don't depend upon an omnibus. A sweet little carriage, with our arms beautifully painted on the panels. What? *Arms are rubbish; and you don't know that you have any?* Nonsense; to be sure you have—and if not, of course they're to be had for money. I wonder where Chalkpit's, the milkman's, arms came from? I suppose you can buy 'em at the same place. He used to drive a green cart; and now he's got a close yellow carriage, with two large tortoise-shell cats, with their whiskers as if dipt in cream, standing upon their hind legs upon each door, with a heap of Latin underneath. You may buy the carriage, if you please, Mr. Caudle, but unless your arms are there, you won't get me to enter it. Never! I'm not going to look less than Mrs. Chalkpit.

"Besides, if you haven't arms, I'm sure my family have, and a wife's arms are quite as good as a husband's. I'll write to-morrow to dear mother to know what we took for our family arms. What do you say? What? *A mangle in a stone-kitchen proper?* Mr. Caudle, you're always insulting my family—always: but you shall not put me out of temper to-night. Still, if you don't like our arms, find your own. I dare say you could have found 'em fast enough, if you'd married Miss Prettyman. Well, I will be quiet; and I won't mention that lady's name. A nice lady she is! I wonder how much she spends in paint! Now, don't I tell you I won't say a word more, and yet you will kick about.

"Well, we'll have the carriage and the family arms? No, I don't want the family legs, too. Don't be vulgar, Mr. Caudle. You might, perhaps, talk in that way before you'd money in the bank; but it doesn't become you now. The carriage and the family arms! We've a country-house as well as the Chalkpits; and though they praise their place for a little Paradise, I dare say they've quite as many black beetles as we have, and more, too. The place quite looks it.

"Our carriage and our arms! And you know, love, it won't cost much—next to nothing—to put a gold band about Sam's hat on a Sunday. No: I don't want a full-blown livery. At least, not just yet. I'm told the Chalkpits dress their boy on a Sunday like a dragon-fly; and I don't see why we shouldn't do what we like with our own Sam. Nevertheless, I'll be content with a gold band and a bit of pepper-and-salt. No: I shall not cry out for plush next; certainly not. But I will have a gold band, and—— *You won't; and I know it?* Oh, yes! that's another of your crotchets, Mr. Caudle; like nobody else—you don't love liveries. I suppose when people buy their sheets, or their table-cloths, or any other linen, they've a right to mark what they like upon it, haven't they? Well, then? You buy a servant, and you mark what you like upon him, and where's the difference? None, that I can see."

"Finally," writes Caudle, "I compromised for a gig; but Sam did not wear pepper-and-salt and a gold band."

THE THIRTY-FIRST LECTURE.

MRS. CAUDLE COMPLAINS VERY BITTERLY THAT MR. CAUDLE "HAS BROKEN HER CONFIDENCE."

"You'll catch me, Mr. Caudle, telling you anything again. Now, I don't want to have any no se: I don't wish you to put yourself in a passion. All I say is this: never again do I open my lips to you about anybody. No: if man and wife can't be one, why there's an end of everything. Oh, you know very well what I mean, Mr. Caudle; you've broken my confidence in the most shameful and heartless way, and I repeat it—I can never be again to you as I have been. No: the little charm—it wasn't much—that remained about married life is gone forever. Yes; the bloom's quite wiped off the plum now.

"Don't be such a hypocrite, Caudle; don't ask me what I mean! Mrs. Badgerly has been here—more like a fiend, I m sure, than a quiet woman. I haven't done trembling yet! You know the state of my nerves, too; you know—yes, sir, I *had* nerves when you married me; and I haven't just found 'em out. Well, you've something to answer for, I think. The Badgerlys are going to separate: she takes the girls, and he the boys, and all through you. How you can lay your head upon that pillow, and think of going to sleep, I can't tell. *What have you done?* Well, you have the face to ask the question. Done? You've broken my confidence, Mr. Caudle: you've taken advantage of my tenderness, my trust in you as a wife—the more fool I for my pains—and you've separated a happy couple forever. No; I'm not talking in the clouds; I'm talking in your bed, the more my misfortne.

"Now, Caudle—yes, I shall sit up in the bed if I choose; I'm not going to sleep till I have this properly explained; for Mrs. Badgerly sha'n't lay her separation at my door. You won't deny that you were at the club last night? No, bad as you are, Caudle—and though you're my husband, I can't think you a good man; I try to do, but I can't—bad as you are, you can't deny you were at the club. What? *You don't deny it?* That's what I say—you can't. And now, answer me this question. What did you say—before the whole world—of Mr. Badgerly's whiskers? There's nothing to laugh at, Caudle; if you'd seen that poor woman to-day, you'd have a heart of stone to laugh. What did you say of his whiskers? Didn't you tell everybody he dyed 'em? Didn't you hold the candle up to 'em, as you said, to show the purple? *To be sure you did?* Ha! people who break jokes never care about breaking hearts. Badgerly went home like a demon; called his wife a false woman; vow'd he never enter a bed again with her, and to show he was in earnest, slept all night upon the sofa. He said it was the dearest secret of his life; said she had told me: and that I had told you; and that's how it had come out. What did you say? *Badgerly was right? I did tell you?* I know I did: but when dear Mrs. Badgerly mentioned the matter to me and a few friends, as we were all laughing at tea together, quite in a confidential way—when she just spoke of her husband's whiskers, and how long he was over 'em every morning—of course, poor soul! she never thought it was to be talked of in the world again. Eh? *Then I had no right to tell you of it?* And that's the way I'm thanked for my confidence. Because I don't keep a secret from you, but show you, I may say, my naked soul, Caudle, that's how I'm rewarded. Poor Mrs. Badgerly—for all her hard words—after she went away, I'm sure my heart quite bled for her. What do you say, Mr. Caudle? *Serves her right—she should hold her tongue?* Yes; that's like your tyranny, you'd never let a poor woman speak. Eh—what, what, Mr. Caudle?

"That's a very fine speech, I dare say; and wives are very much obliged to you, only there's not a bit of truth in it. No, we women don't get together, and pick our husbands to pieces, just as sometimes mischievous little girls rip up their dolls. That's an old sentiment of yours, Mr. Caudle: but I'm sure you've no occasion to say it of me. I hear a good deal of other people's husbands, certainly; I can't shut my ears; I wish I could: but I never say anything about you—and I might, and you know it—and there's somebody else that knows it, too. No: I sit still and say nothing; what I have in my own bosom about you, Caudle, will be buried with me. But I know what you think of wives. I heard you talking to Mr. Prettyman, when you little thought I was listening, and you didn't know much what you were saying—I heard you. 'My dear Prettyman,' says you, 'when some women get to talking, they club all their husbands' faults together, just as children club their cakes and apples, to make a common feast for the whole set.' Eh? *You don't remember it?* But I do: and I remember, too, what brandy was left when Prettyman left. 'Twould be odd if you could remember much about it after that.

"And now you've gone and separated man and wife, and I'm to be blamed for it. You've not only carried misery into a family, but broken my confidence. You've proved to me that henceforth I'm not to trust you with anything, Mr. Caudle. No: I'll lock up whatever I know in my own breast—for now I find nobody—not even one's own husband, is to be relied upon. From this moment, I may look upon myself as a solitary woman. Now, it's no use your trying to go to sleep. What do you say? *You know that?* Very well. Now, I want to ask you one question more. Eh? *You want to ask me one?* Very well—go on—I'm not afraid to be catechised. I never dropped a syllable that as a wife I ought to have kept to myself—no, I'm not at all forgetting what I've said—and whatever you've got to ask me speak out at once. No—I don't want you to spare me; all I want of you is to speak. *You will speak?* Well then, do.

"What? *Who told people you'd a false front tooth?* And is that all? Well, I'm sure —as if the world couldn't see it. I know I did just mention it once, but then I thought everybody knew it—besides, I was aggravated to do it; yes, aggravated. I remember it was that very day, at Mrs. Badgerly's, when husbands' whiskers were brought up. Well, after we'd done with them, somebody said something about teeth. Whereupon, Miss Prettyman—a minx! she was born to destroy the peace of families—I know she was: she was there; and if I'd only known that such a creature was—no, I'm not rambling, and I'm coming to the tooth. To be sure, this is a great deal you've got against me—isn't it? Well, somebody spoke about teeth, when Miss Prettyman, with one of her insulting leers, said 'she thought Mr. Caudle had the whitest teeth she ever *had* beheld.' Of course my blood was up—every wife's would be; and I believe I might have said, 'Yes, they were well enough; but when a young lady so very much praised a married man's teeth, she perhaps didn't know that one of the front ones was an elephant's.' Like her impudence—I set *her* down for the rest of the evening. But I can see the humor you're in to-night. You only came to bed to quarrel, and I'm not going to indulge you. All I say is this: after the shameful mischief you've made at the Badgerly's, you'll never break my confidence again. Never—and now you know it."

Caudle hereupon writes: "And here she seemed inclined to sleep. Not for one moment did I think to prevent her.

THE THIRTY-SECOND LECTURE.

MRS. CAUDLE DISCOURSES OF MAIDS-OF-ALL-WORK AND MAIDS IN GENERAL.—MR. CAUDLE'S "INFAMOUS BEHAVIOR" TEN YEARS AGO.

"There now, it isn't my intention to say a word to-night, Mr. Caudle. No; I want to go to sleep if I can; for after what I've gone through to-day, and with the headache I've got—and if I haven't left my smelling-salts on the mantle-piece, on the right-hand corner just as you go into the room—nobody could miss it—I say, nobody could miss it—in a little green bottle, and—well, there you lie like a stone, and I might perish and you wouldn't move. Oh, my poor head! But it may open and shut, and what do you care?

"Yes, that's like your feeling—just. I want my salts, and you tell me there's nothing like being still for a headache. Indeed? But I'm not going to be still, so don't you think it. That's just how a woman's put upon. But I know your aggravation—I know your art. You think to keep me quiet about that minx Kitty—your favorite, sir! Upon my life, I'm not to discharge my own servant without—but she shall go. If I had to do all the work myself, she shouldn't stop under my roof. I see how she looks down upon me. I can see a great deal, Mr. Caudle, that I never choose to open my lips about—but I can't shut my eyes. Perhaps it would have been better for my peace of mind if I always could. Don't say that. I'm not a foolish woman, and I know very well what I'm saying. I suppose you think that I forgot *that* Rebecca? I know it's ten years ago that she lived with us—but what's that to do with it? Things ar'n't the less true for being old, I suppose. No; and your conduct, Mr. Caudle, at that time—if it was a hundred years ago—I should never forget it. What? *I shall always be the same silly woman?* I hope I shall—I trust I shall always have my eyes about me in my own house. Now, don't think of going to sleep, Caudle; because, as you've brought this up about that Rebecca, you shall hear me out. Well, I do wonder that you can name her! Eh? *You didn't name her?* That's nothing at all to do with it; for I know just as well what you think, as if you did. I suppose that you'll say you didn't drink a glass of wine to her? *Never?* So you said at the time, but I've thought of it for ten long years, and the more I've thought, the surer I am of it. And at that very time—if you please to recollect—at that very time little Jack was a baby. I shouldn't have so much cared but for that; but he was hardly running alone, when you nodded and drank a glass of wine to that creature. No; I'm not mad, and I'm not dreaming. I saw how you did it—and the hypocrisy made it worse and worse. I saw you: when the creature was just behind my chair, you took up a glass of wine, and saying to me, 'Margaret,' and then lifting up your eyes at the bold minx and saying, 'My dear,' as if you wanted me to believe that

you spoke only to me, when I could see you laugh at her behind me. And at that time little Jack wasn't on his feet. What do you say? *Heaven forgive me?* Ha! Mr. Caudle, it's you that ought to ask for that: I'm safe enough, I am; it's you who should ask to be forgiven.

"No, I wouldn't slander a saint—and I didn't take away the girl's character for nothing. I know she brought an action for what I said; and I know you had to pay damages for what you call my tongue—I well remember all that. And served you right; if you hadn't laughed at her it wouldn't have happened. But if you will make free with such people, of course you're to suffer for it. 'Twould have served you right if the lawyer's bill had been double. Damages, indeed! Not that anybody's tongue could have damaged her!

"And now, Mr. Caudle, you're the same man you were ten years ago. What? *You hope so?* The more shame for you. At your time of life, with all your children growing up about you, to—*What am I talking of?* I know very well; and so would you, if you had any conscience, which you haven't. When I say I shall discharge Kitty, you say she's a very good servant, and I sha'n't get a better. But I know why you think her good; you think her pretty, and that's enough for you; as if girls who work for their bread have any business to be pretty, which she isn't. Pretty servants, indeed! going mincing about with their fal-lal faces, as if even the flies would spoil 'em. But I know what a bad man you are—now, it's no use your denying it; for didn't I overhear you talking to Mr. Prettyman, and didn't you say that you couldn't bear to have ugly servants about you? I ask you—didn't you say that? *Perhaps you did?* You don't blush to confess it? If your principles, Mr. Caudle, ar'n't enough to make a woman's blood run cold!

"Oh, yes! you've talked that stuff again and again; and once I might have believed it; but I know a little more of you now. You like to see pretty servants, just as you like to see pretty statues, and pretty pictures, and pretty flowers, and anything in Nature that's pretty, just, as you say, for the eye to feed upon. Yes; I know your eyes—very well. I know what they were ten years ago; for shall I ever forget that glass of wine when little Jack was in my arms? I don't care if it was a thousand years ago, it's as fresh as yesterday, and I never will cease to talk of it. When you know me, how can you ask it?

"And now you insist upon keeping Kitty, when there's no having a bit of crockery for her? That girl would break the Bank of England—I know she would—if she was to put her hand upon it. But what's the whole set of blue China to her beautiful blue eyes? I know that's what you mean, though you don't say it.

"Oh, you needn't lie groaning there, for you don't think I shall ever forget Rebecca. Yes—it's very well for you to swear at Rebecca now—but you didn't swear at her then, Mr. Caudle, I know. 'Margaret, my dear!' Well, how can you have the face to look at me? *You don't look at me?* The more shame for you.

"I can only say that either Kitty leaves the house or I do. Which is it to be, Mr. Caudle? Eh? *You don't care? Both?* But you're not going to get rid of me in that manner, I can tell you. But for that trollop—now you may swear and rave as you like—*You don't intend to say a word more?* Very well; it's no matter what you say—her quarter's up on Tuesday, and go she shall. A soup-plate and a basin went yesterday.

"A soup-plate and a basin, and when I've a headache as I have, Mr. Caudle, tearing me to pieces! But I shall never be well in this world—never. A soup-plate and a basin!"

"She slept," writes Caudle, "and poor Kitty left on Tuesday."

THE THIRTY-THIRD LECTURE.

MRS. CAUDLE HAS DISCOVERED THAT MR. CAUDLE IS A RAILWAY DIRECTOR.

"When I took up the paper to-day, Caudle, you might have knocked me down with a feather! Now, don't be a hypocrite—you know what's the matter. And when you haven't a bed to lie upon, and are brought to sleep on coal-sacks—and then I can tell you, Mr. Caudle, you may sleep by yourself—then you'll know what's the matter. Now, I've seen your name, and don't deny it. Yes—the Eel-Pie Island Railway—and among

the Directors, Job Caudle, Esq., of the Turtle-Dovery, and—no I won't be quiet. It isn't often—goodness knows—that I speak; but seeing what I do, I won't be silent. *What do I see?* Why, there, Mr. Caudle, at the foot of the bed, I see all the blessed children in tatters—I see you in jail, and the carpets hung out at the windows.

"And now I know why you talk in your sleep about a broad and narrow gauge! I couldn't think what was on your mind—but now it's out. Ha! Mr. Caudle, there is something about a broad and narrow way that I wish you'd remember—but you've turned quite a heathen; yes, you think of nothing but money now. *Don't I like money?* To be sure I do; but then I like it when I'm certain of it; no risks for me. Yes, it's all very well to talk about fortunes made in no time; they're like shirts made in no time—it's ten to one if they hang long together.

"And now it's plain enough why you can't eat, or drink, or sleep, or do anything. All your mind's allotted into railways; for you shan't make me believe that Eel-Pie Island's the only one. Oh, no! I can see by the looks of you. Why, in a little time, if you haven't as many lines in your face as there are lines laid down! Every one of your features seem cut up—and all seem traveling from one another. Six months ago, Caudle, you hadn't a wrinkle; yes, you'd a cheek as smooth as any china, and now your face is like a map of England.

"At your time of life, too! You, who were for always going small and sure! You to make heads and tails of your money in that way! It's that stock-broker's dog at Flam Cottage—he's bitten you, I'm sure of it. You're not fit to manage your own property now; and I should be only acting the part of the good wife if I were to call in the mad-doctors.

"Well, I shall never know rest any more. There won't be a soul knock at the door after this that I shan't think it's the man coming to take possession. 'Twill be something for the Chalkpits to laugh at when we're sold up. I think I see 'm here, bidding for all our little articles of bigotry and virtue, and—what are you laughing at? *They're not bigotry and virtue; but bijouterie and vertu?* It's all the same, only you're never so happy as when you're taking me up.

"If I can tell what's to come to the world, I'm a sinner. Everybody's for turning their farthings into double sovereigns and cheating their neighbors of the balance. And you, too—you're beside yourself, Caudle—I'm sure of it. I've watched you when you thought me fast asleep. And then you've lain, and whispered, and whispered, then hugged yourself, and laughed at the bed-posts, as if you'd seen 'em turned to sovereign gold. I do believe that you sometimes think that the patch-work quilt is made of thousand-pound bank-notes.

"Well, when we're brought to the Union, then you'll find out your mistake. But it will be a poor satisfaction for me every night to tell you of it. What, Mr. Caudle? *They won't let me tell you of it?* And you call that 'some comfort?' And after the wife I've been to you! but now I recollect. I think I've heard you praise that Union before; though, like a fond fool as I've always been, I never once suspected the reason of it.

"And now, of course, day and night, you'll never be at home? No, you'll live and sleep at Eel-Pie Island! I shall be left alone with nothing but my thoughts, thinking when the broker will come, and you'll be with your brother director. I may slave and I may toil to save sixpences; and you'll be throwing away hundreds. And then the expensive tastes you've got. Nothing good enough for you now. I'm sure you sometimes think yourself King Solomon. But that comes of making money—if, indeed, you have made any—without earning it. No; I don't talk nonsense; people *can* make money without earning it. And when they do, why, it's like taking a lot of spirits at one draught; it gets into their head, and they don't know what they're about. And you're in that state now, Mr. Caudle; I'm sure of it, by the way of you. There's a tipsiness of the pocket as well as of the stomach—and you're in that condition at this very moment.

"Not that I'd so much mind—that is, if you *have* made money—if you'd stop at the Eel-Pie line. But I know what these things are; they're like treacle to flies; when men are well in 'em they can't get out of 'em; or if they do, it's often without a feather to fly with. No; if you've really made money by the Eel-Pie line, and will give it to me to take care of for our dear children, why, perhaps, love, I'll say no more of the matter. What? *Nonsense?* Yes, of course; I never ask you for money, but that's the word.

"And now, catch you stopping at the Eel-Pie line! Oh, no, I know your aggravat-

ing spirit. In a day or two I shall see another fine flourish in the paper, with a proposal for a branch from Eel-Pie Island to the Chelsea Bun-house. Give you a mile of rail, and—I know you men, you'll take a hundred. Well, if it didn't make me quiver to read that stuff in the paper—and your name to it! But I suppose it was Mr. Pettyman's work; for his precious name's among 'em. How you tell people 'that eel-pies are now become an essential element of civilization'—I learnt all the words by heart, that I might say 'em to you—'that the Eastern population of London are cut off from the blessings of such a necessary, and that by means of the projected line eel-pies will be brought home to the business and bosoms of Ratcliff highway, and the adjacent dependencies.' We I, when you men—lords of the creation, as you call yourselves—do get together to make up a company, or anything of that sort—is there any story-book can come up to you? And so you look solemnly in one another's faces, and never so much as moving the corners of your mouths, pick one another's pockets. No, I'm not using hard words, Mr. Caudle, but only the words that's proper.

"And this I *must* say. Whatever you've got, I'm none the better for it. You never give me any of your Eel-Pie shares. What do you say? *You will give me some?* Not I I'll have nothing to do with any wickedness of the kind. If, like any other husband, you choose to throw a heap of money into my lap—what? *You'll think of it? When the Eel-Pies go up?* Then I know what they're worth—they'll never fetch a farthing."

"She was suddenly silent," writes Caudle, "and I was sinking into sleep, when she elbowed me, and cried, 'Caudle, do you think they will be up to-morrow.'"

THE THIRTY-FOURTH LECTURE.

MRS. CAUDLE, SUSPECTING THAT MR. CAUDLE HAS MADE HIS WILL, IS "ONLY ANXIOUS AS A WIFE" TO KNOW ITS PROVISIONS.

"I always said you'd a strong mind when you liked, Caudle; and what you've just been doing proves it. Some people won't make a will, because they think they must die directly afterward. Now, you're above that, love, ar'n't you? Nonsense; you know very well what I mean. I know your will's made, for Scratcherly told me so. What? *You don't believe it?* Well, I'm sure! That's a pretty thing for a man to say to his wife. I know he's too much a man of business to talk; but I suppose there's a way of telling things without speaking them. And when I put the question to him, lawyer as he is, he hadn't the face to deny it.

"To be sure, it can be of no consequence to me whether your will is made or not. I shall not be alive, Mr. Caudle, to want anything; I shall be provided for a long time before your will is of any use. No, Mr. Caudle; I shan't survive you; and—though a woman's wrong to let her affections for a man be known, for then she's always taken advantage of—though I know it's foolish and weak to say so, still I don't want to survive you. How should I? No, no; don't say that; I'm not good for a hundred—I shan't see you out, and another husband too. What a cross idea, Caudle! To imagine I'd ever think of marrying again. No, no—never! What? *That's what we all say?* Not at all; quite the reverse. To me the very idea of such a thing is horrible, and always was. Yes, I know very well that some do marry again—but what they're made of, I'm sure I can't tell. Ugh!

"There are men who leave their property in such a way that their widows, to hold it, must keep widows. Now, if there is anything in the world that is mean and small, it is that. Don't you think so, too, Caudle? Why don't you speak, love? That's so like you! I never want a little, quiet, rational talk, but you want to go to sleep. But you never were like any other man! What? *How do I know?* There now—that's so like your aggravating way. I never open my lips upon a subject, but you try to put me off. I've no doubt when Miss Prettyman speaks you can answer her properly enough. There you are, again! Upon my life, it *is* odd; but I never can in the most innocent way mention that person's name that—— *Why can't I leave her alone?* I'm sure—with all my heart! Who wants to talk about her? I don't; only you always will say something that's certain to bring up her name.

"What was I saying, Caudle? Oh, about the way some men bind their widows. To my mind, there is nothing so little. When a man forbids his wife marrying again with-

losing what he leaves—it's what I call selfishness after death, mean to a degree! It's like taking his wife into the grave with him. Eh? *You never want to do that?* No, I'm sure of that, love; you're not the man to tie a woman up in that mean manner. A man who'd do that would have his widow burnt with him, if he could—just as those monsters, that call themselves men, do in the Indies.

"However, it's no matter to me how you've made your will; but it may be to your second wife. What? *I shall never give you a chance?* Ha! you don't know my constitution after all, Caudle. I'm not at all the woman I was. I say nothing about 'em, but very often you don't know my feelings. And as we're on the subject, dearest, I have only one favor to ask. When you marry again—now it's no use your saying that. After the comforts you've known of marriage—what are you sighing at, dear?—after the comforts you must marry again. Now don't foreswear yourself in that violent way, taking an oath that you know you must break—you could't help it, I'm sure of it; and I know you better than you know yourself. Well, all I ask is, love, because it's only for your sake, and it would make no difference to me then—how should it?—but all I ask is, don't marry Miss Pret—— There! there! I've done; I won't say another word about it but all I ask is, don't. After the way you've been thought of, and after the comforts you've been used to, Caudle, she wouldn't be the wife for you. Of course, I could then have no interest in the matter—you might marry the Queen of England, for what it would be to me then—I'm only anxious about you. Mind, Caudle, I'm not saying anything against her; not at all; but there's a flightiness in her manner—I dare say, poor thing, she means no harm, and it may be, as the saying is, only her manner, after all—still, there *is* a flightiness about her that, after what you've been used to, would make you very wretched. Now, if I may boast of anything Caudle, it is my propriety of manner the whole of my life. I know that wives who are very particular ar'n't thought as well of as those who're not—still, it's next to nothing to be virtuous if people don't seem so. And virtue, Caudle—no, I'm not going to preach about virtue, for I never do. No; and I don't go about with my virtue, like a child with a drum, making all sorts of noises with it. But I know your principles. I shall never forget what I once heard you say to Prettyman; and it's no excuse that you'd taken so much wine you didn't know what you were saying at the time; for wine brings out men's wickedness just as fire brings out spots of grease. *What did you say?* Why you said this: 'Virtue is a beautiful thing in women, when they don't make so much noise about it; but there's some women who think virtue was given to 'em as claws were given to cats'—yes, cats was the word—'to do nothing but scratch with.' That's what you said. *You don't recollect a syllable of it?* No, that's it; when you're in that dreadful state, you recollect nothing; but it's a good thing I do.

"But we won't talk of that, love—that's all over; I dare say you meant nothing. But I'm glad you agree with me, that the man who'd tie up his widow, not to marry again, is a mean man. It makes me happy that you have that confidence in me to say that. *You never said it?* That's nothing to do with it—you've just as good as said it. No; when a man leaves all his property to his wife without binding her hands from marrying again, he shows what a dependence he has upon her love. He proves to all the world what a wife she's been to him; and how, after his death, he knows she'll grieve for him. And then, of course, a second marriage never enters her head. But when she only keeps his money so long as she keeps a widow, why, she's aggravated to take another husband. I'm sure of it; many a poor woman has been driven into wedlock again, only because she was spited into it by her husband's will. It's only natural to suppose it. If I thought, Caudle, you could do such a thing, though it would break my heart to do it—yet, though you were dead and gone, I'd show you I'd a spirit, and marry again directly. Not but what it's ridiculous, my talking in such a way, as I shall go long before you; still, mark my words, and don't provoke me with any will of that sort, or I'd do it—as I'm a living woman in this bed to-night, I'd do it."

"I did not contradict her," says Caudle, "but suffered her to slumber in such assurance."

THE THIRTY-FIFTH LECTURE.

MRS. CAUDLE "HAS BEEN TOLD" THAT CAUDLE HAS "TAKEN TO PLAY" AT BILLIARDS.

"You're late to-night, dear. *It's not late?* Well, then, it isn't, that's all. Of course a woman can never tell when it's late. You were late on Tuesday, too; a little late on the Friday before; on the Wednesday before that—now, you needn't twist about in that manner; I'm not going to say anything—no; for I see it's now no use. Once, I own, it used to fret me when you staid out; but that's all over; you've now brought me to that state, Caudle—and it's your own fault, entirely, that I don't care whether you ever come home or not. I never thought that I could be brought to think so little of you; but you've done it; you've been treading on the worm for these twenty years, and it's turned at last.

"Now, I'm not going to quarrel; that's all over; I don't feel enough for you to quarrel with you—I don't, Caudle, as true as I'm in this bed. All I want of you is—any other man would speak to his wife, and not lie there like a log—all I want is this: just tell me where you were on Tuesday? You were not at dear mother's, though you know she's not well, and you know she thinks of leaving the dear children her money; but you never had any feeling for anybody belonging to me. And you were not at the Club; no, I know that. And you were not at any theatre. *How do I know?* Ha, Mr. Caudle! I only wish I didn't know. No; you were not at any of these places; but I know well enough where you were. *Then why do I ask, if I know?* That's it; just to prove what a hypocrite you are; just to show you that you can't deceive me.

"So, Mr. Caudle, you've turned billiard-player, sir. *Only once?* That's quite enough; you might as well play a thousand times; for you're a lost man, Caudle. Only once, indeed. I wonder if I was to say 'only once,' what you would say to me? But, of course, a man can do no wrong in anything.

"And you're a lord of creation, Mr. Caudle; and you can stay away from the comforts of your blessed fireside, and the society of your own wife and children—though, to be sure, you never thought anything of them—to push ivory balls about with a long stick upon a green table-cloth. What pleasure any man can take in such stuff must astonish any sensible woman. I pity you, Caudle!

'And you can go and do nothing but make 'cannons'—that's the gibberish they talk at billiards—when there's the manly and athletic game of cribbage, as my poor grandmother used to call it, at your own hearth. You can go into a billiard-room—you, a respectable tradesman, or as you set yourself up for one, for if the world knew all, there's but little respectability in you—you can go and play billiards with a set of creatures in mustachios, when you might take a nice, quiet hand with me at home. But no! anything but cribbage with your own wife.

"Caudle, it's all over now; you've gone to destruction. I never knew a man enter a billiard-room that he wasn't lost forever. There was my uncle Wardle; a better man never broke the bread of life; he took to billiards, and he didn't live with aunt a month afterward. *A lucky fellow?* And that's what you call a man who leaves his wife—a 'lucky fellow?' But, to be sure, what can I expect? We shall not be together long now; it's been some time coming, but at last we must separate; and the wife I've been to you!

"But I know who it is; it's that fiend, Prettyman. I *will* call him a fiend, and I'm by no means a foolish woman; you'd no more thought of billiards than a goose, if it hadn't been for him. Now, it's no use, Caudle, your telling me that you have only been once, and that you can't hit a ball anyhow—you'll soon get over all that; and then you'll never be home. You'll be a marked man, Caudle; yes, marked; there'll be something about you that'll be dreadful; for if I couldn't tell a billiard-player by his looks, I've no eyes, that's all. They all of them look as yellow as parchment, and wear mustachios—I suppose you'll let yours grow, now; though they'll be a good deal of trouble to come, I know that. Yes, they've all a yellow and sly look; just for all as if they were first-cousins to people that picked pockets. And that will be your case, Caudle; in six months the dear children won't know their own father.

"Well, if I know myself at all, I could have borne anything but billiards. The com-

panions you'll find! The captains that will be always borrowing fifty pounds of you; I tell you, Caudle, a billiard-room's a place where ruin of all sorts is made easy, I may say, to the lowest understanding—so you can't miss it. It's a chapel of ease for the devil to preach in—don't tell me not to be eloquent; I don't know what you mean, Mr. Caudle, and I shall be just as eloquent as I like. But I never can open my lips—and it isn't often, goodness knows!—that I'm not insulted.

"No, I won't be quiet on this matter; I won't, Caudle; on any other I wouldn't say a word—and you know it—if you didn't like it; but on this matter I *will* speak. I know you can't play at billiards; and never could learn—I dare say not; but that makes it all the worse, for look at the money you'll lose; see the ruin you'll be brought to. It's no use your telling me you'll not play—now you can't help it. And nicely you'll be eaten up. Don't talk to me; dear aunt told me all about it. The lots of fellows that go every day into billiard-rooms to get their dinners, just as a fox sneaks into a farm-yard to look about him for a fat goose—and they'll eat you up, Caudle; I know they will.

"Billiard balls, indeed! Well, in my time I've been over Woolwich Arsenal—you were something like a man then, for it was just before we were married—and then I saw all sorts of balls; mountains of 'em, to be shot away at churches, and into peopl 's peaceable habitations, breaking the china, and nobody knows what—I say, I've seen all these balls—well, I know I've said that before, but I choose to say it again—and there's not one of 'em, iron as they are, that could do half the mischief of a billiard ball. That's a ball, Caudle, that's gone through many a wife's heart, to say nothing of her children. And that's a ball that, night and day, you'll be destroying your family with. Don't tell me you'll not play! When once a man's given to it—as my poor aunt used to say—the devil's always tempting him with a ball, as he tempted Eve with an apple.

"I shall never think of being happy any more. No; that's quite out of the question. You'll be there every night—I know you will, better than you, so don't deny it—every night over that wicked green cloth. Green, indeed! It's red, crimson red, Caudle, if you could only properly see it—crimson red, with the hearts those balls have broken. Don't tell me not to be pathetic—I shall: as pathetic as it suits me. I suppose I may speak. However, I've done. It's all settled now. You're a billiard player, and I'm a wretched woman."

"I did not deny either position," writes Caudle, "and for this reason—I wanted to sleep."

THE LAST LECTURE.

MRS. CAUDLE HAS TAKEN COLD: THE TRAGEDY OF THIN SHOES.

"I'm not going to contradict you, Caudle; you may say what you like—but I think I ought to know my own feelings better than you. I don't wish to upbraid you, neither; I'm too ill for that; but it's not getting wet in thin shoes—oh, no! it's my mind, Caudle, my mind that's killing me. Oh, yes! gruel, indeed—you think gruel will cure a woman of anything; and you know, too, how I hate it. Gruel can't reach what I suffer—but, of course, nobody is ever ill but yourself. Well, I—I didn't mean to say that; but, when you talk in that way about thin shoes, a woman says, of course, what she doesn't mean—she can't help it. You're always going on about my shoes; when I think I'm the fittest judge of what becomes me best. I dare say—'twould be all the same to you if I put on plowman's boots; but I am not going to make a figure of my feet, I can tell you. I've never got cold with the shoes I've worn yet, and 'tisn't likely I should begin now.

"No, Caudle; I wouldn't wish to say anything to accuse you. No, goodness knows, I wouldn't make you uncomfortable for the world—but the cold I've got I got ten years ago. I have never said anything about it—but it has never left me. Yes; ten years ago, the day before yesterday. *How can I recollect it!* Oh, very well; women remember things you never think of—poor souls! they've good cause to do so. Ten years ago I was sitting up for you—there, now, I'm not going to say anything to vex you, only do let me speak—ten years ago I was waiting for you, and I fell asleep, and the fire went out, and when I awoke I found I was sitting right in the draught of the keyhole. That

was my death, Caudle; though don't let that make you uneasy, love; for I don't think you meant to do it.

"Ha! it's all very well for you to call it nonsense; and to lay your ill conduct upon my shoes. That's like a man—exactly. There never was a man yet that killed his wife who couldn't give a good reason for it. No; I don't mean to say that you've killed me—quite the reverse; still there's never been a day that I haven't felt that keyhole. What? *Why won't I have a doctor?* What's the use of a doctor? Why should I put you to expense? Besides, I dare say you'll do very well without me, Caudle: yes, after a very little time, you won't miss me much—no man ever does.

"Peggy tells me Miss Prettyman called to-day. *What of it?* Nothing, of course. Yes; I know she heard I was ill, and that's why she came. A little indecent, I think, Mr. Caudle; she might wait; I sha'n't be in her way long; she may soon have the key of the caddy, now.

"Ha! Mr. Caudle, what's the use of your calling me your dearest soul, now? Well, I do believe you. I dare say you do mean it: that is, I hope you do. Nevertheless, you can't expect I can lie quiet in this bed and think of that young woman—not, indeed, that she's near so young as she gives herself out. I bear no malice toward her, Caudle—not the least. Still, I don't think I could lie at peace in my grave if—well, I won't say anything more about her; but you know what I mean.

"I think dear mother would keep house beautifully for you, when I'm gone. Well, love, I won't talk in that way, if you desire it. Still, I know I've a dreadful cold; though I won't allow it for a minute to be the shoes—certainly not. I never would wear 'em thick, and you know it, and they never gave me cold yet. No, dearest Caudle, it's ten years ago that did it; not that I'll say a syllable of the matter to hurt you. I'd die first.

"Mother, you see, knows all your little ways; and you wouldn't get another wife to study you and pet up as I've done—a second wife never does; it isn't likely she should. And after all, we've been very happy. It hasn't been my fault, if we've had a word or two, for you couldn't help now and then being aggravating; nobody can help their tempers always—especially men. Still, we've been very happy—haven't we, Caudle?

"Good-night. Yes—this cold does tear me to pieces; but for all that, it isn't the shoes. God bless you, Caudle: no—it's *not* the shoes. I won't say it's the keyhole; but again I say, it's not the shoes. God bless you once more—but never say it's the shoes.

It can hardly, we think, be imagined that Mrs. Caudle, during her fatal illness, never mixed admonishment with soothing as before; but such fragmentary Lectures were, doubtless, considered by her disconsolate widower as having too touching, too solemn an import to be vulgarized by type. They were, however, printed on the heart of Caudle; for he never ceased to speak of the late partner of his bed but as either his "sainted creature," or "that angel now in heaven."

THE POSTSCRIPT.

Our duty of editorship is closed. We hope we have honestly fulfilled the task of selection from a large mass of papers. We could have presented to the female world a Lecture for Every Night in the Year. Yes—three hundred and sixty-five separate Lectures. We trust, however, that we have done enough. And if we have armed weak woman with even one argument in her unequal contest with that imperious creature, man—if we have awarded to a sex, as Mrs. Caudle herself was wont to declare, "put upon from the beginning," the slightest means of defense—if we have supplied a solitary text to meet any one of the manifold wrongs with which woman, in her household life, is continually pressed by her tyrannic task-master, man—we feel that we have only paid back one grain, hardly one, of that mountain of more than gold it is our felicity to owe her.

During the progress of these Lectures, it has very often pained us, and that excessively, to hear from unthinking, inexperienced men—bachelors of course—that every woman, no matter how divinely composed, has in her ichor-flowing veins one drop—"no bigger than a wren's eye"—of Caudle; that Eve herself may now and then have been guilty of a lecture, murmuring it balmily among the rose-leaves.

It may be so; still, be it our pride never to believe it.

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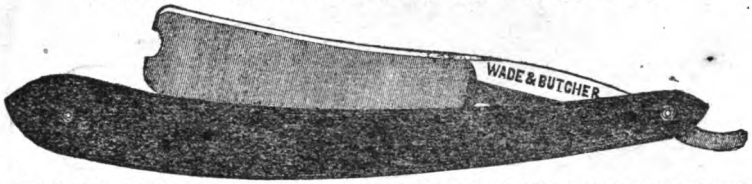

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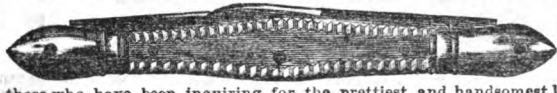

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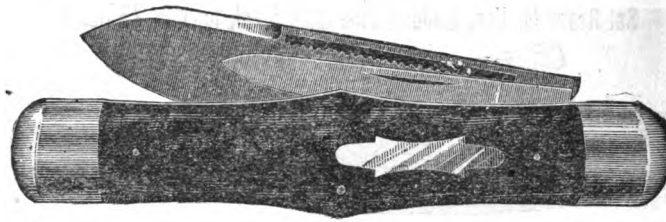

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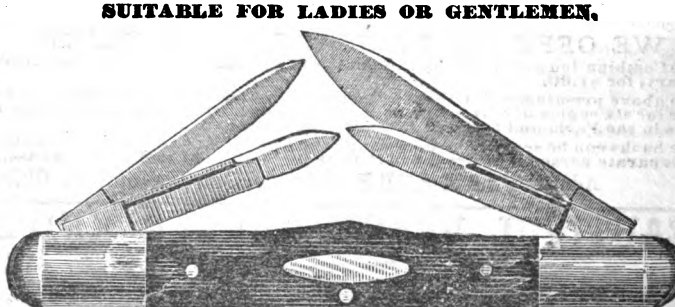

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