

GETTING INTO SOCIETY.

I AM a sociable person, with a strong affection for everything that tends to promote the easy and friendly intercourse of man with man, and a correspondent detestation for everything that impedes that intercourse, and dams up the social stream.

Now I speak after mature observation and long experience, when I say that what is likely to destroy nearly all society among English people, is an absurd mania called "getting into society."

This expression does not precisely imply, in those who use it and act up to it, a desire of increasing the number of their acquaintance, but a longing after people of condition and rank, to obtain a cold and stunted intercourse with whom they are ready to sacrifice all their former associates of their own class, and even the *friends* of their early life. It means, in short, that when by the possession of wealth, obtained by industry or good fortune, people might extend their own circle, and be the centre and support of such society as all their previous habits of life have suited them for, they are voluntarily to fly from it, and treat with scorn those with whom they might be of importance, and comfortable and happy, in order to seek admission in the skirts of fashionable life, and be the obscure satellites of those who will despise them for their renegation and obsequiousness, and *quizz* them for their ignorance and awkwardness in those conventional matters and observances they blindly worship without understanding. Though this malady is deeply seated in the hearts of my countrymen, I think, if I could relate with proper power and effect all the mystifications I have seen practised by what is called "high society," on persons of this description, if I could describe all the mortifications of vanity, and the gross deceptions I have seen this unhappy class exposed to in my time, I might effect, if not a general, a partial cure. Something, perhaps, I may do, even by the following "modern tale."

Mr. T. T—— was by birth a denizen of Manchester, and by trade a cotton-spinner. By the time he was forty-five years of age, what with constant application to business, good luck, and some mechanical ingenuity profitably employed in the machinery of his

factory, he had acquired very considerable property. He then kept a one-horse chaise, had a wife, two daughters, and a son. His hours of leisure, which were few, and only occurred after the regular labours of the day, he usually spent with a sort of club, composed of cotton-spinners like himself, and other persons in trade, at a neighbouring public-house. There, on account of his respectability and solidity, he was always received with good will and respect, which gradually became deference, as he continued to add his thousands to his thousands. Every member of the society rose when Mr. T. T—— entered, and no one ever sate on Mr. T. T——'s particular chair, which always occupied the best post in the room, at the head of the table, and comfortably near to the fire in winter. The talk was chiefly of cotton bales and cotton yarn, the variations of the home and foreign markets, with an occasional interlude of politics, foreign and domestic; and on each and all of these subjects, whenever he spoke, the company listened to Mr. T. T——, as to an oracle.

On the Sundays he was accustomed to entertain two or three of these friends—the dinner plain, substantial, abundant, and at "two o'clock precisely." For many years, Mr. T. T—— persevered in his exclusive attachment to home-brewed ale, with a glass or two of brandy and water with the pipes; but when he set up his one-horse chaise, port wine was introduced, and occasionally a bottle of sherry. At this time also, the parson of the parish became an occasional visiter, as did also the attorney, a man of some substance and importance, who lived in a red brick-faced house with twelve windows in front.

Mrs. T. T——, who had longed for the luxury of a chaise, many years before her prudent husband would incur the expense, a very few months after it was added to her establishment became equally anxious to have it converted into a four-wheeled carriage; but Mr. T. T—— would not hear of so ambitious and presumptuous an equipage, as long as he was in business. His eager wife would then have met him half way, and compromised the matter for a four-wheeled vehicle,

drawn by one horse, or what the French humorously call a "*demi-fortune*;" but here the pride of the honest cotton-spinner took up arms; he would have none of your betwixt-and-between shabby things—none of your half-and-half ones; no, not he. "But wait awhile, Mrs. T——," he would add with a chuckle, "until my plum has become two plums; then I will cut the shop, and drive you with four wheels and two horses! Aye, and with a footman behind you, Mrs. T——."

At length, when Mr. T—— was in the fiftieth year of his age, he attained this consummation of his wishes; and retiring from business with something more than two hundred thousand pounds sterling, set up his carriage, and converted one of his cotton spinners into a footman.

At this momentous epoch Mr. T—— junior had just returned from Geneva, whither he had been sent to finish an education, which, correctly speaking, had never been begun, and to correct, by acquiring French, the defects of his Lancashire accent and idiom. Miss T—— and Miss Tabitha T—— had also just finished their "polishing off," as Mrs. T—— termed it, at a fashionable *establishment* near London, and had returned to excite the envy and hatred of their less fortunate friends at Manchester.

Mr. T——, who had been for some time remiss in his attendance at the evening club, now, by the advice of Mrs. T——, did with it as he had done with his cotton mills, and cut it altogether. His vacant chair—the chair he had occupied so many years—was soon filled by another; and his old companions, with whom the happiest hours of his life had been passed, occasionally gave vent to their spleen by talking of purse-proud upstarts, and recalling the times when Mr. T——, who was a parish apprentice, and Mrs. T——, the bare-legged daughter of Sal Pace, "down street," who took in washing and mangling.

The T——s now dined at a tolerably fashionable late hour, to the no small discomfort of Mr. T—— senior, who from old habit found a great difficulty in disciplining his appetite and setting his stomach "to sixes and sevens." Hock, claret, and champaign now almost exiled port and sherry (which Mr. T—— had so often declared the only good, strong-bodied wines fit to be drunk by Englishmen,) from the table of the retired merchant, at which a cotton spinner was never seen; the parish priest and the lawyer were no longer considered the most conspicuous guests, but at which "the best society of the place," with an occasional dashing visiter from Liverpool and from Lon-

don, nay, now and then even some tip-top "county people," were *hospitably* entertained by the T. T——s.

The ambition of Mrs. T. T—— rose with her circumstances and success; and as she had before longed to convert her one-horse chaise into a carriage, so now her soul yearned to change the confined honours of a provincial and manufacturing town for the full-blown glory of the metropolis.

"Mr. T. T——," said she one morning, "we have got into the very best society of Manchester; but what's that? With our money, and the accomplishments of our dear girls, to say nothing of Tim, who speaks French that it's a pleasure to hear him, we may lift up our heads much higher; we may get into the society of Knights, Baronets, and Lords. And then our daughters—'tis time we think of husbands for them; who knows when they are once launched in the fashionable world—My dear T. T——, we must go to London, that's poz!" And accordingly, at the fashionable season, they went at the end of spring to winter in town.

One trifling mistake marred the pleasure of their first arrival. They knew that great and modish folks lived in squares, and had consequently written to have a house secured for them in one of the London squares. Now the old man of business to whom this commission was entrusted, and who had formerly been a sort of agent to Mr. T. T——, not being fully aware of the entire change of the worthy cotton-spinner's taste and habits, thought, of all the squares in London, Finsbury Square would be the best, as it was only "five minutes' walk from 'Change and Lloyd's Coffee House," and he had accordingly taken a tenement for the T——s, which commanded a fine view of Fore Street and the approaches to Old Bedlam, at the corner of the said square.

"Why, Mr. Potter, Mr. Potter," said the somewhat bulky Mrs. T. T——, as she followed the worthy agent into a dingy little drawing room, "I declare you have taken a house for us where there isn't room to swing a cat; but I suppose the neighbourhood is good." "O excellent, Ma'am; most respectable!" said the complacent man of business. "There's Lawson, the great wholesale grocer, lives next door; Tomkins, the wine-merchant, next to him; and Benjamin Levi, one of the greatest men on the Stock Exchange, just opposite; and * * * * *

"Mr. Potter," said Mrs. T. T——, interrupting him as soon as she recovered from the agony of her astonishment, "why what

are you talking about with your grocers, and vintners, and stock-jobbing Jews? We are come to London to spend ten thousand a year and to 'get into society'—where have you brought us?—Oh Mr. Potter, I fear there is some mistake here!"

"Are we near the court end of the town?" lispingly enquired Miss Tabitha T—"Why no, no, no, not exactly," responded the confused agent; "but you are only five minutes from 'Change, a pleasant walk from the docks, and—" "We have cut all them things, my old boy," cried Mr. T. T— junior, rather haughtily.

Mr. Potter's confusion rose more rapidly than he had ever seen stocks rise or fall, when T. T— senior took him aside and whispered goodnaturedly "Potter, you see times is changed; me and my wife and the young ones are now for getting into society, and foregathering with Lords, and them sort of top-sawyers, d'ye see; so you must get us a house in a more crack part of the town: that's all, man. And now let's have dinner!"

A day or two after, a house—in London parlance, a mansion,—was procured in one of these "unexceptionable" new, sprawling, open squares, west of St. James's, where the dwellers have the benefit of every wind that blows in bad weather, and of every ray of sunshine in the hot season; and here, when Mrs. T. T— had fixed a broad, glaring brass plate on the door, with her husband's name upon it, she sat down in tolerable content; but *intent* on making acquaintance with her neighbours, and "getting into high society." People with ten thousand a year to spend, in London as elsewhere, are pretty sure to find those who will assist them in spending it. The splendid equipages of the T. T—s soon attracted notice; and it was soon perceived that two unmarried and marriageable girls rolled about in them. Reports of their wealth got abroad; the bankers of the T— family were found out; and after proper enquiries had been made there, and satisfactorily answered by those go-betweens of Plutus, the bankers, several fashionable but poor young men of family, and several very fashionable and very poor men of no family, beset the carriage in the Park, and sought and found an introduction to the mansion. Each of these introduced some *married* friends or relations who might assist him in his schemes on the girls' fortunes; and thus in a very short time, not only was the house of the T. T—s crowded, but they were invited to houses more crowded still.

The heart-glowing of the Manchester ma-

tron may be conceived when, at the height of the season, she took up the Morning Post and found, among the fashionable intelligence, that T. T., Esquire, had the preceding day entertained at his splendid and hospitable mansion in — Square, Sir Harry and Lady Outcast, Sir John Hazard, Sir Windham Hard-up, the Dowager Lady Lynx, General Curry, Major Mess, and several other persons of fashion and distinction.

"Oh my dear T. T—," said she, laying down the paper over all the cups of tea and coffee, "only think of that now, my Squire!—Three Baronets, two Ladies, a General, and a Major! Oh!—" and she rubbed her ruddy hands and *sung* "Here we go up, up, up;" but suddenly stopping, she *said*, "But I wonder when we shall have a Lord—can't we get a Lord? I do so long for a Lord or two."

A brace of Lords were soon included in her list of visitors.

And were the T. T—s happy with all this? Let us see. T. T—, Senior, Esquire, 'spite of his appetite, which was always voracious at one, found himself obliged to dine at eight, and often to wait an hour for some loitering fashionable guest. Even at his own table, where they drank his rare wines and ate his costly viands with fashionable nonchalance, they would hardly deign to listen for a moment to his talk; and when he went out, instead of the ever-ready chair, as at the Manchester club room, and a deferential group listening with attention to his every word, he was fortunate if, outside of the crowded, stifling rooms, he could find a seat on the stairs, and escape hearing such remarks as, "I wonder who is that queer-looking red-faced man that nobody seems to know, and who has been walking about as if he were going to a funeral! Who can he be? What can have brought him here?"

Mrs. T. T—, though she bore them with more fortitude, had also her annoyances. She was so apt to express herself not only unfashionably, but ungrammatically and unintelligibly (for her guests), that she was obliged to hold her tongue, and sit at the end of her own table, in every way of less consequence to the party than the cook who had prepared the dinner beneath which it groaned; and when she went abroad to an *evening* party, scarcely commencing at *midnight*, and was stuck amidst attendant mothers, neglected and ill-humoured dowagers, and all that living "wall-fruit" which forms the sad outline to our festive circles, if she did not shut her ears even more closely than she did her

mouth, she was pretty sure to hear from those who did not know, or did not care for, her close relationship to the parties in question, caustic remarks on the tall, red-elbowed Manchester girls just brought out, who were twirling in the quadrille-like spinning jennies; and on the awkward, loose-limbed youth, who moved his legs as if they were both left legs, and his arms like the beam of his father's steam-engine. After all this, Mrs. T. T—— would say to herself, "Well! well! people cannot become fashionable, any more than they can become rich, all at once—Rome wasn't built in a day; my daughters will have fifty thousand pounds a piece, and we shall see!"

As to the pertnesses and annoyances to which my Lancashire witches were exposed, they are far too numerous to mention; but "a crowning" annoyance was, that at the end of the season only a Baronet, who had just come out of the King's Bench, had proposed for Miss T——; and a Captain of the Guards, who had forfeited his commission, and was found to have a mistress with three illegitimate "blessings," for Miss Tabitha. Still, however, they were on the right side of one and twenty—they had "got into society;" and who could tell but that a Lord a-piece, without debts, mistresses, or other incumbrances, might yet cast up for them. At all events, they could wait; they had "got into society;" and that was the great thing!

Nor was Mr. T. T——, junior, exempt from his crosses and vexations. As he, when driving in his cab, with a fashionable acquaintance by his side, would cut in the streets some old school-fellow or friend from Manchester or Liverpool; so would this said acquaintance, when with some person or persons of very high ton and delicate exclusiveness, cut Mr. T. T——, or, if obliged to give him a cool, distant nod of recognition, tell his companions that the young man was a lawyer's clerk. At a party when he would make up (as he called it) to some titled beau or arbiter of fashion, it was just even chances but the object of his attention had forgotten him.

"I think we have had the honour of your company to dinner."

"To dinner! Oh, yes! very likely, I think I once dined in Russell Square!" was the probable answer of the man of *ton*, who, before Mr. T. T—— junior could clench him with the name of the fashionable square where he really resided, would be in loud talk with another person, or at the other side of the room. He had, however, the family

consolation—he had "got into society;" he was the member of three clubs; he lost his money to lords, baronets, guardsmen, and men of the very best families, and had made moreover a notable discovery.

"I see how it all is," said he to himself; "the true secret of being fashionable is to be careless and impudent; and if I am not soon as impudent as the best of them, my name's not T. T——, that's all!"

His conclusion was perhaps right; but fashionable ease or impudence is not so easily learned! The very first attempt he made, not seeing the fine and almost invisible, but positive and scrupulous line, that separates it from insult, or coarse familiarity, he floundered most awkwardly into the latter extreme, and narrowly escaped a challenge.

Such was the state of the family of the T. T——s at the conclusion of their first fashionable season in London. They had forfeited their comfort, their independence, nay, almost their respectability, in order "to get into society." They might have been the first among people of their own class—they were the last in that into which they had insinuated themselves; and were exposed to the ridicule and contempt of many who, in the more solid and valuable qualities, were their inferiors.

Far be from me—an unimportant personage, floating between the East and the West ends of town—the suspicion that in detailing these domestic events I have had the intention (so common in our day among writers of fashionable novels, who never even hung upon the skirts of fashionable life) of caricaturing the low-born, or the mercantile class, upon whom so much of our national greatness depends; and of making them foils to the splendour and elegances of aristocracy and high society. Taking things at their true value, I appreciate a man like Mr. T. T——, who, by an improvement in machinery, had at once made his own fortune and added to the resources of his country, infinitely more than I do the inventor of the starched neckcloth, or any other individual (if such can exist) more fashionable even than was the great Brummell. But Mr. T. T—— ought to have kept himself in that circle where his merits could be known and valued:—when he entered fashionable life those advantages could be of no more use to him, than a fine gentleman's airs and graces would have been to the said fine gentleman in the construction of machinery, or in Mr. T. T——'s cotton mills. I might say more on this head—I might also offer some re-

marks in defence or extenuation of the usages of fashionable life, among the very worst part of which, persons like my Manchester friends are almost sure to fall; but I fear to be prosy, and have undertaken to write, not a treatise, but a tale.

Mr. T. T——, senior, had found a temporary oblivion to some fashionable impertinences he had suffered the preceding evening in a morning paper, and experienced an involuntary return of his old feelings and habits, and a lively interest (though, alas! he no longer either bought or sold) in the quotations of the Liverpool cotton market, and in the news that some good returns had been made from South America; and that “water-twist” was “looking up” at Smyrna; when Mrs. T. T——, laying down the Morning Post, where she had been reading the list of fashionable departures, suddenly exclaimed, “We’ve no country seat to go to—no villa on the coast; we must go the *tower*, my love, that’s *poz!*” “Go to the Tower, Mrs. T——,” said the good-natured husband, whose attention was still lingering on what he had been reading; “with all my heart. I’ll write a note to Potter, and he’ll give us a luncheon, and while I’m in the city I’ll just take a turn on ’Change; and as we’ve no top-sawyers to-day, we’ll bring Potter home with us, and for once in a way let’s have dinner at six!”

“Mr. T. T——, why what are you talking

(*To be continued.*)

about, with your luncheons, and city, and ’change; that’s not what I mean!”

“Ma’a means the grand tour, to go to Italy and Paris, and the baths on the Rhine,” drawled out Miss T. T——.

“To be sure I do, my love,” said the matron. “Every body goes to those parts now-a-days! Nobody’s nothing now that hasn’t been to Paris and them outlandish places; I believe all the fashionable world is going. See! here’s no less than three Lords, a dozen of Sir Johns, and the Lord knows who besides, off in this paper, besides a Duke and a Duchess as went yesterday! We must go, Mr. T. T——, that’s *poz!*”

“And then, ma’a, access to the very first society is so easy abroad to what it is at home! Mrs. Grandairs told me that at her conversaziones at Naples, she could on any evening muster fifteen or twenty Princes. Princes! ma’a, only think! And then all so moderate, and satisfied with a little music and ices, or a glass of iced *eau-sucrée*. It’s so cheap, Pa’a!” said Miss Tabitha.

“If it’s cheap, let’s go,” replied Mr. T. T——; “the interest of a couple of plums won’t do for the life we’ve been leading in London. We’ve overrun the constable!—If it’s cheap, let’s go!”

And accordingly the family of the T. T——s was a few days after in the list of the fashionable departures for the Continent.

LITERATURE OF THE MONTH.

Love and Pride. By the Author of “Sayings and Doings.”

THE prolific witty pen of Mr. Theodore Hook has here furnished us with three more volumes of very choice amusement. They contain two separate stories; the first, called “The Widow,” being illustrative of Love; and the second, called “Snowdon,” being illustrative of Pride.

The narratives are constructed with this first-rate novelist’s usual art—it would be injuring their effect on the reader to analyse them. Remarks, now caustic and satirical, now heart-searching, and all shewing the author’s profound knowledge of human nature, are liberally scattered through the pages. The characters introduced have all his peculiar distinctness and individuality: they stand strongly out, and *per se*; there is no mistaking them or mingling one with the other, and we are made to think

of them as of real acquaintances, or people we have met with in the world.

In the first tale, Twaddle Smith, a very respectable, rich, old, dull, prosy, good-natured, very selfish merchant, from the city, is admirably conceived. Then there is Twigg, the hero’s valet, who has *no* character whatever, except that which he brings from his last place; and (an excellent pendant to this) there is Miss Johnstone, my young lady’s young lady—the beau ideal of ladies’ maids!

In the second story, the lofty, arrogant, pompous Lord Snowdon, who is made to exemplify in a great variety of ways the old proverb, that “pride will have a fall,” is drawn with great force and effect.

These volumes contain even more than the author’s ordinary quantum of practical jokes and fun. A scene in an omnibus, and the breaking down of the said vehicle, with its Noah’s ark-like cargo, including the Most

GETTING INTO SOCIETY.

PART II.

How the T. T——s comported themselves at Paris, and how they got through France and Switzerland, I am unable to tell, for though I quitted England for Italy about the same time, I travelled by a different route, and lost sight of my friends for several months.

One morning as I was coming out of the Palazzo Pitti at Florence, I met a large party of English going in. Though a very patriotic person, both at home and abroad, I confess that, when abroad, I have a nervous dread of my wandering countrymen, and, indeed, of sight-seers in general.

With these feelings I just glanced my eye over the Florence party, and was going on, when I fancied I saw some faces that were familiar to me; I gazed again—there were two young women drest in the very extravagance of Parisian fashion, leaning on the arms of two bilious-looking foreigners, and a young man with bushy hair and thick moustaches, supporting an Italian-looking lady, whose rouge had been laid on without proper attention to day-light effect. “Why surely these are the T. T——s, improved by getting into foreign society,” thought I; but as they did not deign to notice me, I went my way, when, at a few yards from the Pitti palace, I met a stout couple trudging along out of breath, who set the matter beyond doubt.

“Hollo! my friend,” cried Mr. T. T——, sen., dropping his wife’s arm and advancing to me with open hand, “what, are you here among the signoras? Well! as my Tabithasays, in French, ‘mountains don’t meet, and men do,’ there’s nothing like travelling!—glad to see you though—glad to see you!” My friend was in his outer man much as I had last seen him—blue coat, brass buttons, white cravat, an immense bundle of gold seals, and keys, that might have served a Newgate-turnkey, the different extremities of his person being respectively covered by yellow do-skin gloves, shoes and white cotton stockings, and a broad-brimmed beaver. But oh his wife, the stately Mrs. T. T——, whose bulk had been in no sense decreased by foreign travel and diet! she was dressed in the same outrée Parisian style as her daughters, which looked as much more ridiculous on her, as the toilette of a slim frolicsome monkey would look on a fat and melancholy dancing bear. The change had also extended to her manners. I need not describe this moral change, but

when I say she interlarded her Lancashire English, with some half dozen words she took for French, it will be understood that her case was hopeless. Among the very first things she said, was,

“Oh Mr. what-you-call-um, we’ve got into such society—such nobbs as we see now-a-days. *Mong Dhu!* Princes and Princesses, Dukes and Duchesses! *mong foy!* and not the least pride and stiffness! There’s the Prince Borsasecca’s just borrowed our Tim’s shay, and his princess’ off to see the picters and statutes with our Tim, just as if he’d been a born prince, God bless him! and the gals has got a count a piece, *Mong Dhu!* All going to the Ambassador’s next week to hear a hoppera he has made himself—and he’s a lord into the bargain—s’pose we shall see you there, eh? *Bong jure! Bong jure!*”

Mr. T. T., however, was in no such hurry to part. “It’s all true as the leger, and for your government,” said he; “but there’s one thing that bothers me—I a’n’t up to the lingos of these mounseers, and sometimes wander all day and sit all night without catching the thread of the discourse.”

“That must rather interfere with social enjoyment,” said I.

“’Tis rather awkward—’tis, upon my soul,” continued Mr. T. T——and then looking at a beggar who had beset us, he added “Now you, who are a good *parlez-vow*, tell me what this nankeen faced chap’s talking about.”

“He’s calling you a lord and a most illustrious signor, and asking for a halfpenny,” I replied.

“Tip him a bob! tip him a bob, Mr. T. T——,” cried his wife, “It’s worth while travelling in Italy, if it’s only to be called a lord and ’lustrous senior by the beggars as one meets—you wouldn’t get so much from a London beggar for a guinea—no, nor for ten!” Mr. T. T——gave the eloquent beggar two *paoli*.

I was then going, but my friend was a great button-holder and held me fast.

“You must come and see us,” said he, “must come and see us—I can talk with you, you see,—we live in a house on first wharf t’other side of the bridge and”—

“A house, Mr. T. T——we lives in a palace—a whole palace—only think of that! a palace with marble stairs,”—said Mrs. T. T——.

"And, what's better," said my friend, "as 't'an't the fashion here to dine at supper time, we dine when the appetite says eat; and such spreads! though the beef's rather dry and I can't get a good boiled potato for love nor money—Will dine with us to day—to-morrow?—and d'ye hear, my love, let's have dinner at three precisely."

Having accepted his invitations for the next day, I at last liberated myself, and left Mr. and Mrs. T. T— to the enjoyment of the treasures of art contained in the Palazzo Pitti.

On the morrow at the appointed hour I was at the palazzo they occupied on the Arno. On passing the hall and ascending the marble stairs I was surprised to find the statues that decorated them all dressed out in kilts or petticoats. These were beautiful casts from the antique—from the Apollo Belvedere, the Venus de' Medici, the Hercules, the Flora, the Niobe, &c., but there they were, gods, goddesses, and semi-divinities, all clothed in calico!

In the saloon into which I was ushered other figures of the same sort, and some bronzes after Benvenuto Cellini and Giovanni di Bologna, were similarly travestied—a porcelain group of the time of Louis the Fourteenth, where a Diana in hoop and furbelow received the homage of an Endymion in a bag-wig and embroidered unmentionables, remained indeed as it was dressed by the artist—Several of the pictures were turned with their faces to the wall.

As I was gazing at these things and half guessing why they were so ridiculously disguised and concealed, in floated Mrs. T. T—with her *bong jure, bong jure!* She was followed by her husband with his hearty English "Glad to see ye! glad to see ye!"

Perhaps some surprise—perhaps a smile still lingered on my countenance as I looked round the room, for Mr. T. T— taking me aside, said, "You see how decent we have made our gods and goddesses, eh?—'Twas quite funny when we first came here to see such a parcel of naked chaps and lasses about one. Sally, and Tabby, and wife, have made them all right though, now, eh?"—then, turning to his wife "Love! where's the gals and Tim and the Counts? 'Tis three o'clock precisely, do let's have dinner!"

As Mrs. T. T— was begging for five minutes' grace, Miss T—, and Miss Tabitha T—, with mincing steps walked into the saloon. Mr. T. T—, jun. and the Counts were not many seconds after them. As Mr. T. T—, sen. presented me to these two *tiolati*, I started at a near view of the second—

I had seen him before, but where and how?— I soon remembered it had been some time before in another part of Italy, where he passed himself off as a Belgian, the Baron B—; committed acts of swindling that would have consigned him to the galleys had he been intercepted in his retreat; and left behind him, to pay the master of the hotel where he resided, a heavy trunk, containing an old coat, a worn out pair of boots, some volumes of indecent French songs, and a quantity of stones and rubbish wrapped up in brown paper. The rogue's memory was as good as mine; he started at seeing me there, but soon recovering his impudence, asked in a very kind manner how I had been since he had last the pleasure of seeing me—how were all our old friends at—? I might have answered, none the better for the loss of the money of which he had robbed them, I might have at once unmasked him—but would the T—s have believed such things of a Count who went to Ambassadors' houses?—and then I hate to make a scene! While weighing all this in my mind, a fat old Swiss, dressed out as a chasseur, opened the door with a "*Mataam, le tiner est servi,*" and Mr. T. T—, sen. saying with brightening countenance "Well, now let's have dinner!" to dinner we went. I will not describe the repast, nor the drive in the Cascine after, and the conversazione at the T. T—s after that, when a host of hungry penurious Florentines devoured the refreshments, found the music of the young ladies execrable, and, retiring from the party, talked of the whole family in a style decidedly Florentine—cold-blooded, and mildly and politely ironical.

The next morning I called upon Mr. T. T—, with the determination of giving him the advantage of my knowledge of the Baron Count, who, the preceding night, saw me fairly out of the house ere he would take his leave.

Part of the pain was spared me. The landlord of the hotel, where the adventurer resided at Florence, had been to complain that the Signor Conte had stolen out of his house during the night, and left Florence with post-horses, forgetting to pay his bill. At this terrific news, Miss Tabitha T—, to whom the ingenious *chevalier d'industrie* had declared the purest and most impassioned love, screamed and fainted; and Mr. T. T—, jun. confessed that, on the preceding evening only, he had lent fifty Napoleons to the Count who, by some unaccountable blunder of the post, had not received a remittance of a thousand.

When Mr. T. T—'s wrath had cooled to

the degree at which a man may be a listener, I told him all I knew about the fugitive Count, and added: "Let this be a lesson to you!—you will meet on your travels many such men. It will be a very good rule to go by, carefully to eschew the society of all moustached men."

"I will make that chap Tim cut off his moustaches this instant," roared out my patient, interrupting me—"Of all moustached men," I continued, "whether French, German, Russian, or Pole—but I should say, most particularly all those who stick Baron or Count before their names, and who are to be found every where impudently forcing themselves into society. They are, that is, a good number of them are, needy adventurers, gamblers, and unprincipled debauchees. I have known also more than one English travelling gentleman, who exercised the same mysteries, though of them you need not be so much afraid, as they are generally bad performers; and of those, I have known one blundered into the galleys at Genoa, another into the prison of the Castle Sant' Angelo at Rome. And also, Mr. T. T——, I would warn you not to take every Italian, who has, or assumes a title, for a person of consideration in society—titles were made almost as common in Italy, as 'esquires' are on the backs of English letters, by those who sought to degrade the old nobility of the country: but there is a nobility, which you will find, though not quite so proud, almost as inaccessible as our English aristocracy, and who, so far from associating with that host of little barons and counts, and marquises, nay, even princes, that you meet, scorn their pretensions to rank, and would not admit them beyond the servants' hall. These men, indeed, are not half so likely to wrong you as the foreigners I have pointed out; but if you think to get into high society through their means, you are mistaken, Mr. T. T——."

Having finished this unusually long harangue, and guessing that the family was in a state of too great tribulation and mortification to receive my compliments, I made my adieu to Mr. T. T——, and left Florence the next morning. I should relate, however, that, as I descended the stairs, I heard my friend muttering to himself: "The devil take this getting into society!"

I heard afterwards that Mrs. T. T—— was very severe upon me, for not having revealed what I knew about the Baron Count at the dinner, which might at least have saved her son his fifty Napoleons; but that she forgot all this misfortune a few nights after at Lord B——'s, the Ambassador's, where she found several other lords, and where Mr. T. T——,

jun. positively waltzed with a marchioness,—an Italian one.

At Florence, I had met my old Manchester friend going into the Palazzo Pitti: at Rome, and after several months, I met him coming out of the church of St. Peter's. It was a very sultry day; but his sight-seeing son and daughters had dragged him all over the vast fabric, down stairs and up, even to the cross above the dome. He issued from the portico as I approached it, wiping his brow with his handkerchief, and saying: "Well! I have seen St. Peter's, and, thank God, that's over!"

On first seeing me, he seemed to make an unpleasant sort of start—then he pulled off one of his yellow doe-skins, and approaching me with open hand, said, "Ah! what you here! glad to see ye—glad to see ye!—that was an awkward business at Florence—but we have met with no more such Counts, no indeed!—Dine with us to-day?—dinner at three precisely!"

While excusing myself, Mr. T. T——, jun., and his sisters came up. I thought they saluted me rather coldly; but certain people can never forgive you the misfortune of your having seen them make fools of themselves. Mrs. T. T—— was not of the party; she had gone to leave cards with the Suisse of the sister of a dethroned emperor. Miss T—— told me this, with a tone that would have given me to understand, that now they were getting into the very first society. A few nights after at a *petite soirée* in the house of this sister of the fallen emperor, I saw a caricature of the whole family of the T——'s, very ingeniously done by a young French artist, whom the princess patronised.

I saw nothing more of them at Rome, except a casual meeting at a mob, at the banker Torlonia's, who calls himself a duke, and nicely proportions his attentions to travellers, according to the amount of their letters of credit on his bank. The young people were as cool as ever, and Mrs. T. T—— had again forgotten my name; but all this changed, when that elegant and amiable man, the late Lord ——, entered the saloon, and soon after into familiar conversation with me. Then Mrs. T. T—— sidled up to me, asked me if I would not name the day when I would do them the honour of dining with them, and whether I was intimate with Lord ——, and whether I could not introduce the whole family to his Lordship.

Lord ——, who overheard all they said, as probably she intended he should, before the conclusion of her speech, rushed across the room, as though he had been shot, leaving me to decline the invitation and the introduction in the best manner I could.

The Carnival of Naples being more brilliant and much longer than that of Rome, the travellers who annually inundate Italy, go on to the former capital at that gay season. I had been there some days, when, in the midst of a host of English T. G——s, the family of the T. T——s made their entrance into the city of maccheroni and Punchinello. I saw them, the following Thursday afternoon, when they were enjoying, on the Corso, in the Toleda, the fun of the season, which mainly consists in pelting one another with sugar plums. So far there was no great harm, they were only as great fools as the rest of the crowd; but who can paint the excess of their absurdity, when, by a general pause in the long line of vehicles, their carriage was stopped under a balcony, where the King of Naples, *in propria persona*, was taking an active part in the sugar-plum warfare, pelting himself, and being pelted!

"It's the king! only think it's the king himself," shouted Mrs. T. T——, who had already got a Neapolitan marchese for her cicerone, "only see how well his gracious majesty shies!" At that instant the king, who probably took her rotundity of form for a good mark, threw, with all his might, a handful of sugar-plums, which hit her, and in several places harder than she could have wished. "Well now!" said she, wiping her tears from an eye which, the next morning, was black and blue, "this is something! to be pelted by a king! but Tim, give him a shy again, as the rest of 'em do!"

Obedying the maternal injunction, Mr. T. T—— jun., stood up in the carriage, and, from a tin tube, occasionally used for the purpose, discharged such a volley as made his gracious majesty put both hands to his face. It was too late, Mr. T. T——, jun., had hit him. This was in the time of old Ferdinand, who, like the poet Ovid, was nicknamed, from his nose, which was a very big one, and which he now rubbed in only tolerable good humour.

"Well done, well done us! Haw, haw, haw!" shouted Mrs. T——, "our Tim has touched him him off—hit a king's nose as I live! only think of that! would folks believe it in Manchester! Well, it's worth while travelling in Italy, if it's only to pelt a king with *bong-bongs*. Oh, if we could but be presented at court!"

Not many days after, I was one of a very numerous pic-nic party, at the lake of Fusaro, where people go to eat oysters and other fish, and to see the ruins of Baia and Cuma, in the neighbourhood. The English merchant on whom they had letters of credit, brought the

T. family, with some other T. G——s, to whom he had introduced them. I could see at once that the young people had imposed silence on their father and mother, lest their want of education should betray them, or lower them in the estimation of the gentlefolks to whom they had been so recently introduced.

These young people had somewhat improved in manners, and learned a few conventional phrases; and one of the first effects of that improvement was that they were ashamed of their parents!

While the fish were cooking, we walked over to Baia. Mr. T. T—— gossiped with me as we went; Mrs. T. T—— held her tongue as ordered, or only said "how beautiful! how grand! how pretty!" and every thing went off very well, until we were within the ruins of the Temple of Venus, when, as the peasant who acted as cicerone was climbing over a heap of stones, Mr. T. T——, who was close in his wake, turned round to his son, and bawled out, "Tim, that fellow's breeches are made of the very last striped velveteens I manufactured before leaving business!"

The rest of the family turned red, and then pale, but the nether man of the cicerone had struck a key-note in my Manchester friend, who, without heeding the consternation he had produced, followed the peasant to examine and to touch a sample of his last made piece of striped velveteens.

The stately family of travellers to whom their friend the merchant had introduced them, shunned the T——s from that unfortunate moment. They were the more sensitive on this head as they had themselves (as I afterwards learned) just retired from business in the wholesale salt-fish line, and were looking up, and "getting into good society."

In compliance with the earnest request of Mr. T. T——, and to show that what had occurred in the Temple of Venus did not influence me, I called the next day at his house in the Chiaja. Though not so numerous as at the palace at Florence with the marble stairs, there were some statues here, but not one of them had been clothed in either kilt or petticoat; and in the drawing-room I saw that not one of the pictures, though a copy of Titian's voluptuous Danae was among the number, had been turned with its face to the wall. "Oho!" thought I, "the T. T——s are certainly unmanchesterizing themselves." I thought so still more that evening at the opera of San Carlo, when I heard the young ladies critical on pirouettes and the mysteries of the ballet, and saw T. T——, jun., who, I

should mention, had *not* cut off his moustaches, making love, in a sly corner, to a notorious *figurante*.

A few days after, I could not avoid the infliction of a dinner which, unhappily for T. T—, sen., was at seven o'clock. Knowing his impatience on this head I was there in time, but only found, of all the guests invited, the respectable English merchant. Mrs. T. T— was in high spirits; she spoke of sundry visiting acquaintances they had made, and among others of Lady—— and Lady——, with whom they had gone shares for an opera box to the end of the Carnival. I was thunder-struck, and was going to give a hint, that, spite of their titles, these ladies were out of society, and were not respectable, but the merchant, who probably wanted to save the character of those recommended to his house, and who still more probably was piqued that his wife and daughter had not been invited, nor ever even called upon by the T. T—s, told her, without metaphor or periphrasis, that Lady——, after a scandalous trial, had been divorced; that Lady——, and a French Count, (but I cannot repeat what he said of this second personage); and, in fact, that for a female to be seen with either of them was to incur the sure loss of character, &c. "In *short*," said the honest merchant, finishing his long speech, "they are both so bad, that not even the Neapolitan ladies will associate with them!"

At this moment, a Neapolitan princess, with her four sons, entered the drawing-room, and put a stop to the conversation. Besides these grandees, the T. T—s had collected a Marchese, who held an inferior situation in the Neapolitan custom-house; la Signora Marchesina, his sposa; a poet; a fiddler, who called himself a cavaliere; and, spite of my salutary advice, a German Baron, and a Polish Count, whose name had defied the study of a whole week.

"Are we all here? are we all here? Tim count noses!" said Mr. T. T—, sen.

But we were not all there—an English parson, who for the benefit of his flock at home, had been living, with the exception of a flying visit now and then, seven years in Italy—the nephew of an English peer—had not yet arrived, and Mrs. T. T— could not think of beginning dinner until this mighty personage came.

He came at last, and then Mr. T. T— exclaimed joyfully, "Well, now let's have dinner."

After the sumptuous repast, as at Florence, there was a *conversazione*, but for one title

that the T. T—s had there, they had at least ten at Naples. There were Baroni and Baroncini, Conti and Contini, Marchesi and Marchesini, Duchi and Duchini, Principi and Principini, with a pretty fair number of feminine genders to ditto, besides a sprinkling of Cavalieri di Malta, &c. &c.—a very odd set, scarcely one of whom I had ever met in the really choice society of Naples.

Neapolitans are generally noisy, but the noise that these people made was astounding! "I never heard such a clatter and ding dong as this," said Mr. T. T—, turning up the whites of his eyes; "even in my factory, where I had three hundred, between men, women, and boys, and two steam-engines besides; and the worst of it is, I aint up to the lingo of these Mounseers, and can't catch the thread of the discourse!"

I very soon ran away with a headache. I had now such a dread of the T. T—s, that whenever I saw them at a distance, if it was in the streets, I ran into a shop; if on the Corso, or any where in the country, I galloped away as fast as my horse could carry me, lest they should ask me to dinner.

Though I deemed them incurable I sometimes asked after my friends. I learned that in consequence of their having been seen with the said ladies—the ambassador had confined his civilities to the returning of their cards.

Mrs. T. T—, I was told, had then said "Well, never mind, my loves! some people will give themselves airs to them that could buy 'em out and out, aye! and three times over! But we'll try the Counsel that we hav'n't called on yet, 'cause he's considered here as a man of business and can't go to court! Howsomever, he's a knight barren-knight, and may get us into very good society!"

From the Consul they got what they did from the Ambassador—some pieces of paste-board, and nothing more.

Their house continuing to be crowded by foreigners with whom neither husband nor wife could exchange a sentence, Mr. T. T—, in a fit of desperation, determined to cultivate the society of the English merchants of the place. Had he done so at first he might have found among them men of congenial habits, and indeed some men of good information and manners; but his family had slighted them and their wives, and he had been induced to take away his money business from the honest Englishman who had spoken so freely of their friends Lady—— and Lady

—, and to give it to the fashionable Swiss banker of Naples, whose wife and sons and daughters were in the very first society.

The English merchants would now have nothing to do with them, and seeing that the T. T—s were in their turn not merely slighted but shunned by Ambassador, Consul, and all their countrymen of any consequence, quoted the old proverb "between two stools, &c."

One morning at breakfast I was thinking, as I often did, how Mr. T. T— could get through the four and twenty hours, when just as I was finishing my last cup of iced coffee (for we were now in the dog days) unexpected and unannounced, and in a fearful state of agitation, in rushed my old acquaintance, saying "My dear sir—I'm a ruined man—I'm going clean to the devil! do give me a little advice!"

I bowed, and enquired with real interest what it was that so troubled him.

"What!" said he, "What! why my daughter Sally has gone off with one of them 'ere beggarly Hitalians! Whew! whew! my son Tim has been losing a thousand pounds—a cool thousand, sir! at the gambling rooms—and keeping a hopperer dancer besides—that's all! Whew! whew!—But man! do give me a little advice!"

I hinted that it was necessary I should have a clearer insight into particulars, before I could give my opinion. He then, with many a curse—*par parenthese*—told me all he knew.

Miss T. T—, it appeared, had eloped with a whiskered Neapolitan, her guitar-master, who, perhaps, had passed himself off as a Count suffering from political circumstances.

They had taken the road to Tuscany. Mr. T. T—, jun's case was not so hopeless, for his father had already broken his head, and stopped his credit at the banker's.

"But why don't you speak?" cried Mr. T. T—, as I sat musing.

"Mr. T. T—," said I, "I have already given you good advice, which was not taken, and I am not again anxious for the thankless office."

"If you don't tell me what to do," roared out T. T—, "I'll go like the Frenchman* they tell of here, and throw myself into the crater of the burning mountain yonder!"

* Not many years since an unhappy Frenchman really threw himself into one of the craters or mouths of Mount Vesuvius when in a state of eruption.

then, speaking more calmly, he added, "Come! come! by-gones are by-gones! 'tis spiteful to think o' the past—do give me a little advice, man!"

"Then, Mr. T. T—," said I, solemnly, "my advice is, in the first place, that you go down on your knees and thank God that things are no worse,—that instead of one daughter going off with an Italian guitar-master, both hadn't gone off with German Barons or Russian Counts; that your son, instead of keeping an opera dancer, hadn't married her, and instead of losing one thousand pounds he hadn't lost two; and lastly, on this head, that Mrs. T. T— herself has not taken a *cicisbeo*!"

"What sort of outlandish animal is that?" inquired Mr. T. T—

I whispered the plain English for the word into his ear.

"Whew! whew!" cried he; "but go on with your bit of advice—you haven't told me what to do."

"In the second place, Mr. T. T—," I continued, "I advise you not to think of following your daughter, which will be useless—but to give her twenty thousand pounds—no more, Mr. T. T— for too much money is apt to turn the heads of these Neapolitans who are accustomed to have so little. With twenty thousand pounds—or with half—nay a fourth of it, she may buy an estate, with the title of Count into the bargain, in any part of Tuscany, and —"

"Then my daughter may be a Countess after all, though she has married that tweedle dum chap?" said he.

"To be sure she may," said I.

"But curse me if I don't begin to hate all Counts and Barons, and the very name of them," said Mr. T. T—; "but have you no more advice to give me?"

"In the third place," said I, in conclusion, "send for your passports, order post-horses, turn off all your Neapolitan servants, and be gone. Don't let your daughter out of your sight, nor your son (make him cut off his moustaches!) have a Napoleon in his pocket until you have crossed the Alps—what do I say?—until you have crossed the British Channel. Get as quickly as you can to London, where, in spite of Irish fortune hunters, and younger brothers of Lords, you will be *rather* safer than on the continent."

"But sha'n't I be laughed 'at?" inquired Mr. T. T—

"Oh! do not fear that!—there are too many (*fools*, was the word in my mind)

persons in the same situation; and people in London have too many things to occupy them—to say nothing of the shortness of memory in fashionable society, to ——”

“I’ll hear nothing more about your getting into fashionable society,” cried Mr. T. T——, interrupting me. “I’ll go and buy an estate in Lancashire—I’ll rear prize cattle, and fatten pigs, and look after my old friends—I’ll be off to-morrow morning.”

While he was speaking he drew on both his yellow doe-skins, and when he had finished, he pulled one off, shook me heartily by the hand, declaring I was the only sensible man he had met since he left Manchester, and inviting me to come and see him whenever I returned to England, and promising me a dinner “at three precisely,” he ran away to prepare for his departure.

The next day I saw a large “*Siloca*”^{*} on the house he had occupied.

I learned some time after, that the T.

* To Let.

T——s had reached home in safety, and had retired to a snug country-house at a comfortable visiting distance from Manchester; that Mrs. T. T—— occasionally astonished her guests with accounts of fashionable life and of her foreign travels, but that Mr. T. T——, whenever the subject was started before him, invariably said “D—n abroad! I have been and can’t say that I much like it!”

P. S.—I have also ascertained that my advice was followed with respect to the pecuniary provision for Miss T. T——, that that lady and her husband bought an estate and a title in Tuscany, and that the Signor Count behaved tolerably well to his wife, never showing any ill humour except at the sight of a guitar.

“Mrs. T. T——,” wrote my informant, “always styles her absent daughter ‘The Countess,’ which has a wonderful and imposing effect on all who do not know that her husband had been a music-master, and the title purchased with money earned in a Manchester cotton factory.”

THE GUILTY MONK.

I.

I stood at eve within the dell
Where Netley Abbey stands,
And lo! methought the vesper bell
Was tolled by human hands;
While in the chapel flocked to pray
The pious monkish throng:
Some faint and feeble—old and grey—
And others stout and young.

II.

I laughed, and said, ’tis all a dream,
But lo! it came again;
And still I heard the vesper hymn,
And saw the holy men;
Where deeply tinged with gorgeous stains
The sun’s expiring ray,
Fell faint and dim through pictured panes
On those who knelt to pray.

III.

The worship ceased—the aisle was hushed—
The monks to supper passed,
With quicker steps the young ones pushed,
The old went limping last.

They reached the hall—the fare was good:
They all knew how to sup—
Save one who scarcely tasted food,
And always passed the cup.

VI.

He was not young; he was not old;
His hair was hardly grey,
But furrowed deep, his forehead told
Of manhood wept away;
On earth he bent his mournful eye,
His words were few and brief,
And oft some deep convulsive sigh
Betrayed his secret grief.

V.

The fare despatched—the flagon quaffed—
The frugal meal was done,
And though th’ ascetics never laughed
They all looked ripe for fun;
But ah! the vows, or worse—the walls,
Repress the thoughts that swell—
“Brothers, to rest!” the Abbot calls—
Each slowly seeks his cell.