

upon peal, whooping and screeching enough to frighten the evening silents.

DEUCEACE turned round. I see his face now—the face of a devvle of hell! Fust, he lookt towards the carridge, and pinto to it with his maimed arm; then he raised the other, and struck *she woman by his side*. She fell, screaming.

Poor thing! Poor thing!



## MR. YELLOWPLUSH'S AꝒEW.

THE end of Mr. Deuceace's history is going to be the end of my corrispondince. I wish the public was as sory to part with me as I am with the public; becaws I fancy reely that we've become frends, and feal for my part a becoming greaf at saying aꝒew.

It's imposbill for me to continyow, however, a-writin, as I have done—violetting the rules of authography, and trampling upon the fust princepills of English grammar. When I began, I knew no better: when I'd carrid on these papers a little further, and grew accustmd to writin, I began to smel out somethink quear in my style. Within the last sex weaks I have been learning to spell: and when all the world was rejoicing at the festivvaties of our youthful Quean\*—when all i's were fixt upon her long sweet of ambasdors and princes, following the splendid carridge of Marshle the Duke of Damlatiar, and blinking at the pearls and dimince of Prince Oystereasy—Yellowplush was in his loanly pantry—*his* eyes were fixt upon the spelling-book—his heart was bent upon mastring the diffickleties of the littery professhn. I have been, in fact, *convertid*.

You shall here how. Ours, you know, is a Wig house; and ever sins his third son has got a place in the Treasury, his seeknd a captingsy in the Guards, his fust, the secretary of embassy at Pekin, with a prospick of being appointed ambasdor at Loo Choo—ever sins master's sons have reseaved these attentions, and master himself has had the promis of a pearitch, he has been the most reglar, consistnt, honrable Libbaral, in or out of the House of Commins.

Well, being a Whig, it's the fashn, as you know, to reseave littery pipple; and accordingly, at dinner, tother day, whose name do you think I had to hollar out on the fust landing-place about a wick ago? After several dukes and markises had been

\* This was written in 1838.



enounced, a very gentell fly drives up to our doar, and out steps two gentlemen. One was pail, and wor spektickles, a wig, and a white neckcloth. The other was slim, with a hook nose, a pail fase, a small waist, a pare of falling shoulders, a tight coat, and a catarack of black satting tumbling out of his busm, and falling into a gilt velvet weskit. The little genlmm settled his wigg, and pulled out his ribbins; the younger one fluffed the dust of his shoos, looked at his wiskers in a little pockit-glas, settled his crevatt; and they both mounted upstairs.



"What name, sir?" says I, to the old genlmm.  
 "Name!—a! now, you thief o' the wurld," says he, "do you pretend nat to know *me*? Say it's the Cabinet Cyclopa—no, I mane the Litherary Chran—psha!—bluthanowns!—say it's DOCTOR DIOCESIAN LARNER—I think he'll know me now—ay, Nid?" But the genlmm called Nid was at the botm of the stare, and pretended to be very busy with his shoo-string. So the little genlmm went upstares alone.

"DOCTOR DIOLESIUS LARNER!" says I.  
 "DOCTOR ATHANASIVS LARDNER!" says Greville Fitz-Roy, our secknd footman, on the fust landing-place.

"Doctor Ignatius Loyola!" says the groom of the chambers, who pretends to be a schollar; and in the little genlmm went. When safely housed, the other chap came; and when I asked him his name, said, in a thick, gobbling kind of voice,—

"Sawedwadgeorgeearlittbulwig."

"Sir what?" says I, quite agast at the name.

"Sawedwad—no, I mean *Mistawedwad* Lyttm Bulwig."

My neas trembled under me, my i's fild with tiers, my voice shook, as I past up the venrabbable name to the other footman, and saw this fust of English writers go up to the drawing-room!

It's needless to mention the names of the rest of the compny, or to dixcribe the suckmstansies of the dinner. Suffiz to say that the two littery genlmm behaved very well, and seemed to have good appytights; igspecially the little Irishman in the whig, who et, drunk, and talked as much as  $\frac{1}{2}$  a duzn. He told how he'd been presented at cort by his friend, Mr. Bulwig, and how the Quean had received 'em both, with a dignity undigscribable; and how her blessid Majisty asked what was the bony fidy sale of the Cabinit Cyclopædy, and how he (Doctor Larner) told her that, on his honner, it was under ten thowsnd.

You may guess that the Doctor, when he made this speach, was pretty far gone. The fact is, that whether it was the coronation, or the goodness of the wine (cappitle it is in our house, *I* can tell you), or the natral propensaties of the gests assembled, which made them so igspecially jolly, I don't know; but they had kep up the meating pretty late, and our poar butler was quite tired with the perpechual baskits of clarrit which he'd been called upon to bring up. So that about 11 o'clock, if I were to say they were merry, I should use a mild term; if I wer to say they were intawsicated, I should use an igspresshn more near to the truth, but less rispeckful in one of my situashn.

The compny reseaved this annountsmint with mute extonishment.

"Pray, Doctor Larnder," says a spiteful genlmm, willing to keep up the littery conversation, "what is the Cabinet Cyclopaedia?"

"It's the lithterary wonherr of the wurld," says he; "and



sure your Lordship must have seen it; the latter numbers especially—cheap as durrt, bound in gleezed calico, six shillings a vollum. The illustrious neems of Walther Scott, Thomas Moore, Docther Southey, Sir James Mackintosh, Docther Donovan, and meself, are to be found in the list of conthributors. It's the Phaynix of Cyclopajies—a lithery Bacon."

"A what?" says the genlmm nex to him.

"A Bacon, shining in the darkness of our age; fild wid the pure end lambent flame of science, burning with the gorgeouse scintillations of divine litherature—a *monumintum* in fact, *are perinnius*, bound in pink calico, six shillings a vollum."

"This wigmawole," said Mr. Bulwig (who seemed rather disgusted that his friend should take up so much of the convassation), "this wigmawole is all vevy well; but it's cwicious that you don't wemember, in chawacterwising the litewawy mewits of the vavious magazines, cwonicles, wewiews, and encyclopædias, the existence of a cwitical wewiew and litewawy chwonicle, which, though the æwa of its appeawance is dated only at a vevy few months pwevious to the pwesent pewiod, is, nevertheless, so wemarkable for its intwinsic mewits as to be wead, not in the metwopolis alone, but in the countwy—not in Fwance merely, but in the west of Ewowepe—whewever our pure Wenglish is spoken, it stwetches its peaceful sceptre—pewused in Amewica, frow New York to Niagawa—wepwinted in Canada, from Montweal to Towonto—and, as I am gwatified to hear frow my fwend the governor of Cape Coast Castle, wegularly weceived in Afwica, and twanslated into the Mandingo language by the missionawies and the bushwangers. I need not say, gentlemen—sir—that is, Mr. Speaker—I mean, Sir John—that I allude to the Litewawy Chwonicle, of which I have the honour to be pwincipal contwibutor."

"Very true, my dear Mr. Bullwig," says my master: "you and I being Whigs, must of course stand by our own friends; and I will agree, without a moment's hesitation, that the Literary what-d'ye-call-'em is the prince of periodicals."

"The Pwince of pewiodicals?" says Bullwig; "my dear Sir John, it's the empewow of the pwess."

"Soit,—let it be the emperor of the press, as you poetically call it: but, between ourselves, confess it,—Do not the Tory writers beat your Whigs hollow? You talk about magazines. Look at"—

"Look at hwat?" shouts out Larder. "There's none, Sir Jan, compared to ourrs."

"Pardon me, I think that"—

"Is it 'Bentley's Mislany' you mane?" says Ignatius, as sharp as a niddle.

"Why, no; but"—

"O thin, it's Co'burn, sure; and that divvle Thayodor—a pretty paper, sir, but light—thrashy, milk-and-wathery—not sthrong, like the Lithery Chran—good luck to it."

"Why, Doctor Larder, I was going to tell at once the name of the periodical,—it is FRASER'S MAGAZINE."

"FRASER!" says the Doctor. "O thunder and turf!"

"FWASER!" says Bullwig. "O—ah—hum—haw—yes—no—why,—that is, weally—no, weally, upon my weputation, I never before heard the name of the pewiodical. By-the-bye, Sir John, what wemarkable good clawet this is; is it Lawose or Laff"—

Laff, indeed! he cooden git beyond laff; and I'm blest if I could kip it neither,—for hearing him pretend ignurnts, and being behind the skreend, settlin sumthink for the genlmm, I bust into such a raw of laffing as never was igseeded.

"Hullo!" says Bullwig, turning red. "Have I said anything impwobable aw widiculous? for, weally, I never befaw wecollect to have heard in society such a twemendous peal of cachinnation—that which the twagic bard who fought at Mawathon has called an *anewithmon gelasma*."

"Why, be the holy piper," says Larder, "I think you are dthrawing a little on your imagination. Not read *Fraser!* Don't believe him, my Lord Duke; he reads every word of it, the rogue! The boys about that magazine baste him as if he was a sack of oatmale. My reason for crying out, Sir Jan, was because you mitioned *Fraser* at all. Bullwig has every syllable of it be heart—from the paillitix down to the 'Yellowplush Correspondence.'"

"Ha, ha!" says Bullwig, affecting to laff (you may be sure my years prick up when I heard the name of the "Yellowplush Correspondence"). "Ha, ha! why, to tell twuth, I *have* wead the cowespondence to which you allude: it's a gweat favowite at Court. I was talking with Spwing Wice and John Wussell about it the other day."

"Well, and what do you think of it?" says Sir John, looking mity waggish—for he knew it was me who roat it.



"Why, weally and twuly, there's considewable cleverness about the cweature; but it's low, disgustingly low: it violates pwobability, and the orthogwaphy is so carefully inaccurate, that it requires a positive study to compwehend it."

"Yes, faith," says Larnar; "the arthagraphy is detestible; it's as bad for a man to write bad spillin as it is for 'em to speak wid a brrogue. Iduication furst, and ganius afterwards. Your health, my Lord, and good luck to you."

"Yaw wemark," says Bullwig, "is very appwopwiate. You will wecollect, Sir John, in Hewodotus (as for you, Doctor, you know more about Iwish than about Gweek),—you will wecollect, without doubt, a stowy nawwated by that cwedulous though fascinating chwonicle, of a certain kind of sheep which is known only in a certain distwict of Awabia, and of which the tail is so enormous, that it either dwaggles on the gwound, or is bound up by the shepherds of the country into a small wheelbawwow, or cart, which makes the chwonicle sneewingly wemark that thus 'the sheep of Awabia have their own chawlots.' I have often thought, sir (this clawet is weally nectaweous)—I have often, I say, thought that the wace of man may be compawed to these Awabian sheep—genius is our tail, education our wheelbawwow. Without art and education to pwop it, this genius dwops on the gwound, and is polluted by the mud, or injured by the wocks upon the way: with the wheelbawwow it is stwengthened, incweased, and supported—a pwide to the owner, a blessing to mankind."

"A very appropriate simile," says Sir John; "and I am afraid that the genius of our friend Yellowplush has need of some such support."

"*A propos*," said Bullwig, "who *is* Yellowplush? I was given to understand that the name was only a fictitious one, and that the papers were written by the author of the 'Diary of a Physician;' if so, the man has wonderfully improved in style, and there is some hope of him."

"Bah!" says the Duke of Doublejowl; "everybody knows it's Barnard, the celebrated author of 'Sam Slick.'"

"Pardon, my dear duke," says Lord Bagwig; "it's the authoress of 'High Life,' 'Almack's,' and other fashionable novels."

"Fiddlestick's end!" says Doctor Larnar; "don't be blushing and pretinding to ask questions: don't we know you, Bullwig?"

It's you yourself, you thief of the world: we smoked you from the very beginning."

Bullwig was about indignantly to reply, when Sir John interrupted them, and said,—"I must correct you all, gentlemen; Mr. Yellowplush is no other than Mr. Yellowplush: he gave you, my dear Bullwig, your last glass of champagne at dinner, and is now an inmate of my house, and an ornament of my kitchen!"

"Gad!" says Doublejowl, "let's have him up."

"Hear, hear!" says Bagwig.

"Ah, now," says Larnar, "your Grace is not going to call up and talk to a footman, sure? Is it gintale?"

"To say the least of it," says Bullwig, "the pwactice is iwweqular, and indecowous; and I weally don't see how the interview can be in any way pwofitable."

But the vices of the company went against the two littery men, and everybody excep them was for having up poor me. The bell was wrung; butler came. "Send up Charles," says master; and Charles, who was standing behind the skreand, was persnly abliged to come in.

"Charles," says master, "I have been telling these gentlemen who is the author of the 'Yellowplush Correspondence' in *Fraser's Magazine*."

"It's the best magazine in Europe," says the Duke.

"And no mistake," says my Lord.

"Hwhat!" says Larnar; "and where's the Litherary Chran?" I said myself nothink, but made a bough, and blusht like pickle-cabbitch.

"Mr. Yellowplush," says his Grace, "will you, in the first place, drink a glass of wine?"

I boughed agin.

"And what wine do you prefer, sir,—humble port or imperial Burgundy?"

"Why, your Grace," says I, "I know my place, and ain't above kitchin wines. I will take a glass of port, and drink it to the health of this honorable compny."

When I'd swigged off the bumper, which his Grace himself did me the honour to pour out for me, there was a silints for a minnit; when my master said:—

"Charles Yellowplush, I have perused your memoirs in *Fraser's Magazine* with so much curiosity, and have so high an opinion



of your talents as a writer, that I really cannot keep you as a footman any longer, or allow you to discharge duties for which you are now quite unfit. With all my admiration for your talents, Mr. Yellowplush, I still am confident that many of your friends in the servants' hall will clean my boots a great deal better than a gentleman of your genius can ever be expected to do—it is for this purpose I employ footmen, and not that they may be writing articles in magazines. But—you need not look so red, my good fellow, and had better take another glass of port—I don't wish to throw you upon the wide world without the means of a livelihood, and have made interest for a little place which you will have under Government, and which will give you an income of eighty pounds per annum; which you can double, I presume, by your literary labours."

"Sir," says I, clasping my hands, and busting into tears, "do not—for Heaven's sake, do not!—think of any such thing, or drive me from your suvvice, because I have been fool enough to write in magaseens. Glans but one moment at your honour's plate—every spoon is as bright as a mirror; condysend to igssamine your shoes—your honour may see reflected in them the fases of every one in the company. I blacked them shoes, I cleaned that there plate. If occasionally I've forgot the footman in the litterary man, and committed to paper my reminidencences of fashnable life, it was from a sincere desire to do good, and promote nollitch: and I appeal to your honour,—I lay my hand on my busm, and in the fase of this noble company beg you to say, When you rung your bell, who came to you fust? When you stopt out at Brooks's till morning, who sat up for you? When you was ill, who forgot the natral dignities of his station, and answered the two-pair bell? Oh, sir," says I, "I know what's what; don't send me away. I know them littery chaps, and, beleave me, I'd rather be a footman. The work's not so hard—the pay is better: the vittels incomprably supearor. I have but to clean my things, and run my errints, and you put clothes on my back, and meat in my mouth. Sir! Mr. Bullwig! ain't I right? shall I quit *my* station and sink—that is to say, rise—to *yours*?"

Bullwig was violently affected; a tear stood in his glistening eye. "Yellowplush," says he, seizing my hand, "you *are* right. Quit not your present occupation; black boots, clean knives, wear plush, all your life, but don't turn literary man. Look at

me. I am the first novelist in Europe. I have ranged with eagle wing over the wide regions of literature, and perched on every eminence in its turn. I have gazed with eagle eyes on the sun of philosophy, and fathomed the mysterious depths of the human mind. All languages are familiar to me, all thoughts are known to me, all men understood by me. I have gathered wisdom from the honeyed lips of Plato, as we wandered in the gardens of Academes—wisdom, too, from the mouth of Job Johnson, as we smoked our 'backy in Seven Dials. Such must be the studies, and such is the mission, in this world, of the Poet-Philosopher. But the knowledge is only emptiness; the initiation is but misery; the initiated, a man shunned and bann'd by his fellows. Oh," said Bullwig, clasping his hands, and throwing his fine i's up to the chandelier, "the curse of Pwomethesus descends upon his wace. Wath and punishment pursue them from genevation to genevation! Wo to genius, the heaven-scaler, the fire-stealer! Wo and thrice bitter desolation! Earth is the wock on which Zeus, wemorseless, stwetches his withing victim—men, the vultures that feed and fatten on him. Ai, Ai! it is agony eternal—gwoaning and solitawy despair! And you, Yellowplush, would penetwate these mystewies: you would waise the awful veil, and stand in the twemendous Pwesence. Beware; as you value your peace, beware! Withdwaw, wash Neophyte! For Heaven's sake—O for Heaven's sake!"—here he looked round with agony—"give me a glass of bwandy-and-water, for this clawet is beginning to disagwee with me."

Bullwig having concluded this spitch, very much to his own sattsafackshn, looked round to the compny for aplaws, and then swigged off the glass of brandy-and-water, giving a sollum sigh as he took the last gulph; and then Doctor Ignatius, who longed for a chans, and, in order to show his independence, began flatly contradicting his friend, addressed me, and the rest of the genlmm present, in the following manner:—

"Hark ye," says he, "my gossoon, doan't be led asthray by the nonsinse of that divil of a Bullwig. He's jillous of ye, my bhoy: that's the rale undoubted thruth; and it's only to keep you out of litherary life that he's palavering you in this way. I'll tell you what—Plush ye blackguard,—my honourable frind the mimber there has told me a hunder times by the smallest computation, of his intense admiration of your talents, and the wonderful sthir they were making in the world. He can't bear



a rival. He's mad with envy, hatred, oncharatableness. Look at him, Plush, and look at me. My father was not a juke exactly, nor aven a markis, and see, nevertheliss, to what a pitch I am come. I spare no ixpinse; I'm the iditor of a couple of pariodicals; I dthrive about in me carridge; I dine wid the lords of the land; and why—in the name of the piper that pleed before Mosus, hwy? Because I'm a lithery man. Because I know how to play me cards. Because I'm Dochter Larner, in fact, and mimber of every society in and out of Eutrope. I might have remained all my life in Thrinity Colledge, and never made such an incom as that offered you by Sir Jan; but I came to London—to London, my boy, and now see! Look again at me friend Bullwig. He *is* a gentleman, to be sure, and bad luck to 'im, say I; and what has been the result of his lithery labour? I'll tell you what; and I'll tell this gintale society, by the shade of Saint Patrick, they're going to make him A BARNET."

"A BARNET, Doctor!" says I; "you don't mean to say they're going to make him a barnet!"

"As sure as I've made meself a docthor," says Larner.

"What, a baronet, like Sir John?"

"The divle a bit else."

"And pray what for?"

"What faw?" says Bullwig. "Ask the histowry of litwatuwe what faw? Ask Colburn, ask Bentley, ask Saunders and Otley, ask the gweat Bwedish nation, what faw? The blood in my veins comes puwified through ten thousand years of chivalwous ancestwy; but that is neither here nor there: my political pwinciples—the equal wights which I have advocated—the gweat cause of I fweedom that I have celebated, are known to all. But this, I confess, has nothing to do with the question. No, the question is this—on the thwone of litewature I stand unvivalled, pwe-eminent; and the Bwedish government, honowing genius in me, compliments the Bwedish nation by lifting into the bosom of the heweditawy nobility, the most gifted member of the demowacy." (The honorable genlman here sunk down amidst repeated cheers.)

"Sir John," says I, "and my Lord Duke, the words of my rirint frend Ignatius, and the remarks of the honorable genlman who has just sate down, have made me change the detummination which I had the honor of igspressing just now.

"I igsept the eighty pound a year; knowing that I shall have plenty of time for pursuing my littery career, and hoping some day to set on that same benth of barranites, which is dekarated by the presnts of my honorable friend.

"Why shooden I? It's trew I ain't done anythink as *yet* to deserve such an honour; and it's very probable that I never shall. But what then?—*quaw dong*, as our friends say? I'd much rayther have a coat of arms than a coat of livry. I'd much rayther have my blud-red hand spralink in the middle of a shield, than underneath a tea-tray. A barranit I will be; and, in consiquints, must cease to be a footmin.

"As to my politticle princepills, these, I confess, ain't settled: they are, I know, necessary; but they ain't necessary *until dskt for*; besides, I reglar read the *Sattarist* newspaper, and so ignirince on this pint would be inguscusable.

"But if one man can git to be a doctor, and another a barranit, and another a captin in the navy, and another a countess, and another the wife of a governor of the Cape of Good Hope, I begin to perseave that the littery trade ain't such a very bad un; igsppecially if you're up to snough, and know what's o'clock. I'll learn to make myself usefle, in the fust place; then I'll larn to spell; and, I trust, by reading the novvles of the honorable member, and the scientafick treatiseses of the reverend doctor, I may find the secrit of suxess, and git a litell for my own share. I've several frends in the press, having paid for many of those chaps' drink, and given them other treetis; and so I think I've got all the emilents of suxess; therefore, I am detummined, as I said, to igsept your kind offer, and beg to withdraw the wuds which I made yous of when I refyoused your hoxpatable offer. I must, however"—

"I wish you'd withdraw yourself," said Sir John, bursting into a most igstrorinary rage, "and not interrupt the company with your infernal talk! Go down and get us coffee! and, heark ye! hold your impertinent tongue, or I'll break every bone in your body. You shall have the place, as I said; and while you're in my service, you shall be my servant; but you don't stay in my service after to-morrow. Go downstairs, sir; and don't stand staring here!"

In this abrupt way, my evening ended: it's with a melancholy regret that I think what came of it. I don't wear



plush any more. I am an altered, a wiser, and, I trust, a better man.

I'm about a novle (having made great progriss in spelling), in the style of my friend Bullwig; and preparing for publication, in the Doctor's Cyclopedear, "The Lives of Eminent Brittish and Foring Wosherwomen."



## SKIMMINGS FROM "THE DAIRY OF GEORGE IV."

CHARLES YELLOWPLUSH, ESQ., TO OLIVER YORKE, ESQ.\*

DEAR WHY,—Takin advantage of the Crissmiss holydays, Sir John and me (who is a member of parlyment) had gone down to our place in Yorkshire for six wicks, to shoot grows and woodcox, and enjoy old English hospitalaty. This ugly Canady bisniss unluckaly put an end to our sports in the country, and brot us up to Buckly Square as fast as four post-esses could gallip. When there, I found your parcel, containing the two vollumes of a new book; witch, as I have been away from the literary world, and emplied solely in athlatic exorcises, have been laying neglected in my pantry, among my knife-cloaths, and dekanTERS, and blacking-bottles, and bedroom candles, and things.

This will, I'm sure, account for my delay in notussing the work. I see sefral of the papers and magazeens have been befoarhand with me, and have given their apinions concerning it: specially the *Quotly Review*, which has most mussilely cut to peases the author of this *Dairy of the Times of George IV.*†

That it's a woman who wrote it is eydent from the style of the writing, as well as from certain proofs in the book itself. Most suttly a femail wrote this *Dairy*; but who this *Dairy-maid* may be, I, in coarse, can't conjecter: and indeed, common galliantry forbids me to ask. I can only judge of the book itself; which, it appears to me, is clearly trenching upon my

\* These Memoirs were originally published in *Fraser's Magazine*, and it may be stated for the benefit of the unlearned in such matters that "Oliver Yorke" is the assumed name of the editor of that periodical.

† *Diary illustrative of the Times of George the Fourth, interspersed with Original Letters from the late Queen Caroline, and from various other distinguished Persons.*

"Tôt ou tard, tout se scait."—MAINTENON.