

**WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY'S *CATHERINE: A STORY*:**

**A CRITICAL EDITION WITH COMMENTARIES**

by

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## ABSTRACT

This dissertation consists of a critically edited text of William Makepeace Thackeray's first novel, *Catherine*, along with a complete set of annotations, an extensive textual apparatus, appendices reprinting the sources for the real-life murder story on which Thackeray based his novel, and commentaries discussing the politics of the novel, the textual history and textual difficulties of the novel, and the novel's literary and historical context.

In the absence of the manuscript, the copy-text for this edition is the first edition from *Fraser's Magazine* in 1839-40, the only edition from Thackeray's lifetime. Following this copy-text, the present edition includes all the passages expurgated in posthumous editions, expurgations recorded in one section of the Textual Apparatus. Another section of the apparatus consists of a glossary of Thackeray's characteristic spellings and capitalizations, based on a study of his surviving manuscripts. This study suggests that the style of accidentals in the first edition is not Thackerayan. However, because of the difficulty of restoring Thackerayan accidentals, the first edition accidentals have in general been left untouched, with the only emendations in this edition (all of which are recorded in the apparatus) being those made to correct errors in the copy-text.

The annotations to the edition, besides explaining obscurities in the text, indicate the command Thackeray had over his historical materials, reveal his borrowings from earlier authors, and point out motifs that recur in other works by him. The political commentary to the edition discusses Thackeray's adoption of the Tory politics of *Fraser's* in his novel even though his views at the time were Radical. The critical commentary discusses the alterations Thackeray made to his sources for the murder story and points out that although the novel originated as an attack on the Newgate school of fiction and the glorification of criminals, it in fact, for the most part, celebrates the rogues it depicts. The general introduction notes that despite the resulting inconsistency in the novel, *Catherine* contains many qualities—including narrative virtuosity, satirical cleverness, and a skilful presentation of picaresque adventures—which suggest that it should no longer be neglected.

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The illustration on page 170 of Mr. Billings meeting his father is reproduced with the permission of the British Museum. I would also like to acknowledge the kindness of Herbert Cahoon and the Trustees of the Pierpont Morgan Library in supplying me with a photocopy of the manuscript of "The Terrible Hays Tragedy" (identified in the Morgan collection as MA 1028). And I would like to thank Research Publications International (Woodbridge, Connecticut)

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## INTRODUCTION

In 1864, just after William Makepeace Thackeray's death, a literary commentator said of *Catherine: A Story* that it was one of Thackeray's "best, and least known works."<sup>1</sup> Not many critics have agreed with the first part of this assessment, but it would be difficult to dispute the second part of it. *Catherine* is a work virtually unknown outside academic circles, and even within those circles knowledge of Thackeray's first novel is restricted for the most part to specialists in Thackeray. This is unfortunate, for a good case can be made for seeing the novel as one of Thackeray's best.

Thackeray's first attempt at a full-length work of fiction has flaws, of course. There is some heavy-handedness in the satire on aristocrats in the later chapters. There is perhaps an excess of gore in the description of the climactic murder in the final chapter. And there is a loss of narrative control in the over-excited commentary in that chapter.

However, especially in the first half of the novel, Thackeray is at his light-hearted best, and the narrative control that goes missing at the end of the novel is one of its strong points at the beginning. Thackeray presents a narrative which, in the manner of *Vanity Fair* ten years later, shifts effectively between various levels: the level of the fictional events in the story; the level of the narrator's own world a hundred years later (seen in the story of his brother Aminadab in Chapter 7); the level of the imagined readers of the story, who at one point are husbands with importunate wives (Chapter 7) but at another are mothers with daughters (Chapter 3); and the level of the real world of rival

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<sup>1</sup>George Augustus Sala, cit. Wilson 2: 31.

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authors and *Fraser's Magazine*.<sup>2</sup>

It is also an extremely playful narrative, playing with language in an exuberant, even outrageous manner, punning not only in English but in Latin and Greek (see the notes to 25.21 and 181.2 in the Annotations below) and introducing probably the worst joke ever found in a serious work of literature: the "wusser" anecdote in Chapter 9. The narrative also plays with the historical record, first of all with the account of the eighteenth-century murder of John Hayes on which the story is based, and also with the historical situations Thackeray introduces as the backdrop to his tale. Thackeray's command of the historical scene, his ability to give an eighteenth-century feel to his story by referring to eighteenth-century fashions, songs, politics, and persons, is another aspect of his narrative control and looks forward to the historical tours de force of his later works such as *Esmond* and *Barry Lyndon*. But Thackeray does not restrict himself to the historical facts; instead, just as he plays with the language, so he plays with history, shifting the date of Isaac Newton's tutorship, for instance, to increase the sense of time having passed since the period he is writing about, or transforming Helen of Troy into an old hag to suit his satirical purposes (see the notes to 1.8-10 and 42.8-10 in the Annotations).

This is a narrative that toys with its material, pretending to have to follow the historical record even when it deviates from it (see the Critical Commentary, p. xxxiii), pretending at another point that it is not a narrative at all but a dramatic presentation in which there will be an intermission with refreshments (see p. 128 in the text below). It is also a narrative that teases

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<sup>2</sup>For an analysis of this sort of shifting narrative in *Vanity Fair*, see Daleski 6-9.

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its readers by pretending to reveal the ending, but then stopping short (see, for instance, p. 123 below). And it is a narrative that contains such clevernesses as the conversational "duet" between Corporal Brock and Count von Galgenstein, in which their two parallel conversations interact to humorous effect (see pp. 25-27 below).

So much for the machinery of Thackeray's tale, which may be of special interest to those tracing the development of Thackeray's techniques. As for the substance of what Thackeray presents, this is an interesting combination of satire and the picaresque. The narrator of *Catherine*, like his successor in *Vanity Fair*, specializes in exposing the foibles of humanity, such as the disinclination of an innkeeper to give up his profits from a paying customer simply because he suspects the customer of being a horse thief (see p. 108 in the text). Also like the narrator of *Vanity Fair*, the narrator of *Catherine* applies his satire both widely and lightly. Not for him the heavy-handed attack on private targets as in Thackeray's other early fiction, but instead, especially in the early episodes of the novel (those episodes published before the two-month break in serial publication),<sup>3</sup> a light-hearted mockery of everything, from the "flourishing of trumpets" that novelists are wont to indulge in (19) to Catherine's farcical attempt to poison the Count (Chapter 3) to the Count's own "helpfulness" to Catherine when, deciding she needs quiet, he absents himself from home "morning, noon, and night" (47).

Combined with this satirical irreverence from the narrator is a presentation of a crew of charming rogues, including a heroine who at times, as in her manipulation of the slow-witted Dr. Dobbs in Chapter 4, demonstrates the

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<sup>3</sup>For the novel's publishing history, see the Textual Commentary below.

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sort of appealing wickedness later seen more fully in Becky Sharp. And in addition to the heroine there is Corporal Brock, who seduces men into the army and masquerades as a gentleman in high society; Ensign Macshane, who has an invincible belief in the legitimacy of his criminal activities; and even Count von Galgenstein in the early episodes, when he is able to startle the reader with audacious denials of paternal responsibility (the quasi-senile Count of the later episodes is a different and much less interesting character).

There is a problem with making *Catherine* a tale of charming rogues, however, and that is that the declared intention of the novel's narrator is to present a tale of charmless, villainous rogues.<sup>4</sup> There is thus an inconsistency in *Catherine* which has bothered some readers<sup>5</sup> and indeed bothered its author, who for this and other reasons seems to have decided that his first full-length work of fiction was not worth reprinting.<sup>6</sup> Perhaps as a result *Catherine* has sunk virtually without a trace, but it is the main goal of this edition to salvage the novel and let a new generation of readers judge whether, despite its inconsistency and other problems, there is value in its narrative virtuosity and its carrying on of the satirical and picaresque traditions.

This edition of *Catherine* also fulfills a number of other aims. First of all, it provides the first critical and scholarly handling of the text of the novel. What is provided here is the complete text as originally published, with the addition of an illustration by Thackeray that was omitted from the first edition.

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<sup>4</sup>See the narrator's comments at pp. 36, 56, 215, and 247 in the text below.

<sup>5</sup>See, for example, Monsarrat 95.

<sup>6</sup>See Thackeray's comment that owing to his "sneaking kindness" for his heroine, he did not make the story "disgusting enough" (*Letters* 1: 433). For further details, see the Critical Commentary below.

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In this edition, all the passages expurgated in the posthumous editions have been restored. Also restored are certain first edition readings which later editors thought were garbled but which seem actually to have been what Thackeray intended. On the other hand, several passages which were indeed garbled in the first edition, and which have never before been presented correctly (e.g., the "Masters mount" crux in Chapter 12 and the intended reference to Bulwer's *Historical Odes* in Chapter 7), are here presented correctly for the first time.

Aside from such changes, this edition closely follows the first edition and its styling practices, even though, as is pointed out in the Textual Commentary, these practices are often the compositors' rather than Thackeray's. The Textual Commentary provides a detailed rationale for believing these practices to be non-Thackerayan, and the Textual Apparatus provides a glossary of Thackeray's usual spelling and capitalization practices which will enable users of this edition to see where the spelling and capitalization in the first edition most likely varied from that in the now lost manuscript. This is the first time any detailed work has been done on Thackeray's spelling and capitalization;<sup>7</sup> the resulting glossary may thus be of interest not only to readers of *Catherine*, but also to students of Thackeray generally. The Textual Apparatus also records and, where appropriate, explains the emendations made for this edition; it also records the expurgations and additions made in the posthumous editions, and it contains discussions of difficult passages in the text for which no emendation has been possible.

This edition also contains a complete set of annotations, which fulfill two basic functions: to make the text of the novel intelligible where it is obscure and

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<sup>7</sup>The recent work on Thackeray's accidentals by Peter Shillingsburg, Edgar Harden, and Natalie Maynor has focused primarily on his punctuation.

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to provide information on Thackeray's authorial habits. To these ends, all unfamiliar words and phrases are explained, as are all references to historical figures and events from the eighteenth century, the period in which *Catherine* is set; also explained are literary allusions and references to persons, places, and events of Thackeray's own time, including such obscurities as "the man who murdered the Italian boy," "the Duchess of Phalaris," and "the celebrated Wilks of Paris." In some cases, identifying an allusion or quotation has made clear certain hidden suggestions in the novel: thus, when Thackeray uses the phrase "upon this hint" to describe the elopement of Catherine and John Hayes, it has been possible, in identifying the phrase as a quotation from *Othello*, to point out the ominous parallels with Shakespeare's play about spouse-murder.

Throughout the annotations, the aim has been not simply to identify references in a general way, but where possible to indicate Thackeray's purpose in making the references. Thus, when Thackeray speaks of an aging and unattractive Helen running off with Prince Alexander (i.e., Prince Paris), it has not seemed sufficient to say that this is a reference to Helen of Troy: instead, it is noted that though Helen is traditionally seen as young and beautiful, Thackeray may have chosen to follow a less traditional description of her as being old enough to be Paris's mother because of his anti-Romanticism and his interest in Oedipal relationships.

In addition to explaining obscure passages in the text, the annotations to this edition provide information, where possible, about Thackeray's compositional practices. It has been possible at times to indicate the sources Thackeray drew on for information and inspiration and to point out how Thackeray used certain ideas, names, and turns of phrase from *Catherine* elsewhere in his works. It is



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noted, for example, that Thackeray probably derived his information on the Duchess of Marlborough from a published collection of her letters which he reviewed for *The Times* a year and a half before *Catherine* began appearing. Another annotation points out that Ensign Macshane's ability to live on nothing anticipates the much more developed discussion in *Vanity Fair* on "How to Live Well on Nothing A-Year." In another annotation, an anecdote discovered in the *Morning Post* is pointed to as a possible source of the story of "the wusser." And the presentation of the multiple sources of inspiration for the character Peter Brock in another note reveals how Thackeray could combine ideas from different sources.

Another major feature of this edition is the appended documentation for the event on which Thackeray based his novel: the 1726 murder of John Hayes by his wife Catherine. Readers seeking to compare Thackeray's fictionalized account of that murder with the accounts found in the newspapers of the day and in the later collections of crime stories can do so by consulting Appendix 1. This is the first time all the available accounts of the Hayes murder, including the 1837 newspaper account which may have introduced Thackeray to the story, have been gathered in one place.

There are two other appendices in this edition. One contains contemporary newspaper comments on the first edition of *Catherine* as it appeared in serial form, most of these being reprinted here for the first time. The other contains a discussion of Thackeray's references to Catherine Hayes in works subsequent to *Catherine*, including the reference in *Pendennis* that sparked a minor controversy concerning the Irish singer Catherine Hayes; appended to this discussion is the poem Thackeray wrote about the Hayes murder and the *Pendennis* controversy.

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Also found in this edition is an essay on the politics of *Catherine*, in which it is argued that Thackeray disguised and distorted his actual political attitudes of the time in order to align what he wrote with the ultra-Tory politics of *Fraser's Magazine*, where the novel was appearing. This edition also provides a list of characters in *Catherine*, indicating which were drawn from the historical record and which were invented by Thackeray. There is also a chronology which records events in the novel and events from the history of the eighteenth century relevant to the novel. Finally, this edition contains a detailed Critical Commentary on *Catherine*, in which can be found a discussion of how Thackeray came to write the novel, what he set out to achieve, what he actually achieved, and how he felt about the result.

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*"Not always doth the writer know whither the divine  
Muse leadeth him."*

— — *The Newcomes*, Chapter 10

At the end of April 1839, advertisements for the May issue of *Fraser's Magazine* announced that the issue would contain, among other items, "Catherine: a Story. By Ikey Solomons, Esq., jun."<sup>1</sup> The author's name, based on that of a notorious receiver of stolen goods, of course was a pseudonym, one of the many used by William Makepeace Thackeray in the early years of his career. Indeed, it has been suggested that one reason for Thackeray's lack of success and recognition in those years was this concealment of his identity beneath a multiplicity of masks, such as Michael Angelo Titmarsh, Major Goliath Gahagan, Charles Fitzroy Yellowplush, and, for the occasion of *Catherine* only, Ikey Solomons Jr.<sup>2</sup>

Whatever the reason, at the time of *Catherine*, Thackeray had not yet made a name for himself as a writer. In fact, he had been a serious writer for less than two years, having turned to writing as a profession only after failing in attempts to become a lawyer and an artist, and after the loss of his inheritance and the new responsibilities of marriage and fatherhood made it necessary for him to develop a steady income. It is true that in previous years he had written for two short-lived newspapers, the *National Standard* and the *Constitutional*, and he was also closely enough associated with *Fraser's Magazine*

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<sup>1</sup>See the *Morning Post*, April 30, 1839: 1; *John Bull*, April 28, 1839: 203.

<sup>2</sup>Dodds, *Critical Portrait* 18.

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to be included in the 1835 drawing of Fraserians published in that journal; but his writings before 1837 were in the realm of journalism, not fiction, and even after 1837 his work included a great deal of art criticism and literary criticism in addition to original literary creations. Indeed, his first major literary creation, the series of sketches published under the name of Charles Fitzroy Yellowplush, began as a review of a rather foolish etiquette book which Thackeray decided to satirize by adopting the persona of a semi-literate Cockney footman. The persona, once created, developed a life of its own and inspired Thackeray to compose a number of fictional stories narrated by the footman, most of which attacked the pretensions and snobbishness of high society and of those who admired its members. Somewhat earlier, Thackeray had produced what was probably his first short story, "The Professor," which satirized the effusions of sentimental romance, and soon after the invention of Yellowplush he created another persona, Major Goliath Gahagan, whose fictional adventures in India mocked the exaggerated heroics of military romances. This was followed by a rather mean-spirited story, *Stubbs's Calendar*, which combined angry attacks by the narrator Stubbs on the injustices of life with a depiction of Stubbs himself as an unsavoury character worthy of attack.<sup>3</sup>

In short, at an age when, as John Dodds notes,<sup>4</sup> Dickens had produced *The Pickwick Papers* and *Oliver Twist*, Bulwer-Lytton had already produced three novels, including *Pelham*, and Disraeli had written *Vivian Grey*, the 26-year-old Thackeray was, in 1837, just beginning to write fiction; and by 1839, when he

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<sup>3</sup>For Thackeray's early career as outlined here, see Ray, *Adversity* 147-49, 160-63, 167-72, 184-201, 226-30, 236-37, 238-40. See also Thrall 29-30, 58-62.

<sup>4</sup>Dodds, *Critical Portrait* 18.

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began *Catherine*, he had produced nothing substantial in the manner of his contemporaries: he was still a writer of sketches and critical articles, not yet a novelist. This was to begin to change with *Catherine*, which despite its subtitle of "A Story," approaches novel length and contains a connected narrative rather than a series of sketches. It is "a complete novel," George Saintsbury says, with "beginning, middle, and end."<sup>5</sup>

Kathleen Tillotson, on the other hand, sees *Catherine* in a more negative light, as a "destructive" work that "has more significance in Thackeray's critical than in his creative writing."<sup>6</sup> Certainly, *Catherine* shares some characteristics with Thackeray's other works, critical and creative, of this time, a "savage" time he later called it, in his "hot youth," which he spent "pelting at that poor old Bulwer & others."<sup>7</sup> As John Dodds says, Thackeray began as a "literary bear-cub sharpening his satiric claws against the literary and social inanities of his time."<sup>8</sup> As noted above, he had already directed his fire against snobbishness and high society, sentimental romances, and military adventure stories. In *Catherine* he set himself against one of the more popular genres of the 1830s, the Newgate novel.

The 1830s were a time of social, economic, and political change and dislocation in England. The railways revolutionized transport, something Thackeray in his later works would comment on in his nostalgic remembrances of

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<sup>5</sup> Saintsbury 53.

<sup>6</sup> Tillotson 75.

<sup>7</sup> Letter to James Hannay, June 29, 1849, *Letters* 2: 553-54.

<sup>8</sup> Dodds, "Thackeray as a Satirist" 163.

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stagecoaches;<sup>9</sup> the Reform Bill shifted power in Parliament; the Chartists began gathering strength among the working classes, causing two riots in 1839; and murder was becoming so common, in the opinion of at least one newspaper, that it was moved to print the following headline: "Murder—England Becoming a Nation of Assassins?"<sup>10</sup> Other major developments of the period include the Catholic Emancipation Act of 1829, the farm labourers' protests of 1830, the introduction of a new Poor Law in 1834, the creation of modern police forces beginning in 1829, the abolition of slavery in the colonies in 1833, the introduction of the first Factory Acts, and across the Channel in France, the fall of the Bourbon monarchy in 1830.<sup>11</sup> Thus it may be that the rise of the Newgate novel, with its sympathetic portrayal of criminals in opposition to the established order, was a result of the dislocation of the times, an expression of disorder.

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<sup>9</sup>See, e.g., *Vanity Fair* 63-64, Chapter 7. See also, from the 1860s, Thackeray's "De Juventute," in *The Roundabout Papers* (*Works* 12: 232):

We who have lived before railways were made, belong to another world. . . . It was only yesterday; but what a gulf between now and then! . . . your railroad starts the new era . . .

<sup>10</sup>*Bell's Life*, March 24, 1839: 1. See also the same paper for April 16, 1837 (2):

It must strike every one with horror to observe how many murders have recently been committed, and murders of an atrocious kind. Have we all of a sudden become a bloodthirsty people . . . ?

For more on the frequency of murders in this period, see Altick, who notes that there was a "cluster of sensational [murder] cases" between 1823 and 1837 (17).

<sup>11</sup>For the historical background, see Beales 25, 84-87, 101, 108-109, 116-18, 133-36, 138-40, 146-48; Wood 80-91, 98-104, 127-28; McCord 41, 42, 128; Halevy 3: 332-33. For contemporary reports on the Chartist riots, see *John Bull*, July 21, 1839: 342; Nov. 17: 543; the *Observer*, July 7: 1; July 21: 1; the *Morning Chronicle*, July 16: 7; July 17: 3; Nov. 6: 3; *The Times*, Nov. 8: 5.

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Whatever the cause, the decade of the 1830s opened with two Newgate novels from Bulwer-Lytton, one in 1830 about a fictitious highwayman named Paul Clifford, and the other in 1832 about the real-life eighteenth-century murderer, Eugene Aram, whose story had been widely publicized in *The Newgate Calendar* and other compilations of crime. In Bulwer's novels, both of his heroes are presented as attractive figures despite their criminal deeds. Paul Clifford is a virtuous youth corrupted by imprisonment for a crime he did not commit, and who, even after becoming leader of a criminal band, is capable of generous deeds: for instance, withdrawing from a romance with an innocent girl who he decides does not deserve the shame of being married to a thief. As for Eugene Aram, Bulwer embroiders on the facts to make Aram a sensitive genius inclined to philosophy and much superior to his victim, the latter being described by Bulwer as a dissolute seducer, though in real life he was a respectable family man and it was Eugene Aram, a deserting husband, whose morals were open to question.<sup>1 2</sup> Later in the decade Dickens produced *Oliver Twist*, containing the good-hearted streetwalker, Miss Nancy, and the charmingly roguish Artful Dodger, though also a criminal as repellent as the murderer Bill Sikes. And as well Harrison Ainsworth published *Rookwood* (1834), in which the highwayman Dick Turpin is portrayed as a fearless, chivalrous, and generous hero, comparable to Nelson and throwing off "rays of glory."<sup>1 3</sup> Finally, in January 1839, Ainsworth returned to the field with the first episode of a novel based on the life of Jack Sheppard, the petty thief famous for his escapes from Newgate prison.

Though Bulwer's crime novels had been criticized for promoting sympathy

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<sup>1 2</sup>See *Paul Clifford* 80, 259-65; Chapters 8, 23; Hollingsworth 86-87.

<sup>1 3</sup>Ainsworth, *Rookwood* 163-64, 166; Book 3, Chapter 5.

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with criminals, and though *Jack Sheppard* would come under fire later,<sup>14</sup> the first episodes of Ainsworth's new romance won widespread praise. The *Morning Post* found the story "spirited and attractive" in January, and as late as July referred to its "powerful vigour"; *Bell's Life* praised it in February for its "fearful adventure and eloquent description"; the *Morning Chronicle* spoke in March of its "increasing vigour and interest"; the *Mirror of Literature* praised the first episode and quoted almost three pages from it; and the *Court Journal*, in an extended review of the first installment, praised Ainsworth for showing that "a housebreaker may have a heart; and that out of the reckless daring of a highwayman there is some hope to be got, and much humanity."<sup>15</sup>

Presumably exasperated by the popularity of yet another Newgate novel, Thackeray, in May 1839, published the first episode of *Catherine*, "a satirical story," as he later described it, ". . . founded upon the history of the murderess Catherine Hayes . . . [and] intended to ridicule a taste then prevalent for making novel heroes of Newgate malefactors."<sup>16</sup> The idea, he said in a letter to his mother just after the last installment of *Catherine* appeared, was "to make readers so horribly horrified as to cause them to give up or rather throw up the book and all of it's kind" (*Letters* 1: 433). And if we are to believe the

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<sup>14</sup> See Hollingsworth (81, 93) for the criticisms of Bulwer; and see also his account of the attacks on *Jack Sheppard*, which began in the fall of 1839, especially after the stage versions of the novel appeared and won great popular support (142-45).

<sup>15</sup> *Morning Post*, Jan. 14, 1839: 3; July 6: 6; *Bell's Life*, Feb. 10: 1; *Morning Chronicle*, March 6: 5; *Mirror of Literature*, Jan. 5: 13-16; *Court Journal*, Jan. 5: 16-17. See also the *Observer*, Jan. 6: 3, for a favourable comment, and the *Examiner*, April 21: 244, which quotes without comment an extract from the novel.

<sup>16</sup> Letter to the *Morning Chronicle*, April 12, 1850 (*Melville* 2: 263; *Oxford Thackeray* 10: 590).



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narrator of *Catherine*, the aim was also to convince the Newgate novelists themselves to see the error of their ways, to realize that criminals are criminals and not virtuous heroes. Thus Ikey Solomons calls on them at the end of Chapter One (p. 36 in the text below) to

. . . let your rogues in novels act like rogues, and your honest men like honest men; don't let us have any juggling and thimblerrigging with virtue and vice, so that, at the end of three volumes, the bewildered reader shall not know which is which; don't let us find ourselves kindling at the generous qualities of thieves, and sympathising with the rascalities of noble hearts.

The ideal approach to crime, Thackeray wrote in a review in 1840, was that taken by Henry Fielding: "Vice is never to be mistaken for virtue in Fielding's honest downright books; it goes by its name, and invariably gets its punishment." Thus Fielding's works were much more moral than *Jack Sheppard*, which presented an "absurd and unreal" picture of a character who in actuality was a "scoundrel."<sup>17</sup>

In an attempt to fulfill the Fieldingesque ideal and to show Newgate criminals at their vicious worst, Thackeray chose, from the many true stories of criminals to be found in *The Newgate Calendar* and other compilations, the account of Catherine Hayes, who in 1726 persuaded Thomas Billings and Thomas Wood to murder her husband, John. After the murder, at her suggestion, Wood cut off the dead man's head to make it harder to identify the victim. Wood and Billings threw the head into the Thames, and later disposed of the victim's torso and his limbs, which they had also cut off. Despite these measures, the head was soon discovered and eventually identified, the three conspirators were

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<sup>17</sup>Review of Fielding's works, *The Times*, Sept. 2, 1840 (*Oxford Thackeray* 3: 390).

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arrested, Wood and Billings confessed, and Catherine, who protested her innocence, was put on trial and found guilty. Wood died in prison of a fever, Billings was hanged in chains at Tyburn, and Catherine Hayes, having been found guilty of murdering her husband, which in 1726 was considered "petty treason," was burnt at the stake. Some of the newspapers of the day, seeking to make a sensational crime even more sensational, speculated on the relationship between Catherine Hayes and Thomas Billings. Some said he was her illegitimate son, some said he was her lover, and some said he was both her son and her lover. One account also reported the claim that Billings was actually the son of both Catherine and John Hayes, born before their marriage, and commented that if this was so, then he had murdered his father and slept with his mother.<sup>18</sup>

Thackeray may first have become familiar with the Hayes case through *Bell's Life*, a London newspaper specializing in sport and crime, which in January 1837 summarized the story of the Hayes murder in a front-page article as part of its coverage of an 1836 murder which was similar in some ways to the Hayes case. In the later murder, as in the Hayes case, the victim (Hannah Brown) was dismembered by her murderer (James Greenacre). Thackeray refers to Greenacre in his 1841 work, *The Second Funeral of Napoleon* (*Works* 4: 674), and his familiarity with *Bell's Life* is indicated by his frequent references to it in his works.<sup>19</sup> Thackeray also consulted the *Daily Post* and the *Daily Journal*, two

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<sup>18</sup>Accounts of the Hayes murder are reproduced in Appendix 1. For the Oedipal speculations, see the reports in the *Daily Post* (May 10) and the *London Journal* (May 14).

<sup>19</sup>For the *Bell's Life* account of the Hayes murder, see Appendix 1. For references to *Bell's Life* in Thackeray's works, see *Pendennis* (*Works* 2: 171, 219, 625; Chapters 18, 23, 62); *The Book of Snobs* 41 (Chapter 10); and *Vanity Fair* 38, 486 (Chapters 5, 54).

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eighteenth-century newspapers which he quotes in the final chapter of his novel; and he apparently used the copies of these newspapers available at the British Museum, for according to his daughter, when an editor from Smith, Elder consulted the copies there in preparing *Catherine* for its appearance in the 1869 edition of Thackeray's works, he found that the extracts quoted from the *Daily Post* were marked up in pencil.<sup>20</sup>

Primarily, though, and especially for his final chapter, in which he presents the details of the murder and executions, Thackeray relied on an eighteenth-century source other than the contemporary newspapers, though it is not entirely certain what this source was. Thackeray has his narrator, at the end of Chapter One and elsewhere, say he has drawn the story of Catherine Hayes from *The Newgate Calendar*. *The Newgate Calendar* is a title generally reserved for the compilation of criminal cases put together by Andrew Knapp and William Baldwin, and appearing in several editions in the early nineteenth century. The Catherine Hayes story is certainly found in it (see Appendix 1), but Knapp and Baldwin's seems not to have been the compilation Thackeray consulted; at least, it was not the only one he used. There were several rival compilations available to Thackeray: the *Select Trials of Murder, Robbery, Rape . . .* (1734-35); *The Lives of the Most Remarkable Criminals* (1735); *The Bloody Register* (1764), a copy of which was in Thackeray's possession at the time of his death;<sup>21</sup> *The Tyburn Chronicle* (1768); *The Old Bailey Chronicle* (1788); and *The Annals of Newgate* (1776), by John Vilette, then the Ordinary

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<sup>20</sup> Lady Ritchie, Introduction to Vol. 24 of the Centenary Biographical Edition, xviii.

<sup>21</sup> See Stonehouse 138.

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(or chaplain) of Newgate prison. All these collections contain the Catherine Hayes case, sometimes in almost identical versions: *The Bloody Register* version copies the one in *Select Trials*, and the versions in *The Tyburn Chronicle*, *The Old Bailey Chronicle*, and the *Annals* differ only in minor ways (see Appendix 1). What is most interesting, however, is that parts of Thackeray's final chapter are themselves a copy of the *Tyburn-Old Bailey-Villette* account of the murder. Beginning with the passage (at p. 231 in the text of the novel below), "Having encouraged Mr. Hayes in drinking the wine . . ." and continuing until the report of Catherine's inquiry whether the executioner had "hanged her dear child" (p. 238), the text of the novel is at times a verbatim transcript and at other times a condensation of the *Tyburn-Old Bailey-Villette* account, not of the *Newgate Calendar* version.

Since Thackeray has the narrator Solomons say that he is relying on the account of the Ordinary of Newgate (231), this may mean Thackeray consulted Villette. If so, however, it is strange that he never refers to him by name or to the title of his collection, *The Annals of Newgate*,<sup>22</sup> and it may be that rather than referring to Villette, who was the ordinary at the end of the century, Thackeray was referring to the ordinary at the time of the murder, either Thomas Purney, who officially held the post until 1727, the year after the murder, or James Guthrie, who took over the actual duties in 1725. It was customary for the ordinary to interview condemned prisoners and prepare

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<sup>22</sup> He does refer to *The Old Bailey Chronicle* in his Catherine Hayes poem (see Appendix 3 below, line 22 in the poem); but since, in quoting the passage about the murder, he uses the phrase "wished for" from *Villette-Tyburn* rather than using the *Old Bailey* variant "desired" (see Appendix 1, p. 741n below), he could not have been following *The Old Bailey Chronicle* in *Catherine*.

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accounts of their crimes based on their confessions. These were published either as broadsheets or as full-scale pamphlets at or even before the executions, and it is these contemporary accounts that Villette and other compilers at the end of the century relied on. Between 1720 and 1744, the publisher of the accounts was John Applebee, and there is a record of a pamphlet on the Hayes murder, published by Applebee in 1726.<sup>23</sup> This, then, may have been the ordinary's account that Thackeray followed, but unfortunately the only recorded copy of it, in the British Library, was destroyed during World War II. There is a second pamphlet from 1726 which has survived,<sup>24</sup> but there are no verbal similarities between it and Thackeray's account, though the story, of course, is essentially the same.

Of course, whatever account or accounts Thackeray was relying on, he could not expect them to supply all the material he needed to create a full-length novel: some original invention would be required. However, what is surprising is the extent to which Thackeray not only expanded on the original accounts, but altered them, and altered them in a manner quite inconsistent with his ostensible purpose. If his purpose was to show the true viciousness of criminals and to teach readers not to sympathize with them, it is odd that, in the manner of the despised Bulwer-Lytton, he prettifies Catherine and disparages her victim. In Villette's version of the crime, Catherine is characterized as a "very turbulent, vexatious woman," always fomenting disputes (Appendix 1, p.

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<sup>23</sup> See Linebaugh 247-49, 259; Sheehan 238, 346 note 89. The pamphlet is advertised in the *Daily Post*, April 28, 1726: 2, where the title is given as *The Life of Mrs. Margaret Hays*.

<sup>24</sup> *A Narrative of the Barbarous and unheard of Murder of Mr. John Hayes . . .*, published by Thomas Warner. See Appendix 1.

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736 below), and it is her idea to murder her husband; in fact, she has to struggle to convince Wood and Billings to do it for her. In Thackeray's version, however, Catherine is much more appealing.

Not that Thackeray makes Catherine virtuous or blames society for her crimes, as Bulwer might have done. It is true that he has her act lovingly to her son in the closing chapters, but earlier Thackeray gives her no qualms about abandoning her son for six or seven years. As well he is far from depicting her in her youth as a good child corrupted by circumstances in the manner of Paul Clifford; on the contrary, he has one of the few good characters in the novel, the parson, Dr. Dobbs, pronounce the young Catherine to be "the idlest, dirtiest, and most passionate little minx" he has ever seen (10). As Beth Kalikoff says, in *Catherine* characters "are not made wicked by their society; they display society's wickedness."<sup>2 5</sup> And though Kalikoff is prepared to make an exception for Catherine herself, even Catherine's wickedness is not really excused in the novel. Thackeray does not seek to explain away her wickedness; instead, he makes her wickedness charming or amusing, as when her first murder attempt—the poisoning of the Count, an episode invented by Thackeray—is presented as a farcical comedy.<sup>2 6</sup> In addition, Thackeray reduces Catherine's murderousness and eliminates her role as a trouble-maker. It is Wood who, in Thackeray's version, is constantly fomenting disputes in the Hayes household, and he is the one who leads the way in the murder, while Catherine tries to pull back (152, 191, 220). But even Wood, though he plays a villainous role at the

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<sup>2 5</sup> Kalikoff 50.

<sup>2 6</sup> This point about the comic nature of the poisoning is made by Kalikoff (43-44) and by Cabot (412).

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end as a reverend doctor, is quite charming in his earlier incarnations as a corporal and a captain. His roguish adventures seem amusing, as when he and Count von Galgenstein lure the villagers into enlisting in the army (Chapter One) or when he practises deceit to enter high society (Chapter Five) or when he and Macshane trick the owners of a house containing a hidden treasure into allowing them inside so they can spirit the treasure away (133-34).

All these adventures of Wood (or Brock), Macshane, and Galgenstein are inventions of Thackeray, and what he has done by introducing them and by making the changes in Catherine's role is to create not a cautionary tale, as he promised, warning against the evils of rogues, nor a Bulweresque tale of compassion and justification, excusing and finding virtues in rogues, but a picaresque tale celebrating (within limits) the roguishness of rogues.

Further to this end, Thackeray set about blackening the character of John Hayes, in effect making the criminals look better by making their victim look worse. From the eighteenth-century sources, John Hayes emerges as a respectable, honest husband, perhaps somewhat stingy, but generous enough to invite Thomas Wood to stay at his house when the latter needed a place to stay. According to the surviving 1726 pamphlet, he was even heroic: rescuing Catherine on their wedding day when she fell off a bridge and nearly drowned (Appendix 1, p. 701 below). On the other hand, if we believe the rather untrustworthy claims of Catherine Hayes, as reported in the sources, her husband was a brute who beat her, broke her ribs, starved her, and killed two of their newborn children (Appendix 1, pp. 719, 727, 729). Thackeray's version is different from both of these portrayals. For him Hayes is not an honest, much less a heroic, man; but nor is he a brutal villain. Rather, as Ensign

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Macshane says, he is a "snivelling sneak" (133), or as the narrator says, a "sordid wretch" (196). The Hayes of the novel is a pitiless money-lender who grinds the faces of the poor and who probably deals in stolen goods (196, 145)—a curious transfer of the activities of the real Ikey Solomons to the respectable John Hayes. He is also "pale, rickety, and feeble," and lacking in spirit, "a poor weak creature," and "so notoriously timid, selfish, and stingy" that, in the early part of the novel, Catherine repeatedly rejects his advances (20). This is nothing like the Hayes of history, whose marriage proposal to Catherine was in fact "readily accepted" (Appendix 1, p. 734).

Curiously, then, though Thackeray set out to write an attack on the glorification of criminals, what he produced is largely a celebration of them. It would be wrong, though, to say that under the guise of an anti-Newgate satire, Thackeray himself produced a Newgate novel. Thackeray holds to his position of not confusing virtue and vice; he does not, in Bulwer's fashion, attribute virtues to his criminals, except to find their vices themselves virtuous. The clue to his position can be found in an article he wrote in 1843, entitled "Thieves' Literature of France." In this article, Thackeray begins by repeating his old view that vice and virtue must be distinguished, that virtues must not be attributed to ruffians, and even that readers must be taught to hate such ruffians: "The only good to be got out of the contemplation of crime is abhorrence," he says (*Oxford Thackeray* 5: 471). But he then goes on to praise the criminals in Eugène Sue's *Les Mystères de Paris*, saying they are appealing because they are dreadful and they would be less so if they were "spotless":

. . . it is their crimes which make us admire them; . . . it is their crimes we admire.

(*Oxford Thackeray* 5: 472).



So much for hating criminals.

What is revealed here is an ambivalence in Thackeray. On the one hand, he was moved to attack the fashionable inanities of literature and life, such as the view that criminals were virtuous, a view that he would have found especially abhorrent in his "savage" youth, when he was dedicated to fighting the evil he saw in the world, including the evil represented by criminals. On the other hand, criminals are outsiders, and Thackeray—the shabby genteel Anglo-Indian on the fringes of high society—was repeatedly drawn to outsiders: as one can see in his fictional depictions of Becky Sharp and, to a lesser extent, Barry Lyndon.

Thackeray's youthful attraction to criminals is even noted by Thackeray himself, in his semi-autobiographical novel, *Pendennis*, in which the Thackeray-like hero, Arthur Pendennis, is said, in his youth, to have wanted "to hob and nob with celebrated pickpockets, or drink a pot of ale with a company of burglars and cracksmen."<sup>27</sup> And in fact, the attraction did not end with Thackeray's youth. In *The Newcomes*, for instance, Thackeray has Pendennis, in his role as narrator, suggest that outlaws are less sinful than the respectable: Pendennis expresses a preference for the Prodigal "amongst bad company" over "brother Straightlace" and for Hagar, slinking away with Ishmael, over "bitter old virtuous Sarah." And he adds:

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<sup>27</sup> *Pendennis* (*Works* 2: 291; Chapter 30). The similarity of this passage to the one in *Catherine* in which the narrator imagines that the highwayman Dick Turpin might have "hob-and-nobbed with Mrs. Catherine" (see p. 145 in the text) is suggestive: although the narrator is being ironic, our knowledge of Thackeray's later reference to Pendennis's desire to hob and nob with criminals suggests that the passage in *Catherine* should be taken as yet another indication of Thackeray's attraction to the criminal life.

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I am not here to scourge sinners; I am true to my party; it is the other side this humble pen attacks; let us keep to the virtuous and respectable . . . <sup>28</sup>

Also at this time, in his own person, in his lecture on Richard Steele, Thackeray did not shrink from expressing an interest in criminals. Speaking of how in the early eighteenth century it was common for stagecoaches to be stopped by "a gentleman on a grey mare, with a black vizard on his face, . . . [and carrying] a long pistol," Thackeray comments:

I would have liked to travel in those days . . . and have seen my friend with the grey mare and the black vizard.<sup>29</sup>

Given this attitude, it is not really surprising that in *Catherine* it is the respectable John Hayes and the Reverend Dr. Wood in his more respectable later days who become targets of the author's criticism, while the more obvious ruffians often seem to be presented for our admiration.

Besides helping to create *Catherine's* picaresque celebration of rogues, the blackening of the character of John Hayes, along with the invention of Count Maximilian von Galgenstein, goes to establish a motive for Hayes's murder, a motive of Thackeray's devising, filling a notable gap in the sources, for it is not very clear from the eighteenth-century accounts why Catherine Hayes wanted to murder her husband. In those accounts, Catherine makes some unconvincing claims about being beaten and starved by her husband; she also accuses him, implausibly, of murdering two newborn children; and she condemns him for being an atheist (Appendix 1, pp. 719, 727, 738, 739). None of this is especially

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<sup>28</sup> *The Newcomes* (Works 8: 288, 294; Chapter 28).

<sup>29</sup> *The English Humourists of the Eighteenth Century* (Works 7: 490).

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compelling, and Thackeray repairs the situation by providing Catherine with a snivelling husband and a noble lover. The motive thus becomes Catherine's desire to escape from her husband and, by marrying the Count, to enter into high society. Here are two characteristic Thackerayan motifs: the desire to rise in society, seen elsewhere in the careers of Becky Sharp and Barry Lyndon, and the burden of an unhappy marriage, creating the desire to be rid of the unwelcome spouse, seen in Clive Newcome's "Othello-like" thoughts about his unsuitable, intellectually inferior wife, Rosey (*The Newcomes*, Chapter 63, *Works* 8: 661-63), and in Philip Firmin's declaration that if he had married an unsuitable wife he might have "turned Othello, and have been hanged for smothering her" (*The Adventures of Philip*, Chapter 40, *Works* 11: 600). Interestingly, there is an *Othello* allusion in *Catherine*, in which the courtship of John and Catherine is implicitly compared to that of Othello and Desdemona (see the Annotations, note to 76.23). Equally interesting is the suggestion in *Vanity Fair* that Othello may have had grounds for his jealousy, and thus presumably for murdering his wife: the narrator hints (534, Chapter 59) that there actually was something improper between Cassio and Desdemona. The implication is that spouse murder can be justified, an attitude that lurks beneath the surface of *Catherine*. -

Besides helping create a motive for the murder, the invention of the Count allows Thackeray to develop another of his favourite topics, the evils of high society. Although Thackeray liked to create fantasies about outsiders rising into the upper reaches of society—in addition to the already mentioned examples of Becky Sharp and Barry Lyndon, there is the brief success of Corporal Brock in Chapter Five of *Catherine* itself—he at the same time liked to depict the members of high society as being unworthy of the status they had attained. In

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*Vanity Fair*, there is the denunciation, at the end of Chapter Nine, of Sir Pitt Crawley's high position in society, and in the later portions of *Catherine* there is the mockery of the Count in his senile middle age. There is also, during Brock's adventure in high society, an opportunity to mock the nature of gentlemen, who, according to the narrator, are distinguished mainly by their skill at gambling, drinking, fighting, spending money, and womanizing (87).

Another major alteration in the Catherine Hayes story arises from Thackeray's introduction into it of a series of father-son antagonisms. In the actual murder case, Tom Billings may have been technically guilty of killing his stepfather (or if some accounts are believed, his natural father), but he was not raised in the Hayes household as a son or stepson to his victim; nor is there any record of his having had serious differences with him. The sources are unclear about when exactly Tom moved in with the Hayeses, but it was not as a seven-year-old child, as in Thackeray's version (136, 141); on the contrary, Tom had already completed his apprenticeship to a tailor (Appendix 1, p. 770) and was probably in his late teens. Thackeray changed the nature of the situation entirely by having Tom arrive as a young boy, so that his relationship to John Hayes in the novel is that of a true stepson, and a stepson whose relationship to his stepfather is marked primarily by hostility. This is not the only father-son hostility in the novel, though, for Tom Billings has several other fathers to fight with. There is, for instance, his foster father, the blacksmith Billings, whose role in the novel seems solely to beat his foster child and then send him away; admittedly, Tom, who is disobedient and disrespectful, seems almost to deserve this treatment. The blacksmith also provides young Tom with a last name, Billings, which curiously gets misreported in one scene (135) so

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that Captain Wood thinks the name of the suffering and rebellious child is Bill, which of course was Thackeray's name—all of which suggests a certain degree of identification between Thackeray and the son in these antagonistic father-son relationships.

Another of these relationships is between Tom and his natural father, Count von Galgenstein, who before Tom was born tried to palm him off on either Thomas Bullock or Corporal Brock (45-46), and who after Tom's birth makes sure that the infant, who has been annoying him with his squalling, is sent out to nurse (48). Later the narrator describes this situation by saying Tom was put out to nurse at the time of his mother's elopement with the Count (123), a statement that is not strictly true, but which suggests Oedipal competition between the Count and Tom by associating the Count's success in winning Catherine with Tom's exile from his mother's breast. Later in the novel there will be more of this competition or interference, with Tom always seeming to get in the way when the Count tries to be alone with Catherine (see 189, 209). Interestingly, John Hayes also complains that Tom is always in the way (194). Even more interesting, however, is the reaction of the Count when he first meets his son after not having seen him for almost nineteen years. Tom arrives carrying some breeches for the Count, identifying himself at first simply as the tailor's apprentice. Only after a suspense-filled dialogue does Tom reveal his true identity, at which point he expects to be joyfully embraced by his newly discovered father. The Count's reaction is quite different, however. As Tom steps towards him expectantly, the Count retreats fearfully and says, "Keep back, sirrah!—keep back! Suppose I *am* your father, do you want to murder

me?" (169).<sup>30</sup>

Finally, one might note Thackeray's invention of an Irish priest called *Father* O'Flaherty and his transformation of the murderer Wood from a young labourer of 28 into the elderly Rev. Dr. Wood, that is, into yet another father (in the religious sense). One might also note that Dr. Wood is referred to at one point as Tom's godfather, a reference that occurs, significantly, in the midst of an angry interchange between the two (see p. 154). And one might even note the plans afoot in the Hayes household to enable Tom to supplant the tailor Beinkleider as master of the latter's business (148-49): as Tom's employer, Beinkleider stands in a somewhat paternal relationship to the youth, and thus this episode, which is of Thackeray's invention, can be regarded as yet another example of antagonism between a young man and a father figure.

There is one instance, however, in which Thackeray, rather than inventing a father, removes one from a scene in which his sources had included one; this occurs in the kidnapping episode in Chapter Six. Here, as the narrator himself says to begin with (98), the eighteenth-century sources report that John Hayes's *father* rescued him from the kidnappers. The narrator comments that "by this truth must we stick," but in fact he does not stick by it, for as the scene develops it is John Hayes's *mother* who comes to his rescue (113). However, this apparent exception to Thackeray's emphasis on fathers merely serves to illustrate the point that in this novel fathers and sons are shown to be at odds with each other. Having John Hayes's father rescue him would not show this at all;

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<sup>30</sup>The oddity of this response has been pointed out by Nicholas Salerno (164). Salerno, however, goes rather too far in seeing the whole novel as a working out of Oedipal antagonisms.

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having his mother be the rescuer, on the other hand, is more in line with the Oedipal triangle that Thackeray sets up in this work, and in other works. In his later fiction, for instance, *Barry Lyndon*, *Arthur Pendennis*, and *Henry Esmond* all have very close relationships with their mothers, or foster mothers; *Esmond* even ends up marrying his. This Oedipal situation has been much commented on by critics,<sup>3 1</sup> but what distinguishes *Catherine* from the later works is that, in presenting the Oedipal triangle in this novel, Thackeray's emphasis, despite the motherly rescue of John Hayes, is not on mother-son love but on father-son hostility. In a way, this is odd, given that some of Thackeray's sources speculated openly about incest between Tom Billings and his mother, but perhaps the very directness of these accounts put Thackeray off. More likely, given that *Catherine* is the product of Thackeray's early, angry days, the sentimental notion of love between mothers and sons probably did not stir him as much at this time as the notion of father-son antagonism.<sup>3 2</sup> Thus he ignored all the suggestions of mother-son incest in his sources, and instead developed the virtually non-existent father-son relationships in the story.

One other major alteration Thackeray made to the story was his invention

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<sup>3 1</sup>See, for example, the articles by Jeffers and Manning.

<sup>3 2</sup>For another example of such antagonism from this period, see the hostile relationship between Algernon Deuceace and his father, the Earl of Crabs, in *The Yellowplush Papers*. The two hate each other and end up competing to marry the same women, prompting Deuceace to wonder angrily how his father could be "so little squeamish about a wife, as to choose a woman who had just been making love to [i.e., flirting with] . . . [his] own son" (*Works* 3: 276, 333). And for a rare example of father-son antagonism from Thackeray's later works, see the opening section of *The Virginians*, where over the course of several chapters, beginning in Chapter Six, George Warrington becomes extremely jealous of the attentions paid to his widowed mother by George Washington. Warrington becomes so hostile towards his would-be stepfather that he comes close to fighting a duel with him.

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of a criminal narrator to tell it. Ikey Solomons Jr. is presumably meant to be the son of Ikey Solomons, an actual criminal of Thackeray's day, who was notorious as a receiver of stolen goods; he was transported to Australia in 1831.<sup>33</sup> *Bell's Life* ran a story on him on October 21, 1838, which may have brought him to mind for Thackeray, as may have the character Fagin, the Jewish receiver of stolen property in *Oliver Twist*, for Solomons, too, was Jewish. Moreover, as a recent critic has noted, to use a criminal as the story's narrator would, in a facetious way, lend credibility to the claim that *Catherine* was presenting thieves and murderers as they really were.<sup>34</sup> However, an examination of the first episode of *Catherine* suggests that the idea of using Solomons as the narrator only came to Thackeray after he had composed the bulk of that installment. Other than the byline (which could have been added at the last moment) and the printed signature at the end of the installment, there is no reference to Solomons in all of the first episode. At the very beginning of the second episode (38), Thackeray plays with the name of his narrator, and he refers to his identity again later in the story in a discussion of whether criminals are made or born (125-26) and elsewhere (44, 99n, 182n, 244, 247); but in the opening episode there is nothing of this sort and it thus is possible that Ikey Solomons Jr. was invented as late as April 15, the date accompanying the signature at the end of the first episode (37), after the rest of the episode was already written.<sup>35</sup>

If it is true that "Ikey Solomons" was a late addition to *Catherine*, it

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<sup>33</sup> For more on Solomons, see Tobias.

<sup>34</sup> Horsman 77.

<sup>35</sup> On the date of composition, see the Textual Commentary.



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may be that what finally inspired Thackeray to use the name was a daring crime he could have read about in March and April of 1839. This was the "Gold-Dust Robbery," in which a man using forged documents illegally took possession of £4640 worth of gold dust, which the *Morning Post* on March 27 worried might already be in the hands of "Jew receivers." A Mr. Henry Solomons was questioned by the police, according to a report in the *Post* on April 8, and on April 17 he was reported arrested on a charge of receiving the property.<sup>36</sup> Though the arrest did not occur until after the date at the end of Thackeray's first installment, the very mention of the name Solomons in a criminal connection, especially in connection with stolen goods, may have combined with Thackeray's memories of Fagin and of the story about Ikey Solomons in *Bell's Life* to suggest a suitably "low" name for the narrator.<sup>37</sup> The name may also have appealed to Thackeray subconsciously because the criminal hero of one of the books he was attacking, Bulwer's *Paul Clifford*, uses "Solomons" as one of his aliases (see 191, Chapter 16, in the 1874 edition).

Whatever gave Thackeray the idea, however, bestowing the name Ikey Solomons on the narrator seems to have been an afterthought, and except for the few references mentioned above, the fact that the narrator is supposed to be a criminal has little importance in the novel. In fact, it is easy to forget, through most of the narration, that the narrator is a criminal, an uneducated

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<sup>36</sup> *Morning Post*, March 27, 1839: 4; April 8: 4; April 17: 7.

<sup>37</sup> Interestingly, in his 1843 story "Dorothea" (in *The Fitz-Boodle Papers*), Thackeray refers both to the gold dust robbery and to the real Ikey Solomons in the same sentence (*Oxford Thackeray* 4: 282), suggesting that he not only knew about the robbery but that it was associated in his mind with Solomons, thus supporting the notion that it was reports of the robbery that triggered his invention of Ikey Solomons Jr.

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person quite different from the author. When he created the footman Yellowplush, Thackeray created a lower-class narrator whose Cockney characteristics are almost always on display; but "Ikey Solomons" usually sounds very much like the educated, urbane William Makepeace Thackeray, like the "ironist-realist-humorist of *Vanity Fair*," to use John Dodds's description of Thackeray,<sup>3 8</sup> or like Arthur Pendennis narrating *The Newcomes*. Consider, for instance, the impressively sweeping opening of *Catherine*:

At that famous period of history, when the seventeenth century . . . had sunk into its grave, giving place to the lusty eighteenth; when Mr. Isaac Newton was a tutor of Trinity, and Mr. Joseph Addison commissioner of appeals; when the presiding genius that watched over the destinies of the French nation had played out all the best cards in his hand, and his adversaries began to pour in their trumps; when there were two kings in Spain employed perpetually in running away from one another; when there was a queen in England, with such rogues for ministers as have never been seen, no, not in our own day; and a general, of whom it may be severely argued, whether he was the meanest miser or the greatest hero in the world; when Mrs. Masham had not yet put Madame Marlborough's nose out of joint; when people had their ears cut off for writing very meek political pamphlets; and very large full-bottomed wigs were just beginning to be worn with powder . . .

Compare this effusion by "Ikey Solomons" with what the urbane writer Pendennis produces in the second paragraph of the second chapter of *The Newcomes* (*Works* 8: 13):

When pigtails still grew on the backs of the British gentry, and their wives wore cushions on their heads, over which they tied their own hair, and disguised it with powder and pomatum: when Ministers went in their stars and orders to the House of Commons, and the orators of the Opposition attacked nightly the noble lord in the blue riband: when Mr. Washington was heading the American rebels with a courage, it must be confessed, worthy of a better cause . . .

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<sup>3 8</sup> Dodds, *Critical Portrait* 32.

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The tone and structure are virtually identical. Thus it seems wrong to view the narrator of *Catherine* as an unreliable character at a distance from the author, as John Kleis argues; rather, as Edgar Harden says, he tends to be Thackeray's mouthpiece.<sup>39</sup> And he is a very impressive mouthpiece. Along with the picaresque adventures of the first half of the novel and the anticipations of Becky Sharp in the character of Catherine—seen most notably in her bamboozling of the innocent Dr. Dobbs in Chapter Four (74-75)—the creation of the witty, irreverent narrator of *Catherine* is one of Thackeray's great successes in the novel.

These successes, it is true, have little to do with Thackeray's original purpose. In fact, the successful portrayal of charmingly sympathetic rogues (the early Brock and Galgenstein, Ensign Macshane, and Catherine herself) completely subverts Thackeray's purpose, which may account for his unhappiness with what he had done and explain why he kept *Catherine* out of his *Miscellanies* in the 1850s.

The four-volume *Miscellanies*, published by Bradbury and Evans (1855-57), contain most of Thackeray's early writings, and at one point it was intended to include *Catherine* in them. A letter survives from Thackeray to the publishers, in which, writing from his lecture tour in the United States, Thackeray says he is too busy to send "corrected proofs of *B. Lyndon*, *Shabby Genteel & Catherine*." Publication of these works, he says, "must be delayed until my return, or till quieter times."<sup>40</sup> *Barry Lyndon* and "A Shabby Genteel Story" did eventually

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<sup>39</sup> Kleis 50-53; Harden, "William Makepeace Thackeray" 269.

<sup>40</sup> Unpublished letter, Dec. 18, 1855, in the *Punch* archives, London; transcript supplied by Edgar Harden.

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appear in the *Miscellanies*, but *Catherine* did not. Nor was it ever reissued in Thackeray's lifetime, the first reprinting of it having to wait until six years after the author's death and the publication by Smith, Elder of the first collected edition of his works, where it could be found hidden away in the twenty-second volume.

It is true that in the twenty-fourth volume of Smith, Elder's 1879 edition of the collected works, Leslie Stephen referred to *Catherine* as an "early specimen of the master's hand," but he also found the work "comparatively narrow" and said its demonstration of the evils of glorifying highwaymen was far more elaborate than was necessary.<sup>4 1</sup> Other commentators have similarly dismissed *Catherine* as sordid or brutal; or alternatively they have criticized it for failing to live up to its promise of revealing the brutality of crime and for tending instead to glorify it in the manner of the works it set out to criticize.<sup>4 2</sup> These contradictory attacks both derive from views expressed by Thackeray, who himself criticized his first novel in seemingly contradictory terms. In February 1840, he wrote his mother that *Catherine* presented "a disgusting subject & no mistake." A month later, however, he wrote her that the problem with the novel was that, owing to his developing a "sneaking kindness" for his heroine, it "was not made disgusting enough" (*Letters* 1: 421, 433).

Actually, the discrepancy between these two statements may be more apparent than real. Thackeray seems to have developed a distaste for the subject he was presenting, that is, for the brutal murder and the general lowness of his

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<sup>4 1</sup>Stephen 338, 337.

<sup>4 2</sup>The first group of critics includes Anthony Trollope (72) and Miriam Thrall (78). For the second view, see Hollingsworth (153) and Monsarrat (95).

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characters. But he also seems to have felt that he had not fulfilled his original plan of revealing the extent of the brutality involved; he seems to have realized that he did not actually produce an anti-Newgate satire but a work in which ruffians were presented almost affectionately. In other words, though his subject was "disgusting," he did not present it in a disgusting enough manner.

As already suggested, the failure to fulfill the anti-Newgate plan may explain why Thackeray kept the novel out of his *Miscellanies*.<sup>4 3</sup> Or the disgusting nature of the subject may have been what decided him against republication: he may especially have been unhappy with the gruesome details of the final chapter, which indeed Smith, Elder omitted in its posthumous editions (see the note to 232.5 in the Textual Apparatus section on Additions and Expurgations). There are other possible explanations, however.

Consider the narrator's statement in the final episode that "newspaper critiques" of the preceding installments had tended to "abuse the tale of *Catherine* as one of the dullest, most vulgar and immoral works extant" (243). It is tempting to see this statement as an accurate report of the contemporary

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<sup>4 3</sup>The assumption here is that the decision not to republish was Thackeray's. There is no direct evidence on this point, and it is of course possible the decision was his publisher's, but Thackeray was the one responsible for keeping three stories out of the reprint of *Fitz-Boodle's Confessions* in his *Miscellanies* and also for keeping one story out of the reprint of *Men's Wives* in the same collection: see his unpublished letter to F. M. Evans, Feb. 16, 1857, Bodleian Library, Oxford; transcript supplied by Edgar Harden; see also Ray, *Adversity* 460, note 3. Thackeray was also behind the deletion of seven chapters from *The Book of Snobs*: see John Sutherland's edition (20, 225).

On the other hand, Edgar Harden ("Thackeray's *Miscellanies*" 506) suggests that the decision to exclude some other pieces from the *Miscellanies* may have been not Thackeray's but his publisher's. Still, since Thackeray felt compelled to reassure Bradbury and Evans in the letter quoted above that he would eventually prepare *Catherine* for the press, it seems unlikely that in this case it was the publisher that was against publication.

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critical reception of *Catherine*,<sup>44</sup> and to deduce from it that the negative reception made Thackeray feel the story was not worthy of preservation. However, the problem with this theory is that Solomons' report on the newspapers does not seem accurate. A survey of the contemporary response to *Catherine* reveals some mild criticism, but nothing as damning as what Solomons reports.<sup>45</sup> Reviewing the second installment, the *Observer* said that though *Catherine* was "not without humour," the author "often fails in his efforts to say something clever" (June 2, 1839: 3). After the final episode appeared, the same paper commented: "'Catherine' is intended as a piece of irony on the Jack Sheppard class of literature, but is not likely to cut deep" (February 2, 1840: 3). The *Sun*, on November 1, 1839, commented that though containing "some clever points," *Catherine* was "wanting in general interest." Thackeray may also have been upset by the *Observer's* comment on the May 1839 issue of *Fraser's*, in which the first number of *Catherine* appeared. *Fraser's*, said the *Observer*, is "rather heavy" this month, with "not a single humorous paper in the number" (May 5: 3).

But *Catherine* did win praise at times. The *Morning Post* in November 1839 wrote: "The amusing story of 'Catherine' is continued with unabated spirit . . ." (November 2: 3-4). And the following February the *Post* was even more laudatory, saying that of the "several capital miscellaneous articles" in *Fraser's*

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<sup>44</sup> This is how Lewis Melville reads it in his 1899 biography (1: 123), and this attitude is lent credence by the editors of *Thackeray: The Critical Heritage*, who reprint the narrator's comments as if they were an accurate report of contemporary opinion (Tillotson and Hawes 21).

<sup>45</sup> For the full survey of the contemporary newspaper response to *Catherine*, see Appendix 2.

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that month, " 'Catherine: A Story' is the best . . ." (February 4: 6). Even the *Observer* had praise for Thackeray's work in November, saying that *Catherine* that month was "a continuation of a very interesting and well-told tale" (November 3: 3).

It is true that Thackeray's novel was not the success that *Jack Sheppard* was, or *Oliver Twist* had been. The praise was not as strong or as detailed as it was for Dickens's work and for the early episodes of Ainsworth's; and no one rushed to put Thackeray's tale on the stage as happened with both other works.<sup>4 6</sup> Still, when Thackeray wrote to his mother in January 1840 that *Catherine* was "not generally liked," he seems to have been judging the response too negatively, and in fact a month later he would comment that "Carlyle says Catherine is wonderful, and many more laud it highly," though he added that he himself was not pleased with the subject and wished he had taken "a pleasanter one" (*Letters* 1: 412, 421). It does not seem fair, therefore, to blame the contemporary response to *Catherine* for its subsequent neglect, but it may be that Thackeray's interpretation of that response led him (and others) to slight the work later. He may have believed what he had Solomons say about the newspapers, even if it was not true.

Perhaps a stronger reason for the exclusion of *Catherine* from the *Miscellanies* and its subsequent neglect has to do with the numerous personal attacks contained in it. In suppressing the seven chapters from *The Book of*

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<sup>4 6</sup>In the fall of 1839, *Jack Sheppard* was appearing in at least eight different dramatic versions at rival theatres in London, not to mention productions at Brighton and Sheffield and a pantomime version at Drury Lane at Christmas-time. There were also several stage versions of *Oliver Twist*, though the exact number is difficult to determine. See S. M. Ellis, "Jack Sheppard" 92-102; Hollingsworth 125-26.

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*Snobs*, Thackeray explained that the reason was that he found them stupid, snobbish, and also "personal" (Sutherland's edition, 20); the "personal" parts of the offending chapters seem to have been the unflattering references to Disraeli, Peel, Lord George Bentinck, Mrs. Gore, Mrs. Trollope, and Macaulay. Thackeray also developed concerns about the "personal" material he had included in *The Yellowplush Papers*, notably the two attacks on Bulwer-Lytton (in "Mr. Yellowplush's Ajew" and "Epistles to the Literati"). After the American publisher, Appleton, reprinted the offending articles (without permission), Thackeray made the following plaintive comment about the revival of some of his first works, or "children," as he referred to them:

Why were some of the little brats brought out of their obscurity? I own to a feeling of anything but pleasure in reviewing some of these misshapen juvenile creatures. . . . There are two performances especially (among the critical and biographical works of the erudite Mr. Yellow-Plush) which I am very sorry to see reproduced, and I ask pardon of the author of the "Caxtons" for a lampoon, which I know he himself has forgiven, and which I wish I could recal.<sup>47</sup>

Thackeray was even more upset when the two attacks on Bulwer appeared against his wishes in the second volume of his *Miscellanies* in 1855. At least one review of this volume condemned the republication of the attacks,<sup>48</sup> and this may have made Thackeray doubly wary of reprinting a work which contained extended criticisms of Ainsworth and Dickens and, especially, additional personal attacks on Bulwer-Lytton.<sup>49</sup>

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<sup>47</sup> Preface to *Mr. Brown's Letter to a Young Man about Town* (x). See also Wilson (1: 59-66), where the Preface is reprinted; the quoted passage is at 60-61.

<sup>48</sup> "Thackeray's *Miscellanies*," *The Leader* (Jan. 5, 1856: 19).

<sup>49</sup> For a discussion of Thackeray's unhappiness over the Yellowplush reprints, see



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The attacks on Bulwer were part of a long vendetta waged not only by Thackeray, but by the editor of *Fraser's Magazine*, William Maginn, over the course of many years. *Fraser's* published negative reviews of *Paul Clifford* and *Eugene Aram*, and in 1832 ran a spoof of *Eugene Aram* entitled *Elizabeth Brownrigge*, a work occasionally attributed to Thackeray. *Fraser's* also attacked Bulwer's non-Newgate novels *Devereux*, in 1830, and *Ernest Maltravers*, in 1838: the latter review was by Thackeray, who also wrote an unflattering critique of the book for the *Times*, made uncomplimentary remarks about Bulwer in his letters and diaries, produced the two attacks in the Yellowplush series, and several years later satirized Bulwer again in "George de Barnwell," one of the parodies in his *Novels by Eminent Hands* (or *Punch's Prize Novelists*). Bulwer later commented angrily that *Fraser's*, "under the auspices of Dr. Maginn and Mr. Thackeray, long continued to assail me . . . with a kind of ribald impertinence," and he at one point even considered challenging Thackeray to a duel.<sup>50</sup>

Indeed, though it was probably the appearance of *Jack Sheppard* that inspired Thackeray to compose *Catherine*, the main focus of its attack was on Bulwer. In fact, if we are to believe a letter Thackeray wrote to his mother at the beginning of December 1839, when all but the last two installments of *Catherine* had appeared, Thackeray had not even read Ainsworth's romance at that point (*Letters* 1: 395)—which would explain the absence of detailed comments on it in *Catherine* until the last two episodes. For that matter, there is little detailed comment on *Oliver Twist* until those last episodes. What there is,

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<sup>49</sup> (cont'd) Harden, "Thackeray's *Miscellanies*" 499-501, 504-505.

<sup>50</sup> Trodd 59-64 and passim; Hollingsworth 80-81, 93, 95-97, 149-50, 200; Thrall 62-64, 67. And see Thackeray's *Letters* 1: 98, 198, 228.

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however, is a series of attacks on Bulwer's writings and personality, including specific references to *Paul Clifford*, *Eugene Aram*, *Ernest Maltravers*, and *Devereux*. Bulwer is mocked for having his two criminal heroes quote Plato, for portraying the seducer Maltravers as a virtuous philosopher, and for associating his hero Devereux with famous personages such as Bolingbroke. Thackeray also makes fun of Bulwer's recently acquired baronetcy, accuses him of using high-flown language in an ignorant way, and mocks his supposed inability to write poetry (36, 38, 56, 98, 126, 135, 145, 242).

But Bulwer is present in *Catherine* as more than the target of attacks; for though Thackeray at times goes out of his way to criticize the older writer, at other times he seems to be echoing him. Consider the verbal similarities of the following two passages:

. . . we question whether Shakespeare himself could have fancied an earthly shape more meet to embody the vision of a Miranda or a Viola.

(*Paul Clifford* 215, Chapter 18)

We very much doubt if Milton himself could make a description of an execution half so horrible . . .

(*Catherine* 242)

And consider the thematic similarity of the following two passages:

Nothing on earth is so melancholy a prospect as a pawnbroker's drawer! Those little, quaint, valueless ornaments,—those true-lovers'-knots, those oval locketts, those battered rings, girdled by initials, or some brief inscription of regard or of grief,—what tales of past affections, hopes, and sorrows do they not tell!

(*Paul Clifford* 220, Chapter 19)

O cruel, cruel pangs of love unrequited! . . . there, in the drawer of your dressing-table . . . lies the dead flower that Lady Amelia

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Wilhelmina wore in her bosom on the night of a certain ball—the corpse of a glorious hope that seemed once as if it would live for ever . . . there, in your writing desk . . . is the dirty scrap of paper . . . begging "you would . . . think of her who"—married a public-house three weeks afterwards, and cares for you no more . . .  
(*Catherine* 22-23)<sup>5 1</sup>

Consider as well Corporal Brock. Though based in part on Sergeant Kite of Farquhar's *The Recruiting Officer*, he also resembles the old Corporal in *Eugene Aram*, who goes on an expedition as the servant of young Walter Lester, much as the elderly Brock serves the young Count von Galgenstein on their recruiting expedition. Brock owes his rank and perhaps his age to Bulwer's creation,<sup>5 2</sup> and an early scene involving Thackeray's corporal is remarkably similar to one midway through Bulwer's novel, in which Bulwer's corporal sets ostlers at an inn to work "leading his own horse and his master's to and fro' the yard."<sup>5 3</sup> Compare the scene in *Catherine* where the Corporal and the Count order the horseboy of the Bugle Inn to lead their "Roman-nosed" horses (the horses in *Eugene Aram* are also Roman-nosed) "up and down in the village-green before the inn door" and the horses end up "marching thus to and fro for the wonderment of the village" (6, 7, 10). It is noteworthy in connection with the two corporals that though Thackeray's view of *Eugene Aram*, as recorded in his

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<sup>5 1</sup> Responding to the criticisms of Thackeray and others, Bulwer-Lytton greatly revised *Paul Clifford* in later years, but the two passages quoted above from the 1874 edition can be found as is in the first edition of the novel (London, 1830) at 2: 184 and 2: 197 (Chapters 6 and 7 of Volume 2), so that the similarity between the novels indicates that Thackeray was echoing Bulwer and not vice versa.

<sup>5 2</sup> The age does not come from the historical record, where the character to whom Brock corresponds (Thomas Wood) is only 28. It may, however, come from Sergeant Kite, who in Farquhar's play has seen twenty campaigns and thus is not young: *The Recruiting Officer* 64 (I.i).

<sup>5 3</sup> *Eugene Aram* (1832 ed.) 1: 274; Book 2, Chapter 5.

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1832 diary, was generally unfavourable, he did find the character of Bulwer's corporal interesting. The novel, he wrote, contains "no new character (except perhaps the Corporal)" (*Letters* 1: 198).

There are other similarities between Thackeray's novel and the writings of Bulwer. For instance, Brock's entry into high society by means of imposture and deceit (Chapter Five) seems to owe something to the adventures of Augustus Tomlinson in *Paul Clifford*, who pretends to high rank, attends fashionable parties uninvited, and seems on the brink of great success when he is suddenly unmasked and revealed to be an impostor, just as Brock is unmasked and has to abandon his career as a gentleman.<sup>5 4</sup> In addition, the two adviser-clerics at the end of *Catherine* (Rev. Dr. Wood advising Catherine and Father O'Flaherty advising the Count) seem to owe something to the meddlesome priest in *Devereux*, Father Montreuil, who like O'Flaherty is an abbé and like Wood foments discord in a family.<sup>5 5</sup> Also, the idea of having Catherine leave her respectable husband for the Count may have been inspired by the episode in *Paul Clifford* in which the wife of the lawyer Brandon (alias Welford) leaves him for an aristocrat (353-63, Chapter 33). As in *Catherine*, the motive for the desertion is social ambition and the desire to be free of a burdensome spouse; but in Bulwer's novel it is the husband who is ambitious and who feels burdened, and the wife's elopement, somewhat implausibly, is something he has encouraged in order to get rid of her.

But perhaps the most significant similarity is in the two authors' attitude towards wealth and rank. Like Thackeray, Bulwer mocks the upper classes,

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<sup>5 4</sup> *Paul Clifford* (1874 ed.) 84-87, Chapter 9.

<sup>5 5</sup> *Devereux* 20-22, 24-25; Book 1, Chapters 2, 3.

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noting that many proud aristocrats are descended from people as low as goldsmiths; he also satirizes those who befriend a family only when it comes into money (*Paul Clifford* 158-59, 141; Chapters 14, 13). As well Bulwer mocks those who use quotations prepared by someone else without themselves having read the sources (*Paul Clifford* 88-89, Chapter 9), just as Thackeray in *Catherine* mocks those who quote Greek authors by referring to the index (180).

Of course, there are also differences between the two authors. Bulwer is prone to bombast, pretentious philosophizing, and "poetic" language; Thackeray is not, except in mockery. And as already noted, the two writers' views on criminals were not quite the same: Bulwer sought to find virtues in them and to excuse their crimes; Thackeray celebrated his criminals because of their crimes and emphasized that as ruffians they had no virtues. But it may be the very combination of similarity and difference that inflamed Thackeray against his predecessor. He may have seen in Bulwer a writer similar to himself but one who had obvious weaknesses which Thackeray did not want to be associated with. Curiously, Bulwer himself analyzed such a situation in *Ernest Maltravers*, where the poet-hero is upset by the mediocrity of a fellow poet. "His pride was a little dejected," Bulwer's narrator writes. "He was like a beauty who has seen a caricature of herself."<sup>5 6</sup>

What may also be at work here is what Harold Bloom called the anxiety of influence. Thackeray is following Bulwer in some ways and quite possibly felt anxious and defensive over his indebtedness; he thus may have sought to distinguish himself from the latter to prove his own originality. There may even be in this a form of father-son antagonism, for as M. H. Abrams formulates the

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<sup>5 6</sup> *Ernest Maltravers* 122; Book 3, Chapter 2.

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issue of anxiety and influence, the relation of a later writer to an earlier is akin to the Oedipal relation of son to father.<sup>57</sup> Certainly Thackeray felt himself in competition with Bulwer, writing such comments in his diary as: "Eugene Aram . . . is in fact humbug, when my novel is written it will be something better I trust" and "Bulwer has a high reputation for talent & yet I always find myself competing with him" (*Letters* 1: 198).

In any case, whatever the reason, Thackeray attacks Bulwer strongly in the first five episodes of *Catherine*, and in the 1850s, when he felt friendlier to Bulwer, and embarrassed about the reprinting of the Yellowplush attacks on him, he may have decided that *Catherine* was too much of a criticism of his old adversary to be republished. He may also have been embarrassed by the attacks in the novel on Ainsworth and on *Oliver Twist*. Certainly his views on Dickens's novel seem to have changed by the 1850s, for in *The Newcomes* (1853-55) it is referred to quite favourably (*Works* 8: 396, Chapter 38). *The Newcomes* also contains a flattering reference to Bulwer's "delightful story" about Pompeii and seems to mock Thackeray's earlier anti-Bulwer campaign by having the young and somewhat foolish Clive Newcome propose to burlesque what Bulwer had written (*Works* 8: 416, Chapter 39).

One final reason for Thackeray's keeping *Catherine* from being reprinted may have to do with the presence in it of autobiographical elements that Thackeray did not want widely circulated. Gordon Ray suggests that it was the presence of such elements in three of the Fitz-Boodle stories that led Thackeray to omit them from his *Miscellanies*,<sup>58</sup> and the situation may have been the

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<sup>57</sup> See Bloom 5, 57, and *passim*; Abrams 82.

<sup>58</sup> Ray, *Adversity* 334-35.

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same with *Catherine*. In the case of the latter, the two most significant autobiographical elements are the father-son relationships and the unhappy marriage of the Hayeses.

In emphasizing the stepfather-stepson relationship between John Hayes and Tom Billings, and in presenting that relationship as something hostile, the young Thackeray may have been expressing some of his feelings about his real-life stepfather, Major Carmichael-Smyth, who had married Thackeray's widowed mother in India three months after the five-year-old Thackeray was sent back to England to go to school.<sup>59</sup> The situation was thus somewhat like that described by the narrator in *Catherine* when he says that the infant Tom was sent out to nurse at the time of his mother's elopement with the Count (123). In both cases, a young boy was exiled from his mother (in Thackeray's case for three and a half years; in Tom's case for nine)<sup>60</sup> and in a sense replaced in her affections by a husband or lover.

Gordon Ray (*Adversity* 113) says Thackeray got on with his stepfather "well enough," but in 1841 Thackeray referred to him as "that stupid old Governor of mine," adding: ". . . we are always on the point of quarreling, though we never do" (*Letters* 2: 38). As late as 1856, Thackeray would write of his mother and her second husband (whom he often called "GP"):

There's something immodest in the marriage of an elderly woman with children. . . . How disgusted I have felt at hearing my old GP snoring in my mother's room.

(cit. Ray, *Adversity* 113)

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<sup>59</sup> Ray, *Adversity* 65, 72.

<sup>60</sup> For the length of Thackeray's separation from his mother, see Ray, *Adversity* 75. For the length of Tom's separation from Catherine, see the note to 131.7-11 in the Unemended Cruxes section of the Textual Apparatus.

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However, by the 1850s Thackeray was in general well enough disposed towards Major Carmichael-Smyth to base the character of the kindly Colonel Newcome on him,<sup>6 1</sup> and to portray the Colonel as having a friendly, loving relationship with his son, Clive. Thus Thackeray may not have wanted at this time to bring forward his old novel in which he portrayed father-son relationships in much darker terms.

Thackeray may also have felt uncomfortable about *Catherine's* virtual justification of spouse-murder. At the time of writing *Catherine*, Thackeray's marriage was in some difficulty. He was spending less and less time at home because the distractions there made it hard for him to work and because he needed more intellectual stimulation than he could find in his wife, who seems to have been an unsophisticated Rosey Newcome type. When he did stay home, the main result seems to have been conflict: one of his letters speaks of how "dreadfully cross" he was with his "poor little wife" because of his labours over his writing. "She had much better let me go away on these occasions," he says, "but she won't." In May 1839, his wife was moved to write: "I see nothing of William, but this is all for the best I suppose," and in 1840 Thackeray guiltily upbraided himself, saying, "I must learn to love home more, and do my duty at the fire side as well as in my writing-room."<sup>6 2</sup> It would seem, then, that Thackeray's own wife was the model for the burdensome spouse in his fiction, and in this context it is possible to speculate that the contemptuous portrayal of John Hayes and the virtual justification found in *Catherine* for his murder may be an expression of Thackeray's dissatisfaction with his own marriage.

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<sup>6 1</sup>Ray, *Adversity* 7.

<sup>6 2</sup>See Ray, *Adversity* 210-12; *Letters* 1: 389, 398, 420, 421, 446-47, 478.



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If Thackeray sensed this subtext in his novel when rereading it in the 1850s, it may have seemed to him yet another reason for not republishing the early work. It is true that he let himself write disparagingly at this time of a figure much like his wife when he created Rosey Newcome, and he also inserted references in his late fiction to Othello's murder of Desdemona; but republishing a novel devoted to justifying the murder of a burdensome spouse may have seemed to be going too far, especially given his wife's mental breakdown after 1839.

In short, there may have been many reasons for Thackeray to suppress *Catherine*: its "disgusting" subject-matter, its tendency to celebrate criminals, its personal attacks, its autobiographical references, and Thackeray's feeling that it was not well regarded. Whatever the cause, though, Thackeray's negative judgement on his first novel was unfortunate, especially to the extent that it influenced later commentators, for despite its flaws *Catherine* is one of Thackeray's most interesting works, a good example of the author at his satirical best.

It is true that Thackeray does not do what he set out to do in *Catherine*. He does not produce a novel in the manner of *Jonathan Wild*, relentlessly revealing the criminality of criminals. If he had, however, this would have been a far less interesting novel, just as *Jonathan Wild*, despite Thackeray's praise of it at the end of *Catherine* (246), is one of Fielding's less interesting efforts. As Thackeray's old nemesis, Bulwer-Lytton, put it in his Dedicatory Epistle to *Devereux*, "the Book that wanders the most from the idea which originated it, may often be better than that which is rigidly limited to the unfolding and *dénouement* of a single conception" (vi).

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Indeed, Thackeray himself was quite willing to go along with this Bulwerian sentiment when discussing Fielding's *Joseph Andrews*, praising the latter novel in terms that could easily be applied to *Catherine*. In *Joseph Andrews*, Thackeray says,

Fielding proposes to write a book in ridicule of the author, whom he disliked and utterly scorned and laughed at [Samuel Richardson, for *Pamela*]; but . . . he begins to like the characters which he invents, can't help making them manly and pleasant as well as ridiculous, and before he has done with them all, loves them heartily every one.<sup>6 3</sup>

One is reminded of Thackeray's "sneaking kindness" for *Catherine*, which he felt had ruined his novel, but which, one might argue, made it far superior to his original conception of it.

*Catherine* is one of those novels that wanders from its originating idea and creates something other than what it purports to create. If it is judged according to its aims, therefore, it will come off badly. If, however, it is judged in relation to its achievement, perhaps it will finally receive the praise it deserves.

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<sup>6 3</sup>"Hogarth, Smollett, and Fielding," *The English Humourists of the Eighteenth Century* (Works 7: 580).

## THE POLITICS OF CATHERINE

*Catherine* is not a political novel in the sense of focusing on political or social issues in the manner of Dickens's *Hard Times* or Disraeli's *Sybil*, but it does contain several passing references to the political events of the early nineteenth century, all of which tend to suggest that the author is a Tory, even an ultra-Tory. Judging from the political asides in *Catherine*, one might conclude that Thackeray in 1839 was resolutely anti-Whig from a conservative standpoint and was opposed to the Reform Bill of 1832 and perhaps even to the Catholic Emancipation Act of 1829. However, an examination of Thackeray's political statements and activities in the late 1830s reveals a quite different picture of a young man supporting radical political reform and attacking the Whigs not from the right, but from the left. At the same time, the evidence suggests that Thackeray's political partisanship was not very strong and that, if he had not been writing for the politically partisan *Fraser's Magazine*, he might not have mentioned politics in *Catherine* at all.

The two leading political parties in England in the late 1830s were the Tories and the Whigs, led respectively by Sir Robert Peel, who had succeeded the Duke of Wellington, and Lord Melbourne. Melbourne's Whigs were the governing party from 1835 until 1841, holding power thanks to the support of a small group of MPs known as Radicals. The Radicals were followers of Jeremy Bentham and advocates of political reform going beyond the terms of the Whig Reform Bill of 1832: they wanted to extend the franchise, introduce the secret ballot, and increase the frequency of elections. Many of them had connections with the extra-Parliamentary Anti-Corn Law League, the organization of merchants and manufacturers who sought to repeal the Corn Laws which

## THE POLITICS OF CATHERINE

protected the landed aristocracy. The Radicals and the Anti-Corn Law League were quite distinct from, and often at odds with, the other major extra-Parliamentary group of this period, the Chartists, who launched two violent but abortive uprisings in 1839 on behalf of the working class.<sup>1</sup>

The position of *Fraser's Magazine* in this period was clearly Tory, even ultra-Tory, to use the term applied to that section of the Tory party that felt betrayed when Wellington and Peel reluctantly introduced Catholic Emancipation as a means of averting civil war in Catholic Ireland.<sup>2</sup> *Fraser's* continually attacked Lord Melbourne and his party, and was particularly critical of the Whigs' attempts to find allies to the left so as to create "a confederacy of Whigs, Radicals, Republicans, Chartists, Socialists, and Atheists" (Jan. 1840, 21: 121). And despite its unhappiness with the Tory leaders over Catholic Emancipation, what *Fraser's* longed to see was "Toryism . . . in the ascendant" (Jan. 1840, 21: 31).<sup>3</sup>

Thackeray had once been an ultra-Tory in the *Fraser's* mould. When Catholic Emancipation came in, the seventeen-year-old Thackeray wrote articles against it and expressed "great grief & consternation" at its passage (*Letters* 1: 34, 34n, 55). At the time of the Reform Bill of 1832, he wrote in his diary that "the country [has] gone to the Devil!" He worried that "to morrow perhaps a king may be pulled off his throne," and he looked on the Duke of Wellington as a "hero" for his opposition to the Reformers (*Letters* 1: 199, 200, 189).

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<sup>1</sup>See Halevy 3: 65-71, 183, 192, 198, 307, 332-33; Briggs 271, 319; Woodward 96; Llewellyn 147-52.

<sup>2</sup>Woodward 77.

<sup>3</sup>For more on *Fraser's* politics, see the Annotations: notes to 1.9, 38.17, 77.22, and 125.1.

## THE POLITICS OF CATHERINE

By the late 1830s, however, Thackeray's political attitudes had changed. No longer did he stand against Reform; on the contrary, he embraced it and criticized the Whigs for not going far enough with it. Writing as the Paris correspondent of the Radical paper, the *Constitutional*, in 1836-1837, he criticized the "so-called liberal ministry" in England for not promoting the liberal cause in Spain and Portugal; attacking the "lazy Whigs," he praised instead the Radicals and celebrated Daniel O'Connell, the Irish agitator for Catholic Emancipation, saying that it was thanks to O'Connell that "freedom in Ireland and Radicalism in England . . . [had] advanced" as they had. He warned that the French government of Louis-Philippe would try to stop the progress of British reform, but expressed confidence that the French would not succeed: "We are luckily too strong . . . to be bullied back into Toryism."<sup>4</sup> While he was writing *Catherine*, in 1839, he made two drawings to assist a campaign by the Anti-Corn Law League. And in 1840, he wrote his mother that he hoped the day would come when "the rascally Whigs and Tories . . . [would] disappear from among us" (*Letters* 1: 385-86, 458). He disavowed Chartism, and indeed seemed terrified of Chartist violence and working-class revolution (*Letters* 1: 410-11, 458), but he declared himself to be a "republican" and said he would like to see "all men equal, and this bloated aristocracy blasted to . . . the winds" (*Letters* 1: 458).

This anti-aristocratic attitude can be found in *Catherine*, stripped of its political significance, in the unflattering portrayal of the senile Count von Galgenstein in the latter part of the novel. Similarly, Thackeray's attack on gentlemen as drunken, gambling womanizers (in the account of Corporal Brock's progress in high society in Chapter 5) accords with the anti-establishment political

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<sup>4</sup>Mr. Thackeray's *Writings* 193, 194, 172, 213, 130, 135, 128.

## THE POLITICS OF CATHERINE

attitude he was expressing in the late 1830s outside the pages of *Catherine*. However, within *Catherine* there is no hint of Thackeray's political Radicalism.

It is true that there is an attack, in the opening paragraph of the novel, on the Whig government's roguery which could come from a Radical position as easily as from a Tory one, but later in the novel, when Thackeray associates the Reform Bill with corruption and contrasts the Duke of Wellington and another Tory politician, Lord Lyndhurst, with O'Connell and the Whig Lord Melbourne, the attitude of the novel seems clearly Tory. And if the narrator's comment in Chapter 6 on the popularity of Catholicism is meant to be a veiled attack on the Catholic Emancipation Act, then Thackeray in *Catherine* is in effect putting himself forward as an ultra-Tory, taking a position completely in accord with that of *Fraser's*.<sup>5</sup>

Indeed, one is forced to conclude that the reason Thackeray's politics in *Catherine* appear to be Tory or ultra-Tory is that he was trying to accommodate himself to the politics of *Fraser's*. If the novel had not been written for *Fraser's*, it might not have contained Tory political statements; in fact, it might not have contained political statements at all, for Thackeray did not generally take up political issues in his fiction. He did not write about the plight of factory workers in the manner of Dickens or Mrs. Gaskell; nor did he present proposals for reorganizing society in the manner of Disraeli. Indeed, in two reviews he wrote in 1845 of books by Disraeli and Charles Lever, he expressed disapproval of novelists who wandered into "the crabbed labyrinths of political controversy" and who used their novels as platforms to "tell us that society is diseased, the

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<sup>5</sup>For a detailed discussion of the political passages in *Catherine*, see the Annotations: notes to 1.13, 38.21, 77.24, 110.17, and 125.1.

## THE POLITICS OF CATHERINE

laws unjust, the rich ruthless, the poor martyrs, the world lop-sided, and *vice versa*." He did not want such "instruction," he said, but preferred "romances which do not treat of algebra, religion, political economy, or other abstract science."<sup>6</sup>

Of course, one could say that Thackeray was being political himself, if one defines the term broadly, in attacking corruption and ineptitude among the higher orders, as he does in his depiction of Lord Steyne and Sir Pitt Crawley in *Vanity Fair*. And to the extent that his attacks express a desire to eliminate class distinction, one could say that there is a political element to them. However, since the attacks on the upper classes are usually coupled with fantasies about rising into their ranks (consider Becky Sharp, Barry Lyndon, and in *Catherine* itself Corporal Brock), the strongest message that emerges from Thackeray's fiction is not that aristocracy should be abolished but that the aristocrats should open their ranks to certain deserving but currently excluded individuals.

In any case, what is clearly not found in Thackeray's fiction are political programs, examinations of specific political or social issues, or advocacy of the rights of one social class against another. Nor, in his fiction outside of *Catherine*, does Thackeray generally make the sort of partisan political comments found in his first novel. It was more typical of him to write mockingly of political partisans in general than to join one side or the other. Thus, in a story he began publishing in the *New Monthly Magazine* even before *Catherine* completed its run in *Fraser's*, he makes fun of one political activist who becomes a Radical

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<sup>6</sup>William Makepeace Thackeray: *Contributions to the Morning Chronicle* 72, 71, 77-78.

## THE POLITICS OF CATHERINE

solely because his sweetheart leaves him for a Tory and of another who deserts the Tories as soon as they lose power.<sup>7</sup> Similarly, in *Vanity Fair*, he mocks the political trimming of the Crawley family (57-58, Chapter 7), and in *Catherine* itself he invites the reader to laugh at the political shifts of Corporal Brock's mother (p. 5 in the text).

Thackeray was never a very good political partisan. Even when an ultra-Tory in his youth, he could denounce Reform in his diary and then go off to Cornwall to campaign in an election for his Radical friend Charles Buller against the Tories (*Letters* 1: 246). Later, in his Radical period, while writing his pro-Reform articles from Paris for the *Constitutional*, he confided to his mother that he found the Paris version of the Radical party to be "the most despicable I ever knew" and that as a result he was in danger of becoming a Tory.<sup>8</sup> "I am a very weak & poor politician," he confessed a few years later, "only good for outside articles and jeux d'esprit" (*Letters* 2: 225).

It seems, therefore, that the Tory partisanship of *Catherine* was not Thackeray's but *Fraser's*—and this partisanship misrepresents Thackeray's views not simply because he was a Radical rather than a Tory at the time, but because essentially he was not a political partisan of any sort and did not approve of harnessing literature to politics. As he put it in a letter to his mother in December 1839, while still working on *Catherine*, using a phrase that would become a battle cry at the end of the century:

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<sup>7</sup>"The Bedford-Row Conspiracy," *Works* 3: 595, 617, 631-32.

<sup>8</sup>See Ray, *Adversity* 191.



## THE POLITICS OF CATHERINE

Criticism has been a party matter with us till now, and literature a poor political lackey—please God we shall begin ere long to love art for art's sake.

*(Letters 1: 396)*

## TEXTUAL COMMENTARY

### I. HISTORY OF THE TEXT

Thackeray probably began writing *Catherine* at the beginning of April 1839. Since the first installment of the novel appeared in the May issue of *Fraser's Magazine* that year, he must have completed it during April: by April 15 if the date at the end of the first installment is accurate (see p. 37 in the text below). Moreover, since he seems to have based the name of one of the major characters in the first installment on that of a character in a play that first appeared on stage on April 1, 1839,<sup>1</sup> it is not likely that he began the novel before April 1.

After the first installment of *Catherine* appeared in May, three further installments appeared in each subsequent month through August. There was then a two-month hiatus in publication, and the fifth installment did not appear until November. After another hiatus in December, the final two episodes appeared in *Fraser's* in January and February 1840. Thackeray finished writing the novel in mid-January 1840, according to a note he wrote to James Fraser, the publisher of the magazine (*Letters* 1: 407).

Thackeray's unhappiness with the novel, discussed in the Critical Commentary above, may partly explain the gaps in publication, which presumably correspond to gaps in composition.<sup>2</sup> Thackeray's absences from London during the

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<sup>1</sup>The central character in Fitzball's *The King of the Mist*, which ran at Drury Lane during the first week of April, is called Peter Block. Thackeray's Peter Brock is first mentioned by name in the sixth paragraph of *Catherine*. For more details on the naming of Peter Brock, see the note to 4.12 in the Annotations.

<sup>2</sup>Unlike Trollope, who generally would not begin publishing a novel until he had written the last installment, Thackeray's approach to serial publication was to

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months when he would have been preparing installments for September, October, and December 1839 may also be part of the explanation for why no episodes appeared in those months.<sup>3</sup> The same situation arose five years later with *Barry Lyndon*, which was appearing in serialized form in *Fraser's* in 1844. Halfway through that novel, Thackeray began to consider it a nightmarish burden, and in the middle of composing it, in late August 1844, left London for a trip to the Mediterranean: the result was that he was unable to provide copy for the October issue of *Fraser's*.<sup>4</sup> The theory of Keith Hollingsworth, that publication of the installments of *Catherine* was deliberately delayed so that the last installment would appear in the same month as the last installment of Ainsworth's *Jack Sheppard*,<sup>5</sup> has no evidence to support it.

Thackeray's manuscript for *Catherine*, along with all his other manuscripts for *Fraser's*, has disappeared.<sup>6</sup> The only manuscript-related material for *Catherine* that does survive is the original of the drawing Thackeray made to accompany the fifth installment of the novel. Curiously, this is the only one of Thackeray's five illustrations for *Catherine* that did not appear in the first edition in *Fraser's*, and perhaps that is why it survived, having been spared the Fraserian publication process. However, three of Thackeray's illustrations that did appear in

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<sup>2</sup>(cont'd) write each month's installment in the month preceding publication. Ray (*Adversity* 343, 387), referring to *Barry Lyndon* and *Vanity Fair*, says it was Thackeray's habit to keep "only a chapter or two ahead of the printer."

<sup>3</sup>In mid-July 1839, presumably after completing the August installment of *Catherine*, Thackeray left for Paris for an extended visit, writing to one of his publishers that he would be gone for a month (*Letters* 1: 390). In November Thackeray visited Paris again (Ray, *Adversity* 205).

<sup>4</sup>See Ray, *Adversity* 297-98, 343-44.

<sup>5</sup>Hollingsworth 152.

<sup>6</sup>Colby and Sutherland 333.

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*Fraser's*, accompanying his earlier work, *The Yellowplush Correspondence*, also survive despite going through the publication process in *Fraser's*.<sup>7</sup>

*Catherine* was never republished in Thackeray's lifetime, not even by the publishers in New York who reprinted many of his obscure early works from *Fraser's* without his permission.<sup>8</sup> Thackeray did at one point contemplate including *Catherine* in his authorized *Miscellanies*, which Bradbury and Evans issued in the late 1850s: in 1855, while on his second American lecture tour, he wrote Bradbury and Evans about *Catherine*, and also about *Barry Lyndon* and "A Shabby Genteel Story," saying he did not have time to work on proofs for those works, but that he would do so when he returned or when he had more time.<sup>9</sup> The implication is that all three works were to appear in the *Miscellanies*, but in the end only *Barry Lyndon* and the "Shabby Genteel Story" were published there. No evidence survives concerning the decision to exclude *Catherine*, but given Thackeray's unhappiness with the novel, the decision was probably his.<sup>10</sup>

In any case, from 1839-40, when it appeared in *Fraser's*, until 1869, when the publishing house of Smith, Elder reissued it as part of the twenty-second and final volume of its first edition of Thackeray's collected works, *Catherine* was available only to those who had access to copies of *Fraser's*

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<sup>7</sup>All four of these illustrations can be found at the British Museum. The three from *The Yellowplush Correspondence* are in *Fraser's* 17 (1838): facing pages 248, 623; 18 (1838): facing page 71. See Binyon 4: 175.

<sup>8</sup>See Edgar Harden's article, "Thackeray's *Miscellanies*" (498-500), for a discussion of the pirating of Thackeray's works in America.

<sup>9</sup>Unpublished letter, Dec. 18, 1855, in the *Punch* archives, London; transcript supplied by Edgar Harden.

<sup>10</sup>See the Critical Commentary (p. xl, note) for more on this point.

## TEXTUAL COMMENTARY

*Magazine*. Thus the writer George Augustus Sala, who praised *Catherine* in 1864, would, as a reader of that novel, have been a member of a select group; and as he himself noted, *Catherine* was one of Thackeray's least known works.<sup>11</sup> It is true that in the 1830s *Fraser's* was an important and widely read magazine. *The Wellesley Index* reports that it "stood with *Blackwood's* at the forefront of monthly magazines," and in 1831 it claimed a circulation of 8,700, which was more than *Blackwood's*, though somewhat less than that of the *Edinburgh Review* and the *Quarterly Review*.<sup>12</sup> According to *The Wellesley Index*, the figure of 8,700 may be an exaggeration. Even assuming that it is not, however, and assuming that the figure remained the same in 1839-40, this still leaves the number of purchased copies of *Fraser's* containing installments of *Catherine* well below the number of purchased copies for Thackeray's later novels. *Vanity Fair*, for instance, sold close to 32,000 copies between its first publication and 1865, while *The Newcomes* and *Pendennis* each sold close to 20,000.<sup>13</sup> And of course, since the three other novels appeared as separate works, their sales figures directly indicate the number of purchasers intending to read each novel. In contrast, of the 8,700 purchasers of an issue of *Fraser's* containing *Catherine*, some percentage may not have been interested in Thackeray's novel at all.

From 1869 on, *Catherine* became more readily available. Not only did it appear that year in the Smith, Elder collected edition, but it also made a rare appearance in that same year as a separate publication, issued by the Boston firm of Fields, Osgood. Over the next thirty years, Smith, Elder reissued the

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<sup>11</sup> Wilson 2: 31.

<sup>12</sup> Houghton 2: 309, 304n.

<sup>13</sup> Shillingsburg, "Thackeray and the Firm of Bradbury and Evans" 12.

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novel several times in successive editions of Thackeray's collected works, and *Catherine* also appeared in various American editions of Thackeray's works. During this period, it appeared one more time on its own, in 1883, in an edition published by the New York firm of Lovell. In the early twentieth century, *Catherine* appeared in Smith, Elder's Centenary Biographical Edition of Thackeray's works (1911) and also in editions of the collected works put out by other British publishers, notably Macmillan and Oxford. It also continued to appear in American editions of the collected works, such as the ones issued by Scribner's. From 1920 on, however, the publication of collected editions, and thus of *Catherine*, virtually ceased, though two translations of the novel did appear: a Spanish translation published in Madrid in 1920 and an Italian translation published in Milan in 1945. It is a curious fact that, according to the available sources, these two translations were, until now, the only editions of *Catherine* as a separate work issued in the twentieth century.<sup>14</sup>

The 1869 republication of *Catherine* by Smith, Elder no doubt brought Thackeray's first novel a larger audience than it had previously had, but by consigning *Catherine* to the last volume of their collected edition, Smith, Elder was certainly not according it much prominence. Moreover, the *Catherine* that Smith, Elder put before the public in 1869 was, in certain significant respects, not the *Catherine* that had appeared thirty years before. The most important difference resulted from Smith, Elder's decision to expurgate the text: the editors in 1869, according to a footnote they supplied in the final chapter, decided that the descriptions of the murder of John Hayes and the execution of his murderers

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<sup>14</sup>For publication details of the various editions, see the *National Union Catalog* 588: 417-23, 436-37, and the *British Museum General Catalogue* 24: 1094.

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were lacking in literary merit and much too gruesome for their readers' tastes, and so removed them, along with several of Thackeray's personal attacks on Bulwer-Lytton, Dickens, and Ainsworth. In all, the editors in 1869 removed approximately four pages of the 95-page *Fraser's* text (about ten pages in the present 247-page edition) on the grounds of propriety and merit. They also removed or rewrote most of Thackeray's references to the fact that his novel was appearing as a serial in *Fraser's*. Moreover, they added as well as subtracted: they supplied a title for Chapter One, the already mentioned footnote in the final chapter, and a preliminary "Advertisement" explaining, rather defensively, Thackeray's intentions in the novel. The overall impression conveyed by the 1869 edition is of an uneasy publisher trying to make a difficult work presentable.<sup>15</sup>

The Smith, Elder expurgations clearly produce a text different from the one Thackeray produced. However, Smith, Elder made two other sorts of changes in their 1869 edition which, though they altered first-edition readings, in some cases resulted in a text closer to what Thackeray most likely wrote originally. These two sorts of changes were (a) substantive emendations of passages in *Catherine* that to Smith, Elder seemed in need of correction and (b) stylistic revisions of the accidentals.

The 1869 editors were extremely conscientious. They attacked more than 85 substantive textual problems, or passages they perceived as problems, and in about half of these cases brought the text closer to what Thackeray must have written or at least intended to write. Unfortunately, the other half of their

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<sup>15</sup>For a record of the additions and expurgations, see the relevant section of the Textual Apparatus below.

## TEXTUAL COMMENTARY

substantive emendations consist of indifferent alterations of already acceptable readings or, worse, removal of clearly intended effects in the name of fussy literal-mindedness. Thus, the editors in 1869 considered Tom Billings's reference to the Count as the "Bavarian envy" to be an error rather than the mispronunciation joke it surely was, and so emended "envy" to "envoy." Similarly, when confronted with the shifts in the name of Count von Galgenstein's prospective wife from Dripping to Drippings to Brisket, in Chapters 2 and 3, the 1869 editors did not see or would not allow the meat-related joke; they thus emended to make the name read Dripping throughout. In addition, when dealing with passages in the first edition text that are clearly erroneous, the Smith, Elder editors sometimes introduced readings that are equally erroneous, or at least doubtful. In emending "biles" to "bills," for instance, in the Chapter 7 passage on unavoidable afflictions, they simply replaced one error with another (the correct reading is most likely "bile": see the note to 129.24 in the substantive emendations section of the Textual Apparatus below).

Still, Smith, Elder's editors did make many useful corrections, for instance reversing Thackeray's inadvertent interchanging of the names of the horses ridden by Brock and Galgenstein, replacing Thackeray's erroneous reference to the "Sun" when he meant the Bugle Tavern, and correcting numerous typographical errors (e.g., emending "There no law" to "There's no law"). The result is that some of the substantive readings of 1869 are closer to what Thackeray wrote or intended than are the equivalent readings from the first edition.

Curiously, the same is true of some of 1869's accidentals. As will be discussed in detail below, the style of capitalization, punctuation, and spelling in the first edition of *Catherine* is not typical of Thackeray's style as seen in his



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manuscripts for other works. Briefly, Thackeray's style was light in punctuation and heavy in capitalization, whereas the style of the first edition of *Catherine* is exactly the reverse. Moreover, Thackeray tended to use "ize" endings for words like "sympathize" and "recognize," but in the first edition of *Catherine* these words are spelled "ise." The 1869 edition of *Catherine* returns to the "ize" spelling that Thackeray most likely used in his manuscript. It also lightens the punctuation and capitalizes such phrases as "the Count," "the Captain," "the Abbé," and "the Queen," phrases which are not capitalized in the first edition, but which are typically capitalized in Thackeray's manuscripts.

There is no evidence that the Smith, Elder editors had access to Thackeray's manuscript of *Catherine*, which had likely been destroyed long before 1869. The fact that they emended "biles" to "bills" instead of "bile," along with some of their other editorial decisions,<sup>16</sup> suggests that they did not have the manuscript in their possession. Moreover, the style of the 1869 accidentals is not Thackerayan in all respects. Thackeray usually wrote "the Inn" with a capital "I," and most likely did so in his manuscript for *Catherine*, but the phrase is printed as the "the inn" in 1869 as well as in 1839-40. Similarly, although it was Thackerayan practice to capitalize "Sir" and "Madam," the lower case forms of 1839-40 persist in the 1869 edition.

This mixed style of accidentals suggests that what resemblance there is to Thackeray's style in the 1869 edition is the result of coincidence rather than

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<sup>16</sup>Take their treatment of the reference to "the author of *Richelieu*, *Natural Odes*, *Siamese Twins*," in which "*Natural Odes*" is a mistake for *Historical Odes* (see the note to 126.13-14 in the substantive emendations). The mistake is much more likely to have been compositorial than authorial; thus if Smith, Elder had been in possession of the manuscript, they could have restored *Historical*; instead, they simply deleted "*Natural Odes*" altogether, indicating that though they recognized the error they did not have access to the correct reading.

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planning. It happens that the style practices of Smith, Elder and of their printers, Spottiswoode and Company, were such as to produce an effect partially resembling that of Thackeray's manuscripts. The Smith, Elder house style was to spell words like "sympathize" with an "ize" ending, and the practice of at least some compositors at Spottiswoode, including the ones who set *Catherine*, was to use capitals in phrases like "the Captain," but not for "sir" or "madam." The result was an edition of *Catherine* with "ize" spellings and relatively heavy capitalization.<sup>17</sup>

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<sup>17</sup>The evidence for attributing the "ize" spellings to Smith, Elder but the heavy capitalization to Spottiswoode is as follows: Although phrases like "the Captain" and "the Duchess" are capitalized in several volumes of the 1869 Smith, Elder collected edition of Thackeray (e.g., vols. 10, 16, and 22, though not vol. 13), the 1867 Smith, Elder edition of Trollope's *The Last Chronicle of Barset* uses lower case forms for "the bishop," "the major," and so forth (1: 3, 7, 51, 54, 57). Moreover, the first edition of Thackeray's *Philip* (1862) in the *Cornhill Magazine*, which Smith, Elder published, contains lower case forms of "the general," "the captain," etc. (3: 402, 403; 4: 21), but in the 1869 collected edition all those lower case forms are capitalized (10: 212, 213, 312). The difference results from the fact that Smith, Elder themselves printed both the Trollope novel and the *Cornhill Magazine*, but employed Spottiswoode to print the 1869 collected edition of Thackeray. Heavy capitalization can also be seen in other works printed by Spottiswoode at this time: see W. H. Mallock's 1878 novel *The New Republic*, which Spottiswoode printed for Chatto and Windus, and which contains repeated examples of the capitalized phrase "the Doctor" (14, 19, 20, 23, 28, 32, etc.) and see volume 8 of Disraeli's collected works, which Spottiswoode printed in 1871 for Longmans, in which, except for a section in the middle (143-52), phrases like "the Prince," "the Princess," "the Queen," "the Captain," and "the King" are repeatedly capitalized (1-3, 21, 25, 70-71, 186, 193-95, 392-95). Given the exception in the Disraeli example and the exception of volume 13 in Thackeray's collected works, it may not be correct to say Spottiswoode had a heavy capitalization house style; it may simply have been that some of their compositors, the majority according to this sampling, followed such a style while others did not. However, the evidence does indicate that the heavy capitalization originated at Spottiswoode, not at Smith, Elder.

The situation is different with the "ize" spellings. Books printed by Spottiswoode for publishers other than Smith, Elder use "ise," not "ize": see the Disraeli volume (12, 155, 379, 391) and the Mallock novel (55). But Smith, Elder publications during this period, whether printed by Spottiswoode or by others, in the main use the "ize" form: thus not only is "ize" the form found in the 1869 collected edition (10: 131; 13: 37), which Spottiswoode printed, but it is also the primary form found in the *Cornhill* (2: 20, 90, 255; 3: 168) and

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In short, the Smith, Elder republication of *Catherine* in 1869, both by design and by happenstance, in some ways is closer to what Thackeray most likely intended than is the first edition. However, because of its large-scale expurgations and its smaller-scale alterations, the 1869 Smith, Elder edition on the whole is further from Thackeray's intentions than is the edition of 1839-40.

Subsequent Smith, Elder editions derive from the edition of 1869, presenting an expurgated version of the novel and reprinting verbatim the explanatory footnote and the preliminary Advertisement added in 1869. The editors of these later editions did not look at copies of the *Fraser's* edition in preparing their own, as can be seen by examining one of the few typographical errors introduced in 1869. In Chapter 7 of the novel, the narrator describes the nastiness of his little brother, who, he says, "having attacked my sister Rebecca . . . and smitten her on the elbow with a fire-shovel, apologised to us . . ." (p. 126 in the text below; *Fraser's* 20: 226). In 1869, "and smitten" became "had smitten," making nonsense of the grammar. The editors in 1879 saw the problem, but did not restore the first edition reading; instead they emended "apologized" to "apologizing," correcting the grammar, but moving further from Thackeray. Subsequent editions followed the 1879 emendation.<sup>18</sup>

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<sup>17</sup>(cont'd) in the 1857 edition of Charlotte Brontë's *Shirley* (41, 70, 110, 128, 189, 234, 253, 260, 371, 461), both of which Smith, Elder printed itself. (*Shirley* does contain "ise" spellings of two words—"chastise" and "recognise"—at 48, 244, 370, 371, and 376, but "ize" spellings are predominant.)

<sup>18</sup>Curiously, in an edition of *Catherine* issued by Smith, Elder in 1874 as part of the eleventh volume of a 12-volume edition of Thackeray's works, the phrase "and smitten" appears correctly (11: 79). Presumably those responsible for this edition saw the error in their 1869 copy-text (which they otherwise followed faithfully) and happened to choose the correction that returned the text to its first edition form. In 1879, those responsible for *Catherine* must not have had the 1874 correction in front of them, but instead made their own, erroneous correction of the 1869 text.

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The editors in 1879 introduced two major changes concerning the illustrations for the novel. First, they had Thackeray's four illustrations redrawn by Joseph Swain (or one of his assistants). Swain was a noted engraver of the time who worked for the *Cornhill Magazine* and *Punch*; his signature appears on the 1879 illustrations, but he was known to allow his assistants to publish under his name.<sup>19</sup> Secondly, the editors introduced pictorial initials drawn by an artist signing himself "FAF" to begin each chapter. (When these new illustrations were reused in volume 24 of the 1911 Centenary Biographical Edition of Thackeray's works, the title page of that volume identified the artist as F. A. Fraser.)

In 1898-99, Smith, Elder issued the Biographical Edition of Thackeray's works, with introductions by his daughter, Lady Ritchie. *Catherine* appeared in volume 4 this time, accompanied by the four redrawn illustrations from 1879 but not by the pictorial initials from 1879. The editors for the Biographical Edition revised the spelling style to introduce "ise" forms and to modernize such spellings as "villany" (which became "villainy"). They also made even more emendations to the text, dealing with some of the cruxes ignored in earlier editions, but producing few demonstrably superior readings. Thus the editors in 1898 tried to correct the Chapter 5 muddle about who left the Tilt-Yard Coffee-House "in good time," a muddle left untouched by earlier editors; the 1898 emendation, however, introduces an unacceptable factual error and cannot be what Thackeray intended (see the note to 92.2 in the "Unemended Cruxes" section of the Textual Apparatus below).

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<sup>19</sup>Thackeray, *Letters* 4: 199n; *DNB, Supplement, 1901-1911*, 3: 454; Engen 251-53.

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In 1911, the Smith, Elder Centenary Biographical Edition followed some but not all of the new emendations from 1898, and indeed most likely used 1879 as copy-text even though referring to the 1898 edition. Thus the pictorial initials introduced in 1879 but dropped in 1898 return in 1911 (though the full-page illustrations disappear altogether), and the spelling "villany" reappears. The 1898 emendation that made Father O'Flaherty find out about Voltaire's visit to England in "the *Post*" rather than in "the post" is followed, but the 1898 emendation of Thackeray's pseudo-Latin "bero" to "bore" (in the Chapter 1 quotation "*exiguo pinxit proelia tota bero*") is not.

Meanwhile, in the United States, editions of *Catherine* had been appearing regularly, the first being the one issued by Fields, Osgood in Boston in the same year as the first Smith, Elder edition. The Fields, Osgood version, which appeared on October 14, 1869, two and a half months after Smith, Elder issued its edition,<sup>20</sup> clearly derives from the Smith, Elder edition: it makes exactly the same expurgations and it reproduces verbatim the Advertisement and the explanatory footnote that Smith, Elder had supplied. The main differences between the two 1869 versions are that the American one is set in double columns—like the original edition in *Fraser's*,—oddly—and it introduces such spellings as "Laboring" for "Labouring" (see the first word of the final paragraph).

Later American editions such as those of Scribner's and Cassell followed either the Fields, Osgood edition or the 1869 or 1874 Smith, Elder editions, but not the post-1874 Smith, Elder editions. That this is so is indicated by the

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<sup>20</sup>The Smith, Elder edition appeared on July 29: see the advertisements in the *Examiner*, July 24, 1869 (480) and July 31, 1869 (496). For the publication date of the Fields, Osgood edition, see the advertisement in the *Nation*, October 14, 1869 (325).

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failure of the later American editions to follow the few additional emendations made in 1879 and adopted in subsequent Smith, Elder editions: e.g., the deletion of the phrase "sang she" at the end of Chapter 1 in Catherine's song. The phrase is not in post-1874 Smith, Elder editions, but is in the Scribner's and Cassell editions.

The 1903 Scribner's edition is very conservative in emending, following its Smith, Elder copy-text quite faithfully.<sup>2 1</sup> The editors of the undated Cassell edition, in contrast, were quite adventurous, lightening the punctuation even more than Smith, Elder had done, and introducing at least half a dozen new emendations; at least one of these emendations is entirely persuasive (altering "he" to "we" in the phrase "until he can relieve guard" in Chapter 5): the Cassell editors seem to have discovered the reading Thackeray originally intended.<sup>2 2</sup> On the other hand, the Cassell editors or compositors could be careless, as in the very first sentence of the novel, where they print "Organizing" for "Orangizing."

Besides the 1869 Smith, Elder edition, there are two posthumous editions which derive independently from the *Fraser's* first edition: the 1908 version of *Catherine* edited by George Saintsbury as part of volume 3 of *The Oxford Thackeray* and the 1911 version edited by Harry Furniss as part of his Centenary Edition of Thackeray's works published by Macmillan.<sup>2 3</sup> Both

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<sup>2 1</sup>That Scribner's followed a Smith, Elder text rather than Fields, Osgood is indicated by the fact that it uses the "our" spelling for "Labouring."

<sup>2 2</sup>See the note to 84.5 in the substantive emendations section of the Textual Apparatus.

<sup>2 3</sup>Furniss's edition may actually derive from an earlier Macmillan edition of Lewis Melville's which I have been unable to examine.

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Saintsbury and Furniss eschew the expurgations introduced by Smith, Elder, but Saintsbury does make the minor deletions that remove references to *Catherine's* magazine origins. Neither of them makes many emendations; indeed, Furniss even refrains from correcting the confusion over the horses' names in the opening chapters and leaves intact the mistaken reference to the Bugle Tavern as the Sun (Saintsbury makes these corrections). On the other hand, Furniss follows Smith, Elder in making at least one unnecessary and misleading emendation, and partially follows Smith, Elder in another instance, producing a nonsensical combination of readings from 1839 and 1869.<sup>2 4</sup> In addition, the Furniss edition produces a curious effect by including new illustrations drawn by Furniss himself alongside the original illustrations by Thackeray. Furniss even redraws the scene in one of the original illustrations and includes both versions for comparison. Finally, his edition suffers from several typographical errors, including the one of "Organising" for "Orangising" in the first sentence. Thus, although the Furniss edition is the most complete of the posthumous editions, in many ways it is unreliable and unsound.<sup>2 5</sup>

Saintsbury's edition, in contrast, does not suffer as much from typographical errors, though it does contain a misprint of "No one" for "No man" at the beginning of the paragraph on Dickens at the end of the novel (p.

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<sup>2 4</sup>Furniss follows Smith, Elder in emending the phrase "as brave as steel but no fool" to "as brave as steel and no fool," an emendation that destroys Thackeray's meaning (see the note to 92.14 in the Unemended Cruxes section of the Textual Apparatus). Furniss produces nonsense in his emendation of the narrator's comment about Tom Billings having been put out to nurse at the time of his mother's elopement (see the note to 123.22 in the Unemended Cruxes).

<sup>2 5</sup>The Furniss edition is the copy-text for the New York Collier edition, which duplicates the nonsensical elopement emendation and the typographical errors found in Furniss, and also follows Furniss in spelling "grey" with an "e" and in using "-ising" spellings in the opening paragraph.

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245 in the text below). Saintsbury is faithful to the capitalization practices of the first edition, even to the extent of reproducing its inconsistencies. Thus, in general, phrases like "the count" are left uncapitalized in Saintsbury's edition as they are in the first edition, but the few capitalized examples of "the Count" from the first edition are also capitalized in his version. On the other hand, the Saintsbury edition replaces "ise" spellings with "ize" throughout. As already mentioned, Saintsbury makes minor deletions, but not the major expurgations, in the novel; he also follows Smith, Elder in some of their unnecessary emendations. Still, Saintsbury's edition of *Catherine* is probably the best of the posthumous editions up to the present date, being more complete than any edition derived from the 1869 Smith, Elder edition and more sound than what Harry Furniss produced.



## II. EDITORIAL PRACTICES IN THIS EDITION

In the absence of the manuscript and without any editions from the author's lifetime other than the first edition in *Fraser's Magazine*, the copy-text for *Catherine* must be the first edition, that is, the edition closest to the now lost manuscript and the only surviving version which Thackeray had a hand in producing. How much of a hand is not entirely clear. Thackeray was a "Fraserian" of several years' standing; he had been contributing to the magazine at least since 1837, and even before that had been included in the group picture of Fraserians published in *Fraser's* in 1835.<sup>26</sup> There is also at least one piece of evidence that indicates that contributors to *Fraser's* were allowed to read proofs of their articles before publication, and Thackeray is known to have read proofs for some of his later works and to have complained about editorial alterations in cases where he did not see proofs.<sup>27</sup> Given this evidence, it is possible that Thackeray read proofs for *Catherine* and that he was able to ensure that the novel *Fraser's* published was the one he had written. However, there is no direct evidence on this point, while there is evidence that William Maginn, the editor of *Fraser's* in the period just before *Catherine* was published, would revise his contributors' work without consulting them. Moreover, as George Saintsbury remarks,

. . . it has to be remembered that in no case of anonymous

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<sup>26</sup> See Thrall 59-60.

<sup>27</sup> The evidence that *Fraser's* contributors read proofs comes from the 1838 article, "Imprisonment for Debt" (*Fraser's* 17: 171-88), whose author says in a footnote (185n) that he corrected proofs for the article. For evidence that Thackeray read proofs of novels such as *The Newcomes*, see Shillingsburg, "Textual Problems" 52-53. For a complaint by Thackeray about alterations to an article of his in *Punch*, see *Letters* 2: 163.

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*publication in a periodical, can we be certain that the matter is as it left the author's hands.*

(*Oxford Thackeray* 1: xii; emphasis in original)

Thus it is possible that the Fraserian *Catherine* is not quite the same as the Thackerayan *Catherine*—but, of course, if *Fraser's* made any substantive alterations in the text it is virtually impossible to know what they are. Concerning the accidentals, however, the situation is somewhat different.

Because even an inconsistent writer like Thackeray has certain tendencies in spelling, capitalization, and punctuation, it is possible, by studying those tendencies, to determine whether the style of any given work of his conforms to his usual style. In the case of *Catherine*, the conclusion that must be drawn from such a study is that the text as it appears in *Fraser's* does not conform to Thackeray's usual style. What it does conform to is the style found in *Fraser's* in this period, suggesting that those responsible for preparing Thackeray's manuscript for publication in *Fraser's* made systematic alterations to it before it appeared in print.

To begin with capitalization: A sampling of Thackeray's surviving manuscripts<sup>2 8</sup> reveals a heavy style of capitalization. Typically, Thackeray would capitalize phrases such as "the Count," "the Queen," and "the Captain." Just as

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<sup>2 8</sup> Although the manuscripts for Thackeray's works published in *Fraser's* have disappeared, manuscripts of his letters and diaries from the time of *Catherine* and from other periods do survive, as do manuscripts or parts of manuscripts for his later novels. Thackeray's letters and diaries have long been available in Gordon Ray's standard edition, which reproduces Thackeray's eccentricities of spelling, capitalization, and punctuation. More recently, editions of *Vanity Fair* and *Henry Esmond* have appeared, edited respectively by Peter Shillingsburg and Edgar Harden, which also reproduce manuscript style. These printed versions of the manuscripts, along with facsimiles of manuscripts published in Ray's edition of the letters and elsewhere, make up the sample from which evidence of Thackeray's style preferences has been obtained. For a complete list of these sources, see the beginning of the Textual Apparatus.

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typically, *Fraser's* would print such phrases without capitals, and in the *Fraser's* edition of *Catherine* these phrases, with only a handful of exceptions (eight examples of "the Count," compared to dozens of examples of "the count," "the queen," "the captain," etc.), are consistently left uncapitalized. Similarly, Thackeray usually capitalized the words "Sir" and "Madam," but *Fraser's* did not, and in the *Fraser's* edition of *Catherine* all but one of the 52 examples of "sir" are printed lower case, as are all but one of the 29 examples of "madam." The conclusion is irresistible: Thackeray in his manuscript must have used a great many capitals which were removed before publication.<sup>29</sup>

Similarly with spelling. As already suggested, Thackeray could be inconsistent in his orthography, seeing nothing amiss in writing "parlour" and "parlor" or "soda-water" and "soda water" in the same work or even in the same paragraph. He also varied between "wagon" and "waggon," "marshall" and "marshal," "good bye" and "good-bye."<sup>30</sup> Still, some tendencies can be identified. For instance, Thackeray usually spelled words like "recognize" and "sympathize" with an "ize" ending. *Fraser's*, on the other hand, at least in the 1839-40 period, consistently used "ise." In *Fraser's* version of *Catherine*, all but four of the 23 such words in the text are spelled with "ise" (or "ising") endings; and the four exceptions are all nonce words that the compositors may have been reluctant to touch. Similarly, Thackeray's invariable spelling of "grey" in all

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<sup>29</sup>For details on capitalization practices in *Fraser's* and in Thackeray's manuscripts, see the Glossary below (under "Sir," "Madam," "Doctor," and "Inn" and in the Major Categories section under "Royal, Aristocratic, and Military Titles").

<sup>30</sup>For the parlor-parlour variation, see the facsimile and transcript of a page from the holograph of *Henry Esmond* in Gaskell (162, 163). For the "soda-water" variation, see *Letters* 2: 70. For the other examples, see the Glossary below.

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manuscripts sampled is with an "e," not an "a." *Fraser's* style at the time of *Catherine*, however, was to spell this word with an "a," and it is so spelled in *Fraser's* version of *Catherine* all ten times that it appears.<sup>3 1</sup> Again the conclusion is irresistible: Thackeray provided copy that read "ize" and "grey," but his spellings were altered to "ise" and "gray."

Finally, there is the punctuation. Although little work has been done up to now on Thackeray's spelling and capitalization practices, Thackeray's style of punctuation has been studied by scholars such as Peter Shillingsburg, Edgar Harden, and Natalie Maynor, who have been able to document his tendencies by examining his surviving manuscripts and comparing them with his first editions.<sup>3 2</sup> These studies of Thackeray's punctuation have established two major points: first, that Thackeray tended to leave conventional punctuation, such as quotation marks, commas in series and before quotations, and periods at the end of paragraphs, to his compositors; secondly, that the compositors generally went beyond their mandate to add conventional punctuation, and imposed their own punctuation style on Thackeray's manuscripts. Philosophically, there existed a style conflict between Thackeray and his compositors, with Thackeray following the older rhetorical system of punctuating according to the pauses he wanted in a sentence, while the compositors followed the newer syntactical system of punctuating according to the grammatical units in each sentence. In practice, this meant that while Thackeray's manuscripts were in general lightly punctuated, with few commas but many dashes, the first editions based on those manuscripts

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<sup>3 1</sup>See the Glossary below for "ise-ize," "grey-gray," and other spelling discrepancies between Thackeray and *Fraser's*.

<sup>3 2</sup>See Maynor; Harden, "Textual Introduction"; Shillingsburg, "Textual Introduction"; *Scholarly Editing* 58-61; and "Textual Problems" 53-56.

## TEXTUAL COMMENTARY

contain many more commas and many fewer dashes.

Like the first editions of other works by Thackeray, the *Fraser's* edition of *Catherine* is heavily punctuated, especially with commas.<sup>3 3</sup> On the other hand, a few sentences in the *Fraser's* text are under-punctuated. For instance, twice the conventional comma before a quotation has been omitted (see notes to 12.8 and 153.5 in "The Accidentals"). These omissions suggest that in the manuscript of *Catherine*, as in the manuscripts of his other works, Thackeray left out much of the conventional punctuation, expecting his compositors to supply it. In general they must have done so, because most conventionally required punctuation is present in the *Fraser's* edition, but occasionally the compositors must have failed to supply what was needed. In addition, those compositors most likely supplied much punctuation which was not needed, and which Thackeray did not desire, but which suited the style found in *Fraser's*.<sup>3 4</sup> Thus, although the situation is less clearcut than with the spelling and capitalization, since punctuation is more variable than the other types of accidentals, it seems clear that the punctuation in the first edition of *Catherine*, like the spelling and capitalization, was altered by hands other than Thackeray's.

What is not entirely clear is whether the alteration of the accidentals in

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<sup>3 3</sup>For instance: "The fact is, that after Billings had related to her the particulars of his first meeting with his excellency, which ended, like many of the latter visits, in nothing at all, Mrs. Hayes had found some pressing business, which continually took her to Whitehall, and had been prowling from day to day about Monsieur de Galgenstein's lodgings" (*Fraser's* 20: 544; p. 178 in this edition).

<sup>3 4</sup>The heavily punctuated *Fraser's* style can be seen outside the pages of *Catherine* in the following sentence from one of the volumes in which *Catherine* appeared (see 20: 422): "His *soi-disant* friends, who had revelled with him in a merry chorus over night, would, perhaps, have been little disposed to aid him, had he pleaded disappointments, poverty, and distress, on the morrow; but he who is content is richer than a king."

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Thackeray's manuscript was the work of the editors at the offices of James Fraser, the publisher of *Fraser's Magazine*, or of the compositors at the printing house of Moyes and Barclay, the firm that printed *Fraser's*.<sup>3 5</sup> There is no direct evidence on this point, but an examination of two books published by James Fraser close to the time that *Catherine* appeared in his magazine suggests that the style imposed on Thackeray's novel was the printer's, not the publisher's. The books in question—the first edition of Carlyle's *On Heroes, Hero-Worship* . . . (1841) and John A. Heraud's *Substance of a Lecture on Poetic Genius* (1837), both published by Fraser but not printed by Moyes and Barclay—differ from *Fraser's Magazine* in capitalization and spelling. Whereas capitalization is light in *Fraser's* at this time, both of these books are very heavy in capitalization. And whereas *Fraser's* consistently uses "ise" forms for words like "recognise," both of these books mix "ize" and "ise" indiscriminately.<sup>3 6</sup> The implication is that the style of "ise" spellings and light capitalization characteristic of *Fraser's* at the time of *Catherine* was the result of practices at the printing house rather than at James Fraser's offices. This conclusion is supported by the fact that in a work printed at this time by Moyes and Barclay, but not published by James Fraser, only "ise" spellings can be seen, and the capitalization for phrases like "the king" and "the duke" is generally as light as

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<sup>3 5</sup>For the early history of Moyes and Barclay, see Bain 7-10.

<sup>3 6</sup>Carlyle's book, printed by Levey, Robson and Franklyn, contains at least ten "ise" spellings and seven "ize" ones (see 9, 22, 39, 41, 48, 55, 130, 138, 151, 165, 179, 220, 237, 245, 310, 335, 349). Heraud's book, printed by W. J. Sears, contains at least two "ize" spellings and two "ise" spellings (see 37, 43, 46, 48). As for capitalization, see the use of "his King," "the King," and "a King" in Carlyle's book (330, 345, 346, 347; 370, 371) and the pervasive "Germanic" style of capitalizing important nouns throughout both Carlyle's and Heraud's books.

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in *Fraser's*, though it is not consistently so.<sup>37</sup> Further support for the view that Moyes and Barclay were the ones responsible for the accidentals can be seen by examining the *Literary Gazette* for 1839, which Moyes and Barclay printed. The *Gazette* for that year uses "ise" spellings almost exclusively (20 examples of "ise" to only one example of "ize," and that one is the unusual word "gormandizing"). As well, the punctuation in the *Gazette* is extremely heavy, very much reminiscent of that in *Fraser's*. On the other hand, capitalization of phrases such as "the queen" and "the count" is inconsistent (12 to 10 in favour of lower case forms), not consistently lower case as in *Fraser's*, perhaps indicating that the editors at the *Gazette* intervened on this issue at times.<sup>38</sup>

Still, on the whole, the bulk of the evidence indicates that it was the compositors at Moyes and Barclay who restyled the manuscript of *Catherine*. In any case, the main point is that somebody restyled the manuscript so that, at least as far as the accidentals are concerned, the *Fraser's* text is not reliably

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<sup>37</sup>The work is the second edition of the three-volume *Examples of Gothic Architecture* by A. Pugin, A. W. Pugin, and E. J. Willson, published by Henry G. Bohn in 1838-40. It contains the word "apologise" in the Preface to the second volume and at least three other "ise" spellings in that volume (44, 46, 53). No "ize" spellings could be found. Seven capitalized examples of phrases such as "the Duke" can be found (2: 22, 31-32, 38-39), but five of them are clustered together in the midst of quotations from other works that use the capitalized style: that is, the compositors, under the influence of the quoted material that they were setting, may have slipped. Elsewhere the lower case style predominates: sixteen examples can be found (see 2: 16, 22n, 23, 24, 28, 29, 39).

<sup>38</sup>The 20 "ise" spellings in the *Gazette* in 1839 can be seen at 9, 11, 22, 24, 44, 65, 91, 92(2), 97, 125, 204, 354, 427, 439, 574, 587, 632, 649, 665. "Gormandizing" can be found at 561. Capitalized phrases such as "the Emperor" and "the Queen" are at 83, 91, 108, 283, 297, 332, 357, 595, 678, 679; lower case forms are at 324(4), 325, 357(3), 358(2), 419, 436. For an example of the heavy punctuation in the *Gazette*, see p. 3: ". . . both those who differ from, and those who agree with, his views of the past and present condition and future prospects of these national possessions, will read, and ponder, with advantage, the pages which we now introduce to them."

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authorial. The question then is what is to be done about the unreliable accidentals in the only text of *Catherine* that survives from Thackeray's lifetime.

The conventional approach in such a situation is simply to follow the copy-text despite the doubts it raises. As W. W. Greg says, "In the matter of accidents the copy-text is always to be followed unless manifestly incorrect or misleading."<sup>39</sup> Greg argues that owing to our "philological ignorance," it is impossible to establish an author's standard style for spelling and other accidentals, and any attempt to do so would "only result in confusion and misrepresentation."<sup>40</sup> Greg, however, is arguing from the example of Shakespeare, about whom there is indeed "philological ignorance." In the case of Thackeray, however, a great deal is known about his style preferences. There is less philological ignorance, and it is thus tempting to use the knowledge available to reintroduce Thackeray's style preferences into the text of *Catherine* and thus recapture the style of the now destroyed manuscript. After all, as Greg himself says, the aim of textual editing is to "*present the text, so far as the available evidence permits, in the form in which we may suppose that it would have stood in a fair copy, made by the author himself . . .*"<sup>41</sup>

However, the problem with this sort of restyling is that none of it can be done with certainty. Punctuation is especially problematic. It is one thing to say, as is probably true, that the compositors altered the punctuation in *Catherine* to introduce more commas and to remove some dashes. It is quite another thing to be able to say which of the commas are the compositors' and

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<sup>39</sup> Greg, *Editorial Problem* liv (note).

<sup>40</sup> Greg, "Rationale" 22, 21.

<sup>41</sup> Greg, *Editorial Problem* x (emphasis in original).



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which are Thackeray's; and it is virtually impossible to say where the compositors may have removed dashes. Spelling and capitalization are easier to deal with because they follow more regular patterns, and in some cases one can be fairly confident about what the compositors did and about what Thackeray must have written. For instance, given Thackeray's invariable practice of spelling "grey" with an "e," and *Fraser's* equally invariable practice of spelling it with an "a," it seems reasonable to conclude that in Thackeray's manuscript for *Catherine* "grey" was spelled with an "e" which the compositors altered to "a." It seems almost as reasonable to conclude that in the manuscript Thackeray capitalized such phrases as "the Count" and "the Captain," which the compositors then lower-cased. However, whereas the sampling of Thackeray's manuscripts reveals that he spelled "grey" with an "e" 100 per cent of the time, he capitalized phrases like "the Count" only about 90 per cent of the time; moreover, he capitalized phrases like "a Count" only 75 per cent of the time and the phrase "the Sun" only 60 per cent of the time.<sup>4 2</sup> Thus there cannot be as much certainty about whether phrases like "a Count" or even "the Count" were capitalized in the manuscript as there can be about the spelling of "grey"—and of course, even though all the evidence indicates that Thackeray always spelled "grey" with an "e" in manuscripts other than *Catherine*, that does not conclusively prove that he spelled it that way in *Catherine*, although it strongly suggests that he did.

In short, any attempt to restyle the first edition would be fraught with the danger of introducing non-authorial forms. Introducing a capital letter into a phrase like "a Count" might not be a restoration of what was in the

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<sup>4 2</sup>See the Glossary.

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manuscript, but rather a movement away from what was in the manuscript. Moreover, in addition to the possibility that an attempt to restyle might introduce non-authorial forms, such an attempt would undoubtedly fail to correct all instances of the compositors' restyling of Thackeray's manuscript. Some of their changes, especially the changes in punctuation, are undetectable and would survive any attempt to recapture what Thackeray actually wrote. The result would thus be an inconsistent, inharmonious text combining some newly restored authorial usages with many remaining non-authorial ones; moreover, the text would be neither the unrecoverable manuscript nor the first edition, but merely a posthumous reconstruction without authority. In a similar situation, discussing the texts of Nathaniel Hawthorne's novels, Fredson Bowers warned against such attempts to restore authorial style in first editions of Hawthorne's novels for which manuscripts do not survive. "Any student of Hawthorne's manuscripts," Bowers writes,

could in many respects restyle various of such first editions to enforce agreement with what clearly must have been a different manuscript usage. But no consistency is possible in a process like this, for only a part of the accidentals are susceptible of alteration with such certainty. A few notable and invariable Hawthorne characteristics might be emended, but much of the ordinary punctuation, for instance, could never be definitely distinguished as compositorial or authorial.<sup>4 3</sup>

Despite this convincing argument against restyling, however, Bowers does advocate such a procedure in one situation. He says that "when variation is present, and when some one form can be established from manuscript (even though later) as representing . . . [the author's] known characteristic," then one

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<sup>4 3</sup>Bowers, "Textual Introduction: *Fanshawe*" 328.

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should revise in the direction of the known characteristic.<sup>4 4</sup> In other words, when a copy-text contains inconsistencies in spelling or other accidentals, Bowers would attempt to introduce an author's known style preferences in order to regularize the text. This is a dubious procedure, apparently based on the notion that inconsistency within a copy-text should not be tolerated, a notion that has been criticized by textual critics such as Thomas Tanselle. Tanselle argues that the

notion of consistency in accidentals is given too great a weight if it leads to the position that a consistent form in a given text is not to be altered, even though it varies from the author's known practice in surviving manuscripts of other works, whereas an inconsistent form does require alteration . . .<sup>4 5</sup>

The Bowers approach, while removing surface inconsistencies such as a capitalized "Sir" in one paragraph and a lower-case "sir" in another, would create exactly the sort of deeper inconsistency that Bowers warns against, for it would lead to the introduction of some authorial usages but not of others.

In the case of *Catherine*, the Bowers approach would produce some quite odd results. For instance, as already mentioned, Thackeray's invariable practice was to spell "grey" with an "e." In the *Fraser's* text of *Catherine*, however, the word appears all ten times with an "a." It was also Thackeray's practice—not quite invariable, but close (80 examples out of 83 in the sample)—to capitalize the word "Sir." In the *Fraser's* version of *Catherine*, however, the word is

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<sup>4 4</sup> Bowers 329.

<sup>4 5</sup> Tanselle, "Problems" 341.

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capitalized only once, while appearing uncapitalized 51 times.<sup>46</sup> The most plausible explanation for what happened to "Sir" and "grey" is that in the manuscript of *Catherine* "grey" appeared with an "e" and "Sir" was always capitalized, but the compositors then imposed their preferred style, changing all examples of "grey" to "gray" and attempting to change all the examples of "Sir" to "sir." However, they missed one "Sir," and it remained capitalized in the first edition. According to the approach to accidentals recommended by Bowers, the 51 lower-case examples of "sir" should be emended to "Sir" to conform to the one capitalized "Sir" already in the text, since there is inconsistency in the copy-text and "Sir" is known to be the author's preferred style. However, following Bowers would also mean leaving "gray" as it is even though it is known that the author's preferred style was "grey," because in this case there is no inconsistency in the copy-text.

Of course, if one is simply concerned about the inconsistency of "sir" and "Sir" in the copy-text, one could regularize in the opposite direction, making the one capitalized "Sir" conform to the 51 uncapitalized ones, and thus altering the text to a much lesser extent. But even to regularize to this extent is a debatable procedure. Thomas Tanselle notes that inconsistencies abound in nineteenth-century works, adding that there is no evidence authors saw consistency as a virtue.<sup>47</sup> As noted above, Thackeray's manuscripts contain many orthographical inconsistencies such as "parlour" and "parlor" and "soda water" with and without a hyphen. In the first edition of *Catherine*, some of the

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<sup>46</sup> See the Glossary.

<sup>47</sup> Tanselle 341.

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inconsistencies (e.g., "Peterborough" and "Peterborow," "night-cap" and "nightcap") may be authorial, and there is no evidence that Thackeray would have wanted them regularized. Moreover, some of the inconsistencies are likely the result not of Thackeray's use of variant forms, but of the conflict between his style and the style imposed on his manuscript: the "Sir-sir" discrepancy is an example of this, as are the eight examples of "the Count" amid the dozens of examples of "the count" and the four "izing" spellings amid the 19 "ise" and "ising" spellings. To regularize these discrepancies in the direction of the majority usage in the text would be to replace authorial forms with compositorial ones, a procedure that inspires some reluctance because, after all, what one is primarily interested in about an author's writings is what the author wrote, not what the editors or compositors produced.<sup>4 8</sup>

Thus, since some of the inconsistencies in the first edition of *Catherine* may be the result of Thackeray's own inconsistencies and since others likely reveal authorial usages amid compositorial ones, the course followed in this edition has been to leave the stylistic inconsistencies unaltered, an approach that has the incidental effect of preserving the nature of the first edition, reflecting the clash between author and compositors.

In short, then, the present edition closely follows the text of the first edition of *Catherine* as far as style is concerned despite the knowledge that the style being reproduced is neither entirely authorial nor entirely consistent. The present edition is not, however, simply a reprinting of the first edition. Rather, it is a corrected version of that edition, a version which reflects the competing style preferences of author and compositors, but which, as far as possible,

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<sup>4 8</sup>On this point, see Tanselle, "Historicism" 21.

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removes the mere slips that neither author nor compositors wanted.

Thus, obvious typographical errors (missing quotation marks, missing letters, missing commas before quotations) have been corrected. As well, some not-so-obvious errors have been dealt with, such as the omission and garbling of words and phrases. Thus in the third paragraph of the novel the compositors in 1839 (or perhaps Thackeray himself) omitted a word which the editors at Smith, Elder in 1869 conjectured, no doubt correctly, to be "characters." The word is inserted in their edition, and it appears in this edition as well. Similarly, the correction of Thackeray's inadvertent reference to the Bugle Tavern as the "Sun" is corrected in this edition, as it is in most posthumous editions, on the grounds that though Thackeray no doubt wrote "Sun," he would have recognized an error here if it had been pointed out to him and would have wanted the correct name inserted.<sup>4 9</sup>

Some cases are more difficult than the mistake of Sun for Bugle, however. For instance, near the end of the novel, Father O'Flaherty says, in a letter to a countess in Paris, "I need not tell you [that Catherine is a carpenter's wife]." This is clearly a mistake, probably influenced by the appearance of the phrase "I need not tell you" in the previous line. The Countess knows nothing of Catherine, so Father O'Flaherty does need to tell her: what Thackeray most likely wrote or intended to write was "I must tell you," a phrase that all posthumous editions, including this one, substitute for the erroneous one.

Some erroneous readings in the copy-text have been corrected in this

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<sup>4 9</sup>This approach, of emending authorial errors that the author would have "recognized as such," is one enunciated by Greg (*Editorial Problem* xi).

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edition for the first time. For example, the puzzling phrase at the end of Father O'Flaherty's letter to the Countess, in which he describes a cudgelling match that is to take place before a boxing match, or as he is made to say in the first edition of the novel, "before the Master mount," is now finally put right. Thackeray in this case was copying an advertisement about the bouts found in a newspaper from 1726, but his source actually reads, "before the Masters mount," meaning that the cudgellers would do battle before the two main combatants (the "Masters") mounted the stage. No previous edition has made the correction of "Master" to "Masters."

Some first-time corrections in this edition are more conjectural than the one just described, lacking the documentary evidence available in that case. Thus no previous edition has noted or corrected the confusion over the identities of the potential recruits Corporal Brock addresses in the opening chapter. These recruits are described twice: the first time they include a blacksmith and a baker's boy; the second time neither a blacksmith nor a baker's boy, but a blacksmith's boy. On the grounds that this is a factual inconsistency that Thackeray would have corrected if it had been pointed out to him, an emendation has been made in this edition to remove the inconsistency.

On the other hand, some errors in the first edition defy correction. The clearest example of this problem concerns the age of the heroine. Catherine is 16 when the novel opens in 1705. At the end of the novel, the narrator clearly states the date to be 1725, but equally clearly states that Catherine is now 33 or 34: obviously there is an error here, but it is an error impossible to correct because immediately after saying that Catherine is 33 or 34, the narrator adds: ". . . and when, my dear, is a woman handsomer than at that age?" (p. 147

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in the text below). Because of the comment by the narrator, one cannot correct Catherine's age to 36, for that would make the narrator celebrate an age Thackeray did not intend him to celebrate. When an error is built upon and becomes part of the text in this way, it is impossible to do anything more than record it, as is done in this edition in the section of Unemended Cruxes in the Textual Apparatus.<sup>50</sup>

The Unemended Cruxes section, in addition to recording resistant errors such as the one concerning Catherine's age, also records first edition readings which though they seem erroneous are in fact correct, despite what some later editors thought. As noted above, the editors at Smith, Elder tended to literal-mindedness and thus did not allow Thackeray's "Bavarian envy" joke or his Dripping-Drippings-Brisket joke to stand. In this edition, both jokes reappear and are discussed in the Unemended Cruxes.

One entry in the Unemended Cruxes section is an interesting example of how research can support an apparently erroneous reading. All posthumous editions of *Catherine* emend the first edition phrase "them the village matrons followed" to "then the village matrons followed" (see note to 7.25 in the Unemended Cruxes). However, the inverted sentence construction of the original reading, though unusual, is not ungrammatical, and a survey of Thackeray's writings has revealed other instances of it: two are recorded in the textual note below. As a result, the first edition reading has been restored in this edition.

The textual practices of this edition can be summarized as follows. The

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<sup>50</sup> Cf. Tanselle, who comments that "on many occasions an author's elaboration of an erroneous point makes any emendation out of the question" and adds that in these cases "the use to which an error has been put makes it in effect an intended part of the text" ("External Fact" 44, 45-46).



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copy-text is the first edition from *Fraser's Magazine*, and it is followed faithfully in style matters. Four different copies of the relevant volumes of *Fraser's* were collated;<sup>5 1</sup> however, no true textual variants among the copies were discovered. The only differences discovered related to the physical assembly of the volumes: the Alabama copy was missing the four illustrations and the University of British Columbia copy was missing the bottom line of a caption to an illustration.<sup>5 2</sup>

Several posthumous editions were collated with the *Fraser's* text in order to help discover and find means of dealing with textual problems in the novel. The primary collation was done against the 1879 Smith, Elder edition and Saintsbury's Oxford edition. Discrepancies encountered in this collation were then checked against the other editions listed at the beginning of the Textual Apparatus. Research into Thackeray's sources and other historical materials also helped in dealing with the textual problems.

The text of this edition is complete, containing all the material expurgated in earlier posthumous editions. A section of the Textual Apparatus records all the

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<sup>5 1</sup>The four are the copies held by the University of British Columbia (this was the base text for this edition), Simon Fraser University, the Vancouver Public Library, and the University of Alabama.

<sup>5 2</sup>Conceivably, an examination of additional copies might reveal textual variants resulting from dropped characters and other accidents in the press, but these would most likely be variants in the accidentals, which are of questionable authority in the *Fraser's* text in any case. It seems highly unlikely that an examination of additional copies would reveal substantive variants, for that would suggest editorial intervention to correct errors during the print run, and the editors at *Fraser's* do not seem to have cared enough about such errors to have intervened in this way. As the writer of the lead article in *Fraser's* November 1837 issue commented, in celebrating "the slapdash spirit of periodicalism," it was not occasional errors but "a consistent exhibition of power" that mattered. "Shew that you possess *that*," he wrote, "and it is of little consequence that you are occasionally careless" (16: 530, 529).

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expurgations and additions made in those earlier editions. The Apparatus also records all emendations of the substantives and the accidentals: there are no silent emendations in this edition. A section on typographical matters explains where this edition differs from the *Fraser's* edition in the use of such features as small capitals, in the spacing around punctuation symbols, and so forth. Substantive textual problems that have been left untouched are discussed in the Unemended Cruxes section; unemended cruxes concerning accidentals are discussed in the section on accidentals. Finally, the Apparatus contains a glossary of Thackeray's style preferences for spelling and capitalization, to which readers can refer in order to determine whether a particular spelling or capitalization in the copy-text as reproduced in this edition is likely to have been authorial.

## THE CHARACTERS IN CATHERINE

The characters in *Catherine* can be divided into two groups: those that Thackeray found in the historical accounts of the murder of John Hayes and those that he invented. The characters he took from the historical record are:

Catherine Hayes

John Hayes

Mr. and Mrs. Hayes, John's parents

Thomas Wood

Tom Billings

Mr. Billings, Tom's foster-father

Mrs. Springate (Springatt in the novel)

Of course, even these characters underwent transformations in Thackeray's hands. For instance, Thomas Wood, who was really a young labourer, is made an elderly man who pretends to be a minister; and in fact in Thackeray's version, this "Reverend Doctor Wood" is merely an alias for Corporal Peter Brock, a character wholly of Thackeray's invention. As well, the character of Catherine Hayes is prettified for the novel, while that of her husband is blackened. And Mr. Billings, Tom's foster-father, is a blacksmith in the novel rather than the shoemaker he was in real life (see Appendix 1, p. 770).

The invented characters are listed below. Discussions of these characters can be found in the Critical Commentary (CC), the Annotations (Anns), and the substantive emendations section of the Textual Apparatus (SE), as indicated in the parentheses after each character's name.

Ikey Solomons, Jr. (Anns 1.3; CC xxxiv-xxxvi)

Count von Galgenstein (Anns 6.1)  
Corporal Peter Brock (Anns 4.12)  
Ensign Macshane (Anns 91.10)  
Father O'Flaherty  
Dr. Dobbs, the parson (Anns 8.2, 243.14)  
Mrs. Score (Anns 11.4)  
Goody Billings (Anns 243.14)  
Thomas Bullock (Anns 17.12, 18.19)  
Justice Ballance (Anns 111.13)  
Mr. Butcher (Anns 27.25)  
Miss Poots/Madam Silverkoop (Anns 123.2, 123.3)  
Polly Briggs  
Mr. Moffat  
Mr. Trippet (Anns 4.18)  
the Warwickshire squire  
Captain Popjoy (Anns 162.18)  
Mr. Sicklop (SE 133.14)  
Mr. Redcap (Anns 81.17)

## CHRONOLOGY OF EVENTS IN AND RELATING TO CATHERINE

	<i>Historical Events</i>	<i>Events in the Novel</i>
1690?	Birth of Catherine Hall in Warwickshire, near Birmingham	
1702	War of the Spanish Succession begins Anne becomes Queen of England	
1704?	Birth of Tom Billings (possibly Catherine's illegitimate son; raised by shoemaker named Billings)	
1705?	Catherine "rambles" with soldiers, is taken in by Hayes family, marries John Hayes at Worcester; failed attempt to extort impressment money from Hayes	1705 (Autumn) Brock and Galgenstein arrive in Catherine's village; Catherine runs off with Galgenstein
1705/06	Sieges at Barcelona	

*Historical Events*

*Events in the Novel*

1706      Battle of Ramillies

1706      Birth of Catherine's  
             illegitimate son, Tom;  
             Catherine leaves the  
             Count, returns to village;  
             Tom is left with the  
             family of Billings the  
             blacksmith; Brock enters  
             high society as Capt.  
             Wood, but is unmasked by  
             Galgenstein

1707?     Catherine marries John  
             Hayes at Worcester;  
             Brock's gang successfully  
             extorts impressment  
             money from Hayes

1708      Battles of Malplaquet,  
             Almanza

1708?     The Count marries Madam  
             Silverkoop; Brock and  
             Macshane are transported

1714      George I becomes King of  
             England

1715      First Jacobite rebellion  
             (September)

1715      Tom Billings comes to live  
             with the Hayeses

*Historical Events*

*Events in the Novel*

1719	Hayeses move to London	1719?	Hayeses move to London, joined by Rev. Dr. Wood
1725	Arrest and execution of Jonathan Wild (February, May) Billings and Wood come to lodge with the Hayeses (late 1725? perhaps 1726)	1725	Macshane is hanged; Galgenstein shows up as Bavarian envoy; reunion of Catherine and Galgenstein
1726	Murder of John Hayes (March 1) Arrest of murderers (March 24, 27) Trial (April 22) Death of Wood in prison (May 4) Execution of Tom Billings and Catherine Hayes (May 9)	1726	Murder of John Hayes (March 1); murderers arrested; Galgenstein goes mad; Wood dies in prison; execution of Tom Billings and Catherine

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CATHERINE: A STORY.

BY IKEY SOLOMONS, ESQ. JUNIOR.

CHAP. I.

At that famous period of history, when the seventeenth century (after a 5  
deal of quarrelling, king-killing, reforming, republicanizing, restoring, re-restoring,  
play-writing, sermon-writing, Oliver Cromwellizing, Stuartizing, and Orangizing, to  
be sure) had sunk into its grave, giving place to the lusty eighteenth; when Mr.  
Isaac Newton was a tutor of Trinity, and Mr. Joseph Addison commissioner of  
appeals; when the presiding genius that watched over the destinies of the French 10  
nation had played out all the best cards in his hand, and his adversaries began  
to pour in their trumps; when there were two kings in Spain employed  
perpetually in running away from one another; when there was a queen in  
England, with such rogues for ministers as have never been seen, no, not in our  
own day; and a general, of whom it may be severely argued, whether he was 15  
the meanest miser or the greatest hero in the world; when Mrs. Masham had  
not yet put Madame Marlborough's nose out of joint; when people had their ears  
cut off for writing very meek political pamphlets; and very large full-bottomed  
wigs were just beginning to be worn with powder; and the face of Louis the  
Great, as his was handed in to him behind the bed-curtains, was, when issuing 20  
thence, observed to look longer, older, and more dismal daily \* \* \* \*

About the year *One Thousand Seven Hundred and Five*, that is, in the

glorious reign of Queen Anne, there existed certain characters, and befel a series of adventures, which, since they are strictly in accordance with the present fashionable style and taste; since they have been already partly described in the "Newgate Calendar;" since they are (as shall be seen anon) agreeably low, delightfully disgusting, and at the same time eminently pleasing and pathetic, 5 may properly be set down here.

And though it may be said, with some considerable show of reason, that agreeably low and delightfully disgusting characters, have already been treated both copiously and ably, by some eminent writers of the present (and, indeed, of future) ages; though to tread in the footsteps of the immortal FAGIN, requires a 10 genius of inordinate stride, and to go a-robbing after the late though deathless TURPIN; the renowned JACK SHEPPARD (at present in monthly numbers, an ornament to society); or the embryo DUVAL, may be impossible, and not an infringement, but a wasteful indication of ill-will towards the eighth commandment, though it may, on the one hand, be asserted, that only vain 15 coxcombs would dare to write on subjects already described by men really and deservedly eminent; on the other hand, that these subjects have been described so fully, that nothing more can be said about them; on the third hand (allowing, for the sake of argument, three hands to one figure of speech), that the public has heard so much of them, as to be quite tired of rogues, thieves, cut-throats, 20 and Newgate altogether;—though all these objections may be urged, and each is excellent, yet we intend to take a few more pages from the Old Bailey calendar, to bless the public with one more draught from the Stone Jug:—yet a-while to listen, hurdle-mounted, and riding down the Oxford-road, to the bland conversation

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\* This, as your ladyship is aware, is the polite name for her Majesty's prison of Newgate.

of Jack Ketch, and to hang with him round the neck of his patient, at the end of our and his history. We give the reader fair notice, that we shall tickle him with a few such scenes of villany, throat-cutting, and bodily suffering in general, as are not to be found, no, not in —; never mind comparisons, for such are odious.

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In the year 1705, then, whether it was that the Queen of England did feel seriously alarmed at the notice, that a French prince should occupy the Spanish throne; or whether she was tenderly attached to the Emperor of Germany; or, whether she was obliged to fight out the quarrel of William of Orange, who made us pay and fight for his Dutch provinces; or, whether poor 10 old Louis Quatorze did really frighten her; or whether Sarah Jennings and her husband wanted to make a fight, knowing how much they should gain by it;—whatever the reason was, it was evident that the war was to continue, and there was almost as much soldiering and recruiting, parading, pike and gun-exercising, flag-flying, drum-beating, powder-blazing, and military enthusiasm, 15 as we can all remember in the year 1801, what time the Corsican upstart menaced our shores. A recruiting party and captain of Cutts's regiment (which had been so mangled at Blenheim the year before), were now in Warwickshire; and having their dépôt at Warwick, the captain and his attendant, the corporal, were used to travel through the country, seeking for heroes to fill up the gaps 20 in Cutts's corps,—and for adventures to pass away the weary time of a country life.

Our Captain Plume and Sergeant Kite (it was at this time, by the way, that those famous recruiting officers were playing their pranks in Shrewsbury), were occupied very much in the same manner with Farquhar's heroes. They

roamed from Warwick to Stratford, and from Stratford to Birmingham, persuading the swains of Warwickshire to leave the plough for the pike, and despatching, from time to time, small detachments of recruits to extend Marlborough's lines, and to act as food for the hungry cannon at Ramillies and Malplaquet.

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Of those two gentlemen who are about to act a very important part in our history, one only was probably a native of Britain,—we say probably, because the individual in question was himself quite uncertain, and, it must be added, entirely indifferent about his birthplace: but speaking the English language, and having been during the course of his life pretty generally engaged in the 10 British service, he had a tolerably fair claim to the majestic title of Briton. His name was Peter Brock, otherwise Corporal Brock of Lord Cutts's regiment of dragoons; he was of age about fifty-seven (even that point has never been ascertained); in height, about five feet six inches; in weight, nearly thirteen stone; with a chest that the celebrated Leitch himself might envy; an arm, that 15 was like an opera-dancer's leg; a stomach, that was so elastic, that it would accommodate itself to any given or stolen quantity of food; a great aptitude for strong liquors; and a considerable skill in singing *chansons de table* of not the most delicate kind; he was a lover of jokes, of which he made many, and passably bad; when pleased, simply coarse, boisterous, and jovial; when angry, a 20 perfect demon; bullying, cursing, storming, fighting, as is sometimes the wont with gentlemen of his cloth and education.

Mr. Brock was strictly what the Marquess of Rodil styled himself, in a proclamation to his soldiers after running away, a *hijo de la guerra*—a child of war. Not seven cities, but one or two regiments, might contend for the honour

of giving him birth; for his mother, whose name he took, had acted as camp-follower to a royalist regiment; had then obeyed the Parliamentarians; and had died in Scotland when Monk was commanding in that country; and the first appearance of Mr. Brock in a public capacity, displayed him as a fifer in the general's own regiment of Coldstreamers, when they marched from Scotland to 5 London, and from a republic at once into a monarchy. Since that period, Brock had been always with the army; he had had, too, some promotion, for he spake of having a command at the battle of the Boyne, though probably (as he never mentioned the fact) upon the losing side; and the very year before this narrative commences, he had been one of Mordaunt's forlorn hope at Schellenberg, for 10 which service he was promised a pair of colours; he lost them, however, and was almost shot (but fate did not ordain that his career should close in that way) for drunkenness and insubordination immediately after the battle; but having in some measure re-instated himself, by a display of much gallantry at Blenheim, it was found advisable to send him to England for the purpose of 15 recruiting, and remove him altogether from the regiment where his gallantry only rendered the example of his riot more dangerous.

Mr. Brock's commander was a slim young gentleman of twenty-six, about whom there was likewise a history, if one would take the trouble to inquire. He was a Bavarian by birth (his mother being an English lady), and enjoyed along 20 with a dozen other brothers, the title of count: eleven of these, of course, were penniless; one or two were priests, one a monk, six or seven in various military services, and the elder at home at Schloss Galgenstein breeding horses, hunting wild boars, swindling tenants, living in a great house with small means; obliged to be sordid at home all the year, to be splendid for a month at the capital,

as is the way with many other noblemen. Our young count, Count Gustavus Adolphus Maximilian von Galgenstein, had been in the service of the French, as page to a nobleman, then of his majesty's *gardes du corps*; then a lieutenant and captain in the Bavarian service; and when, after the battle of Blenheim, two regiments of Germans came over to the winning side, Gustavus Adolphus 5 Maximilian found himself among them; and at the epoch when this story commences, had enjoyed English pay for a year or more. It is unnecessary to say how he exchanged into his present regiment; how it appeared that, before her marriage, handsome John Churchill had known the young gentleman's mother, when they were both penniless hangers-on at Charles the Second's 10 court;—it is, we say, quite useless to repeat all the scandal of which we are perfectly masters, and to trace step by step the events of his history; here, however, was Gustavus Adolphus, in a small inn, in a small village of Warwickshire, on an autumn evening in the year 1705; and at the very moment when this history begins, he and Mr. Brock, his corporal and friend, were seated 15 at a round table before the kitchen fire, while a small groom of the establishment was leading up and down in the village-green, before the inn door, two black, glossy, long-tailed, barrel-bellied, thick-flanked, arch-necked, Roman-nosed Flanders horses, which were the property of the two gentlemen now taking their ease at the Bugle Inn. The two gentlemen were seated at their ease at the 20 inn-table, drinking mountain-wine; and if the reader fancies from the sketch which we have given of their lives, or from his own blindness and belief in the perfectibility of human nature, that the sun of that autumn evening shone upon any two men in county or city, at desk or harvest, at court or at Newgate, drunk or sober, who were greater rascals than Count Gustavus Galgenstein and

Corporal Peter Brock, he is egregiously mistaken, and his knowledge of human nature is not worth a fig. If they had not been two prominent scoundrels, what earthly business should we have in detailing their histories? What would the public care for them? Who would meddle with dull virtue, humdrum sentiment, or stupid innocence, when vice, agreeable vice, is the only thing which the 5 readers of romances care to hear?

The little horse-boy, who was leading the two black Flanders horses up and down the green, might have put them in the stable for any good that the horses got by the gentle exercise, which they were now taking in the cool evening air, as their owners had not ridden very far or very hard, and there 10 was not a hair turned of their sleek shining coats; but the lad had been especially ordered so to walk the horses about until he received further commands from the gentlemen reposing in the Bugle kitchen; and the idlers of the village seemed so pleased with the beasts, and their smart saddles and shining bridles, that it would have been a pity to deprive them of the pleasure 15 of contemplating such an innocent spectacle. Over the count's horse was thrown a fine red cloth, richly embroidered in yellow worsted, a very large count's coronet and a cipher at the four corners of the covering; and under this might be seen a pair of gorgeous silver stirrups, and above it, a couple of silver-mounted pistols reposing in bearskin holsters; the bit was silver too, and 20 the horse's head was decorated with many smart ribands. Of the corporal's steed, suffice it to say, that the ornaments were in brass, as bright, though not perhaps so valuable, as those which decorated the captain's animal. The boys who had been at play on the green, first paused and entered into conversation with the horseboy; then the village matrons followed; and afterwards, sauntering



by ones and twos came the village maidens, who love soldiers as flies love treacle;—presently the males began to arrive, and lo! the parson of the parish, taking his evening walk with Mrs. Dobbs, and the four children his offspring, at length joined himself to his flock.

To this audience the little ostler explained, that the animals belonged to 5 two gentlemen now reposing at the Bugle; one young with gold hair, the other old with grizzled locks; both in red coats; both in jack-boots; putting the house into a bustle, and calling for the best. He then discoursed to some of his own companions regarding the merits of the horses; and the parson, a learned man, explained to the villagers, that one of the travellers must be a count, or at 10 least had a count's horsecloth; pronounced that the stirrups were of real silver, and checked the impetuosity of his son, William Nassau Dobbs, who was for mounting the animals, and who expressed a longing to fire off one of the pistols in the holsters.

As this family discussion was taking place, the gentlemen whose 15 appearance had created so much attention, came to the door of the inn, and the elder and stouter was seen to smile at his companion; after which he strolled leisurely over the green, and seemed to examine with much benevolent satisfaction the assemblage of villagers who were staring at him and the quadrupeds. 20

Mr. Brock, when he saw the parson's band and cassock, took off his beaver reverently, and saluted the divine: "I hope your reverence won't balk the little fellow," said he; "I think I heard him calling out for a ride, and whether he should like my horse, or his lordship's horse, I am sure it is all one. Don't be afraid, sir, the horses are not tired, we have only come seventy mile to-day,

and Prince Eugene once rode a matter of fifty-two leagues (a hundred and fifty miles), sir, upon that horse, between sunrise and sunset."

"Gracious powers! on which horse?" said Doctor Dobbs, very solemnly. "On *this*, sir,—on mine, Corporal Brock of Cutts's black gelding, William of Nassau; the prince, sir, gave it me after Blenheim fight, for I had my own legs carried 5 away by a cannon-ball, just as I cut down two of Saurkrauter's regiment, who had made the prince prisoner."

"Your own legs, sir!" said the doctor, "gracious goodness! this is more and more astonishing!"

"No, no, not my own legs, my horse's I mean, sir; and the prince gave 10 me William of Nassau that very day."

To this no direct reply was made; but the doctor looked at Mrs. Dobbs, and Mrs. Dobbs and the rest of the children at her eldest son, who grinned and said, "Isn't it wonderful?" The corporal to this answered nothing, but, resuming his account, pointed to the other horse and said, "*That* horse, sir—good as mine 15 is—that horse, with the silver stirrups, is his excellency's horse, Captain Count Maximilian Gustavus Adolphus von Galgenstein, captain of horse and of the holy Roman empire" (he lifted here his hat with much gravity, and all the crowd, even to the parson, did likewise). "We call him George of Denmark, sir, in compliment to her majesty's husband: he is Blenheim too, sir; Marshal Tallard 20 rode him on that day, and you know how *he* was taken prisoner by the count?"

"George of Denmark, Marshal Tallard, William of Nassau! this is strange indeed, most wonderful! Why, sir, little are you aware that there are before you *at this moment*, two other living beings who bear these venerated names! My boys, stand forward! Look here, sir; these children have been respectively named

after our late sovereign, and the husband of our present queen."

"And very good names too, sir; ay, and very noble little fellows too; and I propose that, with your reverence and your ladyship's leave, William Nassau here shall ride on George of Denmark, and George of Denmark shall ride on William of Nassau."

5

When this speech of the corporal's was made, the whole crowd set up a loyal hurrah! and, with much gravity, the two little boys were lifted up into the saddles; and the corporal leading one, entrusted the other to the horseboy, and so together marched stately up and down the green.

The popularity which Mr. Brock gained by this manoeuvre was very 10 great; but with regard to the names of the horses and children, which coincided so extraordinarily, it is but fair to state, that the christening of the quadrupeds had only taken place about two minutes before the dragoon's appearance on the green. For if the fact must be confessed, he, while seated near the inn window, had kept a pretty wistful eye upon all going on without; and the horses 15 marching thus to and fro for the wonderment of the village, were only placards or advertisements for the riders.

There was, besides the boy now occupied with the horses, and the landlord and landlady of the Bugle Inn, another person connected with that establishment—a very smart, handsome, vain, giggling servant girl, about the age 20 of sixteen, who went by the familiar name of Cat, and attended upon the gentlemen in the parlour, while the landlady was employed in cooking their supper in the kitchen. This young person had been educated in the village poor-house, and having been pronounced by Doctor Dobbs and the schoolmaster, the idlest, dirtiest, and most passionate little minx with whom either had ever

had to do, she was, after receiving a very small portion of literary instruction (indeed it must be stated that the young lady did not know her letters), bound apprentice at the age of nine years to Mrs. Score, her relative, and landlady of the Bugle Inn.

If Miss Cat, or Catherine Hall, was a slattern and a minx, Mrs. Score 5 was a far superior shrew; and for the seven years of her apprenticeship, the girl was completely at her mistress's mercy. Yet though wondrously stingy, jealous, and violent, while her maid was idle and extravagant, and her husband seemed to abet the girl, Mrs. Score put up with the wench's airs, idleness, and caprices, without ever wishing to dismiss her from the Bugle. The fact is, that 10 Miss Catherine was a great beauty; and for about two years, since her fame had begun to spread, the custom of the inn had also increased vastly. When there was a debate whether the farmers, on their way from market, would take t'other pot, Catherine, by appearing with it, would straightway cause the liquor to be swallowed and paid for; and when the traveller who proposed riding that 15 night and sleeping at Coventry or Birmingham, was asked by Miss Catherine whether he would like a fire in his bed-room, he generally was induced to occupy it, although he might before have vowed to Mrs. Score that he would not for a thousand guineas be absent from home that night. The girl had, too, half-a-dozen lovers in the village; and these were bound in honour to spend their 20 pence at the alehouse she inhabited. O woman, lovely woman! what strong resolves canst thou twist round thy little finger! what gunpowder passions canst thou kindle with a single sparkle of thine eye! what lies and fribble nonsense canst thou make us listen to, as they were gospel truth or splendid wit! above all, what bad liquor canst thou make us swallow when thou puttest a kiss

within the cup—and we are content to call the poison, wine!

The mountain-wine at the Bugle was, in fact, execrable; but Mrs. Cat, who served it to the two soldiers, made it so agreeable to them, that they found it a passable, even a pleasant task, to swallow the contents of a second bottle. The miracle had been wrought instantaneously on her appearance, for 5 whereas at that very moment the count was employed in cursing the wine, the landlady, the wine grower, and the English nation generally, when the young woman entered and (choosing so to interpret the oaths) said, "Coming, your honour; I think your honour called," Gustavus Adolphus whistled, stared at her very hard, and seeming quite dumb-stricken by her appearance, contented himself 10 by swallowing a whole glass of mountain by way of reply.

Mr. Brock was, however, by no means so confounded as his captain: he was thirty years older than the latter, and in the course of fifty years of military life had learned to look on the most dangerous enemy, or the most beautiful woman, with the like daring, devil-may-care determination to conquer. 15

"My dear Mary," then said that gentleman, "his honour is a lord; as good as a lord, that is; for all he allows such humble fellows as I am to drink with him."

Catherine dropped a low curtsey, and said, "Well, I don't know if you are joking a poor country girl, as all you soldier gentlemen do; but his honour 20 *looks* like a lord, though I never see one, to be sure."

"Then," said the captain, gathering courage, "how do you know I look like one, pretty Mary?"

"Pretty Catherine: I mean Catherine, if you please, sir."

Here Mr. Brock burst into a roar of laughter, and shouting with many

oaths that she was right at first, invited her to give him what he called a buss.

Pretty Catherine turned away from him at this request, and muttered something about "Keep your distance, low fellow! buss, indeed! poor country girl," &c. &c., placing herself, as if for protection, on the side of the captain. That 5 gentleman looked also very angry; but whether at the sight of innocence so outraged, or the insolence of the corporal for daring to help himself first, we cannot say. "Hark ye, Mr. Brock," he cried very fiercely, "I will suffer no such liberties in my presence; remember, it is only my condescension which permits you to share my bottle in this way; take care I don't give you instead a taste 10 of my cane." So saying, he, in a protecting manner, placed one hand round Mrs. Catherine's waist, holding the other clenched very near to the corporal's nose.

Mrs. Catherine, for *her* share of this action of the count's, dropped another curtsey, and said, "Thank you, my lord." But Galgenstein's threat did 15 not appear to make any impression on Mr. Brock, as indeed there was no reason that it should; for the corporal, at a combat of fisty-cuffs, could have pounded his commander into a jelly in ten minutes: so he contented himself by saying, "Well, noble captain, there's no harm done; it *is* an honour for poor old Peter Brock to be at table with you, and I *am* sorry, sure enough." 20

"In truth, Peter, I believe thou art; thou hast good reason, eh, Peter? But never fear, man; had I struck thee, I never would have hurt thee."

"I *know* you would not," replied Brock, laying his hand on his heart with much gravity; and so peace was made, and healths were drank. Miss Catherine condescended to put her lips to the captain's glass; who swore that the wine



Mrs. Catharine's temptation.

was thus converted into nectar; and although the girl had not previously heard of that liquor, she received the compliment as a compliment, and smiled and simpered in return.

The poor thing had never before seen any body so handsome, or so finely dressed as the count; and, in the simplicity of her coquetry, allowed her 5 satisfaction to be quite visible. Nothing could be more clumsy than the gentleman's mode of complimenting her; but for this, perhaps, his speeches were more effective than others more delicate would have been; and though she said to each, "O, now my lord," and "La, captain, how can you flatter one so?" and "Your honour's laughing at me;" and made such polite speeches as are used on 10 these occasions, it was manifest from the flutter and blush, and the grin of satisfaction which lighted up the buxom features of the little country beauty, that the count's first operations had been highly successful. When, following up his attack, he produced from his neck a small locket (which had been given him by a Dutch lady at the Brill), and begged Miss Catherine to wear it for his sake; 15 and chuckled her under the chin, and called her his little rose-bud, it was pretty clear how things would go: any body who could see the expression of Mr. Brock's countenance at this event (and the reader may by looking at the . picture), might judge of the progress of the irresistible High-Dutch conqueror.

Being of a very vain, communicative turn, our fair bar-maid gave her two 20 companions not only a pretty long account of herself, but of many other persons in the village, whom she could perceive from the window opposite to which she stood. "Yes, your honour," said she—"my lord, I mean; sixteen last March, though there's a many girl in the village that, at my age, is quite chits: there's Polly Randall now, that red-haired girl along with Thomas Curtis, she's seventeen



if she's a day, though he is the very first sweetheart she has had. Well, as I am saying, I was bred up here in the village—father and mother died very young, and I was left a poor orphan—well, bless us! if Thomas haven't kissed her!—to the care of Mrs. Score, my aunt, who has been a mother to me—a step-mother, you know;—and I've been to Stratford fair, and to Warwick many a 5 time; and there's two people who have offered to marry me, and ever so many who want to, and I won't have none—only a gentleman, as I've always said; not a poor clodpole, like Tom there with the red waistcoat (he was one that asked me), nor a drunken fellow like Sam Blacksmith, yonder, him whose wife has got the black eye, but a real gentleman, like—" 10

"Like whom, my dear?" said the captain, encouraged.

"La, sir, how can you? why, like our squire, Sir John, who rides in such a mortal fine gold coach; or, at least, like the parson, Doctor Dobbs—that's he in the black gown, walking with Madame Dobbs in red."

"And are those his children?" 15

"Yes: two girls and two boys; and only think, he calls one William Nassau, and one George Denmark—isn't it odd?" And from the parson, Mrs. Catherine went on to speak of several humble personages of the village community, who, as they are not necessary to our story, need not be described at full length. It was when, from the window, Corporal Brock saw the 20 altercation between the worthy divine and his son, respecting the latter's ride, that he judged it a fitting time to step out on the green, and to bestow on the two horses those famous historical names which we have just heard applied to them.

Mr. Brock's diplomacy was, as we have stated, quite successful; for, when

the parson's boys had ridden and retired along with their mamma and papa, other young gentlemen of humbler rank in the village were placed upon "George of Denmark" and "William of Nassau;" the corporal joking and laughing with all the grown-up people. The women, in spite of Mr. Brock's age, his red nose, and a certain squint of his eye, vowed the corporal was a jewel of a man; and 5 among the men, his popularity was equally great.

"How much dost thee get, Thomas Clodpole?" said Mr. Brock to a countryman (he was the man whom Mrs. Catherine had described as her suitor), who had laughed loudest at some of his jokes; "how much dost thee get for a week's work, now?" 10

Mr. Clodpole, whose name was really Bullock, stated that his wages amounted to "three shillings and a puddn."

"Three shillings and a puddn!—monstrous!—and for this you toil like a galley slave, as I have seen them in Turkey and America,—aye, gentlemen, and in the country of Prester John! You shiver out of bed on icy winter mornings, 15 to break the ice for Ball and Dapple to drink."

"Yes, indeed," said the person addressed, who seemed astounded at the extent of the corporal's information.

"Or you clean pig-sty, and take dung down to meadow; or you act watchdog and tend sheep; or you sweep a scythe over a great field of grass; 20 and when the sun has scorched the eyes out of your head, and sweated the flesh out of your bones, and well-nigh fried the soul out of your body, you go home, to what?—three shillings a week and a puddn! Do you get pudding every day?"

"No; only Sundays."

"Do you get money enough?"

"No, sure."

"Do you get beer enough?"

"Oh no, NEVER!" said Mr. Bullock quite resolutely.

"Worthy Clodpole, give us thy hand; it shall have beer enough this day, 5  
or my name's not Corporal Brock. Here's the money, boy! there are twenty  
pieces in this purse: and how do you think I got 'em? and how do you think I  
shall get others when these are gone?—by serving her sacred majesty, to be  
sure: long life to her, and down with the French king!"

Bullock, a few of the men, and two or three of the boys, piped out a 10  
hurrah, in compliment to this speech of the corporal's: but it was remarked, that  
the greater part of the crowd drew back—the women whispering ominously to  
them and looking at the corporal.

"I see, ladies, what it is," said he; "you are frightened, and think I am  
a crimp come to steal your sweethearts away. What! call Peter Brock a double 15  
dealer? I tell you what, boys, Jack Churchill himself has shaken this hand, and  
drunk a pot with me: do you think he'd shake hands with a rogue? Here's  
Tummas Clodpole has never had beer enough, and here am I will stand treat to  
him and any other gentleman; am I good enough company for him? I have  
money, look you, and like to spend it: what should I be doing dirty actions 20  
for—hay, Tummas?"

A satisfactory reply to this query was not, of course, expected by the  
corporal nor uttered by Mr. Bullock; and the end of the dispute was, that he  
and three or four of the rustic bystanders were quite convinced of the good  
intentions of their new friend, and accompanied him back to the Bugle, to regale

upon the promised beer. Among the corporal's guests was one young fellow whose dress would shew that he was somewhat better to do in the world than Clodpole and the rest of the sunburnt ragged troop, who were marching towards the alehouse. This man was the only one of his hearers who, perhaps, was sceptical as to the truth of his stories; but as soon as Bullock accepted the 5 invitation to drink, John Hayes, the carpenter (for such was his name and profession), said, "Well, Thomas, if thou goest, I will go too."

"I know thee wilt," said Thomas, "thou'lt goo any where Catty Hall is, provided thou can'st goo for nothing."

"Nay, I have a penny to spend as good as the corporal here." 10

"A penny to *keep*, you mean: for all your love for the lass at the Bugle, did thee ever spend a shilling in the house? Thee wouldn't go now, but that I am going too, and the corporal here stands treat."

"Come, come, gentlemen, no quarrelling," said Mr. Brock; "if this pretty fellow will join us, amen say I: there's lots of liquor, and plenty of money to 15 pay the score. Comrade Tummas, give us thy arm. Mr. Hayes, you're a hearty cock, I make no doubt, and all such are welcome. Come along, my gentlemen farmers, Mr. Brock shall have the honour to pay for you all." And with this, Corporal Brock, accompanied by Messrs. Hayes, Bullock, Blacksmiths-boy, Butcher, and one or two others, adjourned to the inn; the horses being, at the same 20 time, conducted to the stable.

Although we have, in this quiet way, and without any flourishing of trumpets, or beginning of chapters, introduced Mr. Hayes to the public; and although at first sight a sneaking carpenter's boy may seem hardly worthy of the notice of an intelligent reader, who looks for a good cut-throat or

highwayman for a hero, or a pickpocket at the very least: this gentleman's words and actions should be carefully studied by the public, as he is destined to appear before them under very polite and curious circumstances during the course of this history. The speech of the rustic Juvenal, Mr. Clodpole, had seemed to infer that Hayes was at once careful of his money and a warm admirer of 5 Mrs. Catherine of the Bugle: and both the charges were perfectly true. Hayes's father was reported to be a man of some substance; and young John, who was performing his apprenticeship in the village, did not fail to talk very big of his pretensions to fortune—of his entering, at the close of his indentures, into partnership with his father—and of the comfortable farm and house over which 10 Mrs. John Hayes, whoever she might be, would one day preside. Thus, next to the barber and butcher, and above even his own master, Mr. Hayes took rank in the village: and it must not be concealed that his representation of wealth had made some impression upon Mrs. Hall, towards whom the young gentleman had cast the eyes of affection. If he had been tolerably well-looking, and not 15 pale, rickety, and feeble as he was; if even he had been ugly, but withal a man of spirit, it is probable the girl's kindness for him would have been much more decided. But he was a poor weak creature, not to compare with honest Thomas Bullock, by at least nine inches; and so notoriously timid, selfish, and stingy, that there was a kind of shame in receiving his addresses openly; and 20 what encouragement Mrs. Catherine gave him could only be in secret.

But no mortal is wise at all times: and the fact was, that Hayes, who cared for himself intensely, had set his heart upon winning Catherine; and loved her with a desperate, greedy eagerness and desire of possession, which makes passions for women often so fierce and unreasonable among very cold and selfish

men. His parents (whose frugality he had inherited) had tried in vain to wean him from this passion, and had made many fruitless attempts to engage him with women who possessed money and desired husbands: but Hayes was, for a wonder, quite proof against their attractions; and, though quite ready to acknowledge the absurdity of his love for a penniless ale-house servant girl, 5 nevertheless persisted in it doggedly. "I know I'm a fool," said he; "and what's more, the girl does not care for me; but marry her I must, or I think I shall just die, and marry her I will." For very much to the credit of Miss Catherine's modesty, she had declared that marriage was with her a *sine quâ non*, and had dismissed, with the loudest scorn and indignation, all propositions 10 of a less proper nature.

Poor Thomas Bullock was another of her admirers, and had offered to marry her; but three shillings a-week and a puddn was not to the girl's taste, and Thomas had been scornfully rejected: Hayes had also made her a direct proposal—Catherine did not say no, she was too prudent: but she was young, 15 and could wait; she did not care for Mr. Hayes yet, enough to marry him—(it did not seem, indeed, in the young woman's nature to care for any body)—and she gave her adorer flatteringly to understand, that, if nobody better appeared in the course of a few years, she might be induced to become Mrs. Hayes. It was a dismal prospect for the poor fellow to live upon the hope of being one day 20 Mrs. Catherine's *pis-aller*.

In the meantime she considered herself free as the wind, and permitted herself all the innocent gaieties which that "chartered libertine," a coquette, can take. She flirted with all the bachelors, widowers, and married men, in a manner which did extraordinary credit to her years: and let not the reader

fancy such pastimes unnatural at her early age. The ladies—Heaven bless them!—are, as a general rule, coquettes from babyhood upwards. Little shes of three years old play little airs and graces upon small heroes of five; simpering misses of nine make attacks upon young gentlemen of twelve; and at sixteen, a well-grown girl, under encouraging circumstances,—say, she is pretty, in a family 5 of ugly elder sisters, or an only child and heiress, or an humble wench at a country inn, like our fair Catherine—is at the very pink and prime of her coquetry: they will jilt you at that age with an ease and arch infantine simplicity that never can be surpassed in maturer years.

Miss Catherine, then, was a *franche coquette*, and Mr. John Hayes was 10 miserable. His life was passed in a storm of mean passions and bitter jealousies, and desperate attacks upon the indifference-rock of Mrs. Catherine's heart, which not all his tempest of love could beat down. O cruel, cruel pangs of love unrequited! Mean rogues feel them as well as great heroes. Lives there the reader of this Magazine (in other words, the man in Europe) who has not felt 15 them many times?—who has not knelt, and fawned, and supplicated, and wept, and cursed, and raved, all in vain; and passed long wakeful nights with ghosts of dead hopes for company; shadows of buried remembrances that glide out of their graves of nights, and whisper, "We are dead now, but we *were* once; and we made you happy, and we come now to mock you:—despair, O lover, despair, 20 and die."—O cruel pangs! dismal nights!—Now a sly demon creeps under your night-cap, and drops into your ear those soft, hope-breathing, sweet words, uttered on the well-remembered evening—there, in the drawer of your dressing-table (along with the razors and Macassar oil), lies the dead flower that Lady Amelia Wilhelmina wore in her bosom on the night of a certain ball—the

corpse of a glorious hope that seemed once as if it would live for ever, so strong was it, so full of joy and sunshine—there, in your writing desk, among a crowd of unpaid bills, is the dirty scrap of paper, thimble-sealed, which came in company with a pair of muffetees of her knitting (she was a butcher's daughter, and did all she could, poor thing!), begging "you would ware them at collidge, 5 and think of her who"—married a public-house three weeks afterwards, and cares for you no more now than she does for the pot-boy. But why multiply instances, or seek to depict the agony of poor, mean-spirited John Hayes? No mistake can be greater than that of fancying such great emotions of love are only felt by virtuous or exalted men: depend upon it, Love, like Death, plays havoc among 10 the *pauperum tabernas*, and sports with rich and poor, wicked and virtuous, alike. I have often fancied, for instance, on seeing the haggard, pale, young old-clothesman, who wakes the echoes of our street with his nasal cry of "Clo:" I have often, I say, fancied that, besides the load of exuvial coats and breeches under which he staggers, there is another weight on him—an *atrior cura* at his 15 tail—and while his unshorn lips and nose together are performing that mocking, boisterous, Jack-indifferent cry of "Clo, Clo;" who knows what woful utterances are crying from the heart within? There he is chaffering with the footman at No. 7, about an old dressing-gown, you think his whole soul is bent only on the contest about the garment. Psha! there is, perhaps, some faithless girl in 20 Holywell Street who fills up his heart; and that desultory Jew-boy is a peripatetic hell! Take another instance:—take the man in the beef-shop in Saint-Martin's Court—there he is, at this very moment that I am writing and you are reading this,—there he is, to all appearances, quite calm: before the same round of beef—from morning till sun-down—for hundreds of years very



likely—perhaps when the shutters are closed, and all the world tired and silent, there is HE silent, but untired—cutting, cutting, cutting: you enter, you get your meat to your liking, you depart; and, quite unmoved, on, on, he goes, reaping ceaselessly the Great Harvest of Beef. You would fancy that if Passion ever failed to conquer, it had in vain assailed the calm bosom of THAT MAN. I 5 doubt it, and would give much to know his history,—who knows what furious Aetna-flames are raging underneath the surface of that calm flesh-mountain—who can tell me that that calmness itself is not DESPAIR?

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The reader, if he does not now understand why it was that Mr. Hayes 10 agreed to drink the corporal's proffered beer, had better just read the foregoing remarks over again, and if he does not understand *then*, why, small praise to his brains. Hayes could not bear that Mr. Bullock should have a chance of seeing, and perhaps making love to, Mrs. Catherine in his absence; and though the young woman never diminished her coquetries, but, on the contrary, rather 15 increased them in his presence; it was still a kind of dismal satisfaction to be miserable in her company.

On this occasion, the disconsolate lover could be wretched to his heart's content; for Catherine had not a word or a look for him, but bestowed all her smiles upon the handsome stranger who owned the black horse. As for poor 20 Tummas Bullock, his passion was never violent; and he was content in the present instance to sigh and drink beer. He sighed and drunk, sighed and drunk, and drunk again, until he had swallowed so much of the corporal's liquor, as to be induced to accept a guinea from his purse also; and found himself, on returning to reason and sobriety, a soldier of Queen Anne's.

But, oh! fancy the agonies of Mr. Hayes, when, seated with the corporal's friends at one end of the kitchen, he saw the captain at the place of honour, and the smiles which the fair maid bestowed upon him; when, as she lightly whisked past him with the captain's supper, she, pointing to the locket, that once reposed on the breast of the Dutch lady at the Brill, looked archly on 5 Hayes, and said, "See, John, what his lordship has given me;" and when John's face became green and purple with rage and jealousy, Mrs. Catherine laughed ten times louder, and cried, "Coming, my lord," in a voice of shrill triumph, that bored through the soul of Mr. John Hayes, and left him gasping for breath. 10

On Catherine's other lover, Mr. Thomas, this coquetry had no effect: he, and two comrades of his, had by this time quite fallen under the spell of the corporal; and hope, glory, strong beer, Prince Eugene, pairs of colours, more strong beer, her blessed Majesty, plenty more strong beer, and such subjects, martial and bacchic, whirled through their dizzy brains at a railroad pace. 15

And now, if there had been a couple of experienced reporters present at the Bugle Inn, they might have taken down a conversation on love and war—the two themes discussed by the two parties occupying the kitchen—which, as the parts were sung together, duet-wise, formed together some very curious harmonies. Thus, while the captain was whispering the softest nothings the 20 corporal was shouting the fiercest combats of the war; and, like the gentleman at Penelope's table, on it, *exiguo pinxit proelia tota bero*. For example:—

*Captain.* What do you say to a silver trimming, pretty Catherine? Don't you think a scarlet riding-cloak, handsomely laced, would become you wonderfully well?—and a gray hat with a blue feather—and a pretty nag to ride on—and all

the soldiers to present arms as you pass, and say, there goes the captain's lady. What do you think of a side box at Lincoln's Inn playhouse, or of standing up to a minuet with my Lord Marquis at — *Corporal*—the ball, sir, ran right up his elbow, and was found the next day by Surgeon Splinter of ours,—where do you think, sir?—upon my honour as a gentleman it came out of 5 the nape of his—*Captain*—necklace—and a sweet pair of diamond earrings, mayhap—and a little shower of patches, which ornament a lady's face wondrously—and a little leetle rouge—though, egad! such peach-cheeks as yours don't want it;—fie! Mrs. Catherine, I should think the birds must come and pick at them as if they were fruit — *Corporal*—over the wall; and three-and-twenty 10 of our fellows jumped after me; by the pope of Rome, friend Tummas, that was a day!—Had you seen how the Mounseers looked when four-and-twenty rampaging he-devils, sword and pistol, cut and thrust, pell-mell came tumbling into the redoubt! Why, sir, we left in three minutes as many artillerymen's heads as there were cannon-balls. It was *Ah sacré!* d— you, take that; *O mon Dieu!* run 15 him through; *Ventrebleu!* and it *was* ventrebleu with him, I warrant you: for *bleu*, in the French language, means through; and *ventre*—why, you see, *ventre* means—*Captain*—waists, which are worn now excessive long;—and for the hoops, if you *could* but see them—stap my vitals, my dear, but there was a lady at Warwick's assembly (she came in one of my lord's coaches) who had a hoop as 20 big as a tent, you might have dined under it comfortably;—ha! ha! 'pon my faith, now—*Corporal*—and there we found the Duke of Marlborough seated along with Marshall Tallard, who was endeavouring to drown his sorrow over a cup of Johannisberger wine; and a good drink too, my lads, only not to compare to Warwick beer. "Who was the man who has done this?" said our noble general.

I stepped up. "How many heads was it," says he, "that you cut off?" "Nineteen," says I, "besides wounding several." When he heard it (Mr. Hayes, you don't drink) I'm blest if he didn't burst into tears! "Noble, noble fellow," says he—"Marshal, you must excuse me, if I am pleased to hear of the destruction of your countrymen;—noble, noble fellow!—here's a hundred guineas for you," 5 which sum he placed in my hand. "Nay," says the Marshal, "the man has done his duty:" and, pulling out a magnificent gold diamond-hilted snuff-box, he gave me—*Mr. Bullock*. What, a goold snuff-box? Wauns, but thee *wast* in luck, corporal!—*Corporal*. No, not the snuff-box, but—a *pinch of snuff*,—ha! ha!—run me through the body if he didn't! Could you but have seen the smile on Jack 10 Churchill's grave face, at this piece of generosity—so, beckoning Colonel Cadogan up to him, he pinched his ear, and whispered—*Captain*—"May I have the honour to dance a minuet with your ladyship?" The whole room was in titters at Jack's blunder; for, as you know very well, poor lady Susan *has a wooden leg*: ha! ha! fancy a minuet and a wooden leg, hey, my dear?—*Mrs. Catherine*. 15 Giggle, giggle, giggle: he! he! he! O captain, you rogue, you.—*Second table*. Haw! haw! haw! well you *be* a foony mon, corporal, zure enoff.

\* \* \* \* \*

This little specimen of the conversation must be sufficient. It will shew pretty clearly that each of the two military commanders was conducting his 20 operations with perfect success. Three of the detachment of five attacked by the corporal, surrendered to him. Mr. Bullock, namely, who gave in at a very early stage of the evening, and ignominiously laid down his arms under the table, after standing not more than a dozen volleys of beer; Mr. Blacksmiths-boy, and a labourer whose name we have not been able to learn. Mr. Butcher himself

was on the point of yielding, when he was rescued by the furious charge of a detachment that marched to his relief: his wife namely, who, with two squalling children, rushed into the Bugle,—boxed Butcher's ears, and kept up such a tremendous fire of oaths and screams upon the corporal, that he was obliged to retreat; fixing then her claws into Mr. Butcher's hair, she proceeded to drag him 5 out of the premises; and thus Mr. Brock was overcome. His attack upon John Hayes was a still greater failure; for that young man seemed to be invincible by drink, if not by love: and at the end of the drinking bout was a great deal more cool than the corporal himself, to whom he wished a very polite good evening, as calmly he took his hat to depart. He turned to look at Catherine, to 10 be sure, and then he was not quite so calm: but Catherine did not give any reply to his good night. She was seated at the captain's table playing at cribbage with him; and though Count Gustavus Maximilian lost every game, he won more than he lost,—sly fellow!—and Mrs. Catherine was no match for him.

It is to be presumed that Hayes gave some information to Mrs. Score, 15 the landlady, for, on leaving the kitchen, he was seen to linger for a moment in the bar; and very soon after Mrs. Catherine was called away from her attendance on the Count, who, when he asked for a sack and toast, was furnished with those articles by the landlady herself; and, during the half-hour in which he was employed in consuming this drink, Monsieur de Galgenstein looked 20 very much disturbed and out of humour, and cast his eyes to the door perpetually, but no Catherine came. At last, very sulkily, he desired to be shewn to bed, and walked as well as he could (for, to say truth, the noble Count was by this time somewhat unsteady on his legs) to his chamber. It was Mrs. Score who shewed him to it, and closed the curtains, and pointed

triumphantly to the whiteness of the sheets.

"It's a very comfortable room," said she, "though not the best in the house; which belong of right to your lordship's worship; but our best room has two beds, and Mr. Corporal is in that locked and double-locked with his three tipsy recruits. But your honour will find this here bed comfortable and well-aired; 5 I've slept in it myself this eighteen years."

"What, my good woman, you are going to sit up, eh? It's cruel hard on you, madam."

"Sit up, my lord; bless you, no! I shall have half of our Cat's bed, as I always do when there's company." And with this Mrs. Score curtsayed and 10 retired.

\* \* \* \* \*

Very early the next morning the active landlady and her bustling attendant had prepared the ale and bacon for the corporal and his three converts, and had set a nice white cloth for the captain's breakfast. The young 15 blacksmith did not eat with much satisfaction; but Mr. Bullock and his friend betrayed no sign of discontent, except such as may be consequent upon an evening's carouse. They walked very contentedly to be registered before Doctor Dobbs, who was also justice of the peace, and went in search of their slender bundles, and took leave of their few acquaintances without much regret; for the 20 gentlemen had been bred in the workhouse, and had not, therefore, a large circle of friends.

It wanted only an hour of noon, and the noble Count had not descended. The men were waiting for him, and spent much of the queen's money (earned by the sale of their bodies over night) while thus expecting him. Perhaps Mrs.

Catherine expected him too, for she had offered many times to run up—with my lord's boots—with the hot water—to shew Mr. Brock the way, who sometimes condescended to officiate as barber. But on all these occasions Mrs. Score had prevented her; not scolding, but with much gentleness and smiling. At last, more gentle and smiling than ever, she came down stairs, and said, "Catherine, 5  
 darling, his honour, the Count, is mighty hungry this morning, and vows he could pick the wing of a fowl; run down, child, to Farmer Briggs's, and get one: pluck it before you bring it, you know, and we will make his lordship a pretty breakfast."

Catherine took up her basket, and away she went by the back-yard, 10  
 through the stables. There she heard the little horseboy whistling and hissing after the manner of horseboys; and there she learned that Mrs. Score had been inventing an ingenious story to have her out of the way. The hostler said he was just going to lead the two horses round to the door. The corporal had been, and they were about to start on the instant for Stratford. 15

The fact was that Count Gustavus Adolphus, far from wishing to pick the wing of a fowl, had risen with a horror and loathing for every thing in the shape of food, and for any liquor stronger than small beer. Of this he had drunk a cup, and said he should ride immediately to Stratford; and when, on ordering his horses, he had asked politely of the landlady "why the d— she 20  
 always came up, and why she did not send the girl," Mrs. Score informed the Count that her Catherine was gone out for a walk along with the young man to whom she was to be married, and would not be visible that day. On hearing this the captain ordered his horses that moment, and abused the wine, the bed, the house, the landlady, and every thing connected with the Bugle Inn.

Out the horses came; the little boys of the village gathered round; the recruits, with bunches of ribands in their beavers, appeared presently; Corporal Brock came swaggering out, and, slapping the pleased blacksmith on the back, bade him mount his horse while the boys hurraed: then the captain came out, gloomy and majestic; to him Mr. Brock made a military salute, which clumsily, 5 and with much grinning, the recruits imitated. "I shall walk on with these brave fellows, your honour, and meet you at Stratford," said the corporal. "Good," said the captain, as he mounted. The landlady curtsied; the children hurraed more; the little horseboy, who held the bridle with one hand, and the stirrup with the other, and expected a crown-piece from such a noble gentleman, got only a kick 10 and a curse as Count von Galgenstein shouted, "D— you all, get out of the way!" and galloped off: and John Hayes, who had been sneaking about the inn all the morning, felt a weight off his heart when he saw the captain ride off alone.

\* \* \* \* \* 15

O foolish Mrs. Score! O dolt of a John Hayes! If the landlady had allowed the captain and the maid to have their way, and meet but for a minute before recruits, corporal, and all, it is probable that no harm would have been done, and that this history would never have been written.

When Count von Galgenstein had ridden half a mile on the Stratford 20 road, looking as black and dismal as Napoleon galloping from the romantic village of Waterloo, he espied, a few score yards onwards, at the turn of the road, a certain object, which caused him to check his horse suddenly, brought a tingling red into his cheeks, and made his heart to go thump, thump, against his side. A young lass was sauntering slowly along the footpath, with a basket



swinging from one hand, and a bunch of hedge-flowers in the other. She stopped once or twice to add a fresh one to her nosegay, and might have seen him, the captain thought; but no, she never looked directly towards him, and still walked on. Sweet innocent! she was singing as if none were near; her voice went soaring up to the clear sky, and the captain put his horse on the grass, that 5 the sound of the hoofs might not disturb the music.

When the kine had given a pailful (sang she),

And the sheep came bleating home,

Poll, who knew it would be healthful,

Went a walking out with Tom. 10

Hand in hand, sir, on the land, sir,

As they walked to and fro,

Tom made jolly love to Polly,

But was answered no, no, no.

The captain had put his horse on the grass, that the sound of his hoofs might 15 not disturb the music; and now he pushed its head on to the bank, where straightway George of Denmark began chewing of such a salad as grew there; and now the captain slid off stealthily, and smiling comically, and hitching up his great jack-boots, and moving forward with a jerking tiptoe step, he, just as she was trilling the last o-o-o of the last no in the above poem of Tom 20 D'Urfey, came up to her, and, touching her lightly on the waist, said,

"My dear, your very humble servant."

Mrs. Catherine (you know you have found her out long ago!) gave a scream and a start, and would have turned pale if she could. As it was, she

only shook all over, and said,

"O Sir! how you *did* frighten me!"

"Frighten you! my rose-bud; why, run me through, I'd die rather than frighten you. Gad, child, tell me now, am I so *very* frightful?"

"Oh no, your honour, I didn't mean that; only I wasn't thinking to meet 5  
you here, or that you would ride so early at all; for if you please, sir, I was going to fetch a chicken for your lordship's breakfast, as my mistress said you would like one; and I thought, instead of going to Farmer Briggs's, down Birmingham way, as she told me, I'd go to Farmer Bird's, where the chickens is better, sir—my lord, I mean." 10

"Said I'd like a chicken for breakfast, the old cat! why, I told her I would not eat a morsel to save me, I was so dru— I mean I ate such a good supper last night—and I bade her to send me a pot of small beer, and to tell you to bring it; and the wretch said you were gone out with your sweetheart." 15

"What! John Hayes, the creature? Oh, what a naughty, story-telling woman!"

"You were walked out with your sweetheart, and I was not to see you any more; and I was mad with rage, and ready to kill myself; I was, my dear." 20

"Oh, sir! pray, *pray* don't."

"For your sake, my sweet angel?"

"Yes, for my sake, if such a poor girl as me can persuade noble gentlemen."

"Well, then, for *your* sake, I won't; no, I'll live; but why live? Hell and

fury, if I do live I'm miserable without you; I am,—you know I am,—you adorable, beautiful, cruel, wicked Catherine!"

Catherine's reply to this was "La, bless me! I do believe your horse is running away;" and so he was; for, having finished his meal in the hedge, he first looked towards his master and paused, as it were, irresolutely; then, by a sudden impulse, flinging up his tail and his hind legs, he scampered down the road.

Mrs. Hall ran lightly after the horse, and the captain after Mrs. Hall; and the horse ran quicker and quicker every moment, and might have led them a long chase; when, lo! debouching from a twist in the road, came the detachment of cavalry and infantry under Mr. Brock. The moment he was out of sight of the village, that gentleman had desired the blacksmith to dismount, and had himself jumped into the saddle, maintaining the subordination of his army by drawing a pistol, and swearing that he would blow out the brains of any person who attempted to run. When the captain's horse came near the detachment he paused, and suffered himself to be caught by Tummas Bullock, who held him until the owner and Mrs. Catherine came up.

Mr. Bullock looked comically grave when he saw the pair; but the corporal graciously saluted Mrs. Catherine, and said it was a fine day for walking.

20

"La, sir, and so it is," said she, panting in a very pretty and distressing way, "but not for *running*. I do protest—ha!—and vow that I really can scarcely stand. I'm so tired of running after that naughty, naughty horse!"

"How do, Cattern?" said Thomas, "zee, I be going a zouldering because thee wouldn't have me;" and here Mr. Bullock grinned. Mrs. Catherine made no

sort of reply, but protested once more she should die of running. If the truth were told, she was somewhat vexed at the arrival of the corporal's detachment, and had had very serious thoughts of finding herself quite tired just as he came in sight.

A sudden thought brought a smile of bright satisfaction into the captain's 5 eyes,—he mounted the horse which Tummas still held,—"*Tired*, Mrs. Catharine!" said he, "and for my sake? By Heavens, you sha'n't walk a step farther! No, you shall ride back with a guard of honour! Back to the village, gentlemen!—right about face! Shew those fellows, corporal, how to right about face. Now, my dear, mount behind me on Snowball; he's easy as a sedan. Put 10 your dear little foot on the toe of my boot; there now,—up! jump!—hurrah!"

"*That's* not the way, captain," shouted out Thomas, still holding on the rein as the horse began to move; "thee woant goo with him, will thee, Catty?"

But Mrs. Catherine, though she turned away her head, never let go her hold round the captain's waist; and he, swearing a dreadful oath at Thomas, 15 struck him across the face and hands with his riding-whip; and the poor fellow, who, at the first cut, still held on the rein, dropped it at the second; and, as the pair galloped off, sate down on the roadside, and fairly began to weep.

"*March*, you dog!" shouted out the corporal a minute after; and so he did: and when next he saw Mrs. Catherine she *was* the captain's lady sure 20 enough, and wore a gray hat with a blue feather, and a red riding-coat trimmed with silver lace. But Thomas was then on a bare-backed horse; which Corporal Brock was flanking round a ring, and he was so occupied looking between his horse's ears, that he had no time to cry then, and at length got the better of his attachment.

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This being a good opportunity for closing Chapter I., we ought, perhaps, to make some apologies to the public for introducing them to characters that are so utterly worthless; as we confess all our heroes, with the exception of Mr. Bullock, to be. In this we have consulted nature and history, rather than the prevailing taste and the general manner of authors. The amusing novel of *Ernest Maltravers*, for instance, opens with a seduction; but then it is performed by people of the strictest virtue on both sides; and there is so much religion and philosophy in the heart of the seducer, so much tender innocence in the soul of the seduced, that—bless the little dears!—their very peccadilloes make one interested in them; and their naughtiness becomes quite sacred, so deliciously is it described. Now, if we *are* to be interested by rascally actions, let us have them with plain faces, and let them be performed, not by virtuous philosophers, but by rascals. Another clever class of novelists adopt the contrary system, and create interest by making their rascals perform virtuous actions. Against these popular plans we here solemnly appeal. We say, let your rogues in novels act like rogues, and your honest men like honest men; don't let us have any juggling and thimblerrigging with virtue and vice, so that, at the end of three volumes, the bewildered reader shall not know which is which; don't let us find ourselves kindling at the generous qualities of thieves, and sympathising with the rascalities of noble hearts. For our own part, we know what the public likes, and have chosen rogues for our characters, and have taken a story from the *Newgate Calendar*, which we hope to follow out to edification. Among the rogues, at least, we will have nothing that shall be mistaken for virtues. And if the

British public (after calling for three or four editions) shall give up, not only our rascals, but the rascals of all other authors, we shall be content,—we shall apply to government for a pension, and think that our duty is done.

I.S. JUN.

*Cold Bath Fields, 15th April.*

[*Fraser's Magazine* 19 (June 1839): 694-709]

## CHAP. II.

In which are depicted the pleasures  
of a sentimental attachment.

It will not be necessary, for the purpose of this history, to follow out very closely all the adventures which occurred to Mrs. Catherine from the period 5 when she quitted the Bugle and became the captain's lady; for, although it would be just as easy to shew as not, that the young woman, by following the man of her heart, had only yielded to an innocent impulse, and by remaining with him for a certain period, had proved the depth and strength of her affection for him,—although we might make very tender and eloquent apologies 10 for the error of both parties, the reader might possibly be disgusted at such descriptions and such arguments, which, besides, are already done to his hand in the novel of *Ernest Maltravers* before-mentioned. Sir Edward is a mighty man, but even he cannot prove black to be white; no, not if he were to write a hundred dozen of volumes on the point, instead of half a dozen. We, too, are 15 not small beer in our way. After all, Solomons is somebody. Sir Ikey Solomons would not sound badly; and who knows whether, some day or other, another batch of us literary chaps may not be called upon by a grateful sovereign to kneel gracefully on one knee, majesty waving over our heads a glittering cut-and-thrust, and saying with sweet accents, "Rise up, Sir Something 20 Whatdyecallum!"—who knows? Egad! if the Whigs remain in, I, for my part, will be content with nothing less than a blood-red hand on the Solomons' seal. But this is sheer talk, and we are flying away from the real subject; the

respectability, namely, of the connexion between Mrs. Hall and his Excellency the Count von Galgenstein.

From the gentleman's manner towards Mrs. Catherine, and from his brilliant and immediate success, the reader will doubtless have concluded, in the first place, that Gustavus Adolphus had not a very violent affection for Mrs. 5 Cat; in the second place, that he was a professional lady-killer, and therefore likely at some period to resume his profession; thirdly, and to conclude, that a connexion so begun, must, in the nature of things, be likely to end speedily.

And so, to do the count justice, it would, if he had been allowed to follow his own inclination entirely; for (as many young gentlemen will, and yet 10 no praise to them) in about a week he began to be indifferent, in a month to be weary, in two months to be angry, in three to proceed to blows and curses; and, in short, to repent most bitterly the hour when he had ever been induced to present Mrs. Catherine the toe of his boot, for the purpose of lifting her on to his horse.

15

"Egad!" said he to the corporal one day, when confiding his griefs to Mr. Brock, "I wish my toe had been cut off before ever it served as a ladder to this little vixen."

"Or perhaps your honour would wish to kick her down stairs with it," delicately suggested Mr. Brock.

20

"Kick her! why the wench would hold so fast by the banisters, that I *could* not kick her down, Mr. Brock. To tell you a bit of a secret, I *have* tried as much—not to kick her—no, no, not kick her, certainly, that's ungentlemanly; but to *induce* her to go back to that cursed pot-house where we fell in with her. I have given her many hints —"



"O yes, I saw your honour give her one yesterday—with a mug of beer. By the laws, as the ale run all down her face, and she clutched a knife to run at you, I don't think I ever saw such a she-devil! That woman will do for your honour some day, if you provoke her."

"Do for *me*? No, hang it, Mr. Brock, never! She loves every hair of my 5 head, sir; she worships me, corporal. Egad, yes! she worships me; and would much sooner apply a knife to her own weazand, than to scratch my little finger!"

"I think she does," said Mr. Brock.

"I'm sure of it," said the captain. "Women, look you, are like dogs, they 10 like to be ill-treated; they like it, sir, I know they do. I never had any thing to do with a woman in my life but I ill-treated her, and she liked me the better."

"Mrs. Hall ought to be *very* fond of you then, sure enough!" said Mr. Corporal.

"Very fond!—ha, ha! Corporal, you wag you—and so she *is* very fond. 15 Yesterday, after the knife-and-beer scene—no wonder I threw the liquor in her face, it was so dev'lish flat that no gentleman could drink it, and I told her never to draw it till dinner-time ——"

"Oh, it was enough to put an angel in a fury!" said Brock.

"Well, yesterday after the knife business, when you had got the carver 20 out of her hand, off she flings to her bed-room, will not eat a bit of dinner, forsooth, and remains locked up for a couple of hours. At two o'clock afternoon (I was over a tankard), out comes the little she-devil, her face pale, her eyes bleared, and the tip of her nose as red as fire with sniffing and weeping. Making for my hand, 'Max,' says she, 'will you forgive me?' 'What!' says I,

'forgive a murderess?' says I; 'no, curse me, never!' 'Your cruelty will kill me,' sobbed she. 'Cruelty be hanged!' says I; 'didn't you draw that beer an hour before dinner?' She could say nothing to *this*, you know, and I swore that every time she did so, I would fling it into her face again; whereupon back she flounced to her chamber, where she wept and stormed until night-time." 5

"When you forgave her?"

"I *did* forgive her, that's positive. You see, I had supped at the Rose along with Tom Trippet, and half a dozen pretty fellows; and I had eased a great fat-headed Warwickshire land-junker—what d'ye call him?—squire, of forty pieces; and I'm dev'lish good-humoured when I've won, and so Cat and I made 10 it up; but I've taught her never to bring me stale beer again—ha, ha!"

This conversation will explain, a great deal better than any description of ours, however eloquent, the state of things as between Count Maximilian and Mrs. Catherine, and the feelings which they entertained for each other. The woman loved him, that was the fact; and, as we have shewn in a former 15 chapter, how John Hayes, a mean-spirited fellow as ever breathed, in respect of all other passions a pigmy, was in the passion of love a giant, and followed Mrs. Catherine with a furious longing which might seem at the first to be foreign to his nature; in the like manner, and playing at cross-purposes, Mrs. Hall had become smitten of the captain; and, as he said truly, only liked him 20 the better for the brutality which she received at his hands. For it is my opinion, madam, that love is a bodily infirmity, from which human kind can no more escape than from small-pox; and which attacks every one of us, from the first duke in the peerage down to Jack Ketch inclusive; which has no respect for rank, virtue, or roguery in man, but sets each in his turn in a fever; which

breaks out, the deuce knows how or why, and, raging its appointed time, fills each individual of the one sex with a blind fury and longing for some one of the other (who may be pure, gentle, blue-eyed, beautiful, and good; or vile, shrewish, squinting, hunchbacked, and hideous, according to circumstances and luck); which dies away, perhaps, in the natural course, if left to have its way, 5 but which contradiction causes to rage more furiously than ever. Is not history, from the Trojan war upwards and downwards, full of instances of such strange inexplicable passions? Was not Helen, by the most moderate calculation, ninety years of age when she went off with his Royal Highness Prince Alexander of Troy? Was not Madame La Vallière ill-made, blear-eyed, tallow-complexioned, 10 scraggy, and with hair like tow? Was not Wilks, not Wilks late of Boston, nor the celebrated Wilks of Paris, but Wilks of No. 45, the ugliest, charmingest, most successful man in the world? Such instances might be carried out so as to fill a dozen double numbers of *Fraser*, but *cui bono*? Love is fate, and not will; its origin not to be explained, its progress irresistible, and the best proof of this 15 may be had at Bow Street any day, where, if you ask any officer of the establishment how they take most thieves, he will tell you at the houses of the women. They must see the dear creatures, though they hang for it; they will love, though they have their necks in the halter. And with regard to the other position, that ill-usage on the part of the man does not destroy the affection of 20 the woman, have we not numberless police-reports shewing how, when a bystander would beat a husband for beating his wife, man and wife fall together on the interloper, and punish him for his meddling?

These points, then, being settled to the satisfaction of all parties, the reader will not be disposed to question the assertion, that Mrs. Hall had a real

affection for the gallant count, and grew, as Mr. Brock was pleased to say, like a beefsteak, more tender as she was thumped. Poor thing, poor thing! his flashy airs and smart looks had overcome her in a single hour; and no more is wanted to plunge into love over head and ears, no more is wanted to make a first love with—and a woman's first love lasts *for ever* (a man's twenty-fourth or 5 fifth is perhaps the best): you can't kill it, do what you will; it takes root, and lives and even grows, never mind what the soil may be in which it is planted, or the bitter weather it must bear—often as one has seen a wall-flower grow—out of a stone.

In the first weeks of their union, the count had at least been liberal to 10 her; she had a horse and fine clothes, and received abroad some of those flattering attentions which she held at such high price. He had, however, some ill-luck at play, or had been forced to pay some bills, or had some other satisfactory reason for being poor, and his establishment was very speedily diminished. He argued that, as Mrs. Catherine had been accustomed to wait on 15 others all her life, she might now wait upon herself and him; and when the incident of the beer arose, she had been for some time employed as the count's housekeeper, with unlimited superintendence over his comfort, his cellar, his linen, and such matters as bachelors are delighted to make over to active female hands. To do the poor wretch justice, she actually kept the man's *ménage* in the 20 best order; nor was there any point of extravagance with which she could be charged, except a little extravagance of dress displayed on the very few occasions when he condescended to walk abroad with her, and extravagance of language and passion in the frequent quarrels they had together. Perhaps in such a connexion as subsisted between this precious couple, these faults are inevitable on

the part of the woman. She must be silly and vain, and will pretty surely therefore be fond of dress; and she must, disguise it as she will, be perpetually miserable and brooding over her fall, which will cause her to be violent and quarrelsome.

Such, at least, was Mrs. Hall; and very early did the poor vain, 5 misguided wretch, begin to reap what she had sown.

For a man, remorse under these circumstances is perhaps uncommon. No stigma affixes on *him* for betraying a woman—no bitter pangs of mortified vanity—no insulting looks of superiority from his neighbour—And no sentence of contemptuous banishment is read against him. These all fall on the tempted, and 10 not on the tempter, who is permitted to go free. The chief thing that a man learns after having successfully practised on a woman, is to despise the poor wretch whom he has won. The game, in fact, and the glory, such as it is, is all his, and the punishment alone falls upon her. Consider this, ladies, when charming young gentlemen come to woo you with soft speeches. You have 15 nothing to win, except wretchedness, and scorn, and desertion; consider this, and be thankful to your Solomons for telling it.

It came to pass, then, that the count had come to have a perfect contempt and indifference for Mrs. Hall, and how should he not for a young person who had given herself up to him so easily? and would have been quite 20 glad of any opportunity of parting with her. But there was a certain lingering shame about the man, which prevented him from saying at once and abruptly, "Go!" and the poor thing did not choose to take such hints as fell out in the course of their conversation and quarrels; and so they kept on together, he treating her with simple insult, and she hanging on desperately by whatever

feeble twig she could find, to the rock beyond which all was naught or death to her.

Well, after the night with Tom Trippet and the pretty fellows at the Rose, to which we have heard the count allude in the conversation just recorded, Fortune smiled on him a good deal; for the Warwickshire squire, who had lost 5 forty pieces on that occasion, insisted on having his revenge the night after; when, strange to say, a hundred and fifty more found their way into the pouch of his excellency the count. Such a sum as this quite set the young nobleman afloat again, and brought back a pleasing equanimity to his mind, which had been a good deal disturbed in the former difficult circumstances, and in this, for 10 a little and to a certain extent, poor Cat had the happiness to share. He did not alter the style of his establishment, which consisted as before, of herself and a small person who acted as scourer, kitchen-wench, and scullion, Mrs. Catherine always putting her hand to the principal pieces of the dinner; but he treated his mistress with tolerable good-humour; or, to speak more correctly, with such 15 bearable brutality as might be expected from a man like him to a woman in her condition. Besides, a certain event was about to take place, which not unusually occurs in circumstances of this nature, and Mrs. Catherine was expecting soon to lie in.

The captain, distrusting naturally the strength of his own paternal 20 feelings, had kindly endeavoured to provide a parent for the coming infant, and to this end had opened a negotiation with our friend, Mr. Thomas Bullock, declaring that Mrs. Cat should have a fortune of twenty guineas, and reminding Tummas of his ancient flame for her; but Mr. Tummas, when this proposition was made to him, declined it with many oaths, and vowed that he was

perfectly satisfied with his present bachelor condition. In this dilemma Mr. Brock stepped forward, who declared himself very ready to accept Mrs. Catherine and her fortune, and might possibly have become the possessor of both, had not Mrs. Cat, the moment she heard of the proposed arrangement, with fire in her eyes, and rage—oh, how bitter!—in her heart, prevented the success of the measure by 5 proceeding incontinently to the first justice of peace, and there swearing before his worship who was the father of the coming child.

This proceeding, which she had expected would cause not a little indignation on the part of her lord and master, was received by him, strangely enough, with considerable good-humour; he swore that the wench had served him 10 a good trick, and was rather amused at the anger, the outbreak of fierce rage and contumely; and the wretched, wretched tears of heart-sick desperation which followed her announcement of this step to him. For Mr. Brock, she repelled his offer with scorn and loathing, and treated the notion of a union with Mr. Bullock with yet fiercer contempt. Marry him, indeed! a workhouse pauper 15 carrying a brown Bess! She would have died sooner, she said, or robbed on the highway; and so, to do her justice, she would; for the little minx was one of the vainest creatures in existence, and vanity (as I presume every body knows) becomes *the* principle in certain hearts of women, their moral spectacles, their conscience, their meat and drink, their only rule of right and wrong. 20

As for Mr. Tummas, he, as we have seen, was quite as unfriendly to the proposition as she could be; and the corporal, with a good deal of comical gravity, vowed that, as he could not be satisfied in his dearest wishes, he would take to drinking for a consolation, which he straightway did.

"Come, Tummas," said he to Mr. Bullock; "since we *can't* have the girl

of our hearts, why, hang it, Tummas, let's drink her health:" to which Bullock had no objection. And so strongly did the disappointment weigh upon honest Corporal Brock, that, even when, after unheard-of quantities of beer, he could scarcely utter a word, he was seen absolutely to weep, and, in accents almost unintelligible, to curse his confounded ill luck, at being deprived, not of a wife, 5 but of a child: he wanted one so, he said, to comfort him in his old age.

The time of Mrs. Catherine's *couches* drew near, arrived, and was gone through safely. She presented to the world a chopping boy, who might use, if he liked, the Galgenstein arms with a bar sinister; and in her new cares and duties had not so many opportunités as usual of quarrelling with the count; who, 10 perhaps, respected her situation, or, at least, was so properly aware of the necessity of quiet to her, that he absented himself from home morning, noon, and night.

The captain had, it must be confessed, turned these continued absences to a considerable worldly profit, for he played incessantly; and, since his first 15 victory over the Warwickshire squire, Fortune had been so favourable to him, that he had at various intervals amassed a sum of nearly a thousand pounds, which he used to bring home as he won, and which he deposited in a strong iron chest, cunningly screwed down by himself under his own bed. This Mrs. Catherine regularly made, and the treasure underneath it could be no secret to 20 her. However, the noble count kept the key, and bound her by many solemn oaths (that he discharged at her himself) not to reveal to any other person the existence of the chest and its contents.

But it is not in a woman's nature to keep such secrets; and the captain, who left her for days and days, did not reflect that she would seek for



confidants elsewhere. For want of a female companion, she was compelled to bestow her sympathies upon Mr. Brock; who, as the count's corporal, was much in his lodgings, and who did manage to survive the disappointment which he had experienced by Mrs. Catherine's refusal of him.

About two minutes after the infant's birth, the captain, who was annoyed 5 by its squalling, put it abroad to nurse, and dismissed its attendant. Mrs. Catherine now resumed her household duties, and was, as before, at once mistress and servant of the establishment. As such, she had the keys of the beer, and was pretty sure of the attentions of the corporal; who became, as we have said, in the count's absence, his lady's chief friend and companion. After 10 the manner of ladies, she very speedily confided to him all her domestic secrets; the causes of her former discontent; the count's ill treatment of her; the wicked names he called her; the prices that all her gowns had cost her; how he beat her; how much money he won and lost at play; how she had once pawned a coat for him; how he had four new ones, laced, and paid for; what was the 15 best way of cleaning and keeping gold lace, of making cherry-brandy, pickling salmon, &c., &c. Her *confidences* upon all these subjects used to follow each other in rapid succession; and Mr. Brock became, ere long, quite as well acquainted with the captain's history for the last year as the count himself,—for he was careless and forgot things; women never do. They chronicle all the 20 lover's small actions, his words, his headaches, the dresses he has worn, the things he has liked for dinner on certain days,—all which circumstances commonly are expunged from the male brain immediately after they have occurred, but remain fixed with the female.

To Brock, then, and to Brock only (for she knew no other soul), Mrs.

Cat breathed in strictest confidence the history of the count's winnings, and his way of disposing of them; how he kept his money screwed down in an iron chest in their room; and a very lucky fellow did Brock consider his officer for having such a large sum. He and Cat looked at the chest; it was small, but mighty strong, sure enough, and would defy picklocks and thieves. Well, if any 5 man deserved money, the captain did ("though he might buy me a few yards of that lace I love so," interrupted Mrs. Cat),—if any man deserved money, he did, for he spent it like a prince, and his hand was always in his pocket.

It must now be stated, that Monsieur de Galgenstein had, during Cat's seclusion, cast his eyes upon a young lady of good fortune, who frequented the 10 assembly at Birmingham, and who was not a little smitten by his title and person. The "four new coats, laced, and paid for," as Cat said, had been purchased, most probably, by his excellency for the purpose of dazzling the heiress; and he and the coats had succeeded so far, as to win from the young woman an actual profession of love, and a promise of marriage, provided Pa 15 would consent. This was obtained,—for Pa was a tradesman; and I suppose every one of the readers of this Magazine has remarked how great an effect a title has on the lower classes. Yes, thank Heaven, there is about a free-born Briton a cringing baseness, and lick-spittle awe of rank, which does not exist under any tyranny in Europe, and is only to be found here and in America. 20

All these negotiations had been going on quite unknown to Cat; and, as the captain had determined, before two months were out, to fling that young woman on the *pavé*, he was kind to her in the meanwhile: people always are when they are swindling you, or meditating an injury against you.

The poor girl had much too high an opinion of her own charms to

suspect that the count could be unfaithful to them, and had no notion of the plot that was formed against her. But Mr. Brock had; for he had seen many times a gilt coach, with a pair of fat white horses ambling in the neighbourhood of the town, and the captain on his black steed, caracoling majestically by its side; and he had remarked a fat, pudgy, pale-haired woman treading heavily 5 down the stairs of the assembly, leaning on the captain's arm: all these Mr. Brock had seen, not without reflection. Indeed, the count one day, in great good-humour, had slapped him on the shoulder, and told him that he was about speedily to purchase a regiment; when, by his great gods, Mr. Brock should have a pair of colours. Perhaps this promise occasioned his silence to Mrs. 10 Catherine hitherto; perhaps he never would have peached at all; and, perhaps, therefore, this history would never have been written, but for a small circumstance which occurred at this period.

"What can you want with that drunken old corporal always about your quarters?" said Mr. Trippet to the count one day, as they sat over their wine, 15 in the midst of a merry company, at the captain's rooms.

"What!" said he, "old Brock? The old thief has been more useful to me than many a better man. He is brave in a row as a lion, as cunning in intrigue as a fox; he can nose a dun at an inconceivable distance, and scent out a pretty woman be she behind ever so many stone walls. If a gentleman wants 20 a good rascal now, I can recommend him; I am going to reform, you know, and must turn him out of my service."

"And pretty Mrs. Cat?"

"O curse pretty Mrs. Cat! she may go too."

"And the brat?"

"Why, you have parishes, and what not, here in England. Egad! if a gentleman were called upon to keep all his children, there would be no living; no, stap my vitals! Croesus couldn't stand it."

"No, indeed," said Mr. Trippet; "you are right; and when a gentleman marries, he is bound in honour to give up such low connexions as are useful 5 when he is a bachelor."

"Of course; and give them up I will, when the sweet Mrs. Dripping is mine. As for the girl, you can have her, Tom Trippet, if you take a fancy to her; and as for the corporal, he may be handed over to my successor in Cutts's,—for I will have a regiment to myself, that's poz; and to take with me 10 such a swindling, pimping, thieving, brandy-faced rascal as this Brock will never do. Egad! he's a disgrace to the service. As it is, I've often a mind to have the superannuated vagabond drummed out of the corps."

Although this *résumé* of Mr. Brock's character and accomplishments was very just, it came, perhaps, with an ill grace from Count Gustavus Adolphus 15 Maximilian, who had profited by all his qualities, and who certainly would never have given this opinion of them, had he known that the door of his dining parlour was open, and that the gallant corporal, who was in the passage, could hear every syllable that fell from the lips of his commanding officer. We shall not say, after the fashion of the story-books, that Mr. Brock listened with a 20 flashing eye, and a distended nostril; that his chest heaved tumultuously, and that his hand fell down mechanically to his side, where it played with the brass handle of his sword. Mr. Kean would have gone through most of these bodily exercises, had he been acting the part of a villain, enraged and disappointed like Corporal Brock; but that gentleman walked away without any gestures of any

kind, and as gently as possible. "He'll turn me out of the regiment, will he?" says he, quite *piano*; and then added (*con molta espressione*), "I'll do for him."

And it is to be remarked, how generally, in cases of this nature, gentlemen stick to their word.

## CHAP. III.

In which a narcotic is administered, and  
a great deal of genteel society depicted.

When the corporal, who had retreated to the street door immediately on hearing the above conversation, returned to the captain's lodgings, and paid his 5 respects to Mrs. Catherine, he found that lady in high good-humour. The count had been with her, she said, along with a friend of his, Mr. Trippet; had promised her twelve yards of the lace she coveted so much; had vowed that the child should have as much more for a cloak; and had not left her until he had sat with her for an hour, or more, over a bowl of punch, which he made on 10 purpose for her. Mr. Trippet stayed, too. "A mighty pleasant man," said she, "only not very wise, and seemingly a good deal in liquor."

"A good deal, indeed!" said the corporal; "he was so tipsy just now, that he could hardly stand. He and his honour were talking to Nan Fantail, in the market-place; and she pulled Trippet's wig off, for wanting to kiss her." 15

"The nasty fellow!" said Mrs. Cat, "to demean himself with such low people as Nan Fantail, indeed! Why, upon my conscience now, corporal, it was but an hour ago that Mr. Trippet swore he never saw such a pair of eyes as mine, and would like to cut the captain's throat for the love of me. Nan Fantail indeed!" 20

"Nan's an honest girl, Madam Catherine, and was a great favourite of the captain's before some one else came in his way. No one can say a word against her—not a word."

"And pray, corporal, who ever did?" said Mrs. Cat, rather offended. "A

nasty, angry slut! I wonder what the men can see in her."

"She has got a smart way with her, sure enough; it's what amuses the men, and --"

"And what? You don't mean to say that my Max is fond of her *now*?" said Mrs. Catherine, looking very fierce. 5

"O no; not at all; not of *her*,—that is --"

"Not of *her*!" screamed she. "Of whom, then?"

"O, psha! nonsense; of you, my dear, to be sure; who else should he care for? And, besides, what business is it of mine?" And herewith the corporal began whistling, as if he would have no more of the conversation. But Mrs. Cat 10 was not to be satisfied,—not she, and carried on her cross-questions.

"Why, look you," said the corporal, after parrying many of these,—*"why, look you. I'm an old fool, Catherine, and I must blab. That man has been the best friend I ever had, and so I was quiet; but I can't keep it in any longer,—no, hang me if I can. It's my belief he's acting like a rascal by you: 15* he deceives you, Catherine; he's a scoundrel, Mrs. Hall, that's the truth on't."

Catherine prayed him to tell all he knew; and he resumed.

"He wants you off his hands; he's sick of you, and so brought here that fool Tom Trippet, who has taken a fancy to you. He has not the courage to turn you out of doors like a man, though in doors he can treat you like a 20 beast. But I'll tell you what he'll do. In a month he will go to Coventry, or pretend to go there, on recruiting business. No such thing, Mrs. Hall, he's going on *marriage* business, and he'll leave you without a farthing, to starve or to rot, for him. It's all arranged, I tell you; in a month, you are to be starved into becoming Tom Trippet's mistress; and his honour is to marry rich Miss

Drippings, the twenty-thousand-pounder from London; and to purchase a regiment;—and to get old Brock drummed out of Cutts's, too," said the corporal, under his breath. But he might have spoken out, if he chose; for the poor young woman had sunk on the ground in a real honest fit.

"I thought I should give it her," said Mr. Brock, as he procured a glass 5 of water; and, lifting her on to a sofa, sprinkled the same over her. "Hang it! how pretty she is."

\* \* \* \* \*

When Mrs. Catherine came to herself again, Brock's tone with her was kind, and almost feeling. Nor did the poor wench herself indulge in any 10 subsequent shiverings and hysterics, such as usually follow the fainting fits of persons of higher degree. She pressed him for further explanations, which he gave, and to which she listened with a great deal of calmness; nor did many tears, sobs, sighs, or exclamations of sorrow or anger, escape from her; only, when the corporal was taking his leave, and said to her, point-blank,—“Well, 15 Mrs. Catherine, and what do you intend to do?” she did not reply a word; but gave a look which made him exclaim, on leaving the room,—

“By heavens! the woman means murder! I would not be the Holophernes to lie by the side of such a Judith as that—not I;” and he went his way, immersed in deep thought. When the captain returned at night, she did not 20 speak to him; and when he swore at her for being sulky, she only said she had a headach, and was dreadfully ill; with which excuse Gustavus Adolphus seemed satisfied, and left her to herself.

He saw her the next morning for a moment; he was going a-shooting.

Catherine had no friend, as is usual in tragedies and romances,—no



mysterious sorceress of her acquaintance to whom she could apply for poison,—so she went simply to the apothecaries, pretending at each that she had a dreadful toothach, and procuring from them as much laudanum as she thought would suit her purpose.

When she went home again, she seemed almost gay. Mr. Brock 5 complimented her upon the alteration of her appearance; and she was enabled to receive the captain at his return from shooting in such a manner as made him remark, that she had got rid of her sulks of the morning, and might sup with them, if she chose to keep her good-humour. The supper was got ready, and the gentlemen had the punch-bowl when the cloth was cleared,—Mrs. Catherine, with 10 her delicate hands, preparing the liquor.

It is useless to describe the conversation that took place, or to reckon the number of bowls that were emptied, or to tell how Mr. Trippet, who was one of the guests, and declined to play at cards when some of the others began, chose to remain by Mrs. Catherine's side, and make violent love to her. All this might 15 be told, and the account, however faithful, would not be very pleasing. No, indeed; and here, though we are only in the third chapter of this history, and feel almost sick of the characters that appear in it, and the adventures which they are called upon to go through—But how can we help ourselves? The public will hear of nothing but rogues; and the only way in which poor authors, who 20 must live, can act honestly by the public and themselves, is to paint such thieves as they are; not dandy, poetical, rose-water thieves, but real downright scoundrels, leading scoundrelly lives, drunken, profligate, dissolute, low, as scoundrels will be. They don't quote Plato, like Eugene Aram; or live like gentlemen, and sing the pleasantest ballads in the world, like jolly Dick Turpin;

or prate eternally about τὸ καλόν, like that precious canting Maltravers, whom we all of us have read about and pitied; or die white-washed saints, like poor Biss Dadsy, in *Oliver Twist*. No, my dear madam, you and your daughters have no right to admire and sympathise with any such persons, fictitious or real: you ought to be made cordially to detest, scorn, loathe, abhor, and abominate all 5 people of this kidney. Men of genius, like those whose works we have above alluded to, have no business to make these characters interesting or agreeable; to be feeding your morbid fancies, or indulging their own, with such monstrous food. For our parts, young ladies, we beg you to bottle up your tears, and not waste a single drop of them, on any one of the heroes or heroines in this history: 10 they are all rascals, every soul of them, and behave "as sich." Keep your sympathy for those who deserve it: don't carry it, for preference, to the Old Bailey, and grow maudlin over the company assembled there.

Just, then, have the kindness to fancy that the conversation, which took place over the bowls of punch which Mrs. Catherine prepared, was such as 15 might be expected to take place, where the host was a dissolute, dare-devil, libertine captain of dragoons, the guests for the most part of the same class, and the hostess, a young woman originally from a country alehouse, and for the present mistress to the entertainer of the society. They talked, and they drank, and they grew tipsy; and very little worth hearing occurred during the course of 20 the whole evening. Mr. Brock officiated, half as the servant, half as the companion of the society. Mr. Thomas Trippet made violent love to Mrs. Catherine, while her lord and master was playing at dice with the other gentlemen; and on this night, strange to say, the captain's fortune seemed to desert him. The Warwickshire squire, from whom he had won so much, had an

amazing run of good luck. The captain called perpetually for more drink, and higher stakes, and lost almost every throw. Three hundred, four hundred, six hundred, all his winnings of the previous months, were swallowed up in the course of a few hours. The corporal looked on, and, to do him justice, seemed very grave, as, sum by sum, the squire scored down the count's losses on the 5 paper before him.

Most of the company had taken their hats and staggered off. The squire and Mr. Trippet were the only two that remained, the latter still remaining by Mrs. Catherine's sofa and table; and as she, as we have stated, had been employed all the evening in mixing the liquor for the gamesters, he was at the 10 head-quarters of love and drink, and had swallowed so much of each as hardly to be able to speak.

The dice went rattling on; the candles were burning dim, with great long wicks. Mr. Trippet could hardly see the captain, and thought, as far as his muzzy reason would let him, that the captain could not see him; so he rose 15 from his chair as well as he could, and fell down on Mrs. Catherine's sofa. His eyes were fixed, his face was pale, his jaw hung down; and he flung out his arms, and said, in a maudlin voice, "O you byoo-oo-oo-tiffle Cathrine, I must have a kick-kick-iss."

"Beast!" said Mrs. Catherine, and pushed him away. The drunken wretch 20 fell off the sofa, and on to the floor, where he stayed; and, after snorting out some unintelligible sounds, went to sleep.

The dice went rattling on; the candles were burning dim, with great long wicks.

"Seven's the main," cried the count. "Four. Three to two against the

caster."

"Ponies," said the Warwickshire squire.

Rattle, rattle, rattle, rattle, clatter, *nine*. Clap, clap, clap, clap, *eleven*. Clutter, clutter, clutter, clutter: "Seven it is," says the Warwickshire squire; "that makes eight hundred, count." 5

"One throw for two hundred," said the count. "But, stop; Cat, give us some more punch."

Mrs. Cat came forward; she looked a little pale, and her hand trembled somewhat. "Here is the punch, Max," said she. It was steaming hot, in a large glass. "Don't drink it all," said she; "leave me some." 10

"How dark it is," said the count, eyeing it.

"It's the brandy," says Cat.

"Well, here goes! Squire, curse you! here's your health, and bad luck to you!" and he gulped off more than half of the liquor at a draught. But presently he put down the glass, and cried, "What infernal poison is this, Cat?" 15

"Poison!" said she, "it's no poison. Give me the glass;" and she pledged Max, and drunk a little of it. "'Tis good punch, Max, and of my brewing; I don't think you will ever get any better." And she went back to the sofa again, and sate down, and looked at the players.

Mr. Brock looked at her white face and fixed eyes with a grim kind of 20 curiosity. The count sputtered, and cursed the horrid taste of the punch still; but he presently took the box, and made his threatened throw.

As before, the squire beat him; and having booked his winnings, rose from table as well as he might, and besought Corporal Brock to lead him down stairs, which Mr. Brock did.

Liquor had evidently stupified the count; he sat with his head between his hands, muttering wildly about ill-luck, seven's the main, bad punch, and so on. The street door banged to; and the steps of Brock and the squire were heard, until they could be heard no more.

"Max," said she; but he did not answer. "Max," said she again, laying 5 her hand on his shoulder.

"Curse you," said that gentleman, "keep off, and don't be laying your paws upon me. Go to bed, you jade, or to —, for what I care; and give me first some more punch—a gallon more punch, do you hear?"

The gentleman, by the curses at the commencement of this little speech, 10 and the request contained at the end of it, shewed that his losses vexed him, and that he was anxious to forget them temporarily.

"Oh, Max!" whimpered Mrs. Cat, "you—don't—want—any more punch?"

"Don't! Shan't I be drunk in my own house, you cursed whimpering jade, you? Get out!" And with this the captain proceeded to administer a blow upon 15 Mrs. Catherine's cheek.

Contrary to her custom, she did not avenge it, or seek to do so, as on the many former occasions when disputes of this nature had arisen between the count and her; but now Mrs. Catherine fell on her knees, and clasping her hands, and looking pitifully in the count's face, cried, "O count, forgive me, 20 forgive me!"

"Forgive you! What for? Because I slapped your face? Ha, ha! I'll forgive you again, if you don't mind."

"Oh, no, no, no!" said she, wringing her hands, "it isn't that. Max, dear Max, will you forgive me? It isn't the blow—I don't mind that; it's —"

"It's what? you—maudlin fool!"

*"It's the punch!"*

The count, who was more than half-seas-over, here assumed an air of much tipsy gravity. "The punch! No, I never will forgive you that last glass of punch. Of all the foul, beastly drinks I ever tasted, that was the worst. No, I 5 never will forgive you that punch."

"Oh, it isn't that, it isn't that!" said she.

"I tell you it is that, — you. That punch, I say that punch was no better than paw—aw—oison." And here the count's head sunk back, and he fell to snore. 10

*"It was poison!"* said she.

"What!" screamed he, waking up at once, and spurning her away from him, "what, you infernal murderess, have you killed me?"

"O Max!—don't kill me, Max: it was laudanum—indeed it was. You were going to be married, and I was furious, and I went and got—" 15

"Hold your tongue, you fiend," roared out the count; and with more presence of mind than politeness, he flung the remainder of the liquor (and, indeed, the glass with it) at the head of Mrs. Catherine. But the poisoned chalice missed its mark, and fell right on the nose of Mr. Tom Trippet, who was left asleep and unobserved under the table. 20

Bleeding, staggering, swearing, indeed a ghastly sight, up sprung Mr. Trippet, and drew his rapier: "Come on," says he; "never say die! What's the row? I'm ready for a dozen of you." And he made many blind and furious passes about the room.

"Curse you, we'll die together!" shouted the count, as he too pulled out

his toledo, and sprung at Mrs. Catherine.

"Help! murder! thieves!" shrieked she: "save me, Mr. Trippet, save me!" and she placed that gentleman between herself and the count, and then made for the door of the bedroom, and gained it, and bolted it.

"Out of the way, Trippet," roared the count, "out of the way, you 5  
drunken beast! I'll murder her, I will—I'll have the devil's life." And here he gave a swinging cut at Mr. Trippet's sword, which sent the weapon whirling clean out of his hand, and through a window into the street.

"Take my life, then," said Mr. Trippet: "I'm drunk, but I'm a man, and, 10  
damme, will never say die."

"I don't want your life, you stupid fool. Hark you, Trippet, wake and be sober, if you can. That woman has heard of my marriage with Miss Brisket."

"Twenty thousand pound," ejaculated Trippet.

"She has been jealous, I tell you, and *poisoned* us. She has put 15  
laudanum into the punch."

"What, in *my* punch?" said Trippet, growing quite sober, and losing his courage. "O Lord! O Lord!"

"Don't stand howling there, but run for a doctor; 'tis our only chance." And away ran Mr. Trippet, as if the deuce were at his heels.

The count had forgotten his murderous intentions regarding his mistress, 20  
or had deferred them, at least, under the consciousness of his own pressing danger. And it must be said, in the praise of a man who had fought for and against Marlborough and Tallard, that his courage in this trying and novel predicament never for a moment deserted him, but that he shewed the greatest daring, as well as ingenuity, in meeting and averting the danger. He flew to the

sideboard, where were the relics of a supper, and seizing the mustard and salt pots, and a bottle of oil, he emptied them all into a jug, into which he further poured a vast quantity of hot water. This pleasing mixture he then, without a moment's hesitation, placed to his lips, and swallowed as much of it as nature would allow him. But when he had imbibed about a quart, the anticipated effect 5 was produced, and he was enabled, by the power of this ingenious extemporaneous emetic, to get rid of much of the poison which Mrs. Catherine had administered to him.

He was employed in these efforts when the doctor entered, along with Mr. Brock and Mr. Trippet, who was not a little pleased to hear that the 10 poisoned punch had not in all probability been given to him. He was recommended to take some of the count's mixture, as a precautionary measure; but this he refused, and retired home, leaving the count under charge of the physician and his faithful corporal.

It is not necessary to say what further remedies were employed by them 15 to restore the captain to health; but after some time the doctor, pronouncing that the danger was, he hoped, averted, recommended that his patient should be put to bed, and that somebody should sit by him, which Brock promised to do.

"That she devil will murder me, if you don't," gasped the poor count. "You must turn her out of the bedroom, or break open the door, if she refuses 20 to let you in."

And this step was found to be necessary; for, after shouting many times, and in vain, Mr. Brock found a small iron bar (indeed, he had the instrument for many days in his pocket), and forced the lock. The room was empty, the window was open, the pretty barmaid of the Bugle had fled.



"The chest," said the count, "is the chest safe?"

The corporal flew to the bed, under which it was screwed, and looked, and said, "It is safe, thank Heaven!" The window was closed. The captain, who was too weak to stand without help, was undressed and put to bed. The corporal sat down by his side; slumber stole over the eyes of the patient; and 5 his wakeful nurse marked with satisfaction the progress of the beneficent restorer of health.

\* \* \* \* \*

When the captain awoke, as he did sometime afterwards, he found, very much to his surprise, that a gag had been placed in his mouth, and that the 10 corporal was in the act of wheeling his bed to another part of the room. He attempted to move, and gave utterance to such unintelligible sounds as could issue through a silk handkerchief.

"If your honour stirs or cries out in the least, I will cut your honour's throat," said the corporal. 15

And then, having recourse to his iron bar (the reader will now see why he was provided with such an implement, for he had been meditating this *coup* for some days), he proceeded first to attempt to burst the lock of the little iron chest in which the count kept his treasure; and failing in this, to unscrew it from the ground, which operation he performed satisfactorily. 20

"You see, count," said he, calmly, "when rogues fall out, there's the deuce to pay. You'll have me drummed out of the regiment, will you? I'm going to leave it of my own accord, look you, and to live like a gentleman for the rest of my days. *Schlafen Sie wohl*, noble captain, *bon repos*. The squire will be with you pretty early in the morning, to ask for the money you owe him."

\* \* \* \* \*

With these sarcastic observations Mr. Brock departed, not by the window, as Mrs. Catherine had done, but by the door, quietly, and so into the street. And when, the next morning, the doctor came to visit his patient, he brought with him a story how, at the dead of night, Mr. Brock had roused the hostler 5 at the stables where the captain's horses were kept—had told him that Mrs. Catherine had poisoned the count, and had run off with a thousand pounds; and how he and all lovers of justice ought to scour the country in pursuit of the criminal. For this end Mr. Brock mounted the count's best horse—that very animal on which he had carried away Mrs. Catherine; and thus, on a single 10 night, Count Maximilian had lost his mistress, his money, his horse, his corporal, and was very near losing his life.

## CHAP. IV.

In which Mrs. Catherine becomes  
an honest woman again.

In this woful plight, moneyless, wifeless, horseless, corporalless, with a gag in his mouth and a rope round his body, are we compelled to leave the gallant 5 Galgenstein, until his friends and the progress of this history shall deliver him from his durance. Mr. Brock's adventures on the captain's horse must likewise be pretermitted; for it is our business to follow Mrs. Catherine through the window by which she made her escape, and among the various chances that befel her. 10

She had one cause to congratulate herself,—that she had not her baby at her back,—for the infant was safely housed under the care of a nurse to whom the captain was answerable. Beyond this her prospects were but dismal; no home to fly to, but a few shillings in her pocket, and a whole heap of injuries and dark revengeful thoughts in her bosom: it was a sad task to her to look either 15 backwards or forwards. Whither was she to fly? How to live? What good chance was to befriend her? There was an angel watching over the steps of Mrs. Cat—not a good one, I think, but one of those from that unnameable place, who have their many subjects here on earth, and often are pleased to extricate them from worse perplexities. 20

Mrs. Cat, now, had not committed murder, but as bad as murder; and as she felt not the smallest repentance in her heart, as she had, in the course of her life and connexion with the captain, performed and gloried in a number of wicked coquetries, idlenesses, vanities, lies, fits of anger, slanders, foul abuses,

and what not, she was fairly bound over to this dark angel whom we have alluded to; and he dealt with her, and aided her, as one of his own children.

I do not mean to say that, in this strait, he appeared to her in the likeness of a gentleman in black, and made her sign her name in blood to a document conveying over to him her soul, in exchange for certain conditions to 5 be performed by him. Such diabolical bargains have always appeared to me unworthy of the astute personage who is supposed to be one of the parties to them, and who would scarcely be fool enough to pay dearly for that which he can have in a few years for nothing. It is not, then, to be supposed that a demon of darkness appeared to Mrs. Cat, and led her into a flaming chariot, 10 harnessed by dragons, and careering through air, at the rate of a thousand leagues a minute. No such thing: the vehicle that was sent to aid her was one of a much more vulgar description.

The "Liverpool carryvan," then, which in the year 1706 used to perform the journey between London and that place in ten days, left Birmingham about 15 an hour after Mrs. Catherine had quitted that town; and as she sat weeping on a hill-side, and plunged in bitter meditation, the lumbering, jingling vehicle overtook her. The coachman was marching by the side of his horses, and encouraging them to maintain their pace of two miles an hour; the passengers had some of them left the vehicle, in order to walk up the hill; and the 20 carriage had arrived at the top of it, and, meditating a brisk trot down the declivity, waited there until the lagging passengers should arrive; when Jehu, casting a good-natured glance upon Mrs. Catherine, asked the pretty maid whence she was come, and whether she would like a ride in his carriage. To the latter of which questions Mrs. Catherine replied truly yes; to the former, her

answer was that she had come from Stratford, whereas, as we very well know, she had lately quitted Birmingham.

"Hast thee seen a woman pass this way, on a black horse, with a large bag of goold over the saddle?" said Jehu, when he, the passengers, and Mrs. Cat were mounted upon the roof of the coach. 5

"No, indeed," said Mrs. Cat.

"Nor a trooper on another horse after her—no? Well, there be a mortal row down Birmingham way. about sich a one. She have killed, they say, nine gentlemen at supper, and have strangled a German prince in bed. She have robbed him of twenty thousand guineas, and have rode away on a black horse." 10

"That can't be I," said Mrs. Cat, *naïvely*, "for I have but three shillings and a groat."

"No, it can't be thee, truly, for where's your bag of goold; and, besides, thee hast got too pretty a face to do such wicked things as to kill nine gentlemen and strangle a German prince." 15

"Law, coachman," said Mrs. Cat, blushing archly, "law, coachman, *do* you think so?" The girl would have been pleased with a compliment even on her way to be hanged; and the parley ended by Mrs. Catherine's stepping into the carriage, where there was room for eight people at least, and where two or three individuals had already taken their places. 20

For these Mrs. Catherine had in the first place to make a story, which she did, and a very glib one for a person of her years and education. And being asked whither she was bound, and how she came to be alone of a morning sitting by a road-side, she invented a neat history suitable to the occasion, which elicited much interest from her fellow-passengers; one in

particular, a young man, who had caught a glimpse of her face under her hood, was very tender in his attentions to her.

But whether it was that she had been too much fatigued by the occurrences of the past day and sleepless night, or whether the little laudanum which she had drunk a few hours previously now began to act upon her, certain 5 it is that Mrs. Cat now suddenly grew sick, feverish, and extraordinarily sleepy; and in this state she continued for many hours, to the pity of all her fellow-travellers. At length the carryvan reached the inn, where horses and passengers were accustomed to rest for a few hours, and to dine; and Mrs. Catherine was somewhat awakened by the stir of the passengers, and the 10 friendly voice of the inn servant welcoming them to dinner. The gentleman who had been smitten by her beauty now urged her very politely to descend, which, taking the protection of his arm, she accordingly did.

He made some very gallant speeches to her as she stepped out; and she must have been very much occupied by them, or wrapt up in her own thoughts, 15 or stupified by sleep, fever, and opium, for she did not take any heed of the place into which she was going, which had she done, she would probably have preferred remaining in the coach, dinnerless and ill. Indeed, the inn into which she was about to make her entrance was no other than the Bugle, from which she set forth at the commencement of this history, and which then, as now, 20 was kept by her relative, the thrifty Mrs. Score. That good landlady, seeing a lady, in a smart hood and cloak, leaning, as if faint, upon the arm of a gentleman of good appearance, concluded them to be man and wife, and folks of quality too, and with much discrimination, as well as sympathy, led them through the public kitchen to her own private parlour, or bar, where she handed

the lady an armchair, and asked what she would like to drink. By this time, and, indeed, at the very moment she heard her aunt's voice, Mrs. Catherine was aware of her situation; and when her companion retired, and the landlady with much officiousness insisted on removing her hood, she was quite prepared for the screech of surprise which Mrs. Score gave on dropping it, exclaiming, 5

"Why, Law bless us, it's our Catherine!"

"I'm very ill, and tired, aunt," said Cat; "and would give the world for a few hours' sleep."

"A few hours, and welcome, my love, and a sack-possett, too. You do look sadly tired, and poorly, sure enough. Ah, Cat, Cat! you great ladies are 10 sad rakes, I do believe. I wager now, that with all your balls, and carriages, and fine clothes, you are neither so happy nor so well as when you lived with your poor old aunt, who used to love you so." And with these gentle words, and an embrace or two, which Mrs. Catherine wondered at, and permitted, she was conducted to that very bed which the count had occupied a year previously, 15 and undressed, and laid in it, and affectionately tucked up, by her aunt, who marvelled at the fineness of her clothes, as she removed them piece by piece; and when she saw that in Mrs. Catherine's pocket there was only the sum of three and fourpence, said, archly, "There was no need of money, for the captain took care of that." 20

Mrs. Cat did not undeceive her, and deceived Mrs. Score certainly was,—for she imagined the well-dressed gentleman who led Cat from the carriage was no other than the count; and, as she had heard, from time to time, exaggerated reports of the splendour of the establishment which he kept up, she was induced to look upon her niece with the very highest respect, and to treat

her as if she were a fine lady. "And so she *is* a fine lady," Mrs. Score had said months ago, when some of these flattering stories reached her, and she had overcome her first fury at Catherine's elopement. "The girl was very cruel to leave me; but we must recollect that she is as good as married to a nobleman, and must all forget and forgive, you know."

5

This speech had been made to Doctor Dobbs, who was in the habit of taking a pipe and a tankard at the Bugle, and had been roundly reprobated by the worthy divine; who told Mrs. Score that the crime of Catherine was only the more heinous, if it had been committed from interested motives; and protested that, were she a princess, he would never speak to her again. Mrs. 10 Score thought and pronounced the doctor's opinion to be very bigoted; indeed, she was one of those persons who have a marvellous respect for prosperity, and a corresponding scorn for ill-fortune. When, therefore, she returned to the public room, she went graciously to the gentleman who had led Mrs. Catherine from the carriage, and with a knowing curtsy welcomed him to the Bugle, told him 15 that his lady would not come to dinner, but bade her say, with her best love to his lordship, that the ride had fatigued her, and that she would lie in bed for an hour or two.

This speech was received with much wonder by his lordship, who was, indeed, no other than a Liverpool tailor going to London to learn fashions; but 20 he only smiled, and did not undeceive the landlady, who herself went off, smilingly, to bustle about dinner.

The two or three hours allotted to that meal by the liberal coachmasters of those days passed away, and Mr. Coachman, declaring that his horses were now rested enough, and that they had twelve miles to ride, put the steeds to,



and summoned the passengers. Mrs. Score, who had seen with much satisfaction that her niece was really ill, and her fever more violent, and hoped to have her for many days an inmate in her house, now came forward, and casting upon the Liverpool tailor a look of profound but respectful melancholy, said, "My lord (for I recollect your lordship quite well), the lady up stairs is so ill, that it 5 would be a sin to move her: had I not better tell Coachman to take down your lordship's trunks, and the lady's, and make you a bed in the next room?"

Very much to her surprise, this proposition was received with a roar of laughter. "Madam," said the person addressed, "I'm not a lord, but a tailor and draper; and as for that young woman, before to-day I never set eyes on her." 10

"*What!*" screamed out Mrs. Score, "are not you the count? Do you mean to say that you a'n't Cat's ---? Do you mean to say that you didn't order her bed, and that you won't pay this here little bill?" And with this she produced a document, by which the count's lady was made her debtor in a sum of half-a-guinea. 15

These passionate words excited more and more laughter. "Pay it, my lord," said the coachman; "and then come along, for time presses." "Our respects to her ladyship," said one passenger; "Tell her my lord can't wait," said another; and with much merriment one and all quitted the hotel, entered the coach, and rattled off. 20

Dumb—pale with terror and rage—bill in hand, Mrs. Score had followed the company; but when the coach disappeared, her senses returned. Back she flew into the inn, overturning the hostler, not deigning to answer Dr. Dobbs (who, from behind soft tobacco fumes, mildly asked the reason of her disturbance), and, bounding up stairs like a fury, she rushed into the room

where Catherine lay.

"Well, madam!" said she, in her highest key, "do you mean that you have come into this here house to swindle me? Do you dare for to come with your airs here, and call yourself a nobleman's lady, and sleep in the best bed, when you're no better nor a common tramper? I'll thank you, ma'am, to get 5 out, ma'am. I'll have no sick paupers in this house, ma'am. You know your way to the workhouse, ma'am, and there I'll trouble you for to go." And here Mrs. Score proceeded quickly to pull off the bedclothes; and poor Cat arose, shivering with fright and fever.

She had no spirit to answer as she would have done the day before, 10 when an oath from any human being would have brought half-a-dozen from her in return; or a knife, or a plate, or a leg of mutton, if such had been to her hand. She had no spirit left for such repartees; but in reply to the above words of Mrs. Score, and a great many more of the same kind, which are not necessary for our history, but which that lady uttered with inconceivable 15 shrillness and volubility, the poor wench could say little,—only sob and shiver, and gather up the clothes again, crying, "O, aunt, don't speak unkind to me! I'm very unhappy, and very ill!"

"Ill, you strumpet! ill, be hanged! Ill is as ill does, and if you are ill, it's only what you merit. Get out! dress yourself—tramp! Get to the workhouse, 20 and don't come to cheat me any more! Dress yourself—do you hear? Satin petticoat, forsooth, and lace to her smock!"

Poor, wretched, chattering, burning, shivering Catherine huddled on her clothes as well as she might: she seemed hardly to know or see what she was doing, and did not reply a single word to the many that the landlady let fall.

Cat tottered down the narrow stairs, and through the kitchen, and to the door, which she caught hold of, and paused awhile, and looked into Mrs. Score's face, as for one more chance. "Get out, you nasty trull!" said that lady, sternly, and arms a-kimbo; and poor Catherine, with a most piteous scream, and outgush of tears, let go of the door-post, and staggered away into the road. 5

\* \* \* \* \*

"Why, no—yes—no—it is poor Catherine Hall, as I live!" said somebody starting up, shoving aside Mrs. Score very rudely, and running into the road, wig off, and pipe in hand. It was honest Doctor Dobbs; and the result of his interview with Mrs. Cat was, that he gave up for ever smoking his pipe at the 10 Bugle; and that she lay sick of a fever for some weeks in his house.

\* \* \* \* \*

Over this part of Mrs. Cat's history we shall be as brief as possible; for, to tell the truth, nothing immoral occurred during her whole stay at the good doctor's house, and we are not going to insult the reader by offering him silly 15 pictures of piety, cheerfulness, good sense, and simplicity, which are milk-and-water virtues after all, and have no relish with them like a good strong vice, highly peppered. Well, to be short: Dr. Dobbs, though a profound theologian, was a very simple gentleman; and, before Mrs. Cat had been a month in the house, he had learned to look upon her as one of the most injured and 20 repentant characters in the world; and had, with Mrs. Dobbs, resolved many plans for the future welfare of the young Magdalen. "She was but sixteen, my love, recollect," said the doctor; "she was carried off, not by her own wish either. The count swore he would marry her; and, though she did not leave him until that monster tried to poison her, yet think what a fine Christian spirit the

poor girl has shewn! she forgives him as heartily—more heartily, I am sure, than I do Mrs. Score for turning her adrift in that wicked way." The reader will perceive some difference in the doctor's statement and ours, which we assure him is the true one; but the fact is, the honest rector had had his tale from Mrs. Cat, and it was not in his nature to doubt, if she had told him a history 5 ten times more wonderful.

The reverend gentleman and his wife then laid their heads together; and, recollecting something of John Hayes's former attachment to Mrs. Cat, thought that it might be advantageously renewed, should Hayes be still constant. Having very adroitly sounded Catherine (so adroitly, indeed, as to ask her "whether she 10 would like to marry John Hayes?"), that young woman had replied, "No. She had loved John Hayes—he had been her early, only love; but she was fallen now, and not good enough for him;" and this made the Dobbs family admire her more and more, and cast about for means to bring the marriage to pass.

Hayes was away from the village when Mrs. Cat had arrived there; but 15 he did not fail to hear of her illness, and how her aunt had deserted her, and the good doctor taken her in. The worthy doctor himself met Mr. Hayes on the green; and, telling him that some repairs were wanting in his kitchen, begged him to step in and examine them. Hayes first said no plump, and then no gently; and then pished, and then pshawed; and then, trembling very much, 20 went in; and there sate Mrs. Catherine, trembling very much too.

What passed between them? If your ladyship is anxious to know, think of that morning when Sir John himself popped the question. Could there be any thing more stupid than the conversation which took place? Such stuff is not worth repeating; no, not when uttered by people in the very genteelest of

company; as for the amorous dialogue of a carpenter and an ex-barmaid, it is worse still. Suffice it to say, that Mr. Hayes, who had had a year to recover from his passion, and had, to all appearances, quelled it, was over head and ears again the very moment he saw Mrs. Cat, and had all his work to do again.

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Whether the doctor knew what was going on, I can't say; but this matter is certain, that every evening Hayes was now in the rectory kitchen, or else walking abroad with Mrs. Catherine; and whether she run away with him, or he with her, I shall not make it my business to inquire; but certainly at the end of three months (which must be crowded up into this one little sentence), 10 another elopement took place in the village. "I should have prevented it, certainly," said Dr. Dobbs, whereat his wife smiled; "but the young people kept the matter a secret from me." And so he would, had he known it; but though Mrs. Dobbs had made several attempts to acquaint him with the precise hour and method of the intended elopement, he peremptorily ordered her to hold her 15 tongue. The fact is, that the matter had been discussed by the rector's lady many times. "Young Hayes," would she say, "has a pretty little fortune and trade of his own; he is an only son, and may marry as he likes; and, though not specially handsome, generous, or amiable, has an undeniable love for Cat (who, you know, must not be particular), and the sooner she marries him, I 20 think, the better. They can't be married at our church, you know, and ——" "Well," said the doctor, "if they are married elsewhere, I can't help it, and know nothing about it, look you," and upon this hint the elopement took place, which, indeed, was peaceably performed one early Sunday morning about a month after; Mrs. Hall getting behind Mr. Hayes on a pillow, and all the

children of the parsonage giggling behind the window-blinds to see the pair go off.

During this month Mr. Hayes had caused the banns to be published at the town of Worcester, judging rightly that in a great town, they would cause no such remark as in a solitary village, and thither he conducted his lady. Oh, 5  
ill-starred John Hayes! whither do the dark fates lead you? Oh, foolish Dr. Dobbs, to forget that young people ought to honour their parents, and to yield to silly Mrs. Dobbs's ardent propensity for making matches!

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The *London Gazette* of the 1st April, 1706, contains a proclamation by 10  
the queen for putting in execution an act of parliament for the encouragement and increase of seamen, and for the better and speedier manning of her majesty's fleet, which authorises all justices to issue warrants to constables, petty constables, headboroughs, and tything-men, to enter, and if need be, to break open the doors of any houses where they shall believe deserting seamen to be; 15  
and for the further increase and encouragement of the navy, to take able-bodied landsmen when seamen fail. This act, which occupies four columns of the *Gazette*, and another of similar length and meaning for pressing men into the army, need not be quoted at length here, but caused a mighty stir throughout the kingdom at the time when it was in force. 20

As one has seen or heard, after the march of a great army, a number of rogues and loose characters bring up the rear, in like manner, at the tail of a great measure of state, follow many roguish personal interests, which are protected by the main body. The great measure of Reform, for instance, carried along with it much private jobbing and swindling, as could be shewn were we

not inclined to deal mildly with the Whigs; and this Enlistment Act, which, in order to maintain the British glories in Flanders, dealt most cruelly with the British people in England (it is not the first time that a man has been pinched at home to make a fine appearance abroad), created a great company of rascals and informers throughout the land who lived upon it, or upon extortion from 5 those who were subject to it; or, not being subject to it, were frightened into the belief that they were.

When Mr. Hayes and his lady had gone through the marriage ceremony at Worcester, the former concluding that at such a place lodging and food might be procured at a cheaper rate, looked about carefully for the meanest 10 public-house in the town, where he might deposit his bride.

In the kitchen of this inn, a party of men were drinking; and, as Mrs. Hayes declined, with a proper sense of her superiority, to eat in company with such low fellows, the landlady shewed her and her husband to an inner apartment, where they might be served in private. 15

The kitchen party seemed, indeed, not such as a lady would choose to join. There was one huge lanky fellow, that looked like a soldier, and had a halbert; another was habited in a sailor's costume, with a fascinating patch over one eye; and a third, who seemed the leader of the gang, was a stout man in a sailor's frock and a horseman's jack-boots, whom one might fancy, if he were 20 any thing, to be a horse-marine.

Of one of these worthies, Mrs. Hayes thought she knew the figure and voice; and she found her conjectures were true, when, all of a sudden, three people without "With your leave," or "by your leave," burst into the room, into which she and her spouse had retired. At their head was no other than her old

friend, Mr. Peter Brock; he had his sword drawn, and his finger to his lips, enjoining silence, as it were, to Mrs. Catherine. He with the patch on his eye seized incontinently on Mr. Hayes; the tall man with the halbert kept the door; two or three heroes supported the one-eyed man; who, with a loud voice exclaimed, "Down with your arms—no resistance! you are my prisoner, in the 5 queen's name!"

And here, at this lock, we shall leave the whole company until the next chapter, which may possibly explain what they were.





The interrupted marriage.

[*Fraser's Magazine* 20 (July 1839): 98-112]

CHAP. V.

Contains Mr. Brock's autobiography,  
and other matter.

"You don't sure believe these men?" said Mrs. Hayes, as soon as the first alarm, caused by the irruption of Mr. Brock and his companions, had 5 subsided. "These are no magistrate's men; it is but a trick to rob you of your money, John."

"I will never give up a farthing of it!" screamed Hayes.

"Yonder fellow," continued Mrs. Catherine, "I know, for all his drawn sword and fierce looks; his name is ——" 10

"Wood, madam, at your service!" said Mr. Brock. "I am follower to Mr. Justice Gobble, of this town; a'n't I, Tim?" said Mr. Brock to the tall halberd-man who was keeping the door.

"Yes, indeed," said Tim, archly; "we're all followers of his honour, Justice Gobble." 15

"Certainly!" said the one-eyed man.

"Of course!" cried the man in the nightcap.

"I suppose, madam, you're satisfied *now*?" continued Mr. Brock-a-Wood. "You can't deny the testimony of gentlemen like these; and our commission is to apprehend all able-bodied male persons who can give no good account of 20 themselves, and enrol them in the service of her majesty. Look at this Mr. Hayes" (who stood trembling in his shoes); "can there be a bolder, properer, straighter gentleman? We'll have him for a grenadier before the day's over!"

"Take heart, John, don't be frightened. Psha, I tell you I know the man," cried out Mrs. Hayes; "he is only here to extort money."

"Oh, for that matter, I *do* think I recollect the lady. Let me see, where was it? At Birmingham, I think,—ay, at Birmingham,—about the time when they tried to murder Count Gal——"

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"Oh, sir!" here cried Madam Hayes, dropping her voice at once from a tone of scorn to one of gentlest entreaty, "what is it you want with my husband? I know not, indeed, if ever I saw you before. For what do you seize him? How much will you take to release him, and let us go? Name the sum; he is rich, and ——"

10

"*Rich*, Catherine!" cried Hayes; "rich!—O heavens! Sir, I have nothing but my hands to support me; I'm a poor carpenter, sir, working under my father!"

"He can give twenty guineas to be free; I know he can!" said Mrs. Cat.

"I have but a guinea to carry me home," sighed out Hayes.

"But you have twenty at home, John," said his wife. "Give these brave 15 gentlemen a writing to your mother, and she will pay; and you will let us go free then, gentlemen—won't you?"

"When the money's paid, yes," said the leader, Mr. Brock.

"Oh, in coorse," echoed the tall man with the halberd. "What's a thrifling detintion, my dear?" continued he, addressing Hayes; "we'll amuse you in your 20 absence, and drink to the health of your pretty wife here."

This promise, to do the halberdier justice, he fulfilled. He called upon the landlady to produce the desired liquor; and when Mr. Hayes flung himself at that lady's feet, demanding succour from her, and asking whether there was no law in the land,—

"There's no law at the Three Rooks except *this!*" said Mr. Brock in reply, holding up a horse-pistol; to which the hostess, grinning, assented, and silently went her way.

After some further solicitations John Hayes drew out the necessary letter to his father, stating that he was pressed, and would not be set free under a sum of twenty guineas; and that it would be of no use to detain the bearer of the letter, inasmuch as the gentlemen who had possession of him vowed that they would murder him should any harm befall their comrade. As a further proof of the authenticity of the letter, a token was added, a ring that Hayes wore, and that his mother had given him. 10

The missives were, after some consultation, entrusted to the care of the tall halberdier, who seemed to rank as second in command of the forces that marched under Corporal Brock. This gentleman was called indifferently Ensign, Mr., or even Captain Macshane; his intimates occasionally, in sport, called him Nosey, from the prominence of that feature in his countenance; or Spindleshins; 15 for the very reason which brought on the first Edward a similar nickname. Mr. Macshane then quitted Worcester, mounted on Hayes's horse, leaving all parties at the Three Rooks not a little anxious for his return.

This was not to be expected until the next morning, and a weary *nuit de nocés* did Mr. Hayes pass. Dinner was served, and, according to promise, Mr. Brock and his two friends enjoyed the meal along with the bride and bridegroom. Punch followed, and this was taken in company; then came supper; Mr. Brock alone partook of this, the other two gentlemen preferring the society of their pipes and the landlady in the kitchen.

"It is a sorry entertainment, I confess," said the ex-corporal, "and a

dismal way for a gentleman to spend his bridal night; but somebody must stay with you, my dears, for who knows but you might take a fancy to scream out of window, and then there would be murder, and the deuce and all to pay. One of us must stay, and my friends love a pipe, so you must put up with my company until we can relieve guard."

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The reader will not, of course, expect that three people who were to pass the night, however unwillingly, together in an inn-room, should sit there dumb and moody, and without any personal communication; on the contrary, Mr. Brock, as an old soldier, entertained his prisoners with the utmost courtesy, and did all that lay in his power, by the help of liquor and conversation, to render their 10 durance tolerable. On the bridegroom his attentions were a good deal thrown away; Mr. Hayes consented to drink copiously, but could not be made to talk much; and, in fact, the fright of the seizure, the fate hanging over him should his parents refuse a ransom, and the tremendous outlay of money which would take place should they accede to it, weighed altogether on his mind so much as 15 utterly to unman it.

As for Mrs. Cat, I don't think she was at all sorry in her heart to see the old corporal, for he had been a friend of old times—dear times to her; she had had from him, too, and felt for him not a little kindness, and there was really a very tender, innocent friendship subsisting between this pair of rascals, 20 who relished much a night's conversation together.

The corporal, after treating his prisoners to punch in great quantities, proposed the amusement of cards, over which Mr. Hayes had not been occupied more than an hour, when he found himself so excessively sleepy as to be persuaded to fling himself down on the bed, dressed as he was, and there to

snore away until morning.

Mrs. Catherine had no inclination for sleep; and the corporal, equally wakeful, plied incessantly the bottle, and held with her a great deal of conversation. The sleep which was equivalent to the absence of John Hayes, took all restraint from their talk. She explained to Brock the circumstances of her marriage, which we have already described; they wondered at the chance which had brought them together at the Three Rooks; nor did Brock at all hesitate to tell her at once that his calling was quite illegal, and that his intention was simply to extort money. The worthy corporal had not the slightest shame regarding his own profession, and cut many jokes with Mrs. Cat about her late one, her attempt to murder the count, and her future prospects as a wife. 5 10

And here, having brought him upon the scene again, we may as well shortly narrate some of the principal circumstances which befel him after his sudden departure from Birmingham, and which he narrated with much candour to Mrs. Catherine. 15

He rode the captain's horse to Oxford (having exchanged his military dress for a civil costume on the road), and at Oxford he disposed of George of Denmark, a great bargain, to one of the heads of colleges. As soon as Mr. Brock, who took on himself the style and title of Captain Wood, had sufficiently examined the curiosities of the university, he proceeded at once to the capital, 20 the only place for a gentleman of his fortune and figure.

Here he read, with a great deal of philosophical indifference, in the *Daily Post*, the *Courant*, the *Observer*, the *Gazette*, and the other chief journals of those days, which he made a point of examining at Button's and Will's, an accurate description of his person, his clothes, and the horse he rode, and a

promise of fifty guineas' reward to any person who would give an account of him (so that he might be captured) to Captain Count Galgenstein at Birmingham, to Mr. Murfey at the Golden Ball in the Savoy, or Mr. Bates at the Blew Anchor in Pickadilly. But Captain Wood, in an enormous full-bottomed periwig that cost him sixty pounds,\* with high red heels to his shoes, a silver sword, 5 and a gold snuff-box, and a large wound (obtained, he said, at the siege of Barcelona), which disfigured much of his countenance, and caused him to cover one eye, was in small danger, he thought, of being mistaken for Corporal Brock, the deserter of Cutts's; and strutted along the Mall with as grave an air as the very best nobleman who appeared there. He was generally, indeed, noted to be 10 very good company; and as his expenses were unlimited ("A few convent candlesticks, my dear," he used to whisper, "melt into a vast number of doubloons"), he commanded as good society as he chose to ask for; and it was speedily known as a fact throughout town, that Captain Wood, who had served under His Majesty Charles III., of Spain, had carried off the diamond petticoat 15 of our Lady of Compostella, and lived upon the proceeds of the fraud. People were good Protestants in those days, and many a one longed to have been his partner in the pious plunder.

All surmises concerning his wealth, Captain Wood, with much discretion, encouraged. He contradicted no report, but was quite ready to confirm all; and 20 when two different rumours were positively put to him, he used only to laugh, and say, "My dear sir, *I don't make the stories, but I'm not called upon to deny them; and I give you fair warning, that I shall assent to every one of them; so you may believe them or not, as you please:*" and so he had the

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\* In the ingenious contemporary history of Moll Flanders, a periwig is mentioned as costing that sum.

reputation of being a gentleman, not only wealthy, but discreet. In truth, it is almost a pity that worthy Brock had not been a gentleman born; in which case, doubtless, he would have lived and died as became his station; for he spent his money like a gentleman, he loved women like a gentleman, would fight like a gentleman, he gambled and got drunk like a gentleman. What did he want else? 5  
Only a matter of six descents, a little money, and an estate, to render him the equal of Saint John or Harley.

"Ah, those were merry days!" would Mr. Brock say,—for he loved, in a good old age, to recount the story of his London fashionable campaign;—"and when I think how near I was to become a great man, and to die, perhaps, a 10  
general, I can't but marvel at the wicked obstinacy of my ill luck. I will tell you what I did, my dear; I had lodgings in Piccadilly, as if I were a lord; I had two large periwigs, and three suits of laced clothes; I kept a little black, dressed out like a Turk; I walked daily in the Mall; I dined at the politest ordinary in Covent Garden; I frequented the best of coffeehouses, and knew all 15  
the pretty fellows of the town; I cracked a bottle with Mr. Addison, and lent many a piece to Dick Steele (a sad debauched rogue, my dear); and, above all, I'll tell you what I did—the noblest stroke that sure ever a gentleman performed in my situation.

"One day, going into Will's, I saw a crowd of gentlemen gathered 20  
together, and heard one of them say, 'Captain Wood! I don't know the man; but there was a Captain Wood in Southwell's regiment.' Egad, it was my Lord Peterborow himself who was talking about me! So, putting off my hat, I made a most gracious *congé* to my lord, and said I knew *him*, and rode behind him at Barcelona on our entry into that town.



"'No doubt you did, Captain Wood,' says my lord, taking my hand; 'and no doubt you know me: for many more know Tom Fool, than Tom Fool knows.' And with this, at which all of us laughed, my lord called for a bottle, and he and I sate down and drank it together.

"Well, he was in disgrace, as you know, but he grew mighty fond of me; 5 and—would you believe it?—nothing would satisfy him, but presenting me at court! Yes, to her sacred majesty (as was then), and my Lady Marlborough, who was then in high feather. Ay, truly, the sentinels on duty used to salute me as if I were Corporal John himself! I was in the high road to fortune. Charley Mordaunt used to call me Jack, and drink canary at my chambers; I 10 used to make one at my lord-treasurer's levee; I had even got Mr. Army-secretary Walpole to take a hundred guineas in a compliment; and he had promised me a majority, when bad luck turned, and all my fine hopes were overthrown in a twinkling.

"You see, my dear, that after we had left that gaby, Galgenstein,—ha, 15 ha!—with a gag in his mouth, and twopence halfpenny in his pocket, the honest count was in the sorriest plight in the world, owing money here and there to tradesmen, a cool thousand to the Warwickshire squire, and all this on eighty pounds a-year! Well, for a little time the tradesmen held their hands, while the jolly count moved heaven and earth to catch hold of his dear corporal and his 20 dear moneybags over again, and placarded every town from London to Liverpool with descriptions of my pretty person. The bird was flown, however,—the money clean gone,—and when there was no hope of regaining it, what did the creditors do, but clap my gay gentleman into Warwick gaol, where I wish he had rotted, for my part.



Captain Brock appears at Court with my Lord Peterborough.

"But no such luck for honest Peter Brock, or Captain Wood, as he was in those days. One blessed Monday I went to wait on Mr. Secretary, and he squeezed my hand and whispered to me that I was to be major of a regiment in Virginia—the very thing: for you see, my dear, I didn't care about joining my lord duke in Flanders, being pretty well known to the army there. The secretary 5 squeezed my hand (it had a fifty-pound bill in it) and wished me joy, and called me major, and bowed me out of his closet into the anteroom; and, as gay as may be, I went off to the Tilt Yard Coffeehouse in Whitehall, which is much frequented by gentlemen of our profession, where I bragged not a little of my good luck. 10

"Amongst the company were several of my acquaintance, and amongst them a gentleman I did not much care to see, look you! I saw a uniform that I knew—red and yellow facings—Cutts's, my dear; and the wearer of this was no other than His Excellency Gustavus Adolphus Maximilian, whom we all know of! 15

"He stared me full in the face, right into my eye (t'other one was patched, you know); and after standing stock-still with his mouth open, gave a step back, and then a step forward, and then screeched out, 'It's Brock!'

" 'I beg your pardon, sir,' says I; 'did you speak to me?'

" 'I'll *swear* it's Brock,' cries Gal, as soon as he hears my voice, and 20 laid hold of my cuff, (a pretty bit of mechlin as ever you saw, by the way).

" 'Sirrah!' says I, drawing it back, and giving my lord a little touch of the fist (just at the last button of the waistcoat, my dear,—a rare place if you wish to prevent a man from speaking too much; it sent him reeling to the other end of the room). 'Ruffian!' says I; 'dog!' says I; 'insolent puppy and

coxcomb! what do you mean by laying your hand on me?"

" 'Faith, major, you giv him his *billyfull*,' roared out a long Irish unattached ensign, that I had treated with many a glass of Nantz at the tavern. And so, indeed, I had; for the poor wretch could not speak for some minutes, and all the officers stood laughing at him, as he writhed and wriggled 5 hideously.

" 'Gentlemen, this is a monstrous scandal,' says one officer; 'men of rank and honour at fists like a parcel of carters!'

" 'Men of honour!' says the count, who had fetched up his breath by this time. (I made for the door, but Macshane held me, and said, 'Major, you are 10 not going to shirk him, sure?' Whereupon, I gripped his hand, and vowed I would have the dog's life.)

" 'Men of honour!' says the count. 'I tell you the man is a deserter, a thief, and a swindler! He was my corporal, and ran away with a thou——'

" 'Dog, you lie!' I roared out, and made another cut at him with my 15 cane; but the gentlemen rushed between us.

" 'O bluthanowns!' says honest Macshane, 'the lying scounthrill this fellow is! Gentlemen, I swear, be me honour, that Captain Wood was wounded at Barcelona; and that I saw him there; and that he and I ran away together at the battle of Almanza, and bad luck to us.' You see, my dear, that these Irish 20 have the strongest imaginations in the world; and that I had actually persuaded poor Mac that he and I were friends in Spain. Every body knew Mac, who was a character in his way, and believed him. 'Strike a gentleman!' says I; 'I'll have your blood, I will.'

" 'This instant,' says the count, who was boiling with fury; 'and where

you like.'

" 'Montague House,' says I. 'Good,' says he; and off we went, in good time too, for the constables came in at the thought of such a disturbance, and wanted to take us in charge.

"But the gentlemen present, being military men, would not hear of this. 5  
Out came Mac's rapier, and that of half a dozen others; and the constables were then told to do their duty if they liked, or to take a crown-piece and leave us to ourselves. Off they went; and presently, in a couple of coaches, the count and his friends, I and mine, drove off to the fields behind Montague House. O that vile coffeehouse, why did I enter it? 10

"We came to the ground. Honest Macshane was my second, and much disappointed because the second on the other side would not make a fight of it, and exchange a few passes with him; but he was an old major, a cool old hand, as brave as steel but no fool. Well, the swords are measured, Galgenstein strips off his doublet, and I my handsome cut-velvet in like fashion. Galgenstein 15  
flings off his hat, and I handed mine over—the lace on it cost me twenty pounds. I longed to be at him, for—curse him!—I hate him, and know that he has no chance with me at sword's-play.

" 'You'll not fight in that periwig, sure?' says Macshane. 'Of course not,' says I, and took it off. 20

"May all barbers be roasted in flames; may all periwigs, bobwigs, scratchwigs, and Ramillies cocks, frizzle in purgatory from this day forth to the end of time! Mine was the ruin of me: what might I not have been now but for that wig?

"I gave it over to Ensign Macshane, and with it, went what I had quite

forgotten, the large patch which I wore over one eye, which popped out fierce, staring, and lively as was ever any eye in the world.

" 'Come on,' says I, and made a lunge at my count; but he sprung back, (the dog was as active as a hare, and knew, from old times, that I was his master with the small sword,) and his second, wondering, struck up my blade. 5

" 'I will not fight that man,' says he, looking mighty pale: 'I swear upon my honour, that his name is Peter Brock; he was for two years my corporal, and deserted, running away with a thousand pounds of my monies. Look at the fellow! what is the matter with his eye? why did he wear a patch over it? But stop,' says he, 'I have more proof, hand me my pocket-book;' and from it, sure 10 enough, he produced the infernal proclamation announcing my desertion! 'See if the fellow has a scar across his left ear' (and I can't say, my dear, but what I have; it was done by a cursed Dutchman at the Boyne); 'tell me if he has not got C.R. in blue upon his right arm,' (and there it is sure enough). 'Yonder swaggering Irishman may be his accomplice for what I know; but I will have no 15 dealings with Mr. Brock, except with a constable for a second.

" 'This is an odd story, Captain Wood,' said the old major, who acted for the count.

" 'A scounthrelly falsehood regarding me and my friend!' shouted out Mr. Macshane; 'and the count shall answer for it.' 20

" 'Stop, stop,' says the major, 'Captain Wood is too gallant a gentleman, I am sure, not to satisfy the count; and will shew us that he has no such mark on his arm as only private soldiers put there.'

" 'Captain Wood,' says I, 'will do no such thing, major. I'll fight that scoundrel Galgenstein, or you, or any of you, like a man of honour, but I won't

submit to be searched like a thief!

" 'No, in coorse,' said Macshane.

" 'I must take my man off the ground,' says the major.

" 'Well, take him, sir,' says I, in a rage, 'and just let me have the pleasure of telling him, that he's a coward and a liar; and that my lodgings are 5 in Piccadilly, where, if ever he finds courage to meet me, he may hear of me!'

" 'Faugh! I shpit on ye all,' cries my gallant ally, Macshane; and sure enough he kept his word, or all but—suiting the action to it at any rate. And so we gathered up our clothes, and went back in our separate coaches, and no blood spilt. 10

" 'And is it throe now,' said Mr. Macshane, when we were alone; 'is it throe now, all these divels have been saying?'

" 'Ensign,' says I, 'you're a man of the world?'

" ' 'Deed and I am, and insign these twenty-two years.'

" 'Perhaps you'd like a few pieces,' says I. 15

" 'Faith and I should; for, to tell you the secrod thrut, I've not tasted mate these four days.'

" 'Well then, ensign, it *is* true,' says I; 'and as for meat, you shall have some at the first cook-shop.' I bade the coach stop until he bought a plateful, which he ate in the carriage, for my time was precious. I just told him the 20 whole story, at which he laughed, and swore that it was the best piece of *gineralship* he ever heard on. When his belly was full, I took out a couple of guineas, and gave them to him; and Mr. Macshane began to cry at this, and kissed me, and swore he never would desert me; as, indeed, my dear, I don't think he will, for we have been the best of friends ever since, and he's the

only man I ever could trust, I think.

"I don't know what put it into my head; but I had a scent of some mischief in the wind; so stopped the coach a little before I got home, and, turning into a tavern, begged Macshane to go before me to my lodging, and see if the coast was clear, which he did; and came back to me as pale as death, 5 saying that the house was full of constables: the cursed quarrel at the Tilt Yard had, I suppose, set the beaks upon me; and a pretty sweep they made of it. Ah, my dear! five hundred pounds in money, five suits of laced clothes, three periwigs, besides laced shirts, swords, canes, and snuff-boxes; and all to go back to that scoundrel count. 10

"It was all over with me, I saw—no more being a gentleman for me, and if I remained to be caught, only a choice between Tyburn and a file of grenadiers. My love, under such circumstances, a gentleman can't be particular, and must be prompt: the livery stable was hard by where I used to hire my coach to go to court,—ha! ha!—and was known as a man of substance,—thither 15 I went immediately. 'Mr. Warmmash,' says I, 'my gallant friend here and I have a mind for a ride and a supper at Twickenham, so you must lend us a pair of your best horses;' which he did in a twinkling, and off we rode.

"We did not go into the Park, but turned off, and cantered smartly up towards Kilburn; and, when we got into the country, galloped as if the devil 20 were at our heels. Bless you, my love, it was all done in a minute: and the ensign and I found ourselves regular knights of the road, before we knew where we were almost. Only think of our finding you and your new husband at the Three Rooks! there's not a greater fence than the landlady in all the country. It was she that put us on seizing your husband, and introduced us to the other



two gentlemen, whose names I don't know any more than the dead."

\* \* \* \* \*

"And what became of the horses?" said Mrs. Catherine to Mr. Brock, when his tale was finished.

"Rips, madam," said he; "meer rips: we sold them at Stourbridge fair, 5 and got but thirteen guineas for the two."

"And—and—the Count, Max; where is he, Brock?" sighed she.

"Whew," whistled Mr. Brock; "what, hankering after him still? My dear, he is off to Flanders with his regiment; and, I make no doubt, there have been twenty Countesses of Galgenstein since your time." 10

"I don't believe any such thing, sir," said Mrs. Catherine, starting up very angrily.

"If you did, I suppose you'd laudanum him; wouldn't you?"

"Leave the room, fellow," said the lady. But she recollected herself speedily again; and, clasping her hands, and looking very wretchedly at Brock, at 15 the ceiling, at the floor, at her husband (from whom she violently turned away her head), she began to cry piteously; to which tears the corporal set up a gentle accompaniment of whistling, as they trickled one after another, down her nose.

I don't think they were tears of repentance, but of regret for the time 20 when she had her first love, and her fine clothes, and her white hat and blue feather. Of the two, the corporal's whistle was much more innocent than the girl's sobbing; he was a rogue, but a good-natured old fellow, when his humour was not crossed. Surely our novel-writers make a great mistake in divesting their rascals of all gentle human qualities; they have such—and the only sad

point to think of is, in all private concerns of life, abstract feelings, and dealings with friends, and so on, how dreadfully like a rascal is to an honest man. The man who murdered the Italian boy set him first to play with his children whom he loved, and who doubtless deplored his loss.

## CHAP. VI.

## The Adventures of the Ambassador

Mr. Macshane.

If we had not been obliged to follow history in all respects, it is probable that we should have left out the last adventure of Mrs. Catherine and her 5 husband, at the inn at Worcester, altogether; for, in truth, very little came of it, and it is not very romantic or striking. But we are bound to stick closely, above all, by THE TRUTH—the truth, though it be not particularly pleasant to read of or to tell. As any body may read in the *Newgate Calendar*, Mr. and Mrs. Hayes were taken at an inn at Worcester, were confined there, were 10 swindled by persons who pretended to impress the bridegroom for military service. What is one to do after that? Had we been writing novels instead of authentic histories, we might have carried them any where else we chose; and we had a great mind to make Hayes philosophising with Bolingbroke, like a certain Devereux; and Mrs. Catherine *maîtresse en titre* to Mr. Alexander Pope, 15 Doctor Sacheverel, Sir John Reade the oculist, Dean Swift, or Marshal Tallard, as the very commonest romancer would under such circumstances. But, alas and alas! truth must be spoken, whatever else is in the wind; and the excellent *Newgate Calendar*, which contains the biographies and thanatographies of Hayes and his wife, does not say a word of their connexions with any of the leading 20 literary or military heroes of the time of Her Majesty Queen Anne. The *Calendar* says in so many words, that Hayes was obliged to send to his father, in Warwickshire, for money to get him out of the scrape, and that the old gentleman came down to his aid: by this truth must we stick; and not for the

sake of the most brilliant episode,—no, not for a bribe of twenty extra guineas per sheet, would we depart from it.

Mr. Brock's account of his adventure in London has given the reader some short notice of his friend, Mr. Macshane. Neither the wits nor the principles of that worthy ensign were particularly firm; for drink, poverty, and a 5 crack on the skull at the battle of Steenkirk, had served to injure the former; and the ensign was not in his best days possessed of any share of the latter. He had really, at one period, held such a rank in the army, but pawned his half-pay for drink and play; and, for many years past had lived, one of the hundred thousand miracles of our city, upon nothing that any body knew of, or 10 of which he himself could give any account. Who has not a catalogue of these men in his list? who can tell whence comes the occasional clean shirt, who supplies the continual means of drunkenness, who wards off the daily-impending starvation? Their life is a wonder from day to day; their breakfast a wonder; their dinner a miracle; their bed an interposition of Providence. If you and I, 15 my dear sir, want a shilling to-morrow, who will give it us? Will *our* butchers give us mutton-chops? will *our* laundresses clothe us in clean linen?—not a bone or a rag. Standing as we do (may it be ever so) somewhat removed from want;\* is there one of us who does not shudder at the thought of descending into the lists to combat with it, and expect any thing but to be utterly crushed 20 in the encounter?

Not a bit of it, my dear sir. It takes much more than you think for to starve a man. Starvation is very little when you are used to it. Some people I know even, who live on it quite comfortably, and make their daily bread by it.

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\* The author, it must be remembered, has his lodgings and food provided for him by the government of his country.—O.Y.

It had been our friend Macshane's sole profession for many years; and he did not fail to draw from it such a livelihood as was sufficient, and, perhaps, too good, for him. He managed to dine upon it a certain or rather uncertain number of days in the week, to sleep somewhere, and to get drunk at least three hundred times a-year. He was known to one or two noblemen who occasionally 5 helped him with a few pieces, and whom he helped in turn—never mind how. He had other acquaintances whom he pestered undauntedly, and from whom he occasionally extracted a dinner, or a crown, or mayhap, by mistake, a gold-headed cane, which found its way to the pawnbroker's. When flush of cash, he would appear at the coffeehouse; when low in funds, the deuce knows into 10 what mystic caves and dens he slunk for food and lodging. He was perfectly ready with his sword, and when sober, or better still, a very little tipsy, was a complete master of it; in the art of boasting and lying he had hardly any equals; in shoes he stood six feet five inches, and here is his complete *signalement*. It was a fact that he had been in Spain as a volunteer, where he 15 had shewn some gallantry, had had a brain-fever, and was sent home to starve as before.

Mr. Macshane had, however, like Mr. Conrad, the corsair, one virtue, in the midst of a thousand crimes,—he was faithful to his employer for the time being: and a story is told of him, which may or may not be to his credit, viz. 20 that being hired on one occasion by a certain lord to inflict a punishment upon a *roturier* who had crossed his lordship in his amours, he, Macshane, did actually refuse from the person to be belaboured, and who entreated his forbearance, a larger sum of money than the nobleman gave him for the beating, which he performed punctually, as bound in honour and friendship. This

tale would the ensign himself relate, with much self-satisfaction; and when, after the sudden flight from London, he and Brock took to their roving occupation, he cheerfully submitted to the latter as his commanding officer, called him always major, and, bating blunders and drunkenness, was perfectly true to his leader. He had a notion—and, indeed, I don't know that it was a wrong one—that his 5 profession was now, as before, strictly military, and according to the rules of honour. Robbing he called plundering the enemy; and hanging was, in his idea, a dastardly and cruel advantage that the latter took, and that called for the sternest reprisals.

The other gentlemen concerned were strangers to Mr. Brock, who felt 10 little inclined to trust either of them upon such a message, or with such a large sum to bring back. They had, strange to say, a similar mistrust on their side; but Mr. Brock lugged out five guineas, which he placed in the landlady's hand as security for his comrade's return; and Ensign Macshane, being mounted on poor Hayes's own horse, set off to visit the parents of that unhappy young 15 man. It was a gallant sight to behold our thieves' ambassador, in a faded sky-blue suit, with orange facings, in a pair of huge jack-boots, unconscious of blacking, with a mighty basket-hilted sword by his side, and a little shabby beaver, cocked over a large tie-periwig, ride out from the inn of the Three Rooks, on his mission to Hayes's paternal village. 20

It was eighteen miles distant from Worcester; but Mr. Macshane performed the distance in safety, and in sobriety, moreover (for such had been his instructions), and had no difficulty in discovering the house of old Hayes; towards which, indeed, John's horse trotted incontinently. Mrs. Hayes, who was knitting at the house door, was not a little surprised at the appearance of the

well-known gray gelding, and of the stranger mounted upon it.

Flinging himself off the steed with much agility, Mr. Macshane, as soon as his feet reached the ground, brought them rapidly together, in order to make a profound and elegant bow to Mrs. Hayes; and slapping his greasy beaver against his heart, and poking his periwig almost into the nose of the old lady, 5 demanded whether he had the "shooprame honour of adthressing Mistriss Hees?"

Having been answered in the affirmative, he then proceeded to ask whether there was a blackguard boy in the house, who would take "the horse to the steeble;" whether "he could have a dthrink of small-beer or buthermilk, being, faith, uncommon dthry;" and whether, finally, "he could be feevored with 10 a few minutes' private conversation with her and Mr. Hees, on a matther of consitherable impartance?" All these preliminaries were to be complied with before Mr. Macshane would enter at all into the subject of his visit. The horse and man were cared for; Mr. Hayes was called in; and not a little anxious did Mrs. Hayes grow, in the meanwhile, with regard to the fate of her darling son. 15 "Where is he? How is he? Is he dead?" said the old lady. "O yes, I'm sure he's dead!"

"Indeed, madam, and you're misteeken intirely: the young man is perfectly well in health."

"Oh, praised be Heaven!"

20

"But mighty cast down in sperrits. To misfortunes, madam, look you, the best of us are subject; and a trifling one has fell upon your son."

And herewith Mr. Macshane produced a letter in the handwriting of young Hayes, of which we have had the good luck to procure a copy. It ran thus:—

"Honored Father and Mother,—The bearer of this is a kind gentleman, who has left me in a great deal of trouble. Yesterday, at this towne, I fell in with some gentlemen of the queene's servas; after drinking with whom, I accepted her majesty's mony to enliste. Repenting thereof, I did endeavour to escape; and, in so doing, had the misfortune to strike my superior officer, 5 whereby I made myself liable to Death, according to the rules of warr. If, however, I pay twenty ginnys, all will be wel. You must give the same to the barer, els I shall be shott without fail on Tewsday morning. And so no more from your loving son,

"JOHN HAYES. 10

*"From my prison at Bristol,  
this unhappy Monday."*

When Mrs. Hayes read this pathetic missive, its success with her was complete, and she was for going immediately to the cupboard, and producing the money necessary for her darling son's release. But the carpenter Hayes was 15 much more suspicious. "I don't know you, sir," said he to the ambassador.

"Do you doubt my honour, sir?" said the ensign, very fiercely.

"Why, sir," replied Mr. Hayes, "I know little about it, one way or other, but shall take it for granted, if you will explain a little more of this business."

"I sildom condescind to explean," said Mr. Macshane, "for it's not the 20 custom in my rank; but I'll explain any thing in reason."

"Pray, will you tell me in what regiment my son is enlisted?"

"In coorse. In Colonel Wood's fut, my dear; and a gallant corps it is as any in the army."



"And you left him——"

"On me soul, only three hours ago, having rid like a horse-jockey ever since, as in the sacred cause of humanity, curse me, every man should."

As Hayes's house was seventy miles from Bristol, the old gentleman thought this was marvellous quick riding, and so cut the conversation short. 5  
 "You have said quite enough, sir," said he, "to shew me there is some roguery in the matter, and that the whole story is false from beginning to end."

At this abrupt charge the ensign looked somewhat puzzled, and then spoke with much gravity. "Roguery," said he, "Misthur Hees, is a sthrong term, and which, in consideration of my friendship for your family, I shall pass over. You 10  
 doubt your son's honour, as there wrote by him in black and white?"

"You have forced him to write," said Mr. Hayes.

"The sly ould divvle's right," muttered Mr. Macshane, aside. "Well, sir, to make a clean breast of it, he *has* been forced to write it. The story about the inlistment is a pretty fib, if you will, from beginning to end. And what then, 15  
 my dear? Do you think your son's any better off for that?"

"O where is he!" screamed Mrs. Hayes, plumping down on her knees; "we *will* give him the money, won't we, John?"

"I know you will, madam, when I tell you where he is. He is in the hands of some gentlemen of my acquaintance, who are at war with the present 20  
 government, and no more care about cutting a man's throat than they do a chicken's. He is a prisoner, madam, of our sword and spear. If you choose to ransom him, well and good; if not, peace be with him! for never more shall you see him."

"And how do I know you won't come back to-morrow for more money?"

asked Mr. Hayes.

"Sir, you have my honour, and I'd as lieve break my neck as my word," said Mr. Macshane, gravely. "Twenty guineas is the bargain. Take ten minutes to talk of it—take it then, or leave it, it's all the same to me, my dear." And it must be said of our friend, the ensign, that he meant every word he said, 5 and that he considered the embassy on which he had come as perfectly honourable and regular.

"And, pray, what prevents us," said Mr. Hayes, starting up in a rage, "from taking hold of you, as a surety for him?"

"You wouldn't fire on a flag of truce, would ye, you dishonourable ould 10 civilian?" replied Mr. Macshane. "Besides," says he, "there's more reasons to prevent you: the first is this," pointing to his sword; "here are two more," and these were pistols; "and the last and the best of all is, that you might hang me, and dthrow me, and quather me, and yet never see so much as the tip of your son's nose again. Look you, sir, we run mighty risks in our 15 profession—it's not all play, I can tell you. We're obliged to be punctual, too, or it's all up with the thrade. If I promise that your son will die as sure as fate to-morrow morning, unless I return home safe, our people *must* keep my promise, or else what chance is there for me? You would be down upon me in a moment with a posse of constables, and have me swinging before Warwick 20 gaol. Pooh, my dear! you never would sacrifice a darling boy like John Hayes, let alone his lady, for the sake of my long carcass. One or two of our gentlemen have been taken that way already, because parents and guardians would not believe them."

"*And what became of the poor children?*" said Mrs. Hayes, who begun to

perceive the gist of the argument, and to grow dreadfully frightened.

"Don't let's talk of them, mam: humanity shudthers at the thought!" And herewith Mr. Macshane drew his finger across his throat, in such a dreadful way as to make the two parents tremble. "It's the way of war, madam, look you. The service I have the honour to belong to is not paid by the queen; and 5 so we're obliged to make our prisoners pay, according to established military practice."

No lawyer could have argued his case better than Mr. Macshane so far, and he completely succeeded in convincing Mr. and Mrs. Hayes of the necessity of ransoming their son. Promising that the young man should be restored to 10 them next morning, along with his beautiful lady, he courteously took leave of the old couple, and made the best of his way back to Worcester again. The elder Hayes's wondered who the lady could be of whom the ambassador had spoken, for their son's elopement was altogether unknown to them; but anger or doubt about this subject was overwhelmed by their fears for their darling John's 15 safety. Away rode the gallant Macshane with the money necessary to effect this; and it must be mentioned, as highly to his credit, that he never once thought of appropriating the sum to himself, or of deserting his comrades in any way.

His ride from Worcester had been a long one. He had left that city at noon, but before his return thither the sun had gone down; and the landscape, 20 which had been dressed, like a prodigal, in purple and gold, now appeared, like a quaker, in dusky gray; and the trees by the road-side grew black as undertakers or physicians, and, bending their solemn heads to each other, whispered ominously among themselves; and the mists hung on the common; and the cottage lights went out one by one; and the earth and heaven grew black,

but for some twinkling useless stars, which freckled the ebon countenance of the latter; and the air grew colder; and about two o'clock the moon appeared, a dismal pale-faced rake, walking solitary through the deserted sky; and about four, mayhap, the Dawn (wretched prentice-boy!) opened in the east the shutters of the Day;—in other words, more than a dozen hours had passed, Corporal Brock 5 had been relieved by Mr. Redcap, the latter by Mr. Sicklop (the one-eyed gentleman to be seen in the last Number), and Mrs. John Hayes, in spite of her sorrows and bashfulness, had followed the example of her husband, and fallen asleep by his side—slept for many hours—and awakened still under the guardianship of Mr. Brock's troop; and all parties began anxiously to expect the 10 return of the ambassador, Mr. Macshane.

That officer, who had performed the first part of his journey with such distinguished prudence and success, found the night, on his journey homewards, was growing mighty cold and dark; and as he was thirsty and hungry, had money in his purse, and saw no cause to hurry, he determined to take refuge 15 at an alehouse for the night, and to make for Worcester by dawn the next morning. He accordingly alighted at the first inn on his road, consigned his horse to the stable, and, entering the kitchen, called for the best liquor in the house.

A small company was assembled at the inn, among whom Mr. Macshane took his place with a great deal of dignity; and having a considerable sum of 20 money in his pocket, felt a mighty contempt for his society, and soon let them know the contempt he felt for them. After a third flagon of ale, he discovered that the liquor was sour, and emptied, with much spluttering and grimaces, the remainder of the beer into the fire. This process so offended the parson of the parish (who in those good old times did not disdain to take the post of honour

in the chimney-nook), that he left his corner, looking wrathfully at the offender, who without any more ado instantly occupied it. It was a fine thing to hear the jingling of the twenty pieces in his pocket, the oaths which he distributed between the landlord, the guests, and the liquor—to remark the sprawl of his mighty jack-boots, before the sweep of which the timid guests edged further and 5 further away, and the languishing leers which he cast on the landlady, as with wide-spread arms he attempted to seize upon her.

When the ostler had done his duties in the stable, he entered the inn, and whispered the landlord that "the stranger was riding John Hayes's horse:" of which fact the host soon convinced himself, and did not fail to have some 10 suspicions of his guest. Had he not thought that times were unquiet, horses might be sold, and one man's money was as good as another's, he probably would have arrested the ensign immediately, and so lost all the profit of the score which the latter was causing every moment to be enlarged.

In a couple of hours, with that happy facility which one may have often 15 remarked in men of the gallant ensign's nation, he had managed to disgust every one of the landlord's other guests, and scare them from the kitchen. Frightened by his addresses, the landlady too had taken flight; and the host was the only person left in the apartment, who there staid for interest's sake merely, and listened moodily to his tipsy guest's conversation. In an hour more, the 20 whole house was awakened by a violent noise of howling, curses, and pots clattering to and fro. Forth issued Mrs. Landlady in her night-gear, out came John Ostler with his pitchfork, down stairs tumbled Mrs. Cook and one or two guests, and found the landlord and ensign on the kitchen floor—the wig of the latter lying, much singed, and emitting strange odours, in the fire-place, his face

hideously distorted, and a great quantity of his natural hair in the partial occupation of the landlord, who had drawn it and the head down towards him, in order that he might have the benefit of pummelling the latter more at his ease. In revenge, the landlord was undermost, and the ensign's arms were working up and down his face and body like the flaps of a paddle-wheel: the 5 man of war had clearly the best of it.

The combatants were separated as soon as possible; but as soon as the excitement of the fight was over, Ensign Macshane was found to have no further powers of speech, sense, or locomotion, and was carried by his late antagonist to bed. His sword and pistols, which had been placed at his side at 10 the commencement of the evening, were carefully put by, and his pocket visited. Twenty guineas in gold, a large knife—used, probably, for the cutting of bread and cheese—some crumbs of those delicacies, and a paper of tobacco, were found in the breeches' pockets; while in the bosom of the sky-blue coat reposed the leg of a cold fowl, and half of a raw onion, which constituted his whole property. 15

These articles were not very suspicious; but the beating which the landlord had received tended greatly to confirm his own and his wife's doubts about their guest; and it was determined to send off in the early morning to Mr. Hayes, informing him how a person had lain at their inn who had ridden thither mounted upon young Hayes's horse. Off set John Ostler at earliest dawn; 20 but on his way he woke up Mr. Justice's clerk, and communicated his suspicions to him; and Mr. Clerk consulted with the village baker, who was always up early; and the clerk, the baker, the butcher with his cleaver, and two gentlemen who were going to work, all adjourned to the inn.

Accordingly, when Ensign Macshane was in a truckle-bed, plunged in that

deep slumber which only innocence and drunkenness enjoy in this world, and charming the ears of morn by the regular and melodious music of his nose, a vile plot was laid against him; and when about seven of the clock he woke, he found, on sitting up in his bed, three gentlemen on each side of it, armed, and looking ominous. One held a constable's staff, and, albeit unprovided with a 5 warrant, would take upon himself the responsibility of seizing Mr. Macshane, and of carrying him before his worship at the hall.

"Taranouns, man!" said the ensign, springing up in bed, and abruptly breaking off a loud, sonorous yawn, with which he had opened the business of the day, "you wont deteen a gentleman who's on life and death? I give ye my 10 word, an affair of honour."

"How came you by that there horse?" said the baker.

"How came you by these here fifteen guineas?" said the landlord, in whose hands, by some process, five of the gold pieces had disappeared.

"What is this here idolatrous string of beads?" said the clerk. 15

Mr. Macshane, the fact is, was a Catholic, but did not care to own it, for in those days his religion was not popular. "Baid's? Holy Mother of saints! give me back them baid's," said Mr. Macshane, clasping his hands; "they were blest, I tell you, by his holiness the po—psha! I mane they belong to a darling little daughter I had that's in heaven now; and as for the money and 20 the horse, I should like to know how a gentleman is to travel in this counthry without them?"

"Why, you see, he may travel in the country to *git* 'em," here shrewdly remarked the constable; "and it's our belief that neither horse nor money is honestly come by. If his worship is satisfied, why so, in course, shall we be;

but there is highwaymen abroad, look you, and, to our notion, you have very much the cut of one."

Further remonstrances or threats on the part of Mr. Macshane were useless: although he vowed that he was first cousin to the Duke of Leinster, an officer in her majesty's service, and the dearest friend Lord Marlborough had, his 5 impudent captors would not believe a word of his statement (which, further, was garnished with a tremendous number of oaths), and he was, about eight o'clock, carried up to the house of Squire Ballance, the neighbouring justice of peace.

When the worthy magistrate asked the crime of which the prisoner had been guilty, the captors looked somewhat puzzled for the moment; since, in truth, 10 it could not be shewn that the ensign had committed any crime at all; and if he had confined himself to simple silence, and thrown upon them the onus of proving his misdemeanours, Justice Ballance must have let him loose; and soundly rated his clerk and the landlord for detaining an honest gentleman on so frivolous a charge.

15

But this caution was not in the ensign's disposition; and though his accusers produced no satisfactory charge against him, his own words were quite enough to shew how suspicious his character was. When asked his name, he gave it in as Captain Geraldine, in his way to Ireland, by Bristol, on a visit to his cousin, the Duke of Leinster. He swore solemnly, that his friends, the Duke 20 of Marlborough and Lord Peterborough, under both of whom he had served, should hear of the manner in which he had been treated; and when the justice, a sly old gentleman, and one that read the gazettes, asked him at what battles he had been present, the gallant ensign pitched on a couple in Spain and in Flanders, which had been fought within a week of each other, and vowed that



he had been desperately wounded at both; so that, at the end of his examination, which had been taken down by the clerk, he had been made to acknowledge as follows:— Captain Geraldine, six feet four inches in height; thin, with a very long red nose, and red hair; gray eyes, and speaks with a strong Irish accent, is the first-cousin of the Duke of Leinster, and in constant 5 communication with him: does not know whether his grace has any children; does not know whereabouts he lives in London; cannot say what sort of a looking man his grace is; is acquainted with the Duke of Marlborough, and served in the dragoons at the battle of Ramillies; at which time he was with my Lord Peterborough before Barcelona. Borrowed the horse which he rides from 10 a friend in London, three weeks since. Peter Hobbs, ostler, swears that it was in his master's stable four days ago, and is the property of John Hayes, carpenter. Cannot account for the fifteen guineas found on him by the landlord; says they were twenty; says he won them at cards, a fortnight since, at Edinburgh; says he is riding about the country for his amusement: afterwards 15 says he is on a matter of life and death, and going to Bristol; declared last night, in the hearing of several witnesses, that he was going to York; says he is a man of independent property, and has large estates in Ireland, and a hundred thousand pounds in the Bank of England. Has no shirt or stockings, and the coat he wears is marked S.S.; in his boots is written "Thomas 20 Rodgers," and in his hat is the name of the "Rev. Doctor Snoffler."

Dr. Snoffler lived at Worcester, and had lately advertised in the *Hue and Cry* a number of articles taken from his house. Mr. Macshane said, in reply to this, that his hat had been changed at the inn, and he was ready to take his oath that he came thither in a gold-laced one. But this fact was disproved by

the oaths of many persons who had seen him at the inn. And he was about to be imprisoned for the thefts which he had not committed (the fact about the hat being, that he had purchased it from a gentleman at the Three Rooks, for two pints of beer)—he was about to be remanded, when, behold, Mrs. Hayes the elder made her appearance; and to her it was that the ensign was indebted for 5 his freedom.

Old Hayes had gone to work before the ostler arrived; but when his wife heard the lad's message, she instantly caused her pillion to be placed behind the saddle, and mounting the gray horse, urged the stable-boy to gallop as hard as ever he could to the justice's house. 10

She entered panting and alarmed. "Oh, what is your honour going to do to this honest gentleman?" said she. "In the name of Heaven, let him go! His time is precious—he has important business—business of life and death."

"I tould the jidge so," said the ensign, "but he refused to take my word—the sacred wurrd of honour of Captain Geraldine." 15

Macshane was good at a single lie, though easily flustered on an examination; and this was a very creditable strategem to acquaint Mrs. Hayes with the name that he bore.

"What, you know Captain Geraldine?" said Mr. Ballance, who was perfectly well acquainted with the carpenter's wife. 20

"In coorse, she does. Hasn't she known me these tin years? Are we not related? Didn't she give me the very horse which I rode, and, to make belave, tould you I'd bought in London?"

"Let her tell her own story. Are you related to Captain Geraldine, Mrs. Hayes?"

"Yes—oh, yes!"

"A very elegant connexion! And you gave him the horse, did you, of your own free-will?"

"Oh, yes! of my own will—I would give him any thing. Do, do, your honour, let him go. His child is dying," said the old lady, bursting into tears; 5  
"it may be dead before he gets to—before he gets there. Oh, your honour, your honour, pray, pray, don't detain him!"

The justice did not seem to understand this excessive sympathy on the part of Mrs. Hayes; nor did the father himself appear to be nearly so affected by his child's probable fate as the honest woman who interested herself for him. 10  
On the contrary, when she made this passionate speech, Captain Geraldine only grinned, and said, "Niver mind, my dear, if his honour will keep an honest gentleman for doing nothing, why let him—the law must settle between us; and as for the child, poor thing, the Lord deliver it!"

At this, Mrs. Hayes fell to entreating more loudly than ever: and as 15  
there was really no charge against him, Mr. Ballance was constrained to let him go.

The landlord and his friends were making off, rather confused, when Ensign Macshane called upon the latter in a thundering voice to stop, and refund the five guineas which he had stolen from him. Again the host swore 20  
there were but fifteen in his pocket. But when, on the Bible, the ensign solemnly vowed that he had twenty, and called upon Mrs. Hayes whether yesterday, half an hour before he entered the inn, she had not seen him with twenty guineas, and that lady expressed herself ready to swear that she had, Mr. Landlord looked more crestfallen than ever, and said that he had not

counted the money when he took it; and though he did in his soul believe that there were only fifteen guineas, rather than be suspected of a shabby action, he would pay the five guineas out of his own pocket; which he did, and with the ensign's, or rather Mrs. Hayes's, own coin.

As soon as they were out of the justice's house, Mr. Macshane, in the 5  
fulness of his gratitude, could not help bestowing an embrace upon Mrs. Hayes. And when she implored him to let her ride behind him to her darling son, he yielded with a very good grace, and off the pair set on John Hayes's gray.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Who has Nosey brought with him now?" said Mr. Sicklop, Brock's 10  
one-eyed confederate, who, about three hours after the above adventure, was lolling in the yard of the Three Rooks. It was our ensign, with the mother of his captive: they had not met with any accident in their ride.

"I shall now have the shooprame bliss," said Mr. Macshane, with much  
feeling, as he lifted Mrs. Hayes from the saddle, "the shooprame bliss of 15  
intwining two harrts that are mead for one another. Ours, my dear, is a dismal profession; but, ah! don't moments like this make aminds for years of pain? This way, my dear: turn to your right, then to your left—mind the stip—and the third door round the corner."

All these precautions were attended to; and after giving his concerted 20  
knock, Mr. Macshane was admitted into an apartment, which he entered holding his gold pieces in the one hand, and a lady by the other.

We shall not describe the meeting which took place between mother and son. The old lady wept copiously; the young man was really glad to see his relative, for he deemed that his troubles were over; Mrs. Cat bit her lips, and

stood aside, looking somewhat foolish; Mr. Brock counted the money; and Mr. Macshane took a large dose of strong waters, as a pleasing solace for his labours, dangers, and fatigue.

When the maternal feelings were somewhat calmed, the old lady had leisure to look about her, and really felt a kind of friendship and good will for 5 the company of thieves in which she found herself. It seemed to her that they had conferred an actual favour on her, in robbing her of twenty guineas, threatening her son's life, and finally letting him go.

"Who is that droll old gentleman?" said she; and being told that it was Captain Wood, she dropped him a curtsy, and said, with much respect, 10 "Captain, your very humble servant;" which compliment Mr. Brock acknowledged by a gracious smile and bow. "And who is this pretty young lady?" continued Mrs. Hayes.

"Why—hum—oh—mother, you must give her your blessing—she is Mrs. John Hayes." And herewith Mr. Hayes brought forward his interesting lady, to 15 introduce her to his mamma.

The news did not at all please the old lady, who received Mrs. Catherine's embrace with a very sour face indeed. However, the mischief was done; and she was too glad to get back her son to be, on such an occasion, very angry with him. So, after a proper rebuke, she told Mrs. John Hayes, that 20 though she never approved of her son's attachment, and thought he married below his condition, yet as the evil was done, it was their duty to make the best of it; and she, for her part, would receive her into her house, and make her as comfortable there as she could.

"I wonder whether she has any more money in that house?" whispered

Mr. Sicklop to Mr. Redcap, who with the landlady had come to the door of the room, and had been amusing themselves by the contemplation of this sentimental scene.

"What a fool that wild Irishman was not to bleed her for more," said the landlady; "but he's a poor ignorant Papist. I'm sure my man" (this 5 gentleman had been hanged) "wouldn't have come away with such a beggarly sum."

"Suppose we have some more out of 'em?" said Mr. Redcap. "What prevents us? We have got the old mare, and the colt too,—ha! ha! and the pair of 'em ought to be worth at least a hundred to us." 10

This conversation was carried on *sotto voce*; and I don't know whether Mr. Brock had any notion of the plot which was arranged by the three worthies. The landlady began it. "Which punch, madam, will you take?" says she; "you must have something for the good of the house, now you are in it."

"In coorse," said the ensign. 15

"Certainly," said the other three; but the old lady said she was anxious to leave the place; and, putting down a crown-piece, requested the hostess to treat the gentlemen in her absence. "Good bye, captain," said the old lady.

"Ajew!" cried the ensign, "and long life to you, my dear; you got me out of a scrape at the justice's yonder: and, split me but Insign Macshane will 20 rimimber it as long as he lives." And now Hayes and the two ladies made for the door; but the landlady placed herself against it, and Mr. Sicklop said, "No, no, my pretty madams, you aint a going off so cheap as that neither; you are not going out for a beggarly twenty guineas, look you,—we must have more."

Mr. Hayes, starting back, and, cursing his fate, fairly burst into tears;

the two women screamed; and Mr. Brock looked as if the proposition both amused and had been expected by him; but not so Ensign Macshane.

"Major!" said he, clawing fiercely hold of Brock's arms.

"Ensign," said Mr. Brock, smiling.

"Arr we, or arr we not, men of honour?"

5

"Oh, in coorse," said Brock, laughing and using Macshane's favourite expression.

"If we *arr* men of honour, we are bound to stick to our word; and, hark-ye, you dirty one-eyed scoundrel, if you don't immadiately make way for these leedies, and this lily-livered young jontleman who's crying so, the meejor 10 here and I will lug out, and force you;" and, so saying, he drew his great sword, and made a pass at Mr. Sicklop, which that gentleman avoided, and which caused him and his companion to retreat from the door. The landlady still kept her position at it, and with a storm of oaths against the ensign, and against two Englishmen who ran away from a wild Hirishman, swore she would 15 not budge a foot, and would stand there until her dying day.

"Faith, then, needs must," said the ensign, and made a lunge at the hostess, which passed so near the wretch's throat, that she screamed, sunk on her knees, and at last opened the door.

Down the stairs, then, with great state, Mr. Macshane led the elder lady, 20 the married couple following; and having seen them to the street, took an affectionate farewell of the party, whom he vowed that he would come and see.

"You can walk the eighteen miles aisy, between this and nightfall," said he.

"*Walk!*" exclaimed Mr. Hayes; "why, haven't we got Ball, and shall ride and tie all the way?"

"Madam!" cried Macshane, in a stern voice. "Honour before every thing. Did you not, in the presence of his worship, vow and declare that you gave me that horse, and now d'ye talk of taking it back again? Let me tell you, madam, that such palthry thricks ill become a person of your years and respectability, and ought never to be played with Insign Timothy Macshane."

5

He waved his hat, and strutted down the street; and Mrs. Catherine Hayes, along with her bridegroom and mother-in-law, made the best of their way homeward on foot.



[*Fraser's Magazine* 20 (August 1839): 224-232]

## CHAP. VII.

Which embraces a period of seven years.

The recovery of so considerable a portion of his property from the clutches of Brock, was, as may be imagined, no trifling source of joy to that excellent young man, Count Gustavus Adolphus de Galgenstein; and he was often 5 known to say, with much archness, and a proper feeling of gratitude to the Fate which had ordained things so, that the robbery was, in reality, one of the best things that could have happened to him,—for, in event of Mr. Brock's *not* stealing the money, his excellency the count would have had to pay the whole to the Warwickshire squire, who had won it from him at play. He was enabled, 10 in the present instance, to plead his notorious poverty as an excuse; and the Warwickshire conqueror got off with nothing, except a very badly written autograph of the count's, simply acknowledging the debt.

This point his excellency conceded with the greatest candour, but (as, doubtless, the reader may have remarked in the course of his experience) to owe 15 is not quite the same thing as to pay; and from the day of his winning the money until the day of his death, the Warwickshire squire did never, by any chance, touch a single bob, tizzy, tester, moidore, maravedi, doubloon, tomaun, or rupee, of the sum which Monsieur de Galgenstein had lost to him.

That young nobleman was, as Mr. Brock hinted in the little 20 autobiographical sketch which we gave in the last number of this Magazine, incarcerated for a certain period, and for certain other debts, in the donjons of Warwick; but he released himself from them, by that noble and consolatory

remedy of white-washing, which the law has provided for gentlemen in his oppressed condition; and he had not been a week in London, when he fell in with, and overcame, or put to flight, Captain Wood, *alias* Brock, and immediately seized upon the remainder of his property. After receiving this, the count, with commendable discretion, disappeared from England altogether for a while; nor are 5 we at all authorised to state that any of his debts to his tradesmen were discharged, any more than his debts of honour, as they are pleasantly called.

Having thus settled with his creditors, the gallant count had interest enough with some of the great folk to procure for himself a post abroad, and was absent in Holland for some time. It was here that he became acquainted 10 with the lovely Madam Silverkoop, the widow of a deceased gentleman of Leyden; and although the lady was not at that age at which tender passions are usually inspired—being sixty—and though she could not, like Mademoiselle Ninon de l' Enclos, then at Paris, boast of charms which defied the progress of time,—for Mrs. Silverkoop was as red as a boiled lobster, and as unwieldy as a 15 porpoise; and although her mental attractions did by no means make up for her personal deficiencies,—for she was jealous, violent, vulgar, drunken, and stingy to a miracle; yet her charms had an immediate effect on Monsieur de Galgenstein; and hence, perhaps, the reader (the rogue! how well he knows the world!) will be led to conclude that the honest widow was *rich*. 20

Such, indeed, she was; and Count Gustavus, despising the difference between his twenty quarterings and her twenty thousand pounds, laid the most desperate siege, and finished, by causing her to capitulate,—as I do believe, after a reasonable degree of pressing, any woman will do to any man; such, at least, has been *my* experience in the matter.

The count then married; and it was curious to see how he, who, as we have seen in the case of Mrs. Cat, had been as great a tiger and domestic bully as any extant, now, by degrees, fell into a quiet submission towards his enormous countess, who ordered him up and down as a lady orders her footman, who permitted him speedily not to have a will of his own, and who did not 5 allow him a shilling of her money, without receiving for the same an accurate account.

How was it that he, the abject slave of Madam Silverkoop, had been victorious over Mrs. Cat? The first blow is, I believe, the decisive one in these cases, and the countess had stricken it a week after their marriage,—establishing 10 a supremacy which the count never afterwards attempted to question.

We have alluded to his excellency's marriage, as in duty bound, because it will be necessary to account for his appearance hereafter in a more splendid fashion than that under which he has hitherto been known to us; and just comforting the reader by the knowledge, that the union, though prosperous in a 15 worldly point of view, was, in reality, extremely unhappy, we must say no more from this time forth of the fat and legitimate Madame de Galgenstein. Our darling is Mrs. Catherine, who had formerly acted in her stead; and only in so much as the fat countess did influence in any way the destinies of our heroine, or those wise and virtuous persons who have appeared, and are to follow her to 20 her end, shall we in any degree allow her name to figure here. It is an awful thing to get a glimpse, as one sometimes does, when the time is past, of some little, little wheel which works the whole mighty machinery of FATE, and see how our destinies turn on a minute's delay or advance, or on the turning of a street, or on somebody else's turning of a street, or on somebody else's doing of

something else in Downing Street or in Timbuctoo, now or a thousand years ago: thus, for instance, if Miss Poots, in the year 1695, had never been the lovely inmate of a spiel-haus, at Amsterdam, Mr. Van Silverkoop would never have seen her; if the day had not been extraordinarily hot, the worthy merchant would never have gone thither; if he had not been fond of Rhenish wine and 5 sugar, he never would have called for any such delicacies; if he had not called for them, Miss Ottilia Poots would never have brought them, and partaken of them; if he had not been rich, she would certainly have rejected all the advances made to her by Silverkoop; if he had not been so fond of Rhenish and sugar, he never would have died; and Mrs. Silverkoop would have been neither 10 rich, nor a widow, nor a wife to Count von Galgenstein; nay, nor would this history have ever been written; for if Count Galgenstein had not married the rich widow, Mrs. Catherine would never have \* \* \* \*

Oh, my dear Madam! you thought we were going to tell you. Pooh! nonsense,—no such thing; not for two or three and forty or fifty numbers, or so. 15 We know when we have got a good thing as well as our neighbours; and OLIVER YORKE says this tale is to continue until the year 44, when, perhaps, you *may* know what Mrs. Catherine never would have done.

The reader will remember, in the second part of these Memoirs, the announcement that Mrs. Catherine had given to the world a child, who might 20 bear, if he chose, the arms of Galgenstein, with the further adornment of a bar-sinister. This child had been put out to nurse at the time of its mother's elopement with the count; and as that nobleman was in funds at the time (having had that success at play which we duly chronicled), he paid a sum of no less than twenty guineas, which was to be the yearly reward of the nurse

into whose charge the boy was put. The woman grew fond of the brat; and when, after the first year, she had no further news or remittances from father or mother, she determined for a while, at least, to maintain the infant at her own expense; for, when rebuked by her neighbours on this score, she stoutly swore that *no* parents could ever desert their children, and that some day or 5 other she should not fail to be rewarded for her trouble with this one.

Under this strange mental hallucination poor Goody Billings, who had five children and a husband of her own, continued to give food and shelter to little Tom for a period of no less than seven years; and though it must be acknowledged that the young gentleman did not in the slightest degree merit the 10 kindnesses shewn to him, Goody Billings, who was of a very soft and pitiable disposition, continued to bestow them upon him, because, she said, he was lonely and unprotected, and deserved them more than other children who had fathers and mothers to look after them. If, then, any difference was made between Tom's treatment and that of her own brood, it was considerably in favour of 15 the former, to whom the largest proportions of treacle were allotted for his bread, and the handsomest supplies of hasty pudding. Besides, to do Mrs. Billings justice, there *was* a party against him, and that consisted not only of her husband and her five children, but of every single person in the neighbourhood who had an opportunity of seeing and becoming acquainted with 20 Master Tom.

A celebrated philosopher, I think Miss Edgeworth, has broached the consolatory doctrine, that in intellect and disposition all human beings are entirely equal, and that circumstance and education are the causes of the distinctions and divisions which afterwards unhappily take place among them. Not to argue this

question, which places Jack Howard and Jack Thurtell on an exact level,—which would have us to believe that Lord Melbourne is by natural gifts and excellences a man as honest, brave, and far-sighted as the Duke of Wellington,—which would make out that Lord Lyndhurst is, in point of principle, eloquence, and political honesty, no better than Mr. O'Connell,—not, I say, arguing this doctrine, 5 let us simply state that Master Thomas Billings (for, having no other, he took the name of the worthy people who adopted him) was in his long coats fearfully passionate, screaming and roaring perpetually, and shewing all the ill that he *could* shew. At the age of two, when his strength enabled him to toddle abroad, his favourite resort was the coal-hole, or the dungheap: his roarings had not 10 diminished in the least, and he had added to his former virtues two new ones,—a love of fighting and stealing, both which amiable qualities he had many opportunities of exercising every day. He fought his little adoptive brothers and sisters; he kicked and cuffed his father and mother; he fought the cat, stamped upon the kittens, was worsted in a severe battle with the hen in the back-yard; 15 but, in revenge, nearly beat a little sucking-pig to death, whom he caught alone, and rambling near his favourite haunt, the dunghill. As for stealing, he stole the eggs, which he perforated and emptied; the butter, which he ate with or without bread, as he could find it; the sugar, which he cunningly secreted in the leaves of a *Baker's Chronicle*, that nobody in the establishment could read; and thus 20 from the pages of history he used to suck in all he knew—thieving and lying namely, in which for his years he made wonderful progress. If any followers of Miss Edgeworth and the philosophers are inclined to disbelieve this statement, or to set it down as overcharged and distorted, let them be assured that just this very picture was, of all pictures in the world, taken from nature. I, Ikey

Solomons, once had a dear little brother who could steal before he could walk (and this not from encouragement,—for, if you know the world, you must know that in families of our profession the point of honour is sacred at home,—but from pure nature)—who could steal, I say, before he could walk, and lie before he could speak; and who, at four and a half years of age, having attacked my 5 sister Rebecca on some question of lollypops, and smitten her on the elbow with a fire-shovel, apologised to us, by saying, simply, "— her, I wish it had been her head!" Dear, dear Aminadab! I think of you, and laugh these philosophers to scorn. Nature made you for that career which you fulfilled; you were from your birth to your dying a scoundrel; you *couldn't* have been any thing else, however 10 your lot was cast; and blessed it was that you were born among the prigs,—for had you been of any other profession, alas! alas! what ills might you have done. As I have heard the author of *Richelieu*, *Historical Odes*, *Siamese Twins*, &c., say, "Poeta nascitur non fit," which means, that though he had tried ever so much to be a poet, it was all moonshine; in the like manner I say, "*Roagus* 15 nascitur non fit." We have it from nature, and so a fig for Miss Edgeworth.

In this manner, then, while his father, blessed with a wealthy wife, was leading, in a fine house, the life of a galley-slave; while his mother, married to Mr. Hayes, and made an honest woman of, as the saying is, was passing her time respectably in Warwickshire, Mr. Thomas Billings was inhabiting the same 20 county, not cared for by either of them, but ordained by Fate to join them one day, and have a mighty influence upon the fortunes of both. For, as it has often happened to the traveller in the York or the Exeter coach to fall snugly asleep in his corner, and on awaking suddenly to find himself sixty or seventy miles from the place where Somnus first visited him; as, we say, although you

sit still, Time, poor wretch, keeps perpetually running on, and so must run day and night, with never a pause or a halt of five minutes to get a drink, until his dying day, let the reader imagine that, since he left Mrs. Hayes, and all the other worthy personages of this history, in the July number of this Magazine, seven years have sped away in the interval; during which, all our 5 heroes and heroines have been accomplishing their destinies.

Seven years of country carpentering, or other trading, on the part of a husband, of ceaseless scolding, violence, and discontent, on the part of a wife, are not pleasant to describe, so we shall omit altogether any account of the early married life of Mr. and Mrs. John Hayes. The *Newgate Calendar* (to which 10 excellent compilation we and the *other* popular novelists of the day can never be sufficiently grateful) states that Hayes left his house three or four times during this period, and, urged by the restless humours of his wife, tried several professions; returning, however, as he grew weary of each, to his wife and his paternal home. After a certain time his parents died, and by their demise he 15 succeeded to a small property, and the carpentering business, which he for some time followed.

What, then, in the meanwhile, had become of Captain Wood, or Brock, and Ensign Macshane? the only persons now to be accounted for in our catalogue. For about six months after their capture and release of Mr. Hayes, 20 those noble gentlemen had followed, with much prudence and success, that trade which the celebrated and polite Duval, the ingenious Sheppard, the dauntless Turpin, and, indeed, many other heroes of our most popular novels, had pursued, or were pursuing, in their time. And so considerable were said to be Captain Wood's gains, that reports were abroad of his having somewhere a buried



treasure; to which he might have added more, had not Fate suddenly cut short his career as a prig. He and the ensign were—shame to say—transported for stealing three pewter pots off a railing at Exeter; and not being known in the town, which they had only reached that morning, they were detained by no further charges, but simply condemned on this one. For this misdemeanour, her 5 majesty's government vindictively sent them for seven years beyond the sea; and, as the fashion then was, sold the use of their bodies to Virginian planters during that space of time. It is thus, alas! that the strong are always used to deal with the weak; and many an honest fellow has been led to rue his unfortunate difference with the law. 10

Thus, then, we have settled all scores. The count is in Holland with his wife; Mrs. Cat, in Warwickshire, along with her excellent husband; Master Thomas Billings, with his adoptive parents, in the same county; and the two military gentlemen watching the progress and cultivation of the tobacco and cotton plants in the New World. All these things having passed between the 15 acts, dingaring-a-dingaring-a-dingledingleding, the drop draws up, and the next act begins. By the way, the play *ends* with a drop; but that is neither here nor there.

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[Here, as in a theatre, the orchestra is supposed to play something 20 melodious. The people get up, shake themselves, yawn, and settle down in their seats again. "Porter, ale, ginger-beer, cider," comes round, squeezing through the legs of the gentlemen in the pit. Nobody takes any thing, as usual; and, lo! the curtain rises again. " 'Sh, 'shsh, shshshhh! Hats off!" says every body.]

\* \* \* \* \*

Mrs. Hayes had now been for six years the adored wife of Mr. Hayes, and no offspring had arisen to bless their loves and perpetuate their name. She had obtained a complete mastery over her lord and master; and having had, as far as was in that gentleman's power, every single wish gratified that she could 5 demand, in the way of dress, treats to Coventry and Birmingham, drink, and what not—for, though a hard man, John Hayes had learned to spend his money pretty freely on himself and her—having had all her wishes gratified, it was natural that she should begin to find out some more; and the next whim she hit upon was to be restored to her child. It may be as well to state, that she 10 had never informed her husband of the existence of that phenomenon, although he was aware of his wife's former connexion with the count,—Mrs. Hayes, in their matrimonial quarrels, invariably taunting him with accounts of her former splendour and happiness, and with his own meanness of taste in condescending to take up with his excellency's leavings. 15

She determined, then (but as yet had not confided her determination to her husband), she would have her boy, although in her seven years' residence within twenty miles of him she had never once thought of seeing him; and the kind reader knows that when his excellent lady determines on a thing—a shawl, or an opera-box, or a new carriage, or twenty-four singing lessons from 20 Tamburini, or a night at the Eagle Tavern, City Road, or a ride in a buss to Richmond, and tea and brandy-and-water at Rose Cottage Hotel—the reader, high or low, knows that when Mrs. Reader desires a thing, have it she will; you may just as well talk of avoiding her as of avoiding gout, bile, or gray hairs—and that you know is impossible. I, for my part, have had all three—ay,

and a wife too. But away with egotism and talk of one's own sorrows: my Lord Byron, and my friend the member for Lincoln, have drained such subjects dry.

I say that when a woman is resolved on a thing, happen it will—if husbands refuse, Fate will interfere (*Flectere si nequeo*, &c.; but quotations are odious). And some hidden power was working in the case of Mrs. Hayes, and, 5 for its own awful purposes, lending her its aid.

Who has not felt how he works, the dreadful, conquering Spirit of Ill? Who cannot see, in the circle of his own society, the fated and foredoomed to wo and evil? Some call the doctrine of destiny a dark creed; but, for me, I would fain try and think it a consolatory one. It is better, with all one's sins 10 upon one's head, to deem oneself in the hands of fate, than to think, with our fierce passions and weak repentances, with our resolves so loud, so vain, so ludicrously, despicably weak and frail, with our dim, wavering, wretched conceits about virtue, and our irresistible propensity to wrong, that we are the workers of our future sorrow or happiness. If we depend on our strength, what is it 15 against mighty circumstance? If we look to ourselves, what hope have we? Look back at the whole of your life, and see how Fate has mastered you and it. Think of your disappointments and your successes. Has *your* striving influenced one or the other? A fit of indigestion puts itself between you and honours and reputation; an apple plops on your nose, and makes you a world's wonder and 20 glory; a fit of poverty makes a rascal of you, who were, and are still, an honest man; clubs, trumps, or six lucky mains at dice, make an honest man for life of you, who ever were, will be, and are a rascal. Who sends the illness? who causes the apple to fall? who deprives you of your worldly goods? or who shuffles the cards, and brings trumps, honour, virtue, and prosperity back again?

You call it chance; ay, and so it is chance, that when the floor gives way, and the rope stretches tight, the poor wretch before St. Sepulchre's clock dies. Only with us, clear-sighted mortals as we are, we can't *see* the rope by which we hang, and know not when or how the drop may fall.

But, *revenons à nos moutons*, let us return to that sweet lamb, Master 5 Thomas, and the milk-white ewe, Mrs. Cat. Seven years had passed away, and she begun to think that she should very much like to see her child once more. It was written that she should; and you shall hear how, soon after, without any great exertions of hers, back he came to her.

In the month of July, in the year 1715, there came down a road, about 10 ten miles from the city of Worcester, two gentlemen, not mounted, Templar-like, upon one horse, but having a horse between them—a sorry bay, with a sorry saddle, and a large pack behind it; on which each by turn took a ride. Of the two, one was a man of excessive stature, with red hair, a very prominent nose, and a faded military dress; while the other, an old weather-beaten, sober-looking 15 personage, wore the costume of a civilian—both man and dress appearing to have reached the autumnal, or seedy state. However, the pair seemed, in spite of their apparent poverty, to be passably merry. The old gentleman rode the horse; and had, in the course of their journey, ridden him two miles at least in every three. The tall one walked with immense strides by his side; and seemed, 20 indeed, as if he could have quickly out-stripped the four-footed animal, had he chosen to exert his speed, or had not affection for his comrade retained him at his stirrup.

A short time previously the horse had cast a shoe; and this the tall man on foot had gathered up, and was holding in his hand, it having been voted

that the first blacksmith to whose shop they should come should be called upon to fit it again upon the bay horse.

"Do you remimber this counthry, meejor?" said the tall man, who was looking about him very much pleased, and sucking a flower. "I think thim green corn-fields is prettier-looking at than the d- tobacky out yondther, and bad luck 5 to it!"

"I recollect the place right well, and some queer pranks we played here seven years agone," responded the gentleman addressed as major. "You remember that man and his wife, whom we took in pawn at the Three Crows?"

"And the landlady only hung last Michaelmas?" said the tall man, 10 parenthetically.

"Hang the landlady!—we've got all we ever would out of *her*, you know. But about the man and woman. You went after the chap's mother, and, like a jackass, as you are, let him loose. Well, the woman was that Catherine that you've often heard me talk about. I like the wench, — her, for I almost 15 brought her up; and she was for a year or two along with that scoundrel Galgenstein, who has been the cause of my ruin."

"The inferrrnal blackguard and ruffian!" said the tall man, who, with his companion, has no doubt been recognised by the reader.

"Well, this Catherine had a child by Galgenstein; and somewhere here 20 hard by the woman lived to whom we carried the brat to nurse. She was the wife of a blacksmith, one Billings: it won't be out of the way to get our horse shod at his house, if he is alive still, and we may learn something about the little beast. I should be glad to see the mother well enough—do you remember her?"

"Do I remimber her?" said the ensign; "do I remimber whisky? Sure I do, and the snivelling sneak her husband, and the stout old lady her mother-in-law, and the dirty one-eyed ruffian who sold me the parson's hat, that had so nearly brought me into trouble. O but it was a rare rise we got out of them chaps, and the old landlady that's hanged too!" And here both Ensign 5 Macshane and Major Brock, or Wood, grinned, and shewed much satisfaction.

It will be necessary to explain the reason of it. We gave the British public to understand, that the landlady of the Three Rooks, at Worcester, was a notorious fence, or banker of thieves; that is, a purchaser of their merchandise. In her hands Mr. Brock and his companion had left property to the amount of 10 sixty or seventy pounds, which was secreted in a cunning recess in a chamber of the Three Rooks, known only to the landlady and the gentlemen who banked with her; and in this place, Mr. Sicklop, the one-eyed man who had joined in the Hayes adventure, his comrade, and one or two of the topping prigs of the county, were free. Mr. Sicklop had been shot dead in a night attack near Bath; 15 the landlady had been suddenly hanged, as an accomplice in another case of robbery; and when, on their return from Virginia, our two heroes, whose hopes of livelihood depended on it, had bent their steps towards Worcester, they were not a little frightened to hear of the cruel fate of the hostess and many of the amiable frequenters of the Three Rooks. All the goodly company were separated; 20 the house was no longer an inn. Was the money gone too? At least it was worth while to look, which Messrs. Brock and Macshane determined to do.

The house being now a private one, Mr. Brock, with a genius that was above his station, visited its owner, with a huge portfolio under his arm and, in the character of a painter, requested permission to take a particular sketch from

a particular window. The ensign followed with the artist's materials (consisting simply of a screw-driver and a crow-bar); and it is hardly necessary to say that, when admission was granted to them, they opened the well-known door, and to their inexpressible satisfaction discovered, not their own peculiar savings exactly, for these had been appropriated instantly on hearing of their 5 transportation, but stores of money and goods to the amount of near three hundred pounds; to which Mr. Macshane said they had as just and honourable a right as any body else. And so they had as just a right as any body—except the original owners; but who was to discover them?

With this booty they set out on their journey—any where, for they knew 10 not whither; and it so chanced that when their horse's shoe came off, they were within a few furlongs of the cottage of Mr. Billings, the blacksmith. As they came near, they were saluted by tremendous roars issuing from the smithy. A small boy was held across the bellows, two or three children of smaller and larger growth were holding him down, and many others of the village were 15 gazing in at the window, while a man, half-naked, was lashing the little boy with a whip, and occasioning the cries heard by the travellers. As the horse drew up, the operator looked at the new-comers for a moment, and then proceeded incontinently with his work, belabouring the child more fiercely than ever.

20

When he had done, he turned round to the new-comers and asked, how he could serve them? whereupon Mr. Wood (for such was the name he adopted, and by such we shall call him to the end) wittily remarked that however he might wish to serve *them*, he seemed mightily inclined to serve that young gentleman first.

"It's no joking matter," said the blacksmith; "if I do n't serve him so now, he'll be worse off in his old age. He'll come to the gallows, as sure as his name is Bill—Never mind what his name is," and so saying, or *soi disant*, as Bulwer says, he gave the urchin another cut, which elicited, of course, another scream.

5

"Oh! his name is Bill?" said Captain Wood.

"His name's *not* Bill!" said the blacksmith, sulkily. "He's no name, and no heart, neither. My wife took the brat in, seven years ago, from a beggarly French chap to nurse, and she kept him, for she was a good soul" (here his eyes began to wink), "and she's—she's gone now" (here he began fairly to 10 blubber); "and, d— him, out of love for her, I kept him too, and the scoundrel is a liar and a thief; and this blessed day, merely to vex me and my boys here, he spoke ill of her, he did, and I'll—cut—his—(—)—life—out—I—will!" and with each word honest Mulciber applied a whack on the body of little Tom Billings, who, by shrill shrieks, and oaths in treble, acknowledged the receipt of 15 the blows.

"Come, come," said Mr. Wood, "set the boy down, and the bellows a-going; my horse wants shoeing, and the poor lad has had strapping enough."

The blacksmith obeyed, and cast poor Master Thomas loose; as he staggered away and looked back at his tormentor, his countenance assumed an 20 expression, which made Mr. Wood say, grasping hold of Macshane's arm, "It's the boy, it's the boy! when his mother gave Galgenstein the laudanum, she had the self-same look with her!"

"Had she really now?" said Mr. Macshane; "and pree, meejor, who *was* his mother?"



"Mrs. Cat, you fool!" answered Wood.

"Then, upon my sacred word of honour, she's a mighty fine *kitten* any how, my dear, aha!"

"They do n't *drown* such kittens," said Mr. Wood, archly; and Macshane, taking the allusion, clapped his finger to his nose in token of perfect approbation 5 of his commander's sentiment.

While the blacksmith was shoeing the horse, Mr. Wood asked him many questions concerning the lad whom he had just been chastising, and succeeded, beyond a doubt, in establishing his identity with the child whom Catherine Hall had brought into the world seven years since. Billings told him of all the virtues 10 of his wife, and the manifold crimes of the lad; how he stole, and fought, and lied, and swore; and though the youngest under his roof, exercised the most baneful influence over all the rest of his family. He was determined at last, he said, to put him to the parish, for he did not dare to keep him.

"He's a fine whelp, and would fetch ten pieces in Virginny," sighed the 15 ensign.

"Crimp, of Bristol, would give five for him," said Mr. Wood, ruminating.

"Why not take him?" said the ensign.

"Faith, why not?" said Mr. Wood. "His keep, meanwhile, will not be sixpence a-day." Then turning round to the blacksmith, "Mr. Billings," said he, 20 "you will be surprised, perhaps, to hear that I know every thing regarding that poor lad's history. His mother was an unfortunate lady of high family, now no more; his father a German nobleman, Count de Galgenstein by name."

"The very man!" said Billings; "a young, fair-haired man, who came here with the child, and a dragoon serjeant."

"Count de Galgenstein by name, who, on the point of death, recommended the infant to me."

"And did he pay you seven years' boarding?" said Mr. Billings, who was quite alive at the very idea.

"Alas, sir, not a jot! he died, sir, six hundred pounds in my debt, did n't he, ensign?" 5

"Six hundred, upon my sacred honour! I remember when he got into the house along with the poli—"

"Psha! what matters it?" here broke out Mr. Wood, looking fiercely at the ensign. "Six hundred pounds he owes me, how was he to pay you? But he told 10 me to take charge of this boy, if I found him; and found him I have, and *will* take charge of him, if you will hand him over."

"Send our Tom!" cried Billings; and when that youth appeared, scowling, and yet trembling, and prepared, as it seemed, for another castigation, his father, to his surprise, asked him if he was willing to go along with those 15 gentlemen, or whether he would be a good lad and stay with him.

Mr. Tom replied immediately, "I won't be a good lad, and I'd rather go to —, than stay with you!"

"Will you leave your brothers and sisters?" said Billings, looking very dismal. 20

"Hang my brothers and sisters—I hate 'em; and, besides, I have n't got any!"

"But you had a good mother, had n't you, Tom?"

Tom paused for a moment.

"Mother's gone," said he, "and you flog me, and I'll go with these men."

"Well, then, go thy ways," said Billings, starting up in a passion; "go thy ways for a graceless reprobate; and if this gentleman will take you, he may do so."

After some further parly, the conversation ended, and the next morning Mr. Wood's party consisted of three, a little boy being mounted upon the bay 5 horse in addition to the ensign or himself, and the whole company went journeying towards Bristol.

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We have said that Mrs. Hayes had, on a sudden, taken a fit of maternal affection, and was bent upon being restored to her child; and that benign 10 destiny, which watched over the life of this lucky lady, instantly set about gratifying her wish; and, without cost to herself of coach-hire or saddle-horse, sent the young gentleman very quickly to her arms. The village in which the Hayes's dwelt was but a very few miles out of the road from Bristol, whither, on the benevolent mission above hinted at, our party of worthies were bound; 15 and coming, towards the afternoon, in sight of the house of that very Justice Ballance who had been so nearly the ruin of Ensign Macshane, that officer narrated, for the hundredth time, and with much glee, the circumstances which had then befallen him, and the manner in which Mrs. Hayes, the elder, had come forward to his rescue.

20

"Suppose we go and see the old girl?" suggested Mr. Wood; "no harm can come to us now." And his comrade always assenting, they wound their way towards the village, and reached it as the evening came on. In the public-house where they rested, Wood made inquiries concerning the Hayes family, was informed of the death of the old couple, of the establishment of John Hayes and

his wife in their place, and of the kind of life that these latter led together. When all these points had been imparted to him, he ruminated much; an expression of sublime triumph and exultation at length lighted up his features. "I think, Tim," said he at last, "that we can make more than five pieces of that boy."

5

"Oh, in coorse!" said Timothy Macshane, Esq., who always agreed with his "meejor."

"In coorse, you fool! and how? I'll tell you how. This Hayes is well to do in the world, and ——"

"And we'll nab him again, ha, ha!" roared out Macshane. "By my secreed 10 honour, meejor, there never was a ginerall like you at a strathyjam!"

"Peace, you bellowing donkey, and do n't wake the child. The man is well to do, his wife rules him, and they have no children. Now, either she will be very glad to have the boy back again, and pay for the finding of him; or else she has said nothing about him, and will pay us for being silent too; or, 15 at any rate, Hayes himself will be ashamed at finding his wife the mother of a child a year older than his marriage, and will pay for the keeping of the brat away. There's profit, my dear, in any one of the cases, or my name's not Peter Brock."

When the ensign understood this wondrous argument, he would fain have 20 fallen on his knees and worshipped his friend and guide. They began operations almost immediately, by an attack on Mrs. Hayes. On hearing, as she did in private interview with the ex-corporal the next morning, that her son was found, she was agitated by both of the passions which Wood attributed to her. She longed to have the boy back, and would give any reasonable sum to see him;

and she dreaded exposure, and would pay equally to avoid that. How could she gain the one point, and escape the other?

Mrs. Hayes hit upon an expedient which, I am given to understand, is not uncommon nowadays. She suddenly discovered that she had a dear brother, who had been obliged to fly the country in consequence of having joined the Pretender, and had died in France, leaving behind him an only son. This boy 5 her brother had, with his last breath, recommended to her protection, and had confided him to the charge of a brother-officer who was now in the country, and would speedily make his appearance; and, to put the story beyond a doubt, Mr. Wood wrote the letter from her brother stating all these particulars, and Ensign 10 Macshane received full instructions how to perform the part of the brother-officer. What consideration Mr. Wood received for his services, we cannot say; only it is well known that Mr. Hayes caused to be committed to gaol a young apprentice in his service, charged with having broken open a cupboard in which Mr. Hayes had forty guineas in gold and silver, and to which none but he and his wife 15 had access.

Having made these arrangements, the corporal and his little party decamped to a short distance, and Mrs. Catherine was left to prepare her husband for a speedy addition to his family, in the shape of this darling nephew. John Hayes received the news with any thing but pleasure. He had 20 never heard of any brother of Catherine's; she had been bred at the workhouse, and nobody ever hinted that she had relatives: but it is easy for a lady of moderate genius to invent circumstances; and with lies, tears, threats, coaxings, oaths, and other blandishments, she compelled him to submit.

Two days afterwards, as Mr. Hayes was working in his shop and his

lady seated beside him, the trampling of a horse was heard in his court-yard, and a gentleman, of huge stature, descended from it, and strode into the shop. His figure was wrapped in a large cloak, but Mr. Hayes could not help fancying that he had somewhere seen his face before.

"This, I preshoom," said the gentleman, "is Misther Hayes, that I have 5  
come so many miles to see, and this is his amiable lady? I was the most  
intimate frind, madam, of your laminted brother, who died in King Lewis's  
service, and whose last touching letthers I despatched to you two days ago. I  
have with me a further precious token of my dear friend, Captain Hall—it is  
*here.*" 10

And so saying, the military gentleman, with one arm, removed his cloak,  
and stretching forward the other into Hayes's face almost, stretched likewise  
forward a little boy, grinning and sprawling in the air, and prevented only from  
falling to the ground by the hold which the ensign kept of the waistband of his  
little coat and breeches. 15

"Is n't he a pretty boy?" said Mrs. Hayes, sidling up to her husband  
tenderly, and pressing one of Mr. Hayes's hands.

\* \* \* \* \*

About the lad's beauty it is needless to say what the carpenter thought;  
but that night, and for many, many nights after, the lad stayed at Mr. 20  
Hayes's.



Catharine's present to Mr. Hayes.

[*Fraser's Magazine* 20 (November 1839): 531-548]

## CHAP. VIII.

Enumerates the accomplishments of Master Thomas Billings—introduces Brock as Dr. Wood—and announces the execution of Ensign Macshane.

We are obliged, in recording of this history, to follow accurately that great authority, the *Calendarium Newgaticum Roagorumque Registerium*, of which every lover of literature in the present day knows the value; and as that remarkable work totally discards all the unities in its narratives, and reckons the life of its heroes only by their actions, and not by periods of time, we must follow in the wake of this mighty ark—a humble cockboat. When it pauses, we pause; when it runs ten knots an hour, we run with the same celerity; and as, in order to carry the reader from the penultimate chapter of this work unto the last chapter, we were compelled to make him leap over a gap of five blank years, ten years more must likewise be granted to us before we are at liberty to resume our history.

During that period, Master Thomas Billings had been under the especial care of his mother; and, as may be imagined, he rather increased than diminished the accomplishments for which he had been remarkable while under the roof of his step-father. And with this advantage, that while at the blacksmith's, and only three or four years of age, his virtues were necessarily appreciated only in his family circle, and among those few acquaintances of his own time of life whom a youth of three can be expected to meet in the alleys, or over the gutters, of a small country hamlet,—in his mother's residence, his circle extended with his own growth, and he began to give proofs of those



powers of which in infancy there had been only encouraging indications. Thus it was nowise remarkable, that a child of four years should not know his letters, and should have had a great disinclination to learn them; but when a young man of fifteen shewed the same creditable ignorance, the same undeviating dislike, it was easy to see that he possessed much resolution and perseverance. 5

When it was remarked, too, that, in case of any difference, he not only beat the usher, but by no means disdained to torment and bully the very smallest boys of the school, it was easy to see that his mind was comprehensive and careful, as well as courageous and grasping. As it was said of the Duke of Wellington, in the Peninsula, that he had a thought for every body—from Lord 10 Hill to the smallest drummer in the army—in like manner Tom Billings bestowed *his* attention on high and low,—but in the shape of blows. He would fight the strongest and kick the smallest, and was always at work with one or the other.

At thirteen, when he was removed from the establishment whither he had been sent, he was the cock of the school out of doors, and the very last boy in. He 15 used to let the little boys and new-comers pass him by and laugh; but he always belaboured them unmercifully afterwards; and then it was, he said, *his* turn to laugh. With such a pugnacious turn, Tom Billings ought to have been made a soldier, and might have died a marshal; but, by an unlucky ordinance of fate, he was made a tailor, and died a —, never mind what for the 20 present; suffice it to say, that he was suddenly cut off at a very early period of his existence, by a disease which has exercised considerable ravages among the British youth.

By consulting the authority above mentioned, we find that Hayes did not confine himself to the profession of a carpenter, or remain long established in

the country; but was induced, by the eager spirit of Mrs. Catherine most probably, to try his fortune in the metropolis, where he lived, flourished, and died. Oxford Road, Saint Giles's, and Tottenham Court, were, at various periods of his residence in town, inhabited by him. At one place, he carried on the business of green-grocer and small coalman; in another, he was carpenter, 5 undertaker, and lender of money to the poor: finally, he was a lodging-house keeper in the Oxford or Tyburn Road; but continued to exercise the last-named charitable profession.

Lending as he did upon pledges, and carrying on a pretty large trade, it was not for him, of course, to inquire into the pedigree of all the pieces of 10 plate, the bales of cloth, swords, watches, wigs, shoe-buckles, &c., that were confided by his friends to his keeping; but it is clear that his friends had the requisite confidence in him, and that he enjoyed the esteem of a class of characters who still live in history, and are admired unto this very day. The mind loves to think that, perhaps, in Mr. Hayes's back parlour the gallant 15 Turpin might have hob-and-nobbed with Mrs. Catherine; that here, perhaps, the noble Sheppard might have cracked his joke, or quaffed his pint of rum. Who knows but that Macheath and Paul Clifford may have crossed legs under Hayes's dinner-table? and whilst the former sang (so as to make Mrs. Hayes blush) the prettiest, wickedest songs in the world; the latter would make old 20 Hayes yawn, by quotations from Plato, and passionate dissertations on the perfectibility of mankind. Here it was that that impoverished scholar, Eugene Aram, might have pawned his books, discounted or given those bills at three "moons" after date which Sir Edward has rendered immortal. But why pause to speculate on things that might have been? why desert reality for fond

imagination, or call up from their honoured graves the sacred dead? I know not:  
 and yet, in sooth, I can never pass Cumberland Gate without a sigh, as I think  
 of the gallant cavaliers who traversed that road in old time. Pious priests  
 accompanied their triumphs; their chariots were surrounded by hosts of glittering  
 javelin-men. As the slave at the car of the Roman conqueror shouted, 5  
 "Remember thou art mortal!" before the eyes of the British warrior rode the  
 undertaker and his coffin, telling him that he too must die! Mark well the spot!  
 A hundred years ago, Albion Street (where comic Power dwells, Milesia's darling  
 son)—Albion Street was a desert. The square of Connaught was without its  
 penultimate, and, strictly speaking, *naught*. The Edgware Road was then a road, 10  
 'tis true; with tinkling wagons passing now and then, and fragrant walls of  
 snowy hawthorn blossoms. The ploughman whistled over Nutford Place; down the  
 green solitudes of Sovereign Street the merry milkmaid led the lowing kine.  
 Here, then, in the midst of green fields and sweet air—before ever omnibuses  
 were, and Pine-apple Turnpike and Terrace were alike unknown—here stood 15  
 Tyburn: and on the road towards it, perhaps to enjoy the prospect, stood, in the  
 year 1725, the habitation of Mr. John Hayes.

One fine morning in the year 1725, Mrs. Hayes, who had been abroad in  
 her best hat and riding-hood; Mr. Hayes, who for a wonder had accompanied  
 her; and Mrs. Springatt, a lodger, who for a remuneration had the honour of 20  
 sharing Mrs. Hayes's friendship and table—all returned, smiling and rosy, at  
 about half-past ten o'clock, from a walk which they had taken to Bayswater.  
 Many thousands of people were likewise seen flocking down the Oxford Road;  
 and you would rather have thought, from the smartness of their appearance, and  
 the pleasure depicted in their countenances, that they were just issuing from a

sermon, than quitting the ceremony which they had been to attend.

The fact is, that they had just been to see a gentleman hanged,—a cheap pleasure, which the Hayes family never denied themselves; and they returned home with a good appetite to breakfast, braced by the walk, and tickled into hunger, as it were, by the spectacle. I can recollect, when I was a gyp at 5 Cambridge, that the "men" used to have breakfast-parties for the very same purpose; and the exhibition of the morning acted infallibly upon the stomach, and caused the young students to eat with much voracity.

Well, Mrs. Catherine, a handsome, well-dressed, plump, rosy woman, of three or four and thirty (and when, my dear, is a woman handsomer than at 10 that age?) came in quite merrily from her walk, and entered the back-parlour, which looked into a pleasant yard, or garden, whereon the sun was shining very gaily; and where, at a table covered with a nice white cloth, laid out with some silver mugs, too, and knives, all with different crests and patterns, sat an old gentleman, reading in an old book. 15

"Here we are at last, doctor," said Mrs. Hayes, "and here's his speech." She produced the little halfpenny tract, which to this day is sold at the gallows-foot upon the death of every offender. "I've seen a many men turned off, to be sure; but I never did see one who bore it more like a man than he did." 20

"My dear," said the gentleman addressed as doctor, "he was as cool and as brave as steel, and no more minded hanging than tooth-drawing."

"It was the drink that ruined him," said Mrs. Cat.

"Drink, and bad company. I warned him, my dear,—I warned him years ago: and directly he got into Wild's gang, I knew that he had not a year to

run. Ah, why, my love, will men continue such dangerous courses," continued the doctor, with a sigh, "and jeopardy their lives for a miserable watch or a snuff-box, of which Mr. Wild takes three-fourths of the produce? But here comes the breakfast, and, egad, I am as hungry as a lad of twenty."

Indeed, at this moment Mrs. Hayes's servant appeared with a smoking 5 dish of bacon and greens; and Mr. Hayes himself ascended from the cellar (of which he kept the key), bearing with him a tolerably large jug of small beer. To this repast the doctor, Mrs. Springatt (the other lodger), and Mr. and Mrs. Hayes, proceeded with great alacrity. A fifth cover was laid, but not used; the company remarking, that "Tom had very likely found some acquaintances at 10 Tyburn, with whom he might choose to pass the morning."

Tom was Master Thomas Billings, now of the age of sixteen; slim, smart, five feet ten inches in height, handsome, sallow in complexion, black-eyed, and black-haired. Mr. Billings was apprentice to a tailor, of tolerable practice, who was to take him into partnership at the end of his term. It was supposed, and 15 with reason, that Tom would not fail to make a fortune in this business, of which the present head was one Beinkleider, a German. Beinkleider was skilful in his trade (after the manner of his nation, which in breeches and metaphysics—in inexpressibles and incomprehensibles—may instruct all Europe), but too fond of his pleasure. Some promissory notes of his had found their way into 20 Hayes's hands, and had given him the means not only of providing Master Billings with a cheap apprenticeship, and a cheap partnership afterwards; but would empower him, in one or two years after the young partner had joined the firm, to eject the old one altogether. So that there was every prospect that, when Mr. Billings was twenty-one years of age, poor Beinkleider would have to

act, not as his master, but his journeyman.

Tom was a very precocious youth, was supplied by a doting mother with plenty of pocket-money, and spent it with a number of lively companions of both sexes, at plays, bull-baitings, fairs, jolly parties on the river, and in such like innocent amusements. He could throw a main, too, as well as his elders; had 5 . pinked his man, in a row at Madam King's, in the Piazza; and was much respected at the Roundhouse.

Mr. Hayes was not very fond of this promising young gentleman; indeed, he had the baseness to bear malice, because, in a quarrel which occurred about two years previously, he, Hayes, being desirous to chastise Mr. Billings, had 10 found himself not only quite incompetent, but actually at the mercy of the boy, who struck him over the head with a joint stool, felled him to the ground, and swore he would have his life. The doctor, who was then also a lodger at Mr. Hayes's, interposed, and restored the combatants, not to friendship, but to peace. Hayes never afterwards attempted to lift his hand to the young man, but 15 contented himself with hating him profoundly. In this sentiment Mr. Billings participated cordially, and, quite unlike Mr. Hayes, who never dared to shew his dislike, used, on every occasion when they met, by actions, looks, words, sneers, and curses, to let his father-in-law know the opinion which he had of him. Why did not Hayes discard the boy altogether? Because, if he did so, he was really 20 afraid for his life, and because he trembled before Mrs. Hayes, his lady, as the leaf trembles before the tempest in October. His breath was not his own, but hers; his money, too, had been chiefly of her getting,—for though he was as stingy and mean as mortal man can be, and so likely to save much, he had not the genius for *getting* which Mrs. Hayes possessed. She kept his books (for

she had learned to read and write by this time), she made his bargains, and she directed the operations of the poor-spirited little capitalist. When bills became due, and debtors pleaded for time, then she brought Hayes's own professional merits into play. The man was as deaf and cold as a rock; never did poor tradesman gain a penny from him; never were the bailiffs delayed one single 5 minute from their prey. The Beinkleider business, for instance, shewed pretty well the genius of the two. Hayes was for closing with him at once; but his wife saw the vast profits which might be drawn out of him, and arranged the apprenticeship and the partnership before alluded to. The woman heartily scorned, and spit upon her husband, who fawned upon her like a spaniel. She loved good 10 cheer; she did not want for a certain kind of generosity. The only feeling that Hayes had for any one except himself was for his wife, whom he held in a cowardly awe and attachment: he liked drink, too, which made him chirping and merry, and accepted willingly any treats that his acquaintances might offer him; but he would suffer agonies when his wife brought or ordered from the cellar a 15 bottle of wine.

And now for the doctor. He was nearly seventy years of age. He had been much abroad; he was of a sober, cheerful aspect; he dressed handsomely and quietly in a broad hat and cassock; but saw no company except the few friends whom he met at the coffeehouse. He had an income of about a hundred 20 pounds, which he promised to leave to young Billings. He was amused with the lad, and fond of his mother, and had boarded with them for some years past. The doctor, in fact, was our old friend Corporal Brock; the Rev. Dr. Wood now, as he had been Major Wood fifteen years back.

Any one who has read the former part of this history must have seen

that we have spoken throughout with invariable respect of Mr. Brock; and that in every circumstance in which he has appeared, he has acted not only with prudence but often with genius. The early obstacle to Mr. Brock's success was want of conduct simply. Drink, women, play—how many a brave fellow have they ruined!—had pulled Brock down as often as his merit had carried him up. 5 When a man's passion for play has brought him to be a scoundrel, it at once ceases to be hurtful to him in a worldly point of view; he cheats, and wins. It is only for the idle and luxurious that women retain their fascinations to a very late period; and Brock's passions had been whipped out of him in Virginia; where much ill health, ill treatment, hard labour, and hard food, speedily put an 10 end to them. He forgot there even how to drink; rum or wine made this poor, declining gentleman so ill, that he could indulge in them no longer, and so his three vices were cured. Had he been ambitious, there is little doubt but that Mr. Brock, on his return from transportation, might have risen in the world; but he was old, and a philosopher: he did not care about rising. Living was cheaper 15 in those days, and interest for money higher: when he had amassed about six hundred pounds, he purchased an annuity of 72*l.*, and gave out—why should he not?—that he had the capital as well as the interest. After leaving the Hayes family in the country, he found them again in London: he took up his abode with them, and was attached to the mother and the son. Do you suppose that 20 rascals have not affections like other people? hearts, madam—ay, hearts—and family-ties which they cherish? As the doctor lived on with this charming family, he began to regret that he had sunk all his money in annuities, and could not, as he repeatedly vowed he would, leave his savings to his adopted children.

He felt an indescribable pleasure ("*suave mari magno*," &c.) in watching



the storms and tempests of the Hayes *ménage*. He used to encourage Mrs. Catherine into anger when, haply, that lady's fits of calm would last too long; he used to warm up the disputes between wife and husband, mother and son, and enjoy them beyond expression: they served him for daily amusement; and he used to laugh until the tears ran down his venerable cheeks at the accounts 5 which young Tom continually brought him of his pranks abroad, among watchmen and constables, at taverns or elsewhere.

When, therefore,—as the party were discussing their bacon and cabbage, before which the rev. doctor with much gravity said grace,—Master Tom entered, Doctor Wood, who had before been rather gloomy, immediately brightened up, 10 and made a place for Billings between himself and Mrs. Catherine.

"How do, old cock?" said that young gentleman familiarly. "How goes it, mother?" And so saying, he seized eagerly upon the jug of beer which Mr. Hayes had drawn, and from which the latter was about to help himself, and poured down his throat exactly one quart. 15

"Ah!" said Mr. Billings, drawing breath after a draught which he had learned accurately to gauge from the habit of drinking out of pewter measures which held precisely that quantity. "Ah!" said Mr. Billings, drawing breath, and wiping his mouth with his sleeves, "this is very thin stuff, old Squaretoes; but my coppers have been red hot since last night, and they wanted a sluicing." 20

"Should you like some ale, dear?" said Mrs. Hayes, that fond and judicious parent.

"A quart of brandy, Tom?" said Dr. Wood. "Your papa will run down to the cellar for it in a minute."

"I'll see him hanged first!" cried Mr. Hayes, quite frightened.

"Oh, fie now, you unnatural father!" said the doctor.

The very name of father used to put Mr. Hayes in a fury. "I'm not his father, thank Heaven!" said he.

"No, nor nobody else's," said Tom.

Mr. Hayes only muttered, "Base-born brat!"

5

"His father was a gentleman,—that's more than *you* ever were!" screamed Mrs. Hayes. "His father was a man of spirit; no cowardly sneak of a carpenter, Mr. Hayes! Tom has noble blood in his veins, for all he has a tailor's appearance; and if his mother had had her right, she would be now in a coach-and-six."

10

"I wish I could find my father," said Tom; "for I think Polly Briggs and I would look mighty well in a coach-and-six." Tom fancied, that if his father was a count at the time of his birth he must be a prince now; and, indeed, went among his companions referring to him by the latter august title.

"Ay, Tom, that you would," cried his mother, looking at him fondly.

15

"With a sword by my side, and a hat and feather, there's never a lord at St. James's would cut a finer figure."

After a little more of this talk, in which Mrs. Hayes let the company know her high opinion of her son—who, as usual, took care to shew his extreme contempt for his step-father—the latter retired to his occupations; the lodger, Mrs. 20 Springatt, who had never said a word all this time, retired to her apartment on the second floor; and, pulling out their pipes and tobacco, the old gentleman and the young one solaced themselves with half an hour's more talk and smoking; while the thrifty Mrs. Hayes, opposite to them, was busy with her books.

"What's in the confessions?" said Mr. Billings to Doctor Wood. "There

were six of 'em besides Mac: two for sheep, four housebreakers; but nothing of consequence, I fancy."

"There's the paper," said Wood, archly; "read for yourself, Tom."

Mr. Tom looked at the same time very fierce and very foolish; for, though he could drink, swear, and fight, as well as any lad of his inches in 5 England, reading was not among his accomplishments. "I tell you what, doctor," said he, "-- you; have no bantering with me,—for I'm not the man that will bear it, -- me;" and he threw a tremendous swaggering look across the table.

"I want you to learn to read, Tommy dear. Look at your mother, there, over her books; she keeps them as neat as a scrivener now, and at twenty she 10 could make never a stroke."

"Your godfather speaks for your good, child; and for me, thou knowest that I have promised thee a gold-headed cane and a periwig, on the first day that thou canst read me a column of the *Flying Post*."

"Hang the periwig!" said Mr. Tom, testily. "Let my godfather read the 15 paper himself, if he has a liking for it."

Whereupon, the old gentleman put on his spectacles, and glanced over the sheet of whitey-brown paper, which, ornamented with a picture of the gallows at the top, contained the biographies of the seven unlucky individuals who had that morning suffered the penalty of the law. With the six heroes who came first in 20 the list we have nothing to do; but have before us a copy of the paper, containing the life of No. 7, and which the doctor read with an audible voice.

"CAPTAIN MACSHANE.

"The seventh victim to his own crimes was the famous highwayman, Captain Macshane, so well known as the Irish Fire-eater.

"The captain came to the ground in a fine white lawn shirt and night-cap; and, being a Papist in his religion, was attended by Father 5 O'Flaherty, Popish priest, and chaplain to the Bavarian envoy.

"Captain Macshane was born of respectable parents, in the town of Clonakilty, in Ireland, being descended from most of the kings in that country. He had the honour of serving their majesties King William and Queen Mary, and her majesty Queen Anne, in Flanders and Spain, and obtained much credit 10 from my Lords Marlborough and Peterborough for his valour.

"But being placed on half-pay at the end of the war, Ensign Macshane took to evil courses; and, frequenting the bagnios and dice-houses, was speedily brought to ruin.

"Being at this pass, he fell in with the notorious Captain Wood, and they 15 two together committed many atrocious robberies in the inland counties; but these being too hot to hold them, they went into the west, where they were unknown. Here, however, the day of retribution arrived; for, having stolen three pewter pots from a public-house, they, under false names, were tried at Exeter, and transported for seven years beyond the sea. Thus it is seen that Justice never 20 sleeps; but, sooner or later, is sure to overtake the criminal.

"On their return from Virginia, a quarrel about booty arose between these two, and Macshane killed Wood in a combat that took place between them near to the town of Bristol; but a wagon coming up, Macshane was obliged to fly without the ill-gotten wealth: so true is it, that wickedness never prospers.

"Two days afterwards, Macshane met the coach of Miss Macraw, a Scotch lady and heiress, going, for lumbago and gout, to the Bath. He at first would have robbed this lady; but such were his arts, that he induced her to marry him; and they lived together for seven years in the town of Eddenboro, in Scotland,—he passing under the name of Colonel Geraldine. The lady dying, and 5 Macshane having expended all her wealth, he was obliged to resume his former evil courses, in order to save himself from starvation; whereupon he robbed a Scotch lord, by name the Lord of Whistlebinkie, of a mull of snuff; for which crime he was condemned to the Tolbooth prison at Eddenboro, in Scotland, and whipped many times in publick. 10

"These deserved punishments did not at all alter Captain Macshane's disposition; and on the 17th of February last he stopped the Bavarian envoy's coach on Blackheath, coming from Dover, and robbed his excellency and his chaplain; taking from the former his money, watches, star, a fur-cloak, his sword (a very valuable one); and from the latter a Romish missal, out of which he 15 was then reading, and a case-bottle."

"The Bavarian envy!" said Tom, parenthetically. "My master, Beinkleider, was his lordship's regimental tailor in Germany, and is now making a court suit for him. It will be a matter of a hundred pounds to him, I warrant."

Dr. Wood resumed his reading. "Hum—hum! A Romish missal out of 20 which he was reading, and a case-bottle.

"By means of the famous Mr. Wild, this notorious criminal was brought to justice, and the case-bottle and missal have been restored to Father O'Flaherty.

"During his confinement in Newgate, Mr. Macshane could not be brought

to express any contrition for his crimes, except that of having killed his commanding officer. For this Wood he pretended an excessive sorrow, and vowed that usquebaugh had been the cause of his death,—indeed, in prison he partook of no other liquor, and drunk a bottle of it on the day before his death.

"He was visited by several of the clergy and gentry in his cell; among 5 others by the Popish priest whom he had robbed, Father O'Flaherty, before mentioned, who attended him likewise in his last moments (if that idolatrous worship may be called attention); and likewise by the father's patron, the Bavarian ambassador, his Excellency Count Maximilian de Galgenstein."

As old Wood came to these words, he paused to give them utterance. 10

"What! Max?" screamed Mrs. Hayes, letting her ink-bottle fall over her ledgers.

"Why, be hanged, if it ben't my father!" said Mr. Billings.

"Your father, sure enough, unless there be others of his name, and unless the scoundrel is hanged," said the doctor; sinking his voice, however, at the end 15 of the sentence.

Mr. Billings broke his pipe in an agony of joy. "I think we'll have the coach now, mother," says he; "and I'm blessed if Polly Briggs shall not look as fine as a duchess."

"Polly Briggs is a low slut, Tom, and not fit for the likes of you, his 20 excellency's son. Oh, fie! You must be a gentleman now, sirrah, and I doubt whether I sha'n't take you away from that odious tailor's shop altogether."

To this proposition Mr. Billings objected altogether; for, besides Mrs. Briggs before alluded to, the young gentleman was much attached to his master's daughter, Mrs. Margaret, Gretel, or Gretchen Beinkleider.

"No," says he, "there will be time to think of that hereafter, ma'am. If my pa makes a man of me, why, of course, the shop may go to the deuce, for what I care; but we had better wait, look you, for something certain, before we give up such a pretty bird in the hand as this."

"He speaks like Solomon," said the doctor.

5

"I always said he would be a credit to his old mother; didn't I, Brock?" cried Mrs. Cat, embracing her son very affectionately. "A credit to her; ay, I warrant, a real blessing! And dost thou want any money, Tom? for a lord's son must not go about without a few pieces in his pocket. And I tell thee, Tommy, thou must go and see his lordship; and thou shalt have a piece of brocade for 10 a waistcoat, thou shalt; ay, and the silver-hilted sword I told thee of; but O Tommy, Tommy! have a care, and don't be a drawing of it in naughty company at the gaming-houses, or at the ——"

"A drawing of fiddlesticks, mother! If I go to see my father, I must have a reason for it; and instead of going with a sword in my hand, I shall take 15 something else in it."

"The lad *is* a lad of nouse," cried Dr. Wood, "although his mother does spoil him so cruelly. Look you, Madam Cat; did you not hear what he said about Beinkleider and the clothes? Tommy will just wait on the count with his lordship's breeches. A man may learn a deal of news in the trying on of a 20 pair of breeches."

And so it was agreed, that in this manner the son should at first make his appearance before his father. Mrs. Cat gave him the piece of brocade, which, in the course of the day, was fashioned into a smart waistcoat (for Beinkleider's shop was close by, in Cavendish Square). Mrs. Gretel, with many blushes, tied a

fine blue riband round his neck; and, in a pair of silk stockings, with gold buckles to his shoes, Master Billings looked a very proper young gentleman.

"And, Tommy," said his mother, blushing and hesitating, "should Max—should his lordship ask after your—want to know if your mother is alive, you can say she is, and well, and often talks of old times. And, Tommy" (after 5 another pause), "you needn't say any thing about Mr. Hayes, only say I'm quite well."

Mrs. Hayes looked at him as he marched down the street, a long, long way. Tom was proud and gay in his new costume, and was not unlike his father. As she looked, lo! Oxford Street disappeared; and she saw a green 10 common, and a village, and a little inn. There was a soldier leading a pair of horses about on the green common; and in the inn sate a cavalier, so young, so merry, so beautiful! Oh, what slim, white hands he had; and winning words, and tender, gentle, blue eyes! Was it not an honour to a country lass that such a noble gentleman should look at her for a moment? Had he not some charm 15 about him that she must needs obey, when he whispered in her ear, "Come, follow me"? As she walked towards the lane that morning, how well she remembered each spot as she passed it, and the look it wore for the last time! How the smoke was rising from the pastures, how the fish were jumping and splashing in the mill-stream! There was the church, with all its windows lighted 20 up with gold, and yonder were the reapers sweeping down the brown corn. She tried to sing as she went up the hill—what was it? She could not remember; but, oh, how well she remembered the sound of the horse's hoofs, as they came quicker, quicker—nearer, nearer! How noble he looked on his great horse! Was he thinking of her, or were they all silly words which he spoke last night,



merely to pass away the time and deceive poor girls with? Would he remember them, would he?

\* \* \* \* \*

"Cat, my dear!" here cried Mr. Brock, *alias* Captain, *alias* Dr. Wood; "here's the meat a-getting cold, and I am longing for my breakfast." 5

As they went in, he looked at her hard in the face. "What, *still* at it, you silly girl? I've been watching you these five minutes, Cat; and be hanged but I think a word from Galgenstein, and you would follow him as a fly does a treacle-pot!"

They went into breakfast; but, though there was a hot shoulder of mutton 10 and onion-sauce, Mrs. Catherine's favourite dish, she never touched a morsel of it.

In the meanwhile, Mr. Thomas Billings, in his new clothes which his mamma had given him, in his new riband which the fair Miss Beinkleider had tied round his neck, and having his excellency's breeches wrapped in a silk 15 handkerchief in his right hand, turned down in the direction of Whitehall, where the Bavarian envoy lodged. But, before he waited on him, Mr. Billings, being excessively pleased with his personal appearance, made an early visit to Mrs. Briggs, who lived in the neighbourhood of Swallow Street; and who, after expressing herself with much enthusiasm regarding her Tommy's good looks, 20 immediately asked him what he would stand to drink? Raspberry gin being suggested, a pint of that liquor was sent for; and so great was the confidence and intimacy subsisting between these two young people, that the reader will be glad to hear that Mrs. Polly accepted every shilling of the money which Tom Billings had received from his mamma the day before; nay, could with difficulty

be prevented from seizing upon the cut-velvet breeches which he was carrying to the nobleman for whom they were made. Having paid his adieux to Mrs. Polly, Mr. Billings departed to visit his father.

## CHAP. IX.

Interview between Count Galgenstein and Master Thomas Billings, when he informs the Count of his parentage.

I don't know, in all this miserable world, a more miserable spectacle than that of a young fellow of five or six and forty. The British army, that nursery 5 of valour, turns out many of the young fellows I mean; who, having flaunted in dragoon uniforms from seventeen to six and thirty; having bought, sold, or swapped during that period some two hundred horses; having played, say fifteen thousand games at billiards; having drunk some six thousand bottles of wine; having consumed a reasonable number of Nugee coats, split many dozen pairs of 10 high-heeled Hoby boots, and read the newspaper and the army-list duly, retire from the service when they have attained their eighth lustre, and saunter through the world, trailing from London to Cheltenham, and from Boulogne to Paris, and from Paris to Baden, their idleness, their ill-health, and their *ennui*. "In the morning of youth," and when seen along with whole troops of their 15 companions, these flowers look gaudy and brilliant enough; but there is no object more dismal than one of them alone, and in its autumnal or seedy state. My friend, Captain Popjoy, is one of them who has arrived at this condition, and whom every body knows by his title of Father Pop. A kinder, simpler, more empty-headed fellow, does not exist. He is forty-seven years old, and appears a 20 young, good-looking man of sixty. At the time of the army of occupation, he really was as good-looking a man as any in the dragoons. He now uses all sorts of stratagems to cover the bald place on his head, by combing certain thin, gray side-locks over it. He has, in revenge, a pair of enormous moustaches,

which he dyes of the richest blue-black. His nose is a good deal larger and redder than it used to be; his eyelids have grown flat and heavy; and a little pair of red, watery eyeballs, float in the midst of them; it seems as if the light which was once in those sickly, green pupils, had extravasated into the white part of the eye. If Pop's legs are not so firm and muscular as they used to be 5 in those days when he took such leaps into White's buckskins, in revenge his waist is much larger. He wears a very good coat, however, and a waistband, which he lets out after dinner. Before ladies he blushes, and is as silent as a schoolboy. He calls them "modest women." His society is chiefly among young lads belonging to his former profession. He knows the best wine to be had at 10 each tavern or café, and the waiters treat him with much respectful familiarity. He knows the names of every one of them; and shouts out, "Send Markwell here!" or "Tell Cuttriss to give us a bottle of the yellow seal;" or "Dizzy voo, Monsure Borrel, noo donny shampang frappy," etc. He always makes the salad or the punch, and dines out three hundred days in the year; the other days 15 you see him in a two-franc eating-house at Paris, or prowling about Rupert Street or St. Martin's Court, where you get a capital cut of meat for eightpence. He has decent lodgings, and scrupulously clean linen; his animal functions are still tolerably well-preserved, his spiritual have evaporated long since; he sleeps well, has no conscience, believes himself to be a respectable 20 fellow, and is tolerably happy on the days when he is asked out to dinner.

Poor Pop is not very high in the scale of created beings; but, if you fancy there is none lower, you are in egregious error. There was once a man who had a mysterious exhibition of an animal quite unknown to naturalists, called "the wusser." Those curious individuals who desired to see the wusser,

were introduced into an apartment where appeared before them nothing more than a little, lean, shrivelled, hideous, blear-eyed, mangy pig. Every one cried out swindle and shame. "Patience, gentlemen, be heasy," said the showman; "look at that there hanimal; it's a perfect phenomaly of hugliness; I engage you never see such a pig." Nobody ever had seen. "Now, gentlemen," said he, "I'll keep 5 my promise, has per bill; and bad as that there pig is, look at this here" (he shewed another); "look at this here, and you'll see at once that it's a *wusser*." In like manner the Popjoy breed is bad enough, but it serves only to shew off the Galgenstein race, which is *wusser*.

Galgenstein had led a very gay life, as the saying is, for the last fifteen 10 years; such a gay one, that he had lost all capacity of enjoyment by this time, and only possessed inclinations without powers of gratifying them. He had grown to be exquisitely curious and fastidious about meat and drink, for instance, and all that he wanted was an appetite. He carried about with him a French cook, who could not make him eat; a doctor, who could not make him well; a 15 mistress, of whom he was heartily sick after two days; a priest, who had been a favourite of the exemplary Dubois, and by turns used to tickle him by the imposition of a penance, or by the repetition of a tale from the *recueil* of Nocé, or La Fare. All his appetites were wasted and worn, only some monstrosity would galvanise them into momentary action. He was in that effete state to 20 which many noblemen of his time had arrived, who were ready to believe in ghost-raising, or in gold-making, or to retire into monasteries and wear hair-shirts, or to dabble in conspiracies, or to die in love with little cook-maids of fifteen, or to pine for the smiles or at the frowns of a prince of the blood, or to go mad at the refusal of a chamberlain's key. The last gratification he

remembered to have enjoyed, was that of riding bare-headed in a soaking rain for three hours by the side of his grand-duke's mistress's coach; taking the *pas* of Count Krähwinkel, who challenged him, and was run through the body for this very dispute. Galgenstein gained a rheumatic gout by it, which put him to tortures for many months, and was further gratified with the post of English 5 envoy. He had a fortune, he asked no salary, and could look the envoy very well. Father O'Flaherty did all the duties, and furthermore acted as a spy over the ambassador—a sinecure post; for the man had no feelings, wishes, or opinions—absolutely none.

"Upon my life, father," said this worthy man, "I care for nothing. You 10 have been talking for an hour about the Regent's death, and the Duchess of Phalaris, and sly old Fleury, and what not; and I care just as much as if you told me that one of my bauers at Galgenstein had killed a pig; or as if my lackey, La Rose, yonder, had made love to my mistress."

"He does!" said the reverend gentleman. 15

"Ah, Monsieur l'Abbé!" said La Rose, who was arranging his master's enormous court periwig, "you are, hélas! wrong. Monsieur le Comte will not be angry at my saying that I wish the accusation were true?"

The count did not take the slightest notice of La Rose's wit, but continued his own complaints. 20

"I tell you, abbé, I care for nothing. I lost a thousand guineas t'other night at basset; I wish to my heart I could have been vexed about it. Egad! I remember the day when, to lose a hundred, made me half mad for a month. Well, next day I had my revenge at dice, and threw thirteen mains. There was some delay; a call for fresh bones, I think; and would you believe it? I fell

asleep with the box in my hand!"

"A desperate case, indeed!" said the abbé.

"If it had not been for Krähwinkel, I should have been a dead man, that's positive. That pinking him saved me!"

"I make no doubt of it," said the abbé. "Had your excellency not run 5 him through, he, without a doubt, would have done the same for you."

"Psha! you mistake my words, Monsieur l'Abbé" (yawning); "I mean—what cursed chocolate!—that I was dying for want of excitement. Not that I care for dying; no, d— me, if I do!"

"*When* you do, your excellency means," said the abbé, a fat, gray-haired 10 Irishman, from the Irlandois College at Paris.

His excellency did not laugh, nor understand jokes of any kind; he was of an undeviating stupidity, and only replied, "Sir, I mean what I say; I don't care for living; no, nor for dying either; but I can speak as well as another, and I'll thank you not to be correcting my phrases as if I were one of your cursed 15 school-boys, and not a gentleman of fortune and blood."

Herewith the count, who had uttered four sentences about himself (he never spoke of any thing else), sunk back on his pillows again, quite exhausted by his eloquence; the abbé, who had a seat and a table by the bedside, resumed the labours which had brought him into the room in the morning, and 20 busied himself with papers, which occasionally he handed over to his superior for approval.

Presently Monsieur La Rose appeared.

"Here is a person with clothes from Mr. Beinkleider's. Will your excellency see him, or shall I bid him leave the clothes?"

The count was very much fatigued by this time; he had signed three papers, and read the first half-dozen lines of a pair of them.

"Bid the fellow come in, La Rose; and, harkye, give me my wig: one must shew one's self to be a gentleman before these scoundrels." And he therefore mounted a large chestnut-coloured, orange-scented pyramid of horse-hair, 5 which was to awe the new-comer.

He was a lad of about seventeen, in a smart waistcoat and a blue riband; our friend, Tom Billings, indeed. He carried under his arm the count's destined breeches; he did not seem in the least awed, however, by his excellency's appearance, but looked at him with a great degree of curiosity and 10 boldness. In the same manner he surveyed the chaplain, and then nodded to him with a kind look of recognition.

"Where have I seen the lad?" said the father. "Oh, I have it! My good friend, you were at the hanging yesterday, I think?"

Mr. Billings gave a very significant nod with his head. "I never miss," 15 said he.

"What a young Turk! And pray, sir, do you go for pleasure, or for business?"

"Business! what do you mean by business?"

"Oh, I did not know whether you might be brought up to the trade, or 20 whether your relations be undergoing the operation."

"My relations," said Mr. Billings, proudly, and staring the count full in the face, "was not made for no such thing. I'm a tailor now, but I'm a gentleman's son; as good a man, ay, as his lordship there; for you a'n't his lordship—you're the Popish priest, you are, and we were very near giving you a



touch of a few Protestant stones, master."

The count began to be a little amused; he was pleased to see the abbé look alarmed, or even foolish.

"Egad, abbé," said he, "you turn as white as a sheet!"

"I don't fancy being murdered, my lord," said the abbé, hastily, "and 5  
murdered for a good work. It was but to be useful to yonder poor Irishman, who saved me as a prisoner in Flanders, when Marlborough would have hung me up like poor Macshane himself was yesterday."

"Ah!" said the count, bursting out with some energy, "I was thinking who the fellow could be ever since he robbed me on the Heath. I recollect the 10  
scoundrel now, he was a second in a duel I had here in the year 9."

"Along with Major Wood, behind Montague House," said Mr. Billings. "I've heard on it," and here he looked more knowing than ever.

"You!" cried the count, more and more surprised; "and pray who the  
devil are you?" 15

"My name's Billings."

"Billings?" said the count.

"I come out of Warwickshire," said Mr. Billings.

"Indeed!"

"I was born at Birmingham town." 20

"Were you, really?"

"My mother's name was Hall," continued Billings, in a solemn voice; "I was put out to nurse along with John Billings, a blacksmith; and my father run away. Now do you know who I am?"

"Why, upon honour, now," said the count, who was amused,— "upon

honour, Mr. Billings, I have not that advantage."

"Well, then, my lord, *you're my father!*"

Mr. Billings, when he said this, came forward to the count with a theatrical air; and, flinging down the breeches of which he was the bearer, held out his arms and stared, having very little doubt but that his lordship would 5 forthwith spring out of bed and hug him to his heart. A similar piece of *naïveté* many fathers of families have, I have no doubt, remarked in their children; who, not caring for their parents a single doit, conceive, nevertheless, that the latter are bound to shew all sorts of affection for them. His lordship did move, but backwards towards the wall, and begun pulling at the bell-rope with an 10 expression of the most intense alarm.

"Keep back, sirrah!—keep back! Suppose I *am* your father, do you want to murder me? Good heavens, how the boy smells of gin and tobacco! Don't turn away, my lad; sit down there at a proper distance; and, La Rose, give him some Eau de Cologne, and get a cup of coffee. Well, now, go on with your 15 story. Egad, my dear abbé, I think it is very likely that what the lad says is true!"

"If it is a family conversation," said the abbé, "I had better leave you."

"Oh, for Heaven's sake, no! I could not stand the boy alone. Now, Mr.—ah! what's your name? Have the goodness to tell your story." 20

Mr. Billings was wofully disconcerted; for his mother and he had agreed that, as soon as his father saw him, he would be recognised at once, and, mayhap, made heir to the estates and title; in which, being disappointed, he very sulkily went on with his narrative, and detailed many of those events with which the reader has already been made acquainted. The count asked the boy's



The interview of Mr. Billings with his father.

mother's Christian name, and being told it, his memory at once returned to him.

"What! are you little Cat's son?" said his excellency. "By Heavens, *mon cher abbé*, a charming creature, but a tigress—positively a tigress. I recollect the whole affair now; she's a little, fresh, black-haired woman, a'n't she? With a sharp nose, and thick eyebrows, ay? Ah! yes, yes," went on my lord; "I 5 recollect her, I recollect her; it was at Birmingham I first met her; she was my Lady Trippet's woman, wasn't she?"

"She was no such thing," said Mr. Billings, hotly; "her aunt kept the Bugle Inn on Waltham Green, and your lordship seduced her."

"Seduced her! oh, 'gad, so I did; stap me, now, I did. Yes, I made her 10 jump on my black horse, and bore her off like—like Aeneas bore away his wife from the siege of Rome! hey, l'Abbé?"

"The events were precisely similar," said the abbé; "it is wonderful what a memory you have!"

"I was always remarkable for it," continued his excellency. "Well, where 15 was I,—at the black horse? Yes, at the black horse. Well, I mounted her on the black horse, and rode her *en croupe*,—egad, ha, ha!—to Birmingham; and there we billed and cooed together like a pair of turtle-doves; yes!—ha—that we did!"

"And this, I suppose, is the end of some of the *billings*?" said the abbé, pointing to Mr. Tom. 20

"Billings! what do you mean? Yes, oh, ah, a pun, a *calembourg*: *fi, donc*, M. l'Abbé." And then, after the wont of very stupid people, M. de Galgenstein went on to explain to the abbé his own pun. "Well, but to proceed," cries he; "we lived together at Birmingham, and I was going to be married to a rich heiress, egad! when, what do you think this little Cat does? She murders me,

egad! and makes me *manquer* the marriage. Twenty thousand, I think it was, and I wanted the money in those days. Now, wasn't she an abominable monster, that mother of yours, hey, Mr. a—What's-your-name?"

"She served you right!" said Mr. Billings, with a great oath, starting up out of all patience. 5

"Fellow!" said his excellency, quite aghast, "do you know to whom you speak?—to a nobleman of seventy-eight descents; a count of the holy Roman empire; a representative of a sovereign? ha, egad! Don't stamp, fellow, if you hope for my protection."

"D—n your protection!" said Mr. Billings, in a fury. "Curse you and your 10 protection too! I'm a free-born Briton, and no — French Papist! And any man who insults my mother—ay, or calls me feller, had better look to himself and the two eyes in his head, I can tell him!" And with this Mr. Billings put himself into the most approved attitude of the Cockpit, and invited his father, the reverend gentleman, and M. La Rose, the valet, to engage with him in a 15 pugilistic encounter. The two latter, the abbé especially, seemed dreadfully frightened: but the count now looked on with much interest; and, giving utterance to a feeble kind of chuckle, which lasted for about half a minute, said,—

"Paws off, Pompey; you young hang-dog, you—egad, yes, aha! 'Pon honour, you're a lad of spirit; some of your father's spunk in you, hey? I know 20 him by that oath. Why, sir, when I was sixteen, I used to swear—to swear, egad, like a Thames waterman, and exactly in this fellow's way! Buss me, my lad; no, kiss my hand, that will do," and he held out a very lean, yellow hand, peering from a pair of yellow ruffles; it shook very much, and the shaking made all the rings upon it shine only the more.

"Well," says Mr. Billings, "if you wasn't a-going to abuse me nor mother, I don't care if I shake hands with you: I ain't proud!"

The abbé laughed with great glee; and that very evening sent off to his court a most ludicrous, *spicy* description, of the whole scene of meeting between this amiable father and child, in which he said that young Billings was the *élève* 5 *favorite* of M. Kitch, Ecuyer, le bourreau de Londres, and which made the duke's mistress laugh so much, that she vowed that the abbé should have a bishoprick on his return; for, with such store of wisdom, look you, my son, was the world governed in those days.

The count and his offspring meanwhile conversed with some cordiality. The 10 former informed the latter of all the diseases to which he was subject, his manner of curing them, his great consideration as chamberlain to the Duke of Bavaria; how he wore his court-suits, and of a particular powder which he had invented for the hair; how, when he was seventeen, he had run away with a canoness, egad! who was afterwards locked up in a convent, and grew to be 15 sixteen stone in weight; how he remembered the time when ladies did not wear patches; and how the Duchess of Marlborough boxed his ears when he was so high, because he wanted to kiss her.

All these important anecdotes took some time in the telling, and were accompanied by many profound moral remarks; such as, "I can't abide garlic, 20 nor white-wine, stap me, nor sauer-kraut, though his highness eats half a bushel per day. I ate it the first time at court; but, when they brought it me a second time, I refused—refused, split me and grill me if I didn't! Every body stared; his highness looked as fierce as a Turk; and that infernal Krähwinkel (my dear, I did for him afterwards)—that cursed Krähwinkel, I say, looked as

pleased as possible, and whispered to Countess Fritsch, 'Blitzchen Frau Gräfinn,' says he, 'it's all over with Galgenstein.' What did I do? I had the *entrée*, and demanded it. 'Altesse,' says I, falling on one knee, 'I ate no kraut at dinner to-day; you remarked it, I saw your highness remark it.'

" 'I did, M. le Comte,' said his highness, gravely.

5

"I had almost tears in my eyes, but it was necessary to come to a resolution, you know. 'Sir,' said I, 'I speak with deep grief to your highness, who are my benefactor, my friend, my father; but of this I am resolved, I WILL NEVER EAT SAUERKRAUT MORE; it don't agree with me. After being laid up for four weeks by the last dish of sauerkraut of which I partook, I 10 may say with confidence—it don't agree with me. By impairing my health, it impairs my intellect, and weakens my strength, and both I would keep for your highness's service.'

" 'Tut, tut!' said his highness; 'tut, tut, tut.' Those were his very words.

15

" 'Give me my sword or my pen,' said I; 'give me my sword or my pen, and with these Maximilian de Galgenstein is ready to serve you; but sure,—sure, a great prince will pity the weak health of a faithful subject, who does not know how to eat sauerkraut?' His highness was walking about the room, I was still on my knees, and stretched forward my hand to seize his 20 coat.

" 'GEHT ZUM TEUFEL, sir,' said he, in a loud voice (it means 'Go to the deuce,' my dear),—'Geht zum Teufel, and eat what you like!' With this he went out of the room abruptly, leaving in my hand one of his buttons, which I keep to this day. As soon as I was alone, amazed by his great goodness and

bounty, I sobbed aloud—cried like a child" (the count's eyes filled and winked at the very recollection); "and when I went back into the card-room, stepping up to Krähwinkel, 'Count,' says I, 'who looks foolish now?'—Hey, there, La Rose, give me the diamond — Yes, that was the very pun I made, and very good it was thought. 'Krähwinkel,' says I, '*who looks foolish now?*' and from that day to 5 this I was never at a court-day asked to eat sauerkraut—*never*.

"Hey there, La Rose? Bring me that diamond snuff-box in the drawer of my *secrétaire*;" and the snuff-box was brought. "Look at it, my dear," said the count, "for I saw you seemed to doubt; there is the button—the very one that came off his grace's coat." 10

Mr. Billings received it, and twisted it about with a stupid air. The story had quite mystified him; for he did not dare yet to think his father was a fool—his respect for the aristocracy prevented him.

When the count's communications had ceased, which they did as soon as the story of the sauerkraut was finished, a silence of some minutes ensued. Mr. 15 Billings was trying to comprehend the circumstances above narrated; his lordship was exhausted; the chaplain had quitted the room directly the word sauerkraut was mentioned—he knew what was coming. His lordship looked for some time at his son, who returned the gaze with his mouth wide open. "Well," said the count; "well, sir? What are you sitting there for? If you have nothing to say, 20 sir, you had better go. I had you here to amuse me—split me—and not to sit there staring!"

Mr. Billings rose in a fury.

"Harkye, my lad," said the count, "tell La Rose to give thee five guineas, and, ah—come again some morning. A nice, well-grown young lad," mused the



count, as Master Tommy walked wondering out of the apartment; "a pretty fellow enough, and intelligent too."

"Well, he *is* an odd fellow, my father," thought Mr. Billings, as he walked out, having received the sum offered to him. And he immediately went to call upon his friend Polly Briggs, from whom he had separated in the 5 morning.

What was the result of their interview is not at all necessary to the progress of this history. Having made her, however, acquainted with the particulars of his visit to his father, he went to his mother's, and related to her all that had occurred.

10

Poor thing, she was very differently interested in the issue of it!

## CHAP. X.

Shewing how Galgenstein and Mrs. Cat recognise each other in Marylebone Gardens—and how the Count drives her home in his carriage.

About a month after the touching conversation above related, there was given, at Marylebone Gardens, a grand concert and entertainment, at which the 5 celebrated Madame Aménaide, a dancer of the theatre at Paris, was to perform, under the patronage of several English and foreign noblemen; among whom was his excellency the Bavarian envoy. Madame Aménaide was, in fact, no other than the *maîtresse en titre* of the Monsieur de Galgenstein, who had her a great bargain from the Duke de Rohan-Chabot at Paris. 10

It is not our purpose to make a great and learned display here, otherwise the costumes of the company assembled at this fête might afford scope for at least half a dozen pages of fine writing; and we might give, if need were, specimens of the very songs and music sung on the occasion. Does not the Burney collection of music, at the British Museum, afford one an ample 15 store of songs from which to choose? Are there not the memoirs of Colley Cibber? those of Mrs. Clark, the daughter of Colley? Is there not Congreve, and Farquhar—nay, and at a pinch, the *Dramatic Biography*, or even the *Spectator*, from which the observant genius might borrow passages, and construct pretty antiquarian figments? Leave we these trifles to meaner souls! Our business is not 20 with the breeches and periwigs, with the hoops and patches, but with the divine hearts of men, and of the passions which agitate them. What need, therefore, have we to say that on this evening, after the dancing, the music, and the fireworks, Monsieur de Galgenstein felt the strange and welcome pangs of

appetite, and was picking a cold chicken, along with some other friends, in an  
 arbour—a cold chicken, with an accompaniment of a bottle of champagne—when  
 he was led to remark that a very handsome, plump little person, in a gorgeous  
 stiff damask gown and petticoat, was sauntering up and down the walk running  
 opposite his supping-place, and bestowing continual glances towards his excellency. 5  
 The lady, whoever she was, was in a mask, such as ladies of high and low  
 fashion wore at public places in those days, and had a male companion. He was  
 a lad of only seventeen, marvellously well dressed—indeed, no other than the  
 count's own son, Mr. Thomas Billings; who had at length received from his  
 mother the silver-hilted sword, and the wig, which that affectionate parent had 10  
 promised to him.

In the course of the month which had elapsed since the interview that  
 has been described in the former chapter, Mr. Billings had several times had  
 occasion to wait on his father; but though he had, according to her wishes,  
 frequently alluded to the existence of his mother, the count had never at any 15  
 time expressed the slightest wish to renew his acquaintance with that lady; who,  
 if she had seen him, had only seen him by stealth.

The fact is, that after Billings had related to her the particulars of his  
 first meeting with his excellency, which ended, like many of the latter visits, in  
 nothing at all, Mrs. Hayes had found some pressing business, which continually 20  
 took her to Whitehall, and had been prowling from day to day about Monsieur  
 de Galgenstein's lodgings. Four or five times in the week, as his excellency  
 stepped into his coach, he might have remarked, had he chosen, a woman in a  
 black hood, who was looking most eagerly into his eyes: but those eyes had long  
 since left off the practice of observing; and Madam Catherine's visits had so far

gone for nothing.

On this night, however, inspired by gaiety and drink, the count had been amazingly stricken by the gait and ogling of the lady in the mask. The Reverend O'Flaherty, who was with him, and had observed the figure in the black cloak, recognised, or thought he recognised, her. "It is the woman who 5 dogs your excellency every day," said he. "She is with that tailor lad who loves to see people hanged—your excellency's son, I mean." And he was just about to warn the count of a conspiracy evidently made against him, and that the son had brought, most likely, the mother to play her arts upon him—he was just about, I say, to shew to the count the folly and danger of renewing an old 10 *liaison* with a woman such as he had described Mrs. Cat to be, when his excellency, starting up, and interrupting his ghostly adviser at the very beginning of his sentence, said, "Egad, l'Abbé, you are right—it is my son, and a mighty smart-looking creature with him. Hey! Mr. What's-your-name—Tom, you rogue, don't you know your own father?" And so saying, and cocking his beaver on 15 one side, Monsieur de Galgenstein strutted jauntily after Mr. Billings and the lady.

It was the first time that the count had formally recognised his son.

"Tom, you rogue," stopped at this, and the count came up. He had a white velvet suit, covered over with stars and orders, a neat modest wig and 20 bag, and peach-coloured silk stockings, with silver clasps. The lady in the mask gave a start as his excellency came forward. "Law, mother, don't squeege so," said Tom. The poor woman was trembling in every limb; but she had presence of mind to "squeege" Tom a great deal harder; and the latter took the hint, I suppose, and was silent.

The splendid count came up. Ye gods, how his embroidery glittered in the lamps! What a royal exhalation of musk and bergamot came from his wig, his handkerchief, and his grand lace ruffles and frills! A broad yellow riband passed across his breast, and ended at his hip in a shining diamond cross—a diamond cross, and a diamond sword-hilt! Was any thing ever seen so beautiful? And 5 might not a poor woman tremble when such a noble creature drew near to her, and deigned, from the height of his rank and splendour, to look down upon her? As Jove came down to Semele in state, in his habits of ceremony, with all the grand cordons of his orders blazing about his imperial person—thus dazzling, magnificent, triumphant, the great Galgenstein descended towards Mrs. Catherine. 10 Her cheeks glowed red hot under her coy velvet mask, her heart thumped against the whalebone prison of her stays. What a delicious storm of vanity was raging in her bosom! What a rush of long-pent recollections burst forth at the sound of that enchanting voice!

As you wind up a hundred-guinea chronometer with a twopenny 15 watch-key—as by means of a dirty wooden plug you set all the waters of Versailles a raging, and splashing, and storming—in like manner, and by like humble agents, were Mrs. Catherine's tumultuous passions set going. The count, we have said, slipped up to his son, and merely saying, "How do, Tom?" cut the young gentleman altogether, and passing round to the lady's side, said, 20 "Madam, 'tis a charming evening, egad it is!" She almost fainted: it was the old voice—there he was, after seventeen years, once more at her side!

Now I know what I could have done. I can turn out a quotation from Sophocles (by looking to the index) as well as another: I can throw off a bit of fine writing too, with passion, similes, and a moral at the end—what, pray, is

the last sentence but one but the very finest writing? Suppose, for example, I had made Maximilian, as he stood by the side of Catherine, look up towards the clouds, and exclaim, in the words of the voluptuous Cornelius Nepos:

'Αέναοι Νεφέλαι

'Αρθῶμεν φανεραὶ

Δροσερὰν φύσιν εὐάγητον, κ. τ. λ.

5

Or suppose, again, I had said, in a style still more popular:—The count advanced towards the maiden. They both were mute for a while; and only the beating of her heart interrupted that thrilling and passionate silence. Ah, what years of buried joys and fears, hopes and disappointments, arose from their 10 graves in the far past, and in those brief moments flitted before the united ones! How sad was that delicious retrospect, and, oh, how sweet! The tears that rolled down the cheek of each were bubbles from the choked and moss-grown wells of youth; the sigh that heaved each bosom had some lurking odours in it—memories of the fragrance of boyhood, echoes of the hymns of the young 15 heart! Thus is it ever—for these blessed recollections the soul always has a place; and while crime perishes, and sorrow is forgotten, the beautiful alone is eternal.

"O golden legends, written in the skies!" mused De Galgenstein, "ye shine as ye did in the olden days! We change, but ye speak ever the same language. 20 Gazing in your abysmal depths, the feeble ratioci—"

\* \* \* \* \*

There, now, are six columns,\* of the best writing to be found in this or any other book. Galgenstein has quoted Euripides thrice, Plato once, Lycophron nine times, besides extracts from the Latin syntax and the minor Greek poets. Catherine's passionate embreathings are of the most fashionable order; and I call upon the ingenious critic of the X— newspaper to say whether they do not 5 possess the real impress of the giants of the olden time—the real Platonic smack, in a word? Not that I want in the least to shew off; but it is as well, every now and then, to shew the public what one *can* do.

Instead, however, of all this rant and nonsense, how much finer is the speech that the count really did make? "It is a very fine evening,—egad it is!" 10 The "egad" did the whole business; Mrs. Cat was as much in love with him now as ever she had been: and, gathering up all her energies, she said, "It is dreadful hot too, I think;" and with this she made a courtesy.

"Stifling, split me!" added his excellency. "What do you say, madam, to a rest in an arbour, and a drink of something cool?" 15

"Sir!" said the lady, drawing back.

"Oh, a drink—a drink by all means," exclaimed Mr. Billings, who was troubled with a perpetual thirst. "Come, mo—, Mrs. Jones, I mean: you're fond of a glass of cold punch, you know; and the rum here is prime, I can tell you." 20

The lady in the mask consented with some difficulty to the proposal of Mr. Billings, and was led by the two gentlemen into an arbour, where she was

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\* There *were* six columns, as mentioned by the accurate Mr. Solomons; but we have withdrawn two pages and three quarters, because, although our correspondent has been excessively eloquent, according to custom, we were anxious to come to the facts of the story.

Solomons, by sending to our office, may have the cancelled passages.—O.Y.

seated between them; and some wax candles being lighted, punch was brought.

She drank one or two glasses very eagerly, and so did her two companions, although it was evident to see, from the flushed looks of both of them, that they had little need of any such stimulus. The count, in the midst of his champagne, it must be said, had been amazingly stricken and scandalised by 5 the appearance of such a youth as Billings in a public place, with a lady under his arm. He was, the reader will therefore understand, in the moral stage of liquor; and when he issued out, it was not merely with the intention of examining Mr. Billings's female companion, but of administering to him some sound correction for venturing, at his early period of life, to form any such 10 acquaintances. On joining Billings, his excellency's first step was naturally to examine the lady. After they had been sitting for a while over their punch, he bethought him of his original purpose, and began to address a number of moral remarks to his son.

We have already given some specimens of Monsieur de Galgenstein's sober 15 conversation; and it is hardly necessary to trouble the reader with any further reports of his speeches. They were intolerably stupid and dull; as egotistical as his morning lecture had been, and a hundred times more rambling and prosy. If Cat had been in the possession of her sober senses, she would have seen in five minutes that her ancient lover was a ninny, and have left him with scorn; but 20 she was under the charm of old recollections, and the sound of that silly voice was to her magical. As for Mr. Billings, he allowed his excellency to continue his prattle, only frowning, yawning, cursing, occasionally, but drinking continually.

So the count descanted at length upon the enormity of young Billings's early *liaisons*; and then he told his own, in the year six, with a burgomaster's



daughter at Ratisbon, when he was in the Elector of Bavaria's service—then, after Blenheim, when he had come over to the Duke of Marlborough, when a physician's wife at Bonn poisoned herself for him, &c. &c.; of a piece with the story of the canoness, which has been recorded before. All the tales were true. A clever, ugly man, every now and then is successful with the ladies; but a 5 handsome fool is irresistible. Mrs. Cat listened and listened. Good Heavens! she had heard all these tales before, and recollected the place and the time—how she was hemming a handkerchief for Max, who came round and kissed her, vowing that the physician's wife was nothing compared to her—how he was tired, and lying on the sofa, just come home from shooting. How handsome he looked! Cat 10 thought he was only the handsomer now; and looked more grave and thoughtful, the dear fellow!

The garden was filled with a vast deal of company of all kinds, and parties were passing every moment before the arbour where our trio sat. About half an hour after his excellency had quitted his own box and party, the Rev. 15 Mr. O'Flaherty came discreetly round, to examine the proceedings of his diplomatical *chef*. The lady in the mask was listening with all her might; Mr. Billings was drawing figures on the table with punch; and the count was talking incessantly. The father confessor listened for a moment; and then, with something resembling an oath, walked away to the entry of the gardens, where his 20 excellency's gilt coach, with three footmen, was waiting to carry him back to London. "Get me a chair, Joseph," said his reverence, who infinitely preferred a seat, gratis, in the coach: "that fool," muttered he, "will not move for this hour." The reverend gentleman knew that, when the count was on the subject of the physician's wife, his discourses were intolerably long; and took upon himself,

therefore, to disappear, along with the rest of the count's party, who procured other conveyances, and returned to their homes.

After this quiet shadow had passed before the count's box, many groups of persons passed and repassed; and among them was no other than Mrs. Polly Briggs, to whom we have been introduced earlier in this Number. Mrs. Polly 5 was in company with one or two other ladies, and leaning on the arm of a gentleman, with large shoulders and calves, a fierce cock to his hat, and a shabby genteel air. His name was Mr. Moffat, and his present occupation was that of door-keeper at a gambling-house in Covent Garden; where, though he saw many thousands pass daily under his eyes, his own salary amounted to no more 10 than four-and-sixpence weekly,—a sum quite insufficient to maintain him in the rank which he held.

Mr. Moffat had, however, received some funds—amounting, indeed, to a matter of twelve guineas—within the last month, and was treating Mrs. Briggs very generously to the concert. It may be as well to say, that every one of the 15 twelve guineas had come out of Mrs. Polly's own pocket, who, in turn, had received them from Mr. Billings; and as the reader may remember that, on the day of Tommy's first interview with his father, he had previously paid a visit to Mrs. Briggs, having under his arm a pair of breeches, which Mrs. Briggs coveted: he should now be informed that she desired these breeches, not for 20 pincushions, but for Mr. Moffat, who had long been in want of a pair.

Having thus episodically narrated Mr. Moffat's history, let us state that he, his lady, and their friends, passed before the count's arbour, joining in a melodious chorus, to a song which one of the society, an actor of Betterton's, was singing:

" 'Tis my will, when I'm dead, that no tear shall be shed,  
 No 'Hic Jacet' be graved on my stone;  
 But pour o'er my ashes a bottle of red,  
 And say a good fellow is gone,  
 My brave boys!  
 And say a good fellow is gone."

5

"My brave boys" was given with vast emphasis by the party; Mr. Moffat growling it in a rich bass, and Mrs. Briggs in a soaring treble. As to the notes, when quavering up to the skies, they excited various emotions among the people in the gardens. "Silence them blackguards!" shouted a barber, who was 10 taking a pint of small-beer along with his lady. "Stop that there infernal screeching!" said a couple of ladies, who were sipping ratafia in company with two pretty fellows.

"Dang it, it's Polly!" said Mr. Tom Billings, bolting out of the box, and rushing towards the sweet-voiced Mrs. Briggs. When he reached her, which he 15 did quickly, and made his arrival known by tipping Mrs. Briggs slightly on the waist, and suddenly bouncing down before her and her friend, both of the latter drew back somewhat startled.

"Law, Mr. Billings!" says Mrs. Polly, rather coolly, "is it you? Who thought of seeing you here?"

20

"Who's this here young feller?" says towering Mr. Moffat, with his bass voice.

"It's Mr. Billings, cousin, a friend of mine," said Mrs. Polly, beseechingly.

"O cousin, if it's a friend of yours, he should know better how to conduct himself, that's all. Har you a dancing-master, young feller, that you cut

them there capers before gentlemen?" growled Mr. Moffat, who hated Mr. Billings, for the excellent reason that he lived upon him.

"Dancing-master be hanged!" said Mr. Billings, with becoming spirit: "if you call me dancing-master, I'll pull your nose."

"What!" roared Mr. Moffat, "pull my nose? *My nose!* I'll tell you what, 5 my lad, if you durst move me, I'll cut your throat, curse me!"

"O Moffy—cousin, I mean—'tis a shame to treat the poor boy so. Go away, Tommy, do go away; my cousin's in liquor," whimpered Madam Briggs, who really thought that the great door-keeper would put his threat into execution. 10

"Tommy!" said Mr. Moffat, frowning horribly; "Tommy to me too? Dog, get out of my ssss—" *sight* was the word which Mr. Moffat intended to utter; but he was interrupted, for, to the astonishment of his friends and himself, Mr. Billings did actually make a spring at the monster's nose, and caught it so firmly, that the latter could not finish his sentence. 15

The operation was performed with amazing celerity; and, having concluded it, Mr. Billings sprung back, and whisked from out its sheath that new silver-hilted sword which his mamma had given him. "Now," said he, with a fierce kind of calmness, "now for the throat-cutting, cousin: I'm your man!"

How the brawl might have ended, no one can say, had the two 20 gentlemen actually crossed swords; but Mrs. Polly, with a wonderful presence of mind, restored peace, by exclaiming, "Hush, hush! the beaks, the beaks!" Upon which, with one common instinct, the whole party made a rush for the garden gates, and disappeared into the fields. Mrs. Briggs knew her company: there was something in the very name of a constable which sent them all a flying.

After running a reasonable time, Mr. Billings stopped. But the great Moffat was no where to be seen, and Polly Briggs had likewise vanished. Then Tom bethought him that he would go back to his mother; but, arriving at the gate of the gardens, was refused admittance, as he had not a shilling in his pocket. "I've left," says Tommy, giving himself the airs of a gentleman, "some 5 friends in the gardens. I'm with his excellency the Bavarian henvy."

"Then you had better go away with him," said the gate people.

"But I tell you I left him there, in the grand circle, with a lady, and, what's more, in the dark walk, I have left a silver-hilted sword."

"O my lord, I'll go and tell him then," cried one of the porters, "if you 10 will wait."

Mr. Billings seated himself on a post near the gate, and there consented to remain until the return of his messenger. The latter went straight to the dark walk, and found the sword, sure enough. But, instead of returning it to his owner, this discourteous knight broke the trenchant blade at the hilt; and flinging 15 the steel away, pocketed the baser silver metal, and lurked off by the private door consecrated to the waiters and fiddlers.

In the meantime, Mr. Billings waited and waited. And what was the conversation of his worthy parents inside the garden? I cannot say; but one of the waiters declared, that he had served the great foreign count with two bowls 20 of rack punch, and some biscuits, in No. 3: that in the box with him were first a young gentleman, who went away, and a lady, splendidly dressed and masked: that when the lady and his lordship were alone, she edged away to the further end of the table, and they had much talk: that at last, when his grace had pressed her very much, she took off her mask, and said, "Don't you know me

now, Max?" that he cried out, "My own Catherine, thou art more beautiful than ever!" and wanted to kneel down and vow eternal love to her; but she begged him not to do so in a place where all the world would see: that then his highness paid, and they left the gardens, the lady pulling on her mask again.

When they issued from the gardens, "Ho! Joseph La Rose, my coach!" 5 shouted his excellency, in rather a husky voice; and the men who had been waiting came up with the carriage. A young gentleman, who was dosing on one of the posts at the entry, woke up suddenly at the blaze of the torches and the noise of the footmen. The count gave his arm to the lady in the mask, who slipped in; and he was whispering La Rose, when the lad who had been 10 sleeping hit his excellency on the shoulder, and said, "I say, count, you can give *me* a cast home too," and jumped into the coach.

When Catherine saw her son, she threw herself into his arms, and kissed him with a burst of hysterical tears, of which Mr. Billings was at a loss to understand the meaning. The count joined them, looking not a little disconcerted; 15 and the pair were landed at their own door, where stood Mr. Hayes, in his nightcap, ready to receive them, and astounded at the splendour of the equipage in which his wife returned to him.

[*Fraser's Magazine* 21 (January 1840): 106-115]

CHAP. XI.

Of some domestic quarrels, and the consequence thereof.

An ingenious magazine-writer, who lived in the time of Mr. Brock and the Duke of Marlborough, compared the latter gentleman's conduct in battle, when he

In peaceful thought the field of death surveyed, 5  
To fainting squadrons lent the timely aid;  
Inspired repulsed battalions to engage,  
And taught the doubtful battle where to rage.

Mr. Joseph Addison, I say, compared the Duke of Marlborough to an angel, who is sent by Divine command to chastise a guilty people— 10

And pleased his master's orders to perform,  
Rides on the whirlwind, and directs the storm.

The four first of these novel lines touch off the duke's disposition and genius to a tittle. He had a love for such scenes of strife: in the midst of them his spirit rose calm and supreme, soaring (like an angel or not, but any way 15 the compliment is a very pretty one) on the battle-clouds majestic, and causing to ebb or to flow the mighty tide of war.

But as this famous simile might apply with equal propriety to a bad angel as to a good one, it may in like manner be employed to illustrate small quarrels as well as great—a little family squabble, in which two or three people 20 are engaged, as well as a vast national dispute, argued on each side by the

roaring throats of five hundred angry cannon. The poet means, in fact, that the Duke of Marlborough had an immense genius for mischief.

Our friend Brock, or Wood (whose actions we love to illustrate by the very handsomest similes), possessed this genius in common with his grace; and was never so happy, or seen to so much advantage, as when he was employed 5 in setting people by the ears. His spirits, usually dull, then rose into the utmost gaiety and good-humour. When the doubtful battle flagged, he by his art would instantly restore it. When, for instance, Tom's repulsed battalions of rhetoric fled from his mamma's fire, a few words of apt sneer or encouragement on Wood's part would bring the fight round again; or when Mr. Hayes's fainting squadrons 10 of abuse broke upon the stubborn squares of Tom's bristling obstinacy, it was Wood's delight to rally the former, and bring him once more to the charge. A great share had this man in making those bad people worse. Many fierce words and bad passions, many falsehoods and knaveries on Tom's part, much bitterness, scorn, and jealousy, on the part of Hayes and Catherine, might be 15 attributed to this hoary old tempter, whose joy and occupation it was to raise and direct the domestic storms and whirlwinds of the family of which he was a member. And do not let us be accused of an undue propensity to use sounding words, because we compare three scoundrels in the Tyburn Road to so many armies, and Mr. Wood to a mighty field-marshal. My dear sir, when you have 20 well studied the world, how supremely great the meanest thing in this world is, and how infinitely mean the greatest, I am mistaken if you do not make a strange and proper jumble of the sublime and the ridiculous, the lofty and the low. I have looked at the world, for my part, and come to the conclusion that I know not which is which.



Well, then, on the night when Mrs. Hayes, as recorded by us, had been to the Marybone Gardens, Mr. Wood had found the sincerest enjoyment in plying her husband with drink, so that, when Catherine arrived at home, Mr. Hayes came forward to meet her in a manner which shewed that he was not only surly but drunk. Tom stepped out of the coach first; and Hayes asked him, with 5 an oath, where he had been? The oath Mr. Billings sternly flung back again (with another in its company), and at the same time refused to give his stepfather any sort of answer to his query.

"The old man is drunk, mother," said he to Mrs. Hayes, as he handed that lady out of the coach (before leaving which she had to withdraw her hand 10 rather violently from the grasp of the count, who was inside). Hayes instantly shewed the correctness of this surmise by slamming the door courageously in Tom's face, when he attempted to enter the house with his mother. And when Mrs. Catherine remonstrated, according to her wont, in a very angry and supercilious tone, Mr. Hayes replied with equal haughtiness, and a regular 15 quarrel ensued.

People were accustomed in those days to use much more simple and expressive terms of language than are now thought polite; and it would be dangerous to give, in this present year 1840, the exact words of reproach which passed between Hayes and his wife in 1726. Mr. Wood sat near, laughing his 20 sides out. Mr. Hayes swore that his wife should not go abroad to tea-gardens in search of vile Popish noblemen; to which Mrs. Hayes replied, that Mr. Hayes was a pitiful, lying, sneaking cur, and that she would go where she pleased. Mr. Hayes rejoined, that if she said much more he would take a stick to her. Mr. Brock whispered, "And serve her right." Mrs. Hayes thereupon swore, she

had stood his cowardly blows once or twice before, but that if ever he did so again, as sure as she was born she would stab him. Mr. Brock said, "Curse him, but he liked her spirit."

Mr. Hayes took another line of argument, and said, "The neighbours would talk, madam."

5

"Ay, that they will, no doubt," said Mr. Wood.

"Then let them," said Catherine. "What do we care about the neighbours? Didn't the neighbours talk when you sent widow Wilkins to gaol? Didn't the neighbours talk when you levied on poor old Thomson? You didn't mind *then*, Mr. Hayes."

10

"Business, ma'am, is business; and if I did distrain on Thomson, and lock up Wilkins, I think you knew about it as much as I."

"I' faith, I believe you're a pair," said Mr. Wood.

"Pray, sir, keep your tongue to yourself. Your opinion isn't asked, any how—no, nor your company wanted neither," cried Mrs. Catherine, with proper 15 spirit.

At which remark Mr. Wood only whistled.

"I have asked this here gentleman to pass this evening along with me. We've been drinking together, ma'am."

"That we have," said Mr. Wood, looking at Mrs. Cat with the most 20 perfect good-humour.

"I say, ma'am, that we've been a drinking together; and when we've been a drinking together, I say that a man is my friend. Dr. Wood is my friend, madam—the Rev. Dr. Wood. We've passed the evening in company, talking about politics, madam—politics and riddle-iddle-igion. We've not been

flaunting in tea-gardens, and ogling the men."

"It's a lie!" shrieked Mrs. Hayes: "I went with Tom—you know I did; the boy wouldn't let me rest till I promised to go."

"Hang him, I hate him," said Mr. Hayes: "he's always in my way."

"He's the only friend I have in the world, and the only being I care a 5 pin for," said Catherine.

"He's an impudent, idle, good-for-nothing scoundrel, and I hope to see him hanged!" shouted Mr. Hayes. "And pray, madam, whose carriage was that as you came home in? I warrant you paid something for the ride—Ha, ha!"

"Another lie!" screamed Cat, and clutched hold of a supper-knife. "Say it 10 again, John Hayes, and, by —, I'll do for you."

"Do for me? Hang me," said Mr. Hayes, flourishing a stick, and perfectly pot-valiant, "do you think I care for a bastard and a —"

He did not finish the sentence, for the woman ran at him like a savage, knife in hand. He bounded back, flinging his arms about wildly, and struck her 15 with his staff sharply across the forehead. The woman went down instantly. A lucky blow was it for Hayes and her: it saved him from death, perhaps, and her from murder.

All this scene—a very important one of our drama—might have been described at much greater length; but, in truth, the author has a natural horror 20 for dwelling too long upon such hideous spectacles, nor would the reader be much edified by a full and accurate knowledge of what took place. The quarrel, however, though not more violent than many that had previously taken place between Hayes and his wife, was about to cause vast changes in the condition of this unhappy pair.

Hayes was at the first moment of his victory very much alarmed; he feared that he had killed the woman; and Wood started up rather anxiously too, with the same fancy. But she soon began to recover. Water was brought; her head was raised and bound up; and in a short time Mrs. Catherine gave vent to a copious fit of tears, which relieved her somewhat. These did not affect 5 Hayes much—they rather pleased him, for he saw he had got the better; and although Cat fiercely turned upon him when he made some small attempt towards reconciliation, he did not heed her anger, but smiled and winked in a self-satisfied way at Wood. The coward was quite proud of his victory; and finding Catherine asleep, or apparently so, when he followed her to bed, speedily 10 gave himself up to slumber too, and had some pleasant dreams to his portion.

Mr. Wood also went sniggering and happy up stairs to his chamber. The quarrel had been a real treat to him; it excited the old man—tickled him into good-humour; and he promised himself a rare continuation of the fun when Tom should be made acquainted with the circumstances of the dispute. As for his 15 excellency the count, the ride from Marybone Gardens, and a tender squeeze of the hand which Catherine permitted to him on parting, had so inflamed the passions of the nobleman, that after sleeping for nine hours, and taking his chocolate as usual the next morning, he actually delayed to read the newspaper, and kept waiting a toy-shop lady from Cornhill (with the sweetest bargain of 20 Mechlin lace), in order to discourse to his chaplain on the charms of Mrs. Hayes.

She, poor thing, never closed her lids, except when she would have had Mr. Hayes imagine that she slumbered; but lay beside him, tossing and tumbling, with hot eyes wide open, and heart thumping, and pulse of a hundred

and ten, and heard the heavy hours tolling; and at last the day came peering, haggard, through the window-curtains, and found her still wakeful and wretched.

Mrs. Hayes had never been, as we have seen, especially fond of her lord; but now as the day made visible to her the sleeping figure and countenance of that gentleman, she looked at him with a contempt and loathing such as she 5 had never felt even in all the years of her wedded life. Mr. Hayes was snoring profoundly; by his bed-side, on his ledger, stood a large, greasy, tin candlestick, containing a lank tallow-candle, turned down in the shaft, and in the lower part his keys, purse, and tobacco-pipe; his feet were huddled up in his greasy, threadbare clothes, his head and half his sallow face muffled up in a red 10 woollen night-cap; his beard was of several days' growth; his mouth was wide open, and he was snoring profoundly: on a more despicable little creature the sun never shone. And to this sordid wretch was Catherine united for ever. What a pretty rascal history might be read in yonder greasy day-book, which never left the miser—he never read in any other. Of what a treasure were yonder 15 keys and purse the keepers! not a shilling they guarded but was picked from the pocket of necessity, plundered from needy wantonness, or pitilessly squeezed from starvation. "A fool, a miser, and a coward! Why was I bound to this wretch?" thought Catherine; "I, who am high-spirited and beautiful (did not *he* tell me so?); I who, born a beggar, have raised myself to competence, and 20 might have mounted—who knows whither?—if cursed fortune had not balked me!"

As Mrs. Catherine did not utter these sentiments, but only thought them, we have a right to clothe her thoughts in the genteelest possible language; and, to the best of our power, have done so. If the reader examines Mrs. Hayes's train of reasoning, he will not, we should think, fail to perceive how ingeniously

she managed to fix all the wrong upon her husband, and yet to twist out some consolatory arguments for her own vanity. This perverse argumentation we have all of us, no doubt, employed in our time. How often have we,—we poets, politicians, philosophers, family men,—found charming excuses for our own rascalities in the monstrous wickedness of the world about us; how loudly have 5 we abused the times and our neighbours! All this devil's-logic did Mrs. Catherine, lying wakeful in her bed, on the night of the Marybone fête, exert in gloomy triumph.

It must, however, be confessed, that nothing could be more just than Mrs. Hayes's sense of her husband's scoundrelism and meanness; for, if we have not 10 proved these in the course of this history, we have proved nothing. Mrs. Cat had a shrewd, observing mind; and if she wanted for proofs against Hayes, she had but to look before and about her to find them. This amiable pair were lying in a large walnut-bed, with faded silk furniture, which had been taken from under a respectable old invalid widow, who had become security for a 15 prodigal son; the room was hung round with an antique tapestry (representing Rebecca at the Well, Bathsheba Bathing, Judith and Holofernes, and other subjects from Holy Writ), which had been many score times sold for fifty pounds, and bought back by Mr. Hayes for two, in those accommodating bargains which he made with young gentlemen, who received fifty pounds of 20 money and fifty of tapestry in consideration of their hundred-pound bills. Against this tapestry, and just cutting off Holofernes's head, stood an enormous ominous black clock, the spoil of some other usurious transaction. Some chairs, and a dismal old black cabinet, completed the furniture of this apartment: it wanted but a ghost to render its gloom complete.

Mrs. Hayes sate up in bed sternly regarding her husband. There is, be sure, a strong magnetic influence in wakeful eyes so examining a sleeping person (do not you, as a boy, remember waking of bright summer mornings and finding your mother looking over you? had not the gaze of her tender eyes stolen into your senses long before you woke and cast over your slumbering spirit a sweet 5 spell of peace, and love, and fresh-springing joy?);—some such influence had Catherine's looks upon her husband; for, as he slept under them, the man began to writhe about uneasily, and to burrow his head in the pillow, and to utter quick, strange moans and cries, such as have often jarred one's ear, while watching at the bed of the feverish sleeper. It was just upon six, and presently 10 the clock began to utter those dismal grinding sounds, which issue from clocks at such periods, and which sound like the death-rattle of the departing hour. Then the bell struck the knell of it; and with this Mr. Hayes awoke, and looked up, and saw Catherine gazing at him.

Their eyes met for an instant, and Catherine turned away burning red, 15 and looking as if she had been caught in the commission of a crime.

A kind of blank terror seized upon old Hayes's soul; a horrible icy fear, and presentiment of coming evil: and yet the woman had but looked at him. He thought rapidly over the occurrences of the last night, the quarrel, and the end of it. He had often struck her before when angry, and heaped all kinds of bitter 20 words upon her; but, in the morning, she bore no malice, and the previous quarrel was forgotten, or, at least, passed over. Why should the last night's dispute not have the same end? Hayes calculated all this, and tried to smile.

"I hope we're friends, Cat?" said he. "You know I was in liquor last night, and sadly put out by the loss of that fifty pound. They'll ruin me,

dear—I know they will."

Mrs. Hayes did not answer.

"I should like to see the country again, dear," said he, in his most wheedling way. "I've a mind, do you know, to call in all our money. It's you who've made every farthing of it, that's sure; and it's a matter of two thousand 5 pound by this time. Suppose we go into Warwickshire, Cat, and buy a farm, and live genteel. Shouldn't you like to live a lady in your own county again? How they'd stare at Birmingham! hey, Cat?"

And with this Mr. Hayes made a motion, as if he would seize his wife's hand, but she flung his back again. 10

"Coward!" said she, "you want liquor to give you courage, and then you've only heart enough to strike women."

"It was only in self-defence, my dear," said Hayes, whose courage was all gone. "You tried, you know, to—to—"

"To *stab* you, and I wish I had!" said Mrs. Hayes, setting her teeth, and 15 glaring at him like a demon; and so saying, she sprung out of bed. There was a great stain of blood on her pillow. "Look at it," said she; "that blood's of your shedding!" and at this Hayes fairly began to weep, so utterly downcast and frightened was the miserable man. The wretch's tears only inspired his wife with a still greater rage and loathing; she cared not so much for the blow, but she 20 hated the man; the man to whom she was tied for ever, for ever! The bar between her and wealth, happiness, love, rank, perhaps. "If I were free," thought Mrs. Hayes (the thought had been sitting at her pillow all night, and whispering ceaselessly into her ear)—"if I were free, Max would marry me; I know he would—he said so yesterday!"



\* \* \* \* \*

As if by a kind of intuition, old Wood seemed to read all this woman's thoughts; for he said that day with a sneer, that he would wager she was thinking how much better it would be to be a count's lady than a poor miser's wife. "And faith," said he, "a count and a chariot-and-six is better than an old 5 skinflint with a cudgel." And then he asked her if her head was better, and supposed that she was used to beating, and cut sundry other jokes, which made the poor wretch's wounds of mind and body feel a thousand times sorer.

Tom, too, was made acquainted with the dispute, and swore his accustomed vengeance against his step-father. Such feelings, Wood, with a 10 dexterous malice, would never let rest; it was his joy, at first quite a disinterested one, to goad Catherine, and to frighten Hayes; though, in truth, that unfortunate creature had no occasion for incitements from without, to keep up the dreadful state of terror and depression into which he had fallen.

For from the morning after the quarrel, the horrible words and looks of 15 Catherine never left Hayes's memory; but a cold fear followed him—a dreadful prescience. He strove to overcome this fate as a coward would—to kneel to it for compassion—to coax and wheedle it into forgiveness. He was slavishly gentle to Catherine, and bore her fierce taunts with mean resignation. He trembled before young Billings, who was now established in the house (his mother said to 20 protect her against the violence of her husband), and suffered his brutal language and conduct without venturing to resist.

The young man and his mother lorded over the house; he hardly dared to speak in their presence; seldom sat with the family except at meals; but slipped away to his chamber (he slept apart now from his wife), or passed the

evening at the public-house, where he was constrained to drink—to spend some of his beloved sixpences for drink!

And, of course, the neighbours began to say, "John Hayes neglects his wife;" "He tyrannises over her, and beats her;" "Always at the public-house, leaving an honest woman alone at home!"

5

The unfortunate wretch did *not* hate his wife. He was used to her—fond of her as much as he could be fond—sighed to be friends with her again—repeatedly would creep, whimpering, to Wood's room, when the latter was alone, and beg him to bring about a reconciliation. They *were* reconciled as much as ever they could be. The woman looked at him, thought what she might be 10 but for him, and scorned and loathed him with a feeling that almost amounted to insanity. What nights she lay awake, weeping and cursing herself and him! His humility and beseeching looks only made him more despicable and hateful to her.

If Hayes did not hate the mother, however, he hated the boy—hated and 15 feared him dreadfully. He would have poisoned him if he had had the courage; but he dared not: he dared not even look at him as he sat there, the master of the house, in insolent triumph. O God! how the lad's brutal laughter rung in Hayes's ears, and how the stare of his fierce, bold, black eyes pursued him! Of a truth, if Mr. Wood loved mischief, as he did, honestly and purely for 20 mischief's sake, he had enough here. There was mean malice, and fierce scorn, and black revenge, and sinful desire, boiling up in the hearts of these wretched people, enough to content Mr. Wood's great master himself.

Hayes's business, as we have said, was nominally that of a carpenter; but since, for the last few years, he had added to it that of a lender of

money, the carpenter's trade had been neglected altogether for one so much more profitable. Mrs. Hayes had exerted herself, with much benefit to her husband, in his usurious business. She was a resolute, clear-sighted, keen woman, that did not love money, but loved to be rich and push her way in the world. She would have nothing to do with the trade now, however, and told her husband to 5 manage it himself. She felt that she was separated from him for ever, and could no more be brought to consider her interests as connected with his own.

The man was well fitted for the creeping and niggling of his dastardly trade; and gathered his monies, and busied himself with his lawyer, and acted as his own book-keeper and clerk, not without satisfaction. His wife's 10 speculations, when they worked in concert, used often to frighten him. He never sent out his capital without a pang, and only because he dared not question her superior judgment and will. He began now to lend no more; he could not let the money out of his sight. His sole pleasure was to creep up into his room, and count and re-count it. When Billings came into the house, Hayes had taken a 15 room next to that of Wood. It was a protection to him, for Wood would often rebuke the lad for using Hayes ill; and both Catherine and Tom treated the old man with deference.

At last—it was after he had collected a good deal of his money—Hayes began to reason with himself, "Why should I stay?—stay to be insulted by that 20 boy, or murdered by him? He is ready for any crime." He determined to fly. He would send Catherine money every year. No—she had the furniture; let her let lodgings—that would support her. He would go, and live away, abroad in some cheap place—away from that boy and his horrible threats. The idea of freedom was agreeable to the poor wretch; and he began to wind up his affairs

as quickly as he could.

Hayes would now allow no one to make his bed or enter his room; and Wood could hear him through the panels fidgeting perpetually to and fro, opening and shutting his chests, and clinking his coins. At the least sound he would start up, and would go to Billings's door and listen. Wood used to hear him 5 creeping through the passages, and returning stealthily to his own chamber.

One day the woman and her son had been angrily taunting him in the presence of a neighbour. The neighbour retired soon; and Hayes, who had gone with him to the door, heard, on returning, the voice of Wood in the parlour. The old man laughed in his usual saturnine way, and said, "Have a care, Mrs. 10 Cat, for if Hayes were to die suddenly, by the Laws, the neighbours would accuse thee of his death."

Hayes started as if he had been shot. "He too is in the plot," thought he. "They are all leagued against me; they *will* kill me; they are only biding their time." Fear seized him, and he thought of flying that instant and leaving 15 all; and he stole into his room and gathered his money together. But only a half of it was there; in a few weeks all would have come in. He had not the heart to go. But that night Wood heard Hayes pause at *his* door, before he went to listen at Mrs. Catherine's. "What is the man thinking of?" said Wood. "He is gathering his money together. Has he a hoard yonder unknown to us 20 all?"

Wood thought he would watch him. There was a closet between the two rooms: Wood bored a hole in the panel, and peeped through. Hayes had a brace of pistols, and four or five little bags before him on the table. One of these he opened, and placed, one by one, five-and-twenty guineas into it. Such a sum had

been due that day—Catherine spoke of it only that morning; for the debtor's name had by chance been mentioned in the conversation. Hayes commonly kept but a few guineas in the house. For what was he amassing all these? The next day, Wood asked for change for a twenty pound bill. Hayes said he had but three guineas. And when asked by Catherine where the money was that was 5 paid the day before, said that it was at the banker's. "The man is going to fly," said Wood; "that is sure: if he does, I know him—he will leave his wife without a shilling."

He watched him for several days regularly: two or three more sacks were added to the former number. "They are pretty things, guineas," thought Wood, 10 "and tell no tales, like bank-bills." And he thought over the days when he and Macshane used to ride abroad in search of them.

I don't know what thoughts entered into Mr. Wood's brain; but the next day, after seeing young Billings, to whom he actually made a present of a guinea, that young man, in conversing with his mother, said, "Do you know, 15 mother, that if you were free, and married the count, I should be a lord! It's the German law, Mr. Wood says; and you know he was in them countries with Marlborough."

"Ay, that he would," said Mr. Wood, "in Germany: but Germany isn't England; and it's no use talking of such things." 20

"Hush, child," said Mrs. Hayes, quite eagerly: "how can *I* marry the count? Besides, a'n't I married, and isn't he too great a lord for me?"

"Too great a lord?—not a whit, mother. If it wasn't for Hayes, I might be a lord now. He gave me five guineas only last week; but curse the skinflint who never will part with a shilling."

"It's not so bad as his striking your mother, Tom; I had my stick up, and was ready to fell him t'other night," added Mr. Wood. And herewith he smiled, and looked steadily in Mrs. Catherine's face. She dared not look again; but she felt that the old man knew a secret that she had been trying to hide from herself. Fool! he knew it; and Hayes knew it dimly: and never, never, 5 since that day of the gala, had it left her, sleeping or waking. When Hayes, in his fear, had proposed to sleep away from her, she started with joy: she had been afraid that she might talk in her sleep, and so let slip her horrible confession!

Old Wood knew all her history since the period of the Marybone fête. He 10 had wormed it out of her, day by day; he had counselled her how to act; warned her not to yield; to procure, at least, a certain provision for her son, and a handsome settlement for herself, if she determined on quitting her husband. The old man looked on the business in a proper philosophical light, told her bluntly that he saw she was bent upon going off with the count, and bade 15 her take precautions, else she might be left as she had been before.

Catherine denied all these charges, but she saw the count daily, notwithstanding, and took all the measures which Wood had recommended to her. They were very prudent ones: Galgenstein grew hourly more in love; never had he felt such a flame, not in the best days of his youth, not for the fairest 20 princess, countess, or actress from Vienna to Paris.

At length, it was the night after he had seen Hayes counting his moneybags, old Wood spoke to Mrs. Hayes very seriously. "That husband of yours, Cat," said he, "meditates some treason; ay, and fancies we are about such. He listens nightly at your door and at mine; he is going to leave you, be

sure on't; and if he leaves you, he leaves you to starve."

"I can be rich elsewhere," said Mrs. Cat.

"What, with Max?"

"Ay, with Max, and why not?" said Mrs. Hayes.

"Why not, fool! Do you recollect Birmingham? Do you think that 5  
Galgenstein, who is so tender now because he *hasn't* won you, will be faithful  
because he *has*? Pshaw, woman, men are not made so! Don't go to him until  
you are sure; if you were a widow now, he would marry you, but never leave  
yourself at his mercy; if you were to leave your husband to go to him, he  
would desert you in a fortnight!" 10

She might have been a countess! she knew she might, but for this cursed  
barrier between her and her fortune. Wood knew what she was thinking of, and  
smiled grimly.

"Besides (he continued) remember Tom. As sure as you leave Hayes  
without some security from Max, the boy's ruined; he who might be a lord, if 15  
his mother had but — Pshaw! never mind; that boy will go on the road, as  
sure as my name's Wood. He's a Turpin-cock in his eye, my dear,—a regular  
Tyburn look. He knows too many of that sort already, and is too fond of a  
bottle and a girl to resist and be honest when it comes to the pinch."

"It's all true," said Mrs. Hayes; "Tom's a high mettlesome fellow, and 20  
would no more mind a ride on Hounslow Heath, than he does a walk now in  
the Mall."

"Do you want him hanged, my dear?" said Wood.

"Ah, doctor!"

"It is a pity, and that's sure," concluded Mr. Wood, knocking the ashes

out of his pipe, and closing this interesting conversation. "It is a pity that that old skinflint should be in the way of both your fortunes; and he about to fling you over, too!"

Mrs. Catherine retired musing, as Mr. Billings had previously done; a sweet smile of contentment lighted up the venerable features of Doctor Wood, 5 and he walked abroad into the streets as happy a fellow as any in London.



## CHAP. XII.

Treats of love, and prepares for Death.

And to begin this chapter, we cannot do better than quote a part of a letter from M. l'Abbé O'Flaherty to Madame la Comtesse de X— at Paris:—

"Madam,—The little Arouet *De Voltaire*, who hath come 'hither to take a 5  
turn in England,' as I see by the post of this morning, hath brought me a  
charming paquet from your ladyship's hands, which ought to render a  
reasonable man happy; but, alas! makes your slave miserable. I think of dear  
Paris (and something more dear than all Paris, of which, madam, I may not  
venture to speak further)—I think of dear Paris, and find myself in this dismal 10  
*Vitehall*, where, when the fog clears up, I can catch a glimpse of muddy  
Thames, and of that fatal palace which the kings of England have been obliged  
to exchange for your noble castle of Saint Germain, that stands so stately by  
silver Seine. Truly, no bad bargain; for my part, I would give my grand  
ambassadorial saloons, hangings, gildings, feasts, valets, ambassadors and all, for 15  
a *bicoque* in sight of the Thuilleries' towers, or my little cell in the Irlandois.

"My last sheets have given you a pretty notion of our ambassador's  
public doings; now for a pretty piece of private scandal respecting that great  
man. Figure to yourself, madam, his excellency is in love, actually in love,  
talking day and night about a certain fair one whom he hath picked out of a 20  
gutter; who is well nigh forty years old; who was his mistress when he was in  
England a captain of dragoons, some sixty, seventy, or a hundred years since;  
who hath had a son by him, moreover, a sprightly lad, apprentice to a tailor of  
eminence that has the honour of making his excellency's breeches.

"Since one fatal night when he met this fair creature at a certain place of publique resort, called Marybone Gardens, our Cyrus hath been an altered creature. Love hath mastered this brainless ambassador, and his antics afford me food for perpetual mirth. He sits now opposite to me at a table, inditing a letter to his Catherine, and copying it from—what do you think?—from the 5 *Grand Cyrus*. *'I swear, madam, that my happiness would be to offer you this hand, as I have my heart long ago, and I beg you to bear in mind this declaration.'* I have just dictated to him the above tender words; for our envoy, I need not tell you, is not strong at writing or thinking.

"The fair Catherine, I must tell you, is no less than a carpenter's wife, 10 a well-to-do bourgeois, living at the Tyburn, or Gallows Road. She found out her ancient lover very soon after our arrival, and hath a marvellous hankering to be a count's lady. A pretty little creature is this Madam Catherine. Billets, breakfasts, pretty walks, presents of silks and satins, pass daily between the pair; but, strange to say, the lady is as virtuous as Diana, and hath resisted 15 all my count's cajoleries hitherto. The poor fellow told me, with tears in his eyes, that he believed he should have carried her by storm on the very first night of their meeting, but that her son stepped into the way, and he or somebody else hath been in the way ever since. Madam will never appear alone. I believe it is this wondrous chastity of the lady that has elicited this wondrous 20 constancy of the gentleman. She is holding out for a settlement, who knows if not for a marriage? Her husband, she says, is ailing; her lover is fool enough, and she herself conducts her negotiations, as I must honestly own, with a pretty notion of diplomacy."

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This is the only part of the reverend gentleman's letter that directly affects this history. The rest contains some scandal concerning greater personages about the court; a great share of abuse of the Elector of Hanover; and a pretty description of a boxing-match at Mr. Figg's amphitheatre in Oxford Road, where 5 John Wells, of Edmund Bury (as by the papers may be seen), master of the noble science of self-defence, did engage with Edward Sutton, of Gravesend, master of the said science, and the issue of the combat.

"N.B. (adds the father, in a postscript) Monsieur Figue gives a hat to be cudgelled for before the Masters mount, and the whole of this fashionable 10 information hath been given me by monseigneur's son, Monsieur Billings, *garçon-tailleur*, Chevalier de Galgenstein."

Mr. Billings was, in fact, a frequent visitor at the ambassador's house; to whose presence he, by a general order, was always admitted. As for the connexion between Mrs. Catherine and her former admirer, the abbé's history of 15 it is perfectly correct; nor can it be said that this wretched woman, whose tale now begins to wear a darker hue, was, in any thing but *soul*, faithless to her husband. But she hated him, longed to leave him, and loved another; the end was coming quickly, and every one of our unknowing actors and actresses were to be implicated, more or less, in the catastrophe. 20

It will be seen that Mrs. Cat had followed pretty closely the injunctions of Mr. Wood in regard to her dealings with the count, who grew more heart-stricken and tender daily, as the completion of his wishes was delayed, and

his desires goaded by contradiction. The abbé has quoted one portion of a letter written by him; here is the entire performance, extracted, as the holy father said, chiefly from the romance of the *Grand Cyrus*:—

*"Unhappy MAXIMILIAN unto unjust CATHERINA.*

"Madam,—It must needs be that I love you better than any ever did, 5  
since, notwithstanding your injustice in calling me perfidious, I love you no less than I did before. On the contrary, my passion is so violent, and your unjust accusation makes me so sensible of it, that if you did but know the resentments of my soule, you would confess your selfe the most cruell and unjust woman in the world. You shall, ere long, madam, see me at your feete; and as you were 10  
my first passion, so you will be my last.

"On my knees I will tell you, at the first handsom opportunity, that the grandure of my passion can only be equalled by your beauty; it hath driven me to such a fatall necessity, as that I cannot hide the misery which you have caused. Sure, the hostile goddess have, to plague me, ordained that fatal marriage, 15  
by which you are bound to one so infinitely below you in degree. Were that bond of ill-omind Hymen cut in twain with binds you, I swear, madam, that my happiness would be to offer you this hande, as I have my harte long agoe. And I praye you to beare in minde this declaration, which I here sign with my hande, and with I pray you may one day be called upon to prove the truth 20  
on. Beleave me, madam, that there is none in the world who doth more honor to your vertue than myselfe, nor who wishes your happiness with more zeal

than

MAXIMILIAN.

"From my lodgings in Whitehall,

"this 25th of February.

"To the incomparable Catherina  
     these  
 with a scarlet satten petticoat."

5

The count had debated about the sentence promising marriage in event of Hayes's death; but the honest abbé cut these scruples very short, by saying, justly, that, because he wrote in that manner, there was no need for him to act so; that he had better not sign and address the note in full; and that he 10 presumed his excellency was not quite so timid as to fancy that the woman would follow him all the way to Germany, when his diplomatic duties ended, as they would soon.

The receipt of this billet caused such a flush of joy and exultation to unhappy happy Mrs. Catherine, that Wood did not fail to remark it, and 15 speedily learned the contents of the letter. Wood had no need to bid the poor wretch guard it very carefully: it never from that day forth left her; it was her title of nobility,—her pass to rank, wealth, happiness. She began to look down on her neighbours; her manner to her husband grew more than ordinarily scornful; the poor, vain wretch longed to tell her secret, and to take her place 20 openly in the world. She a countess, and Tom a count's son! She felt that she should royally become the title!

About this time—and Hayes was very much frightened at the prevalence of the rumour—it suddenly began to be bruited about in his quarter that he was

going to quit the country. The story was in every body's mouth; people used to sneer, when he turned pale, and wept, and passionately denied it. It was said, too, that Mrs. Hayes was not his wife, but his mistress: every body had this story,—his mistress, whom he treated most cruelly, and was about to desert. The tale of the blow which had felled her to the ground was known in all quarters. 5 When he declared that the woman tried to stab him, nobody believed him; the women said he would have been served right if she had done so. How had these stories gone abroad? "Three days more, and I *will* fly," thought Hayes; "and the world may say what it pleases."

Ay, fool, fly—away so swiftly, that Fate cannot overtake thee; hide so 10 cunningly, that Death shall not find thy place of refuge!

## CHAP. XIII.

Being a preparation for the end.

The reader, doubtless, doth now partly understand what dark acts of conspiracy are beginning to gather around Mr. Hayes, and possibly hath comprehended,

5

1. That if the rumour was universally credited which declared that Mrs. Catherine was only Hayes's mistress, and not his wife,

She might, if she so inclined, marry another person, and thereby not injure her fame, and excite wonderment, but actually add to her reputation.

2. That if all the world did steadfastly believe that Mr. Hayes intended 10 to desert this woman, after having cruelly maltreated her,

The direction which his journey might take would be of no consequence; and he might go to Highgate, to Edinburgh, to Constantinople, nay, down a well, and no soul would care to ask whither he had gone.

These points Mr. Hayes had not considered duly. The latter case had 15 been put to him, and annoyed him, as we have seen; the former had actually been pressed upon him by Mrs. Hayes herself, who, in almost the only communication she had had with him since their last quarrel, had asked him, angrily, in the presence of Wood and her son, whether he had dared to utter such lies, and how it came to pass that the neighbours looked scornfully at her, 20 and avoided her?

To this charge Mr. Hayes pleaded, very meekly, that he was not guilty; and young Billings, taking him by the collar, and clinching his fist in his face, swore a dreadful oath that he would have the life of him, if he dared abuse

his mother. Mrs. Hayes then spoke of the general report abroad, that he was going to desert her; which, if he attempted to do, Mr. Billings vowed that he would follow him to Jerusalem, and have his blood. These threats, and the insolent language of young Billings, rather calmed Hayes than agitated him: he longed to be on his journey, but he began to hope that no obstacle would be 5 placed in the way of it. For the first time since many days, he began to enjoy a feeling something akin to security, and could look with tolerable confidence towards a comfortable completion of his own schemes of treason.

These points being duly settled, we are now arrived, O public, at a point, for which the author's soul hath been yearning ever since this history 10 commenced. We are now come, O critic, to a stage of the work when this tale begins to assume an appearance so interestingly horrific, that you must have a heart of stone if you are not interested by it. We are now prepared, O candid and discerning reader, who art sick of the hideous scenes of brutal bloodshed which have of late come forth from pens of certain eminent wits, to give to the 15 world a scene infinitely more brutal and bloody than even the murder of Miss Nancy, or the death of Sir Rowland Trenchard; and if you turn away disgusted from the book, remember that this passage hath not been written for you, or such as you, who have taste to know and hate the style in which it hath been composed; but for the public, which hath no such taste,—for the public, which 20 can patronise four different representations of Jack Sheppard,—for the public, whom its literary providers have gorged with blood, and foul Newgate garbage,—and to whom we poor creatures, humbly following at the tail of our great high-priests and prophets of the press, may, as in duty bound, offer some small gift of our own,—a little mite truly, but given with good will. Come up,



then, fair Catherine, and brave count,—appear, gallant Brock, and faultless Billings,—hasten hither, honest John Hayes: the former chapters are but flowers in which we have been decking you for the sacrifice; ascend to the altar, ye innocent lambs, and prepare for the final act; lo! the knife is sharpened, and the sacrificer ready! Stretch your throats, sweet ones,—for our god, the public, is 5 thirsty, and must have blood!

[*Fraser's Magazine* 21 (February 1840): 200-212]

## CHAPTER THE LAST.

That Mr. Hayes had some notion of the attachment of Monsieur de Galgenstein for his wife is very certain: the man could not but perceive that she was more gaily dressed, and more frequently absent than usual; and must have been quite aware, that from the day of the quarrel until the present period 5 Catherine had never asked him for a shilling for the house expenses. He had not the heart to offer, however; nor, in truth, did she seem to remember that money was due.

She received, in fact, many sums from the tender count. Tom was likewise liberally provided by the same personage; who was, moreover, continually 10 sending presents of various kinds to the person on whom his affections were centered.

One of these gifts was a hamper of choice mountain wine, which had been some weeks in the house, and excited the longing of Mr. Hayes, who loved wine very much. This liquor was generally drunk by Wood and Billings, who 15 applauded it greatly; and many times, in passing through the back parlour, which he had to traverse in order to reach the stair, Hayes had cast a tender eye towards the drink, of which, had he dared, he would have partaken.

On the 1st of March, in the year 1726, Mr. Hayes had gathered together almost the whole sum with which he intended to decamp; and having 20 on that very day recovered the amount of a bill which he thought almost hopeless, he returned home in tolerable good humour, and feeling, so near was his period of departure, something like security. Nobody had attempted the least

violence on him; besides, he was armed with pistols, had his money in bills and a belt about his person, and really reasoned with himself that there was no danger for him to apprehend.

He entered the house about dusk, at five o'clock. Mrs. Hayes was absent with Mr. Billings; only Mr. Wood was smoking, according to his wont, in the 5 little back-parlour; and as Mr. Hayes passed, the old gentleman addressed him in a friendly voice, and, wondering that he had been such a stranger, invited him to sit and take a glass of wine. There was a light and a foreman in the shop; Mr. Hayes gave his injunctions to that person, and saw no objection to Mr. Wood's invitation. 10

The conversation, at first a little stiff between the two gentlemen, began speedily to grow more easy and confidential; and so particularly bland and good-humoured was Mr., or Doctor, Wood, that his companion was quite caught, and softened by the charm of his manner, and the pair became as good friends as in the former days of their intercourse. 15

"I wish you would come down sometimes of evenings," quoth Doctor Wood; "for, though no book-learned man, Mr. Hayes, look you, you are a man of the world, and I can't abide the society of boys. There's Tom, now—since this tiff with Mrs. Cat, the scoundrel plays the Grand Turk here! The pair of 'em, betwixt them, have completely gotten the upper hand of you. Confess that 20 you are beaten, Master Hayes, and don't like the boy."

"No more I do," said Hayes; "and that's the truth on't. A man doth not like to have his wife's sins flung in his face, nor to be perpetually bullied in his own house by such a fiery sprig as that!"

"Mischief, sir,—mischief only," said Wood; " 'tis the fun of youth, sir, and

will go off as age comes to the lad. Bad as you may think him—and he is as skittish and fierce, sure enough, as a young colt—there is good stuff in him; and though he hath, or fancies he hath, the right to abuse every one, by the Lord he will let none others do so! Last week, now, didn't he tell Mrs. Cat that you served her right in the last beating matter? and weren't they coming to knives, 5 just as in your case? By my faith, they were. Ay, and at the Braund's Head, when some fellow said that you were a bloody Bluebeard, and would murder your wife, stab me if Tom wasn't up in an instant, and knocked the fellow down for abusing of you!"

The first of these stories was quite true; the second was only a 10 charitable invention of Mr. Wood, and employed, doubtless, for the amiable purpose of bringing the old and young men together. The scheme partially succeeded; for, though Hayes was not so far mollified towards Tom as to entertain any affection for a young man whom he had cordially detested ever since he knew him, yet he felt more at ease and cheerful regarding himself, and 15 surely not without reason. While indulging in these benevolent sentiments, Mrs. Catherine and her son arrived, and found, somewhat to their astonishment, Mr. Hayes seated in the back-parlour, as in former times; and they were invited by Mr. Wood to sit down and drink.

We have said that certain bottles of mountain wine were presented by 20 the count to Mrs. Catherine: these were, at Mr. Wood's suggestion, produced; and Hayes, who had long been coveting them, was charmed to have an opportunity to drink his fill. He forthwith began bragging of his great powers as a drinker, and vowed that he could manage eight bottles without becoming intoxicated.

Mr. Wood grinned strangely, and looked in a peculiar way at Tom Billings, who grinned too. Mrs. Cat's eyes were turned towards the ground; but her face was deadly pale.

The party began drinking. Hayes kept up his reputation as a toper, and swallowed one, two, three bottles without wincing. He grew talkative and merry, 5 and began to sing songs and to cut jokes; at which Wood laughed hugely, and Billings after him. Mrs. Cat could not laugh; but sate silent. What ailed her? Was she thinking of the count? She had been with Max that day, and had promised him, for the next night at ten, an interview near his lodgings at Whitehall. It was the first time that she would see him alone. They were to 10 meet (not a very cheerful place for a love-tryst) at St. Margaret's churchyard, near Westminster Abbey. Of this, no doubt, Cat was thinking; but what could she mean by whispering to Wood, "No, no! for God's sake, not to-night!"

"She means we are to have no more liquor," said Wood to Mr. Hayes, who heard this sentence, and seemed rather alarmed. 15

"That's it,—no more liquor," said Catherine, eagerly; "you have had enough to-night. Go to bed, and lock your door, and sleep, Mr. Hayes."

"But I say I've *not* had enough drink!" screamed Hayes; "I'm good for five bottles more, and wager I will drink them, too."

"Done, for a guinea!" said Wood. 20

"Done, and done!" said Billings.

"Be *you* quiet!" growled Hayes, scowling at the lad; "I will drink what I please, and ask no counsel of yours;" and he muttered some more curses against young Billings, which shewed what his feelings were towards his wife's son; and which the latter, for a wonder, only received with a scornful smile, and a

knowing look at Wood.

Well; the five extra bottles were brought, and drank by Mr. Hayes; and seasoned by many songs from the *recueil* of Mr. Thomas D'Urfey and others. The chief part of the talk and merriment was on Hayes's part, as, indeed, was natural,—for, while he drank bottle after bottle of wine, the other two gentlemen 5 confined themselves to small beer,—both pleading illness as an excuse for their sobriety.

And now might we depict, with much accuracy, the course of Mr. Hayes's intoxication, as it rose from the merriment of the three-bottle point to the madness of the four—from the uproarious quarrelsomeness of the sixth bottle 10 to the sickly stupidity of the seventh; but we are desirous of bringing this tale to a conclusion, and must pretermit all consideration of a subject so curious, so instructive, and so delightful. Suffice it to say, as a matter of history, that Mr. Hayes did actually drink seven bottles of mountain wine; and that Mr. Thomas Billings went to the Braund's Head, in Bond Street, and purchased another, 15 which Hayes likewise drank.

"That'll do," said Mr. Wood to young Billings; and they led Hayes up to bed, whither, in truth, he was unable to walk himself.

\* \* \* \* \*

20

Mrs. Springatt, the lodger, came down to ask what the noise was. "'Tis only Tom Billings making merry with some friends from the country," answered Mrs. Hayes; whereupon Springatt retired, and the house was quiet.

A 15x15 grid of asterisks, representing a 15x15 Latin square. The grid is composed of 15 rows and 15 columns, with each cell containing a single asterisk. The pattern is a standard Latin square where each row and column contains exactly one instance of each symbol (in this case, the symbol is represented by an asterisk).

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Some scuffling and stamping was heard about eleven o'clock.

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After they had seen Mr. Hayes to bed, Billings remembered that he had a parcel to carry to some person in the neighbourhood of the Strand; and, as the night was remarkably fine, he and Mr. Wood agreed to walk together, and 15 set forth accordingly.

[Here follows a description of the THAMES AT MIDNIGHT, in a fine historical style, with an account of Lambeth, Westminster, the Savoy, Baynard's Castle, Arundel House, the Temple; of Old London Bridge, with its twenty arches, "on which be houses builded, so that it seemeth rather a continuall 20 street than a bridge;" of Bankside, and the Globe and the Fortune Theatres; of the ferries across the river, and of the pirates who infest the same,—namely, trinckermen, petermen, hebbermen, trawlermen; of the fleet of barges that lay at the Savoy steps; and of the long lines of slim wherries sleeping on the



river-banks, and basking and shining in the moonbeams. A combat on the river is described, that takes place between the crews of a trinkerman's boat and the water-bailiff's. Shouting his war-cry, "St. Mary Overy, *à la rescousse!*" the water-bailiff sprung at the throat of the trinkerman captain. The crews of both vessels, as if aware that the struggle of their chiefs would decide the contest, 5 ceased hostilities, and awaited on their respective poops the issue of the death-shock. It was not long coming. "Yield, dog!" said the water-bailiff. The trinkerman could not answer,—for his throat was grasped too tight in the iron clench of the city-champion; but drawing his snickersnee, he plunged it seven times in the bailiff's chest: still the latter fell not. The death-rattle gurgled in 10 the throat of his opponent; his arms fell heavily to his side. Foot to foot, each standing at the side of his boat, stood the two brave men,—*they were both dead!* "In the name of St. Clement Danes," said the master, "give way, my men!" and, thrusting forward his halberd (seven feet long, richly decorated with velvet, and brass nails, and having the city arms, argent a cross gules, and in the 15 first quarter a dagger displayed of the second), he thrust the trinkerman's boat away from his own; and at once the bodies of the captains plunged down, down, down, down, in the unfathomable waters.

[After this follows another episode. Two masked ladies quarrel at the door of a tavern overlooking the Thames: they turn out to be Stella and Vanessa, 20 who have followed Swift thither; who is in the act of reading *Gulliver's Travels* to Gay, Arbuthnot, Bolingbroke, and Pope. Two fellows are sitting, shuddering, under a doorway; to one of them, Tom Billings flung a sixpence. He little knew that the names of those two young men were—*Samuel Johnson* and *Richard Savage*.]

## ANOTHER LAST CHAPTER.

Mr. Hayes did not join the family the next day; and it appears that the previous night's reconciliation was not very durable; for when Mrs. Springatt asked Wood for Hayes, Mr. Wood stated that Hayes had gone away, without saying whither he was bound, or how long he might be absent. He only said, in 5 rather a sulky tone, that he should probably pass the night at a friend's house. "For my part, I know of no friend he hath," added Mr. Wood; "and pray Heaven that he may not think of deserting his poor wife, whom he hath beaten and ill-used so already!" In this prayer Mrs. Springatt joined, and so these two worthy people parted. 10

What business Billings was about cannot be said; but he was this night bound towards Marybone Fields, as he was the night before for the Strand and Westminster; and, although the night was very stormy and rainy, as the previous evening had been fine, old Wood good-naturedly resolved upon accompanying him; and forth they sallied together. 15

Mrs. Catherine, too, had *her* business, as we have seen; but this was of a very delicate nature. At ten o'clock, she had an appointment with the count; and faithfully, by that hour, had found her way to Saint Margaret's churchyard, near Westminster Abbey, where she awaited Monsieur de Galgenstein.

The spot was convenient, being very lonely, and at the same time close 20 to the count's lodgings, at Whitehall. His excellency came, but somewhat after the hour; for, to say the truth, being a freethinker, he had the most firm belief in ghosts and demons, and did not care to pace a churchyard alone. He was comforted, therefore, when he saw a woman muffled in a cloak, who held out

her hand to him at the gate, and said, "Is that you?" He took her hand,—it was very clammy and cold; and at her desire he bade his confidential footman, who had attended him with a torch, to retire, and leave him to himself.

The torch-bearer retired, and left them quite in darkness; and the pair entered the little cemetery, cautiously threading their way among the tombs. 5 They sate down on one, underneath a tree it seemed to be; the wind was very cold, and its piteous howling was the only noise that broke the silence of the place. Catherine's teeth were chattering, for all her wraps; and when Max drew her close to him, and encircled her waist with one arm, and pressed her hand, she did not repulse him, but rather came close to him, and with her own damp 10 fingers feebly returned his pressure.

The poor thing was very wretched, and weeping. She confided to Max the cause of her grief. She was alone in the world,—alone and penniless. Her husband had left her; she had that very day received a letter from him which confirmed all that she had suspected so long. He had left her, carried away all 15 his property, and would not return!

If we say that a selfish joy filled the breast of Monsieur de Galgenstein, the reader will not be astonished. A heartless libertine, he felt glad at the prospect of Catherine's ruin; for he hoped that necessity would make her his own. He clasped the poor thing to his heart, and vowed that he would replace 20 the husband she had lost, and that his fortune should be hers.

"Will you replace him?" said she.

"Yes, truly, in every thing but the name, dear Catherine; and when he dies, I swear you shall be Countess of Galgenstein!"

"Will you swear?" she cried, eagerly.

"By every thing that is most sacred, were you free now, I would" (and here he swore a terrific oath) "at once make you mine."

We have seen before that it cost Monsieur de Galgenstein nothing to make these vows. Hayes was likely, too, to live as long as Catherine—as long, at least, as the count's connexion with her: but he was caught in his own 5  
snare.

She took his hand and kissed it repeatedly, and bathed it in her tears, and pressed it to her bosom. "Max," she said, "*I am free!* Be mine, and I will love you as I have done for years and years."

Max started back: "What, is he dead?" he said.

10

"No, no, not dead; but he never was my husband."

He let go her hand, and, interrupting her, said sharply, "Indeed, madam, if this carpenter never was your husband, I see no cause why *I* should be. If a lady, who hath been for twenty years the mistress of a miserable country boor, cannot find it in her heart to put up with the protection of a nobleman—a 15  
sovereign's representative—she may seek a husband elsewhere!"

"I was no man's mistress except yours," sobbed Catherine, wringing her hands and sobbing wildly: "but, oh Heaven! I deserved this—because I was a child, and you saw, and ruined, and left me—because, in my sorrow and repentance, I wished to repair my crime, and was touched by that man's love, 20  
and married him—because he too deceives and leaves me—because, after loving you—madly loving you for twenty years, I will not now forfeit your respect, and degrade myself by yielding to your will, you too must scorn me! It is too much—too much, oh Heaven!" And the wretched woman fell back almost fainting.

Max was almost frightened by this burst of sorrow on her part, and was

coming forward to support her; but she motioned him away, and, taking from her bosom a letter, said, "If it were light, you could see, Max, how cruelly I have been betrayed by that man who called himself my husband. Long before he married me, he was married to another. This woman is still living, he says; and he says he leaves me for ever."

5

At this moment the moon, which had been hidden behind Westminster Abbey, rose above the vast black mass of that edifice, and poured a flood of silver light upon the little church of St. Margaret's, and the spot where the lovers stood. Max was at a little distance from Catherine, pacing gloomily up and down the flags. She remained at her old position, at the tombstone under 10 the tree, or pillar, as it seemed to be, as the moon got up. She was leaning against the latter, and holding out to Max, with an arm beautifully white and rounded, the letter she had received from her husband. "Read it, Max," she said: "I asked for light, and here is Heaven's own, by which you may read."

But Max did not come forward to receive it. On a sudden his face 15 assumed a look of the most dreadful surprise and agony. He stood still, and stared with wild eyes starting from their sockets: he stared upwards at a point seemingly above Catherine's head. At last he raised up his finger slowly, and said, "Look, Cat—*the head—the head!*" Then uttering a horrible laugh, he fell grovelling down among the stones, gibbering and writhing in a fit of epilepsy. 20

Catherine started forward and looked up. She had been standing against a post, not a tree—the moon was shining full on it now; and on the summit, strangely distinct, and smiling ghastly, was a livid human head.

The wretched woman fled—she dared look no more. And some hours afterwards, when, alarmed by the count's continued absence, his confidential

servant came back to seek for him in the churchyard, he was found sitting on the flags, staring full at the head, and laughing, and talking to it wildly, and nodding at it. He was taken up a hopeless idiot, and so lived for years and years, clanking the chain, and moaning under the lash, and howling through long nights when the moon peered through the bars of his solitary cell; and he 5 buried his face in the straw.

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There—the murder is out! And having indulged himself in a chapter of the very finest writing, the author begs the attention of the British public towards it, humbly conceiving that it possesses some of those peculiar merits 10 which have rendered the fine writing in other chapters of the works of other authors so famous.

Without bragging at all, let us just point out the chief claims of the above pleasing piece of composition. In the first place, it is perfectly stilted and unnatural; the dialogue and the sentiments being artfully arranged, so as to be 15 as strong and majestic as possible. Our dear Cat is but a poor, illiterate country wench, who has come from cutting her husband's throat; and yet, see! she talks and looks like a tragedy princess, who is suffering in the most virtuous blank verse. This is the proper end of fiction, and one of the greatest triumphs that a novelist can achieve; for to make people sympathise with virtue is a vulgar trick 20 that any common fellow can do; but it is not every body who can take a scoundrel, and cause us to weep and whimper over him as though he were a very saint. Give a young lady of five years old a skein of silk and a brace of netting-needles, and she will in a short time turn you out a decent silk-purse—any body can; but try her with a sow's ear, and see whether she

can make a silk-purse out of *that*. That is the work for your real great artist; and pleasant it is to see how many have succeeded in these latter days.

In the next place, if Mr. Yates, Mr. Davidge, Mr. Crummles, and other *entrepreneurs* of theatres, are at a loss for theatrical novelties, the following scene is humbly recommended to their notice, as affording a pretty thrill of horror:— 5

WESTMINSTER AT MIDNIGHT.

(*Organs heard in Westminster Abbey.*)

THE MEETING AMONG THE TOMBS.

THE RISING OF THE STORM!

THE SETTING OF DITTO!!

10

THE RISING OF THE MOON!!!

THE HEAD! THE HEAD!

Fake away!—all the world will rush to the spectacle; and a very pretty one it will be.

The subject, too, is strictly historical, as any one may see by referring to 15 the *Daily Post* of March 3, 1726, which contains the following paragraph:—

"Yesterday morning, early, a man's head, that by the freshness of it seemed to have been newly cut off from the body, having its own hair on, was found by the river's side, near Mill-bank, Westminster, and was afterwards exposed to public view in St. Margaret's Churchyard, where thousands of people 20 have seen it; but none could tell who the unhappy person was, much less who

committed such a horrid and barbarous action. There are various conjectures relating to the deceased; but there being nothing certain, we omit them. The head was much hacked and mangled in the cutting off."

The same paper adds, that there will be performed, at the theatre-royal in Drury Lane, by their royal highness's command, for the benefit of Mrs. 5 Oldfield,

#### THE PROVOKED WIFE.

And if this be not incident enough, we have some more in store, which will make the fortune of any theatrical piece, especially if set off with a little broad comedy, and some good songs and jokes, such as may easily be thrown in. For 10 now, having come to that part of the history of poor Cat and her friends, of which an accomplished and reverend writer, the ordinary of Newgate, has given a most careful recital, it will be needless to go to any trouble ourselves upon the subject; and we shall be content with arranging and condensing the ordinary's narrative. 15

The head which caused such an impression upon Monsieur de Galgenstein was, indeed, once on the shoulders of Mr. John Hayes, who lost it under the following circumstances. We have seen how Mr. Hayes was induced to drink. Having encouraged Mr. Hayes in drinking the wine, and he growing very merry therewith, he sung and danced about the room; but his wife fearing the quantity 20 he had drunk would not have the wished-for effect on him, she sent away for another bottle, of which he drunk also, which effectually answered their expectations; and Mr. Hayes became thereby intoxicated, and deprived of his understanding.



He, however, made shift to get into the other room, and, throwing himself upon the bed, fell asleep: upon which Mrs. Hayes reminded them of the affair in hand, and told them that was the most proper juncture to finish the business.

Hereupon Billings went into the other room, where Mr. Hayes lay 5 sleeping, and going to the bedside with a coal-hatchet in his hand, struck Mr. Hayes on the back of the head, whereby he broke his skull. The violence of the blow, and the agony of the pain, caused Mr. Hayes to stamp on the ground five or six times with his feet, which hung over the bedside: whereupon Thomas Wood came in to the room, and struck him twice more with the same 10 instrument, though the first blow had done his business effectually.

Upon the noise Mr. Hayes made with his feet, as abovementioned, Mrs. Springatt, who lodged up in the garret over Mr. Hayes's room, came down to inquire the occasion thereof, complaining that the disturbance was so great that she could not sleep for it. To which Mrs. Hayes answered that they had some 15 company there, who, having been drinking, had grown merry; but as they would be going immediately, desired her not to be uneasy.

This satisfied Mrs. Springatt for the present; and she turned back, and went to bed again, not expecting to hear any thing further.

When the murderers perceived that Hayes was quite dead, they debated 20 on what manner they should dispose of the body; and several expedients were proposed to remove it, in order to prevent a discovery: but that which appeared most feasible was of Catherine's own contrivance.

She said if the body was carried away whole, it might be known, and a discovery would be thereby made, and therefore proposed that the head should

be cut off; and then the body being removed, could not be known.

This being resolved on, they got a pail; and the murderess carrying a candle, they all three went into the room where the deceased lay, where Catherine held the pail, Wood supported the head, and Billings cut it off with his pocket-knife,—having first dragged the body over the side of the bed, that 5 the blood might not stain the clothes.

The head being thus cut off, and the body having done bleeding, they poured the blood into a wooden sink out of the window, and threw several pails of water after it to wash it away. Mrs. Hayes then proposed, in order to prevent a discovery, that she would take the head and boil it in a pot, till only 10 the skull remained, whereby it would be altogether impossible for any body to distinguish to whom it belonged.

This might have been approved of, only it was not altogether so expeditious. It was determined, though, that Wood and Billings should take the head in a pail, and carry it down to the Thames, and throw it in there. This 15 was approved of; and Billings, taking the head in the pail under his great-coat, went down stairs, with Wood, to dispose thereof, as had been before agreed upon.

Springatt, hearing a bustling in Mrs. Hayes's room, called again to know who it was. To which Mrs. Hayes answered it was her husband, who was going 20 a journey into the country; and pretended to take a formal leave of him, expressing her sorrow that he was obliged to go out of town at that time of night, and her fear lest any accident should befall him.

Billings and Wood being thus gone to dispose of the head, went towards Whitehall, intending to have thrown the same into the river there; but the gates

being shut, they were obliged to go onwards as far as Mr. Macreth's wharf, near the Horseferry, at Westminster; where Billings setting down the pail from under his great-coat, Wood took up the same, with the head therein, and threw it into the dock before the wharf. It was expected the same would have been carried away with the tide; but the water then ebbing, it was left behind. There 5 were some lighters lying near the dock; and one of the lightermen, being then walking on board, saw them throw the pail into the dock; but it being then too dark to discover them clearly, and having no suspicion, he thought no more of the affair.

They now returned back, and arriving about twelve o'clock, Mrs. Hayes 10 let them in; and they found she had been busily employed in scraping the floor, and washing the walls, &c. They now all went into the fore room; and Billings and Wood went to bed, Mrs. Hayes sitting by them the remainder of the night.

In the morning of the 2d of March, soon after the break of day, one Robinson, a watchman, saw a man's head lying in the dock, and a pail near it. 15 He called some persons to assist in taking up the head; and finding the pail bloody, they conjectured that the head had been brought thither in it. Their suspicions were fully confirmed by the lighterman, who saw the head thrown in, as abovementioned.

It was now time for the murderers to consider how they should dispose 20 of the body; which Mrs. Hayes and Wood proposed to put into a box, where it might lie concealed till they had a convenient opportunity to remove it. This being determined upon, she brought a box; but, on endeavouring to put the body in, they found the box was not big enough to hold it. Mrs. Hayes then proposed to cut off the arms and legs; but still the box would not hold it. They then cut

off the thighs; and laying the limbs in the box, concealed the same till night.

The finding of Hayes's head had, in the meanwhile, alarmed the town, and information was given to the neighbouring justices of the peace. The parish-officers did all that was possible towards the discovery of the murderers; they caused the head to be cleaned, the face to be washed from the dirt and 5 blood, and the hair to be combed; and then the head to be set up on a post in public view in St. Margaret's Churchyard, Westminster, that every body might have free access to the same; with some of the parish-officers to attend, hoping by that means a discovery might be made. Other precautions were taken, and a strict watch kept; and the head continued to be exposed for some days, drawing 10 prodigious crowds to see the same, but without any discovery of the murderers.

On the 2d March, in the evening, Catherine Hayes, Wood, and Billings, took the body and disjointed members out of the box, and wrapped them in two blankets—the body in one, and the limbs in the other. Billings and Wood first took the body, and, about nine o'clock in the evening, carried it by turns into 15 Marybone Fields, and threw the same into a pond; which Wood, in the day-time, had been hunting for; and, returning back again about eleven the same night, took up the limbs in the other old blanket, and carried them by turns to the same place, and threw them in there also.

On that same day two people saw the head; and one who was 20 acquainted with Mrs. Hayes communicated the fact to her, but she smartly reprimanded the fellow for raising false and scandalous reports. Another person mentioned the same suspicions to Billings, at a public-house, but the latter said Hayes was quite well, and he had seen him in bed that morning.

On the 3d of March, Wood went away into the country, and soon after

Mrs. Hayes removed from the house where the murder was committed. Several inquiries were made regarding Hayes, but these she evaded, and now employed herself in collecting as much of her husband's property as she possibly could; and finding, among other papers, a bond due to Mr. Hayes from one Davis, who had married his sister, she wrote to him on the 14th March in her husband's name, and threatened to sue him for the money. 5

In the meantime the head had been taken down from the pole and was preserved in spirits; and among the thousands who went to see it was one, a poor woman, from Kingsland, whose husband had been absent since the 1st of March, and who fancied that the head resembled him. Mrs. Hayes, to satisfy her neighbours with regard to her husband's disappearance, now said he had killed a man in a duel, and was forced to fly the country. 10

But one or two of Hayes's acquaintances began to have suspicions, and going to see the head, declared their full belief that it was Hayes's; upon which they went before Justice Lambert, who, at their desire, issued a warrant for the apprehension of Catherine Hayes, Thomas Wood, Thomas Billings, and Mary Springatt. Wood was absent, but Hayes, Billings, and Springatt, were seized and committed each to a separate prison for further examination. They would acknowledge nothing of the murder, and Hayes demanded to see the head, which was accordingly shewn to her. 20

As soon as she saw it in its glass case, she threw herself on her knees and said, "Oh, it is my dear husband's head—it is my dear husband's head!" and embracing the glass in her arms, kissed the outside of it several times. On this she was told that if it was Hayes's head she should have a nearer view of it, and it should be taken out of the glass in order that she might have a full

view thereof. Accordingly, taking hold of it by the hair, the surgeon, who had preserved it, lifted it out of the glass and brought it to Catherine, who caught hold of it and kissed it, and begged to have a lock of the hair, but the surgeon told her he feared she had had already too much blood. She fainted away, and was, on a further examination before Mr. Lambert, committed to Newgate to 5 take her trial.

On the Sunday following, Wood, who had not heard of the apprehension of his companions, came into town, was seized, and, in like manner, examined before the magistrates; and finding that it was impossible to prevent a full discovery or evade the proofs that were against him, he was induced to make a 10 full confession of the affair, and did so, as has been related above.

After this Billings confessed; and, as it appeared from their statements that Springatt was quite innocent, she was set free. At their trial the two men pleaded guilty; but Catherine Hayes, who denied all share in the murder, declared herself not guilty. She was condemned, however, with her two 15 associates, and sentence of death was passed upon them as usual—namely, Wood and Billings were condemned to be hanged, and Mrs. Hayes to be burnt alive.

While in prison Catherine, both before and after her trial, was perpetually sending messages to, and inquiring after, Billings; and out of such money as she either had with her, or was given to her while in prison by charitable persons, 20 she would send and give the greatest share of it to him.

Wood, while in prison, contracted a violent fever, which preyed upon him in a severe manner; and on Wednesday, the 4th May, died in the condemned hold.

After sentence Mrs. Hayes behaved herself with more indifference than

might have been expected from one in her circumstances. She frequently expressed herself to be under no concern at her approaching death; she shewed more concern for Billings than for herself; and when in the chapel, would sit with her hand in his, and lean her head upon his shoulder. For this she was reprimanded, as shewing her esteem for the murderer of her husband; 5 notwithstanding which reason she would not desist, but continued the same until the minute of her death; one of her last expressions to the executioner, as she was going from the sledge to the stake, being an inquiry whether he had hanged her dear child.

And, finally, we add the following paragraph in the *Daily Journal*, 10 Tuesday, May 10, 1726:—

"Yesterday Thomas Billings was hanged in chains within one hundred yards of the gallows on the road to Paddington.

"Catherine Hayes, as soon as the other was executed, was, pursuant to a special order, made fast to a stake with a chain round her waist, her feet on 15 the ground, and a halter round her neck, the end whereof went through a hole made in the stake for that purpose. The fuel being placed round her and lighted with a torch, she begged, for the sake of Jesus, to be strangled first; whereupon the executioner drew tight the halter, but the flame coming to his hand, in the space of a second he let it go, when she gave three dreadful shrieks; but the 20 flames taking her on all sides she was heard no more, and the executioner throwing a piece of timber into the fire, it broke her skull, when her brains came plentifully out, and, in the course of an hour, she was entirely reduced to ashes.

"Just before the execution, a scaffold that had been built near Tyburn,

and had about one hundred and fifty people upon it, fell down" — on which, if the reader pleases, he may fancy that his reverence, the Irish chaplain, was seated to see the show, and was among the killed: and so the slate is clean, and the sponge has wiped away all the figures that have been inscribed in our story.

5

\* \* \* \* \*



[All this presents a series of delightful subjects for the artist and the theatre:—

- |   |   |  |   |
|---|---|--|---|
| These four<br>might go<br>nicely into<br>one plate. | { | 1. Hayes dancing.                            |   |
|   |   |  | ( <i>Comic Song. Wood, Billings, and Mrs. Cat, in chorus.</i> ) |
|   |   | 2. Hayes in Bed. "Now's the Time!"           | 5   |
|   |   | 3. The first Stroke with the Axe!!           |   |
|   |   | 4. The Finisher. ( <i>Drinking Chorus.</i> ) |   |

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*A Grand Tableau.*

MRS. CATHERINE CUTTING OFF HER HUSBAND'S HEAD. 10

- 
1. The Carrying of the Pail.
  2. The Thames at Midnight. The Emptying of the Pail.
  3. The Thames at Low-water. Discovery of the Head.
  4. St. Margaret's by Moonlight. The Head on the Pole! 15

---

*Grand Tableau.*

THE MANIAC AMBASSADOR.

- 
1. Old Marybone Fields—evening. 20
  2. The Carrying of the Legs!
  3. The Bearers of the Trunk!
  4. The Discovery at the Pond!

---

*Grand Tableau.*

THE SEIZURE, AND THE APPEARANCE  
BEFORE THE MAGISTRATES.

---

5

1. The Death of Wood in Prison.
2. Catherine kissing her Husband's Head!
3. The Way to the Scaffold!
4. The Gallows and the Stake!

*Grand Tableau. Finale. Blue Lights. Green Lights.*

10

*The whole strength of the Band.*

Catherine burning at the Stake! Billings hanged in the  
Background!! The three Screams of the Victim!!!

*The Executioner dashes her brains out with a billet.*

---

15

The Curtain falls to slow Music.

God save the Queen!

No money returned.

Children in arms encouraged, rather than otherwise.]

Ring, ding, ding! the gloomy green curtain drops, the *dramatis personae* are duly disposed of, the nimble candle-snuffers put out the lights, and the audience goeth pondering home. If the critic take the pains to ask why the author, who hath been so diffuse in describing the early and fabulous acts of Mrs. Catherine's existence, should so hurry off the catastrophe where a deal of 5 the very finest writing might have been employed, Solomons replies that the "ordinary" narrative as above condensed by him, is far more emphatic than any composition of his own could be, with all the rhetorical graces which he might employ. Mr. Aram's trial, as taken by the penny-a-liners of those days, hath always interested him more than the lengthened and poetical report which an 10 eminent novelist (who hath lately, in compliment to his writings, been gratified by a permission to wear a bloody hand), has given of the same. Mr. Turpin's adventures are more instructive and agreeable to him in the account of the Newgate Plutarch, than in the learned Ainsworth's *Biographical Dictionary*; and as he believes that the professional gentlemen who are employed to invest such 15 heroes with the rewards that their great actions merit, will go through the ceremony of the grand cordon with much more accuracy and dispatch than can be shewn by the most distinguished amateur; in like manner he thinks that the history of such investitures should be written by people directly concerned, and not by admiring persons without, who must be ignorant of many of the secrets 20 of ketchcraft. We very much doubt if Milton himself could make a description of an execution half so horrible as yonder simple lines from the *Daily Post* of a hundred and ten years since, that now lies before us "herrlich wie am ersten Tag,"—as bright and clean as on the day of publication. Think of it! it has been read by Belinda at her toilet, scanned at Button's and Will's, sneered at

by wits, talked of in palaces and cottages by a busy race in wigs, red heels, hoops, patches, and rags of all variety—a busy race that hath long since plunged and vanished in the unfathomable gulf, towards which we march so briskly.

Where are they? "Afflavit Deus,"—and they are gone! Hark! is not the 5  
same wind roaring still that shall sweep us down? and yonder stands the  
compositor at his types who shall put up a pretty paragraph some day to say  
how, "*Yesterday*, at his house in Grosvenor Square;" or, "At Botany Bay,  
universally regretted," died So-and-so. Into what profound moralities is the  
paragraph concerning Mrs. Catherine's burning leading us! 10

Ay, truly, and to that very point have we wished to come; for, having  
finished our delectable meal, it behoves us to say a word or two by way of  
grace at its conclusion, and be heartily thankful that it is over. It has been the  
writer's object carefully to exclude from his drama (except in two very  
insignificant instances—mere walking gentlemen parts), any characters but those of 15  
scoundrels of the very highest degree. That he has not altogether failed in the  
object he had in view, is evident from some newspaper critiques which he has  
had the good fortune to see; and which abuse the tale of *Catherine* as one of  
the dullest, most vulgar and immoral works extant. It is highly gratifying to the  
author to find that such opinions are abroad, as they convince him that the 20  
taste for Newgate literature is on the wane, and that when the public critic has  
right down undisguised immorality set before him, the honest creature is shocked  
at it, as he should be, and can declare his indignation in good round terms of  
abuse. The characters of the tale *are* immoral, and no doubt of it; but the  
writer humbly hopes the end is not so. The public was, in our notion, dosed

and poisoned by the prevailing style of literary practice, and it was necessary to administer some medicine that would produce a wholesome nausea, and afterwards bring about a more healthy habit.

And thank Heaven this effect *has* been produced in very many instances, and that the *Catherine* cathartic has acted most efficaciously. The author has 5 been pleased, sir, at the disgust which his work has excited, and has watched with benevolent carefulness the wry faces that have been made by many of the patients who have swallowed the dose. Solomons remembers, at the establishment in Birchin Lane, where he had the honour of receiving his education, there used to be administered to the boys a certain cough-medicine, which was so 10 excessively agreeable that all the lads longed to have colds in order to partake of the remedy. Sir, some of our popular novelists have compounded their drugs in a similar way, and made them so palatable, that a public, once healthy and honest, has been well-nigh poisoned by their wares. Solomons defies any one to say the like of himself—that his doses have been as pleasant as champagne, and 15 his pills as sweet as barley-sugar;—it has been his attempt to make vice to appear entirely vicious; and in those instances where he hath occasionally introduced something like virtue, to make the sham as evident as possible, and not allow the meanest capacity a single chance to mistake it.

And what has been the consequence? That wholesome nausea which it has 20 been his good fortune to create wherever he has been allowed to practise in his humble circle.

Has any one thrown away a halfpenny worth of sympathy upon any person mentioned in this history? Surely no. But abler and more famous men than Solomons have followed a different plan; and it becomes every man in his

vocation to cry out against such, and expose their errors as best he may.

To begin with Mr. Dickens. No man has read that remarkable tale of *Oliver Twist* without being interested in poor Nancy and her murderer; and especially amused and tickled by the gambols of the Artful Dodger and his companions. The power of the writer is so amazing, that the reader at once 5 becomes his captive, and must follow him whithersoever he leads; and to what are we led? Breathless to watch all the crimes of Fagin, tenderly to deplore the errors of Nancy, to have for Bill Sikes a kind of pity and admiration, and an absolute love for the society of the Dodger. All these heroes stepped from the novel on to the stage; and the whole London public, from peers to 10 chimney-sweeps, were interested about a set of ruffians whose occupations are thievery, murder, and prostitution. A most agreeable set of rascals, indeed, who have their virtues, too, but not good company for any man. We had better pass them by in decent silence; for, as no writer can or dare tell the *whole* truth concerning them, and faithfully explain their vices, there is no need to give 15 *ex-parte* statements of their virtues.

And what came of *Oliver Twist*? The public wanted something more extravagant still, more sympathy for thieves, and so *Jack Sheppard* makes his appearance. Jack and his two wives, and his faithful Blueskin, and his gin-drinking mother, that sweet Magdalen!—with what a wonderful gravity are all 20 their adventures related, with what an honest simplicity and vigour does Jack's biographer record his actions and virtues! We are taught to hate Wild, to be sure; but then it is because he betrays thieves, the rogue! And yet bad, ludicrous, monstrous as the idea of this book is, we read, and read, and are interested, too. The author has a wondrous faith, and a most respectful notion,

of the vastness of his subject. There is not one particle of banter in his composition; good and bad ideas, he hatches all with the same great gravity; and is just as earnest in his fine description of the storm on the Thames, and his admirable account of the escape from Newgate, as in the scenes in Whitefriars, and the conversations at Wild's, than which nothing was ever 5 written more curiously unnatural. We are not, however, here criticising the novels, but simply have to speak of the Newgate part of them, which gives birth to something a great deal worse than bad taste, and familiarises the public with notions of crime. In the dreadful satire of *Jonathan Wild*, no reader is so dull as to make the mistake of admiring, and can overlook the grand and 10 hearty contempt of the author for the character he has described; the bitter wit of *The Beggar's Opera*, too, hits the great, by shewing their similarity with the wretches that figure in the play; and though the latter piece is so brilliant in its mask of gaiety and wit, that a very dull person may not see the dismal reality thus disguised, moral, at least, there is in the satire, for those who will 15 take the trouble to find it. But in the sorrows of Nancy and the exploits of Sheppard, there is no such lurking moral, as far as we have been able to discover; we are asked for downright sympathy in the one case, and are called on in the second to admire the gallantry of a thief. The street-walker may be a very virtuous person, and the robber as brave as Wellington; but it is better to 20 leave them alone, and their qualities, good and bad. The pathos of the workhouse scenes in *Oliver Twist*, of the Fleet Prison descriptions in *Pickwick*, is genuine and pure—as much of this as you please; as tender a hand to the poor, as kindly a word to the unhappy, as you will; but, in the name of common sense, let us not expend our sympathies on cutthroats, and other such

prodigies of evil!

Labouring under such ideas, Mr. Isaac Solomons, junior, produced the romance of Mrs. Cat, and confesses himself completely happy to have brought it to a conclusion. His poem may be dull—ay, and probably is. The great Blackmore, the great Dennis, the great Sprat, the great Pomfret, not to mention 5 great men of our own time—have they not also been dull, and had pretty reputations, too? Be it granted Solomons *is* dull, but don't attack his morality; he humbly submits that, in his poem, no man shall mistake virtue for vice, no man shall allow a single sentiment of pity or admiration to enter his bosom for any character of the piece; it being, from beginning to end, a scene of unmixed 10 rascality performed by persons who never deviate into good feeling; and, although he doth not pretend to equal the great modern authors whom he hath mentioned, in wit or descriptive power; yet, in the point of moral, he meekly believes that he has been their superior; feeling the greatest disgust for the characters he describes, and using his humble endeavour to cause the public also 15 to hate them.

*Horsemonger Lane, January, 1840.*



## ANNOTATIONS

(Each note below is keyed to a page and a line in the text above. Thus the "1.2" preceding the first entry indicates that reference is being made to the second line on page 1 of the text.)

### 1.2 CATHERINE: A STORY :

In using the spelling "Catherine" for the name of his heroine, Thackeray is following the consensus that developed after the death of Catherine Hayes. When the real Catherine Hayes first gained her notoriety, in the spring of 1726, the newspapers spelled her name variously as Katherine, Catharine, and Katharine as well as Catherine; "Catherine" in fact was far from being the most popular spelling: in the sampling of the newspapers reproduced below in Appendix 1, it turns up only three times, whereas "Katherine" and "Catharine" appear five times each and "Katharine" occurs eight times. Indeed, Mrs. Hayes was more often referred to, erroneously, as Margaret (eleven times) than as Catherine. However, the 1726 pamphlet published by Thomas Warner called her Catherine Hayes, and "Catherine" became the preferred spelling after that in the various crime collections of the next one hundred years.

As for Catherine's last name, Thackeray might just as easily have spelled it "Hays" as "Hayes," for the two spellings are both common: it is "Hayes" in the 1726 pamphlet, *The Lives of the Most Remarkable Criminals*, *The Tyburn Chronicle*, *The Newgate Calendar*, and the 1837 story in *Bell's Life*, but "Hays" in Villette's *Annals of Newgate*, *Select Trials*, *The Bloody*

*Register*, and *The Old Bailey Chronicle* (see Appendix 1).

The subtitle "A STORY" may indicate that Thackeray thought of *Catherine* as a short work rather than a full-length novel; however, the *OED* cites usages of "story" to refer to fiction of any length, and the full-length (three-volume) novel that perhaps had the greatest influence on *Catherine* was entitled *Eugene Aram: A Tale*.

### 1.3 IKEY SOLOMONS, ESQ. JUNIOR :

Thackeray's pseudonym derives from the real-life Ikey Solomons (1785?-1850), a notorious receiver of stolen goods in London during the first third of the nineteenth century before he was transported to Van Dieman's Land (now Tasmania) in 1831. He was still notorious enough at the end of the 1830s for an article to be written on him in *Bell's Life* ("Ikey Solomons in Van Diemen's Land," Oct. 21, 1838: 2) and for an 1838 playbill to draw a parallel between him and Dickens's Fagin (Tobias 50). Thackeray presumably used the name to lend some facetious authority to his anti-Newgate tale. For a discussion of how Solomons' name may have been suggested to Thackeray, see the Critical Commentary, pp. xxxiv-xxxvi.

Note that the fictitious author of *Catherine* is presented as being not Ikey Solomons himself, but his supposed son, Ikey Junior. Ikey Junior seems to have been Thackeray's invention, for although Tobias records the names of six children of Ikey Solomons (90, 144, 146), none of them is called Ikey Junior.

1.6-7 *quarrelling, king-killing, reforming, republicanizing, restoring, re-restoring, play-writing, sermon-writing, Oliver Cromwellizing, Stuartizing, and Orangizing :*

By the term "quarrelling," Thackeray is alluding to the often-bloody disputes that dominated the political scene in England in the seventeenth century. He refers more specifically to these disputes and as well to some less contentious developments in the words that follow.

By "king-killing" he means the execution of Charles I in 1649 at the end of the English Civil Wars; "reforming" presumably refers to the Puritan attempts, in the first half of the century, to reform the Church of England and perhaps as well to Parliament's attempts to reform the English constitution; "republicanizing" refers to the abolition of the monarchy in 1649 and the establishment of a form of republican rule under the Commonwealth and the Protectorate over the next eleven years; "restoring" refers to the 1660 Restoration of the Stuart monarchy: this would also be "Stuartizing"; "Oliver Cromwellizing" refers to the period in which Oliver Cromwell dominated English politics (the "republican" era in the 1650s); "Orangizing" refers to the replacement of James II by his daughter Mary and her husband, William of Orange, during the "Glorious Revolution" of 1688: this may also be what Thackeray means by "re-restoring" (i.e., 1688 in this view was a second re-establishment of the monarchy); on the other hand, "re-restoring" could refer to the Jacobite attempts to put James II or his male descendants back on the throne, but the Jacobite movement is primarily associated with the eighteenth century and in any case was unsuccessful. (See the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, 1979 ed., "Britain and

Ireland, History of," and "Puritanism.")

By "play-writing" Thackeray may be referring either to the work of the Jacobean dramatists at the beginning of the century (Ben Jonson, the later Shakespeare, etc.) or to the work of the Restoration dramatists at the end of the century (Wycherley, Congreve, etc.). However, since this opening paragraph is contrasting the seventeenth century with the "lusty" eighteenth, probably it is the Jacobeans rather than the lusty Restoration writers that are meant here.

By "sermon-writing" Thackeray is probably alluding to such noted seventeenth-century sermon-writers as John Donne, Lancelot Andrewes, John Tillotson, and Jeremy Taylor (see Drabble). Thackeray refers to Tillotson and Taylor in *Henry Esmond* (113; Book 1, Chapter 13).

1.8-10 *Mr. Isaac Newton was a tutor of Trinity, and Mr. Joseph Addison commissioner of appeals :*

After studying at Trinity College, Cambridge, Newton became a fellow and tutor there in the late 1660s and was also elected to a Cambridge University professorship in mathematics. However, he ceased to be a tutor in 1687 and ended his connection with Cambridge altogether in 1701 or 1702 by resigning his professorship. Thackeray's statement that he was a tutor in 1705 is thus incorrect, but it does serve the purpose of conjuring up a distant historical era when Newton was not yet famous. (See Christianson 30-31; More 29, 35, 39, 45, 46, 488.)

The Whigs made Addison Commissioner of Excise Appeals soon after he produced "The Campaign," his pro-Whig poem in praise of the British

victory at Blenheim in 1704 (Otten 10). Thackeray refers to this fact in *Henry Esmond* and also has Esmond comment that Addison's muse "had an eye to the main chance" (*Esmond* 215, 166; Book 2, Chapters 11, 5).

1.10-12 *the presiding genius that watched over the destinies of the French nation had played out all the best cards in his hand, and his adversaries began to pour in their trumps :*

Thackeray is referring to the decline of French power at the end of the seventeenth century. At that time, in the wake of the Nine Years' War (1688-97), French hegemony in Europe came to an end, and a new pattern emerged in which five competing powers (England, France, Russia, Spain, and the Hapsburg empire) vied for control. (See Handen 241, Lossky 155.)

1.12-13 *there were two kings in Spain employed perpetually in running away from one another :*

During the War of the Spanish Succession (1702-1713), the two rival claimants for the Spanish throne, Philip of Anjou (backed by France) and the Archduke Charles of Austria (backed by England), did seem to be avoiding each other. Charles especially seemed reluctant to engage his rival in battle. He did not even arrive in Spain until 1705; and then when Philip and his forces were in retreat towards Madrid in 1706, Charles did not pursue them, but first lingered in Barcelona and then marched away from Madrid, saying there was a threat elsewhere in the country. The two claimants seem never to have encountered one another, though they did at

times lead their respective forces. (See Francis 83, 86, 101, 180-85, 238-41, 293, 307, 407-408; Burnet 793-94, 808; Boyer 6: 4; Rhea Smith 233-35.)

1.13-15 *there was a queen in England, with such rogues for ministers as have never been seen, no, not in our own day :*

The queen referred to is Queen Anne, who reigned from 1702 to 1714. Her minsters included Robert Harley, Earl of Oxford, whom the *DNB* describes as a "shrewd and unscrupulous politician" lacking in honesty, indifferent to truth, and involved in "ceaseless intrigues." The *DNB* adds that he was guilty of "culpable negligence" during the War of the Spanish Succession and ended up in the Tower (*DNB* 8: 1288, 1285). Another minister, Henry St. John, Viscount Bolingbroke, has been described as a libertine and an "unprincipled opportunist" (Ogg 271; Varey 3). In Thackeray's *Henry Esmond*, yet another minister, the Duke of Marlborough, is described as being a man who had no heart, who cheated his men of their pay, who used all men as his instruments, and who would commit treasonable acts, abandon mistresses, and betray benefactors (*Esmond* 195; Book 2, Chapter 9). A recent historian says that Marlborough "intrigued against every English monarch from James II to George I" (Gregg 29). Only Sidney Godolphin among Anne's leading ministers was seen as above reproach, but according to W. E. H. Lecky (1: 39), Godolphin only seems respectable "if measured by the low standard of the corrupt and perilous times."

Thackeray's implied comparison of the corrupt ministers of Queen

Anne to the ministers of his own day probably owes something to the fact that he was writing for a Tory publication at the time of a Whig administration. *Fraser's Magazine* was carrying on a vociferous campaign against the Whigs at the time *Catherine* began appearing. In 1837 and again in 1838, *Fraser's* attacked the Whig foreign minister, Lord Palmerston, for his alleged vacillations, selfishness, and greed, and said he was "destroying the foreign influence of his native land." In 1839, it attacked the Whig prime minister, Lord Melbourne, saying he was hypocritical, unscrupulous, and mischievous, and charging that he was guided by "self-interest, not principle." (*Fraser's* 16: 590, 591; 18: 213, 219; 19: 187, 190.) For Thackeray's own political views in 1839, which were anti-Whig but not pro-Tory, see "The Politics of *Catherine*" above.

Thackeray was not the only one to draw a parallel between Queen Anne's day and his own. In August 1839, *Tait's Edinburgh Magazine* pointed to similarities between the eras, hinting at a parallel between "Harley . . . practising upon the Queen's weak mind" in Anne's day and Melbourne's relationship with the young Queen Victoria (6: 535-36). *Tait's* also said that the parallel between the two reigns was being much talked of, and this may explain why *Catherine* begins with eighteenth-century political details that are not really relevant to the crime story at the heart of the novel.

1.15-16 *a general . . . [who] was the meanest miser or the greatest hero in the world :*

The general was John Churchill, Duke of Marlborough, the hero of

Blenheim and other victories over the French during the War of the Spanish Succession (see Trevelyan 1: 396-97; Nicholson 1). Despite his status as a hero, however, he still came under attack for his alleged stinginess. For instance, the Earl of Peterborough told a crowd that he had two means of proving he was not the Duke of Marlborough: "firstly, I have now only five guineas in my pocket, and, secondly, they are at your service" (cit. Warburton 2: 125; see also Bevan, *Marlborough* 49, 51).

1.16-17 *Mrs. Masham had not yet put Madame Marlborough's nose out of joint :*

"Madame Marlborough," or more properly the Duchess of Marlborough, had been a close friend of Queen Anne's long before Anne became queen, and she exercised a great deal of influence over her friend until a few years after Anne ascended the throne. Beginning soon after Anne's accession, however, the Duchess began to lose favour with her sovereign, because of political differences and lack of tact. Meanwhile, from about 1707, or two years after the time Thackeray is writing of, the Duchess's cousin, Mrs. Abigail Masham, originally a lowly servant at court, began to take over the role of favourite, leaving the Duchess feeling extremely bitter (see Gregg 28-34, 110-13, 164-65, 169-70, 176, 188-89, 193, 207, 228-29, 237, 243-44, 247, 275-76; Gregg argues, however, that contrary to what contemporaries thought, Mrs. Masham actually had little influence).

Thackeray would have known all about the Masham-Marlborough rivalry from the correspondence of the Duchess, which was published in 1838 and reviewed by Thackeray in *The Times* in January of that year



(*Oxford Thackeray* 1: 79-88).

1.17-18 *people had their ears cut off for writing very meek political pamphlets :*

People did have their ears cut off in the early seventeenth century for writing supposedly seditious pamphlets: William Prynne was a well-known example from the 1630s. However, Thackeray is mistaken, or is deliberately altering the facts for effect, in suggesting that this punishment was still in force in 1705. Perhaps he was following what Pope said in *The Dunciad* (at 2: 139): that Daniel Defoe had to stand "earless on high" for publishing his notorious pamphlet on Dissenters in 1702. Or he may have read Charles Lamb's 1821 essay on ears in which Defoe is said to have lost his (Lamb 74). However, both Pope and Lamb were mistaken (or deliberately inaccurate). Defoe did have to stand in the pillory as a result of writing the pamphlet, but he did not suffer the loss of his ears; nor did anyone else in the reign of Queen Anne (see Andrews 163, 166-68; Moore 3-5, 212-13; Griffiths 1: 233, 235-36).

1.18-19 *very large full-bottomed wigs were just beginning to be worn with powder :*

The full-bottomed wig, or *perruque à crinière*, came into fashion in France in the closing decades of the seventeenth century. It consisted of a mass of curls framing the face and falling around and below the shoulders. The authorities differ on when exactly it began to be worn in England, but Thackeray's date of 1705 seems somewhat late, unless he means that only then did powder begin to be used: powdering such wigs to make them appear grey or white does seem to have been an eighteenth-century

phenomenon. The full-bottomed wig was out of fashion by 1730. (See Brooke and Laver 232, 262, 270, 274; Laver 127-28; Cunningham and Cunningham, *Eighteenth* 89, 95; Cunningham and Cunningham, *Seventeenth* 163-64.)

1.19-20 *the face of Louis the Great . . . was . . . observed to look longer, older, and more dismal daily :*

Louis the Great, that is, France's Louis XIV, would presumably have looked dismal because of France's reverses in Europe (see note to 1.10).

2.4 *"Newgate Calendar" :*

The term "Newgate Calendar," derived from London's Newgate Prison, could refer to any collection of crime stories or, more specifically, to the collections issued under that name by Andrew Knapp and William Baldwin. For more details, see the Critical Commentary (p. xxii) and Appendix 1.

2.10-13 *FAGIN . . . TURPIN . . . JACK SHEPPARD (at present in monthly numbers) . . . the embryo DUVAL :*

Dick Turpin and Jack Sheppard were real-life criminals from the eighteenth century who had appeared or were appearing in novels by Harrison Ainsworth. Turpin plays a role in Ainsworth's *Rookwood* (1834), and Jack Sheppard is the title figure in the novel which Ainsworth was serializing monthly in *Bentley's Miscellany* in 1839. When the first episode of

*Catherine* appeared in *Fraser's*, four numbers of *Jack Sheppard* had appeared in *Bentley's*.

Fagin is the name of the fictitious gang leader and receiver of stolen goods in Dickens's *Oliver Twist* (1837-38).

Claude Duval was another real-life criminal, this time from the seventeenth century. As S. M. Ellis explains, Ainsworth had promised, in his prefaces to *Rookwood*, to go on to write about Jack Sheppard and Duval now that he had written about Turpin. When Thackeray wrote the first episode of *Catherine*, Ainsworth's promise about Jack Sheppard was being fulfilled; but the promised story about Duval was still just a promise, or a conception: hence the use of the term "embryo." Ainsworth did not actually put Duval into a novel until thirty years later, in *Talbot Harland*. (See S. M. Ellis, "Jack Sheppard" 81n; Ellis *Ainsworth* 1: 285-86.)

2.14-15 *the eighth commandment* :

"Thou shalt not steal."

2.16 *coxcombs* :

"Coxcomb" originally meant a fool's cap and thus a fool, but it later came to mean a vain, conceited person (*OED*).

2.22 *Old Bailey calendar* :

As the Old Bailey (that is, the Central Criminal Court) was intimately associated with Newgate Prison, what Thackeray probably means by "Old Bailey Calendar" is The Newgate Calendar in its general meaning

(see note to 2.4). He could mean specifically *The Old Bailey Chronicle*, one of the several different crime collections of the eighteenth century, but that seems less likely.

2.23 *the Stone Jug* :

As Thackeray's footnote explains, the Stone Jug meant Newgate Prison. It was not the "polite name," however, but underworld slang (Partridge, *Underworld*; *OED*). The term can be found in Ainsworth's flash song, "Nix my doll pals, fake away," which appeared originally in *Rookwood* (177), and which took London by storm in the fall of 1839 (see note to 230.13). Neither the song nor the term would have been as well known in May 1839, however.

2.24 *hurdle-mounted* :

That is, mounted on the hurdle or sledge on which traitors were drawn through the streets to the place of execution (*OED*, "hurdle," 1.c).

2.24 *riding down the Oxford-road* :

Riding down the Oxford Road to Tyburn was what condemned criminals did on the day of execution; at least, that is what they did until 1783, when the Tyburn gallows was taken down (Hollingsworth 3; Babington 32). Thackeray is thus being anachronistic, perhaps in an attempt to carry us back to the eighteenth century.

2.25 *your ladyship* :

Thackeray often addressed his readers directly, calling them variously "Sir" or "Madam," varying the sex of his imagined audience to suit the situation. In his essay in *The Roundabout Papers*, "On Letts's Diary," he begins by addressing "my respected reader" and goes on to call him "sir" and later "Mr. Dandy." Further on in the same essay, however, he addresses his reader as "sir or madam" (*Works* 12: 333, 334). Probably Thackeray's most famous imaginary reader appears in Chapter 1 of *Vanity Fair* (5), and not just in the words of the text but in an illustration: this is "JONES . . . at his club," whom the narrator imagines disapproving of the descriptions of Amelia. Usually, however, Thackeray's "readers" were addressed as if they were female, perhaps because he thought of ladies as being "the great novel-readers of the world" ("A Mississippi Bubble," *The Roundabout Papers*, *Works* 12: 332).

In *Catherine* the reader is addressed four times as "madam" and one time each as "sir," "my son," "Mr. Reader," and, on this occasion, "your ladyship." The use of "your ladyship" is somewhat unusual for Thackeray, as he typically conceived of his readers as being members of the middle, not the upper class. But there is another example of upper class address. In his essay "Beatrice Merger" in *The Paris Sketch Book*, Thackeray says that Beatrice's story has been written "for the benefit of dukes and such great people," and then goes on to address individual members of this imaginary elite audience as "your Ladyship" and "my Lord Bishop" (*Works* 5: 140).

3.1 *Jack Ketch* :

In the seventeenth century there was a real hangman named John (or Jack) Ketch, who was known for his brutality and ineptitude. His name came to be applied to all executioners (*Encyclopaedia Britannica*, 1979 ed.).

3.6-13 *In . . . 1705 . . . whether . . . the Queen of England did feel seriously alarmed . . . that a French prince should occupy the Spanish throne; or whether she was tenderly attached to the Emperor of Germany; or, whether she was obliged to fight out the quarrel of William of Orange, who made us pay and fight for his Dutch provinces; or, whether poor old Louis Quatorze did really frighten her; or whether Sarah Jennings and her husband wanted to make a fight, knowing how much they should gain by it—whatever the reason was, it was evident that the war was to continue :*

Thackeray here sets forth a series of plausible explanations for the launching of the War of the Spanish Succession against the French in 1702. The English were indeed concerned that a French prince, Philip of Anjou, a grandson of Louis XIV, would be put on the Spanish throne, thus allying and perhaps eventually uniting Spain with France and upsetting the balance of power in Europe. In opposing the French threat, the English allied themselves with, and thus could be said to be "tenderly attached to," the Emperor of Germany, that is, the Holy Roman Emperor, Leopold I, whose younger son, Charles, was put forward as a rival candidate for the Spanish throne. (See Smellie 52; Doyle 272-73.)

During the eighteenth century, England and France fought frequently, but this was a fairly new development, perhaps partly attributable to the

accession of William of Orange to the English throne in 1688. William was criticized during his reign for dragging England into a continental war against France (the Nine Years' War, also called King William's War) in order to support the interests of his native Holland ("his Dutch provinces"). The War of the Spanish Succession could be seen as Queen Anne's continuation of William's (and Holland's) anti-French quarrel. (See Selley 5-8; Strang 62-65; Horn, *Great Britain* 86.)

As for the influence of Sarah Jennings (i.e., the Duchess of Marlborough) and her husband the Duke on the launching of the war, the traditional view is that the Duke and Duchess had a great deal of influence on Anne in the early years of her reign (Trevelyan 1: 177-78; see also Gregg 154, 155, who, however, argues that Anne was more independent than is generally thought). To credit them with being behind England's involvement in the war is thus a not unreasonable deduction. Thackeray's phrasing here—"Sarah Jennings and her husband"—also reflects the traditional view in suggesting that it was the Duchess rather than the Duke who had the real power. Finally, the statement that the Duke and Duchess would gain by the war echoes a view expressed by Swift and accepted by Thackeray in his review of the Duchess's correspondence, that Marlborough "loved the war for the profits it brought him" (*Oxford Thackeray* 1: 84).

The curious thing about this whole passage is that though it would work well as an explanation for the launching of the war in 1702, it can only awkwardly be connected to the year 1705. Thackeray's problem was that from his sources for the life of Catherine Hayes he knew that she

had run off with some army officers in 1705 (see Appendix 1, p. 733); this information no doubt inspired him to begin his novel by having Catherine elope with a captain in 1705; but he was then faced with the difficulty of discussing the origins of a war that began in 1702 in the context of events that occurred three years later.

3.16 *the Corsican upstart* :

A derisive epithet commonly applied to Napoleon, a native of Corsica, by British jingoists (*Brewer's*, 9th ed.). Thackeray, however, seems ironic here, as if mocking those who would use the epithet. He uses the same epithet in a similar way in Chapter 6 of *Vanity Fair* (48).

3.17-18 *Cutts's regiment (which had been so mangled at Blenheim the year before)* :

Lord Cutts was a leading military figure of the period and was third in command at the Battle of Blenheim in August 1704. The battalions he commanded there suffered heavy losses, prompting the military authorities to embark on a recruiting drive. It does not seem correct, however, to say that Cutts commanded a regiment at Blenheim. He had commanded regiments in the 1690s, at the Boyne and at Steinkirk, and he raised a regiment of dragoons in 1704; but the 1704 regiment is not listed as one that fought at Blenheim and it may have been raised after the battle. (See Bevan, *Marlborough* 207; *DNB*; Dalton 5: 251; Fortescue 1: 436, 567.)



3.19 *dépôt* :

A depot could be the headquarters of a regiment or the station where recruits were assembled. The latter meaning seems more likely here. (See John Childs 106-107; *OED*, "depot," 3.)

3.19 *the captain and his attendant, the corporal* :

The first edition text reads "sergeant," not "corporal," but this has been emended because the reference is to Corporal Brock. As explained in the Textual Apparatus, Thackeray probably conceived of Brock as a sergeant originally, which would have been more accurate historically, because the standard recruiting party of the time consisted of an officer, a drummer, and a sergeant, not a corporal (Anthony Kemp 13).

3.23 *Captain Plume and Sergeant Kite* :

Thackeray refers here to the two central figures in George Farquhar's 1706 comedy, *The Recruiting Officer*. Thackeray's Brock and Galgenstein are much like Farquhar's recruiters, and the roguish atmosphere of the opening chapters seems modelled on that in Farquhar's play. In 1841, Thackeray privately paid tribute to Farquhar, saying he was "something more than a mere comic tradesman: and has a grand drunken diabolical fire in him" (*Letters* 2: 38; see also the note on Peter Brock at 4.12).

4.4-5 *food for the hungry cannon at Ramillies and Malplaquet* :

Ramillies and Malplaquet were major battles during the War of the Spanish Succession, in 1706 and 1709 respectively. Both were victories for the British and their allies, but the fight at Malplaquet was costly: the Allies suffered 20,000 casualties, and though less than 1,900 of those were British, there was an outcry in England over the loss of life. Ramillies is not usually put in the same category the way Thackeray does here; although the Allies lost more than 4,000 men at the battle, there was no suggestion that this was excessive; indeed, the battle was celebrated as a great victory. (See Gregg 215-16, 289; Nicholson 96, 136.) Thackeray described the carnage at Malplaquet in *Esmond* (267-68; Book 3, Chapter 1).

4.12 *Peter Brock, otherwise Corporal Brock* :

There are multiple sources of inspiration for Brock, the most obvious being Farquhar's Sergeant Kite, who is described in Act 3, scene 1 of *The Recruiting Officer* as one skilled at "canting, lying, impudence, pimping, bullying, swearing, whoring, drinking" (Farquhar 105). Cf. the descriptions of Brock at 4.16-21 and 51.11, where he is said to be skilled at eating, drinking, singing, joking, and also at "bullying, cursing, storming, fighting" and "swindling, pimping, thieving." Brock also owes something (e.g., his rank) to Corporal Jacob Bunting in Bulwer's *Eugene Aram*. As for his name, it may have had two sources. Along with the name "Galgenstein," Thackeray may have derived "Brock" from a minor character in *Jack Sheppard* named Galgebrok. The only problem with this theory is that

according to a letter Thackeray wrote in December 1839, long after he had created Brock and Galgenstein, he had not yet read *Jack Sheppard* (*Letters* 1: 395); however, he had read extracts from it and perhaps had encountered the name there. The other source for the name is an obscure play by Edward Fitzball (1792-1873) that ran for a week at the beginning of April 1839, just at the time when Thackeray most likely was inventing his Corporal. The name of the play was *The King of the Mist, or, The Miller of the Hartz Mountains*, and its central character was named Peter Block. Moreover, this Peter Block spends almost half the play on Brocken Mountain. (See the *Morning Post*, April 2, 1839: 5; *The Times*, April 1, 1839: 4; April 2: 5; April 6: 4. see also Nicoll and Freedley, Box 15.)

4.13 *dragoons* :

If Thackeray is being historically precise, then he means that Corporal Brock, as one of Cutts's dragoons, was a mounted infantryman, that is, an infantryman who rode to battle but fought on foot. This was the original meaning of "dragoon" and was so still at the time of which Thackeray is writing; however, by Thackeray's own time a dragoon simply meant a cavalryman. (See the *OED*; Myatt 103-105; Anthony Kemp 65-66; Macaulay, *History* 1: 221.)

4.14-15 *nearly thirteen stone* :

That is, about 180 pounds.

4.15 *the celebrated Leitch* :

Unidentified. Possibly, Thackeray is referring to his friend, the satirical artist John Leech (1817-1884), who became well-known for his work in *Punch* in the 1840s. Thackeray was not very particular about spelling names (see the "Names" section in the Glossary in the Textual Apparatus) and the *DNB* describes Leech as being "a man of singularly handsome presence, being over six feet high and extremely well built" (11: 831). However, the novel's Leitch seems to be broad-chested and, according to one biographer, Leech, though tall and strong, was also "delicately made" and slim (Kitton 70-71). Moreover, he was not really celebrated yet in 1839 (Ray, *Adversity* 359-60).

4.18 *chansons de table* :

Drinking songs.

4.23 *the Marquess of Rodil* :

The Marquis of Rodil was at various times a general and also the Minister of War for the Spanish government during the first Carlist War (1833-1840), a war which was in some ways the nineteenth-century equivalent of the War of the Spanish Succession; like its eighteenth-century predecessor, it involved a dispute over the Spanish throne and intervention by the British and the French (though on the same side this time and not as directly). Rodil was notably unsuccessful in the campaigns he led against the Carlist rebels in 1834 and 1836, so much so that there was talk of impeaching him. This did not happen, but he was removed from command

both times. (See Rhea Smith 312-21; Holt 13, 64-65, 68, 83, 191-92; *The Times* 1834: Sept. 6: 2, Sept. 9: 2, Oct. 1: 2; 1836: Nov. 9: 3, Nov. 10: 5, Nov. 11: 2, Nov. 14: 5, Nov. 22: 4, Nov. 25: 2.)

Thackeray anticipated the satirical attack he makes here about Rodil in a report he made on the Carlist War in February 1837 for the Radical journal, the *Constitutional*. In that report he said Rodil had called himself "the child of battle," but added that " 'the child of battle' . . . when placed in the chief command of the army . . . kept at a most respectful distance from his father" (*Mr. Thackeray's Writings* 287).

It has not been possible to locate Thackeray's source for Rodil's self-description as a child of war or battle. However, there is evidence that Rodil issued boastful despatches about his military prowess: Charles Frederick Henningsen's 1836 book on the Carlist War, which Thackeray was familiar with (see *The Oxford Thackeray* 2: 624), quotes from one (Henningsen 1: 186), and the *Quarterly Review* in 1835 (54: 201) reported on Rodil's vanity concerning his military talents. Thus it would have been in character for Rodil to describe himself as Thackeray says he does.

As to running away, which the novel accuses Rodil of doing, that seems something of an exaggeration; but reports at the time did note Rodil's reluctance to engage the enemy, and in his own defence of his actions, Rodil himself admitted to having withdrawn from the battlefield on one occasion. (See *The Times* 1836: Nov. 9: 2, 3, Nov. 10: 5, Nov. 22: 4, Nov. 25: 2; "Manifesto del Marqués de Rodil," cit. Burgo 3: 459-60.)

4.25-5.1 *seven cities . . . might contend for the honour of giving him birth :*

A mock-heroic comparison of Brock and Homer. According to legend, seven cities claimed to be Homer's birthplace (*Brewer's*, 14th ed., "Homer"; *Bartlett*, 15th ed., 257: 20).

5.2-6 *a royalist regiment . . . the Parliamentarians . . . Monk . . . Coldstreamers . . . they marched . . . from a republic at once into a monarchy :*

Thackeray here describes the same sort of opportunistic trimming he writes of concerning the Crawley family in Chapter 7 of *Vanity Fair* (57-58). The Crawleys name their children after whoever is in power at the time (Charles Stuart, Walpole, Pitt, etc.). Brock and his mother similarly align themselves with whoever seems to be in the ascendant. Thus Brock's mother shifts from the Royalists to the Parliamentarians, presumably when the latter had triumphed in the English Civil Wars. To then associate with General Monk, as Brock does, would be to take sides with the man most responsible for restoring the monarchy in 1660.

Monk and his regiment were stationed at Coldstream on the Tweed in Scotland in 1660 (hence the name Coldstreamers). In the turmoil following Oliver Cromwell's death, Monk marched his forces south to support the restoration of Charles II, thus in a sense marching from the Cromwellian republic into the Stuart monarchy as Thackeray says. (See the *DNB*, 13: 601, 596, under "Monck," an alternative spelling of the name; see also Fortescue 1: 277.)

5.8 *the battle of the Boyne :*

At the Battle of the Boyne, in Ireland in 1690, William of Orange, now king of England, defeated the deposed James II, who had gone to Ireland in an attempt to regain his throne (*Encyclopaedia Britannica*, 1979 ed.). If Brock was on the losing side, that means he fought for James, a suggestion confirmed later in *Catherine*, when Brock says he was wounded at the Boyne by a Dutchman, who would have been on William's side (see p. 93 in the text).

5.10 *one of Mordaunt's forlorn hope at Schellenberg :*

In July 1704, the British triumphed at Schellenberg just before going on to their more famous victory at Blenheim. In the Schellenberg engagement, Lord Mordaunt (a son of the Earl of Peterborough) and Colonel Munden led a "forlorn hope," or advance guard, into the fray. Accounts vary, but the newspaper *The Post-Man*, in a report at the time (July 13-15, 1704: 1-2) said Mordaunt led 45 men, of whom ten survived, while Munden led 52, of whom eleven survived. Later reports give different figures (see Nicholson 43; Bevan, *Marlborough* 201; Trevelyan 1: 361; Boyer 3: 60; Fortescue 1: 427, 429).

5.11 *he was promised a pair of colours :*

That is, he was promised a promotion to the rank of ensign, "ensign" being the old term for a low-ranking officer equivalent to the later sub-lieutenant or second lieutenant. The ensign was responsible for carrying a unit's banner or standard, which was itself referred to as either the

ensign or the colours (*OED*, "colour," 7.a, 7.c; "ensign," 5, 7, 8).

5.23 *Schloss* :

German for castle (*OED*).

6.1-2 *Count Gustavus Adolphus Maximilian von Galgenstein* :

Robert Colby suggests that "Galgenstein," from two German words meaning "gallows" and "stone," may derive from "Galgebrok," the name of a character in Ainsworth's *Jack Sheppard* (Colby 170, note 27, and see the note to 4.12 above).

As for the Count's given names, Maximilian may come from the name of the Elector of Bavaria in 1705, Maximilian (or Max) Emanuel. Thackeray, who mentions the Elector in *Esmond* (244; Book 2, Chapter 15), may have been drawn to use his name for the Count because their nationalities were the same and because the Elector, like the Count, was duplicitous: in the War of the Spanish Succession, the Elector at first seemed to promise the Allies he would join them, but then sided with the French (Henderson 74; Nicholson 24).

"Gustavus Adolphus" would seem to refer to the Swedish king of that name, also known as Gustavus II (1594-1632), among whose exploits was the capture of Schellenberg during the Thirty Years' War. According to Trevelyan (1: 356-57), when Marlborough triumphed at the same spot in 1704, the story circulated that he was the first to do so since Gustavus Adolphus. Moreover, the fort overlooking the Schellenberg plateau was known as Gustavus's fort. Thackeray may have encountered this information



in his research. He may also have had in mind a young boy named Gustave Adolphe Basslé, a child genius who went on tour in the late 1830s to demonstrate his prodigious memory (*The Times* 1838: July 12: 4; *Literary Gazette* 1839: March 2: 141, June 22: 397; *Sunday Times* 1839: July 7: 4). Giving the name of a memory expert to a character who would end up suffering from senility may have appealed to Thackeray.

Thackeray reuses the names "Gustavus Adolphus" and "Galgenstein" in *Barry Lyndon*, but whereas in *Catherine* they refer to a single character who is both an army officer and an aristocrat, in the later novel they refer to two separate characters, one an officer and the other an aristocrat. There is a Galgenstein who is a Prussian army officer (not Bavarian like the one in *Catherine*), and there is a Gustavus Adolphus whose title is the Earl of Crabs (*Barry Lyndon* 135, 330; Part 1, Chapter 6; Part 2, Chapter 2; Chapters 5, 18 in revised edition).

### 6.3 *gardes du corps* :

French for bodyguards (*OED*).

### 6.4-5 *after the battle of Blenheim, two regiments of Germans came over to the winning side* :

Nicholson (68) speaks of desertions after Blenheim, and Boyer (3: 89) reports that "3000 *Germans* of the Regiments of *Greder* and *Surlauben* . . . voluntarily listed themselves in the Service of the Allies." By "*Germans*," Boyer presumably meant Bavarians, since most other Germans were already in the service of the Allies. That Thackeray also refers to the deserters as

Germans when he means Bavarians suggests that he was following Boyer.

6.5-7 *Gustavus Adolphus Maximilian . . . had enjoyed English pay for a year or more :*

It was quite common for armies at that time to hire foreign mercenaries; indeed, the British had many more foreigners than native Britons in their ranks. It was also not unusual to enlist deserters from the enemy. Francis says all the armies contained "officers and men, and even whole units, of enemy origin or nationality" (Francis 22, 23; Smellie 49; Nicholson 14-15; Trevelyan 1: 156).

6.9-11 *handsome John Churchill had known the young gentleman's mother, when they were both penniless hangers-on at Charles the Second's court :*

In his early days, John Churchill (later the Duke of Marlborough) had one notorious affair at Charles II's court with the King's own mistress, the Duchess of Cleveland, but there is no evidence he had others; the liaison Thackeray hints at is thus not entirely plausible. It is true, however, that in those days Churchill was short of money. In fact, his poverty may be what made it possible for him to win forgiveness from Charles: the King, according to one account, judged that Churchill's main interest in the Duchess of Cleveland had been monetary, not sexual (Bevan, *Marlborough* 25-26; Gregg 29; Barnett, *Marlborough* 12).

6.18-19 *black, glossy, long-tailed, barrel-bellied, thick-flanked, arch-necked,*

*Roman-nosed Flanders horses :*

In modern usage, a Flanders horse is a large, heavy draft animal used on farms, not by the military. It is characterized by a blunt head rather than an arched neck, and is not usually black. In the nineteenth century, however, a "Flanders horse" could refer to any one of a number of breeds originating in the Low Countries, including the Friesian horse. The latter, to which Thackeray was probably referring, was also a heavy animal, but was not used solely on farms. As in Thackeray's description, it was black, with an arched neck and a tail that sometimes reached to the ground. The authorities do not refer to it as Roman-nosed, but that part of the description no doubt came to Thackeray from the passage in Bulwer's *Eugene Aram* which helped inspire this scene (see the Critical Commentary, p. xlv; see also Churchill 86, 89; Edwards 144-45, 148-49; Macgregor-Morris and Lugli 19, 63, 89-90; Chivers 35).

6.21 *mountain-wine :*

The *OED* (under "mountain," meaning 5) reports that this wine is a "variety of Malaga wine, made from grapes grown on the mountains."

7.17-18 *a very large count's coronet and a cipher :*

A coronet can mean either the small crown worn by members of the nobility or, as here, a depiction of that crown (*OED*, "coronet," 1). A cipher is a monogram, but it also means zero or nothing (*OED*, "cipher," 1, 6), and perhaps that sense lurks in the background as a comment on

the aristocracy in general and Galgenstein in particular: cf. "the Duchess of Zero," whom Thackeray invents for *Cox's Diary* (*Oxford Thackeray* 3: 216).

8.2-3 *the parson . . . Dobbs* :

The good-hearted but gullible parson, who likes to drink and smoke at the Bugle Inn, resembles Parson Adams in Fielding's *Joseph Andrews*. In addition, his name resembles those of two other characters in Thackeray's works: Dobbin in *Vanity Fair* and Ensign Dobble in *Stubbs's Calendar, or The Fatal Boots*. All three characters, though good-hearted, are weak in some way: Dobbs is gullible, Dobbin is "clumsy" and "gawky" (*Vanity Fair* xv, 47; "Before the Curtain," Chapter 6), and Dobble is a coward (*Works* 3: 561-64).

8.5 *the little ostler* :

An ostler or hostler is a groom or stableman, especially at an inn (*OED*).

8.22 *beaver* :

Technically, the term "beaver" is used for the lower part of the visor on a helmet, but it is often used to mean the whole visor, and Thackeray here seems to use it that way (see the *OED*, "beaver," sb.2). That Brock should wear a helmet at all is odd, for helmets had virtually disappeared by the eighteenth century. It is true that they could still be found in the Bavarian army, and if Thackeray knew this fact, perhaps he was indicating that Brock had been influenced in his choice of equipment by

his Bavarian-born commander. However, since the non-Bavarian Lord Castlewood is made to wear an anachronistic beaver in *Esmond* (119-20; Book 1, Chapter 14), most likely Brock's headgear is simply an anachronism as well. (See Anthony Kemp 63.)

9.1, 9.5-7 *Prince Eugene. . . . [at] Blenheim fight . . . I cut down two of Saurkrauter's regiment, who had made the prince prisoner :*

Prince Eugene of Savoy, a general in the service of the Holy Roman Empire, was, along with Marlborough, in command of the Allied troops during the War of the Spanish Succession. Brock's story about rescuing the Prince at Blenheim has an element of truth to it, for during that battle a Bavarian soldier who was about to shoot Eugene was cut down at the last minute by one of the Prince's men (Henderson 110). However, Brock was not one of the Prince's men; he was serving under Marlborough.

Thackeray's use in the passage of the term "Saurkrauter" to suggest the German character of the Prince's adversaries is odd, for although those who fought against the Prince were German (i.e., Bavarian), so were those who fought for him (cf. the note to 6.4).

9.4, 9.19 *William of Nassau, George of Denmark :*

"William of Nassau" is another name for William of Orange (King of England, 1688-1702), Nassau being a German duchy inherited by William's family (*Encyclopaedia Britannica*, 1911 ed., "Nassau"). George of Denmark had married Queen Anne in 1683, before she became queen (Gregg 32-34).

9.17-18 *holy Roman empire* :

Technically, the Holy Roman Empire at the beginning of the eighteenth century ruled over the more than 300 German territories in central Europe, but in fact it had no real control over them and Emperor Leopold derived his power from the fact that he was also the Hapsburg ruler of Austria (Doyle 221; Trevelyan 1: 234).

9.20-21 *Marshal Tallard . . . was taken prisoner by the count* :

Marshal Tallard, one of the leaders of the French forces at Blenheim, was indeed taken prisoner there (Bevan, *Marlborough* 208), but it could hardly have been by Count von Galgenstein, who as an officer in the Bavarian service would have been on Tallard's side during the battle. It was only after the battle that the Count switched sides and joined the English (see p. 6 in the text). Presumably, Thackeray meant this impossible story to be one of Brock's tall tales, told to ingratiate himself with the parson and the villagers.

11.4 *Mrs. Score, her relative* :

An invented character, not in the historical record. The real-life Catherine Hayes was not an orphan raised by a relative; according to the eighteenth-century sources, she ran away from her parents (see Appendix 1, p. 733). Thackeray, however, tended to make orphans out of his characters or to deprive them of at least one parent: consider Becky Sharp and Henry Esmond (orphans) and Barry Lyndon, Arthur Pendennis, Clive Newcome, and Philip Firmin (children with only one parent). This may

reflect Thackeray's own loss of his father at an early age and his separation from his mother during childhood.

The use of "Score" for the name of the Bugle Inn's landlady is appropriate, for one meaning of the word is the "record . . . of the quantity of liquor consumed on credit by a regular frequenter" of a rural alehouse (*OED*, "score," 10).

11.21 *O woman, lovely woman!* :

Laub (88) points out the similarity of this phrase to the opening words of Thomas Otway's 1682 drama, *Venice Preserved*:

O woman! lovely woman! Nature made thee  
To temper man: we had been brutes without you.

Laub notes the ironic contrast between Otway's praise and Thackeray's condemnation of women.

11.23 *fribble* :

As a noun, "fribble," meaning a trifling, frivolous person, can be traced back to the mid-seventeenth century. As an adjective, however, the word, meaning trifling, frivolous, or ridiculous, virtually belongs to Thackeray: two of the three quotations in the *OED* are from his works; one of them is this very instance from *Catherine*.

11.25-12.1 *when thou puttest a kiss within the cup—and we are content to call the poison, wine!* :

An allusion to the opening lines of Ben Jonson's "Song: To Celia,"

one version of which is as follows (Maclean 370):

Drink to me Celia with thine eyes  
And I'll pledge thee with mine  
Leave but a kiss within the cup  
And I'll expect no wine

Thackeray in this passage effects what Laub (88) calls a misogynistic transformation of his source.

15.15 *the Brill* :

Known today as Brielle, "the Brill" is a small town and port in the Netherlands (*Encyclopaedia Britannica*, 1911 ed).

15.19 *High-Dutch* :

German (*OED*, "Dutch," 1).

15.24 *chits* :

Catherine's grammar is somewhat confusing here, but by "chits" she simply means the plural of "chit," which is a contemptuous term for a young person, especially for a young woman; the term suggests that the person in question is still a child (*OED*, "chit," 2.b).

16.8 *a poor clodpole* :

A clodpole is a blockhead or a stupid fellow (*OED*).



17.11 *Mr. Clodpole, whose name was really Bullock :*

There is a character named Bullock in Farquhar's *The Recruiting Officer*. Both Bullocks are rustics, so their name, meaning "bull" or "ox" (*OED*), is appropriate.

As to Bullock's alternative name, Clodpole, in applying it to a villager who is soon to be recruited into the army, Thackeray may have been thinking of a passage in an 1831 novel by Catherine Gore (*Pin Money* 35, Chapter 5):

. . . the heart of the country clodpole responds . . . readily to the pipe and drum with which the cunning recruiting sergeant baits the recruiting-hook in the village market-place . . .

17.13-15 *like a galley slave, as I have seen them in Turkey and America . . . and in the country of Prester John :*

Another of Brock's tall tales, though the claim to have seen galley slaves in Turkey is at least possible. Galleys, that is, oared ships, were common in the Mediterranean, especially in the eastern Mediterranean, before and during the reign of Louis XIV, and many of them were manned by slaves. The Turks' galleys were well known; in 1571 they engaged a fleet of Venetian and Spanish galleys in the Battle of Lepanto (Macmunn 56-57, 64, 70; Bamford 10-13, 16-17; Cowburn 75, 82-85, 87; for a picture of a Turkish galley dating from 1680, see Anderson 54-55, plate 11A).

In America, on the other hand, though slavery was a significant part of the social structure, there is no evidence of galleys or galley slaves. As for the land of Prester John, it would have been impossible for Brock to have travelled to it, let alone to have seen galley slaves there, for

Prester John was a purely legendary figure, a twelfth-century invention. In 1165, the Byzantine Emperor received a letter that allegedly came from a priest-king named John who ruled somewhere in Asia or perhaps Ethiopia. This supposed king, whose title "Prester" derives from "Presbyter," meaning priest, promised aid to Christian Europe against Moslems and described his own country as a Utopia free of crime, poverty, and illness. In the letter, John also claimed to have conquered the Medes and Persians, but admitted to having been forced to stop at the Tigris River for lack of boats (Gumilev 4; Helleiner 47-50; Nowell 435-39; Ross 174-78, 184). In other words, Thackeray is having Brock claim to have seen toiling galley slaves in an imaginary land free of all suffering whose military forces had no boats.

18.15 *a crimp* :

Someone who uses deceptive means to induce men to enlist as soldiers or sailors (*OED*).

18.18 *Tummas Clodpole* :

On first meeting this character, Brock addressed him as "Thomas" (p. 17 in the text); now that he has known him for a while, Brock presumably feels free to express his sense of superiority to a mere villager by using the more familiar "Tummas." That Tummas (or Tummus) is a familiar form of Thomas is explained by Thackeray in *The Book of Snobs* (127, Chapter 33; Chapter 26 in some editions).

Like Brock, the narrator of *Catherine* also shifts between "Tummas"

and "Thomas," but in a more irregular, less readily explainable way (see pp. 34-35 in the text).

19.16-17 *a hearty cock* :

A man with pluck and spirit (*OED*, "cock," 8), a rather ironic term to apply to the snivelling John Hayes.

20.4 *Juvenal* :

The Roman satirist, known for his angry indignation, in contrast to the mildness of Horace, the other great Roman satirist (Howatson).

20.21 *Mrs. Catherine* :

In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, both married and unmarried women could be addressed as "Mrs." (*OED*, "Mrs.," 2.b; Dixon 45n).

20.22 *But no mortal is wise at all times* :

This statement is a translation of a line from Pliny's *Natural History*—"nemo mortalium omnibus horis sapit" (Pliny 2: 592, 593; Book 7, line 131)—which Thackeray may have encountered in Book 3, Chapter 11 of Fielding's *Jonathan Wild*, a novel Thackeray refers to later in *Catherine* (p. 246 in the text). Fielding also quotes this line in *Tom Jones* and *Joseph Andrews*. (See Nokes 155, 275 note 90.) Thackeray may also have remembered the line from Smollett's *Roderick Random*, a novel he enjoyed as a boy (see Smollett 72, Chapter 15, and see "De Juventute" in

Thackeray's *Roundabout Papers*, Works 12: 237).

21.21 *pis-aller* :

French for a last resort (*OED*).

21.23 *that "chartered libertine," a coquette* :

Allusion to Shakespeare's *Henry V* (I.i.48), where it is the air, not a coquette, that is described as a chartered libertine, meaning one licensed to do anything.

22.10 *franche coquette* :

Open flirt.

22.21-22 *a sly demon creeps under your night-cap, and drops into your ear those soft, hope-breathing, sweet words* :

An allusion to Satan's whispering into Eve's ear in Book 4 of *Paradise Lost* (ll. 799-809). Thackeray alludes to this Miltonic scene again at the end of the novel (see note to 199.23).

22.24 *Macassar oil* :

A preparation applied to the hair; supposed to have great restorative properties. The first readers of *Catherine* would have been most familiar with *Rowland's Macassar Oil*, which was advertised widely. For example, the *Morning Post* of March 1, 1839 carried the following advertisement (8):

Rowland's Macassar Oil.—This elegant, fragrant, and pellucid Oil

is in universal high repute for its unequalled restorative, preservative, and beautifying properties. It prevents hair from falling off or turning grey to the latest period of life, changes grey hair to its original colour, frees it from scurf, and renders it beautifully soft, curly, and glossy. . . .

The *Court Journal* on May 18, 1839 (333) published a testimonial for Rowland's Macassar Oil in which one Charles Edmund Colman declared that he had formerly been "quite bald," but that after using Rowland's product he now had hair which "never was so comfortable, is free from dandruff, feels extremely pleasant, possesses a strong curl, and is very thick."

Rowland's Macassar Oil figures in several stories by Thackeray in the early 1840s, including "Rolandseck," "Sultan Stork," and "The Ravenswing" (*Oxford Thackeray* 4: 144, 183, 356). Thackeray, however, was not the first author to refer to Macassar oil. In stanza 17 of the opening canto of Byron's *Don Juan*, we learn that the hero's mother is beyond compare and that

In virtues nothing earthly could surpass her,  
Save thine "incomparable oil," Macassar!

There is also a reference to Rowland's product in Lewis Carroll's *Through the Looking Glass*: in Chapter 8, the White Knight sings a song to Alice in which an aged man claims to produce Macassar oil by burning mountain streams (I owe this reference to Elizabeth Emond).

In *Catherine*, the reference to the oil in the narrator's excursus on dead loves is presumably meant to suggest that the spurned lover is getting on in years.

23.2-7 *there, in your writing desk, . . . is the dirty scrap of paper, thimble-sealed, which came . . . [from] a butcher's daughter . . . [who] married a public-house three weeks afterwards, and cares for you no more now than she does for the pot-boy :*

Thackeray works a variation on this theme of vanished love in *Vanity Fair*. In the later novel, when the narrator discusses old love letters that the reader might have from a mistress who left him, the emphasis is not on her lack of feelings, but on his. Addressing the reader, the narrator speaks of "your mistress for whom you now care no more than for Queen Elizabeth" (165, Chapter 19).

23.3 *thimble-sealed :*

That is, the butcher's daughter used her thimble to impress a seal on her letter.

23.4 *muffetees :*

Introduced in the mid-eighteenth century, these small wrist muffs were worn by both sexes and were intended to provide warmth and protect shirt ruffles from dirt (Cunnington and Cunnington, *Eighteenth* 99, 177).

23.7 *pot-boy :*

A boy or young man employed as an assistant in a tavern to serve beer (*OED*).

23.11 *pauperum tabernas* :

The hovels of the poor (Latin): an allusion to Horace's *Odes* (Liv.13-14):

*pallida Mors aequo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas  
regumque turres*

(Pale Death with impartial foot knocks at the hovels of the poor and the mansions of the rich.)

23.12, 23.20-21 *the . . . old-clothesman . . . with his nasal cry of "Clo:" . . . in Holywell Street . . . that desultory Jew-boy* :

The Jewish "old clo' man," or dealer in secondhand clothing, with his call of "Old clo' " was a common sight in London in the mid-nineteenth century, especially in Holywell Street (Thornbury and Walford 3: 33; Bennett 38-39).

23.14 *exuvial* :

Castoff, discarded (*OED*); the word originally referred to the skins shed by animals, an interesting association that Thackeray may have had in mind when applying it to clothes.

23.15 *atrior cura* :

Blacker care (Latin). An alteration of a famous phrase from Horace's *Odes* (III.i.11): "*atra Cura*" (black care). Horace was Thackeray's favourite Latin author, at least to quote, and this was his favourite Horatian quotation: he referred to it at least ten times in his works, and even

wrote a ballad called "Atra Cura" (Nitchie 394, 395-96; *Works* 13: 165).

23.17 *Jack-indifferent* :

The *OED* reports that an "indifferent" (B.2) is a person who is "neutral or unconcerned . . . an apathetic person," and adds that the word can be used as part of the quasi-proper name "*John Indifferent*."

23.22-23 *the beef-shop in Saint-Martin's Court* :

St. Martin's Court is near Newport Court, the latter being home to numerous butcher shops in 1839; but there is no record of any butcher shops in St. Martin's Court (Chancellor, *Soho* 2, 151; Thornbury and Walford 3: 177; *Robson's* 219, 266-67).

24.7 *Aetna-flames* :

Mount Aetna or Etna, the well-known volcano in Sicily, erupted three times in the 1830s: in 1831, 1832, and 1838-1839. However, none of these eruptions was spectacular, and Thackeray may have referred to the volcano and its fiery nature not because of its activity in his own time, but because of its general reputation, dating back to classical times, for producing, as Pliny put it, "wonderful displays of fire" (Pliny 2: 65; Book 3, l. 88; see also Hyde 401-409; *Volcanoes* 36).

24.22-23 *He sighed and drunk, sighed and drunk, and drunk again* :

Comical allusion to Dryden's "Alexander's Feast" (ll. 112-13), where Alexander is described as having



. . . sigh'd and look'd, sigh'd and look'd,  
Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again.

25.15 *at a railroad pace* :

The railroads were new in the 1830s and seemed incredibly fast to contemporaries: for instance, the *Annual Register* for 1839 ("Chronicle" 30) commented that railroad accidents were likely to occur because of the "great velocity of the steam-carriages." In January 1839, the *Sunday Times* anticipated Thackeray's use of the railroad metaphor in a commentary on the handling of court cases: trials, said the *Times*, had formerly been "hurried on at a railroad pace," causing justice to resemble a "whirligig," but the situation had improved and trials were now conducted "with patient attention" (Jan. 6: 4).

25.21-22 *and like the gentleman at Penelope's table, on it, exiguo pinxit proelia tota bero* :

A reference to the episode in Ovid's *Heroides* (i.e., *Epistles of the Heroines*) concerning Penelope in Ithaca and how she waited for Ulysses to return from the Trojan War. The version in the *Heroides* (1: 32) speaks of a returned warrior who uses drops of wine on a table to draw pictures of the besieged citadel of Troy: "*pingit et exiguo Pergama tota mero*." Thackeray jokingly substitutes the pseudo-Latin *bero* (to mean beer) for *mero* (Latin for wine) and makes other minor changes so that his version reads: "He sketched all the battles with a little beer." Dr. H. G. Edinger notes that despite the changes, Thackeray's version retains the metrical structure of the original and scans correctly.

Thackeray is in error, however, in suggesting that the original wine-drawing was done by a gentleman at Penelope's table. The passage from Ovid describes not an event at Penelope's table, but an event that Penelope imagines happening at other tables elsewhere in Greece; at her table, there are no warriors: as she waits despairingly for the return of her husband and his men, she can only imagine the joyous return of warriors elsewhere (see Jacobson 255).

Thackeray presents another version of the Ovidian quotation ("*aliquo proelia mixta mero*") in a scene in *Esmond* in which Henry Esmond uses wine to depict the Battle of Blenheim for Joseph Addison (213; Book 2, Chapter 11).

26.2 *a side box at Lincoln's Inn playhouse :*

The Count's promise of a box at the playhouse, which he is making in the fall of 1705, would have been impossible to fulfill because the playhouse at Lincoln's Inn Fields closed in March 1705 and, except for a brief reopening in July of that year, remained closed until 1714. (See Lowe 175; Sawyer 9-12; Milhous 200.)

26.7-8 *a little shower of patches, which ornament a lady's face wondrously :*

In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries it was fashionable for ladies to wear black patches made of velvet or silk, often cut in representational shapes (stars, moons, etc.). Patches would be worn on the face and also on the neck and shoulders; the practice could sometimes reach ridiculous extremes (Cunnington and Cunnington, *Eighteenth* 169-70,

388-89; Fairholt 246-47; Brooke and Laver 246).

26.15-16 *Ah sacré! . . . O mon Dieu! . . . Ventrebleu!* :

Mild French oaths. The first two mean "Oh, damn!" and "Oh, my God!" respectively. *Ventrebleu*, which literally means "blue belly," is a euphemistic corruption of *Ventre Dieu*, meaning "belly of God"; it has the force of the English "Curses!" or "Zounds!" Brock is simply wrong to say *bleu* means "through." As for *ventre*, to suggest, as the text does, that it means "waists" is closer to the truth, but still not accurate.

26.18 *waists . . . are worn now excessive long* :

That is, they were worn low, this being the style that came in during the last part of the seventeenth century (Calthrop 391-92; Cunningham 42).

26.18-21 *hoops . . . a hoop as big as a tent* :

In the early eighteenth century, women did indeed wear enormous hoops: a 1745 article speaks of the "enormous abomination of the Hoop Petticoat," which resulted in sights such as that of "a girl of seventeen taking up the whole side of a street." However, hoops only came in after 1710, so Thackeray is being slightly anachronistic in having the Count talk of them in 1705 (see Cunningham and Cunningham, *Eighteenth* 146, 145).

26.19 *stap my vitals* :

An exclamation of surprise, literally meaning "stop my vital functions," that is, "strike me dead." The *OED* traces the phrase, including the affected pronunciation "stap" for "stop," to Vanbrugh's 1696 play *The Relapse*, which would make it an appropriate phrase for Galgenstein to be using in 1705.

26.20 *Warwick's assembly* :

"Assemblies" became popular throughout England in the eighteenth century as regular social functions for the fashionable, at which members of both sexes met for conversation, dancing, card-playing, and so forth. In *The Four Georges*, speaking of the time of George II, Thackeray says, "Every country town had its assembly-room—mouldy old tenements, which one may still see in deserted inn-yards . . ." (*Works* 7: 654). Warwick is said to have had assemblies from early in the eighteenth century, though it is not clear whether that means as early as 1705 (Borsay 150-51, 162, 347; *OED*, "assembly," 7).

26.22-23 *the Duke of Marlborough seated along with Marshall Tallard* :

Tallard was Marlborough's prisoner, but Marlborough was reported to have treated him with courtesy, even allowing the French leader the use of his coach (Bevan, *Marlborough* 208; Boyer 3: 85-86).

26.24 *Johannisberger wine* :

A fine white wine from Johannisberg, a village on the Rhine (*OED*).

27.7 *a magnificent gold diamond-hilted snuff-box* :

That is, the snuff-box was made of gold and had a diamond-encrusted handle (see *OED*, "hilt"). The use of gold and diamonds for snuff-boxes was common in aristocratic circles in the eighteenth century in both England and France, but for the French Marshal Tallard to have such a box in 1704 is something of an anachronism. Louis XIV, who despised the increasingly popular habit of taking snuff, banned the practice in his dominions, and it was not until after his death in 1715 that the French could indulge in the habit openly (Hughes 18-19, 33, 34; Berry-Hill and Berry-Hill 29, 31, 39-40, 58).

27.8 *Wauns* :

"Wauns" is a vulgar pronunciation of "wounds," which in turn is short for "God's wounds," a mild oath (*OED*).

27.11 *Colonel Cadogan* :

Cadogan was Marlborough's friend and his Quartermaster-General, the latter title meaning that he was Marlborough's principal staff officer and acted alongside him on the battlefield (Bevan, *Marlborough* 197; Scouller, *Armies* 62).

27.25-28.6 *Mr. Butcher . . . was rescued by the furious charge of . . . his wife . . . who, with two squalling children, rushed into the Bugle,—boxed Butcher's ears, and . . . fixing then her claws into Mr. Butcher's hair, . . . proceeded to drag him out of the premises :*

In Act 4, scene 2 of *The Recruiting Officer* by Farquhar (147) there is a similar recruiting situation involving a butcher, but in Farquhar's play the butcher is merely warned, by his recruiter, Sergeant Kite, to beware of attempts by his mother, sister, and sweetheart to stop him from enlisting: your sweetheart "will be pulling and haling you to pieces," the Sergeant says.

28.18 *a sack and toast :*

An order of sack, a white wine from southern Europe (*OED*, "sack," sb.3), and toast.

29.24-25 *the queen's money (earned by the sale of their bodies over night) :*

Recruits received a bounty of 40 to 60 shillings for enlisting, "a very considerable sum for an unskilled workman in Queen Anne's day," says a military historian of the period (Scouller, "Recruiting" 106).

30.18 *small beer :*

Weak beer (*OED*, "small beer"). The phrase can also be used figuratively to mean unimportant matters or persons; it is so used in the next chapter (p. 38 in the text).

31.10 *a crown-piece* :

A crown was a British coin worth five shillings (*OED*, "crown," sb., meaning 8.b).

32.7 *When the kine had given a pailful* :

Catherine is singing, with minor variations, the first verse of a song by Thomas D'Urfey, a popular writer of the period who collected songs by himself and others into a six-volume work known as *Wit and Mirth: Or Pills to Purge Melancholy*. The actual first verse is as follows (*Wit and Mirth* 2: 27):

When the Kine had giv'n a Pail full,  
And the Sheep came bleating home;  
*Doll* who knew it would be healthful,  
Went a walking with young *Tom*:  
Hand in hand Sir,  
O're [sic] the Land Sir,  
As they walked to and fro;  
*Tom* made jolly Love to *Dolly*,  
But was answer'd, *No, no, no, no, no, &c.*

Even the most important of the several alterations in Thackeray's version (the change from Doll to Poll) seems to serve no purpose, so it is likely that Thackeray was quoting from memory or from some other version.

Thackeray's use of the song helps to undercut his narrator's commentary on the apparently accidental meeting of Catherine and the Count. The narrator calls Catherine a sweet innocent and says that it seemed to the Count that she did not see him as he approached, but in fact, as Laub notes (83), what has actually happened is that Catherine, after finding out from the horseboy what route Galgenstein was going to

take (p. 30 in the text), has altered her own route accordingly: she is thus not a surprised innocent in this scene, but one who has planned the whole meeting. The song Catherine sings is then most appropriate, because in it, though Doll (or Poll) seems innocent at first, by the end of it, in the verses Thackeray does not quote, she is happily engaging in sexual activity with her lover. See the final verse (2: 28):

Closely then they joyn'd their Faces,  
Lovers you know what I mean;  
Nor could she hinder his Embraces,  
Love was now too far got in;  
Both now lying,  
Panting, dying,  
Calms succeed the stormy Joy,  
Tom 'wou'd fain renew't again,  
And she consents with I, I, I, I, I, I, &c.

35.10 *he's easy as a sedan :*

That is, riding the horse is as easy as riding in a sedan chair, an enclosed chair carried on poles. These were introduced into England in 1634 and were fashionable until the end of the eighteenth century, rivalling the popularity of horse-drawn carriages (*Encyclopaedia Britannica*, 1911 ed., "Sedan-chair"; 1968 ed., "Carriage").

35.22-23 *a barebacked horse; which Corporal Brock was flanking round a ring :*

This suggestion that Brock later takes up with trick-riders in a circus, which is not referred to again in the novel, is anachronistic, for such exhibitions were only introduced into England in 1768 by Philip Astley. They were quite popular in the nineteenth century, and Thackeray refers to them in "The Ravenswing" and in *Cox's Diary* (*Oxford Thackeray*



4: 377-78; 3: 264; and see Saxon 17-18, 23-27).

36.6-10 *Ernest Maltravers*, for instance, opens with a seduction; but . . . there is so much religion . . . in the heart of the seducer, so much tender innocence in the soul of the seduced :

In Bulwer's 1837 novel, *Ernest Maltravers*, the eighteen-year-old Maltravers, described as being a "young philosopher," and the innocent Alice Darvil, aged 15, fall in love and consummate their relationship, but only after Maltravers takes over Alice's education, making especially sure she is instructed in religion (29, 12, 34-35, 37, 41-42; Book 1, Chapters 1, 4-7).

36.18 *thimblerrigging* :

Cheating. The literal meaning has to do with the sleight-of-hand swindling game involving three thimbles and a pea in which the swindler wins money off spectators who fail to identify the thimble under which the pea can be found (*OED*). In North America, the swindle is more commonly called the shell game.

Thackeray's reference in the same sentence that contains "thimblerrigging" to the three volumes that made up the standard-length novel of his time is probably meant to reinforce the three-thimble suggestion.

Thackeray describes an actual thimblerrig game in *The Irish Sketch Book* (*Works* 5: 379-80; Chapter 12).

37.5 *Cold Bath Fields* :

Site of the Middlesex House of Correction where men sentenced to short prison terms were sent (Tobias 74; Mayhew and Binny 280-82, 293).

38.21-22 *if the Whigs remain in, I . . . will be content with nothing less than a blood-red hand on the Solomons' seal* :

A red hand is the emblem of the baronetcy (Franklyn and Tanner 28). In line with the anti-Whig position of *Fraser's*, Thackeray is thus suggesting that the Whigs, then in power under Lord Melbourne, would give a baronetcy even to a criminal like Solomons. This gibe may have been meant to remind readers of the events of the previous year, when the Whigs had offered high positions to Daniel O'Connell, the Irish radical, provoking condemnation in *The Times* (June 23, 1838: 5) and a satirical attack by *Fraser's*: see "Coronation Claims: O'Connell's Plea for a Peerage," 18 (1838): 235-45. Thackeray personally thought well of O'Connell at this time (see *Mr. Thackeray's Writings* 130), but, as elsewhere in *Catherine*, he here seems to pretend to Tory views: for more on this political masquerade, see "The Politics of *Catherine*" above.

The gibe about the baronetcy is also directed at Bulwer-Lytton, who had been made a baronet in 1838 (see note to 242.11). The suggestion seems to be that Bulwer is no better than the criminal Solomons.

As for the "Solomons' seal," this is a punning allusion to the traditional Jewish symbol, the Star of David, which was formerly known as the seal of Solomon (*Encyclopaedia Judaica* 11: 688, 695). Thackeray's pun reminds his readers of his narrator's Jewish heritage and also conjures up

a very odd, satirical image of the red hand of the baronetcy superimposed on the six-pointed Jewish star.

39.9 *to do the count justice* :

The phrase "to do him justice" is one of Thackeray's favourites, which is not surprising given his tendency to make satirical judgements on the world and to expose its lack of justice. He uses the phrase, or variations on it, throughout his works, sometimes to introduce a straightforward statement of praise, sometimes (as here) to make an ironic criticism. It can be found elsewhere in *Catherine* at 43.19, 46.17, 58.4, 82.22, 124.17 above. For a partial list of examples of Thackeray's use of the phrase in other works, see *The Yellowplush Papers* (*Works* 3: 285, 300, 318, 332); *The Second Funeral of Napoleon* (*Works* 4: 689); *Barry Lyndon* (338, Chapter 18); *The Book of Snobs* (57, Chapter 14); *Vanity Fair* (35, Chapter 5; 197, Chapter 23; 692, deleted passage in the manuscript); *Pendennis* (*Works* 2: 256, 565, 642; Chapters 26, 57, 64); *Henry Esmond* (58, 246; Book 1, Chapter 7; Book 2, Chapter 15); *The Newcomes* (*Works* 8: 178, 295, 428; Chapters 17, 28, 41); *The Virginians* (*Works* 10: 166, 204, 278, 418, 668; Chapters 20, 24, 33, 50, 78); and *The Adventures of Philip* (*Works* 11: 314, Chapter 18).

39.19-25 ". . . perhaps your honour would wish to kick her down stairs . . ." ". . .

*I have given her many hints ——" :*

This equating of hints and kicking someone downstairs surfaces again in *Vanity Fair*, where we learn the following about Mr. Osborne: "He called

kicking a footman down stairs, a hint . . ." (179, Chapter 21).

39.24 *pot-house* :

A tavern or alehouse (*OED*).

40.7 *weazand* :

The esophagus, the windpipe, or more generally the throat (*OED*).

40.11-12 "Women, look you, are like dogs, they like to be ill-treated . . ." :

This misogynist sentiment of Galgenstein's is echoed in *Barry Lyndon* by Sir Charles Lyndon, who tells Barry that in male-female relationships "if [the man] is a brute, [the woman] will like him all the better for his ill-treatment of her" (249; Part 1, Chapter 14; Chapter 13 in revised edition).

41.8 *Tom Trippet* :

A Lord Trippit is mentioned in Smollett's *Roderick Random* (59, Chapter 12).

41.9 *land-junker* :

Galgenstein's English here deserts him, and he resorts to the German word for a country squire (*OED*).

41.22-23 *love is a bodily infirmity, from which human kind can no more escape than from small-pox :*

Thackeray makes a similarly unflattering comparison of love and smallpox in his 1843 story, "Dennis Haggarty's Wife," in *Men's Wives* (*Oxford Thackeray* 4: 467).

42.8-10 *Was not Helen . . . ninety years of age when she went off with . . . Prince Alexander of Troy? :*

The Trojan War began after Helen went off with Troy's Prince Paris, also known as Alexander. Traditionally, however—in Homer and elsewhere—Helen is described as being young and beautiful, not ninety years old. However, one late Greek writer, the satirist Lucian, did mockingly challenge the traditional description, saying that Homer was wrong: Helen, far from being a young beauty, had an overly long neck and was almost as old as Paris's mother (*Lucian, Works* 3: 116).

Lucian's version may have appealed to both the anti-Romantic and the Oedipal strains in Thackeray.

42.10-11 *Was not Madame La Vallière ill-made, blear-eyed, tallow-complexioned, scraggy, and with hair like tow? :*

Louise de la Vallière was one of Louis XIV's mistresses. She was considered by some to be extremely pretty, but others had more negative views. Her admirers praised her fair hair and white skin, but her detractors said she was scrawny and lame. Thackeray has singled out her negative qualities and even given a negative twist to some of her positive

ones. Thus La Vallière was said to have had soft blue eyes; for Thackeray this means she was "blear-eyed," that is, having eyes that were dim and unfocused. Thackeray also turns around the praise for her white skin to call her "tallow-complexioned," that is, having a complexion resembling waxy white fat. Her fair hair, which an admirer might call flaxen, is described by Thackeray as being like tow, which also refers to flax, but to the coarse and broken fibres of flax. And Thackeray of course presents her less flattering features in a negative way as well: her thinness and lameness mean she is "scraggy" and "ill-made." (See the *OED*; Larousse; Lair 56, 62; Vizetelly 82; Hall 161.)

La Vallière is the title figure of Bulwer's 1837 play, *The Duchess de la Vallière*, which may be why Thackeray refers to her.

#### 42.11 *Wilks late of Boston* :

The Boston Wilks may refer to the explorer Charles Wilkes (1798-1877), who was born in New York but attended naval school in Boston. In the 1830s he was in Europe to procure equipment for a major expedition which he launched in 1838 to explore the Pacific region and Antarctica (*Dictionary of American Biography*).

#### 42.12 *the celebrated Wilks of Paris* :

The Parisian Wilks was probably the notorious swindler, John Wilks (d. 1846), who lived in Paris after resigning his seat in the British House of Commons in 1828. Interestingly, he worked in Paris as a journalist contributing to, among other publications, *Fraser's Magazine* (Houghton 2:

359, 362). However, both in England and in France, Wilks's primary activity seems to have been the setting up of fraudulent investment schemes, which earned him the name "Bubble Wilks" (*DNB*; *Gentleman's Magazine* 25 (1846): 649-50). Thackeray may very well have known Wilks personally and indeed may have been the victim of one of his swindles. In his 1832 diary, Thackeray writes of going to Paris and dining there with a man named Wilks (or Wilkes); and in an 1843 letter he writes of a "J. Wilks" who was seeking his address in Paris with the promise of putting "100 a year into my pocket." Speaking ironically no doubt, Thackeray calls Wilks's offer an "instance of Xtian forgiveness," suggesting some earlier unhappy financial dealings between the two men: it was probably Thackeray who had something to forgive (see *Letters* 1: 229, 231, 237; 2: 130). Given this background, the reference to Wilks as "celebrated" may be an ironic attack. On the other hand, such a swindler is exactly the sort of scoundrel being celebrated in *Catherine*.

42.12-13 *Wilks of No. 45, the ugliest, charmingest, most successful man :*

John Wilkes was a late eighteenth-century radical reformer whose periodical, the *North Briton*, continually ridiculed the government. The publication of its notorious forty-fifth issue in April 1763 led to his being charged with seditious libel, which in turn prompted a movement in support of him, the slogan of which was "Wilkes and Liberty" (*Rudé* 21-27).

As for his looks, in this case, as opposed to that of Helen of Troy and that of Madame La Vallière, there is no dispute: Wilkes was ugly. A twentieth-century writer has described him as having "curiously malformed

features—a jaw that was crooked and prominent, squinting eyes set close together in an odd malevolent leer, a high bony forehead, and a flat truncated nose." However, the same writer notes that women were fascinated by him. (See Quennell 199.) In *Barry Lyndon*, Thackeray again refers to the success Wilkes had with women (294; Part 1, Chapter 17; Chapter 16 in revised edition).

42.14 *cui bono?* :

Latin for "who would benefit?" (*OED*).

42.16 *Bow Street* :

In the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, Bow Street was the site of London's main police station, the home of the legendary Bow Street Runners, detectives who patrolled in London and throughout the country. By the time of *Catherine*, however, the Bow Street station was being phased out. Under the 1829 Metropolitan Police Act, a new police force had been established, with its headquarters in Scotland Yard, and though the Bow Street station remained open for another decade, and was still open when Thackeray wrote this passage in May 1839, its days were clearly numbered: it was closed for good in August 1839. (See Critchley 32-34, 43-50; Lee 156-57, 191-95, 233, 263; Ascoli 38-39, 113-14.)

Thackeray's use of "Bow Street" rather than "Scotland Yard" to mean "police headquarters" suggests that, for him at least, the old metonymy had not yet been replaced by the new.



43.20 *ménage* :

Domestic establishment or household (*OED*).

46.16 *a brown Bess* :

A Brown Bess was the nickname given to a type of flintlock musket used by the British army in the eighteenth century, perhaps deriving its name from "buss" (German for gun). Whether the Brown Bess was in use during the reign of Queen Anne in time for Mr. Bullock to be carrying one is not certain; clear evidence of its use dates back only to 1727 (Scurfield 69).

47.7 *couches* :

Confinement to bed for childbirth.

47.8 *a chopping boy* :

"Chopping" here means healthy and vigorous (*OED*).

47.9 *a bar sinister* :

In popular usage, a bar sinister is the heraldic mark of illegitimacy on a coat of arms. However, the term is frowned on by authorities in heraldry, who prefer the term bend (or bendlet or baton) sinister. The bend sinister is a diagonal band running, as the viewer sees it, from top right to lower left on a coat of arms. (See *OED*, "bar," sb.1, meaning 6; "bend," sb.2, meaning 3; Fox-Davies 114, 508, 511; Friar, "bend.")

48.17 *confidences* :

Secret communications (from the French, but the *OED* accepts this as a naturalized meaning: "confidence," 7).

49.10-11 *the assembly at Birmingham* :

See the note to 26.20 on assemblies. Birmingham had an assembly from 1703 (Borsay 337).

49.18-19 *a free-born Briton* :

Thackeray is here making ironic use of a traditional phrase (usually recorded as "freeborn Englishman") which radicals used to indicate their opposition to the ruling hierarchy (Cunningham 10-12, 17). In *Vanity Fair* (72, Chapter 8) and elsewhere Thackeray similarly mocks the Abolitionist slogan, "a man and a brother" (see John Sutherland 442-44).

49.19 *lick-spittle awe of rank* :

As a noun, "lick-spittle" means a parasite or toady, one who would lick another's spittle off the ground. The *OED* cites this phrase from *Catherine* as its only example of "lick-spittle" used as an adjective.

Thackeray returns to the theme of the "freeborn Englishman" and how he is "slavish and truckling to a lord" in *The Fitz-Boodle Papers* (*Oxford Thackeray* 4: 244-45). He also raises the issue in *Vanity Fair*, where we are told that Mr. Osborne, whenever he met a great man, "mylorded him as only a free-born Briton can do" (111, Chapter 13). In "A Shabby Genteel Story" (*Oxford Thackeray* 3: 305), Thackeray takes a

different tack, presenting a curiously sympathetic disquisition on the race of Lickspittles.

49.23 *on the pavé* :

*Pavé* is French for a paved road. The expression "on the *pavé*" is equivalent to "on the pavement" and means to be abandoned or without lodgings. (See the *OED*, "pavé"; "pavement," 1.b.)

50.4 *caracolling* :

Wheeling to the right or the left (*OED*).

50.9 *purchase a regiment* :

It was common, from the Restoration till well into the nineteenth century, for officers to purchase their commissions in regiments; and even the regiments themselves, that is, the right to command or raise them, were sometimes sold. In 1708, one Colonel Southwell sold his regiment for 5000 pounds to a Colonel Hansam. The government at times sought to restrict or at least tax and regulate this practice, but it flourished all the same. (See H. C. B. Rogers 54; Bruce 14-20, 27; John Ashton 396; Sullivan.)

50.11-12 *perhaps he never would have peached at all; and, perhaps, therefore, this history would never have been written* :

Three times in *Catherine* (see also on pp. 31 and 123) Thackeray uses this conceit: that if some event had not taken place, he would have

had no story to tell. In *Vanity Fair*, he plays a variation on this theme, dropping the pretence that he is at the mercy of events he cannot control, and having his narrator confess that if Rawdon Crawley somehow failed to win a reconciliation with his aunt, it was "doubtless in order that this story might be written" (139, Chapter 16).

50.19 *a dun* :

A creditor or a creditor's agent, a bill-collector (*OED*, "dun," sb.2).

51.3 *Croesus* :

A proverbially rich king: he ruled in Asia Minor in the sixth century B.C. (*OED*).

51.10 *that's poz* :

"Poz" (or "pos") is a colloquial abbreviation of "positive" (*OED*); the phrase thus means, "That's for sure."

51.11 *brandy-faced* :

Red in the face, especially from the effects of liquor (Partridge, *Slang*).

51.23-24 *Mr. Kean would have gone through most of these bodily exercises, had he been acting the part of a villain* :

Probably a reference not to the respected actor Edmund Kean, who had died six years before, but to his son Charles (1811?-1868), whom the

*Spectator* in 1839 criticized for his "*galvanic* style," "the violence of his gesticulation," "his vehemence," and "his absurdities of speech, look, and gesture." Edmund Kean, the journal said, had possessed "genius," but his son was just a "caricature of his father's mannerisms" (May 25: 485; June 8: 537; July 6: 634).

52.2 *piano . . . con molta espressione* :

Italian expressions meaning, respectively, "quietly" and "with a great deal of expression, expressively."

53.14 *Nan Fantail* :

A fantail is a hat worn by a coal-heaver or a dustman (i.e., a garbage collector), and a fantail-boy is a low term from 1820-50 for a dustman (Partridge, *Slang*).

54.25-55.1 *Miss Drippings, the twenty-thousand-pounder* :

The phrase "twenty-thousand-pounder" refers to (a) the twenty thousand pounds Miss Drippings will inherit; (b) a gun firing impossibly large shot, the normal field gun of the time being a three-pounder and the largest being a twenty-four-pounder (Nicholson 17); and (c) an impossibly large roast, the name Drippings suggesting meat, a suggestion made more clear later in the novel (p. 62 in the text above), when the heiress's name is transformed into "Brisket."

Miss Drippings is thus not only a rich heiress to be wooed, but also a huge cannon to be feared (or stormed) and a huge roast to be devoured.

Thackeray may have taken the cannon-heiress part of this pun from Act 3, scene 1 of Farquhar's *Recruiting Officer* (111), where there is also an heiress who is called a twenty-thousand-pounder. The roast allusion, however, seems to be Thackeray's own invention.

55.18-19 *Holophernes . . . Judith* :

Allusion to the Apocryphal Book of Judith (Chapters 10-13), in which the heroine, Judith of Judea, charms her way into the favour of Holofernes, an Assyrian general trying to subdue Judea. At a private banquet for the two of them, Judith watches as Holofernes drinks himself into a stupor, and then, when he is unconscious, she cuts off his head. Both the drunkenness and the decapitation look forward to the murder of John Hayes at the end of *Catherine*.

56.3 *laudanum* :

From the Restoration until late in the nineteenth century, laudanum—a mixture of opium, distilled water, and alcohol—was commonly used as a non-prescription treatment for a variety of ailments, including toothaches. At the same time, it was known that overdoses could be fatal; indeed, in 1838 a woman died of an accidental overdose of the drug taken for a toothache, and an accidental overdose in 1834 nearly killed the Earl of Westmoreland. There were also cases of overdoses taken deliberately as a means of committing suicide, and there was a case in 1827 of an overdose being administered as a means of committing murder. As well, in the notorious murder of the "Italian boy," which Thackeray refers to later

in *Catherine*, the murderers used laudanum to drug the victim before drowning him. (See the note to 97.2-3 below, and see Berridge and Edwards xix, xx, xxiv, 24-25, 31, 32, 79-82; Buchan 356, 358-59; *The Times*, March 4, 1834: 3.)

56.24 *quote Plato, like Eugene Aram :*

In Bulwer's 1832 novel *Eugene Aram*, the title character, though a murderer, is also a sensitive, serious scholar who quotes poetry, discusses philosophy, and is praised for his "classical attainment." Aram mentions Cicero, Homer, Ariosto, Spenser, and Shakespeare—but not Plato. (See the 1832 edition: Book 1, Chapter 10, 1: 160; Book 2, Chapter 3, 1: 240ff.; Book 2, Chapter 4, 1: 249, 261-63.)

However, although there is no mention of Plato in the novel, there is a reference to him in a play about Aram which Bulwer began before he wrote the novel. Bulwer abandoned the play, but in August 1833 he did publish the few scenes he had written (in the *New Monthly Magazine* 38: 401-416), and he later appended them to editions of the novel. In those scenes, Aram does not quote Plato, but he does refer to a book of Plato's writings which he has had to pawn (see the Appendix to the 1875 Routledge edition: 408).

56.25 *sing . . . ballads . . . like jolly Dick Turpin :*

The highwayman Dick Turpin figures in Ainsworth's 1834 novel *Rookwood*, which contains many songs, some of which are sung by Turpin himself (see 254-55, 274; Book 4, Chapters 2, 6; see also Hollingsworth

103).

57.1 *prate eternally about τὸ καλόν like that precious canting Maltravers :*

The Greek phrase means "the Beautiful," something that is "prated" about in Bulwer's 1838 novel, *Alice* (54; Book 2, Chapter 1). *Alice* continues the story of Ernest Maltravers, begun in the novel of that name; however, the passage on beauty in *Alice* is not a speech by Maltravers, but a declamation by the narrator.

57.3 *Biss Dadsy, in Oliver Twist :*

"Biss Dadsy" is a mispronunciation of "Miss Nancy" by Barney, the young Jew in Fagin's gang (Dickens, *Oliver Twist* 94, Chapter 15).

57.6 *people of this kidney :*

People of this kind: an expression based on the old belief that the kidneys were the seat of the passions (*Brewer's*, 14th ed., "kidney").

57.11 *"as sich" :*

Dialectal form of "as such" (*OED*, "sich"). Why Thackeray resorts to dialect here is unclear; perhaps he is imitating the way the rascals he is referring to would speak.

58.25-59.4 *Seven's the main. . . . Four. Three to two against the caster. . . . nine. . . . eleven. . . . Seven it is :*

The Count and the Warwickshire squire are playing a version of the



dice game hazard. In this version, the Count as the caster of the dice calls out the number he will try to roll: this number is the "main." The Count is thus seeking to roll a seven. What he actually rolls, however, is a four. This number is then called the "chance." In order to win now, the Count must roll the chance again before rolling the main. His next two rolls—nine and eleven—determine nothing; but his subsequent roll of a seven means that he loses: he has rolled the main before rolling the chance. (See Wykes 137-38.)

Hazard, an ancestor of the dice game craps, was extremely popular in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries; large fortunes were won and lost at it, and tables of odds for throwing various combinations of numbers were worked out for it (Wykes 137; R. C. Bell 1: 130-31). When the Count calls out, "Three to two against the caster," he is quoting such odds, but quoting them incorrectly. According to Hoyle (239), with a "main" of seven and a "chance" of four, the odds against the caster were not three to two, but two to one. Assuming that Thackeray erred here, rather than that he intended the Count to err, the mistake may have arisen from Thackeray's relying on memory instead of research. Thackeray was an inveterate gambler and played many games of hazard (*Letters* 1: 202, 507). Perhaps he thought he knew the odds too well to have to look them up.

#### 59.2 *Ponies* :

A pony is a bet of 25 pounds, but the *OED* records no use of the term before 1797, so this may be an anachronism.

59.23 *the squire . . . booked his winnings :*

That is, he recorded them rather than collecting them on the spot (see the *OED*, "book," verb, 2). He never does collect what the Count owes him (see p. 120 in the text).

60.8 *jade :*

Contemptuous term for a woman (*OED*, "jade," sb.1, meaning 2).

62.1 *toledo :*

A toledo was a sword made at Toledo in Spain, a city famous for its swords (*OED*). The use of the terms "toledo" and "rapier" in this scene helps create a mock-heroic atmosphere.

62.10 *damme :*

Damn me (*OED*).

63.1-7 *mustard and salt . . . oil . . . hot water. . . this ingenious extemporaneous emetic :*

The Count's self-treatment for laudanum poisoning is basically in accord with the medical practices of the day. Buchan (476, 474) says that in cases of laudanum poisoning, vomiting should be induced by having the victim drink large quantities of warm water mixed with salad oil. The Count uses hot water instead of warm, and adds mustard and salt to the recipe, but the prescriptions are similar.

64.24 *Schlafen Sie wohl . . . bon repos :*

German and French respectively, both meaning, "Sleep well."

67.4 *a gentleman in black :*

Perhaps an allusion to the 1830 novel about the Devil by James Dalton, entitled *The Gentleman in Black*, illustrated by George Cruikshank and discussed by Thackeray in his 1840 essay on Cruikshank (*Works* 13: 307-309, and see *National Union Catalog* 131: 651; *British Museum General Catalogue* 6: 885).

67.14 *The "Liverpool carryvan" :*

The first stagecoach from Liverpool to London did not run until the 1750s or 1760s, and it then made the trip in two or three days, not the ten Thackeray says it took the "Carryvan" (Sherrington 17; Picton 1: 234; 2: 128). However, Thackeray may have been thinking not of stagecoaches but of stage wagons, which were sometimes called caravans. These vehicles were intended primarily for the transport of goods, but they also carried passengers. They were bigger than stagecoaches, carrying up to 25 passengers, and they travelled more slowly, covering as little as twenty miles a day, at which rate the 200-mile trip from Liverpool to London would indeed take ten days (Jackman 122-23, 123n, 141, 346-47). However, there were not even any stage wagons running to Liverpool before the mid-eighteenth century; until that time all goods out of Liverpool had to be transported on horseback (Crofts 3). It thus seems that Thackeray's invention of a 1706 Liverpool Caravan is an impossibility.

The inspiration for having Catherine picked up by a stage wagon going to London may have been the similar situation in Chapter 11 of Smollett's *Roderick Random*, where the hero and his friend find places on the wagon going from Newcastle to London. Moreover, one of the passengers on that wagon is a "common girl" who had become involved with a recruiting officer now in prison for debt, just as Count von Galgenstein, the recruiting officer Catherine has been involved with, will soon be imprisoned for the money he owes the Warwickshire squire. (See Smollett 57, Chapter 12.) Thackeray may also have drawn on the episode in *Joseph Andrews* (Book 1, Chapters 12 et seq.), in which Joseph is picked up by a stagecoach after being beaten and robbed and is then put down at an inn where, like Catherine, he suffers from a fever and is rescued by a parson.

67.22 *Jehu* :

A traditional name for a coachman, from the Biblical driver (2 Kings 9: 20) who drove fast and furiously (*OED*). Thackeray seems to be using the name ironically, since his coachman's horses can barely attain a speed of two miles an hour; moreover the coachman is not even driving the horses at this point, but is walking beside them.

68.12 *a groat* :

An old coin worth fourpence. According to some accounts, it was discontinued after 1662, but other authorities report that it was still in circulation as late as 1729. The groat was revived in Thackeray's own day,

from 1836 to 1856, which may be why it occurred to him to refer to one here. (See Brooke 222; Grueber 155, 158; Mackay 140; *OED*.)

68.24 *a neat history* :

One that is "brief, clear, and to the point" (*OED*, "neat," 8.a).

70.9 *a sack-possett* :

A possett is a cold remedy made of hot milk mixed with wine, beer, or some other alcoholic beverage. In this case, the alcoholic component is sack, a Spanish white wine. (See the *OED*, "possett," "sack," sb.3.)

70.18 *the sum of three and fourpence* :

That is, the three shillings and the groat that Catherine, truthfully, told the coachman she was carrying (p. 68 in the text).

Interestingly, this precise sum of three shillings and fourpence is mentioned again in *Barry Lyndon* when Barry has lost most of his money (110; Part 1, Chapter 4; Chapter 3 in revised edition). Perhaps it had some significance for Thackeray.

71.23 *coachmasters* :

Not the coachmen who drove the coaches, but the owners of the vehicles (*OED*, "coach," 6).

72.25 *like a fury* :

Mrs. Score is being said to resemble one of the Greek mythological beings responsible for punishing those who murdered their own family members and those who violated the laws of hospitality (Howatson, "Furies"). Since the immediate dispute here is over who is to pay the bill at an inn, and since the novel as a whole is about a husband-murderer, a fury seems an appropriate agent of punishment to mention.

73.5 *tramper* :

A tramp or vagrant (*OED*, "tramper," 2).

74.3 *trull* :

Whore (*OED*).

74.22 *Magdalen* :

A reformed prostitute, after the Biblical Mary Magdalen (*OED*).

75.17-18 *the green* :

That is, the village green, the common land near the village (*OED*, "green," B.12.b).

76.23 *upon this hint the elopement took place* :

An apt allusion to Othello's courtship of Desdemona, which similarly led to the murder of one spouse by the other. Othello says:

She thank'd me,

And bade me, if I had a friend that lov'd her,  
I should but teach him how to tell my story,  
And that would woo her. Upon this hint I spake.  
(*Othello* I.iii.163-66)

Thackeray had used this allusion before: in December 1830, he wrote his mother from Germany that the local ladies seemed "bent on marrying their daughters . . . but I did not speak on the hint" (*Letters* 1: 135).

76.25 *on a pillow* :

The *OED* records "pillow" as a variant of "pillion," the latter being a cushion attached to the back of a saddle on which a second person, usually a woman, could sit behind the rider. (See "pillow," 3; "pillion," sb.1.)

77.7 *young people ought to honour their parents* :

The implication is that John Hayes's parents oppose the marriage, or would have if they had known of it. This is made clearer later (p. 106) and is much more evident in Thackeray's historical sources, where Catherine and John Hayes elope from his parents' home, not from the home of the parson.

77.10 *The London Gazette of the 1st April, 1706, contains a proclamation* :

The proclamation can be found in the March 28-April 1 issue of the *Gazette* (1-2). It occupies not four columns, as Thackeray says, but two-and-three-quarters; generally, however, it corresponds to Thackeray's description of it. It begins:

By the Queen,  
A PROCLAMATION,  
For the Putting in Execution an Act of Parliament for the  
Encouragement and Encrease of Seamen, and for the better and  
speedier Manning Her Majesty's Fleet . . .

The proclamation authorizes justices of the peace and other chief magistrates to

Issue Warrants to the High-Constables, Petty-Constables, Headboroughs and Tythingmen . . . to Enter into, and in Case of Denial of Entrance to break open the Doors of any House where they shall suspect any such Seamen [i.e., deserting seamen] to be Concealed . . .

The proclamation also authorized the "Supplying Our Navy with Able-bodied Landsmen."

The other act referred to in this passage may be "An Act for the better Recruiting Her Majesty's Army and Marines," which received royal assent at the same time as the navy act (see the *Gazette*, March 18-21, 1705/06: 1). Proclamations under the army act can be found in the *Gazettes* of January 26-29, 1707/08, and February 23-26, 1707/08.

77.13-14 *constables, petty constables, headboroughs, and tything-men* :

These are all terms for policemen. The latter two derive from Anglo-Saxon times when England was divided into groups of ten families; each of these groups constituted a tything, and each tything was headed by a tything-man or a headborough. The Normans introduced the office of constable, including regular or petty constables, who organized the night watch in a town, and high constables, who supervised the petty constables (Thackeray has improperly dropped the word "high" in his reference to high



constables; the word "constable" alone would usually mean a petty constable). The Norman and the Anglo-Saxon terms persisted together, referring to police officials with similar functions, until the nineteenth century (Critchley 1, 2, 4-5, 14; Lee 56-59; Ascoli 16; Pringle 41, 42).

77.19 *a mighty stir throughout the kingdom :*

There was opposition to the recruiting acts from one section of the Tories, who thought they violated traditional freedoms. There were also riots to free newly enlisted men (Godfrey Davies 154; Fortescue 1: 567; Trevelyan 1: 219).

77.24-25 *The great measure of Reform . . . carried along with it much private jobbing and swindling :*

The Whig Reform Bill of 1832 removed many of the corruptions and irregularities of the old electoral system. However, Tory publications like *Fraser's* were unhappy with the reforms, and at times threw the charge of corruption back at the Whigs and their supporters. In a political poem in 1832, *Fraser's* charged that the "love of freedom [among the Reformers] veil'd the love of gold" (5: 684); and two years later the magazine commented that some Reform Bill supporters were now echoing "revolutionary" sentiments solely in order to win seats in the reformed Parliament or to gain other personal advantages: "With knavish motives, they barter their country for corrupt private gain" (9: 316). In January 1840, *Fraser's* again attacked the "jobbing" Reform Bill and the corruption of its supporters (21: 13).

Thackeray in this passage joins in the Fraserian attack, even though when he wrote this he was no longer an enemy of Reform as he had been in 1832 (see "The Politics of *Catherine*" above).

"Jobbing" means doing public business dishonestly for private gain (*OED*, "jobbing," 3).

78.1-6 *this Enlistment Act, which, in order to maintain the British glories in Flanders, dealt most cruelly with the British people in England . . . [and] created a great company of rascals . . . who lived . . . upon extortion from those who were subject to it :*

The "British glories in Flanders" refer to Marlborough's victory at Ramillies in 1706. The simultaneous cruelty consisted of the forced impressment of unemployed men, the only class subject to impressment. It is also true, as Thackeray says, that there were cases of extortion of money from those subject to impressment; indeed, there were sham press gangs at work, like the gang Brock leads at this point in the novel. There were also cases of wrongful impressment. Trevelyan says that the recruitment acts were seen as "a weapon of tyranny in unscrupulous hands" (1: 219; see also Fortescue 1: 566-67, 570).

78.3-4 *not the first time that a man has been pinched at home to make a fine appearance abroad :*

A pun based on two different meanings of "pinch" (to be frugal and to seize or arrest) and two meanings of "abroad" (outdoors and overseas). The two meanings of the sentence are thus: (a) men economize at home to

look impressive in public and (b) men are seized from their homes to perform well on foreign battlefields (*OED*, "pinch," verb, meanings 10, 15; "abroad," 3, 4).

78.17-18 *a halbert* :

A halbert or halberd was a combination spear and battle-axe. It is primarily associated with the Tudor period, but it was used in Marlborough's day by sergeants. It turns out that the character holding the halbert in *Catherine* is not a sergeant but an ensign (Ensign Macshane), which would be irregular—but this is an irregular company. (See Anthony Kemp 33, 164; Fortescue 1: 329; *OED*.)

78.19-21 *a stout man in a sailor's frock and a horseman's jack-boots . . . a horse-marine* :

This character is dressed half as a sailor and half as a cavalryman; hence the jocular designation "horse-marine" (see Harden, *Annotations* 1: 69).

79.7 *at this lock* :

"Lock" in this phrase is related to "deadlock" and is an eighteenth-century term for a dilemma or a difficulty (*OED*, "lock," sb.2, meaning 12.a; Phillipps 131).

81.17 *the man in the nightcap* :

No man in a nightcap has been referred to previously in the text, but in the illustration at the end of the previous episode (see p. 80), a

man in a cap is one of the kidnappers. Presumably, he is the one meant here, and he is also no doubt the person referred to later as Mr. Redcap (p. 107).

81.18 *Brock-a-Wood* :

See the note on this phrase in the Unemended Cruxes section of the Textual Apparatus.

81.21-23 "*Look at this Mr. Hayes*" (*who stood trembling in his shoes*); ". . . We'll have him for a grenadier . . ." :

The term "grenadier" originally applied to members of military units equipped with grenades, but later came to refer to the elite units of the army made up of the tallest, bravest men (Anthony Kemp 37-43; Fortescue 1: 327; *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, 1968 ed.). The trembling Mr. Hayes hardly qualifies.

83.1 *the Three Rooks* :

Harden (*Annotations* 1: 69) suggests a play on three meanings of rook: a crow, a swindler, and a simpleton.

83.2 *a horse-pistol* :

A large pistol carried while riding (*OED*, "horse," 28).

83.15-16 *Spindleshins . . . the first Edward [had] a similar nickname :*

Edward I's nickname, "Longshanks" (meaning long legs), was only superficially similar to "Spindleshins," a derogatory term Thackeray seems to have invented. "Longshanks" did not have negative associations in Edward I's day. On the contrary, it was a term of praise, Edward being looked on as an impressive, imposing figure, whose long legs contributed to his impressiveness (Tout 60; Prestwich 108; Salzman 41). It is true that the term "Longshanks" has come to be a term of derision, but only since the time of Edward (*OED*). Moreover, Thackeray's term is much more derisive, being related, presumably, to the existing word "spindle-shanked," a contemptuous term for legs that are not only long, but thin and weak (*OED*).

In associating Edward with a contemptuous term, and thus transforming a nickname of praise into one of derision, Thackeray is following the mocking course seen above in his unflattering descriptions of Helen of Troy and Madame la Vallière (see notes to 42.8 and 42.10).

83.19-20 *nuit de nocces :*

Wedding night.

85.22-86.1 *he read . . . in the Daily Post, the Courant, the Observer, the Gazette, and the other chief journals . . . an accurate description of his person . . . and a promise of fifty guineas' reward :*

The *London Gazette*, the *Observer*, and the *Daily Courant* were three of the most widely read newspapers in London in 1704 (James

Sutherland 111-13), a year or two before the events of this chapter. The *Daily Post*, however, did not begin publishing until 1719 (Herd 41).

Although the *Observer* in 1706 did not run advertisements about thefts and missing property of the sort that Thackeray describes here, such advertisements could be found in both the *Gazette* and the *Courant*. For instance, the *Gazette* in its January 10-14 issue in 1706 (2) published an advertisement in which one Elizabeth Baker, a servant, was accused of stealing 200 pounds from her master; the advertisement promised a ten-guinea reward for information about "where the said Baker is, so as she may be apprehended." The *Courant* on January 8, 1706 (2) ran an advertisement about one John Morris, who had made off with a horse. The advertisement stated:

Whoever can secure the said Man and Horse or either of them,  
and give Notice to Mr. Spurrett at Bedford-Court Coffee-House  
Covent Garden, shall have a Guinea Reward . . .

85.24 *examining [the journals] at Button's and Will's :*

Button's and Will's were two of the most famous coffee-houses in London. Will's, named after its owner Will Unwin, was where John Dryden and his circle gathered in the late seventeenth century. Accounts differ, but it seems still to have been flourishing at the beginning of the eighteenth century, at the time Brock is supposed to have gone there. However, Brock could not have visited Button's at this time (about 1706), for the latter was not founded till 1712. It is true, though, that coffee-houses subscribed to the leading newspapers, and gentlemen went there to read them. (See Aytoun Ellis 58, 159; Black 20; Bourne 1: 48; Lillywhite 18-19, 143,

655-57; Thornbury and Walford 3: 276-77.)

86.3-4 *Mr. Murfey at the Golden Ball in the Savoy, or Mr. Bates at the Blew Anchor in Pickadilly :*

The name "Blue Anchor" was a common one for a pub in England. Perhaps coincidentally, the wife of the real Ikey Solomons worked at a Blue Anchor in Petticoat Lane. However, there was no such pub in Piccadilly. There was also no Golden Ball pub in the Savoy district of London; in fact, the Golden Ball was not a typical name for a pub, but was the sign used by silk mercers to advertise themselves. (See Larwood and Hotten 333, 482; Wagner 205; Thornbury and Walford 6: 131; Tobias 43.)

86.4-5, 86.25-26 *an enormous full-bottomed periwig that cost him sixty pounds. . . . In . . . Moll Flanders, a periwig is mentioned as costing that sum :*

It is true that in Defoe's novel (234), a wig that Moll steals from a baronet is said to have cost something like the extravagant sum that Thackeray mentions: in fact, the sum mentioned by Moll is even higher than Thackeray's sixty pounds, being "threescore Guineas," or sixty-three pounds. However, none of the authorities on English costume supports the notion that wigs could cost that much. In 1663, Pepys was able to buy a wig for four pounds. Prices were higher in the eighteenth century, and sums as great as thirty pounds are mentioned, but not sixty (Brooke and Laver 230, 262; Cunningham and Cunningham, *Eighteenth* 89).

86.5 *high red heels to his shoes* :

Men wore red heels with formal attire for appearances at court in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries (Cunnington 16-17).

86.6-7 *the siege of Barcelona* :

There were actually two sieges at Barcelona. The first began in August 1705, when the British and their allies invested the town, finally capturing it from the French in October. The following spring the French laid siege to the town, but were repulsed (Francis 185-90, 205-212; Burnet 775-77, 790-91, 792-93; Stebbing 62, 63, 70, 71, 91-92, 101-102).

86.9 *the Mall* :

The Mall, located near St. James's Palace, was a fashionable London avenue during the Restoration and eighteenth century; ladies and gentlemen walked upon it exchanging flirtatious pleasantries (Boulton 2: 140-41, 145-51, 153; Thornbury and Walford 4: 74-76).

86.13 *dobloons* :

A doubloon was a Spanish coin worth about 35 English shillings (*OED*).

86.15 *Charles III. of Spain* :

A reference to the Austrian Archduke Charles, the British-backed claimant to the Spanish throne during the War of the Spanish Succession. Charles sought to establish himself as King Charles III of Spain in



succession to the previous Spanish monarch, Charles II, but he was unsuccessful and the throne went to the French-backed claimant, Philip of Anjou. Charles did not win recognition in the historical record as Charles III of Spain, but the narrator's reference to him by that title reflects the usage employed by his British supporters and thus is appropriate in this passage. (See Gregg 178; Selley 16; Bergamini 37, 57, 85.)

86.15-16 *the diamond petticoat of our Lady of Compostella* :

The reference is to Santiago de Compostela, a town in northwest Spain ("Compostella" is the Anglicized spelling). The town is noted for its shrine, and shrines were plundered in Spain during the Succession War, but there is no record of an attack on the shrine in Compostella; nor is there any record of a diamond petticoat. Moreover, as the shrine in Santiago is dedicated to Saint James and not to the Virgin Mary, it is incorrect to refer to "our Lady of Compostella" as Thackeray does. No doubt Thackeray's point was to create a jocular connection between petticoats and the Virgin Mary. (See Trevelyan 1: 413-14; Francis 48; Starkie 14, 16-18, 21-22.)

87.6 *six descents* :

A descent is a generation (*OED*, meaning 9); what Brock is missing therefore is a series of gentlemanly ancestors reaching back over six generations.

87.6-7 *the equal of Saint John or Harley :*

Henry St. John, Lord Bolingbroke, and Robert Harley, the Earl of Oxford, were leading politicians of Queen Anne's reign. They could each trace their gentlemanly ancestry back several hundred years, so even with "six descents" Brock would not quite equal them on that score; but they were both known for their corrupt practices, which would support Thackeray's point that, except for the question of property and ancestry, there was little to choose between the roguish Brock and the leading gentlemen, or indeed the noblemen, of the day (Roscoe 6; *Complete Peerage* 2: 206; see also the note to 1.13).

87.11 *the wicked obstinacy of my ill luck :*

The supposed bad luck that dogs a character and thwarts his schemes is a notion found in Thackeray's next novel, which was originally titled *The Luck of Barry Lyndon*. At one point in that novel, Barry says: "I ought . . . to have been a prince of the empire . . . but that my ill luck pursued me . . ." The theme is also found in the earlier *Stubbs's Calendar*, in which the title character complains of his "continual and extraordinary ill-luck" (*Oxford Thackeray* 1: 419).

87.14 *dressed out like a Turk :*

Europeans began to become fascinated with things Turkish in the early eighteenth century, and the fascination persisted into Thackeray's own day (Edwardes 135-40; Conant xvii; Hawari 118).

In *Barry Lyndon*, Barry, in the manner of Brock in *Catherine*, has

as a servant "a tall negro fellow habited like a Turk" (200; Part 1, Chapter 11; Chapter 10 in revised edition). There is a similar reference in *Esmond* (151; Book 2, Chapter 3) to a "blackamoor in a Turkish habit."

87.14-15 *the politest ordinary in Covent Garden* :

An ordinary was an eating-house or tavern, and the more expensive of them were frequented by men of fashion (*OED*, "ordinary," sb., 14.b). Covent Garden was known in the eighteenth century as a region of "gallantry" and "wit" (Thornbury and Walford 3: 238), so Brock could very well have found a polite ordinary there.

87.17 *Dick Steele (a sad debauched rogue . . .)* :

A reference to the essayist Richard Steele, best known for his work with Addison on the *Tatler* and the *Spectator*, and also for his dissolute character. "His life was spent in sinning and repenting," Macaulay wrote (*Works* 7: 85). Thackeray emphasizes this side of Steele here, but de-emphasizes it in later works. In *Henry Esmond*, for instance (208; Book 2, Chapter 11), the narrator concedes that Steele liked to drink but adds that the more he drank, the more he "overflowed with kindness." And in *The English Humourists*, Thackeray attributes Steele's vices to the age and concludes with a paean of praise for Steele's kindness and gentleness (*Works* 7: 519). Perhaps in his own more respectable days, Thackeray thought it best to emphasize the more respectable qualities in a writer he admired. A similar view has been expressed concerning Thackeray's changing opinions about Fielding (see Pantuckova).

87.20-88.5 *going into Will's, I saw . . . my Lord Peterborow. . . . I . . . said I . . . rode behind him at Barcelona. . . . he was in disgrace :*

Charles Mordaunt, the third Earl of Peterborough, led the British force that captured Barcelona in 1705, but was later recalled because of irregularities concerning funds he was responsible for and because of his repeated disagreements with other military commanders over strategy. However, Peterborough did not return to England until August 1707, too late for him to have met Brock at the time suggested in the novel. According to the novel's chronology, which admittedly is not always clear (for the chronology problems, see the note to 127.4-6 in the Unemended Cruces section of the Textual Apparatus; see also the Chronology of *Catherine* above), the date of the meeting in Will's must have been late 1706 or early 1707. It is true, however, that Peterborough patronized Will's. (See Stebbing 1, 27, 123, 151, 164-66; Dickinson 178-79, 181, 183-86.)

87.22 *Southwell's regiment :*

William Southwell, who distinguished himself in the capture of Barcelona in 1705, became colonel of the Sixth Regiment of Foot in February of the following year (Warburton 1: 187-88; Dalton 5: 6).

87.24 *congée :*

A bow (*OED*, meaning 3).

88.2 *many more know Tom Fool, than Tom Fool knows :*

A semi-proverbial expression with sarcastic overtones, used when failing to recognize someone (Partridge, *Slang*, "more know . . ."). "Tom Fool" itself means a half-witted person (*OED*), which might be appropriate for Peterborough, who was sometimes thought to be mad or at least eccentric (Bevan, *Marlborough* 220-21; Warburton 1: 167).

88.7-8 *my Lady Marlborough, who was then in high feather :*

To be in "high feather" means to be in high or at least good spirits, or in good form. It is a nineteenth-century phrase and thus is anachronistic in Brock's mouth; moreover, Brock seems to be using it in a somewhat extended sense, suggesting that the Duchess of Marlborough had been successful or in favour when he was at court (in late 1706), but had since fallen from grace. This is somewhat misleading, for the Duchess had actually begun her fall before 1706. (See the *OED*, "feather," sb., 2.b; Partridge, *Slang*, "feather," 7, 8; Gregg 170, 176, 193, 207, 228, 278.)

88.9 *Corporal John :*

The affectionate nickname bestowed on Marlborough by his men (Cole and Priestley 51; Bevan, *Marlborough* 213).

88.10 *Charley Mordaunt :*

The Earl of Peterborough.

88.10 *canary* :

A light sweet wine from the Canary Islands (*OED*, meaning 2).

88.11 *my lord-treasurer's levee* :

A levee is a morning reception (*OED*, sb.2, meaning 2.b). The lord-treasurer at this time (1702-1710) was Godolphin, who in this role was one of Queen Anne's chief advisers (*DNB* 8: 44, 45).

88.11-12 *I had even got Mr. Army-secretary Walpole to take a hundred guineas in a compliment; and he had promised me a majority* :

That is, Brock, or Captain Wood as he is now known, has given the Army Secretary a complimentary gift, a bribe one might call it, and has been promised a promotion to the rank of major.

Sir Robert Walpole, later to become famous as George I's prime minister, became secretary of war for Queen Anne in February 1708 (*DNB* 20: 638). The chronology thus seems not quite right here, for the events Brock is describing seem to have taken place in 1706, at which time Bolingbroke was the secretary of war (*DNB* 17: 619-20).

88.15 *gaby* :

A colloquial term for a simpleton (*OED*).

88.23-24 *what did the creditors do, but clap my gay gentleman into Warwick gaol* :

Until 1838 English law allowed any person to declare on oath that

another person owed him money and to obtain the latter's arrest for debt (Walpole 4: 420).

90.8 *the Tilt Yard Coffeehouse in Whitehall :*

There was indeed a Tilt-Yard Coffee-House at this time in Whitehall. It was on or near the site of a tilt-yard that had adjoined the old Whitehall Palace, this tilt-yard having been used in the days of the Tudors as a place for jousting or tilting matches. As Brock says, the Tilt-Yard Coffee-House was frequented by military men, whose favourite subject of conversation, according to one contemporary, was duelling. That the duel in *Catherine* should arise out of an encounter here thus seems appropriate. (See Thornbury and Walford 3: 364; 4: 82; Lillywhite 577-78; Walter Besant 311.)

90.12-13 *a uniform that I knew—red and yellow facings—Cutts's :*

Brock is describing a red uniform with yellow facings, that is, with yellow cuffs and collars. This, indeed, was the uniform of the regiment associated with Lord Cutts in the late seventeenth century. Officially, the facings were described as buff or dove, but in fact what was meant was a "yellowish grey colour" (Lawson 1: 80; *OED*, "facing," 4.a).

90.21 *mechlin :*

Mechlin, or Mechlin lace, was a type of lace from the town of Mechlin in Flanders. It was very much the fashion in England from 1699 on, and British soldiers often smuggled it into the country when returning

from Marlborough's wars. In Act 3, scene 1 of *The Recruiting Officer*, the heroine appears wearing some Mechlin lace she has received from Captain Plume, and in the following scene there is a discussion of lace-smuggling (Farquhar 112 and note, 115; and see Palliser 112).

91.3 *unattached ensign* :

That is, the ensign is not attached to any particular regiment (*OED*, "unattached," 3).

91.3 *Nantz* :

A type of brandy: so called because made in Nantes, France (*OED*).

91.10 *Macshane* :

Thackeray may have taken the name from the comically roguish Irish character, McShane, in *The Nervous Man and the Man of Nerve*, a play by William Bayle Bernard which opened at Drury Lane in 1833, and which became a vehicle for the Irish comedian, Tyrone Power (see Bernard iii, 13-18, 20, and passim). Power is mentioned later in *Catherine* (see note to 146.8). The name may also have been suggested by Dr. Mackshane in Smollett's *Roderick Random*. Mackshane, like Macshane, is both an Irish Catholic and a villain, though not a charming one. (See Smollett 156, 158, 159, 163; Chapters 27 et seq.) In Thackeray's *Barry Lyndon*, there is a character referred to as "the odious Doctor Macshane" (259; Part 1, Chapter 15; Chapter 14 in revised edition), which suggests that Thackeray remembered Smollett's character.



In devising the roguish partnership between the slow-witted Macshane and the clever Brock, or Wood, Thackeray may have drawn on the popular French rogue Robert Macaire and his slow-witted partner, Bertrand. Macaire, who like Captain Wood wore an eye-patch, originated in an 1823 play called *L'Auberge des Adrets*, and was made famous through a series of lithographs by Daumier in 1836-38. Daumier used the rogues to satirize respectable society, something that Thackeray praised him for at length in *The Paris Sketch Book* of 1840 (*Works* 5: 151-65; see also Harper 53-55, 63; Rey 20-22).

91.17 *bluthanowns* :

Probably Macshane's Irish pronunciation of "blood and 'ouns," that is, "blood and wounds," a mild oath referring to God's blood and wounds (Partridge, *Slang*).

91.18-20 *Captain Wood . . . and I ran away together at the battle of Almanza* :

Almanza in Spain was the site of a serious defeat for the British and their allies, during which it would have been natural for Wood and Macshane to have run away. However, since the battle did not occur until April 1707 and since the scene at the Tilt-Yard must have taken place in late 1706 or very early 1707, the chronology does not quite work. (See Barnett, *Britain* 148; Burnet 809.)

92.2 *Montague House* :

The open country behind Montagu House was popular with duellists (Trevelyan 1: 39-40). The house, built for Ralph, Baron Montagu, in the seventeenth century, is now the site of the British Museum (Evelyn 4: 90n).

92.15 *his doublet, and . . . my handsome cut-velvet* :

Brock and Galgenstein are somewhat out-of-date in wearing doublets still in 1706. The doublet, a close-fitting outer garment for the upper body, was commonly worn by men until the Restoration, at which time it was replaced by the waistcoat or vest (Cunnington and Cunnington, *Seventeenth* 129; Byrde 70).

A cut-velvet doublet would be one made of brocaded velvet on a background of chiffon or some other sheer fabric; in other words, Brock was dressed in an elegant manner (see Wingate 169).

92.21-22 *bobwigs, scratchwigs, and Ramillies cocks* :

A bobwig was a wig for informal wear; it was distinguished by having a roll at the back of the neck; scratchwigs, which only came into use from about 1740, were small wigs worn while riding, participating in sports, conducting business, and so forth. The Ramillies cock, named for the 1706 Battle of Ramillies, was a wig distinguished by having a braid at the back with black bows at the top and bottom of it. (See Laver 130; Cunnington and Cunnington, *Eighteenth* 91, 94; *OED*.)

93.13 *a cursed Dutchman at the Boyne* :

At the 1690 Battle of the Boyne, the Dutchman would have been serving under Holland's William of Orange, now William III of England, against the deposed James II, for whom Brock was fighting (see note to 5.8).

93.14, 93.22-23 *C. R. in blue upon his right arm. . . . such mark . . . as only private soldiers put there* :

C. R. may stand for Carolus Rex, meaning Charles II, under whom Brock had served; but whether C. R. was in fact a distinguishing mark of the lower ranks in the army it has not been possible to determine.

94.8 *suiting the action to it* :

Harden (*Annotations* 1: 71) suggests an allusion to Hamlet's instructions to the players: "Suit the action to the word, the word to the action" (*Hamlet* III.ii.17-18).

94.19 *cook-shop* :

A shop selling cooked food, an eating-house or restaurant (*OED*).

95.7 *the beaks* :

Slang for constables (Partridge, *Slang*).

95.12-13 *a choice between Tyburn and a file of grenadiers* :

Brock is saying that if caught he will either be hanged at Tyburn for having robbed Galgenstein or be shot as a deserter by the grenadiers for having abandoned his regiment. The eighteenth-century punishment for robbery was hanging, and until 1783 hangings were carried out at Tyburn (Hollingsworth 3, 20). The eighteenth-century punishment for desertion is the subject of dispute: Fortescue (1: 571) says deserters would often merely be flogged, but Scouller (*Armies* 294-95) says they would be shot. The notion that the grenadiers carried out the executions is not supported by the authorities.

95.16 *Mr. Warmmash* :

From "mash": "A mixture of boiled grain, bran or meal, etc., given as warm food to horses and cattle" (*OED*, sb.1, meaning 2).

95.17-20 *Twickenham . . . the Park . . . Kilburn* :

Brock announces that he and Macshane are off to Twickenham in the southwest, but they actually go northwest to Kilburn, then a small village and now part of Greater London (Thornbury and Walford 5: 243). "The Park" presumably refers to Hyde Park (Thornbury and Walford 4: 375), which would be on the way to Kilburn.

95.22 *knights of the road* :

That is, highwaymen or robbers (*OED*, "knight," 12.c; Partridge, *Slang*). Although Brock and Macshane were more fugitives than robbers at

this stage, they would soon turn to crime.

96.5 *Rips* :

Worthless horses (*OED*, "rip," sb.6, meaning 1), but the term dates back only to 1778.

96.5 *Stourbridge fair* :

Stourbridge or Sturbridge Fair, held at Cambridge every summer, was "the greatest of all the English fairs" (William Addison 42) and survived from the Middle Ages until the early twentieth century. Various commodities were bought and sold at the fair, including horses, though it was the nearby Reach Fair, seven miles from Cambridge, that was renowned for horses. In the eighteenth century, Stourbridge Fair was a notorious resort of thieves, which would have made Brock and Macshane feel at home. However, it is odd that Thackeray should send his characters to a fair in the eastern part of the country, since the rest of the novel's action takes place in London and the west. Perhaps Thackeray was confused about the fair's location, thinking it was held in the town of Stourbridge in Worcestershire, that is, in the same county as the inn at Worcester where Brock is telling this story. Thackeray was not alone in making this mistake, but it is surprising in him since, as a former Cambridge student, he might be expected to know about the fair. However, his only summer as a Cambridge student, including the August-September period when the fair was held, was spent on holiday in Paris, so he may not have known. (See William Addison 42-50; Atkinson 204; Thorold Rogers

1: 141-42; Howson 80; Walford 56-57; *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, 1968 ed., "Stourbridge," "Cambridgeshire and Isle of Ely"; Ray, *Adversity* 122-24.)

97.2-3 *The man who murdered the Italian boy set him first to play with his children :*

Thackeray refers here to a sensational London murder case from 1831 which led to the passing of a new Anatomy Act. On November 3, 1831, an Italian boy variously identified as Carlo Ferrair, Ferrier, Ferreer, or (most plausibly) Ferrari was murdered by two brothers-in-law named Bishop and Williams. These two were graverobbers who sold bodies to the hospitals for dissection, and who had decided to expand their operations by killing live persons instead of digging up dead ones. Carlo, a homeless boy of 14 or 15, was their third or fourth victim. The two men encountered the boy in a pub and lured him to the house they shared by promising him work. Once there they drugged him with rum laced with laudanum and, when he was unconscious, lowered him into a well where he drowned. They then extracted his teeth, which they sold to a dentist for twelve shillings, and, with the help of acquaintances named May and Shields, began taking the body to various hospitals in an attempt to sell it (their asking price was twelve guineas). The porter at the dissecting rooms at King's College became suspicious about the state of the body and called the police. Bishop and Williams were executed in December, while May was sentenced to transportation. Coming in the wake of the similar murders in Edinburgh by Burke and Hare (indeed, the murderers of the Italian boy became known as the London Burkers), the case caused an uproar and

prompted Parliament to pass a new law, in 1832, to regulate the use of bodies in dissections.

According to Bishop's confession, when he and Williams brought the boy home, they hid him in the privy and sent their families to bed. However, according to Williams's confession, they did not send the families away or hide the boy. Instead: "When they got him there, they set him to play with Bishop's children until near dusk, when they gave him some rum, and he became stupified." Clearly, it is this version that Thackeray remembered, or discovered through research.

For Williams's confession, see the *Examiner* (Dec. 4, 1831: 780) and *The Times* (Dec. 5, 1831: 3). For Bishop's confession, see MacGregor 282-88. See also MacGregor 254-59; Bailey 107-114. For contemporary reports, see *The Times* (Nov. 19, 1831: 5; Nov. 21: 1; Nov. 22: 3; Nov. 24: 3; Nov. 26: 3; Dec. 3: 3) and the *Examiner* (Nov. 13, 1831: 732; Nov. 20: 748; Nov. 27: 764; Dec. 11: 795-96). See also *Fraser's* 5 (1832): 64.

98.9-11 *As any body may read in the Newgate Calendar, Mr. and Mrs. Hayes were taken at an inn at Worcester, were confined there, were swindled by persons who pretended to impress the bridegroom :*

In fact, Thackeray has altered the story found in *The Newgate Calendar* and elsewhere. Although Hayes was indeed taken prisoner by persons "pretending to impress him," as the *Annals of Newgate* puts it, using a phrase that Thackeray seems to have copied, the swindle in real life did not work, though the one in the novel does: Hayes's father was

able to get his son released without paying any money (see Appendix 1, pp. 734-35, 778).

Note as well that the historical rescue was performed by Hayes's *father*; the narrator of *Catherine* in this opening paragraph of Chapter Six seems to follow the record on this point at first, saying that Hayes "was obliged to send to his father . . . and the old gentleman came down to his aid" (p. 98 in the text), but later in the chapter Thackeray has Hayes's *mother* be the one to come to the rescue.

98.14-15 *philosophising with Bolingbroke, like a certain Devereux* :

Morton Devereux, the hero of Bulwer's 1829 novel *Devereux*, associates not only with Bolingbroke, but with Mrs. Masham, Addison and Steele, Swift, and Voltaire; he even meets Louis XIV and Peter the Great. When he meets Voltaire, there is a whole chapter of witty philosophizing (Book 4, Chapter 5; see also Book 1, Chapters 5-6; Book 2, Chapters 3, 7; Book 4, Chapter 6; Book 5, Chapter 3).

In *Barry Lyndon* (119; Part 1, Chapter 5; Chapter 4 in the revised edition), Thackeray has Barry mock novelists who introduce their lowly characters to "the greatest lords and most notorious personages," just as Ikey Solomons mocks the practice here. In his later works, however (e.g., *Esmond*), Thackeray himself engages in this practice, having his characters interact with personages such as Joseph Addison and the Old Pretender.



98.15 *maîtresse en titre* :

An official or acknowledged mistress (*OED*).

98.16 *Doctor Sacheverel, Sir John Reade the oculist* :

Notable figures of Queen Anne's day. Henry Sacheverell was a preacher, a dean of arts at Oxford, and a friend of Addison's. He also wrote poems and is referred to in Defoe's "Hymn to the Pillory." By "Sir John Reade" Thackeray probably means Sir William Read, Queen Anne's oculist; Read mixed with the literati and even had a poem written about him (*DNB*).

98.19 *thanatographies* :

Accounts of persons' deaths: a nonce word, the only example of which in the *OED* is this use in *Catherine*.

99.1-2 *a bribe of twenty extra guineas per sheet* :

This would be a substantial bribe: in March 1838, while producing *The Yellowplush Papers* for *Fraser's*, Thackeray threatened to stop work unless his pay was raised to twelve guineas per sheet, a sheet being sixteen magazine pages, or the approximate equivalent of one episode of *Catherine*. He was presumably now receiving his twelve guineas, but the suggested bribe would have more than doubled his pay. (See *Letters* 1: 351-52.)

99.6 *the battle of Steenkirk :*

A battle during the Nine Years' War (1688-1697) in which the British suffered heavy losses at the hands of the French (Cole and Priestley 26).

99.8-9 *pawned his half-pay :*

Under the half-pay system, which originated in 1641, officers no longer in active service, owing to disability, or to disbandment of their units during peacetime, were paid half their usual salary. Having suffered a head injury in battle, Macshane might qualify for this disability pay, which in 1698 was 1s. 10d. a day for ensigns. (See John Childs 70-72; Guy 99-101).

As for the notion that Macshane "pawned" his half-pay, it is not clear whether Thackeray is simply being metaphorical about Macshane's spending or whether he means that Macshane actually made some pawnshop-like arrangement to hand over the rights to his pension in return for ready cash.

99.9-10 *for many years past had lived . . . upon nothing :*

This is a theme Thackeray would develop more fully in *Vanity Fair*: see Chapter 36 of that novel ("How to Live Well on Nothing A-Year").

99.25-26 *The author . . . has his lodgings and food provided for him by the government :*

Because he is in prison.

99.26 O.Y. :

Short for Oliver Yorke, the fictitious editor of *Fraser's Magazine*. Writers at *Fraser's* would sometimes address Yorke as the editor or even, as here, write notes in his name: see *Fraser's* 8 (1833): 136; 17 (1838): 291, 692; 18 (1838): 471. The actual editor of the magazine in the early 1830s was William Maginn. At the time of *Catherine*, the publisher James Fraser may have been acting as editor, but the evidence is unclear. (See Thrall 18; Houghton 2: 315-16; Ray, *Adversity* 197.)

100.11 *mystic caves and dens* :

Possibly an ironic allusion to Byron's line about "the Pythian's mystic cave of yore" in *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage* (Canto 3, stanza 81, l. 762) and perhaps also influenced by the passage in Byron's drama *Heaven and Earth* (Part 1, scene 3, ll. 174-75) in which the Chorus of Spirits prophesies that the bleached bones of the annihilated human race "shall lurk / In caves, in dens, in clefts of mountains . . ."

Thackeray certainly had Byron in mind while writing this chapter, for he refers to Byron's poem *The Corsair* in the next paragraph.

The "Pythian's mystic cave" of Byron's refers to the cave thought to be found at the site of the Delphic Oracle, the priestess there being known as the Pythia; but in fact there is no cave on the site (Howatson, "Delphi").

100.15 *signalement* :

French term for an official description of a person, as on a passport or in a criminal record: an appropriate word to apply to the kidnapper Macshane.

100.18-19 *Mr. Conrad, the corsair, [had] one virtue in the midst of a thousand crimes* :

The closing two lines of Byron's poem *The Corsair* state that Conrad, the pirate chief,

. . . left a Corsair's name to other times,  
Linked with one virtue, and a thousand crimes.

Earlier in the poem (Canto 1, stanza 12) we learn that amidst all his evil, Conrad has one "softer feeling": Love. Later (Canto 3, stanza 8) we discover that Conrad also has scruples about killing an enemy in his sleep; so he may actually have two virtues.

100.22 *roturier* :

French for a commoner or person of low rank (*OED*).

101.4 *bating* :

The word means "leaving out of account" or "except" (*OED*, "bating," prep.).

101.18 *a mighty basket-hilted sword :*

That is, a sword with a hilt in the shape of a basket, intended to protect the swordsman's hand (*OED*). This weapon was the standard cavalry sword during the War of the Spanish Succession (Anthony Kemp 60); however, since ensigns were found only in the infantry and not in the cavalry, Ensign Macshane would not have had such a weapon (Scouller, *Armies* 101; *OED*, "ensign," 7). Similarly, it would not have been normal for an ensign to be wearing a cavalryman's jackboots as Macshane does (see the *OED*, "jack-boot"). Of course, Ensign Machshane is no longer in the regular army.

101.19 *a large tie-periwig :*

Tie-wigs were tied-back wigs used for travel (Ewing 35).

103.5-6 *the misfortune to strike my superior officer, whereby I made myself liable to Death, according to the rules of warr :*

The reference is to the Articles of War, regulations governing military discipline which the Crown issued occasionally, especially in wartime. Article 15 of the Articles of War of 1688 specified that a soldier or officer who struck a superior officer would "suffer Death, or such other Punishment as the General Court-Martial shall think fit" (cit. Winthrop 922; and see Winthrop 18-20; Scouller, *Armies* 256-58).

The notion that Hayes might be put to death for striking a superior looks forward to the end of the novel, when his striking Catherine precipitates his murder. The incident of Hayes striking Catherine is in the

historical sources, so Thackeray may have had it in mind when inventing this earlier threat to Hayes's life.

104.5 *marvellous quick riding* :

Indeed, it would be impossibly fast riding to cover the seventy miles from Bristol to the Hayeses' village in three hours. Captain Plume in the opening scene of *The Recruiting Officer* (Farquhar 65) says 120 miles in thirty hours would be "pretty smart riding," and even the fastest horses in fact and fiction (e.g., Black Bess in *Rookwood*) could not go faster than fourteen or fifteen miles an hour, meaning that even they could not have covered the distance from Bristol in much less than five hours (*Rookwood* 277; Book 4, Chapter 6; S. M. Ellis, *Ainsworth* 1: 244).

106.21-22 *like a quaker, in dusky gray* :

The early Quakers made a virtue of simplicity and plainness in their dress, and later Quakers formalized this approach by establishing a standard Quaker outfit, the colour of which was "dove-gray" (Tolles 77).

106.22-23 *black as undertakers or physicians* :

This seems to be a reference to the facial expression one might see on members of these professions: Thackeray seems to be suggesting that physicians and undertakers look black, that is, melancholy (*OED*, "black," 10), probably because of their involvement with death and disease. The alternative explanation, that Thackeray is referring to black clothing, would make sense for undertakers, but not for physicians, who even in the days

before white laboratory coats and sterilization did not necessarily wear black (Garrison 396-97).

107.24-25 *the parson . . . in those good old times did not disdain to take the post of honour [in the alehouse] :*

Poor parsons had long frequented alehouses and by the eighteenth century, with the growing respectability of such establishments, even higher-ranking, wealthier clergymen could be found there. However, in the nineteenth century, while the status of clergymen rose, that of alehouses fell; moreover, though it did not develop fully until the second half of the century, the temperance movement, many of whose members were clergymen, began to have an impact in the 1830s. For all these reasons, therefore, parsons would have been less likely to grace the premises of an alehouse in Thackeray's day than in the days of Queen Anne. (See Clark 124, 226, 307; Trevelyan 1: 44; Holmes 87, 90; Shiman 9, 12-13, 45-53).

109.5 *like the flaps of a paddle-wheel :*

In using this simile, Thackeray is referring to the most advanced form of ship propulsion of the early nineteenth century, the paddle-wheel, which consisted of floats or paddles that rotated on a wheel (Peter Kemp 100-101, 219). The *OED* sanctions the use of "flap" to mean float or paddle in this context, but the only example it records is this very sentence from *Catherine* (see "flap," sb., meaning 5.d).

109.25 *a truckle-bed* :

A truckle or trundle bed, after the trundles or castors on its feet, was a low bed that could be slid under a higher one when not in use. The term also came to mean any small bed. (See the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, 1979 ed.).

110.8 *Taranouns* :

This is Macshane's (or Thackeray's) version of the Anglo-Irish oath "tare an' ouns," meaning the tears and wounds of Christ. The oath is not recorded before the nineteenth century, so this may be an anachronism (Partridge, *Slang*; *OED*, "tear," sb.2, meaning 3.d).

110.17 *in those days his religion was not popular* :

The anti-Catholic Gordon Riots of 1780 and the anti-Catholic hysteria resulting from the so-called Popish Plot of 1679 give some indication of the unpopularity of Catholicism "in those days." Moreover, in addition to this unpopularity, Catholics suffered from legal disabilities; in fact, if the laws had been enforced, Catholic worship might have been stamped out. This did not happen, but Catholics were prevented from voting, running for office, attending university, teaching, holding military commissions, and so forth (Davis 620-22; Trevelyan 1: 52; Leys 98-104, 134-35).

Some of the legal restrictions on Catholics were removed in the late eighteenth century, and most of the rest were abolished in 1829 by the controversial Catholic Emancipation Act (Leys 140; Davis 625-26, 650-51). It is presumably because of the civil equality granted by this act that



Thackeray suggests here that, though in a previous era Catholicism had not been popular, now it was. This rather slighting and satirical reference to the granting of equality to Catholics seems to reflect the Fraserian anti-Catholic attitude: in March and April 1839 *Fraser's* ran two long articles attacking the "moral pestilence" of "Popery, the prolific parent of curses" (19: 261-77, 387-407; quotation on 261); and in January 1840, eleven years after Catholic Emancipation, *Fraser's* was still expressing displeasure and distress over the granting of equality (21: 11). Thackeray had himself expressed opposition to Catholic Emancipation when it first came in (*Letters* 1: 34, 34n, 55), but he was only seventeen then, and by 1839 his views had changed: see his defence of the Catholic Church in December 1839 (*Letters* 1: 405); and see his praise for Daniel O'Connell, the leader of the Emancipation Movement, in a despatch for the *Constitutional* journal in October 1836 (*Mr. Thackeray's Writings* 130). In other words, the implied criticism of Catholic Emancipation in this passage does not reflect Thackeray's views at the time (see "The Politics of *Catherine*" above).

111.1-2 ". . . there is highwaymen abroad . . . and . . . you have very much the cut of one." :

Thackeray may have taken the idea for this episode, in which Macshane is arrested on suspicion of being a highwayman and only released when the elder Mrs. Hayes vouches for him, from his sources on the Hayes murder. In Villette's account of the murder, the real Catherine Hayes invents a story to account for the absence of her husband, according

to which John Hayes had fled into Hertfordshire after committing a murder. Elaborating on this story, Catherine says that her husband took four pistols with him for protection, a detail that provokes suspicion in John Hayes's cousin, one Henry Longmore, to whom Catherine is telling the story. According to Villette (1: 411; see Appendix 1, p. 751 below),

Longmore said it would be dangerous for him [Hayes] to travel in that manner, for he was liable to be apprehended on suspicion of being a highwayman; to which she answered, that it was his usual way of travelling, and the reason of it was because he was once attacked, and had like to have been robbed on the highway, and that he had once been apprehended on suspicion of being a highwayman, but that a gentleman who knew him, coming in accidentally, passed his word for his appearance, in consequence of which he was discharged.

111.4 *the Duke of Leinster* :

See the note to 111.19.

111.13 *Justice Ballance* :

There is a Justice Balance in Farquhar's *The Recruiting Officer*.

111.19-20 *Captain Geraldine . . . on a visit to his cousin, the Duke of Leinster* :

Macshane here adopts the name of a distinguished Irish family, the Fitzgeralds, also known as the Geraldines, who were earls of Kildare and dukes of Leinster. However, they did not acquire the dukedom of Leinster until 1766, long after the events of *Catherine*. There was an earlier duke of Leinster (Lord Meinhardt Schomberg), who held the title from 1691 to 1719, which would be the right time, but he was not connected to the Fitzgerald family (see *The Complete Peerage* 7: 573-74; *Encyclopaedia*

*Britannica*, 1979 ed., "Fitzgerald"). :

Note that in *The Adventures of Philip* (*Works* 11: 494, Chapter 31) Thackeray creates a Dr. Geraldine, who, however, "is not . . . a relative of the Leinster family." Perhaps this interest in ordinary or false Fitzgeralds or Geraldines reflected a private joke between Thackeray and his friend Edward FitzGerald, who was also "not . . . a relative of the Leinster family."

111.24-25, 112.9-10 *a couple [of battles] in Spain and in Flanders, which had been fought within a week of each other. . . . [he was] at the battle of Ramillies; at which time he was with my Lord Peterborough before Barcelona :*

The British triumphed at the Battle of Ramillies in Flanders on May 23, 1706 (new style). Earlier that month Peterborough was "before Barcelona," that is, outside it, in the hills, attempting to lift the French siege. The French had begun their siege in early April, and Peterborough, who had been in Valencia, returned at the end of April, but was unable to re-enter the city or lift the siege until the British fleet arrived. After the arrival of the fleet on May 8, the French withdrew on either May 11 or May 12, 1706 (new style). That is, the British victories at Barcelona and Ramillies occurred not quite at the same time or even within a week of each other, but certainly within a fortnight of each other, so that Macshane would have been hard put to make it in time from Barcelona to Ramillies, which was about 700 miles away, through enemy territory. Thackeray's suggestion that the battles occurred within a week of each other may

simply be an exaggeration or may be the result of confusion over the use of old and new style dates in the historical record. (See Boyer 5: 78, 114, 127, 130, 136-37; Burnet 792, 794.)

112.22-23 *advertised in the Hue and Cry* :

The *Hue and Cry* (or the *Public Hue and Cry*) was an early title of a newspaper which published information about criminals and lost or stolen property. It later became known as the *Hue and Cry and Police Gazette* and later still simply as the *Police Gazette*, but the phrase "Hue and Cry" remained in the title until 1839, the year Thackeray began *Catherine*. There is thus no mystery concerning Thackeray's knowledge of the *Hue and Cry*, but it was anachronistic of him to refer to it as existing at the time of Macshane's arrest, in 1706 or 1707, since it was not founded until 1773 (Styles 137; Pringle 192-93; Critchley 209n; *OED*).

113.8 *her pillion* :

See the note to 76.25.

113.22 *to make belave* :

That is, "to make believe," which here seems not to mean "pretend," but instead has its older meaning: "to make someone believe something" (*OED*, "make," 53.e). Presumably, Macshane means he claimed to have bought the horse in London (actually he first said he borrowed it: see the text at 112.10) in order to make his listeners believe that it belonged to him. Those listeners do not seem bothered by the fact that, to

prove that the horse is his, Macshane tells two quite contradictory stories: that he obtained the horse in London and that Mrs. Hayes gave it to him.

118.24 *ride and tie* :

*Brewer's Dictionary of Phrase and Fable* (9th ed.) explains that this phrase refers to a procedure used when two travellers have only one horse between them: "One rides on ahead and then ties the horse up and walks on, the other taking his turn on the horse when he has reached it." Joseph Andrews and Parson Adams ride and tie in Fielding's *Joseph Andrews* (76; Book 2, Chapter 2).

120.18-19 *bob, tizzy, tester, moidore, maravedi, doubloon, tomaun, or rupee* :

Names of coins, most of them worth very little: a bob is a slang term for a shilling; "tizzy" and "tester" are both slang for a sixpenny piece; a moidore was a Portuguese coin accepted as legal tender in England in the eighteenth century and worth about 27 shillings; a maravedi was the name of two Spanish coins, one worth only about a sixth of an English penny, the other worth 14 shillings; a doubloon was a Spanish coin worth about 35 English shillings; a tomaun (or toman) was a Persian coin worth only about seven shillings at the beginning of the twentieth century, but about four pounds in the seventeenth century; the Indian rupee, which was earlier worth two shillings, had fallen almost to fourteen pence by 1893. (See the *OED*.)

120.22-23 *the donjons of Warwick* :

In the eighteenth century, the Warwick jail had a "close, damp and offensive" dungeon where debtors as well as felons were incarcerated. The dungeon was closed in 1797. (See Stephens 450.)

121.1 *white-washing* :

"Whitewashing" was the term for the process whereby a debtor could declare bankruptcy and be legally absolved of all liability for the debts he had incurred up to that time (*OED*, "whitewash," verb, meaning 2.b). There were complaints in the early nineteenth century that this procedure was unfair to creditors and too generous to debtors: see the essay "Observations on Credit . . .," *Pamphleteer* 13 (1819): 362-63.

Thackeray is making the same sort of complaint, but in directing his attack at "gentlemen" and in using the Count as an example of someone who could benefit from whitewashing, he is being somewhat misleading. Under the law as it existed in England until 1861, the only persons eligible for whitewashing were traders, who could obtain relief only for their business debts: debts incurred through gambling were specifically excluded. The Count's debts to the Warwickshire squire would thus be ineligible for whitewashing, and indeed so would all his other debts unless they had been incurred through business, which was not the case; similarly, the "gentlemen" of Thackeray's day, who would not likely have been traders, could not have availed themselves of the legal remedy of whitewashing, contrary to Thackeray's suggestion, a suggestion he repeats in *Vanity Fair* (482, Chapter 54). (See Duffy 283, 287, 289-90, 292; and see the 1705

Bankruptcy Act: 4 Anne c. 17, ss. vii, xv.)

121.7 *debts of honour* :

A debt of honour is one that cannot be legally enforced but depends on the honour of the debtor. Gambling debts are the chief example. (See the *OED*, "debt," 4.a; John Ashton 85.)

121.14 *Ninon de l' Enclos, then at Paris, . . . [had] charms which defied the progress of time* :

Anne or Ninon de l'Enclos (or L'Enclos, Lenclos, or Lanclos), a French courtesan of the time of Louis XIV, was well-known for her attractiveness, which survived late into her life. Although she died at the beginning of the eighteenth century, she was still remembered in 1839, for in January of that year, a writer in *Fraser's* commented that "we all recollect the story of Ninon de L'Enclos, who was young and made conquests at eighty" (19: 79; see also Cohen ix, 2n, 262; Larousse.)

121.22 *his twenty quarterings* :

Armorial shields are sometimes divided into areas called "quarterings," each one containing a different coat of arms representing a different well-born set of ancestors. The Count's twenty quarterings thus indicate that he is descended from twenty different well-born families. (See Fox-Davies 542; Neubecker 88, 90.)

122.21-25 *It is an awful thing to get a glimpse . . . of some little, little wheel which works the whole mighty machinery of FATE, and see how our destinies turn on a minute's delay or advance, or on the turning of a street, or on somebody else's turning of a street :*

Compare the expression of a similar sentiment in Thackeray's "Shabby Genteel Story" (*Oxford Thackeray* 3: 333):

O mighty Fate . . . with what small means are thy ends effected! . . . The getting up a little earlier or later, the turning down this street or that, the eating of this dish or the other may influence all the years and actions of a future life.

This sentiment can also be found in *Barry Lyndon* (106; Part 1, Chapter 4; Chapter 3 in the revised edition): Barry complains about the "small circumstances" on which "all the great events" of his life turned.

123.1 *in Downing Street or in Timbuctoo :*

Thackeray here contrasts the seat of power—Downing Street, the site of the British prime minister's residence since 1732 (Hibbert 264)—with a legendary African village renowned for its remoteness: Timbuctoo, or Timbuktu. Interest in the latter had been increasing since the late 1820s, when European expeditions succeeded in reaching it for the first time. In 1829, Timbuctoo was the set topic for the Cambridge poetry competition won by Tennyson. Thackeray also wrote a poem about the village that year, but he did not enter it in the competition. (See Gardner 1-2, 4, 97-152; Bryant 197-200; Monsarrat 35; Thackeray, *Works* 13: 531-33.)



123.2 *Miss Poots* :

The name may be derived from "putz," which is German for ornaments or finery.

123.3 *inmate* :

Originally, this word did not suggest prisons or mental institutions, but simply meant a resident (*OED*). Even so, Thackeray cannot be using the word literally, but is presumably suggesting that Miss Poots spent so much time in the *spielhaus* that it seemed as if she lived there.

123.3 *spiel-haus* :

German for a gambling house.

123.3 *Silverkoop* :

"Koop" is Dutch for a bargain or a purchase, either of which would apply to Miss Poots's marriage.

123.5-6 *Rhenish wine and sugar* :

Rhenish wine, that is, wine from Germany's Rhineland or from neighbouring areas, tended to be harsh and was often drunk with sugar. Boswell speaks of men drinking their Rhenish wine this way. (See Younger 365, 476.)

124.7 *Goody Billings* :

"Goody" was a polite form of address for women of humble station (*OED*).

124.17 *hasty pudding* :

An easily prepared dish (hence the adjective "hasty") made of flour or oatmeal stirred into boiling milk or water (*OED*).

124.22-25, 125.23 *A celebrated philosopher, I think Miss Edgeworth, . . . [says] all human beings are entirely equal, and that circumstance and education are the causes of . . . distinctions and divisions. . . . Miss Edgeworth and the philosophers :*

Calling Maria Edgeworth, the author of children's books and novels of Irish life, a philosopher is probably mild sarcasm on Thackeray's part; Thackeray did not think much of Miss Edgeworth's ideas: later in 1839, he criticized her for her child-rearing notions, according to which, in Thackeray's interpretation, rationality and factual matters would be emphasized at the expense of imagination (*Letters* 1: 394-95).

Miss Edgeworth did, in her stories, promote the notion that people are shaped by their environment: thus Virginia St. Pierre in *Belinda*, who is raised in a state of innocence, is innocent (*Belinda* 376ff., Chapter 26), and the mistreated slaves in "The Grateful Negro" revolt while the "well-treated" ones remain docile. Moreover, Laub (85n) quotes her as saying, in the second edition of the handbook, *Practical Education*, which she helped her father write, that virtue and abilities are "the result of

education, more than the gift of nature" (3: 291). Still, as the source of the notion that men are all created alike and only made different by circumstance, Thackeray is probably thinking of philosophers like Rousseau. The latter, in his "Discourse on the Origin and Foundations of Inequality Among Men" (1755), argues that inequality is virtually non-existent in a state of nature and that it is primarily the result of the establishment of property and laws: "how much less the difference between one man and another must be in the state of nature than in society," he writes (Rousseau 140, 180, 138).

125.1-5 *Jack Howard and Jack Thurtell . . . Lord Melbourne . . . [and] the Duke of Wellington . . . Lord Lyndhurst . . . [and] Mr. O'Connell :*

Howard was a highly respected prison reformer while Thurtell was a murderer (*DNB*). Wellington was the much-revered hero of Waterloo and a former Tory prime minister, while Melbourne was the Whig prime minister of the day, whom *Fraser's* despised (see note to 1.13). Lyndhurst was a noted Tory orator whose speeches were published by the publisher of *Fraser's* (see the *British Museum Catalogue* 6: 252) while O'Connell was an Irish radical to whom *Fraser's* was strongly opposed: see "The Use and Abuse of Friendship by Daniel O'Connell, Esq.," *Fraser's* 16 (1837): 711-19 (see also the note to 38.21 above).

Thus Thackeray here adopts the Fraserian political approach of opposing the Whigs and Radicals and supporting the Tories, even though his own politics were quite different: in fact, in October 1836, he had singled out O'Connell for praise for his work in advancing "freedom in Ireland and

Radicalism in England" (*Mr. Thackeray's Writings* 130). See also "The Politics of *Catherine*" above.

125.7 *long coats* :

A baby's garments (*OED*).

125.10 *coal-hole* :

A place for storing coals (*OED*).

125.14-17 *he fought the cat . . . the kittens . . . the hen . . . a little sucking-pig . . . near his favourite haunt, the dunghill* :

Young Tom's battles are somewhat reminiscent of the ones in *Gulliver's Travels* in which, in his adventure in Brobdingnag, the diminutive Gulliver battles against various over-sized animals, including flies, wasps, a dog, a linnet, a frog, and a monkey (Swift 100, 101, 109, 110, 113-16; Part 2, Chapters 3, 5). There may also be an allusion to Gulliver's misadventure in a giant "Cow-dung" (117, Chapter 5). Gulliver's opponents are all bigger than he is, and though this is not true of Tom, and though on one level we seem meant to be disgusted by Tom's violence, there may as well be a sense in which Tom, like Gulliver, is a spirited underdog to be almost admired.

125.19-20 *sugar . . . secreted in . . . a Baker's Chronicle* :

Though the book sounds like a humorous invention appropriate to the reference to sugar, there was indeed *A Chronicle of the Kings of England*

by Sir Richard Baker, first published in 1643. Fielding mentions it in *Joseph Andrews* (18; Book 1, Chapter 3).

126.7 *a fire-shovel* :

A shovel used for moving coals in a fireplace (*OED*).

126.8 *Aminadab* :

Thackeray tends to use Old Testament names for his Jewish characters. Aminadab (found in Ruth 4: 19 and in 1 Chronicles 2: 10, 6: 7, and 15: 10) is just one example. In *The Great Hoggarty Diamond* there are Jews named Meshach, Shadrach, Abednego, Jehosophat, and Moses; there is also another Aminadab (*Works* 3: 81, 86, 88; Chapters 10, 11).

126.12 *prigs* :

Slang for thieves, especially petty thieves or pickpockets (*OED*, "prig," sb.3, meaning 2; Partridge, *Underworld*).

126.13-14 *the author of Richelieu, Historical Odes, Siamese Twins* :

The allusion is to Bulwer-Lytton. Thackeray, in discussing Bulwer's poetical abilities, refers to three of his poetical works. The first, *Richelieu*, was an 1839 play in blank verse, to which were appended, in the early editions, "historical odes on The last days of Elizabeth; Cromwell's dream; The death of Nelson" (see the *National Union Catalog* 347: 681). *The Siamese Twins* is a long poem Bulwer published in 1831.

126.14 *"Poeta nascitur non fit" :*

A proverbial Latin expression meaning that poets are born, not made; it is sometimes attributed to the Roman writer Florus (Burton Stevenson 1820: 8).

126.14-15 *though he had tried ever so much to be a poet, it was all moonshine :*

In his Preface to *The Siamese Twins*, Bulwer says that in his "youngest days of inexperience" he had ideas of being a poet; he says, however, that he came to realize that he did not have great enough "endowments for poetry" (ix). In the Dedication to the same work, Bulwer confesses that he lacks proficiency in the "Divine Art" of poetry and refuses to lay claim to the "attributes of the poet" (iii).

126.16-17 *a fig for Miss Edgeworth :*

A "fig" is a contemptuous gesture (*OED* "fig," sb.2).

127.1 *Somnus :*

The Roman god of sleep (*OED*).

127.13-15 *Hayes left his house three or four times . . . and, urged by . . . his wife, tried several professions :*

The accounts in both Vilette's *Annals of Newgate* and Knapp and Baldwin's *Newgate Calendar* record only one instance, not three or four, in which Catherine persuaded her husband to leave to pursue a new profession: at her urging, he enlisted in a regiment on the Isle of Wight

(see Appendix 1, pp. 736, 778).

128.7-8 *sent them for seven years beyond the sea; and . . . sold the use of their bodies to Virginian planters :*

Transportation to the colonies was introduced as a criminal punishment during the reign of Charles II. Before 1776, convicts were sent to America, where they were sold to planters for terms of seven years, fourteen years, or life (Ruggles-Brise 23-24; Walter Besant 556).

128.17 *dingaring. . . :*

Thackeray's representation of the sound of the bell indicating the end of an intermission at a play.

128.17 *the drop draws up :*

The curtain rises (see the *OED*, "drop," sb., meaning 16).

128.18 *the play ends with a drop :*

That is, with a hanging (see the *OED*, "drop," sb., meaning 17.a).

129.21-22 *singing lessons from Tamburini :*

Antonio Tamburini was a famous Italian opera singer performing in London in the 1830s. The notion that he might give lessons to the reader's "excellent lady" seems to be a joke, for although journeymen singers from Italy did give lessons to make money and although one anecdote about Tamburini concerns the free lessons he once gave to a promising singer

from the provinces, his fame would likely have made it unnecessary for him to stoop to giving lessons to mere amateurs. (See Sadie; Biez 112-13; Petty 3-4, 13.)

129.22 *a night at the Eagle Tavern, City Road :*

The Eagle Tavern, on the City Road, was not really a tavern, but a pleasure-garden like Vauxhall, only less fashionable. At the Eagle, from 1824 until 1882, vast crowds gathered in a "Grecian Saloon" to watch clowns and singers, to take refreshments, to dance, and to look at the pictures; or they walked outside amid fountains and gardens. Dickens, in his *Sketches by Boz*, called it a scene of "dazzling excitement." On the other hand, one J. Ewing Ritchie in 1857 denounced it as a den of vice, where women "with painted faces" who were "mercenary in every thought and feeling" corrupted the youth of the day. (See Chancellor, *Pleasure Haunts* 406-410; Dickens, *Sketches* 231-32; Ritchie 212-13, 218.) :

Thackeray describes a visit to the Eagle in his diary for June 1832 (*Letters* 1: 205):

. . . went in the evening with Buller to the Eagle Tavern city road a precious place of rational entertainment. There was a concert, & a farcical Vaudeville superb grottoes cottages & chinese lamps for the small sum of four pence.

129.22 *a ride in a buss to Richmond, and tea and brandy-and-water at Rose Cottage Hotel :*

Horse-drawn omnibuses first appeared in London in 1829 and rapidly became popular: by 1838 there were 620 of them. Service extended to outlying areas, such as the picturesque town of Richmond, which was



known for its inns, the best known of these being the Star and Garter. Thackeray, however, preferred the Rose Cottage Inn (later to be known as the Marlborough Hotel), praising its gardens, its bowling-green, and its veal cutlets. In general, he says in his 1844 *Little Travels and Roadside Sketches*, "the Rose Cottage Hotel at Richmond . . . [is] one of the comfortablest, quietest, cheapest, neatest little inns in England, and a thousand times preferable, in my opinion, to the Star and Garter" (*Oxford Thackeray* 6: 469; see also Kent, 1951 ed., 391-92; Barker 80; Chancellor, *Richmond* 171, 174, 197; Brayley 3: 59, 96; Mrs. Bell 82).

130.2-3 *egotism and talk of one's own sorrows: my Lord Byron, and my friend the member for Lincoln, have drained such subjects dry :*

Lincoln in the nineteenth century returned two members to Parliament. In 1839, one of these was the notorious eccentric Charles Sibthorp; but Thackeray was undoubtedly referring to the other Lincoln MP, Bulwer-Lytton, whose egotism Thackeray was to criticize through his alter ego, the footman and poor speller, Yellowplush, in January 1840:

What the juice does the public care for you or me? Why must we always, in prefizzes and what not, be a-talking about ourselves and our igstrodnary merrats, woas, and injaries?  
(*Works* 3: 361)

(See also Craig 187; *DNB*, "Sibthorp, Charles.")

As for Byron, he was referred to in his day as "a pampered egotist" and as one who "complains bitterly of the detraction by which he has been assailed" (William Hazlitt and Francis Jeffrey, cit. Rutherford 277, 199).

The draining metaphor that Thackeray uses here in connection with Lincoln is apt in a humourous way, for Lincoln is on the northern edge of the old marshes which constituted the English Fenland, and which were in the process of being drained in Thackeray's time (*Encyclopaedia Britannica*, 1968 ed., "Fens").

130.4 *if husbands refuse, Fate will interfere (Flectere si nequeo, &c.; but quotations are odious) :*

The quotation is from Virgil's *Aeneid* (7: 312): "*flectere si nequeo superos, Acheronta movebo*," that is, "If Heaven will not help, I will turn to Hell."

The comment about quotations being odious seems meant to suggest the proverbial expression, "Comparisons are odious," and thus to point to a comparison between the quotation from Virgil and the statement of the narrator's. If so, then husbands are being compared to Heaven, and the Fate that helps wives get what they want is being associated with Hell.

130.20 *A fit of indigestion :* .

Perhaps meant to allude to a historical incident which it has not been possible to identify.

130.21 *an apple plops on your nose :*

The story that the fall of an apple led Newton to discover gravity is attributed both to Voltaire, who had it from Newton's step-niece, and to a friend of Newton's (*DNB* 14: 372; Christianson 77-78).

130.22-24 *a fit of poverty makes a rascal of you. . . . six lucky mains at dice, make an honest man for life of you :*

Cf. Becky Sharp's famous remark, "I think I could be a good woman if I had five thousand a year," after which the narrator of *Vanity Fair* comments:

And who knows but Rebecca was right in her speculations—and that it was only a question of money and fortune which made the difference between her and an honest woman? . . . A comfortable career of prosperity, if it does not make people honest, at least keeps them so. An alderman coming from a turtle feast will not step out of his carriage to steal a leg of mutton; but put him to starve, and see if he will not purloin a loaf.

(376, 377; Chapter 41)

131.3 *the poor wretch before St. Sepulchre's clock dies :*

After executions were discontinued at Tyburn in 1783, they were held in front of Newgate Prison, across from the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, better known as St. Sepulchre. The clock on the Church wall can be seen in an engraving from 1839 accompanying the article "St. Sepulchre's Church" in George Godwin's *The Churches of London*. Thackeray mentions the clock in his account of the execution of Courvoisier in July 1840 ("Going to See a Man Hanged," *Oxford Thackeray* 3: 200).

131.6-7 *revenons à nos moutons . . . that sweet lamb, Master Thomas :*

The English equivalent of the French phrase Thackeray uses would be "Let us return to the subject." Literally, however, the phrase means, "Let us return to our sheep," and Thackeray is thus playing on the literal meaning in referring to young Tom Billings as a lamb.

131.12-13 *not mounted, Templar-like, upon one horse* :

The Knights Templar were a twelfth-century military-religious order whose seal depicted two knights riding upon the same horse (*Brewer's*, 9th ed.). In *Pendennis*, Thackeray would refer to the Templars again, this time saying that Pendennis and his friend Warrington *were* like the Knights, riding (figuratively) upon one horse (*Oxford Thackeray* 12: 793, Chapter 61; and see the pictorial initial to Chapter 29, 12: 365). Indeed, Thackeray actually refers to Pendennis and Warrington as "Knights of the Temple" (title of Chapter 29), punning on the fact that as law students the two young men were studying at the Inns of Court in the Temple district of London, a district so named because it had been the English headquarters of the Knights Templar. As a law student in 1831, Thackeray himself had been a "Templar" and thus would have been familiar with the defunct knightly order whose name and buildings London's lawyers had inherited (Ray, *Adversity* 147; see also Kent, 1951 ed., 551).

132.11 *Michaelmas* :

September 29, the feast of St. Michael (*OED*).

133.15 *topping* :

First-rate, excellent (Partridge, *Slang*).

135.4-5 *so saying, or soi disant, as Bulwer says* :

An attack on Bulwer for misusing French. Bulwer did indeed tend to drop French phrases into his prose; his early novel *Pelham* is an extreme

example of this, though he cut some of the phrases out in later editions, perhaps because of criticisms like this one. This particular criticism, however—that Bulwer thought *soi-disant* meant "so saying" rather than "so-called"—does not seem to be borne out by the facts. In *Pelham*, the only two examples of the phrase that could be discovered show Bulwer using it correctly (*Pelham*, 112, 117, 459-76).

135.15 *Mulciber* :

Another name for Vulcan, the Roman god of fire, who was associated with blacksmiths (Howatson).

136.5 *They don't drown such kittens* :

A double allusion. It refers first of all to the practice of drowning unwanted kittens and suggests that Catherine ("Mrs. Cat") is not the sort of feline that gets drowned. It also refers to the proverb about criminals: "He that is born to be hanged shall never be drowned," suggesting that Catherine will not die accidentally, but will end her life on the gallows because of the criminal tendencies she demonstrated in her attempt on Galgenstein's life (see Burton Stevenson 1066).

136.16 *whelp* :

Originally, a puppy; by extension a young child, especially an impudent one, a rascal (*OED*, "whelp," sb.1, meanings 1, 2.b, 3.b).

136.18 *Crimp, of Bristol* :

Crimp's name means one who entraps men into enlisting as soldiers or sailors (*OED*, sb.1, meaning 2). As he is in Bristol, perhaps this Crimp would put young Tom to sea.

140.6-7 *obliged to fly the country in consequence of having joined the Pretender, and had died in France* :

Thackeray is referring to James the Old Pretender, who as the son of James II was the Stuart claimant to the British throne. In September 1715, the Pretender's supporters launched the first major Jacobite rebellion. When it failed, many of them fled to France (Marshall 84-85; McLynn 97, 127-31).

It would seem that Thackeray had the 1715 rebellion in mind; however, since the date of the action in this chapter is July 1715 (see the text at 130.11), and since the rebellion did not occur until two months later, the chronology is in error, unless Thackeray is actually referring to one of the minor Jacobite disturbances that preceded the major one in 1715; there was an abortive rising in 1708, for instance (see McLynn 26; Monod 173-74, 180-86).

143.5 *Calendarium Newgaticum Roagorumque Registerium* :

Pseudo-Latin meaning the "Newgate Calendar and Register of Rogues."

143.9 *cockboat* :

A small boat, especially one attached to a ship and following behind it (*OED*).

144.7 *usher* :

A teacher's assistant (*OED*, meaning 4).

144.9-11 *the Duke of Wellington, in the Peninsula, . . . had a thought for every body—from Lord Hill to the smallest drummer* :

Rowland Hill served under Wellington in the fighting on the Iberian peninsula and elsewhere during the Napoleonic Wars. Hill was a successful commander, and Wellington praised him highly (*DNB* 9: 864, 866; Sheppard 190-92). However, it is odd (or ironic) of Thackeray to suggest that Wellington praised all his men, for in fact, during the Peninsular campaign, he was criticized for not giving enough thought to his subordinates, indeed for being haughty, harsh, and autocratic towards them (Longford 220; Brett 65, 76).

144.15 *cock of the school* :

The leader in games, fighting, etc. (*OED*, "cock," sb.1, meaning 7.a).

144.15 *the very last boy in* :

That is, not that he was late entering school when classes began, but that he was ranked lowest in the school academically: even the "little boys and new-comers," the youngest and newest students, pass him

academically.

145.3-7 *Oxford Road, Saint Giles's, and Tottenham Court . . . green-grocer and small coalman; . . . carpenter, undertaker, and lender of money . . . lodging-house keeper in the Oxford or Tyburn Road :*

Thackeray for the most part follows the historical record concerning the residences and occupations of John Hayes. According to the sources (see Appendix 1, pp. 702, 737-38), the Hayeses did live on Tyburn Road, later known as Oxford Road, and on Tottenham Court Road. They also at one point lived in the parish of St. Giles's on Plumbtree Street. John Hayes did, as Thackeray says, let lodgings and lend money; he also occasionally practised his old trade as carpenter and dealt in coal.

In calling Hayes a "small coalman," Thackeray is being somewhat ambiguous: it is not clear whether this means Hayes was a small dealer in coal or a dealer in small coal; but since "small retailers" of coal "sprang up like mushrooms in every quarter of London" in the seventeenth century, Thackeray probably meant that Hayes was a small dealer (see Nef 1: 112-13; 2: 85).

The historical sources say Hayes was a chandler, an old term for a grocer. By calling him a green-grocer, that is, a vendor of fruits and vegetables only, Thackeray is somewhat narrowing Hayes's occupation. (See the *OED*, "chandler," 3; "green-grocer.")

The only addition Thackeray makes to the sources is to introduce, as one of Hayes's enterprises, the profession of "undertaker," by which he may mean either an entrepreneur (*OED*, meaning 6.b) or a contractor in



the coal industry: undertakers in the coal industry, some of whom were also small shopkeepers like Hayes, provided men to unload coal from ships (Flinn 277). The word, of course, also means funeral director (*OED*, meaning 5.b), but such a profession seems too far removed from Hayes's other work for Thackeray to have had it in mind.

145.15-16 *the gallant Turpin might have hob-and-nobbed with Mrs. Catherine :*

This passage about associating with criminals is similar to the one in *Pendennis* in which Arthur Pendennis is said to have wanted "to hob and nob with celebrated pickpockets, or drink a pot of ale with a company of burglars and cracksmen" (*Pendennis, Works* 2: 291; Chapter 30). For a discussion of the implications of this similarity, see the Critical Commentary, p. xxviii, note.

145.18-20 *Macheath . . . sang . . . the prettiest, wickedest songs :*

In *The Beggar's Opera*, by John Gay, the highwayman Macheath sings several songs about his wanton ways with women. See "Air 15" (Gay 21), in which he sings of his heart's bee-like roving:

*I sipt each Flower,  
I chang'd ev'ry hour.*

See also "Air 33" (Gay 39), in which he sings of how money can win a woman's consent.

145.18-22 *Paul Clifford* . . . would make old Hayes yawn by quotations from *Plato*, and passionate dissertations on the perfectibility of mankind :

Paul Clifford is the highwayman hero of Bulwer's 1830 novel of that name. In that novel, Bulwer mentions Plato in a footnote (135n, Chapter 12; 1874 ed.), but there are no references to Plato by Clifford himself. It is another of Bulwer's heroes, Ernest Maltravers, who is said to be "up to his ears in the moonlit abyss of Plato" (*Ernest Maltravers* 37, Chapter 5). Plato is also talked of by Bulwer's Devereux (*Devereux* 199; Book 3, Chapter 4). As for the perfectibility of mankind, this is again less the province of Clifford than of Maltravers and of yet another Bulwerian hero, Eugene Aram. Aram sees men as being beyond "amelioriation" and does not believe in "the consoling hope of human perfectibility" (*Eugene Aram*, 1832 ed., 1: 70; Book 1, Chapter 4). Maltravers, too, argues against perfectibility, but is worsted in a long philosophical discussion in *Alice* (253-65; Book 6, Chapter 5).

145.22-24 *that impoverished scholar, Eugene Aram, might have pawned his books, discounted or given those bills at three "moons" after date which Sir Edward has rendered immortal :*

The historical Aram and the Aram of Bulwer's ("Sir Edward's") novel are impoverished scholars, but only in Bulwer's play on the subject is there mention of Aram's pawning his books. It is also only in Bulwer's play that the phrase "three moons" can be found. One of Aram's creditors tells him:

. . . Three moons have flitted since

You pledged your word to me.

(See the Appendix to the 1875 Routledge edition of *Eugene Aram*: 408, 407.)

Even in the play, however, there is no mention of bills "discounted or given." All that is meant in Bulwer's play is that Aram has let three months go by since promising payment to his creditor. What Thackeray is suggesting, however, is that Aram was involved in handling bills of exchange.

The bill of exchange was an important and commonly used means of payment in the nineteenth century. According to one authority (Holden 298), it was "one of the foundations of mercantile and financial practice." Issuing a bill of exchange was similar to issuing a cheque (indeed, a cheque is simply a special kind of bill of exchange), but instead of being drawn on a bank, a bill would be drawn on a private person or company. Thus if A owed money to C and B owed money to A, A could give a bill of exchange to C drawn on B; that is, the bill would promise C that he could collect his money from B, usually "three months after date," that is, three months after the date on the bill of the exchange. If C did not want to wait three months, he could go to a bill-discounter who would pay C immediately, but not in full: the bill-discounter would take off, or discount, a certain percentage to pay for his services (Ryder 14-15, 23-24; Dudley Richardson 33; Byles 378; Watson 3).

Thackeray is thus suggesting that Aram gave bills of exchange to his creditors or discounted bills he had himself received in order to obtain ready cash. None of this is in the historical record or in Bulwer, but

perhaps Thackeray, who had himself been involved in bill-discounting and so knew all about bills of exchange (Ray, *Adversity* 159-60), thought Aram must have been involved in such dealings and did not bother to recheck his sources.

146.2 *Cumberland Gate* :

Cumberland Gate, formerly Tyburn Gate, is close to the former site of the gallows at Tyburn (Thornbury and Walford 4: 405).

146.5-6 *the slave at the car of the Roman conqueror shouted, "Remember thou art mortal!"* :

Traditionally, during a Roman triumphal procession, a slave would say to the conquering general: "*Respice post te, hominem te memento*," literally: "Look behind you, remember you are a man" (see Smith et al. 2: 897).

146.8-9 *A hundred years ago . . . Albion Street was a desert* :

Albion Street, running north of Hyde Park, was built in the nineteenth century. In John Rocque's 1746 map of London, not only is Albion Street not there, but the whole area north of Hyde Park is blank: that is, London in 1746 did not extend north of the Park; it was indeed a desert there (see Rocque 11).

146.8-9 *Albion Street (where comic Power dwells, Milesia's darling son) :*

A reference to the comic Irish actor Tyrone Power (1797-1841), who was residing and performing in London in the 1830s (*DNB*). He does seem to have lived on Albion Street—an 1832 letter of his is dated from 4 Albion Street (Cole 571)—which would have made him a neighbour of Thackeray's, Thackeray having lived at 18 Albion Street from 1835 or 1836 until early 1838 (*Letters* 1: 268n; Ray, *Adversity* 201; Monsarrat 77). And Thackeray does seem to have known Power slightly: he twice mentions dinners with him in 1839 (*Letters* 1: 378, 400).

"Milesia" is a jocular name for Ireland derived from the legendary Spanish king Milesius, whose sons were said to have conquered Ireland (*OED*, "Milesian," a.2).

146.9-10 *The square of Connaught was without its penultimate, and, strictly speaking, naught :*

The joke is somewhat obscure. Removing the penultimate syllable of "Connaught" produces "naught," but it is unclear what the corresponding penultimate part of the square might have been. The square did not exist in 1726; it was only built later, on the site of what had been the Tyburn gallows, and perhaps in some way not entirely clear Thackeray meant to refer to this fact. (See Bebbington 96; Chancellor, *Squares* 316-17.)

146.12-13 *The ploughman . . . the merry milkmaid . . . the lowing kine :*

As Thackeray suggests, this part of London, which in Thackeray's day had become the fashionable district of Tyburnia, had originally been

farmland (Glanville 156; Thornbury and Walford 5: 202).

147.5-6 *a gyp at Cambridge* :

A "gyp" is a Cambridge term for a servant (*OED*, sb.1, meaning 1). Thackeray had one when he was there (*Letters* 1: 33).

147.17-18 *the little halfpenny tract . . . sold at the gallows-foot* :

One account of the scene at Tyburn hangings refers to the enormous sales of "dying speeches" of the condemned criminals, sold for a halfpenny each (Walter Besant 548). These halfpenny speeches seem to be different from the pamphlets on condemned criminals which were also popular in the eighteenth century, and which sold for between 2*d.* and 6*d.* (Linebaugh 247-48). The two 1726 pamphlets on Catherine Hayes, one of which is reproduced in Appendix 1, were of the latter sort, each costing 6*d.* (see the advertisements on April 28, 1726 in the *Daily Post* and the *Daily Journal*: p. 2 in each).

147.25-148.3 *Wild's gang. . . . Mr. Wild takes three-fourths of the produce* :

Jonathan Wild was famous in his day as a "thief-taker," that is, someone who helped the authorities capture law-breakers. He also ran a lost property office, returning stolen property to victims of theft for a fee. In fact, however, Wild was a leader of the very thieves he was helping to capture (he would only turn them in if they became mutinous), and the property he returned for a fee had originally been stolen by his men. The authorities eventually caught up with him: he was arrested in February

1725 and executed in May (Howson 66-80, 116, 126, 233, 254-78; Lyons 74-76, 81-82, 91-94).

The notion that Wild took three-fourths of the profits of his gang can be found in Fielding's novel *Jonathan Wild* (62, 90; Book 1, Chapter 8; Book 2, Chapter 2).

148.9 *cover* :

A place setting (*OED*, sb.1, meaning 7).

148.14-17 *Mr. Billings was apprentice to a tailor, . . . one Beinkleider* :

Thackeray in part follows his sources, which record that Tom Billings had been apprenticed to a tailor named Wetherland or Weatherland (see Appendix 1, pp. 705, 771). Thackeray replaces the tailor's real name with a jocular one: "Beinkleider" is German for "trousers."

148.19 *inexpressibles* :

Euphemistic term for breeches or trousers (*OED*, "inexpressible," 2). In *Vanity Fair* (577, Chapter 64), Thackeray's narrator mockingly notes that no "truly-refined English or American female will permit the word breeches to be pronounced in her chaste hearing."

149.4 *bull-baitings* :

The practice of chaining up bulls and bears and setting dogs on them, though more characteristic of the Tudor era, did continue through the period Thackeray is writing of and was not banned until 1835 (Boulton 1:

5-13, 32-33; Chancellor, *Pleasure Haunts* 145-49).

149.6 *pinked his man* :

To "pink" means to pierce or stab, as with a sword (*OED*, "pink," verb, meaning 2.a).

149.6 *Madam King's in the Piazza* :

In the 1720s and 1730s, King's Coffee House, run first by Tom King and then by his widow Mary or Moll, was a well-known resort of ruffians and prostitutes. It was located in the arcade known as the Piazza which ran alongside the Covent Garden market (Chancellor, *Pleasure Haunts* 179; Burford 53-64; Thornbury and Walford 3: 242). Moll King's Coffee House is mentioned in Smollett's *Roderick Random* (278, Chapter 46).

149.7 *the Roundhouse* :

A roundhouse is a jail (*OED*, meaning 1).

149.12 *a joint stool* :

A stool made by a professional joiner, i.e., one that is well-made (*OED*).

151.15-16 *Living was cheaper . . . and interest for money higher* :

Financial data from the relevant periods is not entirely reliable, but broadly speaking Thackeray seems to be right as far as living costs are concerned: prices were low and declining in the first half of the eighteenth



century, then rose, slowly at first and more sharply later, in the second half of the century, peaking during the Napoleonic Wars. After 1815 prices gradually declined, but they were still higher in 1839 than they had been in 1725. Moreover, although the general trend after 1815 was downward, the 1830s were a time of temporary reversal in which prices rose, so that in 1839 the statement that living had been cheaper in 1725 not only was accurate; it would have seemed accurate. (See T. S. Ashton 197-98; Deane and Cole 12-17, chart at back of book; Rostow 17-18.)

As to interest rates, the situation is less clear. T. S. Ashton says that the eighteenth century was "blessed with cheap money," usury laws keeping the interest rate to no more than five per cent. On the other hand, rates were still low in Thackeray's day; indeed, they had had been falling generally since 1815 and, oddly, had dropped after the partial repeal of the usury laws in 1833. However, the Bank of England raised the rate to five per cent in 1836 and, after lowering it briefly in 1838, restored it to that figure in May 1839. It thus seems that Thackeray was not historically accurate about interest rates; however, since he was writing in a period in which the rates had generally declined, he may have felt that they must have been higher in the eighteenth century. (See Ashton 29, 27; Rostow 19; Andreades 261, 263-68.)

151.17-18 *he purchased an annuity of 72l., and gave out . . . that he had the capital as well as the interest :*

Under the annuity system, an investor receives guaranteed payments for life, in this case 72 pounds a year for life, in return for paying over

a certain sum, in this case 600 pounds. The 600 pounds would then no longer belong to the investor, but would be the property of the insurance company or other agency which issued the annuity. Brock is thus practising deception in saying he has the capital, the original 600 pounds, as well as the interest. (See McGill 81-83; *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, 1911 ed.)

151.25 *suave mari magno* :

The quotation is from the opening lines of Book Two of *De Rerum Natura* ("On the Nature of Things") by the Roman poet Lucretius:

*Suave, mari magno turbantibus aequora ventis,  
e terra magnum alterius spectare laborem*

("Pleasant it is, when the winds trouble the waters of a great sea, to gaze from the land upon another's great troubles.")

The lines are quoted, somewhat inaccurately, in *Jonathan Wild* (213; Book 4, Chapter 14; Chapter 15 in some editions).

152.12 *old cock* :

That is, "old fellow," a familiar term of appreciation, originally referring to one who fought well (*OED*, "cock," sb.1, meaning 8; Partridge, *Slang*, "old cock").

152.19 *old Squaretoes* :

A colloquial term for a pedantic, old-fashioned man, but not recorded before 1771 (Partridge, *Slang*, "Old Square-toes"; *OED*, "square-toes").

152.20 *my coppers have been red hot . . . and they wanted a sluicing :*

"Hot coppers" is a slang term for the parched mouth and throat resulting from drinking alcohol. Used by Tom Billings in 1725, the term is probably anachronistic: the *OED* ("copper," sb.1, meaning 8) and Partridge (*Slang*, "hot coppers") trace it back only as far as the nineteenth century.

"Sluicing," which means taking a hearty drink, is another anachronism; the earliest recorded usage is this very passage from *Catherine* (see the *OED*, "sluicing"; "sluice," verb, meaning 4.b).

153.5 *Base-born brat :*

One meaning of baseborn is "illegitimate," and that is probably what John Hayes means here in his description of Tom Billings. However, in responding by saying that Tom's father was a gentleman, Catherine is thinking of "baseborn" in another of its meanings: of low or humble birth. (See the *OED*.)

153.17 *St. James's :*

St. James's Palace was the London residence of the monarch from 1697 until 1762, when Buckingham Palace replaced it. According to *Old and New London*, "the name of St. James's has been identified in English literature with . . . all that is refined and courtly." (See Thornbury and Walford 4: 107, 113; Kent, 1951 ed., "Buckingham Palace".)

154.14 *the Flying Post* :

There were at least two newspapers called the *Flying Post*, one founded in 1695 and another in 1714 (Black 12, 16).

155.4 *lawn shirt* :

Lawn is a fine linen material (*OED*, sb.1).

155.13 *bagnios* :

The term "bagnio" derives from the Italian word for bath house and was applied to the public baths introduced into London in the late seventeenth century. The term later came to refer to brothels. (See Lillywhite 95; John Ashton 335; *OED*, "bagnio," 1, 3.)

156.7-8 *a Scotch lord, by name the Lord of Whistlebinkie* :

A Thackerayan joke. *Whistle Binkie* was the name not of a Scottish lord, but of a collection of humorous Scottish songs first published in 1832 and reissued several times during the following years. *Fraser's* reviewed the 1839 edition just a month after Thackeray made this joking reference: see *Fraser's* 20 (1839): 764-65.

The term "whistle-binkie," though it sounds like a joke itself, was defined in an apparently serious manner by John Jamieson, a Scottish lexicographer, early in the nineteenth century. In his *Etymological Dictionary*, Jamieson defined the word to mean someone at a wedding who was excluded from the main festivities and who therefore had to sit by himself and whistle on a bench (or "bink," a Scottish dialect variant of bench:

*OED*). However, taking issue with this definition, John Donald Carrick, one of the compilers of the song collection, said a whistle-binkie was actually a person at a wedding who whistled so well he was invited to sit at the board, or bink. Carrick added that the term "whistle-binkie" had come to refer not just to whistlers, but to singers, story-tellers, and other entertainers, and he said that the point of the *Whistle-Binkie* collection was to enable anyone to become a "whistle-binkie" by singing the songs in the book. (See the 1878 edition of *Whistle-Binkie* 1: 71-72, 74; see also the *DNB*, "Robertson, David".)

Thackeray jokingly used the name "Whistlebinkie" again in his 1847 Christmas book, *Mrs. Perkins's Ball*. He refers there to an ensign from the "Whistlebinkie Fencibles" whose commander is the gallant "Snuffmull" (*Works* 9: 17; and see the following note on "mull").

156.8 *a mull of snuff* :

A "mull" (or mill) is a Scottish word meaning snuff-box (*OED*, sb.6).

156.9 *Tolbooth prison* :

The Tolbooth prison in Edinburgh, for both criminals and debtors, became famous because of a riot there in 1736 which Sir Walter Scott wrote about in his 1818 novel *The Heart of Midlothian* (Catford 35-43).

156.12 *the Bavarian envoy* :

Bavaria was an independent state in the eighteenth century and also in Thackeray's day. Thus it was fully empowered to appoint its own

envoys, and in fact there were two such envoys, an ambassador and a consul, resident in London in 1839 while Thackeray was composing *Catherine* (Robson's 995). It is not clear whether there was one in 1725, however. There was no British diplomatic presence in Bavaria until 1746, so one would suspect that there was no Bavarian diplomat in London until then either. Newspaper reports from 1726 support this conclusion, for though there are references in those reports to Bavarian representatives in Holland and Spain, there is no such reference to a representative in England, even in a report on the informing of the English court of the death of the Bavarian Elector. (See Horn, *British Diplomatic Service* 25; see also the *London Gazette*, April 5-9, 1726: 1; March 15-19, 1725/6: 1; *Daily Courant*, April 2, 1726: 1.)

156.13 on *Blackheath*, coming from *Dover* :

Blackheath is an area of open land six miles south of London through which the Dover Road passes. It was notorious in the eighteenth century as a gathering-place for highwaymen (Thornbury and Walford 6: 228; Thorne 46).

156.16 a *case-bottle* :

A square bottle, protected in a case (*OED*).

157.3 *usquebaugh* :

Whisky, a Gaelic term (*OED*).

158.17 *nouse* :

"Nouse" or "nous," from a Greek word meaning mind, was a popular colloquialism dating back to the early eighteenth century and meant intelligence or common sense (*OED*).

160.16-17 *Whitehall, where the Bavarian envoy lodged* :

Whitehall is the site of numerous government offices and some diplomats' residences. In Thackeray's day, however, the two Bavarian envoys in London lived in Finsbury Circus, far from Whitehall, though one of the envoys from another German state, Hanover, did live in the Whitehall area, in Duke Street (see *Robson's* 995). In 1725, there was probably no Bavarian envoy in London (see note to 156.12).

160.19 *Swallow Street* :

Swallow Street in the eighteenth century was a long thoroughfare with a low reputation, it being a neighbourhood where highwaymen lived (Thornbury and Walford 4: 249). The street is mentioned in Villette's account of the Hayes murder (Appendix 1, p. 732 below). It is also mentioned in *Vanity Fair*: it is the street where George Osborne plays billiards, and it is where one might see "some young buck reeling homeward from the tavern" (99, 62; Chapters 12, 7).

160.21 *Raspberry gin* :

Presumably gin flavoured with raspberry, but the authorities on gin (e.g., Watney) make no mention of such a drink. Perhaps Thackeray was

thinking of pink gin, that is, gin and bitters (Watney 71).

162.10 *Nugee coats . . . Hoby boots :*

In 1839, Fraser Jason Nugee was a tailor at 20 St. James Street in London, while George Hoby was a bootmaker at 48 St. James Street (*Robson's* 663, 554).

162.11 *army-list :*

An official list of commissioned officers in the army (*OED*, "army," III).

162.12 *attained their eighth lustre :*

A lustre is a period of five years (*OED*, sb.2), so the soldiers in question are forty.

162.13-14 *Cheltenham . . . Boulogne . . . Baden :*

Resort towns. Cheltenham in Gloucestershire had been a fashionable spa since the early eighteenth century, and Baden-Baden in Germany was a well-known watering place in the nineteenth century (*Encyclopaedia Britannica*, 1911 ed.). As for the French coastal town of Boulogne, in *The Yellowplush Papers* and *The Paris Sketch Book*, Thackeray refers to it as a place seen by so many British tourists and described in so many guidebooks that there was no further need to describe it (*Oxford Thackeray* 1: 223; 2: 7).



162.15 *"In the morning of youth" :*

Thackeray may have had in mind the line from *Hamlet*: ". . . in the morn and liquid dew of youth" (I.iii.41), a line spoken by Laertes, warning Ophelia that during youth "contagious blastments are most imminent" (l. 42).

On the other hand, the opening words of Thackeray's "George de Barnwell," his parody of Bulwer-Lytton in *Novels by Eminent Hands* (*Works* 6: 467), are: "In the Morning of Life," so perhaps the quotation in *Catherine* is meant to be from Bulwer. A possible source could be Chapter 3 of Bulwer's 1838 novel *Alice*, which opens as follows (11):

The early morning of early Spring—what associations of loveliness and hope in that single sentence! . . . How silently Morning stole over the Earth! It was as if Youth had the day and the world to itself.

162.18, 163.22 *Captain Popjoy . . . is not very high in the scale of created beings :*

Being a superannuated military bachelor just managing to survive, Captain Popjoy in some ways resembles Ensign Macshane. He also looks forward to Captain Macmurdo, Rawdon's friend in *Vanity Fair*, of whom the narrator says: "There can scarcely be a life lower" (495, Chapter 55).

162.21 *army of occupation :*

Under the terms of the Second Treaty of Paris (1815) at the end of the Napoleonic Wars, France was obliged to accept the military occupation of its northeastern provinces by up to 150,000 troops belonging to the victorious allies (England, Russia, Prussia, and Austria). Under the treaty,

the troops were to stay for a minimum of three years and a maximum of five; they in fact left in 1818. (See Newman 775; Nicolson, *Congress of Vienna* 241; *Major Peace Treaties* 1: 581-82.)

163.4 *extravasated* :

A word used to refer to bodily fluids that escape from their proper vessels into the surrounding tissues (*OED*).

163.6 *White's buckskins* :

Buckskins are leather breeches (*OED*, meaning 3). Perhaps "White's buckskins" is a reference to breeches made by a tailor named White, just as Nugee coats were made by Fraser Jason Nugee (see note to 162.10). There were several tailors named White in London in 1839, but it is not clear which one Thackeray had in mind (see *Robson's* 822-24).

163.13-14 *Dizzy voo, Monsure Borrel, noo donny shampang frappy* :

Pop's fractured and mispronounced French means, "Say, Mr. Borrel, give us some chilled champagne." Properly pronounced, Pop's sentence would be: "Disez-vous, Monsieur Borrel, nous donnez champagne frappé." Even that sentence would be ungrammatical, however. A proper French sentence in this situation would be: "Dites, Monsieur Borrel, donnez nous du champagne frappé." (Grammatical information from Dr. Laurence L. Bongie.)

163.15 *dines out three hundred days in the year* :

Dining out in this context means being invited to dine at the homes of friends or acquaintances, as opposed both to frequenting "eating-houses" and to eating at home (see the *OED* "dine," 1.b; "diner," 1.b).

163.16-17 *Rupert Street or St. Martin's Court, where you get a capital cut of meat* :

Rupert Street and St. Martin's Court are near Newport Court in Soho, which was known for its butchers; however, there were no butchers in Rupert Street or St. Martin's Court in 1839. There were taverns and dining establishments in Rupert Street, though none in St. Martin's Court, and perhaps Thackeray was referring to these (*Robson's* 260, 266-67; and see note to 23.22).

163.25 *"the wusser"* :

Thackeray's story of "the wusser," which appeared in the November episode of *Catherine*, may have been inspired in part by a similar story which appeared in the *Morning Post* on October 11, 1839 (3), just at the time Thackeray was most likely composing the November episode. Animal exhibitions were very popular in London at the time, so much so that the serious actor Macready grumbled about Queen Victoria and the newspapers preferring them to the legitimate theatre (Macready 1: 473, 492-93, 495). The leading animal exhibitors were Ducrow and Van Amburgh, but in October 1839, an American named John Carter, who was known as the Lion King, arrived in London with a troupe of wild animals, including lions,

tigers, and leopards. At a preview performance on October 10, Carter led a leopard around the stage, put his head in the mouth of a lion, and kept all the animals in line with a whip. But the reporter for the *Morning Post* was greatly disappointed when the *pièce de résistance*, in which a lion was to pull Carter around the stage in a carriage, was cancelled, Carter pleading a knee injury. The lion was harnessed to the carriage but no test of its ability to pull the vehicle was made.

This disappointment, wrote the reporter, reminded him of "the story told of man at Paris some years ago." This man had

announced the exhibition of a most remarkable production—an animal altogether *sui generis*—no other than a cross between a buck-rabbit and a trout. The room had filled, and the spectators had become impatient; when the naturalist stepped forward and expressed his regret at the disappointment that he anticipated, when he told his audience that M. de Lacepede, in the name of the King, had that instant taken possession of the hybrid, which was destined to a residence in the Jardin des Plantes. In order, however, to make every reparation in his power, the exhibitor immediately proposed to show the father and mother of the nondescript; and on the drawing up of the curtain there appeared a hutch containing a buck-rabbit, and a bucket of water, in which the trout was disporting herself.

The fraud is somewhat similar to the "wusser pig" fraud Thackeray invents, and his use of a pig may have been influenced by the fact that the *Post's* report referred to Carter's whip as a "*pig-driver*."

Thackeray repeats an anecdote about Carter in *The Irish Sketch Book* (*Works* 5: 406, Chapter 15).

164.14-16 *a French cook, who could not make him eat; a doctor, who could not make him well; a mistress, of whom he was heartily sick :*

The last phrase seems like a euphemistic substitution for a phrase paralleling the previous two: something like "a mistress, who could not make him love," perhaps.

164.17 *the exemplary Dubois :*

Abbé (later Cardinal) Dubois was an influential figure in the French government during the regency of the Duke of Orleans (1715-1723), and was noted for his unscrupulousness and debauchery (*Encyclopaedia Britannica*, 1911 ed.; Guizot and DeWitt 5: 25). Thackeray is presumably being ironic in calling him exemplary.

164.17-19 *to tickle him . . . by the repetition of a tale from the recueil of Nocé, or La Fare :*

The references here seem confused. At the court of the French regent at the beginning of the reign of Louis XV, there were courtiers named Charles de Nocé and Philippe-Charles, marquis de La Fare. Nocé and La Fare were part of the Regent's hedonistic circle, tales *about* whom might have tickled the Count's fancy. However, Thackeray seems to be suggesting that Nocé and La Fare *wrote* exciting tales that had been collected in a *recueil* (i.e., a literary miscellany: *OED*). The problem is that neither of the two men is remembered for writing such tales or being authors of any sort. It is true, however, that La Fare's father, Charles-Auguste, was a poet and memoirist renowned for his debauched life

and voluptuous writings. Perhaps Thackeray had him in mind and thought Nocé was a fellow writer of his rather than a friend of his son's. (See Lavissee 8, 2: 67-68; Saint-Simon 8: 1324, 1578; *Grande Encyclopédie*, "Fare"; Larousse, "La Fare"; Lachèvre 210.)

164.19 *All his appetites were wasted and worn :*

This depiction of Count von Galgenstein looks forward to the depiction of Lord Steyne at the end of *Vanity Fair*. When we last see Steyne, in Rome, he is described as being a "worn-out wicked old man," for whom "almost all the pleasure and all the best beauty had palled" (589, Chapter 64).

164.21-25 *many noblemen of his time . . . were ready to believe in ghost-raising, or in gold-making, or to retire into monasteries . . . or to dabble in conspiracies, or to die in love with little cook-maids of fifteen . . . or to go mad at the refusal of a chamberlain's key :*

Historians of the eighteenth century note that despite the period's reputation as the Age of Reason, many superstitious practices gained in popularity at the time, notably alchemy and seances. The famous lover Casanova, in addition to his sexual adventures in the mid-eighteenth century, was able to draw many members of the nobility and the middle classes into patronizing his seances and his alchemical experiments; the same was true of his near-contemporary, Cagliostro, and their predecessor, the Count of Saint Germain, both of whom promised gullible patrons an elixir of youth and claimed the ability to transmute base metals into gold.

Thackeray refers to Casanova, Cagliostro, and Saint Germain by name in *Barry Lyndon* (170, 192; Part 1, Chapters 9, 11; Chapters 8, 10 in the revised edition; see also Nicolson, *Age of Reason* 298-303; Plumb 4-5, 202; J. Rives Childs 84-85).

As for the other fashions Thackeray refers to, there is the curious fact that Casanova at one time contemplated retiring to a monastery (Masters 146-47), and in *Barry Lyndon*, Barry's uncle also talks of doing this (267; Part 1, Chapter 16; Chapter 15 in revised edition). However, if English aristocrats had wanted to take up a monastic life, they would have had to leave the country, as there had been no monasteries in England since the time of Henry VIII. No case of an aristocrat and a cook-maid has been found, but there was a case of an earl marrying a butcher's daughter, and a writer in 1756 commented: "Men of the highest rank marry women of infamy even, not to say of extreme low birth" (cit. Williams 53). Also, Thackeray has his character Fitz-Boodle talk of running off with a cook-maid in *The Fitz-Boodle Papers* ( *Oxford Thackeray* 4: 213, 225).

The continued communication between members of the British nobility and the exiled Jacobite court may be what Thackeray had in mind in referring to aristocratic conspiracies (see McLynn 96-97; Petrie 170-72).

As for the chamberlain's key, Thackeray is using it here to symbolize the office of lord chamberlain, an important post at court in the eighteenth century, especially during the reign of George I (Beattie 24).

165.2 *the pas* :

Precedence (*OED*, 1.)

165.3 *Count Krähwinkel* :

Thackeray has given Galgenstein's rival an insulting name suggesting provincialism and narrow-mindedness. Krähwinkel (literally "Crow-Corner" in German) is a proverbial name in Germany for a backward village. It gained prominence as a result of its use by August von Kotzebue in his 1802 play *Die deutschen Kleinstädter* (or "The Small-Town Germans"). The play was not translated into English until 1990, but Thackeray could very well have encountered the name Krähwinkel in his readings in German literature. Indeed, he may even have read Kotzebue's play about Krähwinkel; certainly he was familiar with Kotzebue's writings in general, for he began a translation of one of them on his 1830 trip to Weimar. (See Mandel 51, 52, 68; Garland and Garland, "*Deutschen Kleinstädter, Die*," "Krähwinkel"; Ray, *Adversity* 144-45; Thackeray, *Letters* 1: 140.) Thackeray uses the name for a town in *The Fitz-Boodle Papers* (*Oxford Thackeray* 4: 229).

165.11-12 *the Regent's death, and the Duchess of Phalaris, and sly old Fleury* :

Galgenstein's priestly adviser, Father O'Flaherty, who is in close contact with the French court, naturally enough tells Galgenstein about events and personalities in France. Philip, the Duke of Orleans, had been regent of France in the first years of Louis XV. The regency ended in February 1723, when Louis was declared of age, and Philip died in



December of that year, about two years before O'Flaherty's conversation with Galgenstein. The Regent's death occurred in the presence of his mistress, the Duchess of Falarie or Falari, whose name Galgenstein garbles, producing "Phalaris," the name of an ancient Sicilian tyrant (*Encyclopaedia Britannica*, 1979 ed., "Orléans, Philippe II, duc d' " and "Phalaris"; Guizot and DeWitt 5: 48; Saint-Simon 8: 645-46; Harden, *Annotations* 1: 78).

In the wake of these events, Bishop (later Cardinal) Fleury, who was an old man in his seventies by this time, maneuvered himself into a position of power, eventually emerging as Louis XV's chief minister in 1726. The slyness Galgenstein speaks of in this connection may be meant to refer to Fleury's maneuverings to take power; or Thackeray could, anachronistically, have had in mind the fact that Fleury, once in power, shifted between pro-English and anti-English policies (*Encyclopaedia Britannica*, 1979 ed.).

165.13 *bauers* :

Peasants (anglicized German).

165.22 *basset* :

Basset (or bassette) was a card game that flourished especially in the seventeenth century. Large amounts of money changed hands in the game, in which players bet on what cards the dealer would turn up (Wykes 168).

165.24 *thirteen mains* :

To throw thirteen mains in succession at the game of hazard would mean winning thirteen consecutive times (see the note to 58.25).

Interestingly, in *Barry Lyndon*, Barry's gambler-uncle takes pride in having once thrown thirteen mains (178; Part 1, Chapter 10; Chapter 9 in revised edition). That Thackeray twice refers to the feat of throwing thirteen mains may suggest that he knew of such an incident.

166.11 *the Irlandois College* :

A reference to the Irish seminary (the "collège des Irlandais") in Paris, which dates back to 1677 (Hillairet 1: 660). Thackeray gives the name an old-fashioned spelling.

167.17 *What a young Turk!* :

The chaplain is being patronizing; he is saying that Tom is fiery, hot-tempered, or even villainous, but in an amusing way. From the sixteenth century on, the word "Turk" was used in Europe to refer to anyone who seemed barbarous or cruel, as the Turks were thought to be. However, adding the adjectives "young" or "little" before "Turk" softened the term to suggest mere mischievousness (*OED*, "Turk," 4; *Brewer's*, 14th ed., "Turk").

The phrase is not to be confused with the twentieth-century phrase, "young Turk," meaning a young and eager reformer, which derives from the name given to a political faction in Turkey in the last days of the Ottoman Empire (*OED*, "Turk," 2.e).

169.7-8 *children . . . not caring for their parents a single doit :*

A doit, originally the name of a very small Dutch coin, is a very small amount (*OED*).

This notion of Thackeray's that children care little for their parents can be seen again in *Vanity Fair*, where little Georgy is not at all affected by the separation that so torments his mother: "The child goes away smiling as the mother breaks her heart," says the narrator (446, Chapter 50). Thackeray makes a similar point in a letter to his mother, commenting that his daughter cared little about leaving her grandmother: "Her eyes were quite dry. They don't care: not even for you" (*Letters* 2: 255).

171.11-12 *like Aeneas bore away his wife from the siege of Rome :*

Galgenstein's memory of Virgil is quite dim, as is his memory in general at this stage of the novel. In Book 2 of the *Aeneid*, it is Troy, not Rome, that is under siege, and Aeneas carries not his wife but his father to safety; the wife, in fact, dies at this point.

By mentioning the *Aeneid* here, Thackeray seems to be drawing attention to an instance of father-son affection; but by altering the allusion, he seems to be suggesting that the father-son affection present in Virgil's story is not to be found in his: in *Catherine*, instead of a son rescuing his father, there is a lover carrying off his mistress.

171.17 *en croupe* :

A French term. The meaning here is that Galgenstein rode in the saddle and Catherine sat on a pillion behind him.

171.21 *a calembourg*: *f*, *donc* :

Galgenstein's mispronounced French means: "A pun, for shame!" The French word for "pun" is actually *calembour*.

172.1 *manquer* :

To miss.

172.13-16 *Mr. Billings put himself into the most approved attitude of the Cockpit, and invited . . . [the others] to engage with him in a pugilistic encounter* :

There were several cockpits in eighteenth-century London, the best known being the Royal Cockpit. However, these establishments were the sites of cock fights, not boxing matches. On the other hand, the cocks were sometimes said to resemble boxers and the spectators sometimes became rowdy and fought with each other (Boulton 1: 171, 176-78, 192; Thornbury and Walford 4: 44).

172.19 *Paws off, Pompey!* :

Partridge (*Slang*) records this as a lower-class catch phrase which he traces back no further than the early twentieth century. Burton Stevenson (1062: 11) records an 1834 use of the phrase, but does not explain its origins. Harden (*Annotations* 1: 78) suggests an allusion to Francis

Coventry's 1751 satirical novel, *The History of Pompey the Little*, which recounts the life of a lap-dog.

172.21-22 *a Thames waterman* :

That is, a man working on the Thames ferries (*OED*, meaning 2).

173.5-6 *the élève favorite of M. Kitch, Ecuyer, le bourreau de Londres* :

French for "the favourite pupil of Mr. Ketch, Esquire, the hangman of London."

173.14-15 *a canoness* :

Like nuns, canonesses were members of a religious community, but were not bound by perpetual vows (*OED*).

173.16 *sixteen stone* :

That is, 224 pounds.

173.16-17 *he remembered the time when ladies did not wear patches* :.

Since the fashion of patches began as early as 1595 and was widespread by 1640, it does not seem possible that the 46-year-old Count, speaking in 1725, could remember a time before they came in. Thackeray seems to be taking poetic licence here in order to make a point about the changeability of fashion. (See Cunningham and Cunningham, *Sixteenth* 180; Cunningham and Cunningham, *Seventeenth* 119, 187).

173.17-18 *when he was so high* :

That is, when he was so full of pride and self-exaltation (*OED*, "high," adjective, meaning 14.a).

173.23 *split me and grill me* :

A self-threatening imprecation of the same sort as "strike me dead." "Split me" is short for "split my windpipe" (*OED*, "split," verb, meaning 5); "grill me" presumably means to burn, perhaps at the stake, perhaps in Hell.

174.1 *Blitzchen* :

In German, "Blitz" means lightning, and "chen" is the standard diminutive ending, so that "Blitzchen" would be some sort of endearment meaning "little lightning." However, none of the German dictionaries record such a word. Moreover, Krähwinkel here seems to be using "Blitzchen" not as an endearment but as an interjection. Perhaps Thackeray was thinking of "Pots Blitz!" or simply "Blitz!" which are recorded as interjections meaning "Heavens!" or "Goodness gracious!"

174.1 *Frau Gräfinn* :

German for countess, in direct address.

174.2 *entrée* :

The *OED* defines "entrée" to mean the right of entrance or admittance to a royal court (meaning 1.b). Here, however, Galgenstein

seems to mean he had the right to enter into a dialogue with his Highness.

174.3 *Altesse* :

Highness (French).

174.22 *GEHT ZUM TEUFEL* :

German for "GO TO THE DEVIL" (not "the deuce" as Galgenstein euphemistically translates it).

175.3-4 *who looks foolish now? . . . that was the very pun I made* :

Galgenstein's "pun" is hard to understand. Perhaps he is playing on the fact that Krähwinkel's name means town of fools, but there really does not seem to be a pun here. Perhaps that is Thackeray's point.

175.6 *court-day* :

A day on which a prince holds court (*OED*, meaning 2).

175.8 *secrétaire* :

A writing desk with drawers and pigeon-holes (*OED*).

177.2-3 *Marylebone Gardens* :

In 1737, Daniel Gough opened Marylebone Gardens on a formal basis as a place of entertainment offering instrumental concerts, singers, fireworks displays, puppet shows, and so forth. This, however, was more

than a decade after the events of *Catherine*. However, even before 1737, the Gardens existed more informally as a place to walk—Pepys went there in 1668 and called the place "pretty"—and as early as 1718, concerts were being offered (Sands 2, 5, 6, 17).

177.5-6 *the celebrated Madame Aménaïde, a dancer of the theatre at Paris :*

The name was a favourite of Thackeray's: he used it again in *Cox's Diary* and "The Ravenswing" (*Oxford Thackeray* 3: 245; 4: 434) and in *Vanity Fair* (206, Chapter 24). It is apparently his own invention and may be derived from "naiad," the term for the water nymphs of Greek mythology (*OED*). However, although the name is probably not based on that of a real person, the idea for a celebrated Parisian dancer may come from a real dancer of Thackeray's own day: Marie Taglioni of the Paris Opera, whom Thackeray had praised extravagantly (*Letters* 1: 85-86), and whose ballet *Flore et Zéphire* he burlesqued in 1836 in a series of lithographs entitled *Flore et Zéphyr* (*Works* 9: following p. lx).

177.10 *Rohan-Chabot :*

In 1645 Marguerite de Rohan married Henri Chabot, thus uniting two aristocratic families and producing the name Rohan-Chabot (*Encyclopaedia Britannica*, 1911 ed., 1979 ed., "Rohan").

177.15 *the Burney collection of music, at the British Museum :*

Charles Burney was a music historian whose collection of books on music was sold to the Museum at his death in 1814 (*Sadie* 3: 489).



177.16-17 *the memoirs of Colley Cibber . . . [and] those of Mrs. Clark, the daughter of Colley :*

In his 1740 *Apology for the Life of Colley Cibber*, the actor and dramatist Cibber quotes extracts from plays, but his work does not seem a likely source for songs. The memoirs of Cibber's daughter (Mrs. Charlotte Clarke) contain some poetry written by her (Clarke 66-67, 166-67), but otherwise are also not a source of songs.

177.17-18 *Congreve, and Farquhar :*

The plays of Congreve and Farquhar contain many songs. For a discussion of those in Farquhar's *The Recruiting Officer*, see Dixon (193-98). For Congreve's songs, see *The Comedies of William Congreve* (34, 46, 122, 243, 260, 280, 358, 380-82).

177.18 *the Dramatic Biography . . . the Spectator :*

David Erskine Baker's 1764 *Biographia Dramatica* contains biographies of dramatists and summaries of plays. It includes some quotations, but does not seem a good source for songs. One issue of the *Spectator* (No. 470; 6: 294) quotes a song in full, but otherwise it, too, seems a poor source for song material.

178.4 *damask gown :*

Damask is a rich silk fabric decorated with elaborate designs (*OED*, "damask," sb. and a., meaning 3).

178.6-7 *a mask, such as ladies of high and low fashion wore :*

Masks, made of such materials as silk, satin, or velvet, and covering either the whole face or the top half, were fashionable from the 1550s until the 1760s (Cunnington and Cunnington, *Sixteenth* 187).

179.12 *ghostly adviser :*

That is, spiritual adviser: "ghostly" is an archaic term for spiritual (*OED*, "ghostly," 1).

179.20 *covered over with stars and orders :*

That is, Galgenstein's suit is adorned with badges and insignias representing the various honorary orders (of knighthood and so forth) to which he belongs (*OED*, "star," sb.1, meaning 8; "order," sb., meaning 8.c; Neubecker 214-15).

179.22 *squeege :*

An intensified form of "squeeze" (*OED*).

180.2 *musk and bergamot :*

Musk is a powerful perfume derived from musk-deer; bergamot is a perfume made from the fruit of the bergamot tree (*OED*, musk," sb., meaning 1.a; "bergamot" 1, meaning 2).

180.8 *As Jove came down to Semele in state :*

In classical mythology, the mortal Semele asked her lover, Jupiter or Jove, to appear before her in all his glory, but when he reluctantly complied his fiery presence incinerated her (*Encyclopaedia Britannica*, 1911 ed.). Thackeray is thus suggesting that the Count's aristocratic presence contains dangers for Catherine; and it is true that by pursuing him Catherine, like Semele, will end up dying a fiery death (at the stake).

Thackeray again refers to the myth of Semele in *Vanity Fair* (449, Chapter 51), making a similar association between the "glare" of aristocratic society and the dangerously fiery presence of Jupiter.

180.8 *habits of ceremony :*

"Habit" being an old term for clothing (*OED*, sb., meaning 1), the phrase means ceremonial attire.

180.8-9 *the grand cordons of his orders :*

A grand cordon is a ribbon signifying the highest grade in a knightly order (*OED*, "cordon," sb., meaning 6).

180.12 *whalebone prison of her stays :*

Thackeray was not the first to use this metaphor. A writer in 1653 chided young women because they "shut up their waists in a whalebone prison" (cit. Cunningham and Cunningham, *Seventeenth* 170). Stays (or corsets) were often made of whalebone (*OED*, "stay," sb.2, meaning 3).

180.16-17 *by means of a dirty wooden plug you set all the waters of Versailles a raging :*

Versailles, which Thackeray visited in 1838 (*Letters* 1: 363), was noted for its fountains, but in referring to waters set in motion by a plug Thackeray seems to be talking about toilets: some Victorian water closets were operated by means of a "pull up plug," and to pull the plug meant to flush the toilet (*OED*, "plug," sb., meaning 2.k). Since the water for the toilet was presumably the same as for the fountains, the waters of Versailles could indeed be set a-raging, or at least a-flushing, by a mere plug.

180.23-24 *I can turn out a quotation from Sophocles (by looking to the index) :*

Indexes, or glossaries, of the words found in the works of Greek authors such as Sophocles were common in the nineteenth century. An example is B. W. Beatson's *Index Graecitatis Sophocleae* from 1830. The index would not only record and define words, but would illustrate them by quoting the passages in which they appeared. Thus one could quote Sophocles merely by referring to the index without having to read his works themselves. (Information from Dr. H. G. Edinger.)

181.2-6 *look up towards the clouds, and exclaim in the words of the voluptuous Cornelius Nepos:*

Ἄενοι Νεφέλαι  
Ἀρθῶμεν φανεραὶ  
Δροσερὰν φύσιν εὐάγητον, κ. τ. λ.

The Greek quotation is actually not from Nepos, who wrote in Latin, but from a play by Aristophanes: *The Clouds* (275-77). As translated by Allan H. Sommerstein (Aristophanes 36-39), the passage reads:

Everlasting Clouds,  
let us rise and make visible our radiant dewy form

Out of context, the passage sounds appropriate for Galgenstein's love scene with Catherine; however, the scene it is taken from is not a romantic encounter but a philosophical discussion that quickly degenerates into talk of flatulence and defecation. Thackeray is thus most likely satirizing the practice of lifting apparently appropriate quotations from inappropriate contexts, as one might do if one were quoting solely from an index.

As for the misattribution of the quotation to the "voluptuous" Cornelius Nepos, that involves several Thackerayan jokes. The misattribution itself is a joke, similar to the one Thackeray perpetrates in *The Yellowplush Papers* (*Works* 3: 353), when he has Yellowplush attribute Cicero's "O tempora! O mores!" (which Yellowplush renders as "*O trumpery! O morris!*") to Homer. Calling Nepos voluptuous is also a joke, for he is primarily thought of as the author of a dull school-text: even the introduction to a nineteenth-century edition of his works suggests that that was the standard view of him (Browning and Inge vii).

Finally, in choosing Nepos as the author on whom to foist this passage from *The Clouds*, Thackeray is playing on the Roman writer's name, which resembles the Greek word *νέφος*, or *nephos*, meaning "cloud."

181.7-8 *Or suppose again, I had said, in a style still more popular:—The count advanced towards the maiden. . . . :*

Perhaps the style Thackeray had in mind here was that of G. P. R. James, the popular novelist whom Thackeray was to burlesque in one of his *Novels by Eminent Hands*. James's 1839 novel *The Huguenot* contains the following passage (94):

The count advanced to pick up the bracelet for the young lady to whom his attention had been called. . . . he saw the colour varying in the cheek of the lovely being before whom he stood, and a slight degree of flutter in her manner and appearance, which . . . [he] could only account for by supposing that the scene in which they had last met . . . had risen up before her eyes, and produced the agitation he saw . . .

181.19 *"O golden legends, written in the skies!" mused De Galgenstein :*

Somewhat anachronistically, Thackeray here has Galgenstein in 1726 quoting from Thackeray's own works of 1835, or to be more precise, from Thackeray's 1835 translation of a German poem, "Der König auf dem Turme" ("The King on the Tower") by Johann Ludwig Uhland (1787-1862). Stanza three of Thackeray's translation, which he includes in a letter to Edward FitzGerald, begins:

Ye golden legends writ in the skies  
I turn towards you with longing soul . . .

In the first published version of the poem, in *Fraser's* in May 1838 (17: 579), "Ye golden legends" becomes "O golden legends." (See *Letters* 1: 297-98; *Works* 13: 129.)

182.1 *six columns* :

Given *Fraser's* double-column format, this means three pages.

182.2-3 *Euripides thrice, Plato once, Lycophron nine times* :

Galgenstein quotes most from Lycophron, a Greek tragic poet known for his obscure style (Howatson).

182.4 *embreathings* :

Inhaled breaths (*OED*, "embreathe").

182.6-7 *Platonic smack* :

Platonic flavour (see *OED*, "smack," sb.1, meaning 1).

183.7-8 *the moral stage of liquor* :

For a discussion of the stages of intoxication, see the note to 221.9.

183.25-184.1 *a burgomaster's daughter at Ratisbon* :

"Burgomaster," or in German *Bürgermeister* (literally "town master"), is the term used in German, Dutch, and Belgian towns for a mayor, a chief magistrate, or a town councillor (*OED*; *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, 1979 ed.). Ratisbon, also known as Regensburg, is a town in Bavaria (*Encyclopaedia Britannica*, 1968 ed., "Regensburg").

184.22 *"Get me a chair, Joseph," :*

Father O'Flaherty is calling for a sedan chair. See the note on sedan chairs at 35.10 above.

185.9 *a gambling-house in Covent Garden :*

In the early eighteenth century, Covent Garden was known for its gambling houses: a 1721 report said there were twenty-two of them (Burford 135-37).

185.24 *an actor of Betterton's :*

Thomas Betterton was a well-known theatrical manager in the late seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries. However, he gave up his managerial role in 1705 and died in 1710, fifteen years before the events of this chapter (Lowe 175, 182). Still, because of Betterton's fame, it is possible that even fifteen years after his death, an actor who had once been in his company might have been referred to as "an actor of Betterton's."

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186.1 *" 'Tis my will . . . " :*

The song is unidentified.

186.2 *'Hic Jacet' :*

Latin for "here lies."



186.12 *ratafia* :

A liqueur (*OED*, meaning 1).

186.16 *tipping Mrs. Briggs slightly on the waist* :

To tip is to tap lightly (*OED*, "tip," verb 1, meaning 1.a).

186.21 *"Who's this here young feller?" says towering Mr. Moffat* :

The rivalry between Mr. Moffat and Tom Billings over Polly Briggs resembles the more developed rivalry that Thackeray later described in *Barry Lyndon* (Part 1, Chapters 2-3; Chapters 1-2 in the revised edition) between Barry and Captain Quin over Barry's cousin Nora. Treated contemptuously by their older rivals, both Tom and Barry respond with physical attacks, but outside intervention in both cases (by Polly here, by Nora's brothers in the later novel) prevents serious violence and causes the younger suitor to flee. Barry, having been convinced that he will be arrested for murdering Quin, runs off and joins the army, leaving Nora to his rival, who is not actually dead; Tom, after hearing that "the beaks" are coming, runs out of Marybone Gardens, though whether this leaves Polly to Moffat is not made clear.

188.8 *in the grand circle* :

Marylebone Gardens in its seventeenth-century form had many circular walks, and a 1659 map of the area shows one major circular pathway: perhaps it was called the grand circle, although there is no evidence to that effect. There is a picture of the Gardens showing what is

called the "Grand Walk" (Chancellor, *Pleasure Haunts*, facing 348), but it does not look circular, and it probably dates from the second half of the eighteenth century, after the Gardens were redesigned to replace the circular walks with straight ones (see Sands 2, 3, 42-44).

188.15 *the trenchant blade* :

"Trenchant" means sharp or having a keen edge (*OED*).

188.16 *lurked off* :

To lurk is to move in a furtive way (*OED*, "lurk," verb 3).

Thackeray uses the word again in this sense in *Vanity Fair* (545, 546; Chapter 61).

188.21 *rack punch* :

Punch made with arrack, an Asian liquor (*OED*). Jos Sedley gets

famously drunk on rack punch in Chapter 6 of *Vanity Fair*.

189.7 *dosing* :

That is, dozing.

189.12 *a cast home* :

A lift home (*OED*, "cast," sb., meaning 7).

190.5 *In peaceful thought . . . :*

Thackeray slightly misquotes Addison's "The Campaign" (283-86, 291-92; Joseph Addison, *Works* 6: 58). Addison wrote "sent," not "lent" timely aid. He also did not write "his master's orders," but "th' Almighty's orders"; and in the last line quoted, the original read, "Rides in the whirlwind," not "on the whirlwind."

The lines from Addison are correctly quoted in Thackeray's later lecture on Congreve and Addison in *The English Humourists of the Eighteenth Century* (Thackeray, *Works* 7: 478).

The lines also figure in *Henry Esmond*; indeed, in that novel Thackeray has his own creation, Esmond, claim to have inspired them (*Esmond* 213-14; Book 2, Chapter 11).

191.11 *stubborn squares :*

In military terminology, a square is a square-shaped formation of troops (*OED*, "square," sb., meaning 9).

193.11 *distrain :*

To distrain is to seize property for the non-payment of a debt (*OED*, "distrain," verb, meaning 7).

194.13 *pot-valiant :*

Brave because of drink (*OED*).

194.13 *a bastard and a -- :*

"Bastard" refers to Tom Billings, who was born out of wedlock; the missing word, referring to Catherine, the mother of a bastard, would presumably be "whore."

195.20 *a toy-shop lady from Cornhill :*

"Toy-shop" is an archaic term for a shop specializing in trinkets, ornaments, and embroidered fabrics (*OED*, meaning 1). Cornhill is a section of central London.

197.14 *silk furniture :*

Furniture here means bed-clothes (*OED*, "furniture," 4.d).

197.16-21 *tapestry . . . sold for fifty pounds, and bought back by Mr. Hayes for two, in those accommodating bargains which he made with young gentlemen, who received fifty pounds of money and fifty of tapestry in consideration of their hundred-pound bills :*

In these operations, Hayes is acting as a bill-discounter (see the note to 145.22-24). Young gentlemen with bills of exchange—that is, not statements of money they owe, but promises of payment to them at some future date—come to Hayes to get ready cash instead of waiting for the payment date. For a hundred-pound bill of this sort, Hayes gives only fifty pounds, along with tapestry, so that in a sense he is selling the tapestry for fifty pounds because when the bill comes due Hayes can collect the full hundred from whoever was to pay it to the young gentleman. In addition,

the young gentleman, still short of cash, would then sell the tapestry back to Hayes for a mere two pounds.

197.17 *Rebecca at the Well, Bathsheba Bathing, Judith and Holofernes* :

The pictures not only represent Biblical scenes, but in a way present Catherine's romantic history.

As Laub notes (77), the story of Rebecca at the Well (from Genesis 24) resembles that of Catherine at the Bugle. By serving water to Abraham's servant, Rebecca wins Isaac as a husband. By serving drinks at the Bugle, Catherine wins Galgenstein as her lover and John Hayes as her husband.

The picture of Bathsheba bathing refers to the story of David, Bathsheba, and Uriah (2 Samuel 11). King David sees Bathsheba bathing and is attracted to her. The result is that her lowborn husband, Uriah, is sent off to be killed so that she can marry the King. In *Catherine*, similarly, Catherine's lowborn husband, the carpenter John Hayes, is to be killed so that Catherine can marry the Count.

The story of Judith and Holofernes, referred to here for the second time in the novel (see note to 55.18), resembles the final stage of the relationship between Catherine and John Hayes. Both Holofernes and John Hayes are made drunk and then decapitated, thanks to the actions of a woman.

199.23-24 *the thought had been sitting at her pillow all night, and whispering ceaselessly into her ear :*

Two pages earlier the narrator referred to Catherine's discontented, ambitious thoughts as "devil's-logic" (197.6 in the text), and this passage then seems to allude to the actions of Milton's Satan in Book 4 of *Paradise Lost* (ll. 799-809). Satan at that point takes the form of a toad and squats "close at the ear of *Eve*," who is asleep, in order to raise in her mind "distemper'd, discontented thoughts, / Vain hopes, vain aims, inordinate desires . . ."

203.11 *by the Laws :*

Not a reference to the statute books, but a mild exclamation, perhaps a corruption of "by the Lord," i.e., "by God" (see the *OED*, "law," interjection).

204.16-17 *It's the German law :*

Before the twentieth century, in both England and Germany, illegitimate children were barred from inheriting their fathers' property. However, in Germany, marriage of the natural parents was a means of legitimizing an illegitimate child, whereas in England before 1926, there was no possibility of legitimation in this way. Thus if the Count married Catherine, then under German law, their illegitimate son Tom would be able to inherit the Count's title and property. (See Breslauer 67-68, 71, 73.)

206.16-18 *that boy will go on the road. . . . He's a Turpin-cock in his eye . . . a regular Tyburn look :*

Wood is suggesting that Tom will become a highwayman ("go on the road") and end by being hanged (this is suggested by the "Tyburn look," Tyburn being the place of execution). The "Turpin's-cock" in his eye seems to mean that Tom resembles the thief Dick Turpin. "Cock" here must mean something like "look," though that is an extension of the dictionary meanings (see the *OED*, "cock," sb. 6, meaning 2).

206.21 *Hounslow Heath :*

A gathering place for highwaymen in the late seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries (Robbins 124).

208.5-6 *The little Arouet De Voltaire, who hath come 'hither to take a turn in England,' :*

Voltaire did indeed come to England, but not for a "turn" (i.e., a pleasure trip) and not quite at the time indicated by Father O'Flaherty's letter. The letter dates from before the murder of John Hayes, which took place on March 1, 1726, but Voltaire did not arrive in England until May of 1726. The reason Voltaire came to England was that he had run afoul of the Rohan-Chabot family, the same aristocratic family Thackeray mentions at the beginning of Chapter 10 (see the note to 177.10). Arrested after responding to the insults of one member of the family, Voltaire was allowed to leave prison and go into exile by a government embarrassed at seeming to be punishing the victim at the behest of a privileged victimizer.

Reports on Voltaire's arrest and exile were carried in such English papers as the *Daily Post* (1726: April 19: 1) and the *Daily Courant* (1726: May 3: 1, 13: 1). Thackeray may have seen these reports in the course of his researches on the Hayes murder, which was being reported on in those papers at this time. (See also Brandes 1: 152, 155-57; Pomeau 203-213; Chase 67-73, 93.)

As an example of aristocratic privilege being exercised at the expense of a young writer, the arrest of Voltaire may have struck a chord with the young, anti-aristocratic Thackeray.

208.10-12 *I think of dear Paris, and find myself in this dismal Vitehall, where, when the fog clears up, I can catch a glimpse of muddy Thames :*

This statement of discontent with London and yearning for Paris in the January 1840 installment seems to reflect Thackeray's own feelings at the time. In December 1839 he wrote as follows to his mother, who was living in Paris:

. . . I have been out to take what they call fresh air here: and am come home half choked with the fog: the darkness visible of Great Queen Street was the most ghastly thing I have seen for a long time. O for smiling Paris and sunshine!

(*Letters* 1: 395)

208.12-13 *that fatal palace which the kings of England have been obliged to exchange for your noble castle of Saint Germain :*

This passage makes sense when one realizes that the writer, the Abbé O'Flaherty, is a Jacobite; so by the "kings of England" he means not the ruling House of Hanover, but the exiled Stuarts, who had been forced



to give up the "fatal palace" of St. James's (the English royal residence before Buckingham Palace was built) in favour of lodgings in France, in a château in Saint-Germain-en-Laye, near Paris. However, they were only at St. Germain until 1712, moving on after that to Rome, among other places, so this passage, set in 1726, is anachronistic. (See Bevan, *King James the Third* 25, 63-64, 92, 96.)

208.15 *saloons, hangings, gildings* :

Saloons are fashionable receiving rooms. Hangings are draperies or tapestries. "Gildings" refers to the golden surfaces of gilded objects. (See the *OED*, "saloon," 1; "hanging," 6; "gilding," 2.)

208.16 *bicoque* :

A hut or cabin.

208.16 *the Thuilleries' towers* :

A reference to the old Tuileries palace, built in 1564 and destroyed in 1871. Thackeray uses an archaic spelling (see "The Accidentals" section in the Textual Apparatus) and is also idiosyncratic in suggesting the palace had towers. The palace did have pavilions at either end, each of which was one storey higher than the older central section, but to call them towers seems an exaggeration; one writer in 1892 did, however, speak of "the towering pavilions" (Hamerton 128; see also Holme 173; *Le véritable conducteur* 74).

209.6 *Grand Cyrus* :

See the note to 211.1

209.13 *Billets* :

"Billet" is an archaic term for a note or informal letter (*OED*, sb.1, meaning 2), but Thackeray may be thinking more specifically of "billet-doux," a poetic term for a love letter.

209.15 *as virtuous as Diana* :

Diana, the Roman goddess of the moon, was traditionally associated with virginity, but also, paradoxically, with child-bearing (Norton and Rushton 67, 69).

209.21 *She is holding out for a settlement* :

A settlement is an arrangement by which property is granted to, or settled on, someone (*OED*, "settlement," 8). It might be thought that Father O'Flaherty is referring specifically to a marriage settlement—the setting aside of property for a prospective wife (*OED*, "marriage," 8)—but at the end of this sentence the priest contrasts the notion of a settlement with that of a marriage.

210.4 *the Elector of Hanover* :

As a Jacobite, Father O'Flaherty would not speak of George I as King of England, but would refer to him only by his German title.

210.5 a *boxing-match at Mr. Figg's amphitheatre* :

James Figg was the first boxing champion of England, but was also a swordsman and promoter of sword-fights, and the encounter that Thackeray is here referring to was not a boxing-match but a fencing-match. Such encounters were regular events at Figg's new amphitheatre, which opened in March 1726, and they were advertised in the *Daily Post*, the same paper that Thackeray consulted for information on the Hayes murder. The *Post* did not report the results of the matches—hence the vagueness about the result in Thackeray's account—but merely printed the advertisements. Thackeray is relying on the March 30 advertisement, which can be found almost directly adjacent to that day's front-page report on the Hayes case. The advertisement reads:

AT Mr. FIGG's New Amphitheatre, joining to his House, the Sign of the City of Oxford, in Oxford Road, Marybone-Fields, this Day being Wednesday, the 30th of March, will be Perform'd a Tryal of Skill by the following Masters: :

Once more erect the Rival Chiefs Advance, :  
One trusts the Sword, and one the pointed Lance. :  
And both resolve Alike to try their fatal Chance.

Dryden.

I John Wells, from St. Edmunds Bury, Master of the Noble Science of Defence, having in my late Engagement with Mr. Sutton (as I believe) sufficiently convinced the World, that 'tis not so difficult to Equalize, if not Excel him, as was suppos'd; therefore once more invite him to Exercise the usual Weapons fought on the Stage, and I desire all Gentlemen who have any Opinion of my Performance, to be present, for I design this to be a decisive Encounter. I Edward Sutton, from Gravesend, Master of the said Science, will not fail to meet Mr. Wells at his Time and Place appointed, and hope my Reputation in the Practice of the Sword, is too well establish'd to admit of a Doubt of my forcing him to his utmost Skill for his own Defence, and if any Thing further lies in my Power, I'll generously bestow it on him.

N. B. Mr. Figg gives a Hat to be Cudgell'd for, before the Masters mount. Note, They Fight in white Drawers, white Stockings, Shirts and Pumps.

N. B. The Doors will be open'd at Two, and the Masters mount at Five exactly.

Thackeray may have decided to refer to Figg in this episode of *Catherine*, which appeared in January 1840, because in the November 1839 episode of *Jack Sheppard*, Ainsworth introduced Figg into his story: see *Bentley's Miscellany* 6 (1839): 442, 444 (Part 3, Chapter 16). Thackeray probably transformed the fencing-match into a boxing-match, either deliberately or in error, because by his day fencing was no longer common, it having been replaced by boxing as the popular, albeit disreputable, sport. In *The Virginians*, however (*Works* 10: 310-12; Chapter 37), Thackeray introduces Figg again, along with Sutton, and has them compete with swords, not fists.

Note that the reference to the Sutton-Wells match in *Catherine* is slightly anachronistic, for Thackeray makes it take place shortly before the murder of John Hayes, whereas it actually occurred four weeks after. Note as well that although Thackeray at first has Father O'Flaherty talk of the match as if it had already occurred ("a pretty description of a boxing-match . . . [in which] John Wells . . . did engage with Edward Sutton . . . and the issue of the combat"), he ends by reverting to the anticipatory tense of his source ("Monsieur Figue gives a hat to be cudgelled for").

There are articles on Figg in the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* and the *DNB*.

210.11 *monseigneur* :

O'Flaherty here refers to Galgenstein by a French title usually reserved for princes or bishops (see the *OED*).

210.12 *garçon-tailleur* :

French for a tailor's assistant.

210.13-17 *As for the connexion between Mrs. Catherine and her former admirer, . . . it [cannot] be said that this wretched woman . . . was, in any thing but soul, faithless to her husband :*

Catherine's technical innocence of adultery with the Count looks forward to the ambiguous involvement of Becky Sharp with Lord Steyne in *Vanity Fair*: Becky may not have been guilty, but she was, as her husband said, "as bad as guilty" (500, Chapter 55).

211.1-2 *extracted . . . from the romance of the Grand Cyrus :*

*Artamene, ou le Grand Cyrus* was a ten-volume popular romance by Madeleine de Scudéry which appeared in France between 1649 and 1653, and was translated into English almost immediately (1653-1655) under the title *Artamenes, or The Grand Cyrus*. The romance tells many interconnected love stories, partly in epistolary form. One of the major love stories is that of Cyrus and the princess Mandana, and it is a letter from Cyrus to Mandana that Galgenstein is copying, almost word for word, in his opening paragraph. The letter, in Part 6, Book 1 of the English version (vol. 3, p. 3) begins as follows:

Unhappy Cyrus unto unjust Mandana.

Madam,

*It must needs be that I love you better then ever any did, since notwithstanding your injustice in calling me perfidious, I love you no lesse then I did before. On the contrary, my passion is so violent, and your unjust accusation makes me so sensible of it, that if you did but know the resentments of my soule, you would confess your selfe to be the most cruell and unjust woman in the world. . . . you shall ere long (Madam) see me at your feet; and as you were my first passion, so you shall be my last. . . .*

An examination of the original letter reveals that most of the misspellings in Galgenstein's opening paragraph ("cruell," "selfe," "soule") result not from his incompetence in English, but from his copying an archaic original. Thackeray may, however, have intended his readers to believe that it was Galgenstein's poor command of English that was to blame, for in the second paragraph of the Count's letter, for which no original could be found in *The Grand Cyrus*, and which presumably Thackeray invented, the spelling mistakes increase in number and severity.

211.16 *Hymen* :

The Greek and Roman god of marriage.

214.13 *Highgate* :

A suburb of London now noted for its cemetery, which had opened just a few months before Thackeray wrote these lines (see *The Times*, May 23, 1839: 4; Thornbury and Walford 5: 406). However, Thackeray may not have had the cemetery in mind: the reference may simply be part of the progression in the sentence from places close to London to places further and further away, that is, from a London suburb (Highgate) to a city

elsewhere in the British Isles (Edinburgh) to a city at the other end of Europe (Constantinople) to death ("down a well"). The reference to a well may have been inspired by the murder of Sir Rowland Trenchard in *Jack Sheppard* (see note to 215.16-17).

215.16-17 *more brutal and bloody than even the murder of Miss Nancy, or the death of Sir Rowland Trenchard :*

The murders referred to—that of Miss Nancy in Chapter 47 of Dickens's *Oliver Twist* (322-23) and that of Sir Rowland Trenchard in Part 3, Chapter 12 of Ainsworth's *Jack Sheppard* (343-45)—are both notable for their brutality and bloodiness. Miss Nancy is beaten to death by Bill Sikes, who first strikes her with his pistol, causing blood to flow from a gash on her forehead, and then completes the murder with a heavy club. Sir Rowland is beaten brutally by Jonathan Wild, causing blood to flow, and is then thrown down a deep well.

215.20-21 *the public, which can patronise four different representations of Jack Sheppard :*

This complaint, which Thackeray also made in a letter to his mother in December 1839 (*Letters* 1: 395), actually understates the popularity of *Jack Sheppard*. In the fall of 1839, not four, but at least eight London theatres were presenting dramatized versions of Ainsworth's novel, the most notable production being the one at the Adelphi, where a woman, Mrs. Keeley, played the title role. There was also a Christmas pantomime at Drury Lane, and there were theatrical productions outside London, in

Brighton and Sheffield (S. M. Ellis, "Jack Sheppard" 92-102; Hollingsworth 139). As the *Literary Gazette* commented on November 2, 1839 (701), "*Jack Sheppard* is every where the rage"; the *Gazette* added that Jack's name was placarding "every wall and empty space in London." On October 26, the *Court Journal* reported that the public excitement created by *Jack Sheppard* "falls little short of that which originates from one of these Chartist outbreaks which have lately terrified Birmingham out of its propriety" (698). The paper added:

Not to have read 'Jack Sheppard' announces a deficiency of everything in the shape of taste, sense, and discrimination quite miraculous. All rightly constructed people dream of him waking or sleeping. He has laid hold of the public fancy . . .

Not everyone was pleased with this popularity, however. Commenting on the Adelphi production, the *Sunday Times* said that it was "*the most dangerous performance* we ever beheld" because it made "vice interesting, and brutality pathetic" (Nov. 3, 1839: 5, emphasis in original). The *Spectator* spoke of "the evil *Jack Sheppard* mania" (Nov. 16, 1839: 1088). And the *Athenaeum* found the crowded houses for the play "revolting" (Nov. 2, 1839: 830). The *Athenaeum* had earlier condemned the novel as "a bad book," adding that it was made worse by being of a "class of bad books, got up for a bad public" (Oct. 26, 1839: 803). Thus, by the fall of 1839, Thackeray was no longer alone in his attacks on Newgate literature and on the public's support of it.



218.19 *plays the Grand Turk* :

The sultan of the Ottoman Empire was known as the Grand or Great Turk (*OED*, "Turk," 2.c).

219.6 *the Braund's Head* :

In the historical accounts of the Hayes murder, the wine that gets Hayes drunk is purchased at the Braund's Head Tavern (see Appendix 1, p. 740). Thackeray alters the story to make the bulk of the wine come from the Count, perhaps to make the Count in some way responsible for the murder. However, he retains the name "Braund's Head" for the tavern mentioned here, and later has Tom Billings go to the tavern for an extra bottle (see note to 221.13-16).

219.7 *a bloody Bluebeard* :

This reference to Bluebeard, the legendary wife-murderer whom Thackeray often referred to in his works (see McMaster 206-207), is ironic, for John Hayes is not going to murder his wife, but rather will be murdered by her.

220.4 *a toper* :

A hard drinker (*OED*).

220.11 *St. Margaret's churchyard* :

Again, as with the Braund's Head, Thackeray uses a location mentioned in another connection in the historical record for an invented

incident in the novel. In this case, however, the invented incident and the real one connect, for the fictional love-tryst at the churchyard ends with the discovery that the head of the murdered John Hayes has been put on display there at the top of a post, something that was indeed done after the real murder in an attempt to identify the victim.

221.3 *the recueil of Mr. Thomas D'Urfey :*

The collection of songs known as *Wit and Mirth: Or Pills to Purge Melancholy*, originally published in 1719-20 (see note to 32.7).

221.9-11 *from the merriment of the three-bottle point to the madness of the four—from the uproarious quarrelsomeness of the sixth bottle to the sickly stupidity of the seventh :*

That drinkers pass through several well-defined stages is a notion with a long pedigree. According to Sir Walter Raleigh, "The first draught serveth for health, the second for pleasure, the third for shame, the fourth [as in Thackeray's schema] for madness." Robert Burton also thought the fourth stage was madness and said the first three were thirst, merriness (Thackeray's third stage), and pleasure. Writing somewhat later than Thackeray, Victor Hugo said the first drink enlivens, the second irritates (Thackeray's quarrelsome sixth stage perhaps), the third stupefies (akin to Thackeray's seventh stage of sickly stupidity), and the fourth brutalizes. (See Burton Stevenson 628; Bartlett 491: 22.)

221.13-16 *as a matter of history . . . Mr. Hayes did actually drink seven bottles of mountain wine; and . . . Billings went to the Braund's Head, in Bond Street, and purchased another, which Hayes likewise drank :*

"History" is not actually as definite as Thackeray suggests, for the witnesses who testified at Catherine Hayes's trial were uncertain about whether there were originally six or seven bottles of wine and also did not agree on whether Hayes drank all of the extra bottle; however, the accounts do indicate that Billings went to the Braund's Head in Bond Street and bought an additional bottle of wine after he, Catherine Hayes, and Thomas Wood had bought six or seven bottles earlier that day at the same tavern (see Appendix 1, pp. 730, 757-58, 762).

223.17-18 *a description of the THAMES AT MIDNIGHT, in a fine historical style :*

Thackeray is alluding parodically to the historical descriptions in Chapters 6 and 7 in Part 1 of Ainsworth's *Jack Sheppard*. In those chapters Ainsworth describes Old London Bridge and the Thames as they appeared in 1703. The *Examiner* (April 21, 1839: 244) published an excerpt from Chapter 6 and titled it, "The Thames By Night," which may have inspired Thackeray's capitalized phrase.

223.18-19 *Lambeth, Westminster, the Savoy, Baynard's Castle, Arundel House, the Temple :*

References to historic areas and buildings in central London near the Thames, many of which had disappeared or changed their character by

Thackeray's day. Lambeth and Westminster are areas of London that face each other across the Thames. Lambeth is known for its palace, which is the residence of the Archbishop of Canterbury, and which stands opposite Westminster Abbey (Thornbury and Walford 6: 385, 426). Most of the Savoy Palace had been destroyed by 1817, leaving only the chapel (Kent, 1951 ed., 489-90; Thornbury and Walford 3: 95-99). Baynard's Castle was destroyed in the Great Fire (Thornbury and Walford 1: 285). Arundel House, the residence of the Earl of Arundel, was pulled down in the seventeenth century (Thornbury and Walford 3: 71, 74). The Temple was the headquarters of the Knights Templar in the twelfth century, but was taken over by the legal profession in the fourteenth century; some of the Temple buildings were later destroyed by fire (Thornbury and Walford 1: 155, 156; Kent 550-52).

223.19-21 *Old London Bridge, with its twenty arches, "on which be houses builded, so that it seemeth rather a continuall street than a bridge;" :*

Although Thackeray may have been inspired to describe London Bridge because of Ainsworth's description in *Jack Sheppard* (see note to 223.17-18), here he is quoting from *The Survey of London* by John Stow. The 1618 edition of Stow (53) describes the bridge as

a worke very rare, having with the draw-bridge 20. Arches. . . . upon both sides be houses builded, so that it seemeth rather a continuall street then a bridge . . .

223.21 *Bankside, and the Globe and the Fortune Theatres :*

Bankside, on the south shore of the Thames in Southwark, was the site of the Globe and the Fortune, and in general was known as a place of entertainment in Elizabethan times (Kent, 1951 ed., 18, 19; Thornbury and Walford 6: 45, 51).

223.22-23 *pirates . . . namely, trinckermen, petermen, hebbermen, trawlermen :*

Trinckermen and the others were types of fishermen on the Thames. In calling them pirates, Thackeray is following, and exaggerating, his source, Stow's *Survey of London*. The 1618 edition of the survey says (32):

There are likewise a number of Fishermen, belonging to the River of Thames, some stiled by the name of Trinkermen, other Hebbermen, Petermen, Trawlermen, &c. that have lived (in precedent times) by very unlawfull fishing on this River . . .

223.23-224.2 *the fleet of barges . . . at the Savoy steps :*

Stow (29) speaks of there being barges on the Thames which brought provisions to London from the countryside. Riverside palaces like the Savoy, in the Tudor and Stuart period, had terraces and stairs leading down to the water (Cracknell 81).

223.24 *long lines of slim wherries :*

Stow (14, 29) says there were at least 2,000 wherries and other small boats used as ferries on the Thames.

223.25 *A combat on the river . . . between the crews of a trinkerman's boat and the water bailiff's :*

The water bailiff was a city official appointed to regulate fishing on the Thames, especially to prevent unlawful fishing such as that carried on by trinkermen, whose illegal nets threatened the fish stocks (Stow 30). A combat between the water bailiff and a trinkerman would thus be plausible in principle, even though the one Thackeray describes seems absurdly melodramatic.

224.2 *"St. Mary Overy, à la rescousse!" :*

"St. Mary Overy" is the old (pre-Reformation) name for a church on the south bank of the Thames which later became known as St. Saviour's. The church was dedicated to Mary Magdalene, but there was also a legend that it was named after one Mary Overy, a ferryman's daughter who founded a convent on the site. Other explanations for the name are that "Overy" is a corruption of "of the ferry" and that it means "over the water" (Thornbury and Walford 2: 9, 6: 20-21; G. B. Besant 64).

The water bailiff is thus invoking Mary Overy or Mary Magdalene or the spirit of the church to aid him. His cry of "*à la rescousse*" is French for "to the rescue," and presumably this means he intends, with the help of St. Mary Overy, to come to the rescue, rather than that he hopes to be rescued.

224.8 *snickersnee* :

A large knife (*OED*).

224.12 *St. Clement Danes* :

St. Clement is the patron saint of sailors. St. Clement Danes is a church in central London, near the Thames, perhaps so named because of the Danes buried there (Thornbury and Walford 3: 11, 13).

224.12 *the master* :

The master here is clearly distinguished from the water-bailiff, whose boat this is, and who is referred to as the captain. Presumably, this "master" is in charge of the actual navigation of the boat as opposed to being in charge of the official business conducted from the boat (see the *OED*, "master," sb.1, meaning 2).

224.14-15 *the city arms, argent a cross gules, and in the first quarter a dagger displayed of the second* :

A nearly accurate heraldic description of the coat of arms of the City of London. The arms are silver ("argent") with a red ("gules") cross, and with a sword or dagger in the upper left quadrant. One inaccuracy in the description is the use of the word "displayed," which in heraldry refers to birds and means "with wings spread"; the word "displayed" is not used in the description of the City's arms found in Kent's *Encyclopaedia of London* (1937 ed., 213) or in the description in Woodward and Burnett's *Treatise on Heraldry* (346; see also Friar 31; *OED*, "displayed," 2). The

description should thus simply read "a dagger of the second," which is heraldic phraseology meaning "a dagger of the second colour named" (*OED*, "second," adjective and sb.2, meaning 1.d). In this case, the second colour is gules, the first having been argent; so what the phrase means is that the colour of the dagger on the City arms is red. (For an illustration of the arms, see Neubecker 249.)

224.19 *Stella and Vanessa* :

Stella and Vanessa, whose real names were Esther Johnson and Esther Vanhomrigh, were rivals for the affections of Jonathan Swift in the early eighteenth century (Drabble, "Swift, Jonathan").

224.20-21 *Swift . . . is in the act of reading Gulliver's Travels to Gay, Arbuthnot, Bolingbroke, and Pope* :

This incident could not have happened on the night John Hayes was killed (March 1, 1726), because Swift was not in London then. He did arrive later in the month, however, and the incident, though implausible, is not entirely impossible. In early 1726, Swift had just completed *Gulliver's Travels*. It would not be published until October of that year, and yet before that time, several of his friends wrote letters in which they alluded to incidents in the unpublished work. Perhaps they did all gather one night to listen to it—but it is more likely that Swift recounted some incidents to them individually. Pope and Bolingbroke were two friends who alluded to the *Travels* in their letters. Gay and Arbuthnot were also friends of Swift's. (See Turner x-xi, xiii; Ehrenpreis 3: 475; Craik 2: 118.)



224.23-24 *Samuel Johnson and Richard Savage* :

It is true that Johnson and the poet Savage were starving together in London for a while, but not in 1726. Johnson only moved to London in 1737 (*Encyclopaedia Britannica*, 1968 ed., 13: 45, 46).

225.22-23 *being a freethinker, he had the most firm belief in ghosts and demons* :

The joke is that, as a freethinker, Galgenstein should not believe in any such superstitions.

227.11, 228.4 *he never was my husband . . . he was married to another* :

Catherine's statement is not only false, but odd, for there seems no good reason for her to lie to Galgenstein. Denying that Hayes is dead and inventing a fantastic story about a previous marriage does nothing to win Galgenstein to her. It does, however, allow Thackeray to introduce a theme that seems to have attracted him: the invalidation of a marriage by the discovery that one of the parties is already married. Thus, in both *Esmond* and *Philip*, the fathers of the title characters are discovered to have made early marriages which could invalidate their later ones. This motif may have appealed to Thackeray because of his mother's two marriages, the second of which provided him with a stepfather whom he at times resented. Invalidating second marriages in his fiction may have been a way of striking back at the resentment-inducing second marriage in real life.

228.10 *the flags* :

That is, the flagstones or paving stones, the pavement (*OED*, "flag," sb.2, meaning 2.a).

230.3 *Mr. Yates, Mr. Davidge, Mr. Crummles* :

Yates and Davidge were real theatrical managers at the time (Hollingsworth 157). Crummles is the name of the theatrical manager in Dickens's *Nicholas Nickleby* (Chapters 22 et seq.). Dickens's novel had just finished appearing in installments in October 1839, three months before Thackeray wrote this passage.

230.13 *Fake away!* :

An allusion to the refrain of "Nix, My Dolly Pals, Fake Away," the best-known musical number in the Adelphi production of *Jack Sheppard*, which became an extremely popular song in London in the fall of 1839: sheet music for the song was advertised in the *Observer* (Jan. 5, 1840: 1; see also S. M. Ellis, *Ainsworth* 1: 366, and see the published version of the Adelphi production: Buckstone 38-39).

Though the song became popular because of its association with *Jack Sheppard*, it actually derives not from Ainsworth's novel about Sheppard, but from his earlier novel about Dick Turpin, *Rookwood*, where it is called "Jerry Juniper's Chant." In that novel (177-79), the song's refrain is given as "Nix my doll pals, fake away" and is translated by Ainsworth out of criminal slang to mean: "Nothing, comrades; on, on."

230.16 *the Daily Post of March 3, 1726* :

Thackeray presents a slightly abridged version of the *Daily Post* report. As well, *Fraser's* or Thackeray modernized the spelling and capitalization (see Appendix 1, p 653).

231.4-7 *The same paper adds, that there will be performed . . . for the benefit of Mrs. Oldfield, THE PROVOKED WIFE* :

Indeed, the front page of the March 3 issue of the *Daily Post* contains, in a column adjacent to the report of the discovery of Hayes's head, an advertisement for a performance of the play *The Provoked Wife*.

Mrs. Oldfield was the actress Anne Oldfield (1683-1730): see the *DNB*.

231.19 *Having encouraged Mr. Hayes . . .* :

From this point until the quotation from the *Daily Journal* (on p. 238), Thackeray is quoting without acknowledgement, or at times condensing, the account in Villette's *Annals of Newgate* or perhaps some now missing account that Villette was following (see Appendix 1, pp. 741-72).

234.2 *the Horseferry, at Westminster* :

The only horse ferry in the London area; it connected Lambeth and Westminster (Thornbury and Walford 4: 5).

234.6 *lighters* :

Barges (*OED*, "lighter," sb.1).

236.9 *Kingsland* :

An area north of London (Thornbury and Walford 5: 527).

237.16-17 *Wood and Billings were condemned to be hanged, and Mrs. Hayes to be burnt alive* :

The reason for the difference in the sentences is that Wood and Billings were "only" guilty of murder, whereas Catherine, in arranging the murder of her own husband, was deemed guilty of the more serious offence of "petty treason" (see Appendix 1, pp. 682-83, 700, 727, 764, 797n).

238.10 *the Daily Journal* :

The actual report can be found in Appendix 1, pp. 673-74.

242.9 *Mr. Aram's trial, as taken by the penny-a-liners* :

Writers from newspapers and journals were usually paid a low rate, such as a penny a line (*OED*, "penny-a-liner"). There were no newspaper accounts of the Aram trial, but presumably Thackeray is referring to the accounts that appeared in journals such as the *Gentleman's Magazine* (see Tyson 167-68).

242.10-12 *an eminent novelist (who hath lately, in compliment to his writings, been gratified by a permission to wear a bloody hand) :*

Allusion to Bulwer, who was made a baronet in 1838, which entitled him to incorporate a red hand, the emblem of the baronetcy, into his coat of arms (*Complete Peerage* 8: 317; Franklyn and Tanner 28). Thackeray's perhaps envious statement that the baronetcy was a reward for Bulwer's writings is erroneous: the honour was in recognition of Bulwer's political services to the ruling Whigs (Escott 216).

242.14 *Newgate Plutarch :*

A reference to the compiler of the *Newgate Calendar* or other such collections of criminal biographies, playing on the name of the famous biographer of ancient Greeks and Romans.

242.14 *Ainsworth's Biographical Dictionary :*

A reference to Ainsworth's account of Turpin's life in *Rookwood*, a novel which used and glossed a great deal of criminal slang, and which was reviewed in *Fraser's* in 1834 (9: 724-38) under the heading: "High Ways and Low Ways; or Ainsworth's Dictionary . . ." There is also a play on *Ainsworth's Dictionary*, the standard Latin-English dictionary of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries (*DNB*, "Ainsworth, Robert").

242.16-17 *the ceremony of the grand cordon :*

Harden (*Annotations* 1: 83) notes a pun on "grand cordon," meaning the ribbon indicating membership in the highest grade of a knightly order,

and also meaning the hangman's noose, so that the ceremony referred to could be either an investiture or an execution.

242.21-22 *Milton himself could [not] make a description of an execution half so horrible :*

Milton defended the execution of kings in *The Tenure of Kings and Magistrates*, but is not known for his descriptions of executions. Perhaps Thackeray was thinking of the poet's depiction of the torments of Hell in the opening book of *Paradise Lost*.

242.23-24 *"herrlich wie am ersten Tag" :*

An ironic quotation of a line from the "Prologue in Heaven" in Goethe's *Faust* (Part 1, line 250), meaning "glorious as on the first day," referring there to the Creation, the first day of the world, but referring in *Catherine* to the day of publication of the newspaper article describing the grisly execution.

242.25 *Belinda at her toilet :*

Belinda is the name of the heroine in Pope's *The Rape of the Lock* who is shown prettying herself at her toilet in the early part of the poem (Canto 1, ll. 121-48). The name here refers to fashionable young ladies generally.

243.5 "*Afflavit Deus*,"—and they are gone :

Thackeray quotes the beginning of a phrase said to have appeared on medals struck in England in 1588 to commemorate the wind-aided defeat of the Spanish Armada. The full phrase, as given in Addison and Steele's *Spectator* No. 293 (Feb. 5, 1711/12; 4: 172), which may have been where Thackeray read it, is "*Afflavit Deus, et dissipantur*," meaning, "God blew, and they were scattered." However, although several twentieth-century historians repeat the story of the medal, Laub (91n) questions it, and indeed the only evidence cited by the historians refers to a Dutch, not an English, medal reading "*Flavit Jehovah et dissipati sunt*" (Hart-Davis 239; Mattingly 390; Lewis 186 and facing plate).

Thackeray quotes the phrase again in *Esmond* (218; Book 2, Chapter 12) in reference to the rout of the French at Ramillies.

243.8 *Grosvenor Square* . . . *Botany Bay* :

Thackeray juxtaposes the name of a fashionable area in London with that of a penal colony in Australia (Thornbury and Walford 4: 339; *OED*, "Botany Bay").

243.14-15 *two* . . . *walking gentleman parts* :

"Walking gentleman (or lady)" is an old-fashioned theatre term for a walk-on part, that is, a minor theatrical role in which the performer walks on and off stage speaking few if any lines (Trapido 935; *OED*, "walk-on," 1).

In alluding to two minor characters who are not rogues like the rest

of the characters in the novel, Thackeray probably has in mind Dr. Dobbs, who is kind to Catherine, and (though she is a walking lady rather than a gentleman) Goody Billings, who selflessly takes care of young Tom. He may also be thinking of the elder Mrs. Hayes and her concern for her son.

243.17-19 *newspaper critiques . . . which abuse the tale of Catherine as one of the dullest, most vulgar and immoral works :*

No such critiques have been discovered. The actual newspaper commentaries were only mildly critical or even laudatory (see the Critical Commentary, pp. xl-xli; Appendix 2).

243.22 *right down :*

This phrase means the same as "downright," that is, thorough or thoroughly, complete or completely (*OED*).

244.8-9 *the establishment in Birchin Lane, where he had the honour of receiving his education :*

The reference to Birchin Lane is an old joke that plays on the similarity between "Birchin" and "birching": birching (or flogging) being a common practice in schools. There is an actual Birchin Lane in London, but it was noted for its drapers, not for its educational establishments (see Stapleton 43; *Brewer's*, 14th ed.; Thornbury and Walford 2: 173).



244.16 *barley-sugar* :

A sort of candy usually made in the form of twisted sticks (*OED*, "barley," B.2).

245.3-9 *[In] Oliver Twist . . . to what are we led? Breathless to watch all the crimes of Fagin, tenderly to deplore the errors of Nancy, to have for Bill Sikes a kind of pity and admiration, and an absolute love for . . . the Dodger :*

Thackeray's analysis of Dickens's novel seems eccentrically unfair. It is true, as he says, that readers may feel sympathy for Nancy and the Artful Dodger, two charming members of Fagin's gang; but Fagin himself is a sinister corrupter of young boys, and Bill Sikes is a brutal murderer.

245.9-10 *All these heroes stepped from the novel on to the stage :*

Like *Jack Sheppard* a year later, *Oliver Twist* was successfully adapted for the stage soon after its appearance (Hollingsworth 125-26).

245.16 *ex-parte* :

One-sided: a legal term, perhaps used here because the discussion concerns crime (see the *OED*).

245.19-22 *Jack and his two wives . . . Blueskin . . . his gin-drinking mother . . . Wild :*

Characters in *Jack Sheppard*. Blueskin, a slang term for someone of mixed race who has one white parent and one black (Partridge, *Slang*), is

the nickname of one of the criminals in the story. Wild is Jonathan Wild, the thief-taker (see note to 147.25).

246.3 *his fine description of the storm on the Thames :*

Ainsworth won praise for his writing in *Jack Sheppard* (see the Critical Commentary, p. xix). The storm scene (Part 1, Chapter 6) was especially favoured, and indeed it was reprinted in such periodicals as the *Sunday Times* (Feb. 3, 1839: 6).

246.4 *his admirable account of the escape from Newgate :*

*Jack Sheppard* contains two accounts of escapes from prison (Part 3, Chapter 10; Part 3, Chapters 17-20). The second is especially dramatic.

246.4-5 *the scenes in Whitefriars :*

There are no Whitefriars scenes in *Jack Sheppard*. The only reference to Whitefriars, a part of London that had been a haven for thieves, is a brief statement to the effect that the criminal population had been forced out of the area years before the events described in the novel (293; Part 3, Chapter 8). Perhaps Thackeray was thinking of the two chapters Ainsworth set in the Old Mint, another thieves' haven in the London area (Part 1, Chapters 2-3),

246.5 *the conversation at Wild's :*

There are several conversations at the home of Jonathan Wild in *Jack Sheppard*: in Part 2, Chapters 8-10 and 16; in Part 3, Chapters 3,

5, 12, and 22.

246.9 *Jonathan Wild* :

Fielding's 1743 novel, which makes clear that the central figure is odious.

246.12 *The Beggar's Opera* :

John Gay's 1728 comic opera, which draws parallels between criminals and politicians.

246.21-22 *the workhouse scenes in Oliver Twist . . . the Fleet Prison descriptions in Pickwick* :

Chapters 1-3 of *Oliver Twist* and Chapters 41-47 of Dickens's *The Pickwick Papers*.

247.5-6 *Blackmore . . . Dennis . . . Sprat . . . Pomfret . . . have they not . . . been dull* :

Sir Richard Blackmore and John Pomfret were poets, and John Dennis was a poet and a playwright, in the late seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries. Blackmore and Dennis came under attack from Dryden, Pope, and Swift, among others, for being "insipid" (Swift's word for Blackmore; see the *DNB* 2: 592, 5: 820). As for Pomfret, the *DNB* calls one of his poems "prosaically tame" (16: 74) and suggests that he is justly neglected.

Thomas Sprat, a seventeenth-century bishop and the historian of the

Royal Society, seems not to fit in this group of poets and playwrights, but he did attempt some poetry, and for his trouble was called "a servile imitator" (by Macaulay, *History of England* 1: 573). Perhaps, though, Thackeray simply meant that Sprat's subject-matter as a historian—the scientific work of the Royal Society—was dull.

Thackeray's views on one of these writers may have changed in later years, for in *Henry Esmond* (287; Book 3, Chapter 3), he has Esmond call Dennis a "great Critic."

247.11 *persons who never deviate into good feeling :*

Harden (*Annotations* 1: 84) points out that this is an allusion to Dryden's satirical jab in *Mac Flecknoe* (20) at the rival poet Shadwell, who, says Dryden, "never deviates into sense." Dryden's criticism of Shadwell may have come to Thackeray's mind because of the reference just before to Sir Richard Blackmore, another poet whom Dryden criticized.

247.17 *Horsemonger Lane :*

The narrator seems to have switched prisons during the course of the novel. He dated Chapter 1 from Cold Bath Fields, the site of the Middlesex House of Correction, but now claims to be writing from the site of Horsemonger Lane Gaol, the chief county prison for Surrey between 1798 and 1878 (Thornbury and Walford 6: 253; Tobias 74; Laub 73).

## TEXTUAL APPARATUS

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## Abbreviations

A. Sources providing manuscript evidence  
of Thackeray's style preferences

- Collection*      *A Collection of Letters of W. M. Thackeray, 1847-1855.* London: Smith, Elder, 1887.
- DLB*              Edgar F. Harden, "William Makepeace Thackeray." *Dictionary of Literary Biography*, Volume 21 (*Victorian Novelists Before 1885*. Ed. Ira B. Nadel and William E. Fredeman). Detroit: Gale, 1983. 258-93.
- Esmond*          W. M. Thackeray, *The History of Henry Esmond*. Ed. Edgar F. Harden. New York: Garland, 1989.
- Gaskell*          Philip Gaskell, *From Writer to Reader: Studies in Editorial Method*. Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1978.
- Hays*              Photocopy of the manuscript of "The Terrible Hays Tragedy." Pierpont Morgan Library MA 1028.
- Letters*          *The Letters and Private Papers of William Makepeace Thackeray*. Ed. Gordon N. Ray. 4 vols. Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 1945-46.
- Ray*                Gordon Ray's two-volume biography of Thackeray: *The Uses of Adversity, 1811-1846*. New York: McGraw-Hill, 1955 (Ray 1). *The Age of Wisdom, 1847-1863*. New York: McGraw-Hill, 1958 (Ray 2).
- VF*                W. M. Thackeray, *Vanity Fair: A Novel without a Hero*. Ed. Peter L. Shillingsburg. New York: Garland, 1989.
- VFfac.*            Facsimile page of manuscript in the Riverside edition of *Vanity*

*Fair*. Ed. Geoffrey and Kathleen Tillotson. Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 1963. 670.

*B. Editions of Catherine collated*

- F the *Fraser's* edition, 1839-40, in volumes 19-21 of *Fraser's Magazine* (the copy-text): 19 (May 1839): 604-617; 19 (June 1839): 694-709; 20 (July 1839): 98-112; 20 (August 1839): 224-232; 20 (November 1839): 531-548; 21 (January 1840): 106-115; February 1840): 200-212.
- Smith the 1869 Smith, Elder edition and all editions based on it: London: Smith, Elder 1878-79, 1898-99, 1911; New York: Scribner's, 1903-04; New York: Cassell, n.d.
- Furn the Harry Furniss Centenary Edition of Thackeray's works. 20 vols. London: Macmillan, 1911. Unnumbered volume containing *Catherine* (267-426) and *Barry Lyndon*. "Furn" also refers to the Collier edition based on the Furniss edition (unless "Coll" is listed separately).
- Saint *The Oxford Thackeray*. Ed. George Saintsbury. 17 vols. London: Oxford University Press, [1908]. 3: 3-187.
- 1869 *The Works of William Makepeace Thackeray*. 22 vols. London: Smith, Elder, 1869. 22: 1-168.
- 1879 *The Works of William Makepeace Thackeray*. 24 vols. London: Smith, Elder, 1878-79. 20: 3-169.
- 1898 *The Works of William Makepeace Thackeray*. The Biographical Edition. 13 vols. London: Smith, Elder, 1898-99. 4: 519-670.

- Cent            *The Works of William Makepeace Thackeray*. The Centenary Biographical Edition. 26 vols. London: Smith, Elder, 1911. 24: 5-194.
- Scrib           *The Works of William Makepeace Thackeray*. The Kensington Edition. 32 vols. New York: Scribner's, 1903-04. 29: 3-238.
- Cass            [*The Works of William Makepeace Thackeray*.] New York: Cassell, n.d. Unnumbered volume containing *Henry Esmond*, *Catherine*, et al., each work separately paginated. 1-150.
- Coll            *The Works of William Makepeace Thackeray*. The Mayfair Edition. 24 vols. New York: Collier, [1912?]. 13: 3-208.

Note that citations from *Fraser's Magazine* are usually given without dates, it being understood that volumes 19 and 20 of the Magazine are from 1839, while volume 21 is from 1840.

Note as well that citations of the form "VF 13 with 558" mean that both page 13 and page 558 of the Shillingsburg edition of *Vanity Fair* should be consulted: page 13 contains the text as emended by Shillingsburg and page 558 the manuscript reading for part of that text. Such references have been necessary only in the rare cases in which the phrase quoted in this edition is one that has been partially emended in the new edition of *Vanity Fair*, so that to recover the manuscript reading of the whole phrase both the text page and the apparatus page must be consulted.

A reference of the form "VF 23(2)" means that there are two examples cited on page 23 of *Vanity Fair*.



Page-line references to the text of this edition are given with the page number first, and then the line number, so that "123.11" would mean line 11 on page 123.

Finally, note that statements of the form, "Thackeray capitalized this word six times," should be taken to mean, "Thackeray capitalized this word six times in the sample from his manuscripts examined for this edition."

**A. EMENDATIONS: SUBSTANTIVES**

Besides emendations of substantives (i.e., words and phrases), this section reports on the emendation of significant accidentals, that is, accidentals (e.g., punctuation) whose emendation affects meaning. In the listing below, the first reading is always that of the present edition; if this reading follows that of earlier editions, those editions are indicated in italics immediately after the bracket. The second reading is always that of the copy-text (from *Fraser's Magazine*, or *F*); if the copy-text reading has been followed by later editions, they are listed at this point. Additional readings are of emendations made in later editions but not adopted for this edition. Differences in accidentals among these various readings are not generally indicated here, though differences in accidentals between the present edition and the copy-text are recorded in a later section of this apparatus.

2.8 delightfully disgusting characters] *Smith, Saint*; "characters" omitted *F, Furn*.

The copy-text is clearly defective at this point. The *Smith, Elder* insertion of "characters" most likely restores the manuscript reading.

3.19 the corporal] *Smith*; the sergeant *F, Furn, Saint*.

Two paragraphs later (4.12), Peter Brock is identified as Corporal Brock and is generally referred to as a corporal in the novel. However, it seems that at some point Thackeray had thought of making him a sergeant, to fit the Captain Plume-Sergeant Kite analogy; presumably he then changed his mind and decided to alter all the sergeant references to

"corporal," but he or the compositor missed this one (and a few others).

4.18 liquors; and a considerable skill] liquors; a considerable skill *all eds.*

The "considerable skill" is the last in a series of attributes and needs an "and" to precede it.

5.2 Parliamentarians; and had died] Parliamentarians; died *all eds.*

Again an "and" is needed to precede the last item in a series, and the "had" is needed to make the sentence parallel.

5.8 having a command] *Smith, Furn;* a having command *F;* having command *Saint.*

Presumably a slip by the original compositor. The reading accepted here seems preferable to the Saintsbury emendation, which makes Brock sound like the general commanding the whole battle rather than the subordinate commander he probably was.

19.13 the corporal here] the captain here *all eds.*

It is clearly Corporal Brock and not his captain who is standing treat: he says as much just before, at 18.18 (" . . . here am I will stand treat . . ."). Moreover, it is the Corporal who is "here," not the Captain. It is possible that Thomas Bullock calls Brock a captain in error, in flattery, or in a familiar way, similar to calling him "governor" (see *OED*, "captain," 12); but since John Hayes calls Brock a corporal in the immediately preceding speech and since Bullock himself calls Brock a

corporal a little later (27.9), this seems unlikely.

19.19 Messrs. Hayes, Bullock, Blacksmiths-boy, Butcher] Messrs. Hayes, Bullock, Blacksmith, Bakers-boy, Butcher *all eds.*

The problem here is one of shifting intention. At this point in the text, Thackeray envisions a group of six or seven villagers being solicited by Corporal Brock: i.e., Hayes, Bullock, the blacksmith, the baker's boy, the butcher, and "one or two others." However, a few pages on (27.21), the group has been reduced to five: Hayes, Bullock, the butcher, "a labourer whose name we have not been able to learn," and the blacksmith's boy. The baker's boy has disappeared and so has the blacksmith; or rather these two seem to have been conflated in Thackeray's imagination to create the blacksmith's boy, or the "young blacksmith" (29.15). This latter creation takes over in the latter stages of the chapter, and it thus seems reasonable to go back to 19.19 to revise the original description of the group in line with the way Thackeray came to see it.

22.20-21 despair, and die."] despair," and die. *F, Saint; despair, and die"? Furn, 1898, Cent, Cass; despair, and die?" 1869, 1879, Scrib.*

*Fraser's* is clearly wrong: the words "and die" must be linked to the preceding command to despair, issued presumably by the "ghosts of dead hopes." The quotation marks should thus follow "die," not "despair." As for the final punctuation, though technically a question, the sentence is so long that its interrogatory nature has faded by the end; it thus seems awkward to supply a question mark.

25.1-2 the corporal's friends] *Smith*; the serjeant's friends *F*, *Furn*, *Saint*.

See note to 3.19.

25.22 *bero*] *Coll*; *bero* all other eds. but 1898; *bore* 1898.

The word "bero" is Thackeray's pseudo-Latin creation and functions as part of his parody of Ovid's line about portraying Troy with drops of wine ("mero") on a table; in Thackeray's version, Brock is drawing pictures with drops of beer ("béro"). The word should thus be italicized along with the rest of the quotation. The 1898 emendation to "bore" is a misguided attempt to make sense of the line based on the assumption that "bero" is not part of the quotation.

26.19 *stap* my vitals] *Smith*; *slap* my vitals *F*, *Furn*, *Saint*.

According to the *OED* (under "stap"), the phrase is "stap my vitals," with *stap* being an affected pronunciation of "stop." Curiously, the *OED* quotes this very passage from *Catherine* (with "slap" corrected to "stap," of course) as an example of the use of the phrase. Thackeray writes "stap my vitals" in his letters (*Letters* 2: 283); and see "stap me" in the copy-text below (171.10). Perhaps in the manuscript, Thackeray neglected to cross the "t" in "stap."

27.5 countrymen;—noble, noble fellow!—here's] *Smith*, *Furn*; countrymen;"—noble, noble fellow!—"here's *F*, *Saint*.

Thackeray's usual practice was to leave the insertion of quotation marks up to the compositors, but here they have erred in breaking off the

Duke's speech, as if it is Brock who says "noble, noble fellow!" In fact, the Duke speaks all of this, first to Marshal Tallard and then to Brock: the person spoken to changes, but the speaker does not.

27.17 corporal] serjeant *all eds.*

See note to 3.19.

29.7-8 hard on you] *all posthumous eds.*; hard in you *F.*

29.9 our Cat's bed] *all posthumous eds.*; our cat's bed *F.*

An obvious error: the landlady will share Catherine's bed, not the cat's.

30.7 Briggs's] Brigg's *all eds.*

"Brigg's" is an easy mistake to make for "Briggs's," and Briggs is by far the commoner name: there is even another Briggs in *Catherine* later on (Polly), and the Scribner's index of characters in Thackeray's works lists nine characters named Briggs (including this Farmer Briggs, interestingly), while none are named Brigg: see the Scribner's Kensington edition of Thackeray's works (New York: 1903-04) 32: 256.

31.18 recruits, corporal] recruits, sergeants *F, Saint*; recruits, sergeant *Smith, Furn.*

Once again (see note to 3.19) someone seems to have failed to revise "sergeant" to "corporal," and in addition a typographical error seems

to have occurred to make "sergeant" plural, when the reference really must be to Corporal Brock.

32.17 George of Denmark] *Smith, Saint*; William of Orange *F, Furn.*

Thackeray has confused the names of the horses; William of Orange is Brock's horse; George of Denmark's is the Captain's. See p. 9 in the text.

33.8 Briggs's] *Brigg's all eds.*

See note to 30.7.

34.8 Mrs. Hall . . . Mrs. Hall] *Smith, Saint*; Mrs. Hayes . . . Mrs. Hayes *F, Furn.*

Catherine is not married yet and so should be referred to by her maiden name. She can be called "Mrs.," though, for in the eighteenth century this title was applied to both married and unmarried women (see the note to 20.21 in the Annotations).

35.5 into] *in all eds.*

The *OED* ("in," meanings 31.a, 32.d) quotes some examples of "in" being used where "into" or "to" would be more common today, but they are almost all from before 1700. Possibly the compositor misread "into" as "in."

35.21 and a red riding-coat] and red riding-coat *all eds.*

A necessary article was somehow omitted.

38.6 quitted the Bugle] *Smith, Saint*; quitted the Sun *F, Furn.*

An interesting authorial slip. Perhaps on one level Thackeray, in trying to recall the name of the inn, associated "Bugle" with the dawn, or sunrise, and thus came up with "Sun" instead of the correct name (I owe this suggestion to Carolyn Enns). On a deeper level, one might note that this is an episode in which Catherine both bears and deserts (or quits) her son: perhaps Thackeray had this in mind when he wrote that she "quitted the Sun." On the other hand, in his 1843 story "The Ravenswing," Thackeray similarly writes "Sun" instead of the correct name for a tavern, and in this case there were no associations with bugles or children to account for his error.

43.4 no more is wanted to make a first love with—and a woman's first love lasts *for ever* (a man's twenty-fourth or fifth is perhaps the best): you can't kill it] *Smith*; no more is wanted to make a first love with (and a woman's first love lasts *for ever*, a man's twenty-fourth or fifth is perhaps the best): you can't kill it *F, Furn, Saint.*

The phrase "you can't kill it" is connected to the statement that a woman's first love lasts forever; thus that statement should not be relegated to the parenthesis.



51.3 stap my vitals] *Smith*; stop my vitals *F*, *Furn*, *Saint*.

The phrase, as noted above (26.19), is "stap my vitals"; the *OED* does list "stop" as a variant, and "stop" does at least make sense (in contrast to "slap"); but it seems likely that this is a typographical error.

52.1 gently as possible] *all posthumous eds.*; gently as possibly *F*.

Most likely a typographical error. The *OED* lists "possibly" as a variant in this sort of phrase, but calls it "irregular" and quotes no examples of it later than 1666: see "possibly," meaning 1.b.

55.14-15 only, when] only when *all eds.*

The comma seems necessary to indicate that "only" here means "but" rather than "merely."

55.22 Gustavus Adolphus] *all posthumous eds.*; Adolphus Gustavus *F*.

The copy-text order is incorrect (see the text at 6.1).

55.23 left her to herself] *Smith*; left her to herself and her child *F*, *Furn*, *Saint*.

Apparently an authorial slip: the Count cannot leave Catherine to herself "and her child," for the child has been put out to nurse (see 48.5 in the text).

56.17-19 and here, though we are only in the third chapter of this history, and feel almost sick of the characters that appear in it, and the adventures which they are called upon to go through—But how can we help ourselves?]

and here, though, we are, only in the third chapter of this history, and feel almost sick of the characters that appear in it, and the adventures which they are called upon to go through. But how can we help ourselves? *F*, *Saint*; And here, though we are only in the third chapter of this history, we feel almost sick of the characters that appear in it, and the adventures which they are called upon to go through. But how can we help ourselves? *Smith*, *Furn*.

The copy-text is garbled here. The emendations in Smith, Elder and Furniss smooth it out, but also I think alter Thackeray's intended meaning. The commas around "we are" must go, but to insert "we" after "history" prematurely introduces a note of contradiction and resolution, as if the meaning were: although it is only Chapter Three, we are sick of the characters, but we must go on. The emendation in the present edition retains what was probably the intended incoherence of the original manuscript, incoherence that confused the compositors into producing nonsense; Thackeray's intended meaning may have been something like: although it is only Chapter Three, *and* we are sick of the characters, still we must go on; it is unpleasant, but how can we help ourselves? The version in this edition suggests, partly through the use of the dash (a favourite Thackerayan device), that much of the meaning is implied and that a momentary note of desperation is present.

59.2 Warwickshire] *Smith*; Yorkshire *F*, *Furn*, *Saint*.

An error. The squire is from Warwickshire (see 41.9, 45.5, 47.16).

59.4 Warwickshire] *Smith*; Yorkshire *F*, *Furn*, *Saint*.

See the preceding note.

73.23 shivering Catherine] 1898, *Cent*; shivering, Catherine *F*, *Furn*, *Saint*, 1869, 1879, *Scrib*, *Cass*.

The comma before "Catherine" transforms a list of adjectives (Poor Catherine, wretched Catherine, etc.) into a series of introductory elements, which might make sense except for the first element, "poor." One can imagine a sentence like, "Shivering, Catherine huddled on her clothes," or "Burning, Catherine huddled on her clothes," but "Poor, Catherine huddled . . ." seems improbable, and not likely what Thackeray intended. He most likely intended merely a series of adjectives, and the problem-causing comma was probably inserted by the compositor.

82.16-17 let us go free] let us free *F* and all other eds. but *Cass*; let us be free *Cass*.

The phrase "let us free" is unidiomatic and seems like a slip. The emendation in the Cassell edition is more idiomatic, but does not really capture the sense of action suggested here: Catherine is not asking to remain or be free; she wants to be released, i.e., to be "let go," as she says just before (82.9). Perhaps Thackeray began by writing "let us go," then inserted "free," intending it to follow "go," but the compositor interpreted the insertion as requesting a replacement of "go" by "free."

83.1 "There's no law] *all posthumous eds.*; "There no law *F*.

84.5 until we can relieve guard] *Furn, Cass*; until he can relieve guard *F, 1869, 1879, Scrib*; until they can relieve guard *1898, Cent, Saint*.

The copy-text "he" does not agree with its antecedent ("friends"); emending to "they" creates agreement, but emending to "we" seems a better solution: it seems more likely that the compositor mistook a "we," rather than a "they," for "he"; as well the meaning with "we" seems slightly more logical: it is not that the two other gang members together ("they") will relieve guard, but that the gang as a whole ("we") will do so by assigning a single replacement for Brock.

85.4 The sleep which was equivalent to the absence of John Hayes, took] The sleep, which was equivalent to the absence of John Hayes, took *F, Furn, 1869, 1879, Scrib*; The sleep, which was equivalent to the absence, of John Hayes took *1898, Cent, Cass, Saint*.

The copy-text punctuation, perhaps supplied by the compositors, makes the sentence obscure by including the phrase "of John Hayes" in a non-restrictive clause as if it were part of a parenthetical remark, when in fact it is needed in the main clause to define "sleep." The 1898 emendation corrects this problem, but the result is awkward. Thackeray, whose practice was rhetorical rather than syntactic, quite possibly intended there to be only one comma in the sentence, after "Hayes," to mark a pause after the long subject. See similar sentences of his: "That feverish desire to gain a little reputation which Esmond had had, left him now"

(*Esmond* 263) and "A black servant who reposed on the box beside the fat coachman, uncurled his bandy legs" (*VF* 1). Nineteenth-century grammatical practice accepted such separation of subject and predicate: see Murray 160.

85.17-18 George of Denmark] *Smith*; William of Nassau *F*, *Furn*, *Saint*.

See note to 32.17.

85.22-23 the *Daily Post* . . . and the other chief journals] the *Daily Post* . . . and the chief journals *all eds*.

This seems like a slip, since the sentence in the copy-text suggests that the *Daily Post*, the *Courant*, etc. were not the chief journals of the day but that Brock read them as well as the chief journals. It is more likely that Thackeray intended to suggest that the *Post* and the others *were* among the chief journals, which was true of three of them (see the Annotations), and that Brock read them and the *other* chief journals.

88.18 Warwickshire] *Smith*; Yorkshire *F*, *Furn*, *Saint*.

See note to 59.2.

88.24 Warwick gaol] Shrewsbury gaol *all eds*.

In the next episode of the novel (at 120.22), the narrator, in referring to the Count's incarceration, says that it was in the "donjons of Warwick." To correct the inconsistency, *Smith*, *Elder* emended Warwick to Shrewsbury; but it seems more reasonable to emend the first reference rather than the second. None of *Catherine* takes place in Shrewsbury, but

much of it is set in Warwickshire, and the Count goes into debt to a Warwickshire squire. Perhaps thinking of Farquhar's *Kite and Plume* (two of his models for Brock and Galgenstein), who were active in Shrewsbury, led Thackeray to write Shrewsbury, but especially in light of the later reference to the dungeons of Warwick, it seems likely he intended to write "Warwick."

95.6 Tilt Yard] tilt-yard *F*; Tilt-yard *Smith, Saint*; Tilt-Yard *Furn*.

The reference here is to the previously mentioned (90.8) Tilt Yard Coffee-House. It is not any tilt-yard that is being referred to; it is a specific establishment of that name that is being mentioned. The posthumous editions correct this problem by using the form "Tilt-yard" or "Tilt-Yard" in both references. This makes the meaning clear, but introduces an unnecessary change.

96.15 wretchedly] wretched *all eds*.

Perhaps an example of incomplete authorial change of intention. Thackeray may have begun with the intention of describing Catherine's appearance as wretched and thus correctly used the adjectival form; but the sentence as it now exists describes Catherine as looking at Brock and the others in a wretched manner; therefore, it is the adverbial form that is needed. The *OED* does not sanction the use of "wretched" as an adverb.

101.19 tie-periwig] tow-periwig *all eds.*

Although Edgar Harden (*Annotations* 1: 72) suggests that a tow-periwig was one made of tow, that is, hemp or flax, the authorities on English costume make no mention of such a type of wig. They do, however, mention something called a "tie-wig": an informal, tied-back wig used for travelling, which is what Macshane, the one wearing the wig, is doing here (see Ewing 35; Cunningham and Cunningham, *Eighteenth* 93). It is possible that the compositor here misread "tie" as "to," just as in the final chapter "either" was misread as "other" (see note to 237.19); the compositor may then have sophisticated "to" to "tow."

In *Henry Esmond* (318; Book 3, Chapter 5), Thackeray describes Prince Eugene as wearing a tie-wig.

104.1 "And you left him——"] "And you left him?" *F, Smith, Saint*; "And you left him —— ?" *Furn.*

The question here is not whether Macshane left John Hayes—that is a given—but how long ago Macshane left him. Hayes's father is deliberately leaving his question only half expressed (the full question would be: "And you left him how long ago?") and this should be indicated by a dash. Moreover, since the sentence is left incomplete and does not really read like a question, it seems best to omit the question mark altogether rather than to retain it after the dash.

106.12-13 The elder Hayes's] The elder Hayes *all eds.*

Both parents are referred to, so the plural is needed. The copy-text later (138.15) creates the plural of this name by using an apostrophe, so that is the form adopted here.

109.22-23 always up early] 1879, 1898, *Cent*; up always early *F*, 1869, *Scrib*, *Cass*, *Furn*, *Saint*.

The copy-text phrase is unidiomatic and probably a slip. The idiomatic word order can be found in Thackeray's letters: "I am always up now by seven" and "We . . . [are] always up before nine" (*Letters* 1: 56, 393-94).

112.20 in his boots is written "Thomas Rodgers,"] *Smith*; in his boots are written "Thomas Rodgers," *F*, *Furn*, *Saint*.

A grammatical error.

118.12 Mr. Sicklop] *all posthumous eds.*; Mr. Sicklap *F*.

Apparently a typographical error. See note to 133.14.

122.25 somebody else's turning] *Smith*; somebody else turning *F*, *Furn*, *Saint*.

Grammar requires a possessive here before the gerund, as does parallelism to match the "somebody else's doing" immediately following.



122.25 on somebody else's doing] *all posthumous eds.*; of somebody else's doing  
*F.*

A slip: this phrase refers back not to "turning of a street," but to "turn on a minute's delay." The narrator is suggesting that our destinies turn on (not of) "somebody else's doing of something else."

126.13-14 the author of *Richelieu, Historical Odes, Siamese Twins, &c.*] the author of *Richelieu, Natural Odes, Siamese Twins, &c.* *F, Furn, Saint*; the author of *Richelieu, Siamese Twins, &c. Smith.*

The copy-text's reference to *Natural Odes* is a typographical error. There is no such work as *Natural Odes*, at least not by the author of *Richelieu* and *The Siamese Twins* (Bulwer-Lytton). Bulwer did, however, write something called *Historical Odes*, which is no doubt what Thackeray was trying to refer to: after mentioning *Richelieu*, it would have been natural for him to think of the *Historical Odes* because they were published as an appendix to *Richelieu*. Smith, Elder's editors recognized the problem of *Natural Odes* but presumably were unaware of Bulwer's obscure *Historical Odes* and thus solved the problem by deletion, a favourite Smith, Elder technique (they used it to deal with Thackeray's obscure "Wilks" references at 42.11: see "Additions and Expurgations" below). For more information on Bulwer's *Odes*, see the Annotations.

128.15-16 the tobacco and cotton plants] the tobacco and cotton plant *all eds.*

The copy-text's grammar is erroneous, and as a result the sense seems odd: as if there was one type of plant made of tobacco and cotton

combined.

129.25 gout, bile, or gray hairs] gout, biles, or gray hairs *F, Furn, Saint*; gout, bills, or grey hairs *Smith*.

The copy-text ("biles") seems wrong, for bile in the sense of the bodily fluid and the condition supposed to result from an "excess or derangement" of it (*OED*) cannot be made plural. The Smith, Elder emendation to "bills" is ingenious but probably incorrect: the narrator here is listing not just any unavoidable afflictions, but unavoidable physical afflictions; besides, he goes on to say that he has "had all three," and it would be odd to say one has "had" bills. Probably what Thackeray wrote was "bile," which the compositor misread as "biles." This possibility is supported by the nature of Thackeray's handwriting: his final "e" at times looked like "es": see the word "the" in Hays (4, 40) and in Gaskell (160, line 2: "the Coach"). The compositor may also have been influenced by the unusual plural "gray hairs."

On the other hand, it is just possible that the copy-text is correct and that Thackeray was thinking not of the fluid bile but of boils, which used to be spelled "biles." The *OED* calls this spelling obsolete, but says it survived into the nineteenth century, and Samuel Johnson, in his dictionary, recorded his preference for "biles" over "boils." As well, in an 1851 letter Thackeray, perhaps humorously, used the spelling "biling" to mean "boiling" (*Letters* 2: 736). Still, the spelling "boils" was already common enough in Johnson's time for him to concede that it was more popular than "biles," and the *OED* gives no examples of the spelling "biles" later than 1748

(see under "boil"). In contrast, the *OED* quotes William Pitt from the early nineteenth century as saying he was "quite free both from gout and bile," suggesting that the combination "gout and bile" was a fairly common one in Thackeray's day and that he was referring to it.

132.25 enough—do you remember her?"] enough." *all eds.*

The copy-text, which ends Brock's speech at "enough," sounds odd here, for Macshane's echo question ("Do I remimber her?") has nothing to echo, except perhaps for Brock's question many lines earlier (132.9-10): "You remember that man and wife . . . ?" However, Brock's question seems too far away for Macshane's question to make sense as an echo, and if it were the source of the echo Macshane would surely say, "Do I remimber *them*?"—not "her." Something must have been omitted here, perhaps by the compositor.

133.14 Mr. Sicklop] *Smith*; Mr. Cyclop *F, Furn, Saint*.

The spelling "Cyclop" makes clear the joke behind the name, for this character (whose name was spelled "Sicklop" originally, at 107.6) is a one-eyed man. It could be argued that this is another example of Thackeray deliberately altering a name to produce a humorous effect, similar to the effect he produces with the name that changes from Dripping to Drippings to Brisket (see *Unemended Cruxes*, note to 62.12). However, the cases are different in two ways. First, in the Dripping case, the changes create the joke: moving from Dripping to Drippings to Brisket creates new meaning. In contrast, moving from Sicklop to Cyclop merely

reveals the joke already contained in the original name. Secondly, the Dripping variations are all contained in characters' speeches and so can be justified as errors by the characters. The Cyclop-Sicklop variation is solely the narrator's work and thus lacking in justification for the violation of the realistic convention that characters' names stay the same. It thus seems that though the Dripping variants are a consciously intended joke, the Sicklop variations (including the spelling Sicklap at 118.12) are mere slips. Thackeray had the one-eyed mythological creature in mind when he first named his one-eyed character, but he disguised his mythological reference and created a name with more than one resonance by using the Sicklop spelling (suggesting illness as well as Greek myth). Writing the name as Cyclop later seems to have been the result of his remembering the main point of the name, but forgetting the disguise he had given it. As for "Sicklap," despite a new resonance suggesting impotence, it seems a mere misprint, for it destroys the original joke.

133.16 Mr. Sicklop] *Smith*; Mr. Cyclop *F*, *Furn*, *Saint*.

See the preceding note.

134.8-9 as just and honourable a right] *Smith*; as just and honourable right *F*,  
*Furn*, *Saint*.

135.3-4 as sure as his name is Bill—Never mind] *Smith*; as sure as his name  
is Bill. Never mind *F*, *Furn*, *Saint*.

The copy-text punctuation is misleading, suggesting that the

blacksmith calls the boy "Bill," when what he is actually doing is cutting short his identification of the boy as "Billings," probably because he does not want to honour the disrespectful child with the name. Wood then *thinks* the boy's name is Bill, but he is mistaken.

136.9 just been chastising] *all posthumous eds.*; been just chastising *F*.

136.21 the blacksmith] *Smith*; the carpenter *F, Furn, Saint*.

Thackeray's mistake. Billings is a blacksmith; it is Hayes who is the carpenter.

138.3-4 he may do so] *Smith*; he may so *F, Furn, Saint*.

138.23 towards the village,] *Smith, Saint*; towards, *F, Furn*.

The Smith, Elder emendation, followed by Saintsbury, corrects what was probably a compositor's error of omission.

143.21 alleys] *Smith*; alley *F, Furn, Saint*.

The sentence in the copy-text does not make good sense, probably because of a shift in authorial intention. Presumably Thackeray originally intended to say that young Tom met only a limited circle of people in the alley, period, with "in the alley" being a general expression similar to "in the theatre." However, when he extended the sentence to refer to "a small country hamlet," he created a construction that required a more specific reference to the alleys (plural): one speaks not of the alley of a hamlet,

but of its alleys, just as one could write of "the theatre," meaning the whole theatrical industry, but would have to write "the theatres of London."

148.23 empower him] *Smith*; empower *F, Furn, Saint*.

.

149.21 afraid for his life] afraid of his life *all eds*.

In the meaning "to be afraid that something will threaten one's life," the idiomatic preposition is "for," not "of." As Samuel Johnson says of the word afraid, "the particle *of* [is used] before the object of fear," as in "*afraid of* death," which has an entirely different meaning from what Thackeray intended when he wrote "afraid of his life."

150.3 debtors pleaded for time] creditors pressed for time *F, Furn, Saint, 1869, 1879, Scrib, Cass*; debtors pressed for time *1898, Cent*.

The copy-text phrase is obscure, especially given that it is those who owe money to Hayes rather than those whom he owes who are being referred to in this passage. The emendation to "debtors" made in some *Smith, Elder* editions helps, but the phrase remains obscure unless "pressed" is emended as well. Perhaps Thackeray's "pleaded" was misread as "pressed" by a compositor who then sophisticated "debtors" to "creditors" on the grounds that it is creditors rather than debtors who press (for payment).

153.14 went among his companions referring to him by the latter august title] went among his companions by the latter august title *all eds.*

The copy-text sentence is a bit odd: it seems to mean that Tom thought his father must be a prince and that he thought his father went by that title, a fairly redundant statement. Alternatively, it could mean the Count does indeed go among his companions by the title of prince or that Tom has appropriated the title for himself, neither of which is a true statement. What seems the most plausible explanation of what is meant by this sentence is that Tom thought his father had become a prince and therefore Tom called his father a prince among his (Tom's) companions. For this meaning to be clear, however, what is needed is a phrase like "referring to him," and perhaps there was such a phrase in manuscript or in Thackeray's mind which somehow was omitted in the first edition.

153.20 step-father] *Smith*; father *F*, *Furn*, *Saint*.

The copy-text "father" here refers to Tom's stepfather, Hayes, as opposed to his real father, the Count, who is referred to as Tom's father in the preceding lines. To avoid confusion, it seems sensible to use the term stepfather here, as Thackeray does later (192.8, 200.10).

153.21-22 on the second floor] *all posthumous eds.*; to the second floor *F*.

A slip, perhaps the result of revision: the sentence may originally have read, "Mrs. Springatt . . . retired to the second floor," and Thackeray may later have decided to insert the phrase "to her apartment" after "retired," but neglected to change the subsequent "to" to "on."

154.13 a gold-headed cane and a periwig] a gold-headed cane and periwig *all eds.*

The sense requires a repetition of the article.

157.25 Margaret, Gretel, or Gretchen] Margaret Gretel, or Gretchen *F, Furn, Saint, all Smith but Cass*; Margaret Gretel or Gretchen *Cass*.

Dr. Christa Canitz informs me that both Gretel and Gretchen are German diminutives of Margaret; Thackeray's intention must thus have been to list three versions of the daughter's first name (not two versions of a middle name different from Margaret), so it is necessary to insert a comma after "Margaret." Since Thackeray often left the commas out of lists like this, he may actually have written the comma-less version found in the Cassell edition, but he would have expected his compositors to supply the commas.

168.22 Hall] *Cent, Scrib*; Hayes *F, Furn, Saint, all other Smith eds.*

A slip: Catherine's name when the Count knew her was Hall, not Hayes, and there seems no reason to have Tom speak in error at this point.

169.19-20 Now, Mr.—ah!] Now, mister; ah! *F*; Now, mister, ah! *Furn, Saint*; Now, Mister ah!— *all Smith eds. but Cass*; Now, Mr. ah!— *Cass*.

The copy-text version, by spelling out and lower-casing "mister" and dividing it from "ah" by a semi-colon, suggests that the Count is speaking disdainfully to Billings, when it is more likely he has simply forgotten his



name. Thackeray presumably wrote something similar to what appears a little further on in the copy-text (172.3) when the Count again forgets the name: "that mother of yours, hey, Mr. a—What's your name?"

170 (illustration captioned "The interview of Mr. Billings with his father.")] *Saint*; *not in other eds.*

This drawing by Thackeray was left out of the copy-text but survives at the British Museum. Saintsbury used it as the frontispiece to his edition, but it seems to belong here, in Chapter Nine, accompanying the incident it illustrates.

171.21 what do you mean?] *all posthumous eds.*; what do mean? *F.*

171.25 what do you think] *all posthumous eds.*; what do think *F.*

179.16-17 and the lady] *Smith, Saint*; and the two ladies *F, Furn.*

Only one lady (Tom's mother) has so far been mentioned; perhaps Thackeray was thinking ahead to later in the chapter, when Polly Briggs appears, but she is not on the scene yet.

180.25-181.1 end—what, pray, is the last sentence but one] end. What, pray, is the last sentence but one *all eds.*

The copy-text does not really make sense here, probably because of interference with Thackeray's punctuation. When the copy-text says that the last sentence but one is "the very finest writing," the reference is to the

sentence: "Now I know what I could have done." Now, this is a fine sentence, but surely not what Thackeray meant to refer to by his ironic comment about the "finest writing." By that phrase he meant purple prose, excessive poeticism, the sort of thing that, in the copy-text, can be found in the last sentence but *two*: "She almost fainted: it was the old voice—there he was, after seventeen years, once more at her side!" Undoubtedly, the first three sentences in the copy-text paragraph beginning "Now I know" were originally two, but either the editors or the compositors divided them into three and thus made nonsense of the reference back to "the last sentence but one." The solution is to combine two of the sentences into one, so that the overheated sentence at the end of the preceding paragraph becomes, once again, the last sentence but one. (Note that the Smith, Elder editions further confuse the issue by dividing the poetic sentence itself into two, beginning a new sentence with "There he was . . .")

182.3 poets] *all posthumous eds.*; poet *F*.

184.18 the count was talking] the count talking *all eds.*

For the sake of parallelism, a "was" seems necessary here.

185.5 to whom we have been introduced earlier in this Number] to whom we have been introduced in the morning *F*, *Furn*, *Saint*; to whom we have been already introduced *Smith*.

An authorial slip: Thackeray has temporarily forgotten that a month

has gone by since we met Polly, the month referred to at the beginning of this chapter (177.4). He does remember in the following paragraph, but that makes the error in this one even more jarring. The Smith, Elder emendation corrects the problem, but in doing so sacrifices one of Thackeray's nuances: the point that the introduction was recent—recent in terms of reading time (it was just a few pages before: 160.18) even if not in real time (the event occurred a month ago). The emendation in this edition corrects Thackeray's error while retaining his point about the recent nature of the introduction. Another possible emendation would be: "to whom we have been just recently introduced." This, however, is less precise than the emendation adopted, and precision was part of Thackeray's original sentence.

185.16 in turn] in return *all eds.*

A slip: the meaning here is not "in exchange," but "in succession," and thus "return" is incorrect.

187.19 now for the throat-cutting, cousin] *Smith*; now for the throat-cutting cousin *F*, *Furn*, *Saint*.

The sentence in the copy-text is ambiguous. It could be addressed to everyone present and be referring to Moffat the cousin in the third person, meaning that Tom is announcing that he is now going to deal with the throat-cutting cousin. However, it is much more likely addressed to Moffat himself, telling him ("cousin") that now is the time for the throat-cutting. To make that meaning unmistakable, a comma would be helpful. It is the

sort of comma (before a noun of address) that Thackeray seemed to expect the compositors to supply, but they did not do so here.

199.6 Warwickshire] *Smith*; Staffordshire *F*, *Furn*, *Saint*.

Thackeray's error: Catherine's native village is in Warwickshire (see 6.14).

200.6 cudgel.] *Smith*; cudgel? *F*; cudgel! *Furn*, *Saint*.

The copy-text is in error, and there are two possible explanations. Either the compositor misread an exclamation point as a question mark; or Thackeray originally conceived of the sentence as a question (probably "isn't a count and a chariot and six better than an old skinflint with a cudgel?") and then revised the question into a statement by removing the "isn't," while neglecting to remove the question mark. The latter explanation seems more plausible, as the sentence does not seem exclamatory enough to deserve an exclamation point.

203.3-4 Wood could hear him . . . fidgeting perpetually to and fro, opening and shutting his chests, and clinking his coins] Wood could hear him . . . fidgeting perpetually to and fro, opening and shutting of chests, and clinking of coins *all eds*.

The copy-text version is a mixed construction, probably the result of Thackeray's changing his mind about the sentence in midstream, moving from a sentence listing Hayes's actions (his fidgeting, his clinking) to a sentence talking in a more general way about opening, shutting, and

clinking. It is impossible to know for certain how Thackeray might have corrected the problem, but the present emendation removes the inconsistency.

204.1 only that morning] only in the morning *all eds.*

Apparently a slip by Thackeray; the idiomatic phrase he seems to have been aiming at, one that means "that very morning," is the one in this edition; the copy-text phrase seems awkward and, if it means anything, suggests that Catherine spoke of the money only once, that morning.

209.10 The fair Catherine, I must tell you] *all posthumous eds.*; The fair Catherine, I need not tell you *F.*

The copy-text wording makes no sense: Madam la Comtesse cannot know anything about Catherine, so the priest would not write her that there was no need to explain Catherine's social background; on the contrary, he would be eager to report on it to her and thus would have used the phrase as emended. The mistake probably arose from the fact that the construction "I need not tell you" appears, correctly, in the previous line.

210.10 the Masters mount] the Master mount *all eds.*

A puzzling phrase in the copy-text that no subsequent edition corrected. Thackeray's account of the boxing match is taken from an actual advertisement in the *Daily Post* of March 30, 1726, to be found in the column next to the one containing that day's report on developments in the Hayes murder case. After advertising the main bout (actually a sword fight

rather than a boxing match), the advertisement announces that Mr. Figg the promoter is offering a hat as the prize in a cudgelling match which will take place "before the Masters mount"—i.e., before the two swordsmen (the Masters) mount the stage for the main event. Obviously, in the copying process, either Thackeray or the compositors dropped an "s," transforming a plural noun into an adjective and forcing the verb "mount" to be read as a noun.

For more details on the advertisement, see the Annotations.

225.17 ten o'clock] nine o'clock *all eds.*

In the previous chapter (220.9) the appointment is said to be for ten o'clock. Perhaps Thackeray confused the time of Catherine's appointment with the time Billings and Wood went out with Hayes's body (nine o'clock the same night: see 235.15 and *Villette* 1: 407, reprinted in Appendix 1, p. 746).

227.15 protection of a nobleman] *all posthumous eds.*; protection of nobleman *F*.

233.10-11 till only the skull remained] till only the skin remained *F, Furn, Saint* (*not in Smith*).

A copying error: Thackeray is following the account in *Villette* (1: 405; Appendix 1, p. 743) or *Villette's* source, which reports that Catherine proposed that the conspirators boil the head until only the *skull* remained. The copy-text version makes little sense, for it is precisely the skin that would be boiled away.

234.1 Macreth's] Macroth's *F, Furn, Saint (not in Smith)*.

Apparently another copying error; the name is Macreth in Villette (1: 406; Appendix 1, p. 744). It is possible that Thackeray deliberately altered the name, as he did Mrs. Springate's (to Springatt), but it seems unlikely that he would bother, given Macreth's unimportance in the story. It is more likely that an "e" was misread as an "o."

237.19-20 such money as she either had] such money as the other had *F, Furn, Saint (not in Smith)*.

Another transcription error: Villette reads "she either" (1: 423; Appendix 1, p. 768), and "the other" makes no sense here. The error may have arisen from the fact that Thackeray's source used the old-fashioned form of printed "s," which before the "h" in "she" resembles a "t."

244.25 followed a different plan] taken a different plan *all eds.*

The unidiomatic copy-text reading probably resulted from a mid-sentence change in authorial intention: Thackeray probably began by thinking of the phrase "taken a different path," but then decided to switch to "plan" from "path" because he wanted to talk of crying out against such a plan—it would sound odd to cry out against a path. However, he neglected to go back and correct "taken" to "followed," to create the idiomatic phrase used in this edition, and also used by Thackeray elsewhere (see "follow your plan": *Letters* 1: 172).

**B. UNEMENDED CRUXES: SUBSTANTIVES**

The following list contains words and phrases from the copy-text that have raised problems for this editor or for earlier editors, but which have been left unemended in this edition. In some cases the problems, on closer examination, turned out to be illusory, based on a misunderstanding of what Thackeray was trying to say. In other cases, the problems are real, but it seemed wiser to leave the copy-text unemended because there was no simple way to correct the error. There are also some cases in which it is difficult to tell whether the copy-text reading is correct or in error and it therefore seemed best to follow the copy-text.

In this section, the first, and sometimes only, reading is that of the present edition, which is also (substantively) that of the copy-text. Other readings are rejected variants from posthumous editions.

3.25 in the same manner with]

The meaning here would be clearer if "as" replaced "with"; however, the *OED* sanctions ."with" in these situations, though noting that "as" is more common (see under "with," meaning 12, and under "same," meaning 1.e).

6.24 county or city] country or city *Cass*.

The Cassell emendation creates a more logical phrase, since it is the country rather than a specific county that is usually contrasted with urban life: see Cowper's "God made the country, and man made the town" (cited



in the *OED* under "country," meaning 5.a). Still, the *OED* notes (2.a) that "country" can be used for "county"; and for Thackeray the reverse also seems to be true: see his reference to "county-ladies" in the *Esmond* manuscript, which was emended to "country" in the first edition (*Esmond* 516). In any case, the copy-text's "county" sounds more euphonious than "country."

7.25 them the village matrons followed] then the village matrons followed *all posthumous eds.*

The copy-text reading at first glance seems odd—hence the emendation made by all later editors, presumably on the grounds that "then" could easily be mistaken for "them"—but "them" actually makes sense, and this same inverted sentence structure can be seen in Thackeray's *The Adventures of Philip*, Chapter 36 (*Works* 11: 554): ". . . him two or three others followed." It can also be seen in *The Second Funeral of Napoleon* (*Works* 4: 708): "Him a dozen little drummer-boys followed . . ." Moreover, in the *Fraser's* text (19: 606) the *m* in "them" is more heavily inked than the rest of the word, as if it had been inserted at the last moment, that is, as if "them" was a correction at the proof stage for an erroneous "then."

9.17 Maximilian Gustavus Adolphus]

The Count's name is actually Gustavus Adolphus Maximilian (see 6.1), but as this is Brock speaking, the error is possibly his and not Thackeray's; the copy-text has thus been left unemended.

## 10.9 marched stately]

The word "stately" is usually an adjective and thus seems out of place as the modifier of a verb, but the *OED* records its use as an adverb, and Phillipps (105, 126) says Thackeray often used adjectives ending in "-ly" as adverbs. Phillipps specifically notes Thackeray's use of "stately" in this way in *The Newcomes*.

## 10.15 a pretty wistful eye]

The more usual word here would be "watchful," not "wistful," as the latter nowadays is connected to the notion of yearning eagerness rather than attentiveness. However, the *OED* notes that "wistful" formerly meant watchful, and Johnson records this as its first meaning. Moreover, Thackeray may have been influenced by Bulwer-Lytton's use of the word in the scenes from *Eugene Aram* (Book 2, Chapter 5) that inspired this one in *Catherine*. In Bulwer's story, an old corporal first sets the ostler of an inn to leading his horse and his master's to and from the inn yard, and then enters an alehouse, where two men are described as "eyeing" him "very wistfully."

## 11.24 as they were gospel truth]

The more usual form would be "as if" rather than simply "as"; but the *OED* says that "as" in the meaning "as if" is an acceptable though archaic construction and quotes examples of it from Southey and Coleridge ("as," meanings B.1.b, B.9.a).

12.21 I never see one]

Standard English requires "saw" here; but this is Catherine talking, and "see" was a low or rustic eighteenth-century usage appropriate to her (see Dixon 120n; *OED*, meaning A.3).

15.24 there's a many girl]

Johnson records "a many men" as the colloquial form of "many a man," and the *OED* (under "a," indefinite article, meaning 2) records "a many tears" as recently as 1833; it also notes that though the noun in this phrase is usually in the plural, it can be singular, and it lists "a sixty fathom" as an example.

16.3 if Thomas haven't]

Thackeray, like other Victorian writers, uses the subjunctive more than it is used today (Phillipps 118), but this is more likely a dialectal form, as Catherine is talking (see the *OED* under "have," meaning A.2.c).

16.5 step-mother]

Mrs. Score is what we would call a foster mother, but the words were used interchangeably in earlier times: see Johnson, who defines a stepmother to mean "a woman who has *stepped* into the vacant place of the true mother," a quite broad definition.

## 20.5 infer]

Thackeray uses the word here to mean "suggest" or "imply," a usage the *OED* (under "infer," meaning 4) says is "widely considered to be incorrect." However, the *OED* then quotes examples of such usage ranging back to 1530 and forward to Sir Walter Scott; thus it seems reasonable to let the word stand here.

25.23-27.16 *Captain. . . . Corporal— . . . Captain— . . .] Captain.— . . .  
Corporal.— . . . Captain.— . . . Furn, all Smith but 1898 and Cent;  
Captain. . . . Corporal. . . . Captain. . . . 1898, Cent.*

The speech headings in this dialogue in the copy-text are punctuated inconsistently, which is why most editors have regularized them. However, on closer examination, there is method in the inconsistency: speeches begun in mid-sentence are introduced by a dash; those that begin with a complete sentence are introduced by a period. Since the system makes good sense, it has been retained for this edition.

26.8 a little leetle rouge] a leetle rouge *Smith, Furn.*

The *OED* records "leetle" as a jocular or emphatic pronunciation of "little" and quotes a passage from *Oliver Twist* in which both forms are used. Admittedly, the two forms are not side-by-side in the Dickens passage, and the deleting editors presumably thought it unlikely that Thackeray wanted the two forms beside each other, but it seems quite possible that Thackeray wanted the ordinary pronunciation first and the emphatic one to follow immediately after. Thackeray uses a somewhat

similar, though not identical, construction in his article "Men and Coats" in *Fraser's* 24 (1841): 210, which contains the phrase: "one *leetle*, leetle drop." The word "leetle" can also be found in *Letters* 1: 63.

28.23 to say truth]

The *OED* (under "truth," meaning 9.a) says this phrase is archaic without the word "the" before "truth"; but Thackeray uses a similar phrase elsewhere: "to tell truth" (*Letters* 1: 49). Phillipps (120) says Thackeray tended to omit articles in such phrases.

29.3 which belong] which belongs *Cass*.

Cassell emends to standard English, but this is probably another example of Thackeray's use of a dialectal form (see note to 16.3), since the landlady is speaking.

33.18 You were walked out] You had walked out *Smith*.

The *OED* (under "walk," meaning 5.c) says that sentences of the form "She was walked out" are improper, but it records examples of the usage from 1770 and 1818 (the latter being from Sir Walter Scott).

35.12 holding on] holding on to *Smith*.

The *OED* (under "hold," meaning B.40.a) sanctions the transitive form of the verb "hold on," as in "holding on his Hat": see also the note to 217.9.

35.17 held on] held on to *Smith*.

See the preceding note.

40.22 At two o'clock afternoon]

The *OED* quotes this usage (in which "in the" is omitted before "afternoon") from Sir Walter Scott (under "afternoon," meaning 1.a).

44.8 affixes on]

"Affix" is usually followed by "to," but the *OED* sanctions the use of other prepositions, including "on," with this verb (see "affix," meaning 1).

46.6 justice of peace] justice of the peace *all posthumous eds.*

The *OED* (under "justice," meaning 10) says the form of this phrase without the "the" is obsolete, but records examples as late as Fielding and Scott.

48.5 About two minutes after the infant's birth] About two months after the infant's birth *Smith, Saint*.

Saintsbury and the editors at *Smith, Elder* seem not to have understood Thackeray's humour here, and thus altered what they took to be an error, but what is more likely an example of hyperbole.

54.25-55.1 Miss Drippings] Miss Dripping *all posthumous eds.*

See note on "Miss Brisket" (62.12).

59.23-24 rose from table] rose from the table *Cass*.

This seems to be one of the phrases in which Thackeray tends to omit the article (see Phillipps 120).

62.7 a swinging cut at Mr. Trippet's sword, which sent] a swingeing cut at Mr. Trippet's sword: it sent *Smith*.

Presumably the Smith, Elder editors felt the use of "which" created ambiguity (unclear pronoun reference); but whatever the reason, the change seems unnecessary: the original sentence is quite clear. The emendation to "swingeing" (i.e., forcible) from "swinging" (referring to a blow made with a swinging motion) also seems unnecessary: Thackeray may well have been referring to the motion of the blow rather than to its force.

62.12 Miss Brisket] Miss Dripping *Smith, Saint*.

Thackeray is having a little fun here. In his first reference to the heiress whom the Count wants to marry, he refers to her as Mrs. Dripping (51.7). She then becomes Miss Drippings (54.25), and finally, here, Miss Brisket. That is, at first she is merely the fall of some unspecified liquid; she then becomes the fat and juices that drip from a roast, and finally she becomes the roast itself—the delectable dish the Count wants to swallow. And she is a big roast too, a "twenty-thousand-pounder" (55.1). However, presumably bothered by the notion that a character's name could keep changing like this, the editors at Smith, Elder, as well as George Saintsbury at Oxford, emended to create consistency—and to destroy the joke. Even Harry Furniss, who retains the shift to Brisket, eliminates the

intermediary move to Drippings. Now, one can, of course, agree that it is odd for the heiress's name to keep changing, though this seems an unimaginative objection to some clearly intended Thackerayan humour, but Thackeray has actually anticipated this objection by making sure that the references to the heiress are all in dialogue. Thus it is only the half-drunk, half-poisoned Count who calls the heiress "Miss Brisket"; and it is Brock, who may have heard wrong, who calls her "Miss Drippings."

67.14 carryvan]

*The English Dialect Dictionary* lists "callyvan" as a Lancashire variant of "caravan" (i.e., a large carriage). It adds that "callyvan" in another of its meanings ("bird trap") can also be spelled "carryvan"; so Thackeray is using what was, or what he thought was, the appropriate Liverpool term for a travelling carriage. See also the Annotations.

68.8-10 She have killed . . . She have robbed]

Probably more dialectal forms. See note to 16.3.

68.22-23 and education. And being asked] and education. Being asked *Smith, Furn.*

The emendation makes the passage more clear and smooth; the "And" in the copy-text suggests some additional information is being introduced when in fact the sentence it begins merely elaborates on the previous one. Catherine does not invent a story and in addition explain how she came to be sitting by a roadside; she invents a story, and that story



explains how she came to be sitting by the roadside. Still, Thackeray may have intended the rather Biblical rhythm here, so the copy-text has been left unemended.

73.5 no better nor]

The *OED* quotes this very line from *Catherine* as an example of the dialectal use of "nor" for "than" (see "nor": conjunction 2).

76.25 pillow] pillion *Smith*.

The Smith, Elder editors substituted the more common word, which is used later in the copy-text (113.8) in the same context, but "pillow" is an acceptable variant recorded in the *OED*.

77.11 putting in execution] putting into execution *Smith*.

The copy-text form seems archaic, but the *OED* (under "execution," meaning 1) sanctions it, and indeed the source Thackeray is using (the *London Gazette* of March 28-April 1, 1706: 1) reads "Putting in Execution." Moreover, Thackeray uses the phrase "put in execution" in *Barry Lyndon* (285; Part 1, Chapter 17; Chapter 16 in revised edition).

77.17-20 This act . . . and another . . . caused a mighty stir . . . when it was in force]

Since the sentence mentions two acts, one might expect a plural pronoun instead of the singular "it"; but the reference to the second act can probably be read as parenthetic, so that there is only a single subject

and thus agreement between pronoun and antecedent.

79.4 two or three heroes]

Including these two or three, Brock's gang at this point consists of five or six members: Brock himself, the one-eyed man (Mr. Sicklop), the tall halberdier (Macshane), and the two or three others. However, in the next chapter, which was no doubt written some time later, as it is in a later installment, the number has been reduced to four: Brock and Macshane and "two friends" (83.21), one of whom is Mr. Sicklop. Since, however, the original description is deliberately vague, it has seemed best to leave the copy-text as is.

81.18 Brock-a-Wood] Brock, *alias* Wood 1898, *Cent.*

Neither the *OED* nor any available abbreviations dictionary sanctions the copy-text's use of "a" as an abbreviation for "alias." Still, the usage seems clear and euphonious, and it may have occurred to Thackeray by analogy with the name of another charming outlaw, Allan-a-Dale: following this analogy, "Brock-a-Wood" means "Brock of the Wood" as well as "Brock alias Wood."

82.20-21 we'll amuse you in your absence]

This statement of Macshane's seems odd on the face of it, for if Hayes were absent, how could the others amuse him? Presumably it refers to Hayes's absence from home.

83.11 The missives were]

The *OED* defines "missive" essentially to mean "letter," and there is only one letter here; but perhaps Thackeray intended to extend the meaning to refer to both the letter and the ring.

84.2-3 out of window]

The *OED* (under "window," meaning 1.a, 4.b) records examples of this phrase without the expected "the" before "window." It can also be found in Thackeray's manuscripts (*Letters* 2: 603) and in *Pendennis* (*Works* 2: 258; Book 1, Chapter 27). Phillipps (120) uses the phrase as an example of Thackeray's practice of omitting articles.

85.18 one of the heads of colleges]

The *OED* (under "head," meaning 25.b) records the similar phrase, "in the presence of heads of houses," in which no "the" precedes the final noun.

87.1-2 it is almost a pity that worthy Brock had not been a gentleman born] it was almost a pity that worthy Brock had not been a gentleman born *all posthumous eds.*

The emendation makes the sequence of tenses more regular, but at the expense of altering the nuances of meaning. The narrator is suggesting the existence of an enduring problem concerning class distinction; the emendation diminishes the universality of the statement.

87.7-12 Harley. ¶ "Ah, those . . . I will tell you] Harley. "Ah, those . . . ¶  
 "I will tell you *Smith*.

It is not entirely clear why the editors at Smith, Elder altered the paragraphing here—perhaps to indicate a break between what Brock would say at various times and what he told Catherine this specific time. But whether his specific account begins with "I will tell you" is not entirely clear itself: see the next note.

88.7 to her sacred majesty (as was then)] to her sacred Majesty the Queen  
*Smith*.

The editors at Smith, Elder decided Thackeray had erred in writing "as was then," as if Queen Anne was no longer queen when Brock made his speech. Their thinking must have been that Brock was making this speech to Catherine during the kidnapping, which seems to have happened in 1707 (see note to 132.9). In 1707, Queen Anne was still on the throne, and so it would be wrong to speak of her as if she were no longer queen.

However, it is actually not entirely clear when Brock makes this speech. A few paragraphs before this, the narrator introduces what Brock says with the comment that he liked to tell this story of his time in high society "in a good old age" (87.8). Moreover, the narrator uses the continuing tense "would . . . say" instead of the simple past "said," indicating that Brock told this story many times. It is quite possible that when writing the phrase "as was then," Thackeray was thinking of this speech as something Brock would make many times till late in his life, and since his life did not end until 1726, that is, well into the reign of

George I, it would make sense to refer to Queen Anne as the former monarch. Still, this whole speech is oddly developed, for at the end of it (96.3) Catherine speaks up, and it is clear we are back in 1707 in the middle of the kidnapping: at some point in Brock's speech there has been a shift in date from some vague time in Brock's old age to a more specific time in 1707.

88.13 bad luck turned]

The phrase may mean that bad luck turned *up*. On the other hand, it is possible that Thackeray was trying to say that Brock's luck changed from good to bad, in which case the phrase should have been "my luck turned" or "the luck turned," the latter phrase being one he used in *The Virginians* (*Works* 10: 314, Chapter 37). Given the uncertainty, however, and the awkwardness that would result from substituting either of the alternative phrases, it has seemed best to leave the copy-text reading unemended.

92.2-3 and off we went, in good time too] and off he went. In good time too  
1898.

The problem in this passage, which prompted the editors in 1898 to emend "we" to "he," is that though Brock says the party left in good time, suggesting that they left before the constables could show up to arrest them, in fact what happened is that the constables found Brock and the others still in the coffee-house, resulting in a confrontation between the two groups. This seems to be a case in which Thackeray's intention

changed in midstream—from thinking he would have Brock and the others get away before the constables arrived to deciding to let them confront each other—and there seems no simple way to reconcile the two versions. The 1898 attempt to do so contradicts the facts as related by Brock. It would save the logic for the moment if instead of the whole group ("we"), only the Count ("he") left, for then the rest of the group would not have left in good time and would still be there to have the confrontation. However, in the next paragraph we learn that the Count is still present, so Thackeray could not have written "off he went." No other simple emendation comes to mind that could fix the passage, so it has been left as is.

92.14 as brave as steel but no fool] as brave as steel and no fool *Smith, Furn.*

This is a case of the emending editors not understanding what Thackeray was trying to say, which is something like the following: Macshane wanted to fight the Major, but the latter was too old—he was a cool, experienced soldier and brave, but also smart enough ("no fool") not to fight a much younger man. The emenders presumably thought Thackeray was trying to say the following: Macshane wanted to fight the Major, but the latter was a cool, experienced, brave soldier and one who knew better than to fight a younger man. This does not really make too much sense, for it tries to disguise the contradiction between bravery and discretion; in fact, this is the contradiction Thackeray is highlighting.

94.8-9 at any rate. And so we gathered] at any rate. ¶ And so we gathered  
*Smith.*

The sentence beginning "And so we gathered" does mark a shift in the scene and thus could mark the beginning of a new paragraph; but the copy-text's paragraphing is acceptable.

108.9 whispered the landlord]

A "to" seems to be missing after "whisper," but the *OED* (under "whisper," meaning 3) records several examples of this transitive construction, including one in 1840 from Dickens.

109.12-15 gold, a large knife . . . and a paper of tobacco, were found in the breeches' pockets; while in the bosom of the sky-blue coat reposed the leg of a cold fowl, and half of a raw onion, which constituted his whole property] gold, a large knife . . . and a paper of tobacco found in the breeches' pockets, and in the bosom of the sky-blue coat the leg of a cold fowl, and half of a raw onion, constituted his whole property *Smith.*

The editors at Smith, Elder apparently decided that the original sentence was self-contradictory, because it seems to say at the end that the fowl and the onion were Macshane's only possessions while earlier it enumerates several other of his possessions. The problem is with the word "which": strictly considered, it seems to refer only to the fowl and the onion. However, the real meaning seems clear in the original—it is not difficult to see that "which" refers to all the items enumerated—and the Smith, Elder objection thus seems overly fussy.

111.19 in his way to Ireland] on his way to Ireland *Smith*.

Richardson, writing in 1836, notes that "*In* is sometimes written by old writers for *on*," and the *OED* ("way," meaning 34.a) notes the use of "in" with "way" in quotations as late as 1822. See also the *Daily Post* (May 14, 1726: 1): "In our Way from Jamaica . . ."

112.11 Peter Hobbs, ostler, swears]

Presumably, this Peter Hobbs is the same person who was previously referred to, more humorously, as "John Ostler." However, it is difficult to see how this person could be swearing anything before the justice at this point, for though he was the one who alerted the other villagers about Macshane, prompting them to go to the justice, he continued on to the Hayeses (see pp. 109, 111, 113).

113.9 the gray horse]

The reference is somewhat confusing: the only gray horse mentioned so far, though it does belong to the Hayeses, is in the possession of Macshane; how Mrs. Hayes could ride it is thus not clear.

114.16 there was really no charge against him]

The charge of having stolen Dr. Snoffler's hat (see p. 112) seems to have been forgotten at this point.



117.21 lives." And now Hayes] lives." ¶ And now Hayes *Smith*.

It might be better to begin a new paragraph as the *Smith, Elder* versions do at this point, since at the end of *Macshane's* speech the narrator here moves on to discuss what Hayes, his wife, and his mother do. But the copy-text version seems acceptable.

118.24 "*Walk!*" exclaimed Mr. Hayes] "*Walk!*" exclaimed Mrs. Hayes *Coll*.

In the copy-text version, it is John Hayes who objects in astonishment to the notion of walking home, but *Macshane* answers the objection by replying to Hayes's mother, not to Hayes, in a speech beginning, "*Madam!*" To the *Collier* editors, it must have seemed more likely that, since *Macshane* directs his explanation to the elder Mrs. Hayes, the original objection must have come from her and not from her son; however, it seems quite possible that *Macshane* would explain things to the mother even if the objection came from the son. Besides, *Thackeray* avoids using the identification "*Mrs. Hayes*" at this point, because it would refer ambiguously to both Catherine and her mother-in-law, so it is unlikely there was a "*Mrs. Hayes*" in the manuscript here that the compositors misread as "*Mr. Hayes*."

120.8 in event of]

Another phrase missing a "the," similar to "out of window" (see note to 84.2).

123.12-13 if Count Galgenstein had not married the rich widow, Mrs. Catherine would never have \* \* \* \*]

What Mrs. Catherine would never have done if the Count had not married Madam Silverkoop is never made clear, and in fact the necessary condition for what Catherine does do later in the novel—that is, murder her husband to marry the Count—is that he *not* be married to Madam Silverkoop (or anyone else). The fate of Madam Silverkoop is one of the loose ends of *Catherine*. In order for the events at the end of the novel to make sense, we can presume that she died at some point before Galgenstein re-encountered Catherine, but the truth of the matter probably is that Thackeray simply forgot about her.

123.22-23 This child had been put out to nurse at the time of its mother's elopement with the count] This child had been put out to nurse some time before its mother's elopement from the Count *Smith, Saint*; This child had been put out to nurse some time before its mother's elopement with the count *Furn*.

The problem here that bothered later editors is that, strictly speaking, what the copy-text says is not true, and could not be true, for when Catherine eloped with the Count there was no child yet, not for another nine months or so, presumably. George Saintsbury and the editors at Smith, Elder thus emended the text to make "elopement" mean not the romantic running-off of a man and woman, but a mere escape of one person from another. The *OED* does sanction such a meaning and even quotes an example from Dickens, but after all Catherine and the Count did

elope together in the more common sense, and there is no reason to believe Thackeray was referring to anything else when he wrote this sentence. In fact, he had already used the word to describe Catherine's escape with the Count (at 71.3). Thus, though the Smith-Saintsbury emendation is technically more correct than the original, since it rightly states that the baby was put out to nurse before Catherine left the Count, it is unlikely that this is the point Thackeray was trying to make. It seems much more likely that Thackeray was establishing a connection between the sending away of the boy and the coming together of Catherine and the Count, and though the copy-text statement is not literally true—the events were of course not simultaneous—from the vantage point of several years later, which is the time of the chapter in which the present crux occurs, it would be reasonable enough to look back and see the two events as more or less coinciding. Moreover, the copy-text version contains an interesting Oedipal suggestion that the emendation totally destroys, for the copy-text associates the sending away, or defeat, of a young son with the sexual triumph of the father in winning the mother. Given the father-son rivalry throughout this novel, it seems quite likely that Thackeray deliberately, or at least subconsciously, brought these events together.

Note that the Furniss emendation combines the original and the emended versions in such a way as to make the sentence extremely odd, suggesting that Catherine had a child to put to nurse before she eloped with the Count. The Furniss error does, however, suggest a more reasonable emendation in which "at the time of its mother's elopement with the count" would be changed to "some time *after* its mother's elopement."

This would make the chronology technically correct while preserving the association of the putting out to nurse with the romantic elopement; but it would still weaken that association, and thus in this edition the copy-text version is left unemended.

124.5 *no* parents] *no* parents *all posthumous eds.*

It is something of a mystery why all the editors of *Catherine* removed the italics from "*no*." Perhaps the italics seemed grammatically improper to them, or perhaps they simply missed them. The italics do add an interesting emphasis, however, no doubt representing the emphasis Mrs. Billings gave the word when she spoke it—and the sentence here is a report of what she used to say. This edition thus preserves the copy-text reading.

124.11 pitiable] pitiful *Smith*; pliable *Coll.*

In context, the copy-text's "pitiable," describing the good Mrs. Billings who takes in the homeless Tom, must be taken to mean compassionate or merciful. This, however, is an obsolete meaning for "pitiable": the *OED* records only a 1503 quotation for it in that sense, and its more usual meaning is "deserving pity . . . lamentable . . . contemptible." Even "pitiful" is defined—in the *OED* and Johnson—as meaning lamentable and contemptible; but it is also defined as meaning compassionate. The improvement seems only marginal, however; "pitying" might be a better emendation (Collier's "pliable" changes the meaning too radically), but it has been decided to leave the copy-text unemended here on two grounds: a)

Thackeray tended towards archaism and so may have wanted to use the old term; and b) he may also have wanted to suggest the more modern sense of the word, to hint that Mrs. Billings deserved pity or even contempt for allowing herself to be put upon as she was.

127.4-6 since . . . the July number . . . seven years have sped away]

The first of a series of chronological errors in the last half of the novel. The novel opens in autumn 1705 (see the text at 6.14), and there is a strong suggestion that Catherine leaves the Count and her baby son in 1706 (67.14), presumably also in the autumn or at least the summer because time must be allowed for the pregnancy. When Catherine re-encounters John Hayes, we are told that the latter has had a year to recover from his love for her (76.2), making it the autumn of 1706; another three months pass before their marriage (76.10), so that it most likely takes place in early 1707. The July number ends with the kidnapping that occurs on the wedding night, that is, in early 1707; but the current number is set in July 1715 (see the text at 131.11), so eight years, not seven, must have passed.

In this case, and all the other cases of chronological inconsistency in the last half of the novel, it has seemed best not to emend because although the chronology in the second half contradicts that in the first half, it is clearly Thackeray's intention in the second half of his novel to say that seven years have passed, not eight, to say that Catherine is 33 or 34 even though she must be older, to say that Tom is 16 or 17 even though he must be older, and so forth. In general, in the second half of

the novel, the characters are younger than they should be and less time has passed than should have according to the dates and ages in the first half of the novel. But to make the chronology consistent throughout would be to violate Thackeray's intentions in the second half and in at least one case would alter the point he is trying to make (see the note to 147.10 on Catherine's age).

129.3 for six years the adored wife]

The Hayeses' marriage took place in the previous episode, which the narrator says was seven years earlier, but which was actually eight years earlier (see the note to 127.4-6). Either way Catherine has been the wife of John Hayes for more than six years.

131.7-11 Seven years had passed away . . . July . . . 1715]

If the narrator, in discussing the passage of time, is referring to the period since Catherine's marriage, which occurred in 1707 (see the note to 127.4-6), then eight years, not seven, have passed. If he is referring to the time since Catherine abandoned her son, in 1706, then actually nine years have passed away.

132.9 seven years ago]

Another error in chronology. Brock is referring to the kidnapping, which occurred in early 1707 (see the note to 127.4-6). It is now July 1715, so more than eight years have passed, not seven as Brock says.

132.10 Three Crows] Three Rooks *Smith, Saint*.

The name of the inn was the Three Rooks, not the Three Crows (see the text at 83.1). Assuming that Thackeray here forgot the name, some editors have emended; but within a few paragraphs Thackeray's narrator refers to the inn as the Three Rooks (133.9), and thus it seems possible that Thackeray intended the "Crows" reference, which is spoken by Brock, to be an error by him.

## 133.7 Major Brock, or Wood]

Macshane often calls Brock (or Wood) Major, but this is the first time the narrator does so, and it seems to be an error: the actual rank he has assumed is Captain (see the text at 85.19). It would be simple enough to emend Major to Captain here, but later in the story (150.24) the narrator dwells on the notion that Brock had been a major; so it seems better to leave this reference unemended.

## 135.9 My wife took the brat in, seven years ago]

Since Goody Billings began nursing Tom almost as soon as he was born, which was in 1706 (see note to 127.4-6), and since this conversation occurs in July 1715, it was nine, not seven, years ago that she took him in.

## 135.9-10 a beggarly French chap]

Galgenstein of course is German, but this could be the blacksmith's error.

136.11 seven years since]

More chronological inconsistency. Tom must have been born in 1706 (see note to 127.4-6); this is July 1715, so Catherine brought Tom into the world *nine* years since.

137.1 a dragoon serjeant]

An erroneous reference to Brock, who was a corporal then; but the mistake is probably meant to be Billings'.

141.1-2 and his lady] with his lady *Smith*.

The *Smith*, Elder version is more conventional, but the copy-text version is acceptable, and more poetic or archaic, in Thackeray's manner.

143.12-13 five blank years] seven blank years *Smith*.

The editors at *Smith*, Elder corrected some but not all of the chronological inconsistencies in the text. In this case, they made the statement at the beginning of this episode correspond to the statement in the previous episode that seven years had sped by since the episode before that. However, as noted above (note to 129.3), eight years must in fact have sped by.

143.18 step-father]

This is a reference not to John Hayes, but to the blacksmith, who is Tom's foster father, not his stepfather. However, the words were used interchangeably in Thackeray's time. See note to 16.5.



147.10 three or four and thirty]

The year is 1725 (see the text at 146.18), Catherine was 16 in the fall of 1705 (see 10.21); thus she should be 35 or 36 now, not 33 or 34. This is an inconsistency that it is clearly impossible to fix, for after declaring that Catherine is 33 or 34, the narrator goes on to celebrate that age as a good one for women; therefore, to correct the age would be to change the object of celebration and alter Thackeray's point.

147.18 I've seen a many men] I've seen many men *Cass*.

Colloquial language. See the note to 15.24.

148.12 Tom was . . . sixteen]

As pointed out in the notes to 127.4-6 and 136.11, Tom was born in 1706, so he must now be 18 or 19, not 16. As with Catherine's age, and with the leap of blank years at the beginning of this chapter, Thackeray is here two years short. The error is thus probably the result of the general flaw in the novel's chronology, but it may also be connected to the section in some of the eighteenth-century accounts in which Tom is mentioned in the same paragraph as a sixteen-year-old boy (see *A Narrative of the Barbarous . . . Murder* 15; reprinted in Appendix 1 below, p. 693).

149.19 father-in-law] step-father *Smith*.

This is a reference to John Hayes, i.e., Tom's stepfather; but the *OED* sanctions the use of "father-in-law" to mean stepfather, citing quotations from Dickens and George Eliot.

150.4-5 never did poor tradesman gain a penny] never did poor tradesmen gain a penny 1898, *Cent.*

The copy-text version does not sound quite right; the standard construction would be "never did a poor tradesman" or, the 1898 emendation, "never did poor tradesmen." However, Thackeray may be attempting something poetic here, so the copy-text has been left unemended.

150.17 nearly seventy years of age] about seventy years of age *all Smith but Cass*; almost seventy years of age *Cass*.

Another chronological inconsistency. In Chapter One, Brock was described as being "about fifty seven" (4.13). That was in 1705. Now it is 1725, so he should be well over seventy, not merely approaching it. The Smith, Elder editors made a clever emendation, but it seems better to follow the copy-text here, as Brock remains important through the rest of the novel, and Thackeray seems to have conceived of him at this point as being not quite seventy. To tamper with the age might be to alter subtly the effect Thackeray is creating.

The Cassell version is curious. Presumably from misreading the Smith, Elder or Fields, Osgood copy they were using as their copy-text, the Cassell editors accidentally returned to the meaning (though not the wording) in the first edition.

150.24 he had been Major Wood]

He was actually only a captain, though Macshane used to call him Major: see note to 133.7. Because the narrator makes a point of calling

Wood a major here, it seems wrong to emend to "Captain."

154.22 read with an audible voice] read in an audible voice 1879, 1898, *Cent.*

The phrase "read in" may be slightly more idiomatic, but "read with" is acceptable.

156.2 the Bath]

Earlier in the novel Thackeray uses the modern form "Bath" (133.16), but here, in presenting an imitation of an eighteenth-century pamphlet, he may have wanted to use the older form for the name of the town, just as he used "the Bath" in the mock-*Spectator* issue in *Esmond* (288). See also the *Daily Post* (February 7, 1726: 1) and the *Weekly Journal* (May 14, 1726: 2) for use of "the Bath" instead of "Bath."

156.4 Eddenboro]

Later in the novel Thackeray uses the standard form "Edinburgh" (214.13), but here, presumably to suggest the vagaries of eighteenth-century spelling, he uses this unusual form for the name of the city. This is similar to his use of "the Bath" for "Bath" (see the preceding note), except there is no evidence "Eddenboro" was ever an acceptable spelling for Edinburgh.

156.17 "The Bavarian envy!"] "The Bavarian Envoy!" *Smith.*

Of course, the Smith, Elder editors are right: the Count is an envoy, not an "envy." However, this is the uneducated Tom Billings

speaking, who will later, in Cockney fashion, speak of the Count as the "Bavarian henvy" (188.6). Thackeray is making Tom mispronounce the word to show up Tom's ignorance and also to make a somewhat obscure joke associating the Count with envy.

167.7 He was a lad of about seventeen]

More chronological confusion. A few pages back, and in terms of the novel's time-scheme only the day before, Tom was said to be 16. Both ages are incorrect, in fact: he is 18 or 19 (see note to 148.12).

167.20-21 whether you . . . or whether your relations] whether you . . . or your relations *Smith*.

The copy-text version seems to have offended the grammatical sensibilities of Smith, Elder, but it is idiomatic English.

168.11 a duel . . . in the year 9] a duel . . . in the year 6 *Smith*.

Again the chronology has gone awry: the duel occurred after Catherine and Brock abandoned the Count (late 1706) and before the kidnapping of John Hayes (early 1707): see the note to 127.4-6. Thus 1706 seems a much more likely date than 1709. However, the Count is bordering on senility, and the error may be attributable to him, though even if it is not, it has seemed best not to emend these date discrepancies in this edition.

168.12 Major Wood]

See note to 150.24.

178.19 the latter visits]

The meaning is "later," but the *OED* records "latter" as a variant with examples as late as 1863 ("latter," meaning 2.a). Johnson also sanctions its use for "later."

180.22 after seventeen years]

As elsewhere, Thackeray has lost two years. It is actually nineteen years since Catherine saw the Count.

182.27 Solomons, by sending] Mr. Solomons, by sending *Smith*.

Smith, Elder was apparently seeking consistency—the narrator is called "Mr. Solomons" just before—but the inconsistency seems deliberate, marking a shift from mock-politeness to dismissiveness.

183.10-11 to form any such acquaintances] to form any such acquaintance *Cass*.

The *OED* and Richardson record the use of "acquaintance" to mean acquaintanceship; in fact, the word "acquaintanceship" is of fairly recent origin: the earliest *OED* quotation for it is from 1803. Note Thackeray's use of the phrase "friendships and acquaintances" (*Letters* 1: 308).

183.25 in the year six] in the year four *Smith*.

More chronological disorder. The Count says he was involved with a woman at Ratisbon in 1706 while serving the Elector of Bavaria and then with another after Blenheim; but the Battle of Blenheim was in 1704, and in 1706 the Count was with Catherine, who according to this passage heard all these stories from him then. Thus the first romance must have been no later than 1704 (hence the emendation in *Smith*, Elder's edition). Perhaps Thackeray is pointing out the Count's near-senility; but even if the error is Thackeray's, it has seemed best to leave this sort of chronological inconsistency unemended.

189.4 pulling on her mask] putting on her mask *Smith*.

As with "slap my vitals" (see the note to 26.19 in the Emendations section above), "pulling" in the copy-text may be a mistake resulting from Thackeray's failing to cross his t's in the manuscript. However, in this case "pulling" makes sense, and without direct evidence that Thackeray intended "putting," it has seemed best to follow the copy-text.

192.25, 193.2 Mr. Brock whispered . . . Mr. Brock said] Mr. Wood whispered . . .  
Mr. Wood said *Smith*.

It is true that Brock is usually called Wood in the second half of the novel; indeed at 134.24 the narrator says he will switch to "Wood" and use that name "to the end." However, he does not keep this vow: see, e.g., 151.1. It thus seems odd for the *Smith*, Elder editors suddenly to hold him to it at this point.

193.2-3 Mr. Brock said, "Curse him, but he liked her spirit.]" Mr. Wood said, "Curse me, but I like her spirit." *Smith*.

The copy-text here puts indirect speech in quotation marks, as it does elsewhere: see 75.10 (Dr. Dobbs asks, " 'whether she would like to marry John Hayes?' ") and 108.9 (the ostler whispers that " 'the stranger was riding John Hayes's horse' "). See also VF 433, where a banker asks Becky " 'how she would take it?' " And see Thackeray's letter to his bride-to-be, in which he says there was "no reason you should have been offended at my asking you so repeatedly 'if you loved me' " (*Letters* 1: 319). This is not the conventional modern style, but it is Thackeray's; so it is left unemended here.

194.20-21 a natural horror for dwelling] a natural horror of dwelling *all posthumous eds.*

Strictly speaking, the editors are right to emend this phrase, as it is not sanctioned in the *OED* or elsewhere; but "horror for" does not sound wrong and it creates an interesting ambiguity—as if the narrator is simultaneously saying that he is repelled by (has a horror of) gruesome spectacles and that he has an aptitude or flair for them—an ambiguity that seems apt in context.

200.20 Billings . . . was now established in the house]

This is a curious statement, since Billings has been living in the house since he was a boy, at least according to the version of the story told in the novel (see p. 141 in the text). However, in the real story,

Billings did not come to live with the Hayeses until much later (see Appendix 1, p. 738). Thackeray perhaps had that information in mind, confusing the real story with his fictional one, when he wrote this sentence.

200.22 he hardly dared] Hayes hardly dared *Smith*.

The antecedent of "he" in the copy-text is somewhat ambiguous, but the Smith, Elder emendation seems unnecessary.

202.15 When Billings came into the house]

Again a sentence reflecting confusion between the real and the fictional story of the Hayes murder. See the note to 200.18.

204.21-22 how can *I* marry the count? Besides, a'n't I married, and isn't he too great a lord for me?]

The "Besides" in this passage is puzzling. Besides what, one wonders? Catherine talks as if her marital status and the Count's social rank are two reasons in addition to some other reason for her not being able to marry him, a reason she does not declare. Perhaps she is implying a conventionally modest depreciation of her own worth. Or perhaps the "Besides" is an error. Given the uncertainty, it seems best to leave the passage unemended.

208.6 as I see by the post] as I see by the *Post 1898, Cent*.

The emended version suggests an interesting possibility: that Father O'Flaherty read about Voltaire's trip to England not in a private letter but



in a newspaper (e.g., the *Daily Post* or the *Flying Post*). Voltaire did really come to England in 1726, though not till May, a bit later than suggested in the novel, and the newspapers did report on it, but not in the words O'Flaherty quotes—which is not surprising, since Voltaire was not coming for "a turn," i.e., for pleasure, but was being sent into exile. (See the *Daily Courant*: 1726: May 3: 1, May 13: 1). The *Daily Post* did not report on Voltaire's arrival in England, but did report on his original arrest (April 19, 1726: 1). I have been unable to obtain the relevant copies of the *Flying Post*. Given the uncertainties here, it seems best to leave the copy-text unemended.

209.10-11 Catherine . . . is no less than a carpenter's wife, a well-to-do bourgeois]

The copy-text "bourgeois" may be an error for "bourgeoise," if it is referring to Catherine; however, it is actually more likely to be referring, albeit awkwardly, to her husband the carpenter, he being the well-to-do one, and thus it can be left unemended in the masculine form.

210.19 every one of our . . . actors . . . were] every one of our . . . actors . . . was 1898.

The *OED* says "every one" (see "every," meaning 10) should be followed by a singular verb, but notes that a plural verb is often used erroneously. Since this construction, though wrong, is common, it has been left unemended here. Note as well the following example from Thackeray's manuscripts (*Letters* 1: 131): "Every one of my letters of recommendation

are . . ."

212.5 in event of]

See note to 120.8.

213.4 When he declared that the woman tried to stab him]

Inserting a "had" before "tried" would make for a better sequence of tenses, but the copy-text version is probably acceptable.

215.4-6 he longed to be on his journey, but he began to hope that no obstacle would be placed in the way]

This is a puzzling passage; it is not clear why there is a contradiction (and thus a "but") between longing to be on a journey and hoping there would be no obstacle to it—unless Thackeray means less that Hayes wanted to be on his journey than that he was impatient to be on it, or restless, a meaning for "long" that the *OED* records as obsolete ("long": verb 1, meaning 6). Thackeray may be saying that Hayes was restless and worried about being able to go on his journey, but he began to hope it would go ahead. Even then one wonders why Hayes should begin to hope, and to feel secure, as a result of the threats made by Tom Billings.

215.6 the first time since many days]

This is an unidiomatic Gallicism, but it is a construction Thackeray uses elsewhere (see "first time since many weeks": *Letters* 1: 463), so it

has been left unemended here.

217.9-10 Tom was likewise liberally provided by the same personage]

There seems to be a "for" missing after "provided," but according to Philipps (117) Thackeray often omitted such prepositions, transforming intransitive verbs into transitives in an archaic manner.

219.8 stab me]

Elsewhere the copy-text prints "stap me" (171.10), but that is the Count speaking and this is Brock, and it is possible the expressions are meant to be different.

219.16-17 While indulging in these benevolent sentiments, Mrs. Catherine and her son arrived]

The opening phrase is a dangling modifier, referring not to Catherine and her son but to Hayes; it seems, though, that Thackeray did not see anything wrong with such constructions. See the note to 231.19.

231.19-20 Having encouraged Mr. Hayes . . . and he growing very merry . . . he sung and danced] Mr. Hayes having been encouraged . . . and growing very merry . . . he sang and danced *Smith*.

Here is another dangling modifier, this time corrected by Smith, Elder. Note, though, that it is taken verbatim from Thackeray's eighteenth-century source (see Villette 1: 404; Appendix 1, p. 741). This suggests that it was a construction used in the eighteenth century and that

Thackeray did not mind copying it.

233.20-21 going a journey]

An "on" seems to be missing, but Thackeray is again copying from his eighteenth-century source (see Villette 1: 406; Appendix 1, p. 744).

235.20-22 two people saw the head; and one who was acquainted with Mrs. Hayes communicated the fact to her]

Thackeray's condensation of his source here creates a cryptic result. The point is not just that someone *saw* the head, but that they recognized it as belonging to John Hayes (see Villette 1: 408; Appendix 1, pp. 746-47). 237.2-3 who caught hold of it]

More eighteenth-century English from Thackeray's source (see Villette 1: 413; Appendix 1, p. 755). The *OED* lists "caught" as a variant of "caught."

242.21-22 a description of an execution . . . from the *Daily Post*]

In fact, the description of the execution which Thackeray uses (see p. 238 in the text) is from the *Daily Journal*. The *Post* described the execution too, of course, but Thackeray does not use its account. However, since he builds a whole passage around the notion that the description is from the *Post*, it seems improper to make an emendation here.

245.2 No man] No one *Furn, Saint (not in Smith)*.

Probably a mere slip by Saintsbury and copied by Furniss.

245.25 a most respectful notion] a most respectable notion *Furn, Saint (not in Smith)*.

According to the *OED*, "respectable" means worthy of respect, whereas "respectful" means showing respect. Solomons here is not saying that Ainsworth in *Jack Sheppard* has a notion that is worthy of respect, but that Ainsworth has a notion which expresses respect for the "vastness of his subject." The copy-text reading is thus the correct one.

## C. POSTHUMOUS ADDITIONS AND EXPURGATIONS

This section records the large-scale expurgations and also the smaller-scale deletions made in the posthumous editions of *Catherine*, mainly in the Smith, Elder editions. It also records the additions made in those editions. The Smith, Elder editions eliminate the description of the murder and execution in the final chapter, and also remove many of the personal attacks on Bulwer-Lytton, Ainsworth, Dickens, and others. They also delete all references to the fact that the story is being serialized. Saintsbury's edition does not make the major expurgations, but does delete the references to serialization, the point of deleting such references presumably being to remove material that might puzzle a reader who was unaware of the novel's serialized origins and who would thus not understand a reference to events occurring "in the last number of this Magazine."

For deletions and expurgations recorded below, the first reading is that of both the copy-text and this edition (they are the same substantively); to the right of the bracket is a statement of which editions omit the passage in question; or if the editions have merely abbreviated the passage without entirely removing it, their readings are recorded. For additions, there is a statement to the left of the bracket indicating that the added passage cannot be found either in the copy-text or in this edition; the passage itself, and its source, is recorded to the right of the bracket.

PRELIMINARY (no advertisement in copy-text)] Most of the editions based on the *Smith*, Elder edition of 1869 open with the following "Advertisement":

The story of 'Catherine,' which appeared in *Fraser's Magazine* in 1839-40, was written by Mr. Thackeray, under the name of Ikey Solomons, Jun., to counteract the injurious influence of some popular fictions of that day, which made heroes of highwaymen and burglars, and created a false sympathy for the vicious and criminal.

With this purpose, the author chose for the subject of his story a woman named Catherine Hayes, who was burned at Tyburn, in 1726, for the deliberate murder of her husband, under very revolting circumstances. Mr. Thackeray's aim obviously was to describe the career of this wretched woman and her associates with such fidelity to truth as to exhibit the danger and folly of investing such persons with heroic and romantic qualities.

This Advertisement seems to betray a certain nervousness on the part of Smith, Elder about how their readers might react to the nastier parts of the novel—and this even though the worst parts had been cut out of their editions. It also suggests a concern on their part that readers recognize Thackeray's story as anti-Newgate fiction attacking the glorification of criminals, and not itself an example of the Newgate genre.

1.4 (no chapter title in copy-text)] Introducing to the Reader the Chief Personages of this Narrative *Smith*; In which the Reader is Introduced to the Chief Characters in the Story *Saint*.

All the chapters in the first edition have titles except the first one (and the last two). Presumably the idea of providing titles did not suggest itself until the second installment, which opens with Chapter Two.

2.12-13 (at present in monthly numbers, an ornament to society)] *omitted Smith, Saint.*

Smith, Elder and Saintsbury here eliminate a reference to the serialization not of *Catherine*, but of the concurrently produced novel, *Jack Sheppard*, presumably to avoid confusing their readers with a topical reference that no longer held true.

15.18-19 (and the reader may by looking at the picture)] *omitted Smith.*

Since this passage is omitted even from editions that run the picture referred to, it is unclear why the deletion was made.

22.14-15 Lives there the reader of this Magazine (in other words the man in Europe)] Lives there the man in Europe *Saint, all Smith but Cass; Lives there a man in Europe Cass.*

37.4-5 I. S. JUN. / *Cold Bath Fields, 15th April.*] *omitted Smith, Furn.*

Omitted either because a signing off of this sort, though acceptable at the end of a serial installment, seemed out of place at the end of the first chapter of a work in volume form or because of the discrepancy between this location and the location (Horsemonger Lane) claimed by Solomons at the end of the final chapter.

38.13-39.2 Sir Edward is a mighty man . . . his excellency the Count von Galgenstein] *omitted Smith.*

Smith, Elder deletes the attack on Bulwer-Lytton and a discussion of



the narrator's ambitions, which includes an attack on the Whigs.

42.11-12 Was not Wilks, not Wilks late of Boston, nor the celebrated Wilks of Paris, but Wilks of No. 45, the ugliest] Was not Wilkes the ugliest *Smith*, *Saint*.

Deletions possibly made because of the obscurity of the references.

See the Annotations.

42.13-14 to fill a dozen numbers of *Fraser*] to fill a volume *Smith*.

49.17 every one of the readers of this Magazine] every one of my readers *Smith*, *Saint*.

99.26 —O.Y.] omitted *Smith*.

"O.Y." is a reference to the imaginary editor of *Fraser's*, Oliver Yorke, a reference *Smith*, Elder would delete as part of its policy of removing all evidence of *Catherine's* magazine origins. However, the *Smith*, Elder editions allow the "O.Y." to stand in the footnote at 182.27.

107.5-7 more than a dozen hours had passed, Corporal Brock had been relieved by . . . Mr. Sicklop (the one-eyed gentleman to be seen in the last Number), and Mrs. John Hayes] more than a dozen hours had passed. Corporal Brock had been relieved by . . . Mr. Sicklop, the one-eyed gentleman; Mrs. John Hayes *Smith*; more than a dozen hours had passed, Corporal Brock had been relieved by . . . Mr. Sicklop, the one-eyed

gentleman, and Mrs. John Hayes *Saint*.

120.21 in the last number of this Magazine] in a former chapter *Smith, Saint*.

123.15-18 not for two or three and forty or fifty numbers, or so. *We* know when we have got a good thing as well as our neighbours; and OLIVER YORKE says this tale is to continue until the year 44, when, perhaps, you *may* know what Mrs. Catherine never would have done.] not for two or three and seventy pages or so—when perhaps, you *may* know what Mrs. Catherine never would have done. *Smith*; not for two or three and seventy pages or so—when perhaps, you *may* know what Mrs. Catherine never would have done. *We* know when we have got a good thing as well as our neighbours. *Saint*.

Note that in removing the reference to numbers of the Magazine, Smith, Elder (followed by Saintsbury) has also eliminated Thackeray's hyperbole. When Smith, Elder's version says the reader will not discover what Catherine never would have done for another 72 or 73 pages, that is an accurate statement of how long it is to the end of the novel. When the copy-text says there will be no revelation for another 40-50 numbers, that is a joking exaggeration: the numbers of *Catherine* averaged twelve to fifteen magazine pages; a magazine page translates to about one-and-one-half book pages; thus 40-50 numbers of *Catherine* would produce 700 to 1100 more book pages.

123.19 the second part of these Memoirs] the second chapter of these Memoirs  
*Smith.*

Since Chapter One of *Catherine* occupied all of the first installment, and the second installment (or part) began with Chapter Two, it is in fact possible to replace "part" with "chapter" and still be correct in this case.

127.5-6 in the July number of this Magazine] in the last chapter *Smith, Saint.*

130.1-3 But away with egotism and talk of one's own sorrows: my Lord Byron, and my friend the member for Lincoln, have drained such subjects dry.]  
*omitted Smith.*

References deleted because they were either too personal or too topical.

135.4-5 and so saying, or *soi disant*, as Bulwer says, he] And so saying, he  
*Smith.*

Smith, Elder deletes the mockery of Bulwer-Lytton, accused here by Thackeray of being both high-flown and ignorant (*soi disant* does not mean "so saying"). But see the Annotations.

215.13-17 We are now prepared, O candid and discerning reader, who art sick of . . . certain eminent wits, to give to the world a scene infinitely more brutal and bloody than even the murder of Miss Nancy, or the death of Sir Rowland Trenchard; and if you turn away] O candid and discerning reader, who art sick of . . . certain eminent wits, if you turn away

*Smith.*

Smith, Elder removes the allusions to Dickens and Ainsworth.

230.3-14 In the next place, if Mr. Yates, Mr. Davidge, Mr. Crummles . . . a very pretty one it will be] *omitted Smith.*

Smith, Elder omits two paragraphs containing topical references to theatrical entrepreneurs of the 1830s and to the popular song, "Nix, my dolly pals, fake away!" from 1839's most popular stage presentation, the dramatization of Ainsworth's *Jack Sheppard*. These might have seemed obscure by 1869; as well the editors may have felt the passage too hysterical.

230.15 The subject, too, is strictly historical] The subject is strictly historical *Smith.*

With the removal of the two paragraphs about the murder as a theatrical spectacle, the "too" in this sentence became meaningless and had to be deleted as well.

231.4-15 The same paper adds . . . the ordinary's narrative] *omitted Smith.*

Smith, Elder here omitted one paragraph elaborating on the notion of the murder as a theatrical spectacle and also containing a statement that the description of the murder that follows is taken from the account of the Ordinary of Newgate. Since Smith, Elder omitted much of the Ordinary's description, it was probably felt necessary to omit this statement concerning it.

232.5-241.18 Hereupon Billings . . . rather than otherwise.] *omitted Smith.*

This is Smith, Elder's major expurgation. Their editions leave out almost three pages of the *Fraser's* text, along with the mock theatre bill which occupies an additional page in the copy-text. In place of this deleted material, Smith, Elder's editions and the American ones based on Smith, Elder provide the following explanatory note:

The description of the murder and the execution of the culprits, which here follows in the original, was taken from the newspapers of the day. Coming from such a source they have, as may be imagined, no literary merit whatever. The details of the crime are simply horrible, without one touch of even that sort of romance which sometimes gives a little dignity to murder. As such they precisely suited Mr. Thackeray's purpose at the time—which was to show the real manners and customs of the Sheppards and Turpins who were then the popular heroes of fiction. But now-a-days there is no such purpose to serve, and therefore these too literal details are omitted.

Note that the explanation is somewhat inaccurate in saying Thackeray's sources were the newspapers of the day. Although Thackeray does quote from two newspapers, the bulk of this section comes, as the novel itself indicates, from the account of the Ordinary of Newgate, an account that can be found in *Villette* (1: 404-408, 425, and *passim*; Appendix 1, pp. 744-57, 767-68, 771-72). Thackeray's version quotes large sections nearly verbatim and summarizes others.

242.6-7 the "ordinary" narrative as above condensed by him, is] the "ordinary" narrative is *Smith.*

Having omitted Thackeray's condensation of the Ordinary's account, Smith, Elder had to omit the phrase referring to the condensation, but in

so doing eliminated the pun on "ordinary."

242.11-12 (who hath lately . . . been gratified by a permission to wear a bloody hand)] *omitted Smith.*

A reference to Bulwer-Lytton's new baronetcy.

244.5-6 The author has been pleased, sir, at] The author has been pleased at *Smith.*

Smith, Elder apparently saw the "sir" as addressing Oliver Yorke and thus referring to *Fraser's*.

244.12 Sir, some of our] Some of our *Smith.*

See the preceding note.

245.2-247.1 To begin with Mr. Dickens . . . prodigies of evil!] *omitted Smith.*

Smith, Elder here omitted two paragraphs attacking *Oliver Twist* and *Jack Sheppard*.

**D. THE ACCIDENTALS**

This table records and, where appropriate, provides explanations for all the emendations made in this edition to correct typographical errors, spelling mistakes, and misleading copy-text punctuation. This table also records unusual or inconsistent accidentals that have been left unemended; these entries contain either a discussion of the unusual accidental or a reference to the Glossary of Spelling and Capitalization below, where a discussion can be found.

Unless otherwise indicated, where two or more readings are listed below, the first reading is the emended one used in this edition, the second is the copy-text reading, and any others are those of posthumous editions not followed in this edition. Where there is only one reading, this edition and the copy-text agree, there has been no emendation, and the entry contains a discussion of the questionable but unemended accidental. Occasionally, where this edition follows the copy-text in preference to other editors' readings which are interesting enough to record, the first reading is that of both this edition and the copy-text, with additional readings being the ones not adopted from other editions. In such cases, *F* is printed immediately after the bracket to indicate that the first reading rather than the second is from the copy-text.

**1.16 Madame Marlborough]**

See the Glossary (under "Madam").

2.1 befel]

See the Glossary.

2.22 Old Bailey calendar]

It would be more usual to capitalize "calendar" and Thackeray capitalizes the similar "Old Bailey Chronicle" in his poem on Catherine Hayes (Hays 22), so "calendar" may have been capitalized in the manuscript. However, this is a style question rather than an error.

3.3 villany]

See the Glossary.

4.17 food;] food,

The word "food" seems to mark the end of a category and thus should be followed by a semi-colon, as is the case for all the other categories in this list.

5.8 battle of the Boyne]

See the Glossary (under "battle").

6.19-20 Roman-nosed Flanders horses] Roman-nosed, Flanders horses

"Flanders" is not an adjective like "Roman-nosed," but is the name of this breed of horse. The copy-text comma thus is misleading.



7.21 ribands]

See the Glossary.

7.25 horseboy]

Earlier in the copy-text (7.7) this word is hyphenated. Later there are two more unhyphenated examples. The *OED* records both forms, so the inconsistency has been left unemended.

9.1 Prince Eugene once rode] Prince Eugene, once rode

9.6 Saurkrauter's]

The copy-text elsewhere uses the more common spelling "sauerkraut," but this *e*-less form is recorded in the *OED*. Assuming that the spelling "Saurkrauter" originated with Thackeray, the compositors may have been reluctant to alter it because the word functions here as a proper name.

12.8 said, "Coming] said "Coming

The missing comma before the quotation is the sort of punctuation Thackeray usually left up to the compositors to supply; for some reason they failed to supply it here.

12.9 called,"] called." *F*; called"— *all posthumous eds.*

Clearly an error in the copy-text, for the sentence cannot end here. A comma corrects the problem. The dash preferred by other editors causes an unnecessary break in the syntax.

12.17 lord, that is;] lord that is;

Grammatical convention requires a comma after "lord"; probably this is another example of a situation in which the compositors failed to supply a comma that Thackeray expected them to supply. But cf. *VF* 7: "You may be hungry you know"; Shillingsburg does not supply a comma in that case.

13.17 fisty-cuffs]

Recorded as a variant spelling in the *OED*.

13.20 sorry, sure] sorry sure

14.1 Mrs. Catharine's Temptation.] MRS. CATHARINE'S TEMPTATION.

The only surviving portion of the manuscript of *Catherine*, the illustration and caption at 170, indicates that Thackeray wrote his captions in normal upper-and-lower-case form, not capitalizing every letter as in the copy-text. As for the spelling "Catharine," see the Glossary (the section "Names").

15.13 When, following] When following

The phrase "following up his attack" is parenthetical and should be set off by commas.

18.7 'em] em

Although the *OED* sanctions "em" as a variant (see under "hem") and though Thackeray omitted the apostrophe in his letters at least once (*Letters* 1: 326), on five other occasions he included the apostrophe: *Letters* 4: 289; *Esmond* 124, 179, 182; *Hays* 20. Since he often omitted necessary apostrophes, which he presumably expected the compositors to supply, the missing mark has been added here.

18.8-9 majesty, to be sure:] majesty to be sure:

19.2 shew]

See the Glossary.

19.9 can'st]

See the Glossary.

19.17-18 gentlemen farmers] gentleman farmers

19.24 although, at] although at

20.12 butcher,] butcher.

23.17 woful]

See the Glossary.

24.25 Queen Anne's] queen Anne's

Even following *Fraser's* style, "Queen" should be capitalized in this situation. Cf. the copy-text's "Queen Anne" at 2.1 (*Fraser's* 19: 604).

26.23 Marshall]

See the Glossary.

27.1 stept]

A variant spelling recorded in the *OED*. Elsewhere the copy-text uses "stepped."

27.4 he—] he,

A parenthetic remark follows "he" and requires more than a comma to introduce it. Thackeray, who tended to use dashes, perhaps used one here which the compositors replaced.

27.4 Marshal, you] Marshal you

Thackeray probably expected his compositors to insert commas after nouns of address like "Marshal," and they may actually have intended to do so here, for the *Fraser's* text at this point did not print well: the "l" in "Marshal" is broken, and it is possible there was a comma that dropped out.

27.7 diamond-hilted] diamond hilted

Thackeray is inconsistent about using such hyphens, but here one seems necessary to avoid confusion.

27.10 didn't] did'nt

27.16 *table.*] *table*

27.24 Mr. Blacksmiths-boy] Mr. Blacksmith's-boy *F*; Mr. Blacksmith's boy *all posthumous eds.*

Thackeray seems to be treating this less as a description than as a name, like "Mr. Butcher" in the following sentence, and it should correspond with "Blacksmiths-boy" (originally "Bakers-boy") at 19.19.

30.13 hostler]

The copy-text is inconsistent in spelling this word, printing "hostler" three times and "ostler" six times (including the pseudo-name "John Ostler" twice). The *OED* sanctions both spellings.

30.21 the girl," Mrs.] the girl." Mrs.

31.11 D—] D—

35.6 Catharine]

A variant spelling: see the Names section of the Glossary.

35.7 sha'n't]

See the Glossary.

35.18 sate]

See the Glossary.

40.10 "Women] Women

41.7 You see, I] You see I

Another comma that should have been supplied. Cf. the copy-text at 26.17: "why, you see, ventre means . . ." (*Fraser's* 19: 613).

42.22 beat] beast

43.2 beefsteak] beafsteak

44.7-10 No stigma affixes on *him* for betraying a woman—no bitter pangs of mortified vanity—no insulting looks of superiority from his neighbour—And no sentence . . . is read against him. These all] No stigma affixes on *him* for betraying a woman; no bitter pangs of mortified vanity; no insulting looks of superiority from his neighbour, and no sentence . . . is read against him; these all

The copy-text version seems to join the plural subject "looks" with the singular verb "is"; or if read another way, it links two fragments—"no bitter pangs," "no insulting looks"—to a complete clause. Either way the effect is jarring. It may be that Thackeray used dashes here, which the compositors replaced, to set apart the two fragments, and then used another to introduce a new sentence.

44.18-20 had come to have a perfect contempt . . . for Mrs. Hall, and how should he not for a young person who had given herself up so easily? and would have] *F*; had come to have a perfect contempt . . . for Mrs. Hall—and how should he not for a young person who had given herself up so easily?—and would have *Furn*; had come to have a perfect contempt . . . for Mrs. Hall—how should he not for a young person who had given herself up so easily?—and would have *Smith*.

There seems no reason to delete the "and" as Smith, Elder does. It is tempting to insert dashes to set off the parenthetical remark, but Thackeray leaves them out elsewhere: see *Letters* 3: 34 ("I wish we were there dont you? and could see . . ."). See also the note to 205.22.

48.12 ill treatment of her;] ill treatment of her,

This is one of a number of items the narrator reports Catherine discussing; all the other items are followed by semi-colons, so it seems sensible to use a semi-colon here as well.

51.14 *resumé*]

The *OED* prefers "résumé" and "resume," but records one example of "resumé" with a single accent.

52.2 *piano*] piano

According to the *OED*, this word is still not naturalized in the meaning "quiet"; and since the other Italian phrase must be italicized here, it seems reasonable to italicize this word as well.

52.2 *molta*] *molto*

An error in agreement: the feminine is required.

## 54.7 she. "Of] she; "Of

Although Thackeray produces other examples in which a capital seems to begin a new sentence, though no period has ended the previous one (see Gaskell 163: "What's this noise? says she, Is this gentleman the Doctor?"), it seems reasonable to make the sentence grammatical by either inserting a period or removing the capital.

## 54.11 cross-questions] cross questions

A hyphen seems necessary to avoid ambiguity.

## 55.16 do?" she] do?" She



55.18 Holophernes]

See the section "Names" in the Glossary below.

55.22 headach]

See the Glossary.

56.3 toothach]

See the Glossary under "headache."

57.1 τὸ καλόν] το χαλον

The copy-text version omits the conventional accents and mistakenly prints chi for kappa. Dr. H. G. Edinger suggests that the latter error would be an easy one to make in copying from a handwritten text. Both errors are corrected in the posthumous editions.

60.1 stupified]

See the Glossary.

60.8 or to —] or to —

To indicate an unrecorded word, as here, it seems preferable to use a long dash, not a short one, as the copy-text does elsewhere (see 72.12, 81.10, 126.7, 137.18, 144.20, 172.11).

61.8 -- you] -- you

See note to 60.8.

62.11 Hark you]

See the Glossary for variants on "hark."

62.17 courage. "O Lord] courage; "O Lord

A new sentence seems required here. Cf. 54.7.

64.24 *Sie*] *sie*

The German pronoun should be capitalized.

66.4 woful]

See the Glossary.

70.19 "There] "there

This is indirect speech in quotation marks, which Thackeray does use at times without capitalizing the first word: see *VF* 433; *Letters* 1: 319. But in this case the quotation is a full sentence and seems to require a capital.

72.6 tell Coachman] tell coachman

The word functions as a name here; cf. "Mr. Coachman" at 71.24 in the text above and "he and Coachman" (*VF* 14).

72.12 a'n't]

See the Glossary.

75.13 Dobbs] Dobbs's

Erroneous use of the possessive.

77.10-12 proclamation . . . for putting in execution an act of parliament for the encouragement and increase of seamen]

Thackeray is citing, with only minor variations, the actual title of a proclamation which appears as follows in his source (*London Gazette*, March 28-April 1, 1706: 1): "A PROCLAMATION, For the Putting in Execution an Act of Parliament for the Encouragement and Encrease of Seamen." Given the capitalization in the source and Thackeray's tendency to capitalize, it is likely that in his manuscript he capitalized some or all of the words in the title.

79.2 He with the patch on his eye] He, with the patch on his eye,

80.1 The interrupted marriage.] THE INTERRUPTED MARRIAGE.

See note to 14.1.

81.10 is] s

A dropped letter: missing in all five copies of *Fraser's* consulted (the copy at McGill University as well as the four copies collated for this edition).

## 81.13 halberd]

The word is spelled "halbert" at 79.3. Both spellings are acceptable according to the *OED*.

82.3-4 Let me see, where was it?] Let me see where was it. *F*, *Furn*, *Saint*; Let me see? where was it? 1869, *Scrib*; Let me see; where was it? 1879, 1898, *Cent*; Let me see—where was it? *Cass*.

Perhaps a sentence Thackeray expected the compositors to help punctuate, but which they left virtually untouched. The two clauses must be separated and a question mark inserted at the end. Considering Thackeray's light style of punctuation and by analogy with the copy-text sentence, "Suppose I *am* your father, do you want to murder me?" (169.12), a comma seems sufficient to separate the clauses.

## 82.19 coorse] course

The spelling regularly used for Macshane later in the episode is "coorse" (see, e.g., 103.24). Perhaps Thackeray only hit on it after writing this passage and neglected to come back and change the spelling here; or perhaps a compositor "corrected" the spelling. Either way it seems reasonable to regularize.

## 85.24 Button's and Will's] Button's and Wills's

The correct name of the eighteenth-century coffee-house is not Wills's but Will's (after its owner, Will Unwin: see Drabble, "Will's Coffee House"), and it is so spelled later in the copy-text (*Fraser's* 21: 210; p. 242 in the

text above). Perhaps a compositor confused the old name with the name of a hall that was commonly used in 1839 for concerts: Willis's Concert Rooms (see references to this hall in the *Sunday Times*, April 7, 1839: 4, and in the *Morning Post*, July 6, 1839: 6).

86.3-4 Blew Anchor] BlewAnchor

The lack of space between the words is presumably a typographical error. As for the spelling "Blew," the *OED* records it as an archaism for "blue," and an archaic effect is probably what Thackeray is trying to create here.

86.4 Pickadilly]

See the section "Names" in the Glossary below.

87.20 Will's] Wills's *F*, *Furn*, *Saint*.

See the note to 85.24.

87.23 Peterborow]

See the section "Names" in the Glossary below.

89.1 Captain Brock appears at Court with my Lord Peterborough.] CAPTAIN  
BROCK APPEARS AT COURT WITH MY LORD PETERBOROUGH.

See note to 14.1.

92.2 Montague House]

The current preferred spelling is "Montagu," but "Montague" was formerly used as well (see Evelyn 4: 90 and note, 344).

92.2 off we went,] off we went

The phrase after this one shifts the thought of the sentence in a somewhat parenthetical direction, so some punctuation seems required.

93.10-11 pocket-book;' . . . 'See] pocket book; . . . See

Quotation marks inserted to separate Brock's parenthetical remarks from Galgenstein's speech.

93.12-14 ear' . . . 'tell . . . arm,' . . . 'Yonder] ear . . . tell . . . arm,  
. . . Yonder

See note to 93.11.

94.12 now, all] now all

A comma is needed to compensate for the colloquial omission of the word "what."

94.19 cook-shop.']} cook-shop.

95.18 horses;']} horses;"

96.5 meer]

The *OED* records this spelling as a variant of "mere."

98.16 Reade] Reade,

The copy-text's comma creates ambiguity.

103.1, 103.8 bearer . . . barer]

John Hayes produces these two different spellings, one clearly incorrect, and given Hayes's misspellings elsewhere in his letter, it seems quite possible Thackeray intended him to be responsible for both the error and the inconsistency. It is also possible Thackeray wanted the word spelled "barer" both times and an over-zealous compositor "corrected" the first one; but without clearer evidence it seems best to follow the copy-text here.

103.23 enlisted] inlisted

"Inlist" is a formerly acceptable though now obsolete spelling of "enlist" (*OED*), and since Thackeray tended at times to use obsolete spellings, it is possible he used "inlisted" here. However, the one example found in his manuscripts is spelled "enlist" (*Letters* 1: 215). Moreover, the substitution of "i" for "e" is a characteristic Thackeray gives to Macshane—note the latter's use of "Insign" (117.20), "condescind" and "sildom" (103.21), and "intirely" (102.18)—and yet the word "inlisted" is spoken by the elder Hayes, whereas Macshane a few speeches later speaks of "enlistment." Possibly there was some confusion here: Thackeray may have intended to have Macshane talk of "inlistment," but somehow the

change from "e" to "i" was made to the wrong speech.

104.15 inlistment] enlistment

See the note to 103.23.

106.2 mam]

See the Glossary (under "Ma'am").

108.19 staid]

See the Glossary.

113.4-5 the elder made] the elder, made

113.24 Hayes?] Hayes.

117.1 who with] who, with

117.23 aint]

Elsewhere in the copy-text, the word is spelled "ain't"; but the *OED* records both forms and Thackeray was inconsistent about apostrophes.

120.18 tomaun] tomann

The *OED* lists a variety of spellings, but not "tomann."



120.22 donjons]

The *OED* lists this as an archaic version of "dungeons."

121.14 l' Enclos]

This may be a spacing error by the compositor, but it may be an authorial variation similar to "did n't" and "have n't." See "-n't" in the "Major Categories" section of the Glossary below.

129.1 'Sh, 'shsh, shshshhh]

The apostrophes are not used consistently, but Thackeray was often inconsistent about them, and the *OED* sanctions both forms.

129.22 buss]

The *OED* indicates that this spelling of the abbreviation for omnibus was a common one in the early nineteenth century (see "bus," 1.a).

130.10 wo]

See the Glossary.

132.16 -- her] -- her

See note to 60.8.

135.3 do n't]

See "-n't" in the Major Categories section of the Glossary below.

135.10-12 soul" . . . "and . . . now" . . . "and] soul . . . and . . . now  
 . . . and

Quotation marks inserted to separate the narrator's comments from  
 the blacksmith's speech.

135.14 his—(—)—life—] his—(—) life—

A dash seems to be missing in the copy-text.

136.6 do n't]

See "-n't" in the Major Categories section of the Glossary below.

137.6, 137.22, 137.24 did n't . . . have n't . . . had n't]

See "-n't" in the Major Categories section of the Glossary below.

138.5 parly]

The more common spelling is "parley," which is found in the  
 copy-text at 68.18; but the *OED* records both forms.

138.15 Hayes's]

An unconventional-looking plural, but used in the eighteenth century:  
 see "their Royal Highness's command" (*Daily Post*, March 3, 1726), a  
 phrase Thackeray copies at 231.5. Note as well Thackeray's use of  
 "Perkins's" as a plural possessive (*VF* 65).

138.25 the Hayes family] the Hayes's family

139.13, 141.17 do n't . . . Is n't]

See "-n't" in the Major Categories section of the Glossary below.

142.1 Catharine's present to Mr. Hayes.] CATHARINE'S PRESENT TO MR.  
HAYES.

See note to 14.1.

144.16 by and] by, and

The copy-text comma makes it sound as if Tom was the one who  
laughed, whereas the end of the sentence makes it clear it was the little  
boys who did so.

146.21 table—all] table; all

The semi-colon disrupts the sentence.

148.2 jeopardy]

The *OED* records this as a rarely used variant of jeopardize. Of the  
three examples listed, one is from Thackeray, and another is from *Fraser's*  
*Magazine*.

151.12 gentleman so ill, that] gentleman, so ill that

152.8-10 When, therefore,—as the party . . . said grace,—Master Tom entered,  
 Doctor Wood] When, therefore, as the party . . . said grace, Master Tom  
 entered; Doctor Wood

The parenthetical remark confuses the meaning in the copy-text because its parenthetical nature is not clearly indicated. The semi-colon adds to the confusion.

152.18 quantity. "Ah] quantity; "Ah *F, Saint*; quantity—'Ah *Furn*; quantity—'ah  
*Cass*; quantity.—"Ah *all other eds.*

The copy-text seems to be in error; but replacing the semi-colon with a period seems sufficient as a correction. Cf. the note to 54.7.

153.5 muttered,] muttered

A pre-quotation comma that the compositor failed to provide.

156.21 case-bottle.] case-bottle."

Wood is continuing to speak, so it seems wrong to close the quotation. It is true, though, that he is switching from repetition of what he previously said to going on with his reading. All posthumous editions remove the quotation marks here, but two (1898, *Cent*) try to indicate the shift by means of spacing and print size.

158.13 at the ——" ] at the"—

*Fraser's* does sometimes put dashes after quotation marks (see 6 (1832): 77, 78), but at other times (20: 52, 53, 148) follows the more

logical procedure of putting them inside. Since Thackeray probably had nothing to do with the placement of this punctuation, it seems reasonable to adopt the more logical order here.

159.17 follow me"?] *Saint, Furn*; follow me?" *F*; follow me!" *Smith*.

The question mark is misplaced in the copy-text, but there seems no need to make it into an exclamation mark.

162.10 Nugee coats,] Nugee coats;

The semi-colon incorrectly separates the phrases beginning with "split" and "read" from the auxiliary "having" on which they both depend.

163.14 etc.]

Spelled "&c." elsewhere in the copy-text: see the Glossary.

165.13 bauers]

The root here is the German word for peasant; being a German noun, it would normally be capitalized and, in this English text, italicized. However, Thackeray has anglicized the word by making it plural in the English, not the German, way (by adding an "s"). The lower case, non-italicized copy-text form has thus been left unemended.

166.7 l'Abbé" (yawning); "I] l'Abbé (yawning); I

Quotation marks have been inserted to distinguish the narrator's comment from the Count's speech.

166.16 school-boys]

Spelled "schoolboy" earlier (163.9): see the Glossary.

167.3 harkye]

This phrase is spelled variously in the text. See the Glossary below.

169.21 wofully]

See the Glossary.

172.20 hey] *Smith*; he *F*, *Furn*, *Saint*.

The *OED* lists "he" as a variant of "heh," but says it is obsolete, citing only a fourteenth-century quotation. Here, as the editors at Smith, Elder thought, it is probably a slip for "hey," which Thackeray uses at 171.12 and 172.3.

173.5 *élève*] *élève*

173.7 bishoprick]

See the Glossary.

174.1 Gräfinn]

The standard modern form for the German word for countess is "gräfin," with only one "n"; but in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries the double-n spelling was seen occasionally, and the brothers Grimm, in their *Deutsches Wörterbuch*, cite examples from Goethe and Schiller.

174.4 remark it.] remark it.' "

The compositor erred here in closing the quotation: Galgenstein is still speaking.

174.5 gravely.] gravely."

174.13 service.] service.' "

174.15 words.] words.'

174.16 'give] "give

174.23 Geht zum Teufel] Ghet zum teufel

Two corrections: a) "Geht" is misspelled in the copy-text; b) this being a German phrase, the noun "Teufel" should be capitalized.

181.6 εὐάγητον] εὐάγητοι

A misquotation of the original Greek from Aristophanes ("The Clouds": 277), probably the result of a misprint. Not corrected in any of the later editions. Dr. H. G. Edinger says the misprint could be read as a grammatically correct form, and this may be why it survived into later editions. Or it may be that compositors with no Greek simply copied the error from edition to edition.

Re the quotation in general: note that Thackeray or his compositors have divided the Greek original into three lines of conventional-looking

English verse, producing capitals at the beginning of each line which do not exist in the original.

181.19 De Galgenstein]

In other references (e.g., 157.9), where more of his name is given ("Maximilian de Galgenstein"), the "de" is lower case. One could thus lower-case the "de" here, but as it begins the name in this reference it seems reasonable to leave it in the copy-text's capitalized form.

188.7 him,"] him"

189.7 dosing]

See the Glossary and the Annotations.

192.2 Marybone]

The standard modern spelling (Marylebone) appears twice earlier in the text (177.2, 177.5), but from here to the end of the novel Thackeray uses the older "Marybone" form exclusively (eight times). The reason may be that the "Marybone" form is the one found in Thackeray's sources for these last episodes of the novel. In fact, one of the "Marybone" spellings (235.16) is in a section of the final chapter quoted almost verbatim from Villette's *Annals of Newgate* or from Villette's source (see Villette 1: 407; see also Villette 1: 414 and the *Daily Post*, March 26, 1726: 1; all reprinted in Appendix 1, pp. 746, 755, 657; see also Sands 4).



194.11 by --] by -

See note to 60.8.

196.8 a lank tallow-candle] a lank, tallow-candle

196.8-10 shaft, and . . . clothes, his head] shaft; and . . . clothes; his head

The phrases beginning with "and" and "his head" are, since they lack verbs, not independent, but dependent on the previous clauses, and should be connected to them by commas, not separated from them by semi-colons.

198.25, 199.5 fifty pound . . . two thousand pound]

Elsewhere the copy-text more conventionally prints "fifty pounds" (197.20), but both Johnson and the *OED* sanction the use of "pound" as a plural, so the copy-text variation is left unemended.

199.7 Shouldn't] Should'nt

200.5 wife. "And] wife; "And

205.22-23 At length, it was the night after he had seen Hayes counting his moneybags, old Wood]

One is tempted to replace the commas with dashes to make the parenthetic nature of the "it was the night" clause more clear, and indeed all the posthumous editions make that emendation; but in *Esmond* (39)

Thackeray writes, "One day, it must have been about the month of July 1690, my lord . . ." The copy-text use of commas is thus preserved in this instance.

206.7 Pshaw]

Spelled "psha" elsewhere: see the Glossary.

206.14 "Besides (he continued)]

This looks like the situation elsewhere in the text, where a parenthetic remark intrudes into a quotation. Cf. " '. . . Look at this Mr. Hayes' (who stood trembling in his shoes); 'can there be . . .?' " (81.21). The difference is that at 81.21 the parenthetic remark is in the manner of a stage direction; the same is true even of the short parenthetic remark at 166.7—"(yawning)"—which in this edition has been removed by emendation from inside a quotation. However, in this case, the "(he continued)" is not a stage direction, but a speech heading, the sort of thing that conventionally can remain within a quotation, as in the earlier example at 32.7: "(sang she)." The copy-text has thus been left unemended here.

208.15 saloons]

See the Glossary.

208.16 Thuilleries']

The conventional modern spelling is "Tuileries." In an 1832 diary, Thackeray used the spelling "Thuilleries" (*Letters* 1: 235, 236, 238), which

is one of the many obsolete spellings for the word (see Berty et al. 1: 317, 322n, 324, 335; 2: 3, 7, where the "Thuilleries" spelling is recorded in documents from 1525, 1564, 1594, 1595, and 1623). Note as well that the spelling "Thuilleries" can be found as late as 1752, in Germain Brice's *Description de la ville de Paris* (46: I owe this reference to Dr. Laurence Bongie). By 1849, Thackeray had dropped the "h" from his spelling of this word, but he retained the double-l (*Letters* 2: 580). Indeed, that spelling appears in the printed version of a magazine article Thackeray published in 1839—in *The Corsair* 1 (Oct. 5, 1839): 474—for which we have no manuscript. Possibly, then, Thackeray was spelling the word as "Tuilleries" by 1839; or possibly that spelling in *The Corsair* was the work of the editors, who corrected one archaism in Thackeray's manuscript but not the other. If Thackeray indeed thought, mistakenly, that the correct spelling was "Thuilleries," one could argue that the spelling in *Catherine* should then be corrected to "Tuilleries"; but since "Thuilleries," though obsolete, is not really incorrect, and since Thackeray was inclined towards old-fashioned forms (note his use of "Irlandois" at 166.11), it might be a mistake to correct the spelling here. Also, since this passage is supposed to have been written by an eighteenth-century cleric, Thackeray may be deliberately using an archaism to reflect his character's spelling.

#### 210.4 Hanover;] Hanover

A semi-colon is needed here to parallel the one after "court."

#### 211.11 "On] On

214.23 clinching]

See the Glossary.

216.1 appear, gallant] appear gallant

217.12 centered]

Though Thackeray used the "re" spelling for "centre" (*Esmond* 21, 92, 120), it is still possible that he wrote "centered": see "manouvered" (*Letters* 1: 52).

218.18 now—] now,

The copy-text comma makes the sentence an ambiguous run-on.

220.4 drinking] drinkiug

223.23 trinkermen] tinklermen

In this passage, the copy-text uses forms of this word five times (at 224.1, 224.3, 224.7, and 224.15 as well as at 223.23), in all cases spelling it "tin," but varying between "tinck" and "tink." However, according to the *OED*, which specifically discusses this passage in *Catherine*, the "tin" spellings are all incorrect, because the word refers to a fisherman who used a type of net called a "trink" or "trinck." The word thus must be spelled "trinkermen" or "trinckermen," not "tinklermen." In all cases, therefore, the spelling has been emended to produce a "trin" beginning; as well the "l" has been deleted. However, the variation between "inck" and "ink" has

been preserved as legitimate.

Thackeray may have been led astray by following an edition of Stow's *Survey of London*, his source on trinkermen, which spelled the word "tinckermen." The *OED* records this spelling in a quotation under "trawlermen," citing the 1633 edition of Stow. The 1618 edition of Stow, in contrast, uses the correct form, "Trinkermen" (p. 32).

224.18 [After ] After

A new bracket is needed to indicate the continuation of the parenthetical comment into a new paragraph.

226.1 said, "Is] said "Is

231.4 theatre-royal]

The actual advertisement Thackeray is referring to here reads: "At the Theatre Royal in Drury-Lane . . ." As well, Thackeray generally capitalizes names of theatres: see *Letters* 1: 91, 92, 194, 196, 231, 240. Thus the copy-text's "theatre-royal" may have been "Theatre Royal" in the manuscript.

231.5 their royal highness's command]

The ungrammatical form "highness's" derives from Thackeray's source (the *Daily Post*, March 3, 1726) and has thus been left unemended.

231.20 his wife fearing] his wife, fearing

The copy-text comma, presumably added by the compositor, is not in Thackeray's source (see Villette 1: 404; Appendix 1, p. 741).

232.5 room, where] room where

The copy-text omits a necessary comma found in Thackeray's source (see Villette 1: 404; Appendix 1, p. 741).

238.25 scaffold] scaffold,

The comma, which the compositor presumably added, for it is not in the quoted source (see Appendix 1, p. 674), disrupts the sentence.

240.4 *chorus*).] *chorus*.

242.21 ketchcraft]

Since this word is derived from the proper name Jack Ketch, it would be more usual to capitalize it, and since Thackeray once capitalized "Bacchic" (see the Glossary), which like ketchcraft derives from a proper name, it is possible that "ketchcraft" was capitalized in the manuscript.

242.24 Tag] tag

The German noun must be capitalized, as it is in the original line from Goethe.

243.12 behoves]

See the Glossary.

244.4 And thank Heaven] And, thank Heaven,

246.4 Newgate,] Newgate;

The copy-text semi-colon disrupts the sentence.

246.5 Wild's] Wilds

246.12 *The Beggar's Opera*] the *Beggars' Opera*

246.25 cutthroats]

See the Glossary.

**E. LINE-END HYPHENATIONS**

The following compound words are all hyphenated at the ends of lines in the copy-text. In this edition, each one is hyphenated or printed solid as indicated below.

**a-kimbo** (74.4)

Most of the quotations, especially the earlier ones, in the *OED* hyphenate this word or spell it as two words. Johnson (see under "kimbo") spells it as two words.

**bare-backed** (35.22)

Hyphenated in the *OED*, and the copy-text prints "bare-headed" at 165.1; but cf. "hunchbacked" at 42.4.

**barmaid** (63.25)

Although the *OED* records some hyphenated spellings of this word, it recommends the unhyphenated form, which is also the form that appears elsewhere in the copy-text (at 76.1 in this edition).

**Base-born** (153.5)

Both Johnson and the *OED* recommend hyphenation.



**bearskin** (7.20)

The *OED* recommends the unhyphenated form, though several of its quotations contain the hyphenated spelling.

**bedroom** (63.20)

The copy-text twice hyphenates this word (see 11.17 and 40.19 in the present edition) and only once prints it unhyphenated (62.4), but since that unhyphenated form is very near this one in the text, the intention in this case as well may have been to print the word solid.

**cannon-ball** (9.6)

Hyphenated in *Esmond* (292), in *Letters* (3: 20), and elsewhere in the copy-text (26.15).

**churchyard** (220.11)

Thackeray writes this compound as one solid word or two separate ones, but not as a hyphenated one (see *Letters* 1: 264; *VF* 4, 433). Johnson and the *OED* recommend writing it as one solid word, and it is printed solid in the copy-text (225.17, 225.23, 230.20, 235.7).

**coffeehouse(s), Coffeehouse** (87.15, 90.8, 150.20)

The copy-text elsewhere (92.10, 1001.10) runs this word solid, though Thackeray in his manuscripts does not: see "Coffee-House" in the Glossary.

**crestfallen** (114.25)

Thackeray writes this as a single, unhyphenated word at *Letters* 2: 815.

**dingledingleding** (128.17)

Hyphenated as "dingledingle-ding" at the end of a line in the copy-text. Since the two "dingles" are already run together, it seems logical to run the final "ding" in with them too.

**dumb-stricken** (12.10)

Hyphenated in *Esmond* (70).

**gold-making** (164.22)

The copy-text prints "ghost-raising" in the same sentence. Most of the combining forms listed in the *OED* under "gold" are hyphenated.

**heart-stricken** (210.23)

By analogy with "dumb-stricken." Also, the *OED* recommends a hyphen.

**horseboy** (10.8)

See "horseboy" in "The Accidentals." The copy-text is inconsistent in hyphenating this word, but tends to print it unhyphenated (four examples to one: see *Fraser's* 19: 606(2), 615(3); in this edition 7.7, 7.25, 30.11, 30.12, 31.9). Also, Johnson spells it without a hyphen.

**jack-boots** (78.20)

Thackeray writes this as either two words (*Esmond* 573) or one hyphenated word (*VF* 750). Elsewhere the copy-text hyphenates it (8.7, 32.19, 101.17, 108.5; *Fraser's* 19: 606, 616; 20: 105, 108).

**Mill-bank** (230.19)

Thackeray's source (the *Daily Post*, March 13, 1726: 1) hyphenates this name.

**moneybags** (88.21, 205.23)

The *OED* says to hyphenate, but Johnson spells the compound as an unhyphenated word.

**night-cap** (155.5, 196.11)

Thackeray tends to hyphenate this compound. See the Glossary.

**out-stripped** (131.22)

The *OED* and Johnson recommend spelling the word without a hyphen, but most of Johnson's quotations use the hyphenated spelling, and Richardson and the 1796 *Pronouncing Dictionary* spell the word with a hyphen.

**pawnbroker's** (100.9)

Johnson, Richardson, and the *OED* recommend the unhyphenated spelling, though the *OED* does record some hyphenated examples.

**pickpocket** (20.1)

The *OED* and Johnson recommend this spelling.

**re-count** (202.15)

To distinguish this word, meaning count again, from "recount" meaning relate (found in the copy-text at 87.9), it seems sensible to hyphenate. Richardson and the quotations in the *OED* support the use of a hyphen, though the *OED* itself does not advocate it.

**Roundhouse** (149.7)

Johnson and the 1796 *Pronouncing Dictionary* spell this word without a hyphen, though the *OED* recommends one.

**Saurkrauter's** (9.6), **SAUERKRAUT** (174.9), **sauerkraut** (174.19)

Both the copy-text (see 173.21, 174.10, 175.6, 175.15, 175.17) and the quotations in the *OED* are inconsistent about hyphenating "sauerkraut," but both tend not to hyphenate. As well, the first line-end (Saurkrauter's) refers to a person's name, which would not likely be hyphenated.

**scratchwigs** (92.22)

The names of other types of wigs in the same sentence (e.g., bobwigs) are not hyphenated.

**screw-driver** (134.3)

The only example in Thackeray's manuscripts is "screw driver" (*Letters* 1: 395), two separate words; conceivably, therefore, he wrote "screw driver" in the manuscript, but clearly the compositor was not going to spell the word that way, and thus to be true to the copy-text the only choices are "screw-driver" and "screwdriver." The *OED* recommends the unhyphenated spelling and, bemusingly, quotes this passage from *Catherine* as an example of it. Its 1842 quotation, on the other hand, hyphenates the word. The word is not in Johnson, suggesting it is a relatively recent coinage and unlikely to have become familiar enough to be written as an unhyphenated word by Thackeray's time. Also, the copy-text prints "crow-bar" nearby.

**snuff-box** (27.7), **snuff-boxes** (95.9)

See *Esmond* 167 ("snuff-boxes") and note that the copy-text hyphenates this word throughout (see 27.9, 86.6, 148.3, 175.7, 175.8).

**step-father** (200.10)

See "step-" in the Glossary.

**sunburnt** (19.3)

The *OED* and Johnson recommend the unhyphenated spelling. Note also "sunshine," "Sunshine" and "sunshiny" in Thackeray's writings (four examples: *Letters* 2: 169, 253; *VF* 35, 107), as opposed to one hyphenated "sun-shiny" (*VF* 1).

**to-morrow** (99.16, 105.18)

See the Glossary under "to-day, to-night, to-morrow." Thackeray's style was to write these words unhyphenated, but the copy-text style is to hyphenate.

**turtle-doves** (171.18)

Johnson recommends spelling this word without a hyphen, but the *OED* recommends hyphenation.

**undertakers** (106.23)

The *OED* and Johnson recommend spelling this word without a hyphen. Richardson recommends a hyphen, but all his quotations spell the word without. As well the copy-text uses the unhyphenated form elsewhere (145.6, 146.7).

**watch-key** (180.16)

The *OED* recommends a hyphen (see "watch," sb., meaning 26).

**waterman** (172.22)

The *OED* and Johnson recommend the unhyphenated form. As well the copy-text elsewhere prints similar words (petermen, hebbermen, trawlermen) without hyphens (see 223.23).

**well-nigh** (17.22)

Thackeray variously spells this compound as a hyphenated word and as two words, though usually as two words: see the Glossary. He does not spell it as one word.

**workhouse** (73.20)

Spelled as an unhyphenated word elsewhere in the copy-text (46.15, 140.23, and 246.22 in this edition).

## F. TYPOGRAPHICAL ALTERATIONS

In addition to the editorial emendations recorded in the preceding sections, the following changes have been made to certain typographical features of the copy-text, in some cases because it was thought unnecessary to reproduce features incidental to *Catherine's* appearance as a serial in a particular magazine with particular style traits for typography that do not reflect any essential aspect of the work itself, and in other cases because the features were not reproducible in this edition.

### 1. *Incidental Features*

a. Except for the last two-and-a-quarter pages of the last chapter, the bracketed material at the end of the second-to-last chapter, and the last paragraph of the first installment, the copy-text of *Catherine*, like most of the material in *Fraser's*, is printed in double columns. When Thackeray's books appeared in book form, however, they appeared in the single-column format, and that is the format adopted here.

b. When indicating a break within a chapter, *Fraser's* fills a line across one column with asterisks (usually four or five). Since the "columns" in this edition are wider (i.e., the whole page width), more asterisks are needed to fill a line.

c. Addison's poem at 190.5-8, 190.11-12 is centred without quotation marks in this edition rather than being run from the left margin within quotation marks as in *Fraser's*.

d. *Fraser's* text leaves a space before semi-colons, colons, exclamation points, and question marks, and after opening quotation marks; these spaces have



been eliminated in this edition.

e. In *Fraser's*, the first paragraph of each installment (not, however, of each chapter) is left unindented. In this edition, all paragraphs are indented. As well, this edition does not follow *Fraser's* in capitalizing all the letters of the first word of each installment (the first letter of these words in *Fraser's* is a large capital; the others are small capitals).

f. In *Fraser's*, there is no page break between chapters; in this edition all chapters begin on a new page.

g. The following statement appears beneath each of the four illustrations in the first edition: "Published by James Fraser, 215, Regent Street, London." This statement has been omitted in this edition.

h. At the beginning of each installment, *Fraser's* reproduces the full title ("CATHERINE: A STORY.") and byline ("BY IKEY SOLOMONS, ESQ. JUNIOR."). In this edition, the title and byline are retained only at the beginning of Chapter One.

i. The first edition is inconsistent about the amount of space it leaves around normal-length dashes. As this spacing inconsistency seems typographical rather than meaningful, this edition regularizes by not leaving any space around such dashes. The first edition is also inconsistent about the space it leaves around the extra-long dashes it uses to indicate omitted words and interruptions, but in this case the inconsistency has been left unemended because there seems to be some method to the inconsistency (e.g., when a word is interrupted in the middle, a long dash follows with no intervening space; but a space is left around a long dash representing a completely omitted word). See also number 2(d) below.

j. The first edition prints a three-centimetre ruled line at the end of the third installment (after Chapter Six) and a two-centimetre line at the end of the fourth installment (after Chapter Seven). These lines are omitted in this edition.

k. In the first edition, Thackeray's footnotes are indented and divided from the main body of the text by lines that go right across the page. In this edition, footnotes are not indented, and the line dividing them from the text goes only partway across the page.

## 2. *Unreproducible Features*

a. The first edition uses Gothic print twice: for the title "Captain Macshane" (155.1) and for the line "The Head! The Head!" (230.12). This edition uses boldface in these cases and capitalizes all the letters in each word.

b. Where this edition uses large capitals for every letter in a word (e.g., "NEVER" at 18.4), the first edition used small capitals, except in the following cases:

- i. the abbreviation "CHAP" at the beginning of each of the first thirteen chapters was printed with a large capital "C" and small capitals for the other letters; for the final two chapters, in the headings "CHAPTER THE LAST" and "ANOTHER LAST CHAPTER," the first letter of each word, except for the "T" in "THE," was a large capital and the other letters were small capitals.
- ii. at 2.11-14, the names of the criminals (FAGIN, etc.) were printed with a large capital for the first letter in each name and small capitals for the other letters.
- iii. at 122.23, the first letter of "FATE" was a large capital; the same is true of the initial "O" and "Y" in "OLIVER YORKE" at 123.17; of the "G" in "GEHT" at

174.22; of the "T" in "THAMES" at 223.17; and of the initial "T," "P," and "W" in "THE PROVOKED WIFE" at 231.7. iv. at 240.10, 240.18, 241.3-4, all the capitals in the three headings ("MRS. CATHERINE CUTTING OFF HER HUSBAND'S HEAD," "THE MANIAC AMBASSADOR," and "THE SEIZURE, AND THE APPEARANCE BEFORE THE MAGISTRATES") were large; none were small.

c. The two lines "Catherine burning at the Stake . . . Victim!!!" (241.12-13), printed here mostly as lower-case letters, are printed as small capitals in the copy-text, except for the first letter of "Catherine," "Stake," "Billings," "Background," "The," "Screams," and "Victim," each of which is a large capital.

d. The first edition uses long dashes, which this edition represents by double short dashes (—), at: 3.4, 26.3, 26.6, 26.10, 26.18, 26.22, 27.8, 27.12, 33.12, 39.25, 40.18 (this is actually a double dash already in the copy-text), 54.3, 54.6, 60.24, 61.15, 72.12, 76.21, 81.10, 82.5, 82.10, 91.14, 110.19, 126.7, 135.14, 137.9, 137.19, 139.10, 144.20, 154.7, 154.8, 158.13, 172.3, 172.11, 175.4, 181.21, 182.5, 187.12, 194.13, 199.14, 206.16, 208.4, 239.1.

e. The first edition uses "ae" or "oe" ligatures in the words "manoeuvre" (10.10), "Aetna" (24.7), "proelia" (25.22), "Croesus" (51.3), and "*personae*" (242.1).

f. The first edition uses a smaller size of print for all chapter titles and footnotes, and for quoted poems, letters, etc., including the following:

- i. the poem at 32.7-14
- ii. the letter at 103.1-12
- iii. the bracketed material at 128.21-129.1

- iv. the Greek quotation at 181.4-6
- v. the song at 186.1-6
- vi. Addison's poem at 190.5-8, 190.11-12
- vii. the letter at 208.5-209.24 and its postscript at 210.9-12
- viii. the letter at 211.4-212.4

This edition does not vary type size in this way.

g. The first edition uses the more old-fashioned cursive form of the Greek letter "theta" at 181.5. This edition uses the printed form ( $\theta$ ).

h. The captions to the illustrations in the copy-text, and also the handwritten caption to the surviving unused illustration, present the abbreviations "Mr." and "Mrs." in a form with a raised small "r" or "rs," with the period or periods under the relevant letters. This edition uses the more common forms "Mr." and "Mrs."

i. In this edition, the last two-thirds of page 239 are left blank in order to begin Thackeray's mock playbill on a new page (p. 240). The playbill begins a new page in the copy-text as well, but no blank space had to be left on the preceding page to achieve this effect.

### 3. Additions

In this edition, the beginning of what was a new installment in *Fraser's* is indicated by a line above the chapter heading recording the pages in *Fraser's* covered by that installment. Thus, for example, the line "[*Fraser's Magazine* 19 (June 1839): 694-709]" appears at the top of page 38 of the novel in this edition, marking the beginning of the second installment.

## G. GLOSSARY OF SPELLING AND CAPITALIZATION

This glossary records Thackeray's spelling and capitalization practices for words and phrases in the copy-text of *Catherine* in cases where the copy-text's forms are unusual, inconsistent, or different from Thackeray's characteristic forms. In addition, the entries that follow contain, where possible, discussions of the usual forms found in *Fraser's Magazine*; and in all cases a suggestion is made as to whether the copy-text form is likely to be authorial.

The glossary is divided into two sections. The first contains a series of major categories of words and phrases (aristocratic and military titles, numbers, words ending in "ise," etc.). The second is an alphabetical list of individual words and phrases which do not fit into the major categories.

### *Major Categories*

The categories are discussed in the following order:

1. Royal, Aristocratic, and Military Titles
2. Royal and Aristocratic Titles of Address
3. Occupational Titles
4. Abstract Concepts
5. Family Members
6. Names
7. Numbers
8. Any-, Every-, Some-, No-, Up-, Down-
9. -ise, -ize

10. -n't
11. Past Tense, Past Participles
12. a-

### 1. Royal, Aristocratic, and Military Titles

A sampling of articles appearing in *Fraser's Magazine* at the time *Catherine* was appearing there reveals that the *Fraser's* style was to use lower case for references to royalty, the nobility, and the military, except in cases where names followed titles (e.g., Queen Caroline, 21: 5). In second references to members of royalty, the nobility, or the military, *Fraser's* would print "the major," "the lieutenant," "the count," "the king," or "the queen," never capitalizing such references.<sup>1</sup> Thackeray's style, however, was quite different. When referring to specific persons already introduced, his practice in works and letters for which manuscripts survive is almost invariably to capitalize. My sampling of more than 180 of such references shows that he capitalized more than 90 per cent of the time.<sup>2</sup>

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<sup>1</sup>See, for example, 19: 82, 86 ("major"), 194 ("duke"), 198 ("prince"), 200 ("king"), 435 ("captain"), 437, 439 ("admiral"), 713 ("lieutenant"); 20: 74 ("count"), 212 ("king"), 620 ("queen").

<sup>2</sup>See the 33 references to "the King" (*Esmond* 5, 12(6), 13, 14, 39(3), 45(2), 78, 87, 96, 138(2), 139, 142, 147(2), 253(2), 301(2), 302(2), 437, 438; *Letters* 1: 236; 2: 421), compared with only five to "the king" (*Letters* 1: 289; 2: 117; *Esmond* 11, 147, 301). Thackeray refers to "the Queen" thirteen times, always capitalizing: *Esmond* 242, 302; *Letters* 1: 321, 384(2), 396, 418, 434(2), Appendix 5; 2: 77, 497; VF 708. He capitalizes "the Princess" four times (*Esmond* 100, 147, 165; *Letters* 4: 343), "the Prince" seven times (*Esmond* 96, 154; VF 36, 45, 83, 99; *Letters* 1: 434), "the Sovereign" three times (VF 42; *Esmond* 139, 154); "the Emperor" four times (*Esmond* 7, 13; VF 101, *Letters* 2: 147), and "the Monarch" once (*Esmond* 4), while not lower-casing any of these except "the prince" (once: VF 707).

As for the nobility, he lower-cases "the count" once (*Letters* 1: Appendix 5), but capitalizes it ten times: *Esmond* 153; *Letters* 1: Appendix 5 (nine times).

When not specifying a particular person already introduced, but referring to "a count" or "our young count" or "counts," Thackeray's practice is less clearcut, but he still in general leans towards capitalization. Overall, judging from a sample of about 80 references, he capitalizes more than 75 per cent of the time, especially for references to the nobility, generals, and princesses.<sup>3</sup>

Thackeray is least likely to capitalize in phrases such as "like fine little queens" (*Letters* 2: 291) and "was colonel" (*VF* 42 with 736). See "a corporals guard" (*Esmond* 445); "no prince" (*Esmond* 50); "happy as a king" (*Letters* 1:

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<sup>2</sup>(cont'd) He also lower-cases one reference to "that horrible duchess" (*Esmond* 253), but the remaining 24 references to specific aristocrats are all capitalized: see "the Duke" (*Letters* 1: 34, 110, 136, 189, 192, 210; 2: 363, 542; *Esmond* 243, 302); "the Grand Duke" (*Letters* 1: 125, 130, 136); "the Duchess" (*Letters* 1: 88; 4: 343; *Esmond* 188); "the Marquis" (*Letters* 1: 47; 2: 497(2); *VF* 432); "the Viscountess" (*Esmond* 41, 47, 151); and "the Countess" (*Esmond* 560).

Among the military ranks, "the General" is capitalized nine times (*Letters* 2: 95, 426; *DLB* 286(3); *Esmond* 243, 244, 245, 246), lower case twice (*VF* 111; *Esmond* 243), and ambiguously written once (*DLB* 286); "the Colonel" is capitalized fourteen times (*VF* 42, 432, 433, 488(2); *Esmond* 125, 315, 494; *Letters* 1: 305, 309, 345, 367, 398; 2: 78); "the Major" three times (*VF* 351(2); *Letters* 2: 404); "the Lieutenant" twice (*VF* 105, 109), though not capitalized once (*VF* 106); "the Corporal" is capitalized once (*Letters* 1: 198); and "the Captain" is capitalized 42 times (*VF* 41, 46, 89(3), 90, 95(5), 96(2), 99(4), 105, 106, 109, 487; *Esmond* 40, 42(4), 44(6), 47(4), 126, 127(2), 181; *Letters* 1: 383; 2: 830).

<sup>3</sup>For general references to kings, see *Esmond* 3, 25, 253, 299 (four capitalized) and *Letters* 1: 200; *Esmond* 4 (two lower case). For queens see *Esmond* 283, 284, 294; *Letters* 2: 397 (four capitalized). For princesses: *Esmond* 64, 75, 81, 103, 188, 283; *VF* 13 (seven capitalized). Princes: *Esmond* 265, 283, 498 (three capitalized) and *Letters* 1: 119 (one lower case). For general references to the titles sovereign, monarch, and empress, see *Esmond* 265, 280, 283, 439; *VF* 433 (five capitalized) and *VF* 2, 37; *Esmond* 82 (three lower case). All such references to the nobility (sixteen altogether, not including references to mere lords) are capitalized: see *Letters* 1: 100, 234, 418; 2: 495; *VF* 12, 87, 94(2), 105(3); *Esmond* 186, 303, 304, 306, 528. Among the military, the results are: for generals, nine capitalized (*Letters* 1: 109, 241; *Esmond* 240(2), 247(2), 249, 252; *VF* 105) and two not (*Esmond* 241, 245); for colonels, two capitalized (two at *Esmond* 524); for majors, one capitalized (*Letters* 2: 39); for captains, seven capitalized (*Letters* 1: 227, 249; 2: 171, 173, 831; *Esmond* 254, 584) and four not (*Letters* 1: 246; 2: 32, 553; *Esmond* 127); for lieutenants, two (*Esmond* 586; *VF* 108) and three (*Esmond* 13, 314, 317); for corporals, one each (*VF* 42, 104); and for sergeants, one lower case (*VF* 697).

482); "as sovereign" and "as monarch" (*Esmond* 95). But note four capitalized examples: "as—Sergeant Major" (*Letters* 1: 95); "any Princess" (*Esmond* 295); "be a King" (*DLB* 284); and "appointed an Ensign" (*Esmond* 154).

Following the usual practice in *Fraser's*, the copy-text of *Catherine* generally does not capitalize royal, aristocratic, and military references, though there are exceptions. For instance, though "the count" usually appears lower case, it is capitalized five times in the first installment (28.18, 28.24, 29.23, 30.6, 30.22; see *Fraser's* 19: 614, 615) and three times subsequently (96.7, 162.3, 177.3; *Fraser's* 20: 103, 538, 543), suggesting that it was capitalized in Thackeray's manuscript and usually made lower case by the compositors, but that in these few instances the capitalized form slipped through. Indeed, it seems likely that many of the several hundred references to royalty, nobility, and the military in the copy-text were capitalized in Thackeray's manuscript, but made lower case by the compositors.

## 2. Royal and Aristocratic Titles of Address

For phrases referring to persons of high rank, such as "her majesty," "his royal highness," and "his grace," Thackeray's tendency is to capitalize "majesty," "highness," and "grace," but he is inconsistent about capitalizing the preceding pronoun. For lesser titles, such as "my lady" and "your ladyship," his tendency is not to capitalize at all, especially not to capitalize the pronouns.<sup>4</sup>

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<sup>4</sup>He capitalizes "majesty" nine times out of ten: see Gaskell 164; *Letters* 1: 434; *VF* 40, 41, 102, 433; *Esmond* 469, 483, 486 (capitalized) and *Letters* 1: 64 (lower case). "Highness" is capitalized all four times in the sample: *Letters* 1: 434(2); *VF* 111(2). "Grace" is capitalized all five times: *Esmond* 469, 483, 487, 497(2). "Excellency" is capitalized five times out of six: capitalized at *DLB*



The copy-text contains about seventy examples of "majesty," "highness," "excellency," and so forth that may have been capitalized in the manuscript. One "Excellency" (at 39.1) was capitalized in the copy-text.

### 3. Occupational Titles

Thackeray often capitalizes occupational titles such as "the Director of the Opera" (*Letters* 2: 165), "the President of the Cham. of Deputies" (1: 358), "Chief Magistrate" (3: 169), "Lord of the Butteries" (*Esmond* 4), "the Rector of the Parish" (*Esmond* 25 with 560), "the Master of the College" (*Esmond* 108), and "Cornet of the Guard" (*Esmond* 126 with 522). It is thus possible that some or all of the following uncapitalized titles in the copy-text were capitalized in the manuscript:

commissioner of appeals (1.9-10)

the parson of the parish (8.2)

captain of horse (9.17)

ordinary of Newgate (231.12)

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<sup>4</sup>(cont'd) 286(3); *Letters* 1: Appendix 5(2); lower case at *Letters* 1: Appendix 5.

With "Majesty," the preceding pronoun is capitalized twice (*VF* 433; *Esmond* 483); it is lower case six times (*VF* 40, 41, 102; *Letters* 1: 434; Gaskell 164; *Esmond* 469); and ambiguous, i.e., it begins a sentence, twice (*Letters* 1: 64; *Esmond* 486). With "Highness," the phrase all four times is "His Royal Highness," though in one case it begins a sentence. With "Grace," the pronoun is capitalized twice (*Esmond* 483, 487) and lower case three times (*Esmond* 469 and twice on 497). With "Excellency," the pronoun is lower case in all the cited examples except for once in *Letters* 1: Appendix 5. As for "my lady," "his lordship," etc., the main word is capitalized twelve times (*VF* 70, 73, 85, 87, 93, 111, 440, 691; *Letters* 2: 420, 428, 433, 535) but lower case 25 times (*VF* 45, 69, 70, 74, 88, 95, 432, 695, 73 with 737, 76 with 738, 79 with 738); Gaskell 160(5), 162(3); *Letters* 1: 343, 376, 421, 460; 2: 533, 535). The preceding pronoun is unambiguously capitalized only once in the 37 examples (*VF* 76 with 738); there are also five ambiguous capitalizations (*VF* 45, 69, 695; *Letters* 1: 343; Gaskell 160).

#### 4. Abstract Concepts

Thackeray often capitalizes references to abstract concepts. For instance, in an 1839 letter to his mother he talked of "Vice and Virtue . . . Lies . . . Abstract Good . . . Evil . . . Lust and Hunger . . . Pain . . . systems of Terror & Revenge" (*Letters* 1: 402-403). Ten years later he capitalized "Virtue" in another letter (*Letters* 2: 517), but did write it lower case one time (in the phrase "den of virtue and dullness": *Letters* 2: 834). He is not entirely consistent in this, even within the same phrase: see, for instance, his apostrophe, "O Genius, Glory, ambition" (*Letters* 1: 251). In *Vanity Fair*, though he writes at one point of those who are "Faithless, Hopeless, Charityless," he also writes of "faith and beauty and innocence" (*VF* 72, 103). Still, his tendency is to capitalize in these instances, as in *Esmond* (135), where he writes of "Ambition, Temptation, Justice . . . Love, Gratitude, and Fidelity." For six more capitalized examples, see *Letters* 1: 425 ("Liberty"); 2: 206 ("Goodness Truth Purity" and "Truth and Love and Humility"); *VF* 28 ("the Ideal"), 72 ("Laughter"), 85 ("Love"). For another mixed phrase, see *VF* 696 ("Shift Self & poverty").

It is thus likely that some or all of the following lower-case words and phrases in the copy-text were capitalized in Thackeray's manuscript:

"virtue . . . vice" (7.4-5, 36.18)

"O woman" (11.21)

"hope, glory" (25.13)

"love and war" (25.17)

"right and wrong" (46.20)

"love and drink" (58.11)

"virtue . . . wrong" (130.15)

"the beautiful" (181.17)

"peace, and love" (198.6)

### 5. Family Members

When using words referring to family members, Thackeray clearly tends to capitalize for direct address and when using the words as names ("good bye Mother," "tell Father," etc.), but his practice is less clear when referring to "his mother" or "their father."<sup>5</sup> There are about two dozen lower case references to

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<sup>5</sup>In direct address and when "naming" a family member, Thackeray capitalizes as follows: 16 "Fathers" (*Letters* 1: 32, 44, 45, 47, 48, 106, 131, 134, 176, 178, 186, 187, 256, 257, 265; *Esmond* 187) and only four "fathers" (*Letters* 1: 107, 123, 183, 361); ten "Mothers" (*Letters* 1: 45, 47, 48, 82, 143, 144, 186, 257, 302; *Esmond* 172) and only two "mothers" (*Letters* 1: 36; *Esmond* 173); 17 "Papás" (*VF* 17; *Letters* 2: 679(3); *Esmond* 9, 53, 91(7), 92, 110(2), 298) and only two "papas" (*VF* 17; *Esmond* 117); 22 "Mammas" (*VF* 22, 23; *Letters* 1: 444; *Esmond* 7, 91(4), 92, 110(3), 117(2), 252(2), 281, 282, 296(2), two at 298) and only five "mamas" (*Esmond* 91(3), 282, 296); eleven "Cousins" (*Esmond* 178, 252, 281, 282, 304(3), 305, 306(2), 469) and four "cousins" (*Esmond* 180, 276, 281, 286).

For usages other than direct address, however, the proportions are different: four "Fathers" (*Letters* 1: 66, 144, 500; *VF* 17) versus 18 "fathers" (*Letters* 1: 24(3), 271; 2: 3, 36, 108; *Esmond* 82; *VF* 9, 10, 11, 12, 16, 23, 33, 34, 39, 74); seven "Mothers" (*Letters* 1: 66, 67, 309, 312, 500; *VF* 17, 39) versus eight "mothers" (*Letters* 1: 24, 309; 2: 4, 36, 58; *VF* 10(2); *Esmond* 90); seven "Papás" (*Letters* 2: 101, 679; *VF* 24, 37, 111; *Esmond* 7, 8) versus three "papas" (*VF* 3, 14, 71); seven "Mammas" (*Letters* 1: 142; 2: 134; *VF* 17, 79(3), 95) versus six "mamas" (*Letters* 2: 118; *VF* 10, 23, 71, 74; *Esmond* 169); five "Aunts" (*Letters* 1: 30, 67, 274, 283, 344) versus six "aunts" (*Letters* 1: 253, 263; 2: 39, 81; *VF* 82, 92); and three "cousins" (*Letters* 1: 344; 2: 3, 39).

Note as well the 21 examples of phrases like "my dear Mother" (*Letters* 1: 22, 32(2), 33, 34, 38, 42, 43, 82, 137, 139(2), 143(2), 245; 2: 38, 58, 74, 80, 81, 256), as opposed to two lower-case examples (*Letters* 1: 38; 2: 255). Note, too, "dear Aunt" and similar phrases (*Letters* 2: 35, 39, 196). As for "Son," Thackeray almost invariably capitalizes it in signing off letters ("your affectionate Son," etc.): see, e.g., *Letters* 1: 73, 78, 80, 81, 83, 84, 92, 96, 97, 101, 178, 245, 251, 272, 274, 291 (16 examples in all), though note a lower-case example at 1: 69. Elsewhere he is inconsistent: 14 "Sons" (*Esmond* 204, 264, 277(3), 279, 294, 308; *Letters* 1: 136; *VF* 689, 692, 695, 709; *DLB* 284), as opposed to ten "sons" (*Esmond* 250, 276, 278, 279; *VF* 82, 96, 695;

family members in the copy-text that may have been capitalized in the manuscript.

## 6. Names

Judging by Thackeray's practices in his letters and diary entries, he seems not to have been too concerned about consistency in the spelling of names. He referred to one of his friends variously as FitzGerald, Fitzgerald, and Fitz-Gerald; to another as McClise and MacClise; and so on. He also used the spellings Basle and Basel in the same letter about the Swiss city, referred within the same paragraph of a letter to "Jack Shepherd" and "Jack Sheppard," and, most relevant for this edition, in speaking of one of the Medici referred to her within the same letter as "Catherine" and "Catharine."<sup>6</sup>

One could argue that this is the sort of thing Thackeray expected his compositors to regularize, but the inconsistency seems typical of Thackeray, as does the archaism that is sometimes involved, and thus this edition preserves the copy-text's variations Catherine-Catharine ("Catharine" is found at 35.6 and in the captions to the illustrations at 14.1 and 142.1, while "Catherine" is found everywhere else); Peterborow-Peterborough (87.23, 112.10); Pickadilly-Piccadilly (86.4, 87.12); and Holophernes-Holofernes (55.18, 197.17).<sup>7</sup> Re "Marybone,

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<sup>5</sup>(cont'd) *Letters* 1: 143, 250, 271).

<sup>6</sup>See *Letters* 1: 150, 161, 172, 187, 200, 208 (FitzGerald); 1: 283 (MacClise); 1: 229 (Gerard-Gerrard); 1: 226, 231 (Lemann-Leman); 2: 642 (Liddle-Liddell); 2: 792, 794 (Basle); 1: 395 (Sheppard); 1: 326, 327 (Catherine).

<sup>7</sup>Re "Pickadilly," note that William Kent, in his *Encyclopaedia of London* (1937 ed., 513), records several examples of the "k" spelling from the seventeenth century. Note as well the *Daily Post* (February 7, 1726: 1), which refers to "Pickadilly," though note the *Post's* reference four days later to "Piccadilly"

Marylebone," see the entry in "The Accidentals" above (note to 192.2).

## 7. Numbers

Thackeray's practice is not to use hyphens when spelling out numbers in the form "five and twenty": there are fifteen examples of such numbers in his manuscripts, all without hyphens. *Fraser's*, in contrast, is inconsistent; a sampling of its pages shows four of such numbers hyphenated and two not.<sup>8</sup> The sample is smaller for other forms of numbers in Thackeray, but none of them is hyphenated: there are four examples of numbers in the form "twenty four" (*VF* 4, 8; *Letters* 1: 437; 2: 834), one in the form "two thirds" (*VF* 24), and two in the form "one and eightpence" (*Letters* 1: 75, 405).

The numbers in the copy-text are inconsistently hyphenated, which probably means that the manuscript's numbers were all unhyphenated and that the compositors, in trying to hyphenate them all, hyphenated only some.

## 8. Any-, Every-, Some-, No-, Up-, Down-

Thackeray's practice concerning words beginning with these prefixes ("anyone," "everything," "somebody," etc.) is variable, and the situation is

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<sup>7</sup>(cont'd) (February 11: 1). Re "Holophernes," note that *The International Standard Bible Encyclopedia* (729) records the "ph" spelling as a variant. Re "Peterborow," note Thackeray's use of this spelling in *Esmond* (286); it was also a spelling used in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries: see John Evelyn's *Diary* (3: 305) and *The Marlborough-Godolphin Correspondence* (2: 626).

<sup>8</sup>For examples from Thackeray, see *Esmond* 274, 538, 627, 628; *VF* 12, 26, 82; *Letters* 1: 104, 111(2), 116, 210(2), 223, 257; 2: 4. For hyphenated examples in *Fraser's*, see 19: 429; 20: 675(2), and 21: 1; for unhyphenated see 19: 80, 462.

complicated because, as can be seen in the facsimiles of his manuscripts, he usually made the letter "y" in such a way that it did not connect to the next letter, regardless of whether he meant to begin a new word or not. Still, certain tendencies can be identified. Thackeray has a clear preference (17 examples to five) for "everything" over "every thing" and an even stronger preference (18-3) for "anything" over "any thing." In this he goes against the tendency in *Fraser's*, which is to print these two compounds (and all other compounds beginning with "any" and "every") as separate words.<sup>9</sup> For "any body," "any one," and "any where," Thackeray, in the manner of *Fraser's*, prefers separate words. He also prefers the following forms: "up stairs," "down stairs," "for ever." Between "everybody" and "every body" it is hard to determine his preference, and for "everywhere," in a very small sample, his preference is for a single, solid word, as it is for "somebody," "somewhere," and, in a larger sample, "something." Also in small samples, his preference seems to be for separate words for "no where," "every one," and "some one."<sup>10</sup>

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<sup>9</sup>For Thackeray's practice, see *Letters* 1: 276, 316(2), 319, 326, 367; 2: 579; 3: 575; *Esmond* 57(2); *VF* 14, 31, 71, 81, 86, 110, 687, 693 ("everything"), as opposed to *VF* 20(2), 21, 69, 86 ("every thing"); and *Letters* 1: 44, 52, 53, 138, 319, 363, 395, 476; *Esmond* 25, 52, 82; *VF* 28, 66, 89, 91, 101, 717; *Collection* 150 ("anything"), as opposed to *VF* 2, 92; *Esmond* 23 ("any thing"). For *Fraser's* practice, see 19: 79, 95; 21: 87 ("every thing"); 19: 279; 21: 1, 2, 7, 17 ("any thing"). See also "any body" (19: 80), "every body" (21: 82), "every where" (21: 59), and "any how" (21: 37).

<sup>10</sup>There are eight examples of "any body" (*VF* 66, 95n, 111, 733, 738; *Esmond* 34, 126, 597) and only one of "anybody" (*Letters* 2: 580). There are six examples of "any one" (*VF* 5, 28; *Esmond* 58, 73, 75; *Letters* 3: 159) and only one of "anyone" (*Letters* 1: 376). There are three examples of "any where" (*Letters* 1: 261; *VF* 734; *Esmond* 516) and none of "anywhere." The sample reveals five examples of "up stairs" (*VF* 21, 24, 68; *Letters* 1: 447; *Esmond* 618), two of "upstairs" (*VF* 90; *Letters* 1: 475), and one of "up-stairs" (*Letters* 1: 383). For "down stairs," eight examples are so spelled: *VF* 6, 15, 19, 686, 699; *Letters* 1: 405, 447; 2: 380; there is one "downstairs" (*Letters* 2: 747). All three instances of "for ever" are so spelled (*VF* 6; *Esmond* 74, 92). There are

Based on the evidence recorded here, it is likely that the twenty examples of "any thing" and "every thing" in the copy-text were written as single words in the manuscript.

#### 9. -ise, -ize

In the twentieth century, the distinction between the suffixes "ise" and "ize" for words like "recognize," "realize," and "sympathize" has become a national question: the British generally use "ise," while North Americans use "ize." However, even today there are important British authorities that advocate "ize" (notably the *OED* and Fowler's *Modern English Usage*), and in earlier centuries even more British authorities used "ize." Samuel Johnson spelled "sympathize," "organize," and "realize" with a "z," though he recommended an "s" for "criticise" and "advertise." The 1796 *Pronouncing Dictionary* also recommended "ise" for "criticise," but it recommended "ize" for "sympathize," "sermonize," "realize," "organize," and "tantalize," and even sanctioned "surprize" as a variant (the *OED* notes that "surprize" survived as a variant through the nineteenth century). Richardson in 1836 recommended "ize" for "organize," "realize," "sympathize," and "sermonize," though not for "criticise," "advertise," "surprise" or "recognise."

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<sup>10</sup>(cont'd) eleven examples of "every body" (*Letters* 1: 130, 305, 392, 394; *VF* 12, 30, 37, 102, 699, 738, 740) and eight of "everybody" (*Letters* 1: 219, 234, 303, 306, 308; *VF* 4, 14; *Esmond* 58). The two examples of "everywhere" are so spelled (*Letters* 1: 311; 3: 575); the same is true for the four examples of "somewhere" (*Letters* 1: 395, 399, 413; 2: 567) and the eight examples of "something" (*Letters* 1: 126, 397, 459(2); *VF* 92, 106, 109, 110). There are four examples of "somebody" (*Letters* 1: 268; Hays 77; *VF* 68, 105) and one of "some-body" (*Letters* 2: 89). For "every one," see *Esmond* 142; Hays 46. For "some one," see *VF* 24, Hays 39. For "no where," see *VF* 707.

In contrast, the compositors who worked on *Fraser's* rigorously pursued an "ise" style for words such as "realise," "characterise," "patronise," "apologise," "moralise," "criticise," "recognise," and of course "surprise,"<sup>11</sup> and naturally this style is reflected in *Catherine*. The *Fraser's* text of *Catherine* contains 30 words ending in "ise" or "ising" and only four ending in "izing."<sup>12</sup>

*Fraser's* practice, however, was not Thackeray's. Thackeray's overwhelming tendency—in more than 85 per cent of the more than 80 examples discovered—was to use "ize," even for "surprize" and "recognize."<sup>13</sup> It seems

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<sup>11</sup>See the 26 examples of "ise" spellings at 19: 184, 185, 189, 191, 194, 197, 198, 227, 514, 653, 729; 20: 21, 24, 59, 67, 115, 119, 178, 182; 21: 47, 50, 55, 59, 82, 87, 88. No "ize" spellings could be found in Vols. 19-21 of *Fraser's* outside the pages of *Catherine*.

<sup>12</sup>It is noteworthy that those four are all nonce words ("republicanizing," "Cromwellizing," "Stuartizing," "Orangizing") occurring in the opening sentence of the novel, which is probably why they survived in that form in the copy-text. Confronted by this group of unusual-looking words, the compositor setting them may have been reluctant to impose the "ise" house style: as McKerrow (249) notes, compositors are often reluctant to tamper with words they do not recognize.

<sup>13</sup>There are 24 examples of "surprize" (or "surprized," "surprising," etc.) in the sample from Thackeray's manuscripts (*Esmond* 6, 7, 9, 25, 40, 75, 90, 139; *VF* 696; *Hays* 37; *Letters* 1: 174, 183, 309, 323, 364, 448; 2: 88, 103, 510, 542, 606, 718, 720; *Ray* 2: illustration 14 following 144) and only three of "surprise," "surprised," and "surprising" (*Letters* 1: 96; 2: 105, 252). The only other "ise" spellings in Thackeray (excluding words like "despise" and "exercise," which are indisputably spelled "ise") are "patronising" (*VF* 705); "criticising" (*Letters* 2: 730); "advertised/advertising" (*Letters* 2: 90, 803); and "advertisement(s)" (*Letters* 1: 366; 2: 111(2), 832; 3: 576). Against the one example of "patronising" are three of "patronized" or "patronizing" (*Letters* 2: 19, 227; *VF* 690); and against the two of "advertised/advertising" are three of "advertize(d)" (*Letters* 1: 274; 2: 49-50, 111). Moreover, all the following words are found only in "ize" spellings: "recognized," "recognizing," etc. (eight examples: *Esmond* 25, 33, 95, 96, 255; *Hays* 39; *Letters* 2: 576, 662); "sermonize" (*Letters* 1: 392); "sympathize" (1: 452; 2: 50, 759); "lionizing/lionized" (1: 231; 2: 788; 3: 437); "journalize" (1: 283); "economize" (1: 227; 2: 797); "botanizing" (1: 150); "poetizing" (1: 150); "apostrophizer" (1: 158); "gormandizing" (1: 177); "materialized" (1: 182); "tantalizing" (1: 399); "popularize" (2: 29); "apologize(d)" (1: 52, 435; 2: 73, 665); "theorizing" (2: 53); "victimized" (2: 251); "authorize" (2: 92); "organize" (2: 496); "fraternized" (2: 583); "agonizing" (2: 586);



more than likely, therefore, that the manuscript of *Catherine* contained "ize" spellings, not "ise" ones, except perhaps for "criticising" (246.6) and "advertisements" (10.18).

#### 10. -n't

Though generally the copy-text prints words like "didn't" and "haven't" as single words (see 72.12, 105.10, 118.24; *Fraser's* 19: 707; 20: 106, 112) in one section of the August installment it prints "did n't," "do n't," "have n't," "had n't," and "is n't" (137.6, 137.22, 137.24, 139.13, 141.16; *Fraser's* 20: 231, 232). This could be simply a compositor's error or eccentricity, but since Thackeray occasionally spells these contractions as separate words,<sup>14</sup> though he usually used the single-word form, it seems possible that the variation here is authorial rather than compositorial and thus it has been preserved in this edition.

#### • 11. Past Tense, Past Participles

The copy-text contains a number of constructions involving past participles and the simple past that sound odd to modern ears, constructions such as: "the ale run all down her face" (40.2), "healths were drank" (13.24), "He sighed and drunk" (24.22), and "His lordship . . . begun" (169.9). In these and other cases,

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<sup>13</sup>(cont'd) "satirized" (2: 588); "sentimentalizing" (2: 662); "magnetized" (2: 50); "enterprize" (2: 92); "fraternizes" (VF 688); "disorganized" (VF 740); "tyrannize" (*Esmond* 283).

<sup>14</sup>See *Letters* 1: 394; 2: 596; 4: 247, 359 ("must n't," "is n't," "Had nt," etc.).

what is now considered the past participle is used for the simple past and vice versa. This seems to be neither an error nor a deliberate attempt at archaism. In the early nineteenth century, despite the teachings of grammar books such as Lindley Murray's (Murray 68-71; Cobbett 63-65), writers were still using forms for which sanction can be found, if at all, only in very early grammars, e.g., the 1711 work by James Greenwood (140) and the 1654 work by Jeremiah Wharton (52). George H. McKnight notes (522) that Sir Walter Scott continued to use such archaic forms as "drunk" for "drank," "sunk" for "sank," and "run" for "ran." Constructions such as "having began," "I have drank," "and then sunk," and "He sung" can be found in the periodicals of 1839.<sup>15</sup> Such constructions can also be found in *Fraser's* (outside of *Catherine*) and in Thackeray's other writings.<sup>16</sup> In short, whatever the grammarians may have been recommending, Thackeray and his contemporaries were still interchanging "drunk" and "drank," "begun" and "began," and so on; and therefore none of these usages has been emended in this edition.

#### 12. a-

The copy-text is inconsistent concerning the hyphenation of two sorts of words beginning with "a." Thus one can find in it both "a-going" (*Fraser's* 20: 230) and "a going" (20: 111) and "three shillings a-week" (19: 611) and "three

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<sup>15</sup>See the *Examiner*, March 24, 1839: 178-79; *Bentley's Miscellany* 5 (1839): 8; the *Morning Chronicle*, October 1, 1839: 3; the *Observer*, November 24, 1839: 4.

<sup>16</sup>For a *Fraser's* example, see "he laughed and sung" (21: 48). For examples from Thackeray, see "I begun," "Saw Crowe . . . & drunk tea," "they all sung," and "He . . . sung" (*Letters* 1: 436, 286, 115; *VF* 84).

shillings a week" (19: 610). Thackeray, who in this follows Samuel Johnson, does not use hyphens in either of these types of constructions.<sup>17</sup> Thus it seems likely that there were no hyphens in these words in the *Catherine* manuscript, but that the compositors inconsistently added them. This notion is lent some support by the existence of two examples of "a-day" found in *Fraser's* outside *Catherine* (at 19: 79).

### *Individual Words and Phrases*

#### **ambassador**

When referring to official ambassadors (or ambassadresses), Thackeray capitalizes this word seven times (*Esmond* 301, 302(3); *Letters* 1: 305; 2: 495, 816) and lower-cases it only once (*Esmond* 14). He also lower-cases it one time when referring to an unofficial figurative ambassador (*Esmond* 103). Thus, in the manuscript of *Catherine*, the references to Galgenstein as the official ambassador of Bavaria (see 157.9, 165.8, 208.7, 209.3, and 210.13 in the text) were probably capitalized, but figurative references to Macshane as the kidnappers' ambassador probably were not.

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<sup>17</sup>See "a quarreling," "a courting," "a laughing," and two examples of "a hunting" (*Esmond* 128, 578, 625, 567, 572); also "a giving" and "a coming" (*Letters* 1: 234; 2: 761); the only variant is "avisiting" (*Letters* 1: 305). For the other construction, see three examples of "twice a week" and as well "three times a week," "four shillings a pair," "once a week," "once or twice a week," and "6 guineas a week" (*Letters* 1: 175, 309, 412-13, 183, 265, 309, 315, 419). No hyphenated examples appear in the sample.

**a'n't**

Three examples of this word have been found in the manuscripts, two spelled "an't" (*Letters* 1: 56, 404) and one spelled "a'nt" (*Letters* 1: 39). The spelling "a'n't" in the copy-text (at 72.12, 81.12, 167.24, 171.14, and 204.22) may thus not be authorial. See also "shan't" below.

**atchieve**

This spelling, which the *OED* records as a variant through the nineteenth century, is Thackeray's usual form (see *VF* 76; *Esmond* 76, 100, 247, 283, 294; *Letters* 2: 609). The copy-text's more modern "achieve" at 229.20 thus may not be authorial.

**Bacchic**

In the one example discovered in the manuscripts ("of Bacchic fury": *Letters* 2: 247), Thackeray capitalized this word, so the copy-text's "bacchic" (25.15) may have been capitalized in the manuscript.

**back-parlour**

This phrase, inconsistently hyphenated in the copy-text, is not hyphenated in Thackeray's manuscripts; nor does it contain a "u" there as it does in the copy-text: see *VF* 34; *Letters* 1: 272; 2: 358. Thus the copy-text's forms at 145.15, 147.11, 217.16, 218.6, and 219.18 may not be authorial.

**battle**

Oddly, Thackeray's style seems to have been to leave this word lower case even in titles such as "battle of the Boyne" (*Esmond* 51), "battle of Vittoria" (*VF* 101 with 739), and "battle of Armageddon" (*Letters* 1: 410), though note the "Battle of Borodino" (*VF* 48). Hence the copy-text, in using "battle," as in "the battle of Almanza" (91.20), is probably in accord with the manuscript.

**befal, befel**

Thackeray spells these words with only one "l": see *Esmond* 51, 122, 154; *VF* 101; *Letters* 1: 359. The copy-text uses the one-l spelling four times out of five; the one exception, at 233.23, thus may not be authorial.

**behooves, behooves**

In the one manuscript example found, the word is spelled "behooves," (*Letters* 2: 837), and this is the copy-text spelling (at 243.12). Samuel Johnson records only "behooves," but the 1796 *Pronouncing Dictionary* lists only "behooves," and Richardson lists both.

**bishoprick**

This copy-text spelling (173.7) is also the spelling found in Johnson and Richardson. There are no examples from Thackeray, but he does at times spell the following words similarly: "terrifick," "publick," "musick," "scientifick," "gigantick," "heroick" (*Letters* 1: 221, 239, 256, 344, 357; *Esmond* 243).

**can'st**

Thackeray tends not to insert apostrophes in this way (see "a'n't" and "shan't"), so the copy-text's one example of "can'st" (at 19.9) is probably not Thackerayan. The copy-text also uses the spelling "canst" five times.

**chariot and six**

See "coach and six."

**Church, Churchyard**

Thackeray is inconsistent about capitalizing these words except when giving the full name of a particular church. See "Saint Margaret's Church" (Hays 33), "the Church at Jerusalem" (*Letters* 2: 406), "St. Paul's Churchyard" (*Letters* 1: 264), "St. Paul's Church Yard" (VF 433). Thus the copy-text's "St. Margaret's churchyard" (220.11, 225.17) may have been "St. Margaret's Churchyard" in the manuscript.

**clench, clinch**

The copy-text uses "clenched" at 13.12 and "clench" at 224.8, but "clinching" at 214.23. Thackeray uses "clenched" in *Esmond* (101), but provides no other examples. The *OED* lists "clinch" as a variant surviving into the nineteenth century (see "clinch," verb 1, meaning 2.b), and Johnson prefers it to "clench," while Richardson lists both spellings. Given Thackeray's inconsistency in orthography, the variation here may well be his.

**Coach**

Thackeray is inconsistent in capitalizing this word except when giving the full name of a particular vehicle. See "the Hague Coach" (*Letters* 2: 838) and "the Trafalgar Coach" (*VF* 76). The copy-text's "Exeter coach" at 126.24 may thus have been "Exeter Coach" in manuscript.

**coach (or chariot) and six**

Thackeray does not hyphenate combinations of this type. See "coach and six" (*Esmond* 527, 617, 630); "coach and eight" (*Esmond* 630); and "coach and four" (*VF* 74, 88). The copy-text's "coach-and-six" and "chariot-and-six" (153.9, 153.12, 200.4) were thus probably not hyphenated in manuscript.

**Cock of the School**

Thackeray capitalized this term in *VF* (35), so the copy-text's "cock of the school" (144.15) may have been capitalized in the manuscript.

**Coffee-House**

Thackeray spells this combination variously with a hyphen or as two words (*Letters* 1: 29; 2: 118, 838(2); *Esmond* 109, 166, 168, 281, 295), but never as a single word. As well, he capitalizes both the "C" and the "H" four times (*Esmond* 109, 166, 281, 295), the "C" alone twice (*Letters* 1: 29; 2: 118), and neither letter three times (*Letters* 2: 838(2); *Esmond* 168). The copy-text uses "coffeehouse" twice; it also hyphenates the word three times at the end of lines. As well, the copy-text always prints the word without capitals, except in the end-line hyphenation "Tilt Yard Coffee-house" (90.8). The copy-text's

"coffeehouse" (92.10, 100.10) is thus unlikely to have been what Thackeray wrote in his manuscript. But whether he wrote "Coffee House," "Coffee-House," "Coffee-house," or "coffee-house" is impossible to determine. See also the table of line-end hyphenations.

### **congée**

The copy-text's somewhat unusual spelling of the old word for a bow (87.24) seems to be the one Thackeray preferred: see *Esmond* 4, 128. Johnson prefers "congé," Richardson lists "conge," and the *OED* suggests either "congee" or "congé," but does reproduce "congée" in one of its quotations (see "congee," sb., meaning 3).

### **Corsican Upstart**

Thackeray capitalizes this phrase in *VF* (48) and similarly capitalizes "the Usurper" in *Esmond* (277); thus "the Corsican upstart" (3.16) may have been "the Corsican Upstart" in the manuscript.

### **Court**

Thackeray's tendency (by a 9-4 margin) is to capitalize this word when it refers to a ruler's circle of courtiers: see *Esmond* 105, 152, 169, 174, 250(2), 275, 297; *Letters* 1: 434 (capitalized), as opposed to *Letters* 1: 33, 136; *Esmond* 105, 617 (lower case). The half-dozen examples of "court" in the copy-text (6.11, 6.24, 88.7, 95.15, 173.4, 173.22, 210.4) may thus have been capitalized in the manuscript.



**court yard**

On the evidence of *Esmond* (557, 559, 582), the copy-text spelling "court-yard" (141.2) may have been "court yard" in the manuscript.

**curtsey**

This is the only spelling found in Thackeray's manuscripts: see *Esmond* 67, 77, 81, 282; *VF* 16, 95. The copy-text spells the word this way six times, but prints one example of "courtesy" (182.13), which likely indicates a compositorial rather than an authorial inconsistency.

**cut-throats, cutthroats**

Thackeray uses both spellings (*Letters* 2: 292, 807), so the copy-text's inconsistency (compare 2.20 and 246.25) may be his.

**Devil**

When referring to Satan (and not just calling someone a "poor devil," as in *Letters* 1: 239, or making a conventional remark like "who the devil," as in *VF* 105), Thackeray generally capitalizes this word (four cases out of five): see *Letters* 1: 126, 199, 380; 2: 21 (capitalized); 2: 829 (lower case). The copy-text's "devil" (95.20) may thus have been "Devil" in the manuscript.

**Doctor**

Thackeray almost invariably capitalizes this word, whether referring to medical doctors or doctors of divinity, and whether referring to a specific person already named ("the Doctor") or to doctors more generally ("other Doctors," "a

little Doctor," "his Doctor," etc.). See *Esmond* 14, 15, 36, 37, 42, 60, 65(2), 66(4), 67, 69, 70, 117, 276, 316(7), 499; *VF* 8, 18, 33, 34(2), 36, 88; *Letters* 1: 275, 290(2), 353, 367, 471-72, 474, 475, 476, 478, 479, 486; 2: 46, 52, 81, 84, 112 (49 capitalized); *Letters* 1: 452; *Esmond* 450; *VF* 32 (three lower case). *Fraser's* practice is quite different: all 21 references found in it print "doctor" lower case: 20: 18(2), 23, 29, 674(12), 675(5). In *Catherine* the word appears lower case as well, and it thus seems likely that Thackeray wrote "Doctor" in his manuscript and the compositors altered it to "doctor" all 29 times it appeared.

The copy-text prints the word lower case at 9.8, 9.12, 62.18, 63.9, 63.16, 65.4, 71.11, 74.15, 74.23, 75.3, 75.17(2), 76.6, 147.16, 147.21, 148.2, 148.8, 149.13, 150.17, 150.23, 151.22, 152.9, 153.1, 154.6, 154.22, 157.15, 158.5, 164.15, 206.24.

As for the issue of "Dr." versus "Doctor," Thackeray uses both forms interchangeably (see "Doctor Tusher" and "Dr. Tusher" in *Esmond* 94, 97); thus the copy-text's inconsistency (e.g., compare 71.9 and 71.18) may be his.

#### **dosing, dozing**

Thackeray used "doze," not "dose" (see *Letters* 1: 350, 394; 2: 601, 602, 603), just as he used "ize" and not "ise." *Fraser's*, on the other hand, used "dose" at least once (20: 30). Where the copy-text reads "dosing," therefore (at 189.7), the manuscript probably read "dozing."

**&c.**

Thackeray uses "&c." or "&c" (no period), but not "etc.": see *Esmond* 34, 515; *Letters* 1: 404, 442; 2: 10. The usual copy-text form is "&c."; there is, however, one example of "etc." (at 163.14), which is unlikely to have come from the manuscript.

**Fair**

In six of eight examples found, Thackeray capitalizes this word when giving the full name of an exhibition (e.g., Greenwich Fair). See *Letters* 1: 194, 264; 2: 248; *Esmond* 20, 22, 126 (capitalized); *Letters* 2: 692, 833 (lower case). The copy-text's "Stratford fair" and "Stourbridge fair" (16.5, 96.5) may thus have been "Stratford Fair" and "Stourbridge Fair" in the manuscript.

**Fate**

The evidence from Thackeray's writings indicates that he distinguished between two meanings of this word. When using it to mean simply the inevitable events of the future or one's lot in life (in this meaning often preceded by "the"), he does not capitalize it. But when using it in a personified way to mean a mythic being or agency which determines one's lot, he usually does. Compare "her cheeks had shared the fate of roses" with "in the hands of Heaven and Fate" (*Esmond* 70, 52). For other capitalized personifications, see *Esmond* 81, 104, 137, 315; *Letters* 2: 81, 221, 416, 794; 4: 343. Sometimes, it is true, Thackeray uses lower case for what seems like personification (*Esmond* 457; *VF* 31), but for the most part he maintains the distinction, a distinction usually seen in the copy-text as well. See capitalized personifications at 120.7,

126.22, 128.2, 130.5, 130.18, 213.08 and lower case non-personifications at 84.13, 102.15, 133.20, 200.17.

However, there are some clear personifications printed lower case in the copy-text which may have been capitalized in the manuscript. These are: "fate did not ordain" (5.12); "the dark fates" (77.6); "in the hands of fate" (130.12); and "an unlucky ordinance of fate" (144.19).

### **Fortune**

When using this word in the personified sense, Thackeray capitalized it at least once: *Esmond* 303 ("when Fortune shook her wings"). The copy-text capitalizes "Fortune" at 47.16, but lower-cases it at 196.21. In this case, the direct evidence from Thackeray's manuscripts is slim, but given the analogy with "Fate," it seems possible that "Fortune" was capitalized in both instances in the manuscript.

### **Gods**

Thackeray tends to capitalize this word: *Letters* 1: 459; 2: 10, 107, 446, 814; *Esmond* 92, 556, 567, 568 (nine capitalized); *Letters* 1: 413; *Esmond* 57 (two lower case). Thus the lower case forms at 50.9, 180.1, 211.14, and 216.5 may have been capitalized in the manuscript.

### **good bye**

Thackeray spells this variously "good bye" (21 times), "goodbye" (12 times), and occasionally "good-bye" (twice). See *Letters* 1: 44, 50, 55, 62, 113, 116, 145, 174, 176, 183, 184, 251, 354, 472; 2: 190, 209, 241, 256; *Esmond*

598; *VF* 6, 7 ("good bye"); *Letters* 1: 245, 251, 257, 265, 267, 312, 325, 350; 2: 77, 91, 183, 357 ("goodbye"); *Esmond* 83; *Letters* 1: 62 ("good-bye"). The copy-text spelling ("Good bye") at 117.18 may thus be authorial.

### **grey**

Thackeray's invariable spelling is "grey": see *Letters* 1: 275, 298, 303; 2: 322, 404, 729, 795; *VF* 93; *Esmond* 21, 40, 58, 72, 83, 124, 175, 180 (16 examples). *Fraser's*, on the other hand, uses "gray" (see 19: 87, 88, 224, 427, 437), and thus the copy-text spelling "gray" is most likely not Thackeray's (at 25.25, 35.21, 102.1, 106.22, 112.4, 113.9, 115.8, 129.25, 162.24, 166.10).

One especially interesting example of the grey-gray dichotomy between Thackeray and *Fraser's* concerns the translation of a German poem that Thackeray first included in a letter to Edward FitzGerald in 1835. In the letter, the translation begins with the phrase, "The cold grey hills" (*Letters* 1: 298). Three years later, Thackeray published his translation in *Fraser's* as one of "Four German Ditties." In *Fraser's* (17: 579), the opening phrase became "The cold gray hills."

### **half a dozen**

Thackeray does not hyphenate this phrase: see *Letters* 1: 133, 202, 203, 283, 349; 2: 76, 77; *VF* 98; *Esmond* 484 (nine examples). *Fraser's* is inconsistent (19: 725, 728), as is the copy-text. Given the evidence, it seems likely that the two examples of "half-a-dozen" in the copy-text (11.20, 73.11) were unhyphenated in the manuscript.

**half a guinea**

See "half a guinea" (*VF* 26) and the entry on "half a dozen" above. The copy-text's "half-a-guinea" (72.15) was probably unhyphenated in the manuscript.

**hark ye**

The copy-text prints, variously, "Hark ye" (13.8), "hark-ye" (118.9), "harkye" (167.3), and "Heark you" (62.11). *Fraser's* elsewhere prints "harkye" (19: 426), and there is little evidence from Thackeray's writings (one "hark you" at *Esmond* 187). It is thus not clear who was responsible for the inconsistency in the copy-text.

**headache, toothache**

Although Thackeray produces such forms as "head-ache" and "head ach" (*Letters* 1: 80, 64-65), his usual spelling is "headache" (17 times: *Letters* 1: 22, 36(2), 200, 317; 2: 43, 143; *Esmond* 55, 56, 62, 68, 94, 113(2); *VF* 9, 22, 113). He never uses the copy-text spelling "headach" (55.22), and it is thus probably not authorial.

As for "toothache," there are two examples of this word in the manuscripts, one spelled "tooth-ache" and the other "toothache" (*Letters* 2: 95, 714). This is not very conclusive, but since the word appears in the copy-text just a few lines after "headache," and assuming Thackeray spelled "headache" that way, it seems reasonable to suppose that he used the spelling "toothache" rather than the copy-text's spelling, "toothach" (56.3).

**Heaven**

Thackeray is inconsistent about capitalizing this word: see *Letters* 1: 176; 2: 33, 36, 89, 404, 464; *VF* 93, 106; *DLB* 284; *Esmond* 52 (ten capitalized); *Letters* 1: 183, 271, 500; 2: 44; *VF* 81 (five lower case). The copy-text's inconsistency (cf. "Heaven" at 102.20 and "heaven" at 110.20) may thus be authorial.

**Hell**

Thackeray consistently capitalizes "Hell": see *Letters* 1: 402, 403, 404, 464; 2: 299. Thus the copy-text's "hell" (23.22) was probably "Hell" in the manuscript.

**History**

As he does with "Fate," Thackeray tends to capitalize "History" when referring to a quasi-personified abstraction meaning the past, but not when referring to a subject of study or a particular story. See the following capitalized examples: *Esmond* 3(2), 4, 245; *Hays* 79. Thus, in copy-text phrases such as, "Is not history . . . full of instances . . .?" (42.6), the word "history" may have been capitalized in the manuscript.

**Inn**

Curiously, Thackeray often capitalizes this word, almost invariably doing so when referring to an already mentioned establishment ("the Inn"). For specific references of this type, see *Letters* 1: 67(3), 352, 464; 2: 361, 791, 793; *VF* 593; *Esmond* 20, 21, 24, 61 (13 capitalized); *Letters* 2: 790; *VF* 66 (two lower

case). For more general references (including a capitalized "his Inn"), see *Esmond* 21, 275; *Letters* 2: 204 (three capitalized); *Letters* 2: 91, 104, 795; *VF* 66 (four lower case). Note, however, the lack of capitalization in the phrase "the inn-door" (*Esmond* 61). When the copy-text prints "the inn-table" (6.20), therefore, it is likely following Thackeray's manuscript. But in phrases like "the inn" and "their inn," the copy-text's lower-case forms are probably not authorial: see 8.16, 11.12, 19.20, 31.12, 69.18, 72.23, 78.12, 98.6, 101.19, 107.19, 108.8, 109.19, 109.24, 112.24, 113.1, 114.23, 159.12.

### **Ma'am**

Thackeray consistently capitalizes this word, but spells it in various ways. He uses "Ma'am" (*Letters* 2: 505, 724), "Maam" (*Letters* 2: 404, 475); "Mam" (*Letters* 2: 338, 447, 513), and even "Mom" (*VF* 710) and "Mum" (*Letters* 2: 507). All of these nine references, along with at least six others (*VF* 23, 25, 40(2), 92, 93) are capitalized. In contrast, the *Fraser's* style is to spell the word "ma'am" with no capitalization (see 21: 33, 40, 42, 45). It is thus likely that the word was consistently capitalized but inconsistently spelled in the manuscript. One of the inconsistencies did survive into the first edition ("mam" at 106.2), but otherwise the word appears as "ma'am," most likely a non-authorial form, throughout (see 73.5, 73.6(2), 73.7, 158.1, 193.11, 193.19, 193.22).

### **Madam, Madame**

Thackeray primarily uses "Madam" (see *Esmond* 82, 101; *Letters* 1: 445, 458; 2: 42, 54, 338, 392, 578), but occasionally uses "Madame" even for Englishwomen (see *Letters* 1: 208, 410, 466; *Esmond* 560). This may explain the



appearance of "Madame Marlborough" and "Madame Dobbs" (1.17, 16.14) in the copy-text, which otherwise uses "Madam" for Englishwomen.

All thirteen of the examples cited from Thackeray's manuscripts are capitalized, though only one (*Esmond* 560) immediately precedes a name; the others are all of the form "ah Madam" or "perhaps Madam will . . ." In such situations, the copy-text does not usually capitalize; its lower-case forms are thus probably not authorial. One apparently authorial "Madam" did survive into the first edition at 123.14. The uncapitalized forms are at 29.8, 41.22, 57.3, 73.2, 81.11, 81.18, 96.5, 102.18, 102.21, 104.19, 104.22, 106.4, 117.13, 117.23, 119.3, 141.8, 151.21, 182.14, 193.5, 193.24, 193.25, 194.8, 208.9, 208.19, 209.6, 211.9, 211.16, 211.20, 227.12.

### **Marshal, Marshall**

Thackeray used both spellings in the same 1831 letter (*Letters* 1: 179-80), which may explain the inconsistency in the copy-text ("Marshall" at 26.23; "Marshal" elsewhere).

### **moon**

Though Thackeray tends to capitalize "Sun" (q.v.), he tends not to capitalize "moon": see *Letters* 1: 371; 2: 37; *VF* 44, 67, 92, 106 (six lower case). "Moon" is capitalized once (*VF* 102), but only in the phrase "Sun and Moon." The copy-text's lower-case form is thus probably authorial.

**night-cap, nightcap**

Thackeray tends to hyphenate this word, but is inconsistent: see *Letters* 1: 447; 4: 343; *VF* 25, 67; *Esmond* 115 (five hyphenated); *Esmond* 111; *Letters* 2: 307 (two as a single word); *Letters* 1: 303 (one as two separate words). The copy-text uses both "night-cap" and "nightcap" (compare 22.22 and 189.16), perhaps reflecting inconsistency in the manuscript. See also the table of line-ending hyphenations.

**O, oh**

There are two issues here: a) "O" vs. "oh" and b) punctuation after "O."

Thackeray uses both "O" and "oh," but uses "O" much more often: see *Letters* 1: 360, 362, 363, 380, 395, 397, 413, 458, 473, 477; 2: 227, 380, 589(2), 692, 710, 756, 814(2); *Esmond* 65, 117(2), 573(2), 582, 585, 586, 613, 628(2); *VF* 8, 9, 16, 17, 20(2), 23, 24, 27, 28, 71(2), 77, 80, 81, 82, 96(2), 98, 99, 101, 103, 108, 110, 112, 739 (56 examples of "O" or "o"); *Letters* 1: 354, 356, 478; 2: 510, 589, 730; *VF* 49, 65, 68, 103 (ten examples of "oh"). The copy-text uses both forms, and some of this variation may be authorial. However, since *Fraser's* practice is the opposite of Thackeray's—the count is 20-1 in favour of "oh" over "O" in *Fraser's* articles: see 20: 22, 29, 54, 61, 292(2), 473(2), 614(2), 668; 21: 289(9), as opposed to 20: 18—and since, as Peter Shillingsburg notes (*VF* 726), the compositors of *Vanity Fair* tended, though inconsistently, to change Thackeray's manuscript O's to ohs, it seems likely that the compositors of *Catherine* also made this sort of alteration and that some occurrences of "oh" in the copy-text are not authorial. This is especially likely in apostrophes of the form "Oh, sir," and "Oh, Max" (33.21, 60.13, 82.6),

especially since elsewhere in the copy-text we find "O Sir" and "O Max" (33.2, 61.14; *Fraser's* 19: 616, 703).

Thackeray hardly ever puts a comma after "O." In the 56 examples cited above, only six contain a comma (*Letters* 2: 692, 756, 814; *Esmond* 65, 117; *VF* 99). The commas after "O" at 15.9, 54.8, and 73.17 are thus probably not authorial.

### **Parliament**

Thackeray's handwriting causes difficulty for this word. In *VF* facs, it is hard to tell whether the "p" in "Parliament" is meant to be capitalized: Shillingsburg lower-cases it (*VF* 77), and prints two other lower-case forms (*VF* 75, 92), but also two capitalized ones (*VF* 75, 105). Ray in the *Letters* prints four capitalized examples: 1: 177, 214, 215; 2: 30. The word is capitalized in *Esmond* 12(2), 247, 295, but lower case at 619. Given the 10-3 margin in favour of capitalization (not counting the one doubtful case), it may be that the one example of "parliament" in the copy-text (at 77.11) was capitalized in the manuscript, especially since in this case Thackeray is following a source that capitalized the word (see "The Accidentals").

### **perriwig**

Thackeray almost invariably uses the double-r spelling, which the *OED* records as a variant. See *Letters* 1: 224; *Esmond* 3, 20, 58, 115, 117(2), 173, 181, 440, 513 (eleven examples). Cf. *Letters* 3: 52 for a single example of "periwig." It thus is more than likely that the copy-text's single-r spelling is not authorial. The twelve copy-text instances of the "periwig" spelling are at 86.4,

86.25, 87.13, 92.19, 92.21, 95.9, 101.19, 102.5, 154.13, 154.15, 165.17, 177.21.

### **Pope**

By analogy with "King" and other such titles, one would expect Thackeray to capitalize "Pope," and indeed in the two examples found in his manuscripts he does so: see *Letters* 2: 761(2). The examples in *Fraser's*, in contrast, are lower case (19: 189; 20: 295). The copy-text's lower-case forms (at 26.11 and 110.19) thus may not be authorial.

### **psha, psha'd**

The copy-text inconsistently prints both "psha" (six times) and "pshaw" (twice), and uses "pshawed" in the phrase "pished, and then pshawed." Thackeray uses "psha" eight times out of nine (*Letters* 1: 384; 2: 38, 835; *VF* 17; *Esmond* 101, 116, 124, 127, as opposed to *Letters* 1: 159), and uses "psha'd" in the phrase "pished [or pish'd] and psha'd" (*Esmond* 75, 295). *Fraser's* tendency is to use "pshaw": see 20: 23, 50, 51, 164 (four examples) as opposed to one example of "psha" (20: 45). The likelihood is, therefore, that the "w" forms in the copy-text (at 75.20, 206.7, 206.16) are not authorial.

### **Quaker**

Thackeray capitalizes references to Quakers (and to a "Quakeress") at *Letters* 1: 350; 2: 835; *VF* 38; and *Esmond* 281. The copy-text's lower-case "quaker" (at 106.22) was thus probably capitalized in the manuscript.

**quarreling**

Thackeray uses only one "l" in this word: see *Letters* 2: 38, 89; *VF* 17, 89(2); *Esmond* 128 (six examples). The copy-text's double-l form (at 1.6, 19.14, 47.10) is thus probably not authorial.

**Reverence**

In the manner of "Majesty" and "Excellency" in references to royalty and nobility, Thackeray capitalizes "Reverence" in references to churchmen (see *Letters* 2: 557, 591, 602, 788). The four instances of "his reverence" in the copy-text (at 8.22, 10.3, 184.22, 239.2) were thus probably "his Reverence" in the manuscript.

**ribands, ribbons**

The copy-text uses the older spelling, "ribands," at 7.21, a spelling found elsewhere in *Fraser's* (19: 230). Thackeray's practice is inconsistent: see *VF* 66, 71; *Esmond* 63, 94, 99, 174, 178, 252 (eight examples of "ribbon(s)"); *Letters* 1: 277, 483; *Esmond* 252, 263 (four examples of "riband"). It is possible that Thackeray actually wrote "ribbons" in his manuscript, but given that the two examples closest in time to *Catherine* (the two *Letters* references, which are from 1834 and 1840) use "riband," the copy-text may be authorial.

**Road**

When giving the full title of a road or street, Thackeray capitalizes "Road" and does not join it by a hyphen to the preceding name: see "Albion Street," "Eaton Square," and "Russell Square" (*Letters* 1: 268, 343; *VF* 3). Note

also: "Albion Street," "Edgware Road," and "Oxford Road" in the copy-text (*Fraser's* 20: 532; in this edition 146.9, 146.10, 146.23). The forms "Oxford-road" (2.24) and "Stratford road" (31.20) were thus probably "Oxford Road" and "Stratford Road" in the manuscript..

### **Saint**

Thackeray usually capitalizes this word: see *Letters* 1: 41, 405, 413; 2: 474, 650(2); *Esmond* 47, 79, 102, 110(2), 111, 116, 153, 297 (15 capitalized), as opposed to *Letters* 2: 73; *Esmond* 26, 48 (three lower case). The lower-case forms in the copy-text (at 110.17, 229.23) are thus probably not authorial.

In titles such as "St. Margaret's" and "Saint Margaret's" (220.11, 225.18), the copy-text is inconsistent about spelling out "Saint," and this may reflect authorial inconsistency. In his manuscripts, Thackeray sometimes abbreviated (eleven times) and sometimes spelled the word out (five times). See "Saint Germaines" (*Esmond* 149) and "St. Germaines" (*Esmond* 265, 302). See also *VF* 708(2); *Letters* 1: 362; *Hays* 33 (four spelled out); *Esmond* 255(5), 256(2), 295, 311 (nine abbreviated).

### **saloons**

The *OED* notes this spelling as a variant of "salons." Richardson lists only "saloon" and not "salon." Thackeray's practice is mixed: see *Letters* 1: 85, 99(2), 183 (four examples of "Salon"); *Letters* 2: 793, 834; *Esmond* 150; *VF* 68 (four examples of "saloon" or "saloons"). Note that all the examples of "Salon" are capitalized, while all the examples of "saloon(s)" are lower case. The copy-text spelling ("saloons") at 208.15 may thus be authorial.

**sat, sate**

The copy-text uses these two forms interchangeably (eight examples of "sate" and seven of "sat"). *Fraser's* style seems to be "sat" (see three examples: 19: 75; 20: 29, 285). Thackeray's style is mixed. In his earliest writings (1829-32), he seems to prefer "sat": see *Letters* 1: 39, 62, 195, 196, 202, 207, 208(2), 217 (nine examples). "Sate" first appears in 1832 (three examples: *Letters* 1: 199, 200, 208) and by the time of *Vanity Fair* and *Esmond* (late 1840s, early 1850s) has become quite dominant: see *VF* 10, 42, 70, 105, 110, 111; *Esmond* 53, 61, 64, 120, 125, 126, 138, 243; *Letters* 2: 359, 523, 731, 834 (18 examples of "sate"), as opposed to *Letters* 2: 766; *VF* 48; *Esmond* 305 (three examples of "sat"). Unfortunately, no examples from the time of *Catherine* could be found; the closest example is a "sate" from 1843 (*Letters* 2: 834). It is possible that Thackeray consistently wrote "sate" in his manuscript for *Catherine* and that *Fraser's* changed some of them to "sat" in an attempt to change them all; but it is also possible that in 1839-40 Thackeray was still in transition from "sat" to "sate" and used both himself. The copy-text inconsistency may thus be authorial.

**schoolboy, school-boy**

The copy-text uses both spellings (163.9, 166.16), and so does Thackeray in his other writings: see *Letters* 1: 249 ("school-boys") and *VF* 42 ("schoolboys"). The copy-text inconsistency may thus be authorial.

**Secretary**

Though inconsistent in capitalizing this word when referring to the clerical position, when referring to high officials, Thackeray tends to capitalize it. See *Esmond* 284(2), 317(3); *Letters* 2: 495. Thus the copy-text's lower-case forms at 88.12 and 90.5, in references to Walpole as the army secretary, may have been capitalized in the manuscript.

**sergeant, serjeant**

Thackeray's manuscripts reveal one example of "sergeant" with a "g" and one with a "j" (*Letters* 1: 95; *VF* 697). The inconsistency in the copy-text (see 3.23 and 137.1) may thus be authorial.

**shan't**

Thackeray spells this word variously "shant" (a form not sanctioned by the *OED*) and, more usually, "shan't," but never "sha'n't" ("shant": *Letters* 1: 356; 2: 161, 166; "shan't": *Letters* 1: 421, 468; 2: 138, 164, 244; *VF* 695; *Esmond* 557, 558). The copy-text's instances of "shan't" may thus be authorial; but its instances of "sha'n't" (35.7, 157.22) are probably not.

**she devil, she-devil**

Thackeray uses both forms (*Letters* 1: 202, 435), and thus the copy-text's inconsistency (compare 40.3 and 63.18) may be authorial.



**shew**

The copy-text consistently uses "shew" for the verb "show," though not for the noun. This is also *Fraser's* style outside the pages of *Catherine* (see 21: 48, 88, 193, 194, 197). Thackeray's style is interesting: it seems to have changed just about the time he completed *Catherine*. From 1829 through November 1839 (when he had written all but the last two episodes of the novel), Thackeray invariably used "shew": see *Letters* 1: 69, 75, 96, 119, 123, 126, 137, 157, 182, 188, 197, 214, 248, 251, 263, 291, 304, 316, 391 (19 examples). After that, however, he seems to have switched almost entirely to "show": see *Letters* 1: 466 (August-September 1840, six months after the completion of *Catherine*); 2: 130, 542; *VF* 22, 43, 107, 708; *Esmond* 149 (eight examples of "show" after 1839), as opposed to *Letters* 2: 798 (an 1851 letter containing the only post-1839 example of "shew"). Given that the shift seems to have occurred after Thackeray wrote *Catherine*, the copy-text's "shew" may be authorial.

**Siege**

In contrast to his practice with "battle," Thackeray capitalized this word in the phrases "Siege of Jerusalem" (*Letters* 1: 158) and "Castlewood Siege" (*Esmond* 438). This copy-text's lower-case forms (at 86.6, 171.12) may thus have been capitalized in the manuscript.

**Sir**

The copy-text prints "sir" lower case in all but one case (33.2; *Fraser's* 19: 616), and this is *Fraser's* general style: see 19: 177(4), 178, 425(3), 426(2),

427(2); 20: 23(2), 24, 29 (16 examples). Thackeray, however, almost invariably capitalizes the word: see *Letters* 1: 443; 2: 295; 3: 575(2); *DLB* 286(2); *VF* 17, 20(3), 24, 36(4), 38, 67(2), 70, 78, 81, 82(2), 98, 105, 109(2), 111(6); *Esmond* 22, 43, 46(2), 47(3), 52, 64(2), 70, 101, 102, 104(2), 115(2), 122(2), 124, 125(2), 147(6), 187, 251, 296, 297, 303, 304(2), 305(2), 306(2), 308, 316(9), 317, 539, 563 (85 capitalized examples); cf. *VF* 20, 35; *Esmond* 305 (three lower case). It thus seems extremely likely that Thackeray capitalized "Sir" throughout his manuscript of *Catherine* and that the compositors changed every capitalized "Sir" but one to lower case. The copy-text's lower-case forms can be seen at 8.25, 9.2, 9.4, 9.5, 9.8, 9.10, 9.15, 9.19, 9.20, 9.23, 9.25, 10.2, 10.5, 12.24, 16.12, 26.3, 26.5, 26.14, 32.11(2), 33.6, 33.10, 33.21, 34.21, 40.6, 40.11, 82.6, 82.12, 86.22, 90.19, 94.4, 96.11, 99.16, 99.22, 103.16, 103.17, 103.18, 104.6, 104.13, 105.15, 137.6(2), 167.17, 172.21, 174.22, 175.20, 175.21, 191.20, 193.14, 218.25(2), 244.6.

### **sirrah**

Since Thackeray's clear tendency was to capitalize "Sir," one might expect him to have capitalized this word as well, but the evidence is very scanty: one capitalized example and one lower case (*Esmond* 285, 21). Moreover, as this is a contemptuous term, it is quite possible that Thackeray did not want it capitalized. The copy-text's lower-case form (e.g., at 169.12) may thus be authorial.

**Square**

Thackeray capitalizes this word in complete titles: see "Eaton Square," "Brunswick Square," and "Russell Square" (*Letters* 1: 343, 376; *VF* 3). The "square of Connaught" in the copy-text (at 146.9) may thus have been the "Square of Connaught" in the manuscript.

**Squire**

Thackeray capitalizes this word in such phrases as "the young Squires," "their Squire," and even "a Squire": see *VF* 89(2), 93; *Esmond* 299; *Letters* 2: 405. The copy-text's lower-case instances of "squire" may thus have been capitalized in the manuscript. The copy-text instances are at 16.12, 41.9, 45.5, 47.16, 57.25, 58.5, 58.7, 59.2, 59.4, 59.23, 60.3, 64.24, 88.18, 120.10, 120.17.

**staid, stayed**

The copy-text prints "staid" one time (108.19) instead of "stayed," the spelling it uses elsewhere. Thackeray uses both forms: see *Letters* 1: 176, 191; *VF* 28 (three examples of "staid"); *Letters* 1: 114 (an example of "stayed"). The copy-text inconsistency may thus be authorial.

**step-**

The copy-text is inconsistent with compound words beginning with this prefix; it hyphenates sometimes ("step-father," 143.18; *Fraser's* 20: 531) and runs the words solid at others ("stepfather," 192.8; *Fraser's* 21: 107). The evidence from Thackeray's manuscripts is sketchy: two hyphenated examples (*Letters* 2: 399, 798) and two as two separate words (*Letters* 2: 358; *VF* 68). Given the

lack of evidence that Thackeray used the solid form, the copy-text's "stepfather" at 192.8 may not be authorial.

### **stupified**

Thackeray uses this spelling (a variant recorded in the *OED*) as well as "stupefied." See *Letters* 2: 153; *Esmond* 62 ("stupified"); *Letters* 2: 286; *Esmond* 62 ("stupefied"). The copy-text spelling with an "i" (at 60.1 and 69.16) may thus be authorial.

### **Sun**

Thackeray's capitalization practice with this word is mixed, the situation being complicated by the fact that in his handwriting it is sometimes difficult to distinguish a capital "S" from a lower-case one. For an example of this problem, see Volume 2 of Thackeray's *Letters*: the frontispiece to that volume is a facsimile reproduction of one of Thackeray's letters containing the word "Sun." In the facsimile, the "S" in "Sun" appears to be capitalized. However, Gordon Ray's printed version of the letter (37) prints "sun" lower case. Twenty-two other examples of "sun/Sun" have been discovered in Thackeray's manuscripts, as presented by Ray, Shillingsburg, and Harden. Assuming that these editors are correct in their interpretations of Thackeray's handwriting in these twenty-two cases, Thackeray capitalized "Sun" thirteen times and lower-cased it nine times (see *VF* 102, 111, 736; *Letters* 1: 145, 288; 2: 474, 636, 716; *Esmond* 513, 557, 582, 618, 620: 13 capitalized; *Letters* 1: 181, 253, 467; 2: 604, 794; *VF* 101; *Esmond* 7, 22, 180: nine lower case). The evidence here being fairly inconclusive, it is difficult to say whether all or some or none of the copy-text's

consistently lower-case spellings of "sun" are authorial.

### Surgeon

Thackeray's tendency is to capitalize this word: see *VF* 734, 736; *Esmond* 129(3), 131, 138 (seven capitalized); *VF* 23, 105 (two lower case). The copy-text's lower-case spelling of "surgeon" (at 237.1, 237.3) may thus not be authorial.

### to day, to night, tomorrow

*Fraser's* style is quite straightforward: it hyphenates all these words. See 19: 431, 432, 659(2); 20: 149 ("to-morrow"); 19: 430, 659; 20: 29, 162 ("to-day"); 19: 431; 20: 23, 292 ("to-night"). Consistent with this practice, all three words are hyphenated in the copy-text. However, Thackeray's practice is not to hyphenate any of these words. Rather, he spells "to day" as two separate words, "tomorrow" as a single, unhyphenated word, and "to night" as either two words or one, but not hyphenated. See *Letters* 1: 36, 38(2), 39, 41, 42, 43, 46, 47, 48, 49, 53, 64, 65, 76, 79, 83, 110, 184, 213, 225, 228, 267, 270, 305, 350, 353, 355(2), 356(2), 357, 358, 359, 393, 477; 2: 72; *VF* 65, 687 (39 examples of "to day"); cf. *Letters* 1: 42 (one example of "today"); there are no examples of "to-day." See also *Letters* 1: 36, 49, 63, 80, 105, 226, 276, 354; *VF* 735 (nine examples of "to night"); cf. five examples of "tonight" (*Letters* 1: 49, 355, 356, 358, 413). And see *Letters* 1: 42, 55, 57, 63, 77, 79, 100, 173, 185, 302, 305, 306, 350, 352, 353, 356(2), 360, 361, 379, 383, 385, 390, 401, 421; 2: 72, 73, 175(2), 258(2); *VF* 24(2), 25, 106; *Esmond* 67, 127, 241 (38 examples of "tomorrow"); cf. five examples of "to morrow" (*Letters* 1: 70,

89, 131, 200, 248). Note that the *OED* records the two-word versions of "to day" and "to night," as does Johnson (under "to," meanings 25, 26).

Given Thackeray's preferences, it seems highly likely that none of the copy-text's spellings for these three words is authorial. In the manuscript of *Catherine*, the copy-text's "to-day" (8.25, 72.10, 174.4) was probably "to day"; "to-morrow" (104.25) was probably "tomorrow"; and "to-night" (220.13, 220.17) was either "to night" or "tonight."

See also the list of end-line hyphenations under "tomorrow."

#### **toothache**

See "headache."

#### **University**

Thackeray capitalizes this word in references such as "the University": see *Letters* 1: 38, 65(2), 66, 82, 83, 137; *VF* 83; *Esmond* 67, 79 (ten examples). Thus the copy-text's lower-case "university" (at 85.20) was probably capitalized in the manuscript.

#### **villany**

The *OED* notes that this spelling was more common than "villainy" in the nineteenth century. Thackeray uses it in *Esmond* (125), though he uses "villainy" elsewhere (*Letters* 2: 835; *VF* 72). With this small a sample, it is difficult to say whether the copy-text's use of "villany" at 3.3 is authorial.

**wagon, waggon**

Thackeray's practice is inconsistent for this word. He uses "wagon" three times (*Letters* 1: 66 and twice at 131) and "waggon" or "waggons" three times (*Letters* 1: 219, 248; *Esmond* 239). Given this inconsistency, it is impossible to say whether the copy-text's spelling "wagon(s)" at 146.11 and 155.24 is authorial.

**well nigh**

Thackeray tends to write this compound as two words (five examples: *Letters* 1: 215, 290; 2: 107, 253; *VF* 67) rather than hyphenating it (one example: *Letters* 1: 343). Thus the copy-text's inconsistency in this case (printing "well-nigh" at 244.14 and "well nigh" at 208.21) may be compositorial rather than authorial. See also the table of line-end hyphenations.

**wo, woful**

Thackeray does not usually use an "e" in these words: see *Letters* 2: 205; *VF* 34 ("wo"); *Letters* 1: 324; 2: 60, 335, 609, 770; *VF* 5; *Esmond* 49, 58, 263 ("woful," "wofully"), though cf. *Esmond* 137 ("woe"). The copy-text's e-less spellings (at 23.17, 66.4, 130.10, 169.21) are thus probably authorial.

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## APPENDICES

Note that in the Appendices footnotes added for this edition are preceded by numerals. Footnotes marked by asterisks exist in the original documents.

## I. SOURCES FOR THE HAYES MURDER

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*A. The Newspapers of 1726***Thursday, March 3, 1726**

*Daily Post*, p. 1: Yesterday Morning early a Man's Head, that by the Freshness of it seem'd to have been newly cut off from the Body, having its own Hair on, was found by the River's Side near Mill-Bank, Westminster, and was afterwards exposed to publick View in St. Margaret's Church-yard, where Thousands of People have seen it; but none could tell who the unhappy Person was, much less who committed such a horrid and barbarous Action; nor is the Body, as we hear, yet found, being supposed to have been thrown into the Thames. The Head was much hack'd and mangled on each Side of the Chin in the Cutting off; there are various Conjectures relating to the Deceased; but there being nothing certain, we omit inserting them.

**Friday, March 4**

*Parker's Penny Post*, p. 4: [*Parker's* repeats the *Daily Post* account almost verbatim, but adds that the victim's hair was "brown curl'd" and specifies that the head was discovered "in the Dock before Mr. Paul's Brewhouse, near the Horse Ferry at Westminster." In addition, *Parker's* omits the speculation that the body may have been disposed of in the Thames, and instead reports the following information: "Several Houses in Tuttle Fields, and about Westminster, have been search'd for the Body, but to no

purpose."]

*Daily Journal*, p. 1: The Man's Head found at the Water-side, near the Horse-Ferry at Westminster, was Yesterday again expos'd in St. Margaret's Church-Yard; but we do not hear of any one that knows it, neither have they as yet discover'd the Body.

### Saturday, March 5

*Weekly Journal*, p. 3: Last Wednesday Morning at Day-light there was found in the Dock before Mr. Paul's Brew-house, near the Horse-Ferry at Westminster, the Head of a Man, with brown curl'd Hair, the Scull broke in two Places, and a large Cut on each Cheek; judg'd to be upwards of 30, and by all Circumstances, appearing to have been newly cut from off a living Body; but by whom, or on what Account, is yet a Secret. There was found near it, a bloody Pail; and some Bargemen have since affirmed, that they saw two Ruffian-like Fellows bring that Pail to the Water-side, and throw the Head into the Dock, and then run away. The Head was the same Day set up, and expos'd to publick View in St. Margaret's Church Yard; to the End, that any one knowing the Features, might give some Account of the Person. Several Houses in Tuttle Fields, and about Westminster, have likewise been searched for the Body. 'Tis a general Opinion, that this miserable Creature belonged to the Gang of Street Robbers, and was murder'd by them to prevent his making a Discovery, or

for other Reasons amongst themselves.

*London Journal*, p. 1: On Wednesday Morning about Five a Clock, a Bargeman, being in his Barge above the Horse-Ferry, heard something thrown into the Water; but could not distinguish what it was. But at Day-light, when the Tide went out, he saw a Man's Head, fresh cut from the Body, the Scull broke, and the Face sadly mangled. He took it up; and it was exposed all that Day upon the Watch-House by Westminster-Abbey, in order to have it known: and upon the above Information, the proper Officers were immediately in Search after the inhumane Murtherers.

*Daily Post*, p. 1: A Report spread yesterday throughout the Town, that the Man's Head exposed to publick View in St. Margaret's Church-Yard, was a Welch Porter's Head that ply'd some Time since at the Queen's Head Tavern in Holborn, at Gray's-Inn Gate, and that it was cut off on St. David's Day, and there appearing a great deal of Likeness in the Physiognomy, and he having been absent for some Time, those of his own Acquaintance believed it; so that many Hundreds of People went to that Tavern to enquire into the Truth thereof, but in the Evening, the Porter having heard on't, came and presented himself at the Bar of the said Tavern, and effectually confuted that Story without using any other Arguments.

*Daily Journal*, p. 1: It was believed, that the Man's Head found in Westminster resembled very much a Porter at the Queen's-Head Tavern in Holbourn,



who was said to be missing; but, upon Enquiry, it was not the Person; wherefore the Head (which had been taken down on that Report) was again put up to View, by Order of the Justices; and we hear it will continue to be expos'd for several Days longer.

#### Saturday, March 12

*Mist's Weekly Journal*, p. 2: The Head found at Westminster, said to have belong'd to a Porter, was disown'd by the Porter himself; but on Thursday a poor Woman from Kingsland, whose Husband has been missing ever since the Day before the Head was taken up, came to the Surgeon's where it lies, in great Grief, and found the Head to be her Husband's, but knows nothing how he came to be murther'd.

*Weekly Journal*, p. 3: The Man's Head found in Westminster, is put into Spirits, and lodg'd at the House of Mr. Westbrook, a Surgeon, by Order of the Justices. 'Tis said that John Gillingham the Street-Robber now in Newgate, hath offer'd to discover something relating to that Affair.

#### Thursday, March 24

*Evening Post*, p. 1: This Morning was found in a Ditch, near St. Mary le Bone, alias Marybone, the Trunk of a Man's Body, with a large Wound in the

Belly, it was wrapp'd up by it self in a Blanket, the Arms, Legs, and Thighs, were loose by it, in the Water, in the same Ditch, but no Head.

#### Friday, March 25

*Daily Post*, p. 1: On Wednesday last the Arms, Thighs, and Legs of a Man cut asunder, as if done with a Butcher's Cleaver, were accidentally found in a Pond near Marybone, and yesterday they drag'd the Pond and took out the Trunk of the Body wrapt up in a Blanket, but finding no Head, 'tis suppos'd that which was exposed to publick View at Westminster in St. Margaret's Church-Yard, belonged thereto.

#### Saturday, March 26

*Daily Post*, p. 1: After the finding several Parts of a human Body in a Pond near Marybone, all cut asunder, as said in our last, one Katharine Hayes living in Tyburn Road, was on Thursday Night last committed to Newgate on a violent Suspicion of murdering her Husband, who is missing; and one Springate, a Woman her Companion, was at the same Time committed to the Gatehouse; another Woman and a Man were committed to New Prison on the same Account, in order to a further Examination into that horrid Affair.

*Mist's Weekly Journal*, p. 2: The Body of a Man has been found without a Head near Tottenham-Court-Road, much mangled and bruised; which, by the Time of lying, is supposed to have belonged to the Head lately found at Westminster. — The Wife and her Gallant are taken, on violent Suspicion of the said Murder, together with another Woman, and committed to several Prisons. His name was John Hays.

**Monday, March 28**

*Daily Post*, p. 2: The Man's Head found near Millbank, and the Parts of a human Body found in a Pond, near Marybone, being plac'd together, does exactly quadrate and appear to be the Body of Mr. John Hayes, that liv'd in Tyburn Road, whose Wife is committed to Newgate.

On Saturday last she was re-examin'd by six or seven Justices of the Peace, and remanded back to Newgate.

Yesterday another Man, a Companion of hers, was taken up on Suspicion of that horrid Murther, and committed to Tothil-Fields Bridewel; there are now two Men and two Women in Custody for it in four several Prisons, so that tis hoped the Truth will be found out.

*Parker's Penny Post*, p. 4: [*Parker's* repeats the March 25 *Daily Post* story concerning the discovery of the body in a Marybone pond, then identifies the central figures in the case as Margaret and James Hayes. The report then adds the following information about the murder victim: "It seems, the

deceased kept a little House in Tyburn Road, lending out small Sums of Money on Pledges; which, with an Estate of about 30*l. per Annum*, were the means by which he supported his Family." About Catherine, the report commented: "She at first refused to be examined, pretending to be sick in Bed; wherefore the Magistrates went to the House; where the Head being shewn her, she did not deny but that it was her Husband's; but shewed no manner of Concern at the Misfortune: She at last pretended, that he, having a Quarrel with a Man, set out for Warwick the 1st of this instant *March*, and that she had not since heard of him; and prevaricated most notoriously with the Justices. Two Men, her Lodgers, being also examined, were committed to New Prison, and one *Springate*, a Woman her Companion, was at the same Time committed to the Gatehouse, Westminster."]

*Daily Journal*, p. 1: We hear, that Margaret Hayes, mentioned in our last, hath, after several Examinations and Interrogatories, confess'd the Murder of her Husband; and that yesterday a Butcher was apprehended and committed, he being the Person that acted the cruel Scene, while the Wife was aiding and abetting; and that he had the Deceased's Coat and Waistcoat on, when he was taken.

#### Tuesday, March 29

*Evening Post*, p. 2: One Wood, a Butcher, the Person that cut the Body to

Pieces, by the Directions of Margaret Hayes, is, at present in the Gate-House, he having confess'd the Fact.

*Daily Post*, p. 1: On Sunday last one Wood, formerly a Servant at Ganford, near Harrow, was apprehended and committed to Tothil-Fields Bridewell, for the Murther of John Hayes in Tyburn Road; in the Evening three of his Majesty's Justices of the Peace went thither to examine him, to whom he made an ingenuous Confession of that horrid Fact, and what Part every one now in Custody for it, acted therein, viz. That they first made him drunk with Wine, (the Good Wife having furnish'd Money for that Purpose) that then upon his falling asleep, he struck him on the back Side of his Head with an Ax, and knock'd out his Brains, which causing a great Effusion of Blood, the good Woman advis'd to cut the Head off, which was done accordingly; she afterwards brought them a Box to put the Body in, but not being sufficient to receive it, they quarter'd the same, and carry'd it out as formerly mention'd. — Yesterday Belings, a Taylor, said to be her Gallant, was removed from New Prison to Newgate; as also was Wood from Bridewell to the said Goal [sic]. We hear the Wife gave the Murtherer her Husband's Hat, Coat, and some Silver, and assured him he should not want; and that last Sunday he came to Town for more Money, and calling at her Lodging, the Landlord said she was removed to the next Street; and so carry'd him to a Friend of the Deceased, where he was secured. Wood upon his Confession of having quarter'd the deceas'd, being ask'd if he was not a Butcher by Trade, said, he was not, but could kill and cut up a Beast as well as any Butcher at all.

*Daily Journal*, pp. 1-2: Margaret Hayes, who stands committed to Newgate for Petty-Treason, for being concerned in the most inhumane and unheard of Murder of her Husband John Hayes, (whose Head was found in Westminster on the 2d Instant) hath confess'd, That she hath had several Children by her said Husband, That having Criminal Conversation<sup>1</sup> with Thomas Wood, a Butcher, and Thomas Billins, a Taylor, both Worcestershire Men, they put her upon complying with the execrable Deed, that they might get into the Possession of her Husband's Substance, and keep her Company without Molestation; That when her Husband was murdered, they took out of his Pocket 26 Guineas, 9 King George's Shillings, and 6 Sixpences, 11 Guineas whereof they return'd her, and kept the rest themselves.

And yesterday the said Thomas Billins was removed from New-Prison to Newgate, by Justice Lambert's Warrant, and loaded with Irons.

Also yesterday in the Evening, the abovesaid Thomas Wood was brought to Newgate in a Coach, guarded by a Serjeant and two Files of Musqueteers and several Constables; the Mob all the way expressing their Joy by loud Huzzas. He confessed before Colonel Mohun and Mr. Lambert, two Justices of the Peace, That himself and Billins first made the late Mr. Hayes drunk with Claret in his own House; and that he falling asleep, Billins broke his Scull as he lay on the Bed, while himself cut his Throat, and afterwards cut his Head off, and mangled the Body in the manner as hath been already described; with many other Particulars relating to the

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<sup>1</sup>Criminal Conversation: i.e., adultery (*OED*, "conversation," 3).

horrid Fact: Which Confession he signed before the Justices.

**Wednesday, March 30**

*Daily Post*, p. 1: Yesterday the three Murtherers of Mr. John Hayes, who are now in Newgate, were examin'd again, and made a further Confession relating to that horrid Fact.

**Saturday, April 2**

*Weekly Journal*, p. 3: [After repeating the March 29 *Daily Journal* and *Daily Post* accounts of the murder and the arrests, adding only that the number of children "Margaret Hayes" claimed to have had by her husband was fourteen, the *Weekly Journal* report provided the following new information: "The mangled Corpse was carried out of Town on Monday last in an Hearse, followed by several Mourning Coaches, to be interr'd at Ombersley in Worcestershire; his Mother, who is come to Town, having order'd the Funeral, and a vigorous Prosecution against the Murderers."]

*Mist's Weekly Journal*, p. 2: The whole Affair of the Murder of John Hays, whose Head was found at Westminster, and his Limbs and Trunk near Marribone, is at length discover'd; his Wife and Gallant, with one whom they hired, having confessed all the Circumstances of that horrid Murder,

viz. that they made him drunk at home, and falling asleep, Wood, a Farmer's Man, knock'd his Brains out with a Hatchet, and then quarter'd him by the Directions of the good Woman. His Body is carried down in a Hearse, with several Mourning Coaches attending, into Worcestershire to be interr'd.

*London Journal*, p. 2: [After repeating various earlier reports, the *London Journal* adds, concerning Catherine and Mrs. Springate: "The Wife has . . . confess'd . . .; but, we hear, that the other Woman who was committed to Prison, was no Accomplice, but that having made, seen, and heard some Things which gave her Cause to suspect the Murder, they had thought fit to bribe her to hold her Tongue."]

### Wednesday, April 6

*Parker's Penny Post*, p. 3: Last Saturday it was discover'd, That *William Billins*, by Trade a Taylor, the Person that beat out Mr. Hay's Brains with a Hatchet, on the 1st of March last, at his House in Tyburn Road, is the Natural Son of *Margaret Hayes*, begotten by a Tanner in Worcestershire, before her Marriage with the said Mr. *Hayes*.



**Wednesday, April 13**

*Daily Journal*, p. 1: Also to-morrow the Coroner's Inquest finish their Inquiry in relation to the Death of Mr. John Hayes, lately Murder'd by his Wife and two Men, at his own Habitation in Tyburn-Road.

**Saturday, April 16**

*Daily Post*, p. 1: On Thursday last the Coroner's Jury having sate for the last Time upon the Body of Mr. John Hayes, barbarously murther'd and cut to Pieces, brought in their Verdict Wilful Murther against his Wife Katharine Hayes and her two Companions Wood and Billings; all the Three are in Newgate.

*London Journal*, p. 3: We hear, that the Prosecution against Margaret Hayes, Thomas Billings, and Thomas Wood, for the inhuman Murder of John . Hayes, is to be carried on at the King's Expence, and managed by Mr. Cracherode, Sollicitor to the Treasury.

**Monday, April 18**

*Parker's Penny Post*, p. 4: Last Wensday, began the General Quarter Sessions of the Peace for the City and Liberty of Westminster, when Bills of

Indictment were found against *Margaret Hays*, *Thomas Wood*, and *Thomas Billings*, for the Murder of *John Hays*, on the first of *March* last, at his own House in Tyburn Road.

The next day, *Mr. Higgs*, the Coroner for the County of Middlesex, finish'd his Enquiry in relation to the death of the said *Mr. Hays*, when the Jury he had summon'd on that Occasion, brought in their Verdict *Wilful Murder*, against *Thomas Wood*, *Thomas Billings*, and *Margaret Hays*, Wife of the deceased: Twelve Witnesses having been Examined by the Jury.

#### **Tuesday, April 19**

*Evening Post*, p. 1: We hear that Katharine Hayes had promised to make, as last Night, a full Confession of the Murder of her Husband, for which purpose several Justices of the Peace, and a Clergy man were to attend her in Newgate.

#### **Wednesday, April 20**

*Daily Post*, p. 1: Yesterday the Sessions began at Hicks's-Hall, and To-Day the Grand Jury for Middlesex will hear the King's Witnesses, and bring in their Verdict, in relation to the barbarous Murther of *Mr. John Hays* in Tyburn Road, committed by his Wife *Katharine Hays* and her two Companions *Billings* and *Wood*.

*Parker's Penny Post*, p. 4: On Friday last, *Thomas Wood*, and *Thomas Billings*, were brought to Mrs. *Margaret Hayes*, on the Master-side of Newgate, and to her Face, charged her with being aiding and assisting in the Murther of her Husband Mr. *John Hayes* (which she as stiffly deny'd) Justice Lambert and others being then present.

#### Thursday, April 21

*Daily Post*, p. 1: Bills of Indictment were found yesterday at Hicks's Hall against *Thomas Billings*, *Thomas Wood* and *Katharine Hayes*, for the Murther of Mr. *John Hayes*; and we hear their Trials will come on this Day at the Old Baily.

*Evening Post*, p. 1: Bills of Indictment were found Yesterday at Hicks's Hall against *Thomas Billings*, *Thomas Wood*, and *Katherine Hayes*, for the Murder of Mr. *John Hayes*, the two Men continue to acknowledge the Fact to such as visit them, particularly *Wood* in a free, ingenuous and penitent Manner, but the Woman, Wife of the deceas'd stiffly denies it, and hath put her self into deep Mourning, in which to appear at her Trial.

#### Friday, April 22

*Parker's Penny Post*, p. 4: The Tryal of Mrs. *Hays*, for the Murder of her

Husband in Tyburn Road, with her Confederates *Thomas Wood* and *Thomas Billings*, is deferr'd till this day.

*Daily Journal*, p. 1: The Tryal of Thomas Billings, Thomas Wood, and Katharine Hayes, for the Murder of John Hayes, comes on this Morning at Eight of the Clock.

### Saturday, April 23

*Daily Post*, p. 1: Yesterday at the Sessions in the Old Baily came on the Trials of Thomas Billings, Thomas Wood, and Katherine Hayes, for the barbarous Murther of Mr. John Hayes, which two Men pleaded guilty to their Indictments, the Woman, the Wife of the murther'd Person, pleaded not guilty; but upon hearing Counsel, and examining Evidences touching that Affair, the Jury brought her in guilty of the Indictment laid against her.

*Daily Journal*, p. 1: Yesterday, at the Sessions in the Old Baily, came on the Tryal of Margaret Hayes, Thomas Billings, and Thomas Wood, for the Murder of Mr. John Hayes. The Men pleaded Guilty; and Margaret Hayes, putting herself upon Tryal, was, on full Proof, found Guilty of Petty Treason. When the Cloaths of her deceased Husband were produced, she fell into a Swoon at the Bar, and desired to be carried away, lest she should Miscarry. She appear'd in Mourning at her Tryal.

*London Journal*, p. 2: [After repeating the gist of the *Daily Journal* account of this day, the *London Journal* adds: "There were a great Number of Nobility and Gentry at the Tryal."]

### Monday, April 25

*Daily Post*, p. 1: On Saturday last the Sessions ended at the Old Baily, when the fifteen Malefactors following received Sentence of Death, viz. . . . Thomas Billings and Thomas Wood for the barbarous Murther of Mr. John Hayes; as also Katharine Hayes, the Wife of the Deceased, for the same Fact, the latter being order'd to be burnt alive . . .

### Thursday, April 28

*Daily Journal*, p. 1: Yesterday Catherine Hayes, being at the Chapel in Newgate with the other Malefactors under Sentence of Death, fainted away several times. She publicly declares, That not a Shilling would she give to save her Life; but a hat full of Guineas, if she had them, she would bestow to save her from being burnt.

**Saturday, April 30**

*London Journal*, pp. 1-2: [What follows is a front-page letter to the editor.] The World is very justly alarmed at the Barbarity of a Murder lately committed by a Wife on her Husband. I believe no Reflexions of mine, upon this Occasion, will be an equal Entertainment, or contain so good a Moral, as the following Narration, which I took from *Holinshead*; who is very diffuse and particular in his Account of it. The Reader will find in it many resembling Circumstances to the present execrable Affair; and I hope from both will draw convincing Proofs of the Interposition of that Providence, which never suffers the Blood of the Innocent either to lie concealed or unpunished, however darkly the Guilty go to work. [The author then presents a long account of the 1551 murder of Arden of Feversham by his wife's lover and some others, a murder committed at the behest of the wife so that she could marry her lover.]

**Monday, May 2**

*Daily Journal*, p. 1: We hear, that Thomas Wood, one of the Persons concern'd in the Murder of Mr. John Hayes, lies so dangerously ill in Newgate, that 'tis believ'd he cannot live to undergo the Execution of his Sentence.

**Tuesday, May 3**

*Daily Journal*, p. 1: Catharine Hayes still persists in her being innocent of the Murder of her Husband.

**Wednesday, May 4**

*Parker's Penny Post*, pp. 3-4: [What follows is an account appended to a listing of the trials heard in the Old Bailey.] The most remarkable of which Tryals, we will give a short Account of *viz.*

*Katharine Hayes*, for abetting and being privy to the Murder of her Husband *John Hayes*, and *Thomas Billings*, and *Thomas Wood*, for committing the same. The two last pleaded Guilty, having ingeniously [sic] declar'd the true Matter of Fact, how it was perpetrated, *viz.* That she had for a Month or six Weeks, been importuning them to Murder her Husband, which they refused two or three Times, but at last comply'd, which was thus effected: On Tuesday the 1st of March, all the four Persons being together, an unhappy Discourse began about drinking, Mr. *Hayes* boasting how much he could bear and not be Drunk; on which an Offer was made, that if Mr. *Hayes* drank six Bottles of Wine, then *Billings* would pay for it, and accordingly lays down half a Guinea: But if not, then *Hayes* should pay for it himself: They readily went to fetch in the Wine, and in the Way, they consulted to Murder him when he was drunk with the Wine; and by drinking it so very fast, their Expectations were

quickly answer'd, and then he went and fell fast asleep on the Bed in the next Room, where he had not lay above 15 Minutes, but *Billings* goes to him with a Hatchet, and therewith gave him a Blow on the hinder part of the Head; upon which, *Wood* and Mrs. *Hayes* went into the same Room, where *Wood*, with his Knife, cut off the Head, and Mrs. *Hayes*, to prevent the Blood flying about the Room, held the Pail while it was doing: That the same Night (when late) they carried the Head and Pail, and threw it into the Thames, and the next Night, carried off the Body, wrap'd in a Blanket, and threw it into a Pond in Marybone fields, where it was found.

#### Thursday, May 5

*Daily Post*, p. 1: Two . . . Malefactors under Sentence of Death, died yesterday in the Condemn'd Hold within an Hour of one another, viz. Thomas Wood condemned for the Murther of Mr. John Hayes, and Jan Vanvick condemned for Felony and Burglary, who were immediately carried out into a Place call'd the Pump-House, for the Coroner's Inquest to sit upon the Bodies. We heard the former shew'd, to outward Appearance, great Penitence and Contrition all the while he was in the said Goal [sic], for the Part he acted in that barbarous Murther, saying it was the Effect of his being intoxicated in Liquor, begging Mercy of God for so heinous a Crime, owning the Justice of the Court in his Condemnation, and in his Sickness wishing he might only live till the Sentence of the Law should be executed upon him for a Terror to others.



**Friday, May 6**

*Daily Post*, p. 1: Yesterday Mr. Serjeant Raby, Deputy Recorder of this City, made his Report of the Malefactors under Sentence of Death in Newgate, to his Majesty in Council, when the Ten following were ordered for Execution, viz. . . . Thomas Billings and Katherine Hayes for Murther; the latter to be burnt . . .

Thomas Wood who received Sentence of Death for Murther, and Jan Vanwick for Felony and Burglary, having died in Newgate, as said in our former.

We hear the aforemention'd Malefactors will be executed on Monday next; but the Dead Warrant for fixing the Time is not yet come down to Newgate.

**Saturday, May 7**

*Daily Journal*, p. 1: The Coroners Inquest having sate on the Bodies of Thomas Wood, and John Vanwick, the Two Malefactors that dyed in Newgate last Wednesday; they were last Night buried in Christ-Church Parish.

**Tuesday, May 10**

*Daily Post*, p. 1: Yesterday the ten following Malefactors were executed at

Tyburn, viz. . . . Thomas Billings and Katherine Hayes for Murther; the latter was burnt alive according to her Sentence, as in Cases of Petty Treason, and was carried to Tyburn on a Sledge or Hurdle, and being a notorious Offender had not the Indulgence of being strangled before the Fire came to her, which they say is often done at such Executions; she was fasten'd to the Stake by an Iron Collar round her Neck, and an Iron Chain round her Body, having a Halter also about her Neck (running through the Post) which the Executioner pull'd at when she began to shriek; she affirm'd upon her taking the Sacrament at Newgate, that Billings was her own Son got by Mr. Hayes, tis supposed before her Marriage with him; the said Billings said she was then a vile Woman in not discovering it to him before he had any criminal Conversation with her: If so, it appears to have been a dreadful Scene of Wickedness, hardly to be parallel'd in History; the Son kill'd his Father, and assisted in quartering him, and lay with his Mother when his Mangled Limbs were under the Bed. Billings was hang'd in Chains near Tyburn Road.

*Daily Journal*, pp. 1-2: Yesterday the following Malefactors were executed at Tyburn, viz. . . . John Cotterell, and James Dupre, two House-Breakers, together with Thomas Billings, one of the Murderers of Mr. Hayes, in a third Cart: Catharine Hayes being drawn thither on a Hurdle. . . .

Catharine Hayes, assoon [sic] as the others were executed, was, pursuant to a Special Order, made fast to a Stake, with a Chain round her Waste, her Feet on the Ground, and a Halter round her Neck, the End whereof went through a Hole made in the Stake for that Purpose:

The Fuel being placed round her, and lighted with a Torch, she begg'd for the Sake of Jesus, to be strangled first; whereupon the Executioner drew tight the Halter, but the Flame coming to his Hand, in the Space of a Second, he let it go, when she gave three dreadful Shrieks; but the Flames taking her on all Sides, she was heard no more; and the Executioner throwing a Piece of Timber into the Fire, it broke her Skull, when her Brains came plentifully out; and in about an Hour more she was entirely reduced to Ashes.

Thomas Billings was the same Day hang'd in Chains within 100 Yards of the Gallows on the Road to Paddington.

Just before the Execution, a Scaffold that had been built near Tyburn, and had about 150 People upon it, fell down. A Snuff Box Maker in Castle-Street, and Gentleman then not known, were, as 'tis believed, mortally Wounded; and about 12 other Men and Women, Maimed and Wounded in a most cruel Manner: Some having their Legs, others their Arms, &c. broke. Some part of the Scaffold being left standing, the Mob gathered upon it again in Numbers; and in about Half an Hour more, that also fell down, and several were hurt. Soon after, another Scaffold broke down, with about 100 Persons upon it; but the People that were damaged by it, being immediately carried off on Mens Backs, and in Coaches, we must defer the Particulars of that Mischief, as well as what happen'd at the other Place, to another Opportunity.

Wednesday, May 11

*Parker's Penny Post*, pp. 2-3: *Yesterday was publish'd, (as its said) a true Copy of the Paper which Mrs. Catharine Hayes deliver'd to a Friend on Sunday last, the 8th of May, being the day before her Execution, for the Murder of her Husband.*

Seeing I am soon to appear before a just and merciful God, who desires not the death of a Sinner, but rather that he would turn from his Wickedness and live, and from whom (through the Merits of our Saviour) I hope for a Pardon for my past Transgression, I am perswaded to publish this Paper that the World may not be impos'd on, nor my Memory suffer thro' a false and feign'd Character of my Life and Conversation. I must first confess the barbarous and bloody Murder of my Husband *John Hayes*. The design was carry'd on by my Contrivance, and the Murder committed through my Perswasion. The first Cause of my Aversion and Hatred proceeded from his ill Usage to me, he beat me, he abus'd me, and what is worse, he almost starv'd me, for he was covetous to an extream degree, and lov'd his Money better than his Wife. The first Thing that prompted the unhappy Youths to consent to kill him, was his beating me one day in their Presence; I could wish with all my Heart that they had not seen it. I do not repine at my Destiny, I am only sorry that I drew the two unhappy Youths into a Snare that has cost them their Lives. As for my own part, I neither desire, nor can I expect, a Pardon in this World; Mankind is grown enrag'd at the bloody Deed to such a degree, that my Life would be one continual Scene of Hatred and Reproach.

Next I declare, *Thomas Billings* to be my Son, begotten before Wedlock. I was ambitious to live well, and therefore I did believe I should not have got an Husband that could make me happy, if I had publickly own'd him to be my Son: This was the Reason that I drop'd him in *Worcestershire* in a Basket, but yet I took Care to know how he was dispos'd of, and to enquire after the Woman that was appointed to be his Nurse. I soon got acquainted with her, and under the Pretence of Charity, I often visited her, and made her considerable Presents and several Times bought for him and deliver'd to his Nurse Things that I thought most necessary. Thus I conceal'd his Birth, and supply'd his Necessities. I had a design on Mr. *Hayes's* Son, which was the only Cause that made me hire my self as a Servant to his Father; my design succeeded according to my Wish, and I manag'd the Intrigue so well, that in spite of his Father's Perswasions, I married him: Happy had it been for me had I still continued a reputed Maid. I humbly ask Pardon of all the World, and earnestly beg the Prayers of all good People, and particularly the Relations of Mr. *Hayes*, whom I have injured in his most untimely death. The World may judge of me as they please as to a Criminal Conversation with my Son, but if they believe it real, they wrong me. I was perswaded to persist in my Innocency in hopes to avoid a just Prosecution, and skreen me from the Laws of this Land; but when I found that the Dead Warrant was sign'd for my Execution, I thought it a Folly to trifle any longer, and therefore have made this Confession, which I have desir'd a Friend to publish; and as it is the last Request I can propose to make in this World, I hope he will not refuse me. I dye in perfect Charity with all

People. I have no more to add, but that I remain, expecting the death pronounced by the Laws of this Land, with as much Constancy as my Nature will allow, and humbly beg leave to subscribe my self,

*The unfortunate Catherine Hayes.*

**Friday, May 13**

*Parker's Penny Post*, p. 3: The Account to be added of what has been already said of the Persons executed last *Monday*, is as follows:

*Thomas Billings*, aged between 19 and 20 Years, was very Penitent for the Murder of *John Hayes*, and declar'd, that he did not Care what he suffer'd in this World, so that his Soul might have ever-lasting Happiness in the World to come.

*Catharine Hayes*, aged about 36 Years, acknowledg'd *Thomas Billings* to be her Son, born before she knew *John Hayes*: she own'd her self guilty of being Privy to her *Husband's Murder*, her Affections towards him being much cool'd by means of his ill Treatment, in beating and abusing her; she seem'd willing to submit to death, and repented of the *Murder*, but was terrified at her being to be Burnt.

**Saturday, May 14**

*Weekly Journal*, p. 2: [This paper repeats the *Daily Journal's* account of the

execution, then reports as follows on a statement made by Catherine Hayes: "She confess'd herself guilty in part of the Murder of her Husband Mr. John Hayes, for which she beg'd God and the World Pardon, and declar'd she repented herself heartily for being concern'd in it: She had a great Confidence of an happy State, because she said she was charitable and just in her Dealings. She own'd Billings to be her Son, and that his true Name was Thomas Hayes. She was somewhat confus'd in her Thoughts, and dyed in the Communion of the Church of England."]

*London Journal*, p. 2: On Monday the Ten following Malefactors were executed at Tyburn, viz. . . . Thomas Billings and Katherine Hayes, for Murder. The latter was drawn to Tyburn on a Hurdle, and there burnt alive, without the Indulgence of being first strangled, as has been customary in like Cases. But, to strike a proper Terror in the Spectators of so horrid a Crime, a special Order was sent to the Sheriff to the contrary. She was fasten'd to the Stake by an iron Collar round her Neck, and an iron Chain round her Body, having an Halter also about her Neck, (running through the Stake) which the Executioner pulled when she began to shriek: In about an Hour's Time she was reduced to Ashes. She affirmed in Newgate, that Billings was her own Son, got by Mr. Hayes's Father, when she lived with him as a Servant. So that Billings murder'd his own Brother, assisted in quartering him, and then lay with his own Mother, while his Brother's mangled Limbs were under the Bed. Billings was hanged in Chains near Tyburn in the Road to Paddington.

*B. The 1726 Pamphlets*

[The murder of John Hayes prompted the appearance of two different pamphlets presenting accounts of the case, pamphlets that were prepared even before the execution of the murderers in May 1726. On April 28, 1726, the *Daily Post* (2) announced that there was in the press a work entitled *The Life of Mrs. Margaret Hays* [sic]. This publication, according to the advertisement in the *Post*, would give

a full and true Account of all the Particulars of her Parentage, Birth, Education and Behaviour, from the Time of her Birth to the Hour of her Execution; with all the Circumstances of the barbarous and inhuman Murder she committed upon the Body of her Husband, with the Assistance of Thomas Billings and Thomas Wood . . .

The pamphlet was to be published by John Applebee, the usual publisher of accounts by the Ordinary of Newgate,<sup>1</sup> and on April 30, 1726, the *Daily Post* (1) ran another advertisement in which the condemned Thomas Billings endorsed the Applebee version as the only one containing his "Confession or Account."

[Since Thackeray, in the final chapter of *Catherine*, has his narrator say he is using the account of the Ordinary, this pamphlet may have been one of Thackeray's sources. Unfortunately, it has not survived.

[The other 1726 pamphlet has survived. Published originally by Thomas Warner on April 28, 1726, (see the *Daily Journal* for that date: 2), i.e., before the execution, it was reissued in a second edition later in the year. This second edition is reprinted below.]

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<sup>1</sup>See Linebaugh 259.



*A Narrative of the Barbarous  
and unheard of Murder of Mr. John Hayes,*

*By Catherine his Wife, Thomas Billings,  
and Thomas Wood, on the 1st of March at Night.*

Wherein every minute Circumstance attending that Horrid Affair, and the wonderful Providence of God in the Discovery of the Actors therein, are faithfully and impartially related. Together with the Examinations and Confessions of the said *Thomas Billings* and *Thomas Wood* before several of His Majesty's Justices of the Peace.

As also the Copy of a fictitious Letter that *Catherine Hayes* sent, as from her Husband, to his Mother in *Worcestershire* after his Death; and the Mother's Answer thereto: With some Account of the wicked Life and Conversation of the said *Catherine*, and likewise of those of *Thomas Billings* and *Thomas Wood*.

To which are prefix'd, Their true and exact EFFIGIES, drawn from Life, and curiously engraved on Copper.

Published with the Approbation of the Relations and Friends of the said Mr. John Hayes.

*A Narrative of the Horrid Murder  
of Mr. John Hayes, &c.*

In all the black Catalogue of Sins committed in the World, there is none that the Justice of God has so visibly witness'd against, and brought to just and deserved Punishment, as that barbarous and crying Sin of Murder; a Crime in defacing his holy Image, and assuming a Prerogative peculiar to him alone, who is the Sovereign Lord of the Life and Death of his Creatures: Therefore as it is not lawful for any Person to take away his own Life, or the Life of another, unless ourselves have forfeited them to the Justice of the Law, so has the Law of God, and the Laws of all civiliz'd (nay even heathen) Nations, made a Fence to secure them.

His present Majesty, our most gracious Sovereign, hath ever held this Crime in the utmost Abhorrence and Detestation, and since his Accession to the Throne of these Realms there have happen'd but *two Instances* where his Royal Clemency has been extended to Persons that by the Law had been found guilty of it, and that upon Account of some very favourable Circumstances, as appear'd in their *Cases*, more than thro' the Intercession of Courtiers, or others, who had any Share in his Royal Favour.

The mild gentle Laws of *England*, indulging the Passions of Men to a greater Degree than any other nation, may perhaps be a reason why so many Duels and Rencounters (in which the Subjects too often lose their Lives) pass with more Impunity than elsewhere. But when we consider how particularly benevolent they have been to the *Women* of this Island, the horrible *Murder* we are going to speak of, will appear the more black and shocking. For by the

Laws of this Realm, when a Woman marries she gives herself over, and what she brings with her, to her *Husband's* Power; she parts with her very Surname, and assumes her Husband's, wherefore if she wrongs another Person with her Tongue, (a common Case) or commits a Trespass, her Husband answers for the Fault, and must make Satisfaction. If she takes Things upon Trust, unknown to her Husband, and so runs him in Debt, he must pay it, or lie in Prison, notwithstanding his having advertis'd the Publick, or cry'd her down in the Market. Nay, if a Wife brings forth a Child, begotten before Marriage by another Man, the Husband is bound to own it as his Child, and the Child shall be his Heir at Law, according to this Axiom, *Pater est, quem Nuptia demonstrant*.<sup>2</sup> If she brings forth a Child after a long Absence of her Husband, and he liv'd all that while *inter quatuor Maria*,<sup>3</sup> within the four Seas, he must father that Child. And if it be her first-born Son, and the Husband's Estate entail'd, or left without Will, that Child shall be Heir to it. A Wife that has no Jointure settled before Marriage, may challenge, after her Husband's Death, the third Part of his yearly Rents (if Land) during her Life. In short, as the Husband and Wife are accounted but *One*, so she cannot be produc'd as a Witness for or against him; nor can they be wholly separated by Law, but upon a Nullity of Marriage, for Adultery, Consanguinity, Impotency, or such like, in which Cases, this is call'd a Separation, *à Vinculo Matrimonii*,<sup>4</sup> by which each Party is free to re-marry. However, if the Wife offends her Husband, he may

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<sup>2</sup>"He is the father whom the marriage proves to be the father." (This and the following translations from Latin have been supplied by Dr. H. G. Edinger.)

<sup>3</sup>Translated in the following phrase ("within the four Seas").

<sup>4</sup>The Latin phrase means "from the marriage bond."

moderately correct her; but should she kill her Husband, the Crime is by Law accounted *Petty Treason*, and she is to be drawn on a Hurdle<sup>5</sup> to the Place of Execution, and there *burnt alive* for it.

Having said thus much of the great Privileges and Immunities of an *English Wife*, we shall proceed to shew the monstrous Perfidy and Cruelty of a Woman entituled to the Benefit of the above-mention'd Laws; a Tragedy too shocking to be heard by human Ears, almost incredible, and, (God be thank'd) the Circumstances consider'd, the like scarce ever heard of before in this Kingdom, which take [sic] as follows, *viz.*

On *Wednesday* the 2d of *March* last, the Town was alarm'd with an Account that the Head of a Man, which by its Freshness appear'd to have been newly cut off from a living Body, had been taken up by one *Robinson*, a Watchman, in the Dock before Mr. *Macreth's* Lime-Wharf, near the Horse-Ferry at *Westminster*, soon after Day-break, together with a Pail that was near the Head, in which was some Blood, and was therefore suppos'd to have been brought therein to the Water-side. It was brought to *St. Margaret's* Church-yard, and laid on a Tomb-stone, but being much besmear'd with Dirt and Blood, the Church-Wardens order'd the Face to be wash'd clean, and the Hair combed, and caus'd it then to be set upon a high Post, to the end that all Persons, having a clear View of it, might be the only Means of attaining a Discovery. Next Mr. *Bird*, the High Constable, issu'd his Precepts to the Petty Constables, that the Avenues leading to the *Thames*, as *Petty-France*, *King-Street*, *White-Hall*, &c. should be strictly guarded that Night, and all Coaches and Carts passing,

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<sup>5</sup>A hurdle is the frame or sledge on which traitors used to be drawn through the streets to execution (*OED*, 1.c).

search'd for the Body, as believing that would be likewise brought to the *Thames*, which Order was executed for two Nights together.

The Head, continuing expos'd for three Days successively, drew a vast Concourse of People to *St. Margaret's Church-Yard* to behold it, all expressing their Horror at so dreadful and unusual a Spectacle. Various were the Conjectures and Opinions of People about it, some saying it was a *Soldier*, others, a *Country Pedlar*; the Women mostly affirming they had seen the Face, but *could not call it to Mind*. At length a *Welsh* or *Irish* Porter at a Tavern in *Holbourn*, that was got drunk and was missing, was given out to be the Person, and the Face bearing a strong Resemblance of his Physiognomy, 'tis said the Man himself, being doubtful, came to *Westminster*, to be convinc'd by ocular Demonstration.

The prudent Measures taken by the Church-Wardens having not hitherto met with the desir'd Success, their Discretion went farther, by ordering the Head to be deliver'd to Mr. *Westbrooke*, their Parish *Surgeon*, to be by him put into Spirits, and still preserv'd for View, which was done accordingly; and then a Woman or two came and pretended to give some Account of it, which did not prove satisfactory. The Town continu'd under great Surprize at the Barbarity of the Action, and moreover that no Light could be got on the Matter, which was become the Subject of all Conversation. *The Man's Head*, being a Phrase in every Body's Mouth, and indeed nothing more could be said about it, as the Case then stood.

But on *Wednesday* the 23d of *March* following it pleas'd a wiser Head than all the rest to bring to a signal Disgrace and Punishment the Authors of this execrable Fact, in the following Manner: viz. Mr. *Henry Longmore* that keeps

the *Green-Dragon* Ale-House in *King-Street*, near *Golden-Square*, being nearly related to one Mr. *John Hayes*, from *Ombersly* in *Worcestershire*, who then lodg'd together with his Wife on a second Floor, at the House of Mr. *Weingard*, a Smith, in *Tyburn* Road, at a very short Distance from Mr. *Longmore's* House; Mr. *Joseph Abshy* [sic], Butler to Sir *Thomas Lumley Sanderson*, a Townsman, and a very intimate Friend of Mr. *Hayes*, taking Notice that Mr. *Hayes* had not been seen by any body for many Days before, and that there were many strange Reports, and a Suspicion of his being murder'd, were under a very great Concern to obtain Satisfaction about him. Having been many times with his Wife to ask what was become of him, sometimes she said he was gone to take a Walk in the Fields; at others, gone into *Hertfordshire*; thus varying in her Accounts of him, and having told also very different Stories to other People about him, they began to expostulate very seriously with her about this unaccountable Absence of her Husband; she then pretended to tell the Truth of the Matter, saying he had kill'd a Man, by giving him an unhappy Blow in a Quarrel, and was thereupon fled to *Portugal*. This Story she told to Mr. *Ashby*, who ask'd her, who the Man was that he had kill'd, and whether or not that was his Head that had been expos'd at *Westminster*? She answer'd it was not, for that the Man was buried, &c. and call'd one *Mary Springate* to say she knew it to be true.

Mr. *Longmore* and Mr. *Ashby* were now more surpriz'd than ever, this Tale serving rather to encrease than abate their Suspicion, as believing if any such Thing had happen'd, which was next to being impossible from Mr. *Hayes's* peaceable Disposition, they might have been acquainted with it, and consulted about his Security as well as *Mary Springate*. They therefore resolv'd to go to

Mr. *Westbrooke's*, the Surgeon, to take a View of the Head. When they came to Mr. *Westbrooke's*, he told them a Woman from *Kingsland* had already been there and own'd it. Impossible is it to describe the Consternation Mr. *Longmore* and Mr. *Ashby* were struck with when they beheld it, for now was it demonstrable what a cruel and inhuman Murder had been committed on this unfortunate Person.

Hereupon they immediately apply'd to *Oliver Lambert*, Esq; one of his Majesty's Justices of the Peace, who, upon Oath being made of these Circumstances, issu'd his Warrant for the apprehending of *Catherine Hayes*, she being then remov'd from her Lodgings at Mr. *Weingard's*, and lodg'd a little farther in *Tyburn Road*, at one Mr. *Jones's*, a Distiller, where *Mary Springate* was also remov'd with her. It was agreed to execute the Warrant about nine a Clock that Night, being the 23d of *March*, Justice *Lambert* going himself along with the Constable and his Assistants, and when they came up Stairs, were refus'd Admittance into Mrs. *Hayes's* Chamber; but they threatening to break in upon her, she came out to them, and opening the Door, they found one *Thomas Billings*, a Taylor, sitting upon the Bed-side, with his Shoes and Stockings off, whom they seiz'd also; as likewise *Mary Springate*, who lodg'd over Head in the Garret. Being carry'd to Justice *Lambert's* House, and there by him examin'd, they all strenuously persisted in their Innocence; *Catherine Hayes* was committed to *Tothill-Fields-Bridewell*, *Springate* to the *Gate-house*, and *Billings* to *New-Prison*, for farther Examination.

But remark the wonderful Providence of God, in bringing still to a clearer Light this hidden Work of Darkness! During the Time they were under Examination, Mr. *Crossby*, a Constable, came with News to Justice *Lambert's*,

that a few Hours before, Mr. *Huddle*, a Gardiner at *Marybone*, had, as he was walking with his Man in the Fields, discover'd the Arms, Legs, and Trunk of a Man's Body, wrapp'd up in two Pieces of Blanket, lying in a Pond near the *Farthing-Pye-house*, and cover'd over with Bricks and Rubbish. The Head was hereupon sent for to *Marybone*, where, in the View of several Surgeons and others, it was found to correspond exactly with the Body, and the Limbs to quadrate<sup>6</sup> also. But it must be here observ'd, that before the Head was brought from *Westminster*, Mrs. *Hayes* was carry'd from *Bridewell* to Mr. *Westbrooke's* to see it, the Keeper of *Bridewell*, Mr. *Longmore*, and Mr. *Ashby* being present, she said it was the Head of her dear Husband, and desir'd a Lock of his Hair; but was told she had had too much of his Blood already. She pretended to faint, and the same Afternoon she was remov'd to *Newgate*, by Justice *Lambert's* Warrant.

The *Sunday* following, one *Tho. Wood*, a Person suspected of being concern'd in the Murder, came on Horseback to Mr. *Weingard's* House, and asking for Mrs. *Hayes*, was told she was remov'd into *King-Street*, to Mr. *Longmore's*, and several People following him thither, Mr. *Longmore* immediately pull'd him off his Horse, *Wood* making an Offer to strike him with a Stick; he was carry'd before Justice *Lambert*, and committed to *Tothill-Fields-Bridewell*. In the Evening three of his Majesty's Justices of the Peace went thither to examine him, to whom he made an ingenious [sic] Confession of the horrid Affair.

*Thomas Billings*, having also made an ample Confession, they were both remov'd the next Day to *Newgate*.

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<sup>6</sup>To quadrate is to conform or correspond (*OED*, "quadrate," 3).



*The Examination and Confession of Thomas Wood, taken before John Mohun, Oliver Lambert, and Thomas Salt, Esqs; three of his Majesty's Justices of the Peace for the County of Middlesex, the 27th Day of March, 1726.*

Who saith, That on *Tuesday*, the 1st Day of *March*, he had been drinking in several Places, and came about twelve a Clock at Noon to Mr. *Hayes's* Lodgings, and Mr. *Hayes* told him he was merry, that he could drink a great deal of Liquor and not be fuddled, and said, I and another drank half a Guinea a piece in Wine, without being fuddled; that *Thomas Billings*, then in Company, said that if Mr. *Hayes* would drink half a Guinea in Wine, and not be fuddled, he would pay for it; that *Hayes* agreed, each put down half a Guinea, that *Catherine Hayes*, *Thomas Billings*, and this Examinant went out about four a Clock in the Afternoon, to *Bond-Street*, and brought in with them, to Mr. *Hayes's* Lodgings, about six or seven Bottles of Mountain Wine, and on their Return home, Mr. *Hayes* was sitting by the Fire-side, eating Bread and Cheese, and then this Examinant went to the *Angel and Crown*, to fetch a Pot of Two-penny to drink while Mr. *Hayes* drank the Wine; that he staid about half an Hour, and when he return'd, Mr. *Hayes* had drank half the Wine; that Mr. *Hayes* began to be very merry, and danc'd about the Room, and said he thought he should not have Wine enough to make him fuddled, on which *Thomas Billings* went out by himself, and fetch'd another Bottle of Wine, and when he had drank that, he began to reel about the Room, and went and laid down on the Bed in the Back-Room; then *Thomas Billings* followed him into the said Room, and there with a Hatchet struck him on the Back-Part of the Head; which Blow this Examinant heard given, and went into the Room, and found Mr. *Hayes* dead;

that Mrs. *Hayes* immediately follow'd into the said Room, and said we must take off his Head, and make it away, or it will betray us; that *Catherine Hayes*, *Thomas Billings*, and this Examinant, with this Examinant's Pocket-Knife, cut off Mr. *Hayes's* Head about eight a Clock at Night, and then put it into a Pail, without a Bale;<sup>7</sup> that *Thomas Billings* and this Examinant carry'd the Pail with the Head in it to the Water-side; when they came there *Thomas Billings* set down the Pail; and this Examinant took it up, and threw it into the *Thames*, and return'd to Mrs. *Hayes's* Lodgings, and went to Bed in the Fore-Room, in which Room Mrs. *Hayes* sate up all Night; and this Examinant sayeth, that the next Morning, as soon as it was light, *Catherine Hayes*, *Thomas Billings*, and this Examinant began to consult what they must do with the Body; that *Catherine Hayes* propos'd to cut it in Pieces, which she, *Thomas Billings* and this Examinant, did, and put it into the Box, where it remain'd till Night, and then all agreed to carry it out in Parcels; that *Thomas Billings* and this Examinant took the Carcass in a Blanket, and carry'd it by Turns to a Sort of a Pond, or a Ditch, in *Marybone* Fields, and threw it in with the Blanket; that about eleven a Clock the same Night, *Thomas Billings* and this Examinant took the Limbs in a Piece of a Blanket, and by Turns carry'd them to the same Place, and threw them into the same Pond, and went home about twelve a Clock the same Night, and knock'd at the Door, and was let in by *Mary Springate*, and went to Bed in the Fore-Room; that *Catherine Hayes* was in the same Room, and sometimes went and lay down on the Bed: This Examinant farther saith, That on *Thursday*, being the 3d Day of *March*, he went to *Greenford*, near *Harrow*, in *Middlesex*, and carry'd with him a white Coat and a Pair of Leathern Breeches,

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<sup>7</sup>That is, without a handle (see the *OED*, "bail," sb.2, meaning 2).

which were Mr. *John Hayes's*, and are now at *Greenford* aforesaid. This Examinant saith, That on *Saturday* the 5th Day of *March* he went to Mrs. *Hayes's* Lodgings for some Linnen of his own, Mrs. *Hayes* then gave him a Pair of Shoes, a Wastecoat, a Hat, and a Pair of Stockings, which this Examinant knew to be her late Husband's, and gave him two Shillings in Money; that *Catherine Hayes* told him the Head was found at *Westminster*, but was not own'd. And this Examinant farther saith, That the said *Catherine Hayes* gave him three Shillings and Six Pence, and promis'd to supply him with more Money, when ever he wanted; and further saith, That *Catherine Hayes* had many times before, and on the 1st Day of this Instant, propos'd to *Thomas Billings* and this Examinant the Murder of her said Husband, and offer'd to give this Examinant Money to buy Wine to make her Husband drunk, that they might murder him; and further saith, That *Mary Springate* is no ways concern'd in the said Murder, or the carrying away the Body.

*Tho. Wood.*

*The Examination and Confession of Tho. Billings, before two of his Majesty's Justices of the Peace for the County of Middlesex, on Tuesday, March 29, 1726.*

Who saith, That *Catherine Hayes*, *Tho. Wood*, and this Examinant, about three Weeks before the Murder of Mr. *John Hayes*, had consulted to murder the said *Hayes*, but not in what Manner to put it in Execution; that on the 1st of this Instant *March*, he being in Mr. *Hayes's* Room with *Catherine Hayes* and *Tho.*

*Wood*, discoursing about drinking, *Mr. Hayes* told him he could drink a great deal of Wine and not be drunk, to the Value of half a Guinea, and this Examinant, thereupon, put down half a Guinea to *Mr. Hayes's* half Guinea, that this Examinant, with *Catherine Hayes* and *Tho. Wood*, went for about six Bottles of Mountain Wine, that going for the Wine, they three consulted to murder the said *John Hayes*, it being a proper Time, after he had drank the Wine, being about four a Clock in the Afternoon; that on their Return they found *Mr. John Hayes* eating Bread and Cheese; that *Mr. Hayes* began to drink the Wine; that *Catherine Hayes*, *Tho. Wood*, and this Examinant did not drink above one Glass each of the said Wine; that *Mr. Hayes* began to be very merry, and danc'd about the Room; that this Examinant fetch'd another Bottle of Wine, which they all drank amongst them; that *Mr. Hayes* began to reel about the Room, and went and lay down on the Bed in the Back-Room; that this Examinant went into the said Back-Room about a Quarter of an Hour after him, and there with a Hatchet struck him on the Back-Part of the Head; that *Tho. Wood* took up the Hatchet, which this Examinant had just laid down, and therewith gave *Mr. Hayes* a Blow or two; that *Catherine Hayes* immediately follow'd into the said Back-Room, where *Tho. Wood* cut off the Head of the said *Mr. Hayes* with his Knife; that the said *Catherine Hayes* and this Examinant were close by the Bed when the said Head was cut off; that *Catherine Hayes* held the Pail which *Tho. Wood* put the Head in, which Pail was without a Bale; that this Examinant, with *Tho. Wood*, took up the Pail with the Head in it, which this Examinant carry'd to the Mill-Bank, and *Tho. Wood* took up the Pail and threw it into the *Thames*, with the Head in it, and so return'd to *Mrs. Hayes's* Lodgings, and went to Bed in the Fore-Room, in which Room *Mrs. Hayes* continu'd all Night:

And this Examinant saith, That on *Wednesday* Morning the 2d Instant, this Examinant, *Tho. Wood*, and *Catherine Hayes* began to consult how to dispose of the Body of Mr. *John Hayes*; that the said *Catherine Hayes* and *Tho. Wood* propos'd to put it into a Box, where it remain'd until Night; that this Examinant went out about Noon to work; that *Tho. Wood* was to look out for a Place to throw the Body in against this Examinant's Return home; that about nine a Clock at Night, *Catherine Hayes* gave *Tho. Wood* a Blanket to carry off the Body of her deceas'd Husband, and then all agreed to carry it off in two Parcels; that about the same Hour *Tho. Wood* and this Examinant carry'd away the Body by Turns to a Sort of a Pond, or Ditch, in *Marybone* Fields, and threw it in with the Blanket, and then return'd to Mrs. *Hayes's* Lodgings, and then took up the Limbs in a Piece of a Blanket, and carry'd them by Turns to the same Place, and threw them into the same Pond, and at their Return were let in by *Mary Springate*, and went to Bed in the Fore Room. And this Examinant farther saith, That he remembers that the said *Catherine Hayes* shew'd to one or two Men a Bond which was owing to her said Husband, but knows not the Sum.

*Tho. Billings.*

Copies of these Confessions were presented to His Majesty, who justly resenting this cruel Tragedy acted upon one of his Subjects, was graciously pleas'd to give Orders for the Murtherers to be prosecuted by Mr. Attorney General, and at His Majesty's Expence.

Mr. *Higgs*, Coroner of the County of *Middlesex*, summoned an Inquest to enquire for His Majesty, &c. when Mr. *Longmore* depos'd as follows:

*The Information of Henry Longmore, of the Parish of St. James's, Westminster, Victualler, taken and acknowledg'd upon Oath this 26th Day of March, 1726, before Charles Higgs, Esq; Coroner.*

This Informant saith, That on *Monday* Morning last Mr. *Joseph Ashby* told this Informant that he heard Mr. *Hayes* had kill'd a man; upon which, the same Evening, this Informant went to Mrs. *Hayes's* Lodgings, where he found her, *Thomas Billings*, and a Lad about 16 Years old, and asking how his Cousin *John* did, Mrs. *Hayes* said, I suppose you have heard of his Misfortune, upon which the Lad laught very much; and whenever this Informant ask'd her any Questions about Mr. *Hayes*, the Lad burst out a laughing to that Degree, that this Informant had a Mind to have spoke to him, but was afraid Mrs. *Hayes* should suspect his Design; which Lad, this Informant hath heard was one *William Bennet*, an Apprentice to an Organ-Maker; the Lad went away, and then *Billings* went for Candles; when he was gone, Mrs. *Hayes* told this Informant, that her Husband happen'd to strike an unlucky Blow, and that the Man was dead and buried, and that no Body knew of it but a Boy, and that he went to the Wife of the Deceas'd and made it up, by giving her a Note for 15*l.* a Year. And this Informant farther saith, that she then declar'd that there had been two Men to inquire for her Husband, which she suppos'd came from the Widow: That when *Thomas Billings* return'd, this Informant going away, she follow'd this Informant to the Window upon the Stairs, and stopping him she said, he went away for the Man that he had kill'd, and was gone into *Hertfordshire*: And asking when he went away, she said, she had been in her present Lodgings about a Week, and that he went away about a Day or two

before: Upon this, *Mary Springate* went into Mrs. *Hayes's* Room, and then Mrs. *Hayes* said, this Woman knows all the Secrets, and call'd her upon the Stairs; upon which *Springate* said, *Ah, poor unfortunate Mr. Hayes!* and then she went up again. That Mrs. *Hayes* then ask'd what she should do to get her Rent out of the Country, and ask'd this Informant when he would come again; which she desir'd might be in a Day or two. The next Day this Informant went to Mr. *Weingard's*, where he heard Mrs. *Hayes* had been gone from thence about a Fortnight; and this Informant going to her again that Night, he ask'd her if she had heard from her Husband? She said, No, he did not use to write to her. And this Informant farther saith, That on *Wednesday* last he went with Mr. *Ashby* for a Warrant, and seiz'd the said Mrs. *Hayes*, who was in Bed, and the said *Thomas Billings* in the same Room with his Shoes and Stockings off; and she being carried before Justice *Lambert*, and the said Justice telling her she was taken up on Suspicion that the Head of a Man that was found was her Husband's; and this Informant telling her he believed it was his Head, she said it could not be so, for that her Husband went into the Country for killing a Man. And being ask'd where he kill'd the Man, she said she could not tell, nor where the Man liv'd that was kill'd: She being then ask'd what Day he went away, and what Money he took, she said 25 Guineas, and 8 new Shillings; and 18 Six-pences; and that she sewed the Guineas in his Cloaths; and that he took with him four Pocket-Pistols. And this Informant farther saith, that he, this Informant, the next Day went with her to see the Head, and she said, *It is my dear Husband's Head; that is my dear Husband's Hair.*

*Henry Longmore.*

*Charles Higgs, Coroner.*

*The farther Information of the said Henry Longmore, taken and acknowledg'd upon Oath this 14th Day of April, 1726, before Charles Higgs, Esq; Coroner.*

This Informant farther saith, That he was present when *C. Hayes* was ask'd by the Justice what Liquor they drank the Night her Husband went away; she said that *Thomas Billings* and *Thomas Wood* were with him, and they drank about 2 or 3 Bottles; but neither of them named the Day of his going away.

And this Informant farther saith, That he was present on the 25th Day of *March* last past, at the taking up a Board in the Room of the said *John Hayes's* Lodgings, and found Blood and Sand under the said Board; and also saw several Drops of Blood sprinkled against the Wall of the Fore-Room of the said *John Hayes's* Lodgings, and also upon the Ceiling of the said Fore-Room, and on the Wall, some Part of which the Blood seems to have been lately scrap'd. And this Informant farther saith, that he was present when *Thomas Billings* confess'd before the Justices that himself, *Thomas Wood*, and *Catherine Hayes* consulted to kill *John Hayes* above three Weeks before they did kill him; and that on the 1st Day of *March* last past, in the Afternoon, they all three went to fetch six Bottles of Mountain Wine; and that as they were going along they all three agreed, that when he was drunk, it would be the properest Time to kill him; and that when he was drunk he went to lie upon the Bed in the Back-Room, and he followed him, the said *John Hayes*; and gave him his Death's Blow on the Head with an Hatchet, and that *Wood* gave him a Blow or two more on the Head with the same Hatchet; and Mrs. *Hayes* immediately coming into that Room, *Wood* cut off the Head, he, the said *Thomas Billings*, and Mrs. *Hayes*, standing by, holding the Pail.



*Henry Longmore.*

*Charles Higgs, Coroner.*

*Robert Wilkins*, depos'd, That after her Examination before Justice *Lambert*, he went to her in *Newgate*, and asked her if she was concerned in the Murder of her Husband, or not? And then she replied, No; for that she was not with them, but was asleep in the next Room, and knew nothing of the Matter that was laid to her Charge; but that she afterwards own'd to him, that she was not sorry for committing the Murder, but was troubled she had brought *Wood* and *Billings* into a Premunire.<sup>8</sup>

Mr. *Jones*, her Landlord, going to see her, she desired him to go to *Billings* in *New-Prison*, and advise him to make Preparations for his Soul, for they should both die for it, and spoke to one *Joseph Mercer*, a Taylor, to the same Purpose, saying, *I wou'd have you go to Thomas Billings, for you are a Friend of his as well as mine, and tell him, that it is in vain to deny the Murder, for he is as deeply concerned in the Action as I, and for which we must both die.*

Her Confession of the Murder was confirm'd by several others, tho' she always carefully avoided owning it when examined by any Magistrate.

Mr. *Blakesly*, a Drawer at the *Braund's-Head Tavern* in *Bond-Street*, confirmed their fetching the Wine on the First of *March*, and their sending the Bottles home that Night, because, as they said, the Porter should not be troubled to fetch them the next Day from Mr. *Hayes's* Lodgings.

*Mary Springate*, a Lodger in the House, when she came home at Night,

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<sup>8</sup>Originally, a premunire (or praemunire) was the offence of accepting some other power over that of the Crown (e.g., the pope's), but by extension it had come to mean any serious difficulty or predicament (*OED*).

heard some Noise in Mr. *Hayes's* Room, but finding they were drinking, and she being tir'd, went up to her Garret, thinking to take up her Husband's Supper, and after having eat the same, to go to Bed, she accordingly did, but that about Eleven o'Clock, she hearing somebody go down Stairs, called to Mrs. *Hayes*, and asked her who it was; to which she answered, it was her Husband, who was going into the Country, and seemed to be concerned thereat, saying, the Roads were very dangerous, and that she was sorry he was oblig'd to go out at that Time of Night: *Springate* then bid her not fear, for that by God's Grace he would return again safe, and then went again to Bed. About four or five the next Morning, she heard somebody go down Stairs again, when she got out of Bed in her Shift, and calling to Mrs. *Hayes*, ask'd her who it was; Mrs. *Hayes* replied, it was her Brother, who had brought a Bed there, when *Springate's* Curiosity exciting her to go down Stairs; Mrs. *Hayes* came up into the Garret, saying she had a Mind to smoak a Pipe of Tobacco with Mr. *Springate*, which stopt her having a Suspicion that they were either going to quit their Lodgings, or that something extraordinary was the Matter; and therefore ask'd Mrs. *Hayes* whether they had any such Design or not, who answered there was no such Thing in her Thoughts; on which *Springate* then ask'd no farther Questions at that Time, till a few Days after she saw *Thomas Wood* carry out a Bundle from Mr. *Hayes's* Room, wrapp'd up in a white Cloath, and asking Mrs. *Hayes* what it was, she said, it was a Suit of Cloaths *Wood* had borrowed of a Friend, and was going to carry them home.

*Leonard Myring*, a Barber, being sent for by Mrs. *Hayes*, she said to him, Mr. *Myring*, *I know you to be a very good Writer, and my Husband being gone away, and I believe will not return, and I having a small coming in of Ten*

*Pounds a Year, which I know not how to get without forging a Letter in my Husband's Name, which I desire you to do for me; which he refused, as not knowing the Consequence of such a Proceeding; but soon after she procur'd another to write the following Letter to her Husband's Mother in the Country, viz.*

Dear Mother,

*I have not been easy of late, on Account of Ten Pounds John Davis owes me. I understand there is but an indifferent Footing since he and Uncle Jones juggle together so much; and as I am inform'd has under Colour divested himself of his Estates for some Time, for Payment of some Money to Mr. Jones; therefore I insist on his Payment of the Money forthwith to you, and I will send the Bond when you send me Word you have the Money; otherwise, without Favour or Affection, I will employ an Attorney to get it, for I will be paid forthwith, and so shew him this Letter, and let me hear speedily what will be done in the Affair. I got a Friend, more skilled than myself in such Things, to write this Letter for me, and am, with due Respect,*

*Your dutiful Son,*

March 14, 1725-6.

John Hayes.

*P.S. My Wife gives her Duty to you, and pray direct for us at the Brandy-Shop, next Door to the Golden-Pot, over-against Little Queen-street, in Tyburn-Road, for we have moved our Lodgings.*

*Directed for the Widow Hayes, at her House in the Parish of Ombersley, to be left at the Pack-Horse in Ombersly [sic], Worcestershire.*

To which Letter there came the following Answer, *viz.*

Loving Son,

John Davis desires you to send down the Bond to me, and the Money is ready; so no more at present, but my Love to you. Your Brothers and Sisters gives [sic] their Love to you. All from your loving Mother,

Ombersly, March 22, 1725-6.

Sarah Hayes.

The mangled Corpse, after having been many Days expos'd to some Thousands of Spectators, was decently interr'd at *Marybone*, by Mr. *Longmore Bennet*, the King's Organ-maker's Apprentice being at the Funeral, acquainted the Company, that upon his going on the second of *March* to see the Head at *Westminster*, he then judg'd it to be Mr. *Hayes's*, being intimately acquainted with him, and thereupon came immediately to Mrs. *Hayes's*, to give her Notice of it, when she reprov'd him very sharply, telling him, he ought to be cautious in raising such a false Report for that it was dangerous, and might bring him into Trouble; wherefore the Lad, who had no other Reason to suspect Mr. *Hayes's* being murder'd said no more about it.

On *Thursday* the 14th of *April*, the Coroner's Inquest, after several Meetings, and Examination of Witnesses, brought in their Verdict, *Willful Murder*, against *Catherine Hayes*, *Thomas Wood*, and *Thomas Billings*; and on *Friday* the twenty second of the same Month, their Trials came on before the Lord Chief Justice *Raymond*, and Mr. Baron *Price*, at the *Old-Baily*, the Court having never been known to be so crowded before, several Persons of the First Quality being

on the Bench with the Judges; and a Guinea a-piece was offer'd by several for Admittance. *Wood* and *Billings* pleaded *Guilty* to their Indictment; and *Hayes* putting herself upon Trial, about seven Witnesses were called for the King, who, in Substance, deposed what has been before related. But she denied every Particular of the Fact, and with abundance of Assurance, endeavour'd to persuade the Court of her Innocence, and protested she was no ways concerned in, or assisting in the Murder; but being ask'd why, if she was not consenting to the Murder, she did not in Time discover the same, and give Notice to some Magistrate for the apprehending the Murderers, she said she durst not, for that they had threaten'd to kill her if she said any thing of it. No Person whatever appearing in her behalf the Lord Chief Justice *Raymond* summ'd up the Evidence for the King and in his Charge to the Jury intimated, that tho' it was not positively proved by any of the Evidences for the King that she was actually concern'd in the Murder, yet there were very strong circumstantial Proofs of her assisting and consenting to the same, and that the other two Prisoners had confess'd the same, and own'd that she was a Contriver thereof; upon which the Jury found her guilty of *Petty Treason*. At her receiving Sentence to be drawn on a Hurdle to the Place of Execution, and there burnt alive she was observ'd to be greatly terrify'd. And *Wood* and *Billings* entreated the Court that they might not be hang'd in Chains, since they had been so ingenious [sic] in their Confession, and desir'd no other Favour to be shewn them. At her being carry'd to and from the Sessions-House, a more than ordinary Number of Persons were set to protect her from the Insults of the Populace, who were desperately exasperated against her, and would, in all Appearance, have done her some Mischief, could they have got at her.

## THE LIFE AND CHARACTER OF CATH. HAYES.

*CATHERINE HAYES*, aged about 38 Years, born near *Birmingham* in *Warwickshire*; at the Age of 16 she wander'd from her Parents and came to *Ombersly* near the City of *Worcester*, and was there entertain'd, as a Servant, in the House of Mr. *Hayes*, a wealthy Farmer; and being a sprightly Wench, his eldest Son *John*, in an Instant, became enamour'd with her, and they had secretly agreed to marry, which coming to his Father's Knowledge, he us'd all possible Endeavours to prevent it, which, however, prov'd of no Effect; for she threatning to cut her Throat if his Son did not marry her, and the young Man being fully bent on it, and breaking several Knives lest she should be as good as her Word, old Mr. *Hayes* at last consented. On the Day of their Marriage an odd Accident happen'd to the Bride; for as they were passing over *Heaver's* Bridge, from the Church, the Waters being out, she fell in, and was, with much Difficulty, saved from being drowned by her Husband, who waded in after her, the Father saying to his Son, *John, John, e'en let her go.*

The very first Night of their Marriage the Bridegroom was taken out of his Bed by a File of Musquetteers, being impressed by Order of some Officers that were recruiting in the Neighbourhood, and whom, as it soon after appear'd, had been better acquainted with Mrs. *Hayes* than her Husband, and had brought her away from her Parents in *Warwickshire*; but his Father soon procured his Liberty again. The same Officers going soon after for *Spain*, she prevail'd with her Husband to enlist himself into their Regiment; and he being sent to *Barcelona*, she accompanied him thither; where he remained till such time as his Father procured his Discharge, when he returned home with his Wife into

*Worcestershire*, the old Man having expended about 60*l.* on that Occasion.

Old Mr. *Hayes* dying, and his Widow shewing but little Regard to her Daughter-in-law, as she had very little Reason to do otherwise, on Account of her ill Behaviour in the Family, she, with her Husband, came about seven Years since to *London*, and bringing with them about 150*l.* they liv'd in *Plumbtree-street* in *St. Giles's*, where they rented an House, letting the chief Part of it out in Lodgings; and after that themselves lodg'd alternatively at several Houses in *Tyburn Road*, lending small Sums of Money to poor People, on Pledges and Notes, at Interest, for their Livelihood, Mrs. *Hayes* having, as herself said oftentimes, made 18*d.* in a Week of one Guinea by those Methods. Mr. *Hayes*, being a close penurious Man, lost no Opportunity of getting Money, sometimes by sending his Wife out a chairing<sup>9</sup> for 12*d.* a Day, while himself made his own Cloaths, Shoes, &c. at home, at which he had an expert Hand, tho' he was not brought up to any such Business; and was observ'd to be always so careful of his Money, that the Key of the Drawers, where he usually kept it, was never known to have been out of his own Custody; the Wife being never permitted to have it in hers; so that after Mr. *Hayes's* Death, when one of his Acquaintances came to enquire for him, and seeing that Key in her possession, he concluded Mr. *Hayes* was not living, which Circumstance contributed very much to the Discovery of the Murder.

Mrs. *Longmore* going to make her a Visit, on *Thursday* the 4th of *March*, and enquiring how Mr. *Hayes* did, she reply'd he was very well, and gone out to take a Walk; and asking Mrs. *Longmore* what News there was, she answer'd

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<sup>9</sup>"Chairing" is an obsolete form of the verb "to chare" or "char," i.e., to do housework (*OED*, "chair," verb 2; "chare, char," 5).

that all the People talk'd of was about the Man's Head found at *Westminster*. To which Mrs. *Hayes* said again, *Lord keep us, how wicked the Age is grown, for, adds she, there's another Murder done here in our Fields, where they have found the Body of a Woman cut in Pieces.* Mrs. *Longmore* said that could not be true, because she, living so near, had not heard any thing of it. This Discourse being above a Fortnight before Mr. *Hayes's* Body was found.

The Revd. Mr. *Wittingham*, Minister of *Marybone*, came to her in *Newgate*, pray'd by her, and press'd her to a Confession of her Crime, and a hearty Sorrow and Repentance to obtain a Remission of that and many other of her evil Actions, she having formerly advis'd her Husband to murder his Father and Mother in the Country, to get Possession of their Substance, and by her artful and insinuating Way once spirited him up to break almost all the Goods in their House, she being always violently prejudic'd to them. When thus admonish'd, she would still persist in her Innocence, saying, how could any one think it should enter into her Heart to murder a Man that had lain by her Side so many Years, and appeal'd to God for the Truth of her Assertions. Altho' she encourag'd *Wood* to consent to the Murder of her Husband, by affirming he had kill'd a Man, and two Children she had by him in the Country, and that she had then ten more Children living, was a notorious Falshood, she having never had a Child by Mr. *Hayes* in her Life. But it being shrewdly suspected, from many Circumstances, that *Billings* was her Son, and that Question being put to her, she pray'd for him, saying his Hair was the Colour of her own, and that he much resembled her, and that himself did not know how nearly he was related to her; and added, that before her Foot went off the Cart she doubted it would appear to the World; and would be often sending over to the Condemned



Hold to enquire of his Health, &c.

A certain great Dutchess came to see her in the Prison, where reproaching her for Cruelty, she said she had never done an ill Thing in the Course of her Life, so that her Conscience did no ways accuse her; and as for the Fact she was charg'd with, there was a righteous God that knew she was not culpable in that Respect, and that tho' the Law might hurt her Carcass for it, yet it could not hurt her innocent and immortal Soul. In this Manner was she wont to talk to almost every Body that was admitted to see her. Being ask'd if she was ever in any Trouble before, she answer'd never but once, when for some Quarrel with her Neighbours she was before Colonel *Ellis*, a Justice of the Peace in *Denmark-Street*.

One of her Sisters came to Town from *Warwickshire*, on hearing what a Misfortune she was fallen under, and furnish'd her with Necessaries, of which she was become destitute, the Officers of *Marybone* Parish having seiz'd on her Goods and other Effects, at her Lodgings in *Tyburn Road*, in order to their being deliver'd to the Relations of her late Husband; and for which Purpose Mr. *Benjamin Hayes*, one of his Brothers, was come to *London*.

A few Days before the Sessions, she put herself into Mourning, tho' she had neglected that Ceremony before, and having advis'd with a Solicitor, was resolv'd to plead *Not Guilty*, and stand her Trial, being taught to believe that *Wood's* and *Billings's* Confessions could no ways affect her, and that there was nothing but circumstantial Proofs of her being concern'd in the Fact, that she should escape, and grew pretty confident of it. But when the Cloaths of her Husband, which she had given to *Wood*, were produc'd before the Court, whether thro' Remorse, or that she judg'd that an evincing Proof of her Guilt, she

fainted in the Bar, the Sweat running down her Face, and when she recover'd, begg'd that she might be taken away, lest she should miscarry; which made it be concluded she design'd to plead her Belly, before Judgment, wherefore a Jury of Matrons were summon'd, in case she thought fit to give the Court that Trouble, but on better Consideration she declined it.

She sent Word to *Wood*, that it was hard he would not suffer her to be hang'd along with him and *Billings*, but by discovering all the Particulars and Circumstances of the Murder, he had ruin'd them all, and subjected her to the Pains and Penalties of *Petty Treason*, whereby she must be burn'd.

#### THE LIFE AND CHARACTER OF THO. BILLINGS.

*THO. BILLINGS*, about twenty three Years of Age, the Place of his Nativity not being known, we cannot satisfy the Curiosity of such as require it; but thus much is certain, that in his more innocent and infant State he was found in a Basket, at a Place call'd *Holt Heath*, near *Ombersly*, in *Worcestershire*, and being by the Parish put to be nurs'd by People whose Names were *Billings*, he assum'd that Name, and when capable, was put Apprentice to one Mr. *Weatherland*, a *Taylor* in the Neighbourhood, with whom he behaved as a diligent and dutiful Servant. His Time being expired, he came for *London*, and wrought as a Journeyman to the Salesmen in *Monmouth-Street*, lying in the Bed with Mr. *Hayes* and his Wife, at the Husband's Back, paying Mr. *Hayes* three half Pence a Night for his Lodging. The Day after Mr. *Hayes's* Murder, being at Work at Mr. *Grainger's*, at the *Dog and Dial* in *Monmouth-Street*, where Mr. *Hayes* and

his Wife were well acquainted, Mr. *Grainger* and his Journeymen being mostly *Worcestershire* People, one Mr. *Samuel Patrick*, belonging to the King's Printing-Office, having came from waiting at the House of Lords, and seen the *Head* in St. *Margaret's* Church-Yard, told his Sister, Mrs. *Grainger*, and the rest, that *he thought it look'd the most like their Countryman Mr. Hayes's Head of any thing he had seen in his Life, Billings*, being then at Work on the Shop-board, and hearing what he said. No, replies several of the Workmen, that cannot be, for here is one (meaning *Billings*) that lodges with him, and had it been so we should have heard of it, to which *Billings* made answer, *Mr. Hayes is well, for I left him at home in Bed this Morning.*

Before this Piece of Barbarism he had the Character of as sober and honest a Fellow as could breathe from every Body that knew him, an Oath nor no obscene Expression scarce ever being heard from him, therefore it was the more surprizing that he could in so short a Time be wrought up to so great a Pitch of Villany; for when it was first reported that he was taken up, and sent to *New-Prison* on Suspicion of cutting a Man's Head off, his Acquaintance treated it as the most ridiculous Story they had ever heard of. When he with *Wood* and Mrs. *Hayes* were going to fetch the Wine to make Mr. *Hayes* drunk with, and she then proposing to murder him, *Wood* started at the cruel Motion [sic], saying what a dreadful Thing it would be to murder an innocent Man that had done none of them any Harm, and what would be their Punishment in this World, (if it was discover'd) and moreover in the World to come; to which *Billings* cry'd, *D—n thee, thou hast not the Heart of a Mouse, what's come to thee, thy Mother's as stout a Woman as can be, and is able to beat any Man.* Mrs. *Hayes* then urging it was no more Crime to kill a Man that was so great

an Atheist as Mr. *Hayes*, and us'd her so cruelly, &c. than it was to kill a Dog or Cat. But both before and after his Sentence he discover'd great Sighs of Sorrow and Contrition for his heinous Crime, and from the Time he had purged his Conscience by an ingenious [sic] and ample Confession of it, he behav'd like a sincere Penitent, and grew more easy in his Mind, desiring not to live. A few Days before the Sessions, being along with *Wood*, confronted with Mrs. *Hayes*, who was on the Naster-side [sic; should be Master-side]<sup>10</sup> of *Newgate*, Justice *Lambert* and several others being present, he acknowledged he had lain with her several Nights since her Husband's Death, which she denying, he confirm'd, saying *there was a just God that knew it to be too true, to both their Sorrows.*

#### THE LIFE AND CHARACTER OF THOMAS WOOD.

*THOMAS WOOD*, aged 28 Years last *July*, was born near the *Hundred-House* on the Road between *Worcester* and *Ludlow*, within 3 Miles of *Ombersly*, his Mother and Sister now keeping a publick House there; but he being brought up to no regular Employment, lived sometimes in Farmers Houses, doing Drudgery in the Barns, &c. and at others serv'd as a Tapster at several Country Inns: Coming to *London*, he, for about a Year, drew Liquors at the *Baptist-Head* Ale-house in *Clerkenwell*; and, for ought as we can learn, behav'd honestly in all his Places: But unfortunately going, about the latter End of *February* last, to Mr. *Hayes's* Lodgings in *Tyburn Road*, to see *Thomas Billings*, his Countryman and Friend,

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<sup>10</sup>The Master-side was the section of Newgate prison reserved for better-off prisoners, as opposed to the Common side (Sheehan 230).

and having some Acquaintance with Mrs. *Hayes* and her Husband, she persuaded him to lodge there with them, and they would take Care to employ him in some Business or other; he, fearful of being impress'd, and being withal straighten'd for Money, was thankful for her Kindness, and agreed to her Proposal; but before he had been there four Days, she communicated to him the Design of murdering her Husband, which *Billings* had consented to before, and only waited an Opportunity to put it in Execution, and press'd him to be assisting in it, saying, she was worth about 1500*l.* and he should have it all; and thro' her strong Persuasions, he comply'd with her fatal Request. He own'd, that after the Commission of the cruel Fact, his Heart was full of Horror, and his Head full of Confusion, and had not enjoy'd an Hour's Quiet since; and said, that on the *Sunday* when he came from *Greenford*, and was apprehended, as he approached Mrs. *Hayes's* old Lodgings he saw a Crowd of People about the Door, and fancy'd the Murder was discover'd, yet was so infatuated, that he had not the Power to go back again, though he had once design'd to have come into the Town to learn if there was any Talk about it, before he went to Mrs. *Hayes's*, having not heard any thing of it towards *Harrow*; but also neglected so to do. In both which he own'd the Justice of God in pursuing with his Divine Vengeance such a wicked Sinner. But when secured, no Man could do more than he to expiate his Guilt, first, by an ingenious [sic] and ample Confession of the Fact, and, secondly, by a sincere and hearty Repentance of it: So that he might be said, with holy *David*, to wash his Couch with his Tears.<sup>11</sup> Which suitable Behaviour drew the Commiseration of all manner of People on him, and render'd him an Object of great Pity; and both him and *Billings* desir'd the Prayers of

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<sup>11</sup>"I water my couch with my tears" (Psalms 6: 6).

all the Persons that came to see them in *Newgate*, who generously relieved their Necessities by giving them Money, and pious Books suitable to their Circumstances.

When the News came into *Worcestershire* of his being apprehended for Murder, about 14 Gentlemen of good Account in that Country sign'd a Certificate of his honest and sober Deportment there, and sent the same to *London*, that it might be of Service to him at his Trial, they believing him entirely innocent of the Charge, till they were satisfy'd of the contrary by his Confession. When he was confronted with Mrs. *Hayes* in *Newgate*, and she persisting in her Denial of her Guilt, he with Tears exhorted her to desist from that wicked and foolish Resolution, telling her the contrary would soon appear, not only here, but before the Great God; adding what Comfort his own Soul had received since his prostrating himself at the Throne of Grace for Forgiveness, and doubted not he should receive it from a merciful Creator; but that made no Impression on her wicked obdurate Heart, still vainly believing she should slip thro' the Hands of Justice.

On the Day of Mrs. *Hayes's* Trial he recollected himself that when they had cut off her Husband's Head, and were consulting what to do with it, Mrs. *Hayes* said, *She would boil it in a Porridge-Pot till nothing remain'd but the Skull, to avoid a Discovery.*

The following is a Copy of a Letter that he sent to some of his Friends, in which he acknowledges the Part he acted in that most Tragical Affair.

*Newgate, April 12, 1726.*

*Dear Friends,*

I beg and pray heartily, Day and Night, that the just God of Heaven will pardon the great Offences which have been committed, in his Sight, to our Fellow Creature so rashly: I allow myself to be a vile Sinner, in being concern'd in that wicked Crime; but since it cannot be recall'd, I hope the great God of Heaven will be merciful unto me a poor miserable Wretch. It is a great Trouble to me that I should so disgrace my honest Parents and Friends, and brought this shameful Death to be my End; so as I ask Pardon of God Almighty, I ask Forgiveness also of all my Friends, and beg their Prayers for my poor Soul, which is all the Good they can do for me. Now to let you know the truth of this Matter, according to your Desire, in the first Place Cousin *Jones*, after I had been there a little while, seem'd weary of me, who at my first coming up pretended to do great Matters for me, but after a Time she hired another to do her Business in the House, and then I thought I should trouble her no more. I then design'd to go to my Sister until I could get into Business, and a little Money to come down; but she happening to lye in at that Time, I could not be there; so unfortunately going to Mrs. *Hayes's* House — — [*Here he mentions the Particulars of the Murder.*] For so doing I think myself deserving of Death; I resign myself to Almighty God, to take my Life or spare it; I hope, through his gracious Mercy and true Repentance to receive Forgiveness for my great Offences and wicked Crime, and as I was drawn in by wicked People, I beg the Prayers of all my dear Friends; I am greatly troubled for my dear Mother and Sister, but it is too late to recall what is past. My Duty to my Mother, and Love to Brothers and Sister, and all Friends. I rest in Prayers that God will have

mercy on my poor Soul.

An unfortunate Sinner,

THOMAS WOOD.

I should be glad to see some of you; if I should ask for my dear Mother I fear she cannot undergo the Journey, but if one of my Brothers would come I should be glad. So God Almighty bless you all. .

FINIS.



C. *Select Trials and The Bloody Register* (1734-35, 1764)

[The *Select Trials, for Murders, Robberies, Rapes . . .*, a two-volume collection published in London in 1734-35, contains an account of the Hayes murder at 2: 174-90. A virtually identical version appears in *The Bloody Register*, a four-volume collection published in London in 1764, at 3: 23-54. A copy of the *Register* was in Thackeray's possession at his death,<sup>1</sup> but it does not appear to be the source he used for *Catherine*, as it does not contain the material he copied for his final chapter.

[The account of the crime in *Select Trials* and the *Register* reproduces elements of the above-printed 1726 pamphlet and also contains passages similar to those in the Villette account below, presumably copied from Villette's source, which perhaps was the now missing second pamphlet of 1726.<sup>2</sup> The only material in the *Register-Select Trials* version not found in the other versions in this Appendix is a section reporting the Ordinary of Newgate's interviews with the condemned murderers. This material, which presumably comes from the missing pamphlet, is printed below in the form in which it appears in the *Register*. Substantive variants from *Select Trials* are indicated in footnotes.]

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<sup>1</sup>See Stonehouse 138.

<sup>2</sup>Villette could not have been copying either the *Register* or *Select Trials* because his account is fuller than theirs.

The Ordinary's account of these three criminals is as follows.<sup>3</sup> ---In the time of delivering useful instructions, all of them appeared attentive; but shewed no outward signs<sup>4</sup> of repentance and sorrow for sin requisite in every sincere christian, much more in such notable and impious offenders.---Wood, the murderer, was most affected, but he appeared but two or three days in the Chapel, for, falling sick, he died in the condemned Hold a few days before the sentence was put in execution. Billings, who actually murdered Mr. Hays, was a confused, hard-hearted young fellow, and had few external signs of penitence. Mrs. Hays was too unconcerned, and I fear, too often her mind was taken up with things altogether foreign to the purpose. The dead warrant coming down on Friday the 9th of May, Mrs. Hays, who before shewed but little concern, being assured she was to die on Monday, wept bitterly; and the rest appeared more affected than usual.

Thomas Billings (as Mrs. Hays affirmed some days before their execution) was son to<sup>5</sup> John Hays and Catherine Hays, and between 19 and 20 years of age. When he was a child he did not live with his father and mother, but with some of their relations in the country. He was put to school in his younger years, and taught to read his mother tongue, and was instructed<sup>6</sup> in the knowledge of the christian religion. I asked him if he knew what parents he was of? he said, he did not, but believed himself to be a bastard, but a near

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<sup>3</sup>of these three criminals is as follows.] of Thomas Billings, Thomas Wood, and Catherine Hays. *Select*.

<sup>4</sup>but shewed no outward signs] but no outward signs *Select*.

<sup>5</sup>was son to] son to *Select*.

<sup>6</sup>to read his mother tongue, and was instructed] to read his mother tongue, to write, and was instructed *Select*.

relation of Mrs. Hays's; but which way he could not tell: that he was put to a taylor in Worcestershire, and that there was a shoemaker in that country,<sup>7</sup> now dead, with whom he staid when he was young, who always passed for his father. I asked him what moved him to murder Mr. Hays? he said, he was cruel and barbarous in beating and abusing her, that he threatened to murder himself, and said, that some time or other he should kill his wife; and that he was an avowed atheist, frequently blaspheming in a manner which ought not to be expressed, denying the immortality of the soul, and alledging, that men and women were in the same condition with the beasts that perish.

Upon such foolish pretences, Wood and he conceived a false notion, that it was no more sin to kill him than a dog or a cat. I told him, that if he was such a wicked man as he represented him to have been, there was so much the less shadow of reason to murder him suddenly and unexpectedly; since it was more reasonable, upon that very account, to suffer him to live, that he might have time to think upon the evil of his ways, and repent of his crying sin, God being always willing to receive into favour all penitent sinners, however notorious their guilt might be. All this he acknowledged, adding, that he had never done it had he not been sottishly intoxicated with liquor, so that he knew not what he was doing. He owned, that there was no cause for so villainous a murder; and that, whatever punishment was inflicted upon him, was infinitely less than what he deserved. He said, that no sooner was the thing done, but immediately his conscience was seized with such horrible guilt, that he would have given the world to have it undone, but that was impossible; and that Mrs. Hays and he wept and mourned most bitterly all that night. He denied himself

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<sup>7</sup>country] county *Select*.

to have been upon the first contrivance of the murder, but that Mrs. Hays and Wood first consulted about it; and, being overcome with drink, he was so left<sup>8</sup> of God as to commit the murder.

Mrs. Hays denied that she ever advised Wood or him, to make away with him, or that she knew any thing of it till the fact was done.

Wood, who, the second day after his sentence,<sup>9</sup> was confined to the Hold, and could not come to the Chapel because of a violent indisposition, of which he died; went to death with it, that Mrs. Hays pressed upon him for some time to murder Mr. Hays, but he refused. He also said, that Mrs. Hays held the candle whilst he cut off the head, and advised to the cutting his body in pieces, in order to carry it off with the greater conveniency, and was present at the doing of it: but this, as a dying woman, she denied. Wood appeared to be mightily concerned, and very penitent.

I asked Billings, if he knew that Mrs. Hays was his mother? he said, she had told him something of it; but that he knew nothing of Mr. Hays's being his father,---declared himself heartily sorry for his sin, and that he was content to have his body disjointed, and all his bones broken, bone by bone, or to suffer the most painful death the wit of man could invent, since his punishment was greater than he could bear. Billings said, that from his infancy he had always lived in the fear of God, that he had studied and practiced religion, and of which indeed he wanted not a competent knowledge for one of his station; and that, excepting the barbarous crime of parricide, for which he died, he had never committed any heinous sin; neither had he been addicted to

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<sup>8</sup>so left] so far left *Select.*

<sup>9</sup>after his sentence] after sentence *Select.*

any of those vices of whoring, drinking, lying. He said<sup>10</sup> also, that he had once taken the sacrament. I told him, that by that one mortal sin of parricide, he had lost all his former righteousness. He hoped the seed of grace was left in him. I said, that it appeared very ill in such hellish fruits; his crime not being a common murder, but parricide by his own confession; for he knew Mrs. Hays to be his mother, and consequently Mr. Hays her husband, to have some paternal relation to him. He declared himself most penitent for his offence. He seemed to have been a young fellow of a simple, easy foolish temper, and to have been seduced into the commission of this unheard of cruelty, by the persuasion of Wood, or some other way. He expected salvation only through the merits of Christ,<sup>11</sup> and died in the communion of the church of England, of which he owned himself an unworthy member.

Catherine Hays, born in Warwickshire, of honest and respected parents, aged (as she said) about 34 or 36 years, educated in the faith of the church of England. But what good instructions she received in her younger years were mostly forgotten, for she married Mr. John Hays, son to a countryman in Warwickshire, within four miles of the city of that name, who had an estate in land of 40 or 50l. per. ann. as she said, when twelve or thirteen years old, but, as her friends said, fifteen or sixteen, upon eight days acquaintance; for, travelling by Mr. Hays's father's house, and asking the way, old Mrs. Hays asked her to come in, and young Mr. Hays fell deeply in love with her, and married her suddenly without consent of friends, she having left her mother's house upon some discontent: and, as she affirmed, Mr. Hays her husband was

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<sup>10</sup>said] told *Select*.

<sup>11</sup>Christ,] Jesus Christ, *Select*.

so intent upon the world, that he would not suffer her to apply to the reading of her books, or religious exercises, such as praying, &c. and that all the time of her marriage, which was twenty years and eight months, he would never suffer her to go to church but two or three times, namely, twice at London, with Billings the murderer, her son, whose true name, upon the word of a dying woman, she assured me was Hays; and that when she went to church, it was without her husband's knowledge, and contrary to his consent. They lived in Worcestershire upon a piece of land of their own, and some, of which they farmed;<sup>1 2</sup> but she complained that Mr. Hays was a very unkind husband, beating and mortifying her upon every trivial occasion, in a cruel manner; and, that when she was with child, he would never suffer a midwife to be called for her but once,<sup>1 3</sup> which, with his other ill usages, proved the cause of abortion, and commonly put her in hazard of her life. Five or six years ago, upon discontents and grudges arising in the family, between Mr. Hays's father and mother and her, and her husband and her, they sold all off they had in the country, and came to town, where they kept a Chandler's shop, and lived in different places, till lately they took a house in the parish of St. Mary-le-Bone, where this unfortunate accident of her husband's murder happened. When I first visited her, asking the cause why they murdered Mr. Hays in so barbarous a manner? she told me, that it was no more sin to kill him than a dog or a cat,<sup>1 4</sup> because of the cruel usage he gave her, and the blasphemous expressions

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<sup>1 2</sup>some, of which they farmed;] some which they farmed; *Select*.

<sup>1 3</sup>called for her but once,] called but once, *Select*.

<sup>1 4</sup>she told me, that it was no more sin to kill him than a dog or a cat,] she told me, that *Thomas Wood* alleged it no more a Sin to kill him than a dog or cat, *Select*.

which he too frequently used, declaring that he believed nothing about a God, and that the souls of men and women died like the brutes.---Wood, when I told him this, cast the whole blame upon her, saying, that twenty days before the murder happened, Mrs. Hays advised, and frequently pressed him to murder her husband, upon doing of which he should be master of all her money, which was of a considerable value; that he would not consent to do it; but that afterwards she proposing it to her son Billings, he too easily agreed to it. Wood held to this confession till his death; for two or three days before he died, lying sick in the Hold,<sup>15</sup> he affirmed the same, adding, that she advised to the cutting off his head, legs, and arms, and held the candle while it was doing.

All this Mrs. Hays constantly denied, and by all the arguments I and several who spoke to her, could use,<sup>16</sup> she could not be in the least moved to make any farther confession; only, that three days before the unlucky time to her and the other two, Thomas Wood sitting beside Mr. Hays in the house, and holding his hand over Mr. Hays's shoulder, said, *Mr. Hays, I think it no more sin<sup>17</sup> to kill you than a dog or cat. Why?* says Hays. Wood answered. *Because you are so cruel to that poor industrious woman, and because you are so atheistical and wicked.* Mr. Hays said, that as to striking his wife, he had such a giddiness in his head at times,<sup>18</sup> that he knew not what he was doing; and he believed that sometime or other he should kill his wife in his passion, which

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<sup>15</sup>lying sick in the Hold,] as I visited him lying sick in the Hold, *Select*.

<sup>16</sup>could use,] could make use of, *Select*.

<sup>17</sup>sin] a sin *Select*.

<sup>18</sup>he had such a giddiness in his head at times,] he had a Giddiness in his head sometimes, *Select*.

he could not help.

Notwithstanding this, Billings said, that his mother and Wood first plotted the murder, altho' when she was present, he stood in awe, and would say nothing of her. What passed between<sup>1 9</sup> Wood and Mrs. Hays, was all she would confess, that she knew nothing of any fore-thought<sup>2 0</sup> or design of murdering her husband. I told her, supposing<sup>2 1</sup> she knew nothing of a premeditated intention, yet her concealing the murder, and abetting the murderers, made her equally guilty of the crime in the eye of the law. That she acknowledged, and said, she desired not to live, but thought she should not be burnt. I told her that Burning was the particular punishment appointed by the law of England, for women who were concerned in the murder of their husbands. She wept and fretted when she thought on this.

Asking her why she concealed her husband's murder? she said, that the ill usage he always gave her cooled her affection towards him, and her only son being concerned, she could not think of delivering him up to public justice.

She spoke much of Mr. Hays's beating and mortifying her, and some times breaking her ribs and bones, and of his having murdered two newborn children of hers, and of burying them one under an apple-tree, and another under a pear-tree, at two different places, where they lived in Worcestershire; a note of which, a neighbour of hers in that country, who lives near to these places, took, and was to dig about the trees, to see if he could find any of the

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<sup>1 9</sup>between] betwixt *Select.*

<sup>2 0</sup>was all she would confess, that she knew nothing of any fore-thought] is all she would confess, that she knew of any fore-thought *Select.*

<sup>2 1</sup>supposing] suppose *Select.*



bones, and was to write an account of it to town, if any such thing could be found.

Being asked, why she maligned and spoke so much to her husband's disadvantage, now he was dead, and murdered in so barbarous a manner? she said, she had no malice in her heart to him, but that her being so ill-treated by him was the cause why she concealed the murder, and was so indifferent about it; and that she could not die in peace till she opened her mind, about the two children.

She seemed to be a woman of good natural parts, but grossly ignorant in religious matters. I was always very pressing upon her to consider her latter end, and to improve the knowledge of God, and the salvation which is to be obtained only in and through Jesus Christ. She frequently affirmed, that she had no doubt of being happy in another world, because she had been just and upright in her dealings, charitable to the poor, careful in household affairs, faithful and dutiful to her husband.---As to *conjugal duties*, I told her, that though she did not actually imbrue her hands in her husband's blood, yet by patronizing and supporting such execrable murderers, she declared herself a very ill woman, and deserving the punishment appointed her. At which she sighed and groaned, confessing herself faulty in part; for which she begged of God<sup>2 2</sup> and the world pardon, and declared, she<sup>2 3</sup> heartily repented of the murder, so far as she was concerned in it.

She said, she believed in Jesus Christ her only Saviour, upon whose account alone she expected eternal life and salvation. By frequent instructions, I

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<sup>2 2</sup> begged of God] begged God *Select*.

<sup>2 3</sup> declared, she] declared that she *Select*.

brought her to understand some of the first *elements* of Christianity; but was greatly troubled to see her much less concerned than what I desired; for when I spoke to her about the great concern of her soul, she was too ready to bring in some little story, nothing to the purpose; for which, when I reproved her, she acknowledged her error. She declared herself of the communion of this church, of which she was an unworthy member. When in Chapel, I preached, or prayed, or discoursed about murder, she commonly fainted away, which she acknowledged to proceed from the thoughts and apprehensions of her husband's horrible murder, which still harrassed and distracted her mind night and day, ever since it happened.

*D. The Lives of the Most Remarkable Criminals (1735)*

[*The Lives of the Most Remarkable Criminals*, published in three volumes in London in 1735, contains one of the fullest accounts of the Hayes murder, at 2: 190-244. However, it is not the source Thackeray used for *Catherine*, for its wording in the section describing the murder differs from Thackeray's wording in the final chapter of his novel, whereas Thackeray's wording is the same as that found in John Villette's *Annals of Newgate* (1776) and other sources (see section E below). The interesting thing about the 1735 *Remarkable Criminals* version is that it must have been based on the same source that Villette's version ultimately derives from, for the material covered is virtually the same and the wording at times is identical (though not in the murder description). The main difference is that the *Remarkable Criminals* version is wordier and contains some material not found in Villette: thus it is likely that the version in Villette is a condensation of the fuller version that made its way into the *Remarkable Criminals* collection.

[Some of the details found in the *Remarkable Criminals* version and not found elsewhere are as follows:

[The *Remarkable Criminals* version (2: 202) explains why Thomas Wood hit John Hayes after Tom Billings had already delivered the mortal blow: it says that Wood was concerned that the noise Hayes made in his death agony would wake the neighbours; thus he "went in and repeated the Blows."

[The *Remarkable Criminals* version (202) reports that after the murder Catherine Hayes's two accomplices were in "so much Terrour and Confusion, that they knew not what to do."

[The *Remarkable Criminals* version tends to exonerate Wood and Billings for the crime, placing all the blame on Catherine. Wood and Billings, it says (234), "deserv'd Pity, since . . . they were Persons of unblemished Characters, and of virtuous Inclinations, untill misled by her [Catherine Hayes]." On the other hand, the *Remarkable Criminals* version presents information supporting Catherine's claim that her husband was an atheist, saying he had associated with "*Free-Thinkers*," that is, people who were inclined to "redicule those Things which the rest of the World think Sacred" (242). It adds (242-43) that "Mr. *Hayes* had now and then let fall some rash Expressions, as to his Disbelief of the *Immortality* of the *Soul*, and talked in such a Manner on religious *Topicks*, that Mrs. *Hayes* persuaded *Billings* and *Wood* therefrom, that he was an *Athiest* [sic], and as he believed his own *Soul* of no greater Value than that of a brute Beasts [sic], there could be no Difference between killing him and them."

[The most extended section of the *Remarkable Criminals* version not appearing in the other sources is an account of a visit made to Catherine Hayes while she was in prison (230-33). This account is as follows:]

. . . On her return to *Newgate*, she was visited by several Persons of her Acquaintance, who yet were so far from doing her any Good, that they rather interrupted her in those Preparations which it became a Woman in her sad Condition to make. One old Gentleman indeed, who seemed to have no other Motive in Curiosity in coming to see her, took an Opportunity of discoursing to her in these Terms, which as I myself over-heard, and as I think they may not want their Uses on other Occasions, I have carefully inserted. "Mrs. *Hayes*, you see the Clamour of the World is very strong against you, and tho' common Fame be very indifferent Evidence in some Cases; yet in so much as yours is,

it is a Sign of more than ordinary Guilt, because the common Sort, being unable to distinguish nicely, generally pity every body whom they see under Affliction, unless there be a peculiar Degree of Wickedness in what they have been guilty of, such as seems to transcend the Malignity of human Nature, and hath consequently rendered the Criminal unworthy of human Regard. Consider then, if such be the sentiments of the *Publick*, what should yours be? If the Noise of your Cruelty hath struck them with Terrour, should it not inspire you with Repentance, and if the Death of Mr. *Hayes* with the bloody Circumstances which attend it, can so far move those who had no Acquaintance with, or so much as knew by Sight, what effect ought it to have on you, who after having been his Companion and his Wife for so many Years, have at last become his *Murderess*, and imbrued your Hands in that Blood, which you should have considered your own. I knowing very well that you have high Notions of your own Innocence, because it was not from your Hands that he received his Death's Wound; yet you cannot deny that those who gave it received their Directions from you. The Conviction of their own Hearts, hath induced them to offer their Blood to atone for his. Twelve impartial Men have found you also to be guilty of his Death; and I do not think so meanly of your Reason, as to believe you have any Hopes of having your Sentence stay'd. Reflect then a little, if these Artifices cannot prevail, even with a credulous World, or take any Place in the Opinion of Twelve Men, utterly unbiass'd in their Verdict against you, how should you expect they should yet cover you from the Wrath of God, and illude that Judgment, with which he hath threatned Sinners. The small Time you have to live, forbids trifling, and every Moment that passes, calls upon you to employ it so, as by Penitence to escape his Vengeance. Lay then aside such Notions as

these are, confess with Truth the Circumstances of that cruel Act of which you have been guilty, and after losing all Hopes in the World, apply yourself steadily to make sure of Happiness in that which is to come; humbly intreat that merciful Being, whose Creature thou hast destroyed, to have pity on thy Condition, and by submitting patiently unto that terrible Punishment, which the Law hath appointed for your Crimes, atone for this Murther, suffering the fear of your approaching Death, to work no otherwise on your Mind, than urging you by Prayers and a sincere Repentance to avoid eternal Death from the Sentence of him, at whose Tribunal you are quickly to appear, as *God* is a *God* of Justice, presume not hastily to think you have secured his Pardon, and as he is a *God* of Mercy, let not even your Offences make you despair; but by the Piety and Resignation of your last Moment's Efface the Memory of your guilty Life."

*E. The Tyburn Chronicle, The Annals of Newgate, and The Old Bailey Chronicle*  
(1768, 1776, 1788)

[What follows is the account of the Catherine Hayes story found in John Villette's *Annals of Newgate*, 4 vols. (London, 1776) 1: 394-428. This account is virtually identical to that found in *The Tyburn Chronicle*, 4 vols. (London, 1768) 2: 252-93 and also to the one found in James Mountague's *The Old Bailey Chronicle*, 4 vols. (London, 1788) 2: 3-39. The main difference in the *Tyburn* version is that it omits the opening description of the trial and begins with the section headed "A full and particular Account of the Life, Trial, and Behaviour of CATHERINE HAYS . . ." As well, *Tyburn* uses the more common spelling Hayes for the central figures, whereas Villette uses the more unusual Hays. Mountague's version, like Villette's, from which it was probably copied, uses the spelling Hays and includes the opening description of the trial. However, Mountague omits several passages found in both Villette and *Tyburn*, including the confessions of Wood and Billings and the closing poem. These omissions are recorded in the footnotes, as are other substantive differences among the versions.

[Thackeray must have used one of these versions, or perhaps some other version that they derived from, for his account of the murder of John Hayes in the final chapter of *Catherine* (231.19-238.9) very closely follows the account found in these sources (see pp. 724-39, 750-51, 754 below) and at times copies it verbatim.]

THOMAS BILLINGS, THOMAS WOOD, and  
 CATHERINE HAYS, for Murder, April, 1726.

Thomas Billings, and Thomas Wood, of St. Mary-le-Bon, were indicted for the murder of John Hays: Billings by beating, striking, and bruising him on the hinder part of the head, with a hatchet, and thereby giving him one mortal wound, of which he instantly died, on the first day of March, 1725-6, and Wood, by being present, aiding, abetting, and maintaining the said Billings in committing the said murder.

To this indictment they both pleaded guilty. *Death.*

Catherine Hays was indicted for petit treason, by being traiterously present, aiding, abetting, comforting, and maintaining the said Thomas Billings, in the murder of the said John Hays her husband.

The council for the king, who by his majesty's order carried on the prosecution, having opened the indictment, the charge, and the evidence, the witnesses against the prisoner were called and sworn.<sup>1</sup>

*Richard Bromage.* After the prisoner, Catherine Hays, was committed to Newgate, I, and Robert Wilkins, and Leonard Myring went to visit her there. I am very sorry Mrs. Hays, says I, to see you here upon such a sad occasion as the murder of your husband. And so am I too, says she. But what a [sic] G-d's name, says I, could put it into your head to commit such a barbarous murder? Why, said she, the d-v-l put it into my head; but, however, John Hays was none of the best of husbands, for I have been three parts starved ever since we were married together. I don't in the least repent of any thing I have

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<sup>1</sup>The council for the king . . . called and sworn.] *omitted in Mountague.*



done, but only in drawing those two poor men into this misfortune. I was six weeks in importuning them to do it; they two or three times refused to be concerned in it; but at last I over persuaded them. My husband was made so drunk, that he fell out of his chair, and then they carried him into the back room, and laid him upon the bed, and there Billings knocked him on the head with a hatchet, and Wood cut his throat. This was what they told me, for I was not in the room when he was killed: But, as soon as he was dead, I went in and held the candle, while Wood cut his head quite off. But, says I, How came you to cut him and mangle him in such an inhuman manner? She answered, because we wanted to get him into a box; we thought to have done it with only cutting off his legs at the knees, but still we could not get him in, and therefore we cut off his thighs, and his arms, though when we had done, the box was too little to hold all, and shut close; and so the next night we put the body and limbs into two blankets, and Wood and Billings carried them away at twice, and threw them into a pond. But, says I again, What could induce the men to be guilty of all this? Was it the lucre of money? No, says she, there was nothing of that in the case, but the d-v-l was in us all, and we were all got drunk. And what, said I, can you say for yourself when you come before the court? she replied, It will signify nothing to make a long preamble, I'll hold up my hand and confess myself guilty, for nothing can save me, and nobody can forgive me.

*Leonard Myring.* I went to see the prisoner in Newgate the day after she was committed, but she confessed nothing at that time. I went again on the Sunday evening, and then she said, I am glad you are come, for Thomas Wood, one of the men that committed the murder, was taken to-day, and has confessed

that it was done by him and Billings; but I was not with them when they did it, for I was drunk, and sitting upon a stool by the fire in the shop; but I heard the blow given, and heard somebody stamp. And why then, says I, did not you cry out for help? she answered, Because I was afraid they would murder me too: and so, after they had killed him, they cut off his head, and carried it out in a pail; and, when they came back, Billings sat down by me, and cried, and would lie in the room where the dead body was that night. -- Another time she told me, that she was not upon the same floor, but in the shop below stairs when her husband was killed. -- I went again with Richard Bromage and Robert Wilkins to visit her, and then she confessed that for some time past there had been a contrivance to kill her husband; but said, that she did not know they would do it that night as it was done. I asked her how they came to contrive such a wicked thing? Why, said she, my husband came home drunk one night, and beat me, upon which Billings said, This fellow deserves to be killed. Aye, says Wood, and so he does, and I would be his butcher for a penny: and I told them, as to that, they might do as they thought fit. But, pray, Mrs. Hays, said I, why did you never acquaint your husband with their design? Because, said she, I was afraid that he would beat me.

Robert Wilkins confirmed the evidence of Richard Bromage.

*Joseph Mercer.* On the Monday after the prisoner was committed, I don't know whether it was the 28th or 29th of March, I went to see her in Newgate, Mr. Mercer, said she, You are Tom Billings's friend as well as mine, and therefore I desire you would go and tell him, it will be in vain for him to deny the murder any longer, for we are both equally guilty, and we must both

die for it.

*John Blackesly.* I live at the Brawn's-Head-Tavern in New-Bond-street. On the first of last month, about four in the afternoon, the prisoner and the two men who have pleaded guilty, came together to our house; she said, she wanted to taste some wine, for she should have occasion for a quantity. Then she called for a half pint of mountain, and, when they had drank it, she ordered me to put up six quarts of the same. She paid for it at the bar, and saw it put into bottles. I sent a porter home with her, that he might know where to call for the bottles when they were empty: but, about nine o'clock the same night, one of those two men brought back the six empty bottles, and had another quart of wine.

*Mary Springate.* I lodged up two pair of stairs in Mr. Weingard's house, where the murder was committed.—On Tuesday, the first of March last, I was out all day at work, and came home between eight and nine at night. My husband told me, there had been great merry-making, drinking, and dancing in the room below. I was tired, and wanted to be a-bed, but was willing to know if their liquor was almost out, that I might not be disturbed when I was going to sleep; and so I went down and knocked at the door, and asked her, if they had almost done drinking. Aye, child, said she, I am just going to bed. And with that, I said no more, but went up again, but it was not long before I heard the door open. I called, and asked her, who it was that went out? O! said she, It is my husband, he is gone into the country with a charge of money, and I am frightened out of my wits for fear he should be murdered: I wish to the Lord he may come safe home again; but I never knew such an obstinate man in my life, when he gets a little liquor in his head: there was no

such thing as persuading him to stay till morning. I got up by five o'clock next day, which was Wednesday, and went out to my work; I returned about nine at night, and found the prisoner sitting by the fire side, with Wood and Billings, but without any candle. She said, she was very uneasy upon her husband's account, for fear some wicked rogue or other should knock him on the head for his money. I went up to my own room, but had not been long there, before I heard something drawling<sup>2</sup> along the floor, and the door open, and somebody go out: upon which, I went down and asked her what they were doing? She said, the men were going to fetch a bed home; so I went up again, and when they came back, she let them in, and I heard them say, they had not got money enough for the bed. By and by I heard another drawling along the floor, and the men went out again. When they returned, I went down and let them in myself, but they had not yet brought the bed. What, says she, was the landlord's mark upon it? They answered, Yes. Why, then, said she, I am glad you did not bring it; I left them, and went up once more to my own room. In a little time I heard another bustling below, at which I began to grow very uneasy, and thought that something more than ordinary must be the matter; and so I was going down again, but she met me at my own door, and said, she was come to smook half a pipe with my husband. While she staid, I heard the men going out again, I stepped to the stair-head, and looked down over the rails, she followed, and asked me, why I was so uneasy. To tell you the truth, says I, Mrs. Hays, I believe you are a going to move your goods by night, and I think it is a shame you should do any such thing, when you have got money that lies by you: no, indeed, said she, it is no such thing. Then, pray, says I,

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<sup>2</sup>To drawl is to crawl or drag (*OED*).

Mrs. Hays, tell me what is the matter? Why, nothing, said she, and therefore I beg you would make yourself easy. The next day, which was Thursday, I saw Wood go out with a bundle, and turn down Swallow-street. I asked her, what that bundle was, and she told me, it was a suit of cloaths that he had borrowed to go abroad in last Sunday. The head that was thrown into the Thames at Mill-Bank, and the pail that it was carried in, were both brought to me to the Gate-House, to see if I knew them. I knew the head to be the head of Mr. Hays, and that the pail was his pail. Mr. Bowers, let me see the coat? -- And this my lord was Mr. Hays's coat.

At the sight of the coat the prisoner at the bar fainted away.

*Richard Bowers.* Wood lodged at my house at Greenford three weeks. When he first came, which was on Thursday the 3d of March, he brought this coat with him.

*Prisoner.* I own that, three or four days before my husband was killed, there was a design against his life; but I was not guilty of his blood. He and Billings had been playing at cards, and fell out about the game, and, I bidding Billings tell the pips of the cards, my husband flew into a passion, and beat me, which Billings very much resented, and from that time resolved to murder him; but I had no hand in it; for, when it was done, I was in the next room, and therefore I am clear and innocent of the fact.

The jury found her guilty. *Death.*

*A full and particular Account of the Life, Trial, and Behaviour of CATHERINE HAYS, who was burnt alive at Tyburn, for the Murder of her husband; and also an Account of THOMAS BILLINGS, and THOMAS WOOD, who were*

*concerned in the said Murder.*

Catherine Hays was born of parents of the name of Hall, in very low circumstances, in the year 1690, on the borders of Warwickshire, about four miles from Birmingham.

She lived with her parents several years; but their poverty did not permit them to bestow any education on her; on the contrary, they were obliged to apply to the parish for relief, at the charge of which she was maintained for several years.

Even during her childhood she gave evident signs of a fiery, turbulent temper, and untractable spirit, which her want of education rather increased than otherwise, so that she at length became ungovernable.

In this manner she lived till about the year 1705, when several officers going into that country to beat up for volunteers, the men were quartered in and about the neighbourhood.

Whether the appearance or the behaviour of the military gentlemen induced our heroine to accompany them we cannot pretend to determine; but certain it is that she rambled about with them to several places; and when they left Birmingham and its neighbourhood, she accompanied them to a village in Worcestershire, called Great Ombersly, where, either tired with her company, or not chusing the expence of maintaining her any longer, they took an opportunity of leaving her behind.

Being thus left alone, and not knowing what course to take, she wandered about like a distracted creature, till coming to the door of one Mr. Hays, his wife good-naturedly took her in, and entertained her for a few days.

At that time Mr. Hays had several children, the eldest of which, whose

name was John, about twenty-one years of age, found something so agreeable in the person and conversation of Catherine, that he privately made overtures of marriage to her. His proposals were readily accepted; but the young people believing that neither Mr. Hays nor his wife would consent to the match, agreed to keep their intentions a profound secret.

The preliminaries were soon settled, and in five or six days the preparations for a private marriage being made, they agreed it should be solemnized at Worcester, and, on the appointed day, they left the old people very early in the morning, in the following manner:

Young Hays, who was a carpenter by trade, acquainting his mother that he had occasion for some tools in his business, which he would go and purchase at Worcester, obtained by that means some money of her, which, together with some he had by him, were sufficient to defray the expences of the intended expedition.

Being thus furnished, he took leave of his parents early in the morning; and Catherine, without the formality of bidding them adieu, trudged after him to Worcester, where they met at an appointed place, and the wedding was soon celebrated.

On the very day of her marriage, Mrs. Catherine Hays had the fortune to meet with some of her former acquaintance, who had lately dropped her at Ombersly, and were now quartered at Worcester.

These fellows understanding she was that day married, and where the nuptials were to be solemnized, consulted among themselves how to make a penny of the bridegroom, and accordingly deferring the execution of their intentions till the evening, just as Mr. Hays was got into bed to his new bride,

they came to the house where he lodged, forcibly entered the room, and dragged the bridegroom away, pretending to impress him for her majesty's service.

This affair broke the measures Mr. Hays had concerted with his bride, to keep their wedding a secret; for finding no redemption from their hands without the expence of a larger sum of money than he was master of, he was necessitated to let his father know of his misfortune.

The old gentleman hearing of his son's adventures, as well of his marriage,<sup>3</sup> as his being pressed at the same time, his resentment for the one<sup>4</sup> did not extinguish his paternal affection for him, but that he resolved to deliver him from his troubles, and accordingly taking a gentleman in the neighbourhood along with him, he went to Worcester.

On their arrival there, they found Mr. John Hays in the hands of the officers, who insisted upon detaining him for her majesty's service; but his father, and the gentleman he brought with him, by his authority, soon made them sensible of their error, and instead of making a benefit of him, as they proposed, they were glad to discharge him, which they did immediately.

Mr. Hays having acted thus far in favour of his son, then expressed his resentment for his having married without his consent, but it being too late to prevent it, there was no other remedy but to bear it with patience.

For some time afterwards, Mr. Hays and his bride lived in the neighbourhood, he following his business as a carpenter, and his father and mother grew more reconciled to him.

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<sup>3</sup>as well of his marriage,] as well as of his marriage, *Mountague*.

<sup>4</sup>for the one] for one *Mountague*.



But Mrs. Hays, who approved rather of a travelling than a settled life, persuaded her husband to enter himself a volunteer in a company of soldiers, who were then at Worcester; which he at length complied with, and went abroad with them, where he continued for some time.

Mr. John Hays being in garrison in the Isle of Wight, Mrs. Hays went over to him, and continued with him for some time, till Hays, tired with so idle a life, solicited his father to procure his discharge, which at length, after much trouble, and an expence of sixty pounds, was accomplished.

The young couple now returned into Worcestershire, where his father put him into an estate of ten pounds per annum, hoping that, with the benefit of his trade, would enable them to live in credit, and alter his daughter-in-law's inclinations for roving; for he was sensible that his son's ramble had been occasioned by the persuasions of his wife.

Young Hays now representing to his father that it was not possible for him and his wife to live on that estate only, persuaded the old man to let him have another, a leasehold of sixteen pounds per annum; on which he lived during the continuance of the lease, and the old man paid the rent.

The characters of John Hays and his wife were widely different: he was a sober, honest, peaceable man, and a good husband; and the only things objected to him are, that he was rather too parsimonious in his disposition, and too indulgent to his wife, who repaid his kindness with opprobrious language, and sometimes with ill usage.

As to his wife, she was on all hands allowed to be a very turbulent, vexatious woman, always setting people together by the ears, and never free from quarrels and controversies in the neighbourhood, giving ill advice, and

fomenting disputes, to the disturbance of all her friends and acquaintance.

This unhappiness in her temper induced Mr. John Hays's relations to persuade him to settle in some remote place, at a distance from, and unknown to her, for some time, to see if that would have any effect upon her turbulent disposition; but Mr. Hays could not approve of that advice, nor consent to a separation.

In this manner they lived for the space of about six years, until the lease of the last mentioned farm expired, about which time Mrs. Hays persuaded her husband to leave the country and come up to London, which about twelve months afterwards, through her persuasions, he did, in the year 1719.

Upon their arrival in town they took a house, part of which they let out in lodgings, and sold sea-coal, chandlery-ware, &c. whereby they lived in a creditable manner; and though Mr. Hays was of a very indulgent temper, yet she was so unhappy as to be frequently jarring, and a change of climate had not made any alteration in her temper: she continued her same passionate disposition, and had frequently bickerings and disputes with her neighbours, as well in town as in the country.

In this business they picked up money, and Mr. Hays received the yearly rent of the first mentioned estate, though he lived in town; and by lending out money in small sums amongst his country people and acquaintance, improved his circumstances considerably.

She would frequently, in speaking of Mr. Hays to his friends and acquaintance, give him the best of characters, and commend him for an indulgent husband; notwithstanding which, to some of her particular cronies who knew not Mr. Hays's temper, she would exclaim against him, and told one of them,

particularly, above a year before the murder was committed, "that it was no more sin to kill him, meaning her husband, than to kill a mad-dog; and that some time or other she might give him a polt."<sup>5</sup>

After this they removed into Tottenham-Court-road, where they carried on business for about two years, and then removed into Tyburn Road, a few doors from the house where the murder was committed.

They lived in this place about a year, during which Mr. Hays practised the lending money on pledges, and sometimes worked at his profession, till he was thought to have accumulated a considerable sum of money.

They now removed a little lower in the same road, and took lodgings up two pair of stairs, at the house of Mr. Whinyard, where the horrid murder was afterwards perpetrated.

At the last mentioned place, Thomas Billings, who was a taylor by trade, and worked in and about Monmouth-street, being Mrs. Hays's countryman, came to see them, and they invited him to lodge with them, which he agreed to do.

On Hays's going out of town for some days, several of his wife's acquaintance took the opportunity of his absence to come and see her, and continued there revelling till just before his expected return.

When Hays came to town, being informed of what had passed, he remonstrated with his wife on the liberties she had given herself: how far her answer might provoke his resentment we cannot determine, but a quarrel ensued, and a blow or two passed between them: this was about six weeks before the commission of the murder.

Whether this quarrel might augment Mrs. Hays's inclination to get rid of

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<sup>5</sup>A polt is a blow (*OED*).

her husband, or whether she had before absolutely resolved on it, we cannot pretend to say, however it is certain that she soon after proposed to Billings to join with her in murdering her husband, and endeavoured to persuade him thereto by all the arguments she possibly could; she urged, that she daily received abuses and injuries from him, that he was a person of a debauched conversation, and atheistical principles; and "that it was no more sin to murder him than it was to kill a dog, a cat, or any brute beast."

Whilst these proposals were on foot, Thomas Wood, a countryman, a neighbour's son, and a former acquaintance of Mr. Hays and his wife, coming to town, was obliged to forsake his lodgings for fear of being pressed, and not knowing how to secure himself, went to see Mr. Hays, who entertained him very civilly, and he acquainted him with the fears he lay under of being pressed, and carried away to sea on the one hand, and on the other, his being destitute of any business or employment.

Mr. Hays kindly invited him to accept of such conveniency as their lodgings would afford, and promised to use his endeavours to procure him business amongst his friends and acquaintance.

Wood thereupon accepted of the offer, and came and lodged with Billings at Mr. Hays's. He had not been there above three or four days before Mrs. Hays, ingratiating herself with him, communicated the design she had formed of murdering her husband.

Wood started at such a proposition, and urged the sinfulness thereof, as well as the ungenerousness of such an action, if he should be any ways instrumental in shortening the life of Mr. Hays, whom he esteemed as his friend, his neighbour, and particular acquaintance.

Whereupon Mrs. Hays replied, "It would be no crime to remove such an atheistical person as he was, for that he was void of any religion or goodness, that he was a murderer, and had killed a man in the country, and destroyed two of her children, of which she had had twelve, one of which was buried under a pear-tree, and another under an apple-tree in the country."

By these stories, though totally void of foundation, she endeavoured to spirit up Wood to a compliance with her wicked intentions; and added farther, that she should then be mistress of about fifteen hundred pounds, which he should be master of, if he would assist in the commission of this fact; that she and Billings had consulted on the matter, and only wanted a third person to join in it.

Wood going out of town two or three days after this, returned again on the first of March, when he found Mr. and Mrs. Hays and Billings in company, and being conversing merrily together, Mr. Hays said that himself and another person had drank to the amount of a guinea in wine without being fuddled; upon which Billings offered to fetch six bottles of mountain, on condition that if Hays drank it all without being intoxicated, then Billings should pay for it, but if it should happen otherwise the expence should be Hays's.

This proposal being agreed to, Mrs. Hays, Billings, and Wood went all together to the Braund's-Head in New-Bond-street, to fetch the wine; as they were going along, Mrs. Hays reminded them of the proposal she had before made of murdering her husband, urging that there could not be a better opportunity than when he was intoxicated.

Wood objected to this, and said it would be the most barbarous and injuman thing imaginable to murder an innocent person, not only in cool blood,

but when they had designedly intoxicated him.

In answer to this, Catherine repeated the arguments she had before used to Billings and himself, to prepare them for the wicked deed; and Billings joining in her persuasions, Wood was at length so influenced, that with some little reluctance, he seemed willing to comply with their request.

When they came to the tavern, they called for half a pint of mountain for a taste, which being brought, they agreed with the vintner for seven shillings per gallon, and ordered a gallon and a half of it to be carried to their lodgings, which was accordingly done, and for which Mrs. Hays paid half a guinea.

As soon as they came home they sat down to drinking, or rather to see Mr. Hays drink, under pretence of the wager betwixt Billings and him, who was to drink all the wine, whilst they three had several pots of beer, &c.

Having encouraged Mr. Hays in drinking the wine, and he growing very merry therewith, he sung and danced about the room; but his wife fearing the quantity he had drank would not have the wished for effect<sup>6</sup> upon him, she sent away for another bottle, of which he drank also, which effectually answered their expectations, and Mr. Hays became thereby intoxicated and deprived of his understanding.

He, however, made shift to get into the other room, and throwing himself across the bed fell asleep; upon which Mrs. Hays reminded them of the affair in hand, and told them that was the most proper juncture to finish the business.

Hereupon Billings went into the other room, where Mr. Hays lay sleeping, and going to the bed-side with a coal-hatchet in his hand, struck Mr. Hays on

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<sup>6</sup>wished for effect] desired effect *Mountague*.

the back of the head, whereby he broke his skull: the violence of the blow, and the agony of the pain, occasioned Mr. Hays to stamp upon the ground five or six times with his feet, which hung over the bed-side; whereupon Thomas Wood came into the room, and struck him twice more on the side of the head with the same instrument, though the first blow had done his business effectually.

Upon the noise Mr. Hays made with his feet, as abovementioned, Mrs. Springate, who lodged up in the garret, over Mr. Hays's room, came down to enquire the occasion thereof, complaining the disturbance was so great that they, meaning herself, her husband, and a child they had, could not sleep for it. To which Mrs. Hays answered, they had some company there, who having been drinking, were grown merry, but as they would be going immediately, desired her not to be uneasy.

This satisfied Mrs. Springate for the present, and she returned back, and went to bed again, not expecting to hear any thing farther.

When the murderers perceived that Hays was quite dead, they debated on what manner they should dispose of the body; and several expedients were proposed to remove it, in order to prevent a discovery; but that which appeared most feasible was of Catherine's own contrivance.

She said that if the body was carried away whole, it might be known, and a discovery would be thereby made; and therefore proposed that the head should be cut off, and then the body being removed, could not be known.

This being resolved on, they got a pail, and the murderess carrying a candle, they all three went into the room where the deceased lay, when Catherine held the pail, Billings supported the head, and Wood cut it off with his pocket-knife, having first dragged the body over the side of the bed, that the

blood might run into the pail without staining the bed-cloaths, &c.

The head being thus cut off, and the body having done bleeding, they poured the blood into a wooden sink out at the window, and threw several pails of water after it, to wash it away; notwithstanding which precaution, several lumps of congealed blood were found in the morning by Springate the lodger, who suspecting nothing of the truth, threw them away.

Notwithstanding the precaution of catching the blood in the pail as abovementioned, there was some spilled upon the ground, and sprinkled about the room in several places: what was most visible they endeavoured to get out by washing, &c. Mrs. Hays herself drying up the blood which fell on the floor with cloths, to conceal the same, and some they scraped off with knives.

However divers sprinklings of it remained on the floor, and about the walls, some of it even spun up to the very ceiling, and the sprinklings remained visible long after the discovery of the murder.

Mrs. Hays proposed, in order to prevent a discovery, that she would take the head and boil it in a pot till only the skull remained, whereby it would be altogether impossible for any body to distinguish to whom it belonged.

This proposal might have been approved of, only it was not altogether so expeditious: it was therefore proposed, that Billings and Wood should take the same in the pail, and carry it down to the Thames, and throw it in there. This was approved of, and Billings taking the head in the pail under his great coat, went down stairs with Wood to dispose thereof, as had been before agreed upon.

Springate hearing a bustling in Mr. Hays's room for some time, and then somebody going down stairs, called again to know who it was, and what was the occasion of it, it being then about eleven o'clock, to which Mrs. Hays



answered, it was her husband who was going a journey into the country, and pretended to take a formal leave of him, expressing her sorrow that he was obliged to go out of town at that time of the night, and her fear lest any accident should attend him in his journey.

Billings and Wood being thus gone to dispose of the head, went towards Whitehall, intending to have thrown the same into the river there; but the gates being shut, they were obliged to go onwards as far as Mr. Macreth's wharf, near the Horse Ferry, at Westminster; where Billings setting down the pail from under his great coat, Wood took up the same with the head therein, and threw it into the dock before the wharf. It was expected the same would have been carried away with the tide, but the water being then ebbing, it was left behind.

There were some lighters lying over against the dock, and one of the lighter-men being then walking on board, saw them throw the pail into the dock; but it being too dark to discern them clearly, and having no suspicion, he then thought no more of the affair.

They now returned back, and arriving about twelve o'clock, Mrs. Hays let them in, and they found she had been busily employed in washing the floor, and scraping the blood off the walls, &c. They now all went into the fore-room, where Wood and Billings went to bed, and Mrs. Hays sat by them the remainder of the night.

In the morning of the 2d of March,<sup>7</sup> soon after break of day, one Robinson, a watchman, saw a man's head lying in the dock, and the pail near it: he called some persons to assist in taking up the head, and finding the pail

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<sup>7</sup>morning of the 2d of March,] morning, the 2d of March, *Mountague*.

bloody, they conjectured that the head had been brought thither in it. Their suspicions were fully confirmed by the lighter-man, who saw the head thrown in as above-mentioned.

It was now time for the murderers to consider how they should dispose of the body, which Mrs. Hays and Wood proposed to put into a box, where it might remain concealed till they had a convenient opportunity to remove it.

This being determined on, she brought a box; but on endeavouring to put it in, they found the box was not big enough to hold it. They had before wrapped it in a blanket, out of which they now took it, and Mrs. Hays proposed to cut off the arms and legs; and this being done, they again attempted to put it in, but still the box would not hold it; they then cut off the thighs, and laying the limbs in the box, concealed the same till night.

The finding of Hays's head had in the mean time alarmed the town, and information was given to the neighbouring justices of the peace. The parish officers did all that was possible towards the discovery of the persons guilty of perpetrating so horrid a murder: they caused the head to be cleaned, the face to be washed from the dirt and blood, and the hair to be combed, and then the head to be set upon a post in public view, in St. Margaret's church-yard, Westminster, that every body might have free access to see the same, with some of the parish officers to attend, hoping by that means a discovery might be made.

The high constable of Westminster liberty, also issued private orders to all the petty constables, watchmen, and other officers of that district, to keep a strict eye on all coaches, carts, &c. passing in the night through their liberty, imagining that the perpetrators of such a horrid fact, would endeavour to free

themselves of the body in the same manner they had done of the head.

These orders were executed for some time with all the secrecy imaginable, under various pretences, but without success. The head also continued to be exposed for some days in the manner before described, which drew a prodigious number of people to see the same, but without any discovery of the murderers.

On the 2d of March, in the evening, Catherine Hays, Thomas Wood, and Thomas Billings, took the body and disjointed members out of the box, and wrapped them up in two blankets, viz. the body in one, and the limbs in the other: Billings and Wood first took up the body, and about nine o'clock in the evening, carried it by turns into Marybone-Fields, and threw the same into a pond, which Wood in the day-time had been hunting for, and returning back again about eleven the same night, took up the limbs in the other old blanket, and carried them by turns to the same place, throwing them in there also.

About twelve o'clock the same night they returned back again, and knocking at the door, were let in by Mary Springate; they went up to bed in Mrs. Hays's fore-room, and she staid with them all night, sometimes sitting up, and sometimes lying down upon the bed by them.

On this same second of March, one Bennet, an apprentice to the king's organ-maker, going to Westminster to see the head, believed it to be that of Mr. Hays, with whom he had been intimately acquainted; whereupon he went and informed Mrs. Hays that the head exposed to view in St. Margaret's church-yard, was so very like her husband's, that he believed it to be his; upon which she assured him that Mr. Hays was very well, and reproved him for forming such an opinion, telling him he must be very cautious how he raised any such false and scandalous reports, which might bring him into a great deal

of trouble. The young fellow was silenced by this reprimand, and said no more about it.

The same day also one Mr. Patrick having been to see the head, went afterwards to the house of Mr. Grainger at the Dog and Dial in Monmouth-street, with whom Hays and his wife had been intimately acquainted; Grainger's journeymen and other servants being Worcestershire people.<sup>8</sup> Patrick told them he had been to see the head, and that he thought it the most like their countryman Hays of any face he had ever seen.

Billings being then at work, some of the servants replied, that it could not be his, because he being one of Mr. Hays's lodgers, they should have heard of it by him if Hays had been missing, or any accident had happened to him; to which Billings answered, that he was then alive and well, and that he left him in bed when he came to work in the morning.

On the next day, March 3, Mrs. Hays gave Wood a white coat, and a pair of leather breeches of her husband's, which he carried to Greenford, near Harrow on the Hill. Mrs. Springate seeing Wood carry away these things, tied up in a white cloth, told Mrs. Hays that Wood was gone down stairs with a bundle; and Hays answered that it was only a suit of clothes Wood had borrowed of a neighbour, which he was going to carry home again.

On the 4th day of March Mrs. Longmore going to visit Mrs. Hays, enquiring after her husband, she told her he was gone out to take a walk, and asking Mrs. Longmore what news, she told her all the talk was about the man's head that had been found at Westminster: she seemed to wonder very

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<sup>8</sup>intimately acquainted; Grainger's . . . being Worcestershire people. Patrick] intimately acquainted. Grainger's . . . being Worcestershire people, Patrick Tyburn.

much at the wickedness of the age, that could commit such barbarous murders, telling her also, that there was a report in the neighbourhood of a woman who was just found in the fields, all mangled and cut to pieces; to which Mrs. Longmore answered, she had not heard any thing of such an accident.

On the 5th of March, Thomas Wood returned to town again to Mrs. Hays's for some linen, at which time she gave him a pair of shoes, a pair of stockings, a hat, and a waistcoat, which he knew to have been her husband's, and 5s. in money, and told him she would supply him with money whenever he wanted. She then told him her husband's head had been found, and how it continued to be exposed to view at Westminster, but that no person had owned it.

'Till the 6th of March the head continued to be exposed daily, but no discovery of the murder being made, the officers of the parish consulted with Mr. Westbrook, a surgeon, to have the same preserved in spirits, whereby it might be kept more intire, and the features much better preserved than otherwise, till a discovery could be made of the murderers.

This being resolved upon, Mr. Westbrook took charge of the same, and having provided a proper glass and spirits to contain it, the same was put therein, and exposed to the view of such persons as were desirous of seeing it. Notwithstanding all their endeavours to detect the authors of such a piece of barbarity, no discovery could be made, or any light obtained whereby the murderers could be detected.

In the mean time, Mrs. Hays quitted the house where the murder was committed, and removed to Mr. Jones's, a distiller in the neighbourhood, taking with her Wood, Billings, and Mrs. Springate, for whom she paid three months

rent at her old lodging.

She now employed herself in collecting as much of her husband's property as she possibly could; and finding among other papers, a bond due to Mr. Hays from one John Davis, who had married his sister, she prevailed on a person to write a letter in her husband's name, which she sent to his mother on the 14th of March, to demand 10l. of the above-mentioned Davis, and threatening to sue him in case of non-payment.

Old Mrs. Hays received the letter, and acquainted her son-in-law Davis with the contents of it; he offered to pay the money on the bond being sent into the country; of which the old gentlewoman acquainted Mrs. Hays by a letter on the 22d of the same month.

During these transactions, numbers of people went to see<sup>9</sup> the head of the murdered person, and among others a poor woman from Kingsland, whose husband had been absent from the day before the head was found: she fancied it bore a resemblance to that of her husband, but was not so positive as to swear to it; her belief however occasioned a report that it was so, and search was daily made after the body, but to no purpose.

In the mean time Mrs. Hays gave it out in the neighbourhood, that her husband had absconded upon account of an unfortunate rencounter he had<sup>10</sup> with another person, wherein he had given his antagonist an unlucky blow which had occasioned his death; that they had hushed up the matter for some time, by promise<sup>11</sup> of a considerable sum of money he was to pay the widow

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<sup>9</sup>went to see] went daily to see *Tyburn*.

<sup>10</sup>rencounter he had] rencounter he had had *Tyburn*.

<sup>11</sup>by promise] by a promise *Tyburn*.

annually; but not being able to comply with the same, he was forced to withdraw. This story she endeavoured to propagate with all the industry she possibly could, though, as she pretended, under the greatest secrecy.

Some few days before the discovery of this piece of barbarity, Mr. Joseph Ashby, who was an intimate acquaintance of the deceased, calling to see him, she informed him with a pretended secrecy, of the fictitious story above-mentioned. He asked if the person her husband had murdered was the same to whom the head belonged; she said, no, that he was buried entire, and that her husband had given a note or bond, to pay her 15l. per. annum, in order to compromise the matter, and avoid a prosecution: he then asked her where her husband was gone; she replied, he was gone over to Portugal with two or three foreign gentlemen. Not being very well satisfied with this story, he went from thence to one Henry Longmore's, (who was cousin to the deceased) and told him the misfortune she had related to him, adding, he did not approve of the account he had received from her, and desired Mr. Longmore to go to her, without taking any notice of his having seen him;<sup>1 2</sup> and then, by comparing the account she had related to him, with that which she should give to Mr. Longmore, they might be able to make some probable conjecture of the truth of the case.

Accordingly Mr. Longmore went to her, and enquiring for her husband, she replied, she supposed he had heard of his misfortune from Mr. Ashby; he answered, he had not seen him for some considerable time past, and was a stranger to his cousin's misfortunes, not knowing or believing that he was

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<sup>1 2</sup>him;] them *Mountague*.

indebted to any person.

Mr. Longmore asked if Mr. Hays was in prison for debt; she replied, no, worse than that; and Mr. Longmore asking what could occasion his absconding, and saying, "I suppose he has not murdered any body," she answered that he had, and calling him aside, related the story above-mentioned.

Mr. Longmore enquired which way Mr. Hays was gone; she said into Hertfordshire, and that he had taken four pistols with him for his defence, viz. one under each arm, and two in his pockets. Longmore said it would be dangerous for him to travel in that manner, for he was liable<sup>1 3</sup> to be apprehended on suspicion of being a highwayman; to which she answered, that it was his usual way of travelling, and the reason of it was because he was once attacked, and had like to have been robbed on the highway, and that he had once been<sup>1 4</sup> apprehended on suspicion of being a highwayman, but that a gentleman who knew him, coming in accidentally, passed his word for his appearance, in consequence of which he was discharged.

Mr. Longmore told her, that it was very improbable that he should ever have been stopped upon suspicion of being a highwayman, and discharged only on a person's passing his word for his appearance; and asked her how he was supplied with money for his journey; to which she answered, that he had sewed twenty-six guineas into his cloaths, and had about seventeen shillings in silver in his pockets; and told him that Mrs. Springate who lodged in the house was privy to the whole transaction, for which reason she had paid her rent at her

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<sup>1 3</sup>liable] likely *Mountague*.

<sup>1 4</sup>that he had once been] that once he had been *Mountague*.



old lodging, the better to engage her secrecy.

She now called Springate to testify the truth of what she had said; and seemed to reflect upon her husband's unkind usage of her, which surprized Mr. Longmore more than all she had said to him before, and strengthened his suspicion, because she had always before given him the best of characters, for a most indulgent and tender husband.

He then took his leave of her, and returning back to his friend Ashby, upon their comparing their several accounts together, there appeared very great reason to judge of some unfair practices towards Mr. Hays; they therefore resolved to go together to Mr. Eaton, a life-guard man,<sup>15</sup> who was also an acquaintance of his, and accordingly went to enquire for him, intending he should have gone to her likewise, to have heard what account she would give him.

They went to several places to see for him, but missing of him, they went down to Westminster to see the head at Mr. Westbrook's; when they arrived there, he informed them that the head had been owned by a woman from Kingsland, who believed it to be her husband's, but was not positive enough to swear it,<sup>16</sup> though the circumstances were strong, he having been missing from the day before the head was found: but they desiring to see it, Mr. Ashby went up stairs first to look upon it, and coming down again, informed Mr. Longmore he really believed it to be Hays's head; upon which Mr. Longmore then went up to see the same, and examining it more exactly than Mr. Ashby had done, was entirely of the same opinion.

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<sup>15</sup>That is, Eaton was a member of the Life Guards, cavalry regiments in attendance on the sovereign (*OED*).

<sup>16</sup>swear it] swear to it *Tyburn*.

They then went back to see for Mr. Eaton, and meeting with him at home, told him their suspicion, and the reasons thereof, and desired him to go along with them to make farther enquiry into the affair. Eaton invited them to stay to dinner with him, which at first they consented to, but afterwards changing their minds, they all went down to Longmore's house, where they repeated their suspicions, not only of Mr. Hays's having been murdered (which they were on sight of the head fully satisfied of) but also that his wife was privy to the same; and in order to obtain a more satisfactory account, they were consulting that Mr. Eaton should in a day or two go and enquire for her, without taking any notice that he had seen Longmore or Ashby; but in the interim Longmore's brother interposed, saying, that it was apparent their cousin had been murdered, and that there was great reason to suspect that Mrs. Hays, together with Wood and Billings, (who, she had said, drank with him the night before his pretended journey,) were either principal actors in, or at least privy to the murder; and that therefore it was his opinion that no delay ought to be admitted, for in two or three days they might be gone from their lodgings, as they certainly would if they entertained any suspicion of a discovery being made.

Hereupon Mr. Longmore and the others went immediately to Justice Lambert, acquainted him with their suspicions, and desired his warrant to apprehend the supposed murderers.

The justice having examined the parties, concurred with them in their suspicions, and issued out a warrant for apprehending Catherine Hays, Thomas Wood, Thomas Billings, and Mary Springate, and likewise sent for proper officers to execute the same, resolving to attend them to see it done.

About nine o'clock at night the parties met, together with two officers of

the guards, whom Eaton had in the mean time acquainted with the affair.

They went all together to Hays's lodgings, and, Longmore leading the company, they were going directly up stairs, when Mr. Jones, (the master of the house) demanded what they wanted: they soon satisfied him that they had sufficient authority, and immediately went up stairs.

When they came to Mrs. Hays's door, justice Lambert rapped with his cane, and she asking who was there, told them she was in bed; but being bid to open the door, or they would break it open, she desired time to put on her cloaths: when she came and opened the door, they entered, and seized her, and seeing Billings sit upon her bed-side without shoes and stockings, she was asked, if he had been in bed with her? she replied, no, but that he had been mending his stockings; to which justice Lambert replied, "He had good eyes that could see to mend his cloaths in the dark," there being neither fire nor candle burning in the room before the door was opened.

They seized Billings and her, and leaving a sufficient guard to attend them whilst they were dressing themselves, Longmore, justice Lambert, and several others, went up stairs to Springate, where they seized her also, and brought them away.

Justice Lambert examined them very strictly with respect to the murder, but they would not acknowledge any thing of it: whereupon they were severally committed, viz. Billings to New-Prison, Springate to the Gate-House, and Hays to Tothill-Fields Bridewell, for farther examination. She desired of Mr. Longmore that she might be admitted to see the head, of which request he acquainted the justice, who directed she should have a sight of it as she came from Tothill-Fields Bridewell, to her farther examination.

Accordingly Longmore going with the officers the next day to fetch her from thence to justice Lambert's, the coach stopped at Mr. Westbrook's door, and she being admitted into the house, as soon as she entered the room, threw herself down upon her knees, crying out, "Oh it is my dear husband's head: it is my dear husband's head!" and embracing the glass in her arms, kissed the outside of it several times: in the mean time Mr. Westbrook himself came in, and told her, if it was his head she should have a plainer view of it, he would take it out of the glass that she might have a full sight thereof; and accordingly taking the head by the hair, lifted it out of the glass, and brought it to her, when she caught hold of it and kissed it, pretending to be in a very great agony, and begged to have a lock of his hair; but Mr. Westbrook told her he feared she had already had too much of his blood. She fainted away, and on her recovery, was carried to Mr. Lambert's, to be examined by him, and other justices of the peace.

During these transactions, one Mr. Huddle, and his servant, being walking in the fields near Marybone, saw something lying in a ditch, which, on examination, they found to be the legs, thighs, and arms of a man: surprised at this, they the next morning procured assistance, and drained the pond, when they pulled out the body of a man wrapped up in a blanket.

One Crosby, a constable, brought the news of this circumstance, at the very time that the justices were examining Catherine Hays, not doubting but these were the body and limbs of her deceased husband.

Notwithstanding this additional circumstance, she steadily refused to make any confession; but the justices thought proper to commit her to Newgate, whither she was carried in the afternoon, the mob hollowing and shouting all the

way, to express their joy at her being apprehended.

On the Sunday following, in the morning, Thomas Wood returned to town from Greenford, not having heard of the apprehension of Hays, Billings, or Springate; and going to the former lodgings to enquire for Mrs. Hays, he was told she was removed to Mr. Jones's the distiller: thither he went, and enquiring for her there, was known to be the other person suspected of being concerned in the murder of Mr. Hays; on which the people would not inform him that she and the others were apprehended on suspicion of the murder, but told him she was gone down to the Green Dragon in King-street, that being the house where Mr. Longmore lived; and a man who was present told him he was going to her, if he wanted to see her, he would shew him the way.

Accordingly Wood, being on horseback, followed the person, who led him directly to Longmore's house: at which time Longmore's brother coming to the door, and seeing Wood, immediately laid hold of him, and unhorsing him, dragged him into the house, sent for the officers, and charged them with him on suspicion of the murder, from whence he was carried before Justice Lambert, who asked him divers questions in relation to the murder, but he would acknowledge nothing, whereupon he was committed to Tothill-Fields-Bridewell.

Being there, he heard the various reports of persons concerning the murder, and judging from those that it was impossible to prevent a full discovery, or evade the proofs that were against him, he resolved upon making an ample confession<sup>17</sup> of the whole affair, of which Justice Lambert being

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<sup>17</sup>resolved upon making an ample confession . . .] made a full confession before justice Lambert: he was committed to Newgate *Mountague* (*Mountague omits the confession*).

acquainted, he, with John Mohun, and Thomas Salt, Esqrs. two other justices of the peace, went to Tothill-Fields-Bridewell, to take his examination, which is as follows.

*The Examination and Confession of THOMAS WOOD, taken before JOHN MOHUN, OLIVER LAMBERT, and THOMAS SALT, Esqrs. three of his Majesty's Justices of the Peace for the County of Middlesex, this 27th Day of March, 1726:*

WHO confesseth, and saith, that on Tuesday, being the first of March instant, he had been drinking in several places, and that the last place was the Hog in the Pound, and came about twelve o'clock at noon to Mr. Hays's lodgings, and when he came home was merry, and Mr. Hays told him<sup>18</sup> and said, "I, and another drank a half-guinea<sup>19</sup> apiece in wine without being fuddled:" that Thomas Billings, then in company, said, that if Mr. Hays would then drink half a guinea's worth of wine, and not be fuddled, he would pay for it; that Hays agreed, they each put down half a guinea, and that Catherine Hays, Thomas Billings, and this examinant, went out about four o'clock in the afternoon, on the day aforesaid, to Bond-street, and brought in with them to Mr. Hays's lodgings, about six or seven bottles of mountain wine, and upon their return found Mr. Hays sitting by the fire-side in the fore-room, eating bread and cheese: that then this examinant went to the Angel and Crown to fetch a pot

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<sup>18</sup> was merry, and Mr. Hays told him] was merry, as Mr. Hayes told him, and Mr. Hayes told him *Tyburn* (presumably a typographical error).

<sup>19</sup> a half-guinea] half a guinea *Tyburn*.

of two-penny, to drink while Mr. Hays drank the wine; that he staid about half an hour, and when he returned, about half the wine was drank, and Mr. Hays began to be very merry, and danced about the room, and said he thought he should not have wine enough to make him fuddled; on which Thomas Billings went out by himself and fetched another bottle of wine, and when he had drank that, he began to reel about the room, and went and laid down on the bed in the back-room: that Thomas Billings followed him into the said room, and there with a hatchet struck him on the back part of his head; which blow, he, this examinant heard given, and went into the room, and found Mr. Hays dead; and that Mrs. Hays immediately followed this examinant, and said, "We must take off his head, and make it away, or it will betray us;" and that then Catherine Hays, Thomas Billings, and this examinant, with the examinant's pocket-knife, cut off Mr. Hays's head, about eight o'clock at night, on the day aforesaid, and then put it into a pail without a bail; and Thomas Billings, and this examinant, carried the pail with the head in it to the water-side, and when they came there, Thomas Billings set down the pail, and this examinant took it up, and threw it into the Thames, and so both returned to Mrs. Hays's lodgings, and went to bed in the fore-room, in which room Mrs. Hays sat up all night.

And this examinant farther confesseth, and saith, that the next morning as soon as it was light, Catherine Hays, Thomas Billings, and this examinant, began to consult what they must do with the body: that Catherine Hays proposed to put it in a box which she had by her, and put it in a coach, and carry it away, and throw it into the Thames; that they all endeavoured, but the box was not large enough to hold it; upon which Catherine Hays proposed to cut it in pieces, which she, Thomas Billings, and this examinant did, and put it

into the box, where it remained till night, and then all agreed to carry it out in parcels; and that about nine o'clock at night, Thomas Billings, and this examinant, took the carcase in a blanket, and carried it by turns to asort [sic]<sup>20</sup> of a pond, or a ditch in Marybone-Fields, and threw it in with the blanket, and then returned again to Mrs. Hays's lodgings, being eleven o'clock at night, and then took the limbs in a piece of a blanket, and by turns carried them to the same place, and threw them into the same pond, and returned again about twelve o'clock<sup>21</sup> the same night, and knocked at the door, and were let in by Mary Springate: that they went to bed in the fore-room, and that Catherine Hays was in the same room, and sometimes went and lay down on their bed.

And this examinant farther confesseth, and saith, that on Thursday being the 3d of March instant, he went to Greenford, near Harrow, in Middlesex, and carried with him a white coat, and a pair of leather breeches, which were Mr. Hays's, and are now at Mr. Bower's in Greenford, aforesaid.

And this examinant farther confesseth, and saith, that on Saturday, being the 5th day of March instant, this examinant returned to Mrs. Hays's lodgings, for some linen of his own; that then Mrs. Hays gave him a pair of shoes, a waistcoat, a hat, and a pair of stockings, which this examinant knew to be her late husband's, and likewise gave him two shillings in money; that she told him the head was found at Westminster, but was not known; that then he returned to Mr. Bower's aforesaid.

And this examinant farther saith, that Catherine Hays gave him three

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<sup>20</sup> asort] a sort *Tyburn*.

<sup>21</sup> about twelve o'clock] about twelve or one o'clock *Tyburn*.



shillings and six-pence, and promised to supply him with money whenever he wanted: and farther saith, that she, the said Catherine Hays, had many times before, and often on the first of March instant, proposed to Thomas Billings, and this examinant the murder of her husband: that Thomas Billings had agreed to murder him, and offered to give this examinant money to buy wine to make Mr. Hays drunk, that they might accomplish the murder.

And this examinant farther saith, that Mary Springate was no ways privy, or any ways consenting or assisting to the aforesaid murder, or to the carrying away the body, or any thing relating to it.

*Capt. coram nobis*

*die & Anno supradict.<sup>2 2</sup>*

THOMAS WOOD.

O. LAMBERT.

J. MOHUN.

THO. SALT.

He farther acknowledged, that ever since the commission of the fact he had had no peace, but a continual torment of mind; that that very day, before he came from Greenford, he was fully persuaded within himself that he should be seized for the murder when he came to town, and should never see Greenford more; notwithstanding which he could not refrain coming, though under an expected certainty of being taken, and dying for the fact.

Having thus made a full and ample confession, and signed the same, his

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<sup>2 2</sup>"Taken in our presence on the day and year above-mentioned."

mittimus<sup>2 3</sup> was made by Justice Lambert, and he was committed to Newgate, whither he was carried under a guard of a serjeant and eight soldiers, with muskets and bayonets to keep off the mob, who were so exasperated against the actors of such a piece of barbarity, that without that caution it would have been very difficult to have carried him thither alive.

On the 28th of March, after Mrs. Hays was committed to Newgate, being the day after Wood's apprehension, Joseph Mercer going to Newgate to see Mrs. Hays, she told him, as he was Thomas Billings's friend as well as her's, she desired he would go to him, and tell him, it was in vain for him longer to deny the murder of her husband, for they were equally guilty, and must both die for it.

Billings hearing this, and that Wood was apprehended, and had fully confessed the whole affair, thought it needless to persist any longer in a denial, and therefore the next day, he made a full and plain discovery of the whole affair, which is as follows, viz.

*The Examination and Confession of THOMAS BILLINGS, taken before OLIVER LAMBERT, and GIDEON HARVEY, Esqrs. two of his Majesty's Justices of the Peace for the County of Middlesex, on Tuesday, March 29, 1726.*

WHO saith, that Catherine Hays, Thomas Wood, and this examinant, about three weeks before the murder of Mr. John Hays, had consulted to murder the said Hays, but not in what manner to put it in execution: that on the first of this instant March, he being in Mr. Hays's room with Catherine

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<sup>2 3</sup>A mittimus is a writ committing a person to prison (*OED*).

Hays, and Thomas Wood, discoursing about drinking, Mr. Hays told him he could drink a great deal of liquor, and not be drunk, to the value of half a guinea: that this examinant thereupon put down half a guinea to Mr. Hays's half guinea; that Catherine Hays, Thomas Wood, and this examinant went for about six bottles of mountain wine; that going for the wine, they three consulted to murder the said John Hays, it being a proper time after he had drank the wine, being about four o'clock in the afternoon; that on their return they found Mr. John Hays eating bread and cheese; that Mr. Hays began to drink the wine; that Catherine Hays, Thomas Wood, and this examinant did not drink above one glass each of the said wine; that Mr. Hays began to be very merry, and danced about the room; that this examinant fetched another bottle of wine, which they all drank among them; that the said John Hays began to reel about the room, and went and laid down on the bed in the back-room; that this examinant went into the room about a quarter of an hour after him, and there with a hatchet struck him on the back part of the head; that Thomas Wood took up the said hatchet, which this examinant had just laid down, and therewith gave Mr. Hays a blow or two; that the said Catherine Hays immediately followed into the said back-room, where Thomas Wood cut off the head of the said John Hays with his knife; that the said Catherine Hays and this examinant were close by the bed, when the said head was cut off; that Catherine Hays held the pail with the head in it, which this examinant carried to Mill-Bank; that Thomas Wood took up the pail, and threw it into the Thames, with the head in it, and so returned to Mrs. Hays's lodgings, and went to bed in the fore-room, in which room Mrs. Hays continued all night.

And this examinant saith, that on Wednesday morning the second instant,

this examinant, and Thomas Wood, and Catherine Hays, began to consult how to dispose of the body of the said John Hays; that the said Hays and Thomas Wood proposed to put it into a box which she had by her; that Thomas Wood cut it in pieces, and put them<sup>2 4</sup> into the said box, which it remained in till night; that this examinant went about noon to work; that Thomas Wood was to look out for a place to throw the body in, against this examinant's return home at night; and that about nine o'clock at night, Catherine Hays gave Thomas Wood a blanket, to carry off the body of her deceased husband; and they all agreed to carry it off in two parcels; that about nine o'clock at night, Thomas Wood, and this examinant carried away the body by turns, to a sort of ditch, or pond, in Marybone-Fields, and threw it in with the blanket, and then returned to Mrs. Hays's lodgings, and then took up the limbs in a piece of a blanket, and by turns carried them to the said place, and threw them into the same pond; and at their return were let in by Mary Springate.

And this examinant farther saith, that he remembered that Catherine Hays shewed to one or two men, a bond which was owing to her husband, but he knows not the sum.

*Capt. Die & Anno*

*supradict.*

THOMAS BILLINGS.

OL. LAMBERT.

GIDEON HARVEY.

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<sup>2 4</sup> them] 'em Tyburn.

Wood and Billings, by their several confessions aforesaid, acquitting Springate of having any concern in the murder, she was soon discharged from her confinement; but this discovery making a great noise in the town, divers of Mrs. Hays's acquaintance went to visit her in Newgate, and examining her as to the reasons, and motives that induced her to commit the said fact, her acknowledgment in general was, "That Mr. Hays had proved but an indifferent husband to her; that one night he came home drunk and struck her; that upon her complaining thereof to Billings and Wood, they, or one of them, said, such a fellow (meaning Hays) ought not to live, and that they would murder him for a half-penny;" upon which she took that opportunity to propose the bloody deed, telling them they might kill him if they would.

She acknowledged that she knew of their design, and heard Billings give her husband the blow; that then she and Wood went into the room where they were; and that she held the candle whilst Wood cut her husband's throat.

When she heard that Billings had made an ample confession of the whole affair, and was told that the crime on her side was not murder only, but petit treason, the punishment whereof was to be burnt alive, she began to shew great concern, and sent word to Billings, that it was very hard he should, by acknowledging every circumstance of the affair, subject her to an indictment for petit treason.

Being told of a report that Billings was her son, she would not speak positively to that matter, but said, "He was her own flesh and blood, but how nearly he was related he himself knew not; but she feared before she died, it would appear to the world."

When asked the same question at other times, she would answer in no

other terms, but that she would never disown him whilst she lived, and seemed to shew a greater concern for him than for herself, by endeavouring to extenuate his guilt, saying, "He was not so guilty as was believed." She was daily sending from the master's-side, where she lay, to the Condemned-Hold, in which he was confined, to enquire after his health.

Whilst she lay in custody she was taught to believe that the confession of Wood and Billings could no ways affect her life; this made her vainly imagine that there was no positive proof against her, and that circumstances only would not convict her: for this reason she resolved to put herself upon her trial, (contrary to her first intentions, for having been asked what she would do, she replied, she would hold up her hand at the bar and plead guilty, for the whole world could not save her) and accordingly, being arraigned, she pleaded Not Guilty, and put herself upon her trial. Wood and Billings both pleaded Guilty to the same indictment at the same time, acknowledging their guilt, and desiring to make atonement for the same with the loss of their lives; only praying the court would be graciously pleased to favour them so much (in regard they had made an ingenuous confession) as to dispense with their being hanged in chains.

Mrs. Hays having put herself on her trial, the king's council opened the indictment, setting forth the heinousness of the fact, the premeditated intentions, and inhuman method of acting it; that his majesty, for the more effectual prosecution of such vile offenders, and out of a tender regard to the peace and welfare of all his subjects, and that the actors and perpetrators of such unheard-of barbarities might be brought to condign punishment, had given them directions to prosecute the prisoners.

Then Richard Bromage, Robert Wilkins, Leonard Myring, Joseph Mercer,

John Blakesly, Mary Springate, and Richard Bows, were called into court, the substance of whose evidence against the prisoner was, that she being interrogated about the murder when in Newgate, said "The devil put it into her head; but however John Hays was none of the best of husbands, for she had been half starved ever since she was married to him; that she did not in the least repent of any thing she had done, but only in drawing those two poor men into this misfortune; that she was six weeks importuning them to do it; that they denied it two or three times, but at last agreed; her husband was made so drunk that he fell out of his chair, then Billings and Wood carried him into the back room, and laid him upon the bed; that she was not in that room, but in the fore room on the same floor, when he was killed; but that they told her that Billings struck him twice on the head with a pole-axe, and that then Wood cut his throat; that when he was quite dead, she went in and held the candle whilst Wood cut his head quite off, and afterwards they chopped off his legs and arms; that they wanted to get him into an old chest, but he was too long and too big; they thought to have done it by cutting off his thighs and arms, and then the chest would not hold them all; the body and limbs were put into blankets at several times the next night, and thrown into a pond; that the devil was in them all, and they were all got drunk; that it would signify nothing to make a long preamble, she could hold up her hand and say she was guilty, for nothing could save her, no body could forgive her; that the men who did the murder were taken, and had confessed it; that she was not with them when they did it; that she was sitting by the fire in the shop upon a stool; that she heard the blow given, and heard somebody stamp; that she did not cry out for fear they should kill her; that after the head was cut off it was put into a

pail, and Wood carried it out; that Billings sat down by her and cried, and would lie all the rest of the night in the room with the dead body; that the first occasion of this design to murder him was, because he came home drunk one night and beat her, upon which Billings said, this fellow deserves to be killed, and Wood said, he'd be his butcher for one penny; that she told them they might do as they would, but did not think they would do it that night it was done; that she did not tell her husband of the design to murder him, for fear he should beat her; that she sent to Billings to let him know it was in vain to deny the murder of her husband any longer, for they were both guilty, and must both die for it."

There were many other circumstances equally strong, besides this acknowledgment from her own mouth, and about fourteen or fifteen other witnesses; but the proofs being so plain, there was no occasion to examine them: she acknowledged in court upon her trial, that she knew of the intention to murder him some days before the fact was committed, and that she was in the next room when it was done, but persisted in it that she was innocent, because she did not kill him with her own hands; and having nothing else to offer, she was found guilty.

At their receiving sentence, Wood and Billings begged the mercy of the court that they might not be hung in chains, acknowledging the justice of their sentence, and their willingness to atone for the blood they had shed, by laying down their lives for the same: Mrs. Hays desired likewise she might not be burned, saying, she was willing and desirous to die, though innocent of the fact: and having nothing more to offer in their defence, sentence of death as usual was passed upon them, viz. Wood and Billings to be hanged, and Mrs. Hays to



be burned alive.

After sentence they were all remanded back to Newgate, Wood and Billings were confined in the Condemned-Hold with the other malefactors under sentence of death, and Mrs. Hays in an apartment peculiar to the women in the like condition.

The great care and anxiety she shewed for Wood, and particularly for Billings, justly gave the world reason to suspect there were some uncommon motives that induced her to commit the fact: she was both before and after her trial sending messengers to, and enquiring after Billings, and out of such money as she either had with her, or was given to her whilst in prison by charitable persons, she would send and give the greatest share of it to them.

Wood being sensibly touched with remorse for the heinousness and barbarity of the fact, shewed all the marks of an unfeigned and sincere repentance; and what with the horror of the action, and the unwholesomeness of the place wherein he was confined, he contracted a violent fever, which preyed upon him in a very severe manner: he came to the chapel at prayer time so long as he was able, till his distemper prevailing upon him, he was obliged to desist: a reverend clergyman visited him in his illness, who gave him such advice and consolation as the nature of his case would admit of; he confirmed the particulars of the confession he had before made, agreeable to what is herein mentioned, wishing only that he might live a few days longer, not for the sake of prolonging a miserable life, but that purely, by suffering the sentence of the law, he might in some measure atone for his past offences, and by the condign punishment here inflicted upon him, he might be a terrible warning to all young persons how they offended in like manner; but on Wednesday the 4th of May

he died in the Condemned-Hold.

This Thomas Wood, who was about twenty-eight years of age, was born about three miles from Ombersly, between Ludlow and Worcester, of honest, though indifferent mean parents; he had not in his youth been brought up to any regular trade or business, but worked among<sup>2 5</sup> the farmers, hay-makers, &c. however he was very remarkable for being of a sober settled behaviour in all his actions, by which means he gained entirely the love of the neighbourhood, who could not be induced to entertain an ill opinion of him.

His father dying some years before he left the country, his mother, who then kept a little ale-house at the place before-mentioned, being left with several children, he was very dutiful and industrious in assisting her, and by his labour was very instrumental in the support of the family; sometimes doing husbandry, harvest, or labourer's work, according as the same offered: at other times being employed as a tapster, in drawing drink in several inns in the country, till some few months before the murder was committed, he had a desire to come to London, which he did, and behaved himself very regularly and diligently in such business as he could get; but not being settled in any certain place of work, he was fearful of being pressed, and recollecting his countryman Hays, he went to see him, to whom relating his apprehensions, and want of business at the same time, Mr. Hays invited him to come and lodge with Billings, and promised to enquire out for business for him: he had not been long there before Mrs. Hays took the opportunity to propose to him the designed intention she had of murdering her husband, which at first he refused with abhorrence, but at last was over-persuaded by her artful entreaties; and his being in a great measure

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<sup>2 5</sup>among] amongst *Tyburn*.

intoxicated when the fact was committed, brought him to a compliance.

There are various opinions and conjectures of Thomas Billings as to his birth and parentage; Mrs. Hays herself, some few days before the execution, affirmed him to be her own son, lawfully begotten by Mr. Hayes after her marriage with him, and that he was twenty years of age at his execution; that Mr. Hays not loving him when an infant, he was put out to her relations to nurse, and took the name of Billings from his godfather, who was of that name; but as none of Mr. Hays's relations knew or heard of her ever having had any such child, and as it is certain she, even till the very time of her death, prevaricated in several things, there is little reason to believe it to be so.

The only account he could give of himself was, that he believed himself to be a near relation of Mrs. Hays, but by what means he could not tell; that he also believed he was a bastard, but had no other knowledge of his parents, than that a shoemaker in the country passed for his father.

He said he was brought up in the country, and put to school, where he learned to read and write; that he was afterwards put apprentice to a taylor, with whom he served his apprenticeship, at the expiration of which he came to town, and lodging with Mr. Hays, worked in Monmouth-street, and other places in that neighbourhood, till he was drawn into the commission of the fact for which he suffered.

He said farther, that Mrs. Hays never told him any thing of his being her son till after her condemnation, and a few days before the execution.

The best account of Billings is, that he was found in a basket on a common, not far from the place where Catherine lived in the country, before she was married to Mr. Hays; that he was put out to nurse, at the expence of the

parish, to people of the name of Billings, from whom he derived that name; that when of a proper age, he was likewise put apprentice, at the parish charge, to Mr. Wetherland, a taylor, to whom they gave forty shillings with him.

At the time of his execution he was twenty-two or twenty-three years of age; whereas Mrs. Hays, by her own confession, had been married only twenty years and eight months. It is not unlikely that Billings was a natural child of Mrs. Hays's, born in her rambles before marriage, and dropped by her where he was found.

Billings appeared much restrained in his behaviour before Mrs. Hays, and influenced by her; nor was he so ingenuous in his confession after sentence as he had been before, but evaded several questions that were asked him, especially in Mrs. Hays's company: he otherwise seemed to have a great remorse of conscience for the crime he had committed, and appeared penitent and devout during his confinement.

After sentence Mrs. Hays behaved herself with more indifference than might have been expected from one under her circumstances; she frequently expressed herself to be under no concern at her approaching death, only the manner of it appeared to carry some terror with it; she shewed more concern for Billings than for herself, and also a surprising fondness for him in all her actions: when in the chapel, she would sit with her hand in his, and lean upon his breast and shoulder, and he on her's; for this she was reprimanded, as being offensive to the spectators, both in regard to the indecency of the action, and as it shewed her esteem for the murderer of her husband; notwithstanding which reason she would not desist, but continued the same until the minute of

her death; one of her last expressions to the executioner, as she was going from the sledge to the stake, being an enquiry if he had hanged her dear child.

On the Friday evening before her execution, being assured she should die on the Monday following, she attempted to destroy herself; for which purpose she had procured a bottle of strong poison, designing to have taken the same; but a woman who was in the place with her, touching the same with her lips, found it burned them to an extraordinary degree, and spilling a little on her handkerchief, it burned that also; upon which, suspecting her intentions, she broke the phial, whereby her design was frustrated.

On the day of her execution she was at prayers, and received the sacrament in the chapel, where she still shewed her tenderness for Billings. About twelve the prisoners were severally carried away for execution; Billings, with eight others, for various crimes, were put into three carts, and Catherine Hays was drawn upon a sledge to the place of execution, where being arrived, Billings, with the other eight, after having had some time for their private devotions, were turned off: after which, Catherine Hays being brought to the stake, was chained thereto with an iron chain, running round her waist, and under her arms, and a rope round her neck, which was drawn through a hole in the post; then the faggots, intermixed with light brush-wood and straw, being piled all round her, the executioner put fire thereto in several places, which immediately blazing out, as soon as the same reached her, she with her arms pushed down those which were before her, when she appeared in the middle of the flames as low as the waist; upon which the executioner got hold of the end of the cord which was round her neck, and pulled it tight, in order to strangle her, but the fire soon reached his hand, and burned it, so that he was obliged

to let it go again; more faggots were immediately thrown upon her, and in about three or four hours she was reduced to ashes: in the mean time Billings's irons were put upon him as he was hanging on the gallows; after which being cut down, he was carried to the gibbet, about a hundred yards distance, and there hung up in chains.

They were executed at Tyburn on the ninth of May, 1726.

An anonymous rhimer,<sup>26</sup> imagining that this execrable murder was a proper subject for drollery, exerted his talent in composing the following ballad.

A SONG *on the Murder of Mr. Hays.*

(*To the Tune of Chevy Chace.*)

By Mrs. Hays.

I.

In Tyburn-Road a man there liv'd,  
 A just and honest life;  
 And there he might have lived still,  
 If so had pleas'd his wife.

II.

But she to vicious ways inclin'd,  
 A life most wicked led;  
 With taylors, and with tinkers too,  
 She oft defil'd his bed.

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<sup>26</sup> rhimer] punster Tyburn.

## III.

Full twice a-day to church he went,  
 And so devout wou'd be;  
 Sure never was a saint on earth,  
 If that no saint was he!

## IV.

This vex'd his wife unto the heart,  
 She was of wrath so full;  
 That finding no hole in his coat,  
 She pick'd one in his scull.

## V.

But then her heart 'gan<sup>27</sup> to relent,  
 And griev'd she was so sore;  
 That quarter to him for to give,  
 She cut him into four.

## VI.

All in the dark and dead of night,  
 These quarters she convey'd;  
 And in a ditch at Marybone,  
 His marrow-bones she laid.

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<sup>27</sup>'gan] began *Tyburn*.

## VII.

His head at Westminster she threw,  
All in the Thames so wide;  
Says she, my dear, the wind sets fair,  
And you may have the tide.

## VIII.

But heav'n, whose pow'r no limit knows  
On earth, or on the main,  
Soon caus'd this head for to be thrown  
Upon the land again.

## IX.

This head being found, the justices  
Their heads together laid;  
And all agreed there must have been  
Some body to this head.

## X.

But since no body could be found,  
High mounted on a shelf,  
They e'en set up the head to be  
A witness for itself.



## XI.

Next, that it no self-murder was,  
The case itself explains,  
For no man could cut off his head,  
And throw it in the Thames.

## XII.

Ere many days had gone and past,  
The deed at length was known,  
And Cath'rine she confess'd, at last,  
The fact to be her own.

## XIII.

God prosper long our noble king,  
Our lives and safeties all,  
And grant that we may warning take  
By Cath'rine Hays's fall.

*F. Knapp and Baldwin's Newgate Calendar (1824-28)*

[What follows is the account of the Hayes murder found in the 1824-28 edition of *The Newgate Calendar*, edited by Andrew Knapp and William Baldwin, 4 vols. in 3 (London), 1: 257-68.]

## CATHERINE HAYES,

## Burnt Alive for the Murder of her Husband.

We give the history of the enormous sins and dreadful sufferings of this abominable woman just as they came to our hands—altogether too shocking for a single comment.

Catherine Hayes was the daughter of a poor man of the name of Hall, who lived near Birmingham. She remained with her parents till she was about fifteen years old, and then, having a dispute with her mother, left her home, and set out with a view of going to London. Her person being rather engaging, some officers in the army, who met with her on the road, prevailed on her to accompany them to their quarters at Great Ombersley, in Worcestershire, where she remained with them a considerable time.—On being dismissed by these officers, she strolled about the country, till, arriving at the house of Mr. Hayes, a farmer in Warwickshire, the farmer's wife hired her as a servant. When she had continued a short time in this service, Mr. Hayes's son fell violently in love with her, and a private marriage took place, which was managed in the following manner: Catherine left the house early in the morning, and the younger Hayes, being a carpenter, prevailed on his mother to let him have some money to buy tools; but as soon as he had got it he set out, and, meeting his

sweetheart at a place they had agreed on, they went to Worcester, where the nuptial rites were celebrated. At this time it happened that the officers by whom she had been seduced were at Worcester; and, hearing of her marriage, they caused young Hayes to be taken out of bed from his wife, under pretence that he had enlisted in the army. Thus situated, he was compelled to send an account of the whole transaction to his father, who, though offended with his son for the rash step he had taken, went to a magistrate, who attended him to Worcester, and demanded by what authority the young man was detained. The officers endeavoured to excuse their conduct; but the magistrate threatening to commit them to prison if they did not release him, the young fellow immediately obtained his liberty. The father, irritated at the imprudent conduct of his son, severely censured his proceedings; but, considering that what was passed could not be recalled, had good sense enough not to persevere in his opposition to an unavoidable event.—Mr. Hayes now furnished his son with money to begin business for himself; and the young couple were in a thriving way, and appeared to live in harmony; but Mrs. Hayes, being naturally of a restless disposition, prevailed on her husband to enlist for a soldier. The regiment in which he served being ordered to the Isle of Wight, Catherine followed him thither. He had not been long there before his father procured his discharge, which, as it happened in the time of war, was attended with an expense of 60*l.* On the return of young Hayes and his wife, the father gave them an estate of 10*l.* per annum, to which he afterwards added another of 16*l.* which, with the profit of their trade, would have been amply sufficient for their support. The husband bore the character of an honest well-disposed man; he treated his wife very indulgently, yet she constantly complained of the covetousness of his

disposition; but *he* had much more reason to complain of *her* disposition, for she was turbulent, quarrelsome, and perpetually exciting disputes among her neighbours. The elder Mr. H. observing with concern how unfortunately his son was matched, advised him to leave her, and settle in some place where she might not find him. Such, however, was his attachment to her, that he could not comply with this advice; and she had the power of persuading him to come to London, after they had been married about six years. On their arrival in the metropolis, Mr. Hayes took a house, part of which he let in lodgings, and opened a shop in the chandlery and coal trade, in which he was as successful as he could have wished. Exclusive of his profit by shopkeeping, he acquired a great deal of money by lending small sums on pledges, for at this time the trade of pawnbroking was followed by any one at pleasure, it having been then subjected to no regulation. Mrs. Hayes's conduct in London was still more reprehensible than it had been in the country. The chief pleasure of her life consisted in creating and encouraging quarrels among her neighbours; and, indeed, her unhappy temper discovered itself on every occasion. Sometimes she would speak of her husband, to his acquaintance, in terms of great tenderness and respect; and at other times she would represent him to her female associates as a compound of every thing that was contemptible in human nature. On a particular occasion, she told a woman of her acquaintance that she should think it no more sin to murder him than to kill a dog. At length her husband, finding she made perpetual disturbances in the neighbourhood, thought it prudent to remove to Tottenham Court Road, where he carried on his former business; but not being as successful here as he could have wished, he took another house in Tyburn Road, since called Oxford Road. Here he continued his practice of

lending small sums of money on pledges, till, having acquired a decent competency, he left off housekeeping, and hired lodgings near the same spot.—Thomas Billings, a journeyman tailor, and a supposed son of Mrs. Hayes by her former connexions, lodged in the house with Mrs. Hayes; and the husband having gone into the country on business, his wife and this man indulged themselves in every species of extravagance. On Hayes's return some of his neighbours told him how his wife had been wasting his substance, on which he severely censured her conduct, and, a quarrel arising between them, they proceeded from words to blows. It was commonly thought that she formed the resolution of murdering him at this time, as the quarrel happened only six weeks before his fatal exit. She now began to sound the disposition of Billings, to whom she said it was impossible for her to live longer with her husband; and she urged all possible arguments to prevail on him to aid her in the commission of the murder, which Billings resisted for some time, but at length complied.

At this period Thomas Wood, an acquaintance of Mr. Hayes, arrived from the country; and, as he was apprehensive of being impressed, Hayes kindly took him into his house, and promised to use his interest in procuring him some employment. After a few days' residence Mrs. Hayes proposed to him the murder of her husband: but the man was shocked at the thought of destroying his friend and benefactor, and told her he would have no concern in so atrocious a deed. However, she artfully urged that 'he was an atheist, and it could be no crime to destroy a person who had no religion or goodness—that he was himself a murderer, having killed a man in the country, and likewise two of his own children; one of whom he buried under a pear-tree, and the other under an

apple-tree.' She likewise said that her husband's death would put her in possession of 1500*l.*, of the whole of which Wood should have the disposal, if he would assist her and Billings in the perpetration of the murder. Wood went out of town a few days after this, and on his return found Mr. and Mrs. Hayes and Billings in company together, having drank till they had put themselves into the utmost apparent good humour. Wood sitting down at Hayes's request, the latter said they had drank a guinea's worth of liquor, but, notwithstanding this, he was not drunk. A proposal was now made by Billings, that, if Hayes could drink six bottles of mountain without being drunk, he would pay for it; but that Hayes should be the paymaster, if the liquor made him drunk, or if he failed of drinking the quantity. This proposal being agreed to, Wood, Billings, and Mrs. Hayes, went to a wine-vault to buy the wine, and, on their way, this wicked woman reminded the men that the present would be a good opportunity of committing the murder, as her husband would be perfectly intoxicated. The mind of Wood was not yet wrought up to a proper pitch for the commission of a crime so atrocious as the murder of a man who had sheltered and protected him, and this too at a time when his mind must necessarily be unprepared for his being launched into eternity. Mrs. H. had therefore recourse to her former arguments, urging that it would be no sin to kill him; and Billings seconded all she said, and, declaring he was ready to take a part in the horrid deed, Wood was at length prevailed on to become one of the execrable butchers. Thus agreed, they went to the wine-vault, where Mrs. Hayes paid half a guinea for six bottles of wine, which, being sent home by a porter, Mr. Hayes began to drink it, while his intentional murderers regaled themselves with beer. When he had taken a considerable quantity of the wine, he danced about the room like a

man distracted, and at length finished the whole quantity: but, not being yet in a state of absolute stupefaction, his wife sent for another bottle, which he likewise drank, and then fell senseless on the floor. Having lain some time in this condition, he got, with much difficulty, into another room, and threw himself on a bed. When he was asleep, his wife told her associates that this was the time to execute their plan, as there was no fear of any resistance on his part. Accordingly Billings went into the room with a hatchet, with which he struck Hayes so violently that he fractured his skull. At this time Hayes's feet hung off the bed, and the torture arising from the blow made him stamp repeatedly on the floor, which being heard by Wood, he also went into the room, and, taking the hatchet out of Billings's hand, gave the poor man two more blows, which effectually dispatched him. A woman, named Springate, who lodged in the room over that where the murder was committed, hearing the noise occasioned by Hayes's stamping, imagined that the parties might have quarrelled in consequence of their intoxication; and going down stairs, she told Mrs. Hayes that the noise had awakened her husband, her child, and herself. Catherine had a ready answer to this: she said some company had visited them, and were grown merry, but they were on the point of taking their leave; with which answer Mrs. Springate returned to her room well satisfied. The murderers now consulted on the best manner of disposing of the body, so as most effectually to prevent detection. Mrs. Hayes proposed to cut off the head, because, if the body was found whole, it would be more likely to be known. The villains agreeing to this proposition, she fetched a pail, lighted a candle, and all of them going into the room, the men drew the body partly off the bed, when Billings supported the head, while Wood, with his pocket-knife, cut it off, and the infamous woman

held the pail to receive it, being as careful as possible that the floor might not be stained with the blood. This being done, they emptied the blood out of the pail into a sink by the window, and poured several pails of water after it; but, notwithstanding all this care, Mrs. Springate observed some congealed blood the next morning; though at that time she did not in the least suspect what had passed. It was likewise observed that the marks of the blood were visible on the floor for some weeks afterwards, though Mrs. Hayes had washed and scraped it with a knife. When the head was cut off, this she-devil recommended the boiling it till the flesh should part from the bones; but the other parties thought this operation would take up too much time, and therefore advised the throwing it into the Thames, in expectation that it would be carried off by the tide, and sink. This agreed to, the head was put into the pail, and Billings took it under his great coat, being accompanied by Wood; but, making a noise in going down stairs, Mrs. Springate called, and asked what was the matter; to which Mrs. Hayes answered that her husband was going a journey, and, with incredible dissimulation, affected to take leave of him; and, as it was now past eleven, pretended great concern that he was under a necessity of going at so late an hour. By this artifice Wood and Billings passed out of the house unnoticed, and went to Whitehall, where they intended to have thrown in the head; but the gates being shut, they went to a wharf near the Horse Ferry, Westminster. Billings putting down the pail, Wood threw the head into the dock, expecting it would have been carried away by the stream; but at this time the tide was ebbing, and a lighterman, who was then in his vessel, heard something fall into the dock, but it was too dark for him to distinguish objects. The murderers, having thus disposed of the head, went home, and were let in by Mrs. Hayes,



without the knowledge of the lodgers. On the following morning, soon after daybreak, as a watchman, named Robinson, was going off his stand, he saw the pail, and, looking into the dock, observed the head of a man. Having procured some witnesses to this spectacle, they took out the head; and, observing the pail to be bloody, concluded that it was brought therein from some distant part. The lighterman now said that he had heard something thrown into the dock; and the magistrates and parish officers, having assembled, gave strict orders that the most diligent search should be made after the body, which, however, was not found till some time afterwards; for, when the murderers had conversed together on the disposal of the body, Mrs. Hayes had proposed that it should be put into a box and buried; and the others agreeing to this, she purchased a box, which, on being sent home, was found too little to contain it: she therefore recommended the chopping off the legs and arms, which was done; but the box being still too small, the thighs were likewise cut off, all the parts packed up together, and the box put by till night, when Wood and Billings took out the pieces of the mangled body, and, putting them into two blankets, carried them into a pond near Marylebone; which being done, they returned to their lodgings, and Mrs. Springate, who had still no suspicion of what had passed, opened the door for them. In the interim the magistrates directed that the head should be washed clean, and the hair combed, after which it was put on a pole in the churchyard of St. Margaret, Westminster, that an opportunity might be afforded for its being viewed by the public.\* Orders were likewise given that the parish

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\* It was formerly customary to oblige persons suspected of murder to touch the murdered body, for the discovery of their guilt or innocence.

This way of finding murderers was practised in Denmark by King Christianus II. and permitted all over his kingdom; the occasion whereof is this:—Certain gentlemen being on an evening together in a stove, or tavern,

officers should attend this exhibition of the head, to take into custody any suspicious person who might discover signs of guilt on the sight of it.

The high constable of Westminster, on a presumption that the body might, on the following night, be thrown where the head had been, gave private orders to the inferior constables to attend during the night, and stop all coaches, or other carriages, or persons with burdens, coming near the spot, and examine if they could find the body, or any of the limbs. The head being exposed on the pole so excited the curiosity of the public, that immense crowds of people, of all ranks, went to view it; and among the rest was a Mr. Bennet, apprentice to the king's organ-builder, who, having looked at it with great attention, said he thought it was the head of Hayes, with whom he had been some time acquainted; and hereupon he went to Mrs. Hayes, and, telling her his suspicions, desired she would go and take a view of the head. In answer hereto she told him that her husband was in good health, and desired him to be cautious of what he said, as such a declaration might occasion Hayes a great deal of trouble; on which, for the present, Bennet took no farther notice of the affair. A journeyman tailor, named Patrick, who worked in Monmouth Street, having

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\*(cont'd) fell out among themselves, and from words came to blows, (the candles being out,) insomuch that one of them was stabbed with a poniard. Now the murderer was unknown, by reason of the number, although the person stabbed accused a pursuivant of the king's, who was one of the company.

The king, to find out the homicide, caused them all to come together in the stove, and, standing round the corpse, he commanded that they should, one after another, lay their right hand on the slain gentleman's naked breast, swearing that they had not killed him. The gentlemen did so, and no sign appeared against them; the pursuivant only remained, who, condemned before in his own conscience, went, first of all, and kissed the dead man's feet; but, as soon as he had laid his hand upon his breast, the blood gushed forth in abundance, both out of his wound and his nostrils; so that, urged by this evident accusation, he confessed the murder, and was, by the king's own sentence, immediately beheaded. Such was the origin of this practice, which was so common in many of the countries in Europe, for finding out unknown murderers.

likewise taken a view of the head, told his master on his return that he was confident it was the head of Hayes; on which some other journeymen in the same shop, who had likewise known the deceased, went and saw it, and returned perfectly assured that it was so. Now Billings worked at this very shop in Monmouth Street: one of these journeymen observed, therefore, to him, that he must know the head, as he lodged in Hayes's house; but Billings said he had left him well in bed when he came to work in the morning, and therefore it could not belong to him. On this same day Mrs. Hayes gave Wood a suit of clothes which had belonged to her husband, and sent him to Harrow-on-the-Hill. As Wood was going down stairs with the bundle of clothes, Mrs. Springate asked him what he had got; to which Mrs. Hayes readily replied, A suit of clothes he had borrowed of an acquaintance. On the second day after the commission of the murder, Mrs. Hayes being visited by a Mr. Longmore, the former asked what was the news of the town; when the latter said that the public conversation was wholly engrossed by the head which was fixed in St. Margaret's churchyard. Hereupon Catherine exclaimed against the wickedness of the times, and said she had been told that the body of a murdered woman had been found in the fields that day. Wood coming from Harrow-on-the-Hill on the following day, Catherine told him that the head was found; and giving him some other clothes that had belonged to her husband, and five shillings, said she would continue to supply him with money. After the head had been exhibited four days, and no discovery made, a surgeon named Westbrook was desired to put it in a glass of spirits, to prevent its putrefying, and keep it for the farther inspection of all who chose to take a view of it, which was accordingly done. Soon after this Mrs. Hayes quitted her lodgings, and removed to the house

of Mr. Jones, a distiller, paying Mrs. Springate's rent also at the former lodgings, and taking her with her. Wood and Billings likewise removed with her, whom she continued to supply with money and employed herself principally in collecting cash that had been owing to her late husband. A sister of Mr. Hayes's, who lived in the country, having married a Mr. Davies, Hayes had lent Davies some money, for which he had taken his bond. Catherine finding this bond among Mr. Hayes's papers, she employed a person to write a letter in the name of the deceased, demanding ten pounds in part of payment, and threatening a prosecution in case of refusal. Mr. Hayes's mother being still living, and Davies unable to pay the money, he applied to the old gentlewoman for assistance, who agreed to pay the sum on condition that the bond was sent into the country; and wrote to London, intimating her consent so to do, having no suspicion of the horrid transaction which had taken place. Amongst the incredible numbers of people who resorted to see the head was a poor woman from Kingsland, whose husband been absent from the very time that the murder was perpetrated. After a minute survey of the head, she believed it to be that of her husband, though she could not be absolutely positive. However, her suspicions were so strong, that strict search was made after the body, on a presumption that the clothes might help her to ascertain it. Meanwhile, Mr. Hayes not being visible for a considerable time, his friends could not help making inquiry after him. A Mr. Ashby, in particular, who had been on the most friendly terms with him, called on Mrs. Hayes, and demanded what had become of her husband. Catherine pretended to account for his absence by communicating the following intelligence, as a matter that must be kept profoundly secret: 'Some time ago (said she) he happened to have a dispute with

a man, and from words they came to blows, so that Mr. Hayes killed him. The wife of the deceased made up the affair, on Mr. Hayes's promising to pay her a certain annual allowance; but he not being able to make it good, she threatened to inform against him, on which he has absconded.' This method of accounting for the absence of his friend was by no means satisfactory to Mr. Ashby, who asked her if the head that had been exposed on the pole was that of the man who had been killed by her husband. She readily answered in the negative, adding, that the party had been buried entire; and that the widow had her husband's bond for the payment of fifteen pounds a year. Ashby inquired to what part of the world Mr. Hayes was gone: she said to Portugal, in company with some gentlemen; but she had yet received no letter from him. The whole of this story seeming highly improbable to Mr. Ashby, he went to Mr. Longmore, a gentleman nearly related to Hayes, and it was agreed between them that Mr. Longmore should call on Catherine, and have some conversation, but not let her know that Ashby had been with him, as they supposed that, by comparing the two accounts together, they might form a very probable judgment of the matter of fact. Accordingly Longmore went to Catherine, and inquired after her husband. In answer to his questions, she said she presumed Mr. Ashby had related the circumstance of his misfortune; but Longmore replied that he had not seen Ashby for a considerable time, and expressed his hope that her husband was not imprisoned for debt. 'No,' she replied, 'it is much worse than that.' 'Why,' said Longmore, 'has he murdered any one?' To this she answered in the affirmative; and, desiring him to walk into another room, told him almost the same story as she had done to Mr. Ashby, but instead of naming Portugal, said he was retired into Hertfordshire, and, in fear of being attacked, had taken

four pistols to defend himself. It was now remarked by Mr. Longmore that it was imprudent for him to travel thus armed, as he was liable to be taken up on suspicion of being a highwayman, and if such a circumstance should happen, he would find it no easy matter to procure a discharge. She allowed the justice of this remark, but said that Mr. Hayes commonly travelled in this manner. She likewise said that he *was* once taken into custody on suspicion of being a highwayman, and conducted to a magistrate; but a gentleman who was casually present, happening to know him, gave bail for his appearance. To this Longmore observed that the justice of the peace must have exceeded his authority, for that the law required that two parties should bail a person charged on suspicion of having robbed on the highway. In the course of conversation Mr. Longmore asked her what sum of money her husband had in his possession. To which she replied that he had seventeen shillings in his pocket, and about twenty-six guineas sewed within the lining of his coat. She added that Mrs. Springate knew the truth of all these circumstances, which had induced her to pay that woman's rent at the former lodgings, and bring her away. Mrs. Springate, having been interrogated by Longmore, averred the truth of all that Catherine had said; and added, that Mr. Hayes was a very cruel husband, having behaved with remarkable severity to his wife; but Mr. Longmore said this must be false, for to his knowledge he was remarkably tender and indulgent to her. Longmore went immediately to Mr. Ashby, and said that, from the difference of the stories Catherine had told them, he had little doubt but that poor Hayes had been murdered. Hereupon they determined to go to Mr. Eaton, who was one of the life-guards, and nearly related to the deceased, and to communicate their suspicions to him; but Eaton happening to be absent from home, they agreed to

go again to Westminster, and survey the head with more care and attention than they had hitherto done. On their arrival the surgeon told them that a poor woman from Kingsland had, in part, owned the head as that of her husband, but she was not so absolutely certain as to swear that it was so, and that they were very welcome to take another view of it. This they did, and coincided in opinion that it was actually the head of Hayes. On their return, therefore, they called at Eaton's house, and took him with them to dine at Mr. Longmore's, where the subject of conversation ran naturally on the supposed discovery they had made. A brother of Mr. Longmore, coming in at this juncture, listened to their conversation; and, remarking that they proposed Mr. Eaton should go to Mrs. Hayes at the expiration of two or three days, and make inquiries after her husband similar to those which had been made by the others, this gentleman urged his objections; observing that, as they had reason to think their suspicions so well founded, it would be very ill policy to lose any time, since the murderers would certainly effect an escape, if they should hear they were suspected; and as Wood and Billings were drinking with Mr. Hayes the last time he was seen, he advised that they should be immediately taken into custody. This advice appeared so reasonable, that all the parties agreed to follow it; and, going soon afterwards to Justice Lambert, they told him their suspicions, and the reasons on which they were founded. The magistrate immediately granted his warrant for the apprehension of Catherine Hayes, Thomas Wood, Thomas Billings, and Mary Springate, on suspicion of their having been guilty of the murder of John Hayes; and Mr. Lambert, anxious that there should be no failure in the execution of the warrant, determined to attend in person. Hereupon, having procured the assistance of two officers of the

life-guards, and taking with him the several gentlemen who had given the information, they went to Mr. Jones, the distiller's (Mrs. Hayes's lodgings), about nine o'clock at night. As they were going up stairs without any ceremony, the distiller desired to know by what authority they made so free in his house; but Mr. Lambert informing him who he was, no farther opposition was made to their proceedings. The magistrate, going to the door of Mrs. Hayes's room, rapped with his cane; on which she said 'Who is there?' and he commanded her to open the door immediately, or it should be broken open. To this she replied, that she would open it as soon as she had put on her clothes, and she did so in little more than a minute, when the justice ordered the parties present to take her into custody. At this time Billings was sitting on the side of the bed, bare-legged; on which Mr. Lambert asked if they had been sleeping together; to which Catherine replied 'No;' and said that Billings had been mending his stockings; on which the justice observed that 'his sight must be extremely good, as there was neither fire nor candle in the room when they came to the door.' Some of the parties remaining below, to secure the prisoners, Mr. Longmore went up stairs with the justice, and took Mrs. Springate into custody; and they were all conducted together to the house of Mr. Lambert. This magistrate having examined the prisoners separately for a considerable time, and all of them positively persisting in their ignorance of any thing respecting the murder, they were severally committed for re-examination on the following day, before Mr. Lambert and other magistrates. Mrs. Springate was sent to the Gate-house, Billings to New Prison, and Mrs. Hayes to Tothill-fields Bridewell. When the peace officers, attended by Longmore, went the next day to fetch up Catherine to her examination, she earnestly desired to see the head; and it being thought



prudent to grant her request, she was carried to the surgeon's, and no sooner was the head shown to her than she exclaimed 'Oh, it is my dear husband's head! It is my dear husband's head!' She now took the glass in her arms, and shed many tears while she embraced it. Mr. Westbrook told her that he would take the head out of the glass, that she might have a more perfect view of it, and be certain that it was the same. The surgeon doing as he had said, she seemed to be greatly affected, and, having kissed it several times, she begged to be indulged with a lock of the hair; and, on Mr. Westbrook expressing his apprehension that she had too much of his *blood* already, she fell into a fit, and on her recovery was conducted to Mr. Lambert's, to take her examination with the other parties. On the morning of this day, as a gentleman and his servant were crossing the fields near Marylebone, they observed something lying in a ditch, and, taking a nearer view of it, found that it consisted of some of the parts of a human body. Shocked at the sight, the gentleman dispatched his servant to get assistance to investigate the affair farther; and some labouring men being procured, they dragged the pond, and found the other parts of the body wrapped in a blanket, but no head was to be found. A constable brought intelligence of this fact while Mrs. Hayes was under examination before the justices, a circumstance that contributed to strengthen the idea conceived of her guilt. Notwithstanding this, she still persisted in her innocence: but the magistrates, paying no regard to her declarations, committed her to Newgate for trial. Wood being at this time out of town, it was thought prudent to defer the farther examination of Billings and Springate till he should be taken into custody. On the morning of the succeeding Sunday he came on horseback to the house where Mrs. Hayes had lodged when the murder was committed; when he was

told that she had removed to Mr. Jones's. Accordingly he rode thither, and inquired for her; when the people, knowing that he was one of the parties charged with the murder, were disposed to take him into custody: however, their fear of his having pistols prevented their doing so; but, unwilling that such an atrocious offender should escape, they told him that Mrs. Hayes was gone to the Green Dragon, in King Street, on a visit (which house was kept by Mr. Longmore), and they sent a person with him, to direct him to the place. The brother of Longmore being at the door on his arrival, and knowing him well, pulled him from his horse, and accused him of being an accomplice in the murder. He was immediately delivered to the custody of some constables, who conducted him to the house of Justice Lambert, before whom he underwent an examination; but, refusing to make any confession, he was sent to Tothill-fields Bridewell for farther examination. On his arrival at the prison he was informed that the body had been found: and, not doubting but that the whole affair would come to light, he begged that he might be carried back to the justice's house. This being made known to Mr. Lambert, he sent for the assistance of two other magistrates, and the prisoner being brought up, he acknowledged the particulars of the murder, and signed his confession. It is thought that he entertained some hope of being admitted an evidence; but as his surrender was not voluntary, and his accomplices were in custody, the magistrates told him he must abide the verdict of a jury. This wretched man owned that, since the perpetration of the crime, he had been terrified at the sight of every one he met, that he had not experienced a moment's peace, and that his mind had been distracted with the most violent agitations. His commitment was made out for Newgate; but so exceedingly were the passions of the populace agitated on the occasion, that it

was feared he would be torn to pieces by the mob; wherefore it was thought prudent to procure a guard of a sergeant and eight soldiers, who conducted him to prison with their bayonets fixed. A gentleman, named Mercer, having visited Mrs. Hayes in Newgate the day before Wood was taken into custody, she desired he would go to Billings, and urge him to confess the whole truth, as the proofs of their guilt were such, that no advantage could be expected from a farther denial of the fact. Accordingly the gentleman went to Billings, who, being carried before Justice Lambert, made a confession agreeing in all its circumstances with that of Wood; and thereupon Mrs. Springate was set at liberty, as her innocence was evident from their concurrent testimony. Numbers of people now went to see Mrs. Hayes in Newgate; and on her being asked what could induce her to commit so atrocious a crime, she gave very different answers at different times; but frequently alleged that Mr. Hayes had been an unkind husband to her, a circumstance which was contradicted by the report of every person who knew the deceased. In the history of this woman there is a strange mystery. She called Billings her son, and sometimes averred that he was really so; but he knew nothing of her being his mother, nor did her relations know any thing of the birth of such a child. To some people she would affirm he was the son of Mr. Hayes, born after marriage; but that, his father having an aversion to him while an infant, he was put to nurse in the country, and all farther care of him totally neglected on their coming to London. But this story is altogether incredible, because Hayes was not a man likely to have deserted his child to the frowns of fortune; and his parents had never heard of the birth of such a son. Billings was equally incapable of giving a satisfactory account of his own origin. All he knew was, that he had lived with a country

shoemaker, who passed for his father, and had sent him to school, and then put him apprentice to a tailor. It is probable she discovered him to be her son when she afterwards became acquainted with him in London; and as some persons, who came from the same part of the kingdom, said that Billings was found in a basket near a farmhouse, and supported at the expense of the parish, it may be presumed that he was dropped in that manner by his unnatural mother.

Thomas Wood was born near Ludlow, in Shropshire, and brought up to the business of husbandry. He was so remarkable for his harmless and sober conduct, when a boy, as to be very much esteemed by his neighbours. On the death of his father, his mother took a public house for the support of her children, of whom this Thomas was the eldest; and he behaved so dutifully that the loss of her husband was scarcely felt. He was equally diligent abroad and at home; for, when the business of the house was insufficient to employ him, he worked for the farmers, by which he greatly contributed to the support of the family. On attaining years of maturity he engaged himself as a waiter at an inn in the country, from thence removed to other inns, and in all his places preserved a fair character. At length he came to London; but, being afraid of being impressed, as already mentioned, obtained the protection of Mr. Hayes, who behaved in a very friendly manner to him, till the arts of a vile woman prevailed on him to imbrue his hands in the blood of his benefactor.

Billings and Wood having already made confessions, and being penetrated with the thought of the heinous nature of their offence, determined to plead guilty to the indictment against them: but Mrs. Hayes, having made no confession, flattered herself there was a chance of her being acquitted, and

therefore resolved to put herself on her trial, in which she was encouraged by some people that she met with in Newgate.

The malignancy of the crime with which this woman was charged induced the king to direct his own counsel to carry on the prosecution; and these gentlemen did all in their power to convince the Court and jury that the most striking example should be made of one who had so daringly defied the laws of God and man. The indictment being opened, and the witnesses heard, the jury, fully convinced of the commission of the fact, found her guilty. The prisoners being brought to the bar to receive sentence, Mrs. Hayes entreated that she might not be burnt, according to the then law of petty treason, alleging that she was not guilty, as she did not strike the fatal blow; but she was informed by the Court that the sentence awarded by the law could not be dispensed with. Billings and Wood urged that, having made so full and free a confession, they hoped they should not be hung in chains; but to this they received no answer.

After conviction the behaviour of Wood was uncommonly penitent and devout; but while in the condemned hold he was seized with a violent fever, and, being attended by a clergyman to assist him in his devotions, he confessed he was ready to suffer death, under every mark of ignominy, as some atonement for the atrocious crime he had committed: however, he died in prison, and thus defeated the final execution of the law. At particular times Billings behaved with sincerity; but at others prevaricated much in his answers to the questions put to him. On the whole, however, he fully confessed his guilt, acknowledged the justice of his sentence, and said no punishment could be adequate to the excess of the crime of which he had been guilty. The behaviour of Mrs. Hayes was somewhat similar to her former conduct. Having an intention

to destroy herself, she procured a phial of strong poison, which being casually tasted by a woman who was confined with her, it burnt her lips; on which she broke the phial, and thereby frustrated the design. On the day of her death Hayes received the sacrament, and was drawn on a sledge to the place of execution. Billings was executed in the usual manner, and hung in chains, not far from the pond in which Mr. Hayes's body was found, in Marylebone Fields. When the wretched woman had finished her devotions, an iron chain was put round her body, with which she was fixed to a stake near the gallows. On these occasions, when women were burnt for petty treason, it was customary to strangle them, by means of a rope passed round the neck, and pulled by the executioner, so that they were dead before the flames reached the body. But this woman was literally burnt alive; for the executioner letting go the rope sooner than usual, in consequence of the flames reaching his hands, the fire burnt fiercely round her, and the spectators beheld her pushing away the faggots, while she rent the air with her cries and lamentations. Other faggots were instantly thrown on her; but she survived amidst the flames for a considerable time, and her body was not perfectly reduced to ashes in less than three hours.\* They suffered at Tyburn, May 9, 1726.

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\* Until the thirtieth year of the reign of king George III. this punishment was inflicted on women convicted of murdering their husbands, which crime is denominated petit-treason. It has frequently, from some accident happening in strangling the malefactor, produced the horrid effects above related. In the reign of Mary (the cruel) this death was commonly practised upon the objects of her vengeance; and many bishops, rather than deny their religious opinions, were burnt even without previous strangulation. It was high time this part of the sentence, the type of barbarism, should be dispensed with. The punishment now inflicted for this most unnatural and abhorred crime is hanging; but, once convicted, a woman need never look for mercy.

*G. Bell's Life (1837)*

[On December 28, 1836, the "mutilated remains of a female, without head or legs," were discovered in the Edgware Road in London ("Suspected Murder," *Bell's Life*, January 1, 1837: 4). Early in the New Year, the woman's head was discovered, and was placed in spirits so that people could come to identify it—much as the head of John Hayes had been preserved and displayed for identification. It eventually transpired that the woman was one Hannah Brown and that she had been murdered by her fiancé, James Greenacre, with the help of one Sarah Gale. Gale was transported and Greenacre was executed.<sup>1</sup>

[The similarity of this murder to that of John Hayes prompted a writer for *Bell's Life in London, and Sporting Chronicle* to summarize the Hayes story in an article that appeared on the front page of the paper on January 15, 1837, under the title "The Mutilated Body in the Edgware Road." After reporting the latest developments in the Edgware Road case, the writer commented as follows:]

It appears from the Newgate Calender [sic], with a volume of which we have been favoured by a friend, that a case somewhat similar to this occurred in March, 1726. On that occasion, a woman named Hayes, formerly of immoral character, murdered her husband, in concert with two men, named Thomas Billings and Thomas Wood, whom she had prevailed upon to assist her. They contrived to make the man drunk, and then fractured his skull. After his death

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<sup>1</sup>See Altick 37-40; *Bell's Life*, Jan. 15, 1837: 1; Jan. 22: 1; April 2: 1-2; April 16: 1; May 7: 1.

a doubt arose as to the mode of disposing of the body, when it was agreed to cut off the head—the wife holding the bucket to receive the blood. Billings then carried the head in the bucket to throw it into the Thames; but the tide ebbing it was left on the mud, and discovered next morning. It was exposed on a pole for several days, and was by some supposed to be the head of Hayes; but the wife told several artful stories of his being out of town. It was then preserved in spirits, and suspicions increasing of the fate of Hayes, some of his relatives made a fresh inspection of the head, and positively identified it. The wife was then taxed with the crime, and she told so many different stories that she was apprehended. She was shown the head, and at once said it was "her poor husband's," shed tears, kissed the livid lips, and asked for a lock of the hair. Billings was then secured, and made confession of the horrible tragedy. Wood was at this time out of town; but on the very morning of the examination of Mrs. Hayes (as if by the interposition of Providence), a gentleman riding through Mary la-bonne-fields, discovered the mutilated remains of a human body, the legs and thighs having been chopped from the trunk (a ceremony in which it turned out the wife had assisted in order to pack them in a box). Notice was immediately given to the Magistrates, and upon a surgical examination the head and all the parts were found to correspond. Wood was apprehended the next day, and thus all the monsters were secured. They were all tried and found guilty. Wood escaped execution by dying in prison; but Billings (who was supposed to be a natural son of Mrs. Hayes) and the widow were executed at Tyburn. The body of Billings was hung in chains in Mary-la bonne-fields, near to the place where the mutilated remains were found. Mrs. Hayes was burnt, having been found guilty of "petit treason," and was actually exposed to the



flames alive, as before the executioner could strangle her he let got [sic] the rope, and she was for several minutes seen pushing the burning faggots from her breast, and her shrieks filled the spectators with horror, however deserved her fate. Her husband was described as being too fond and indulgent.

## II. CONTEMPORARY COMMENTS

The newspapers in 1839-40 often devoted space to reviewing the contents of the monthly and quarterly periodicals. *Fraser's* being one of the major periodicals, it was usually (but not always) one of the publications discussed, and in these discussions *Catherine* was sometimes mentioned, though never for more than a line or two. Except for the *Spectator* comment (reprinted in Tillotson and Hawes 17), the following comments on *Catherine* are reprinted here for the first time.

### The Morning Post

June 3, 1839 (6): "The story of 'Catherine,' with the illustration, we take to be from the pen of the author of the 'Yellowplush Correspondence,' who adopts the *soubriquet* of 'Ikey Solomons, jun.,' and under that designation will doubtless *transport* his readers.

July 6 (6): *Catherine* continues "in its usual strain of graphic and sarcastic drollery, and has a humorous illustration."

August 8 (3): *Catherine* continues and includes "a capital pen-and-ink lithograph."

November 2 (3): "The amusing story of 'Catherine' is continued with unabated spirit . . ."

January 6, 1840 (3): Without mentioning *Catherine* specifically, the *Post* says that the January issue of *Fraser's* is amusing.

February 4 (6): "There are several capital miscellaneous articles in the work, of which 'Catherine: A Story,' is the best; although a criticism on Ainsworth's 'Jack Sheppard' appears to be from the same hand."

### The Observer

May 5, 1839 (3): No specific mention of *Catherine*, but a description of the May issue of *Fraser's* as being "rather heavy" with "not a single humourous paper in the number."

June 2 (3): *Catherine* "is not without humour, though the writer often fails in his efforts to say something clever."

June 30 (2): No specific reference to *Catherine* but a comment that the July issue of *Fraser's* is, as a whole, dull.

November 3 (3): Says the November installment of *Catherine* is "a continuation of a very interesting and well-told tale."

February 2, 1840 (3): "'Catherine' is intended as a piece of irony on the Jack Sheppard class of literature, but is not likely to cut deep."

### The Court Journal

August 3, 1839 (508): "Accompanied by a most ludicrous illustration, worthy of the pencil of George Cruikshank; the story of 'Catherine,' by Ikey Solomons, jun., is carried on, in its accustomed show-up style, for a period of seven years."<sup>1</sup>

### Sunday Times

May 5, 1839 (3): " 'Katherine' is the story of a bar-maid, in a style such as might be expected from an ambitious imitator of Ikey Solomons."

June 9 (3): "Catherine proceeds in the same style as it commenced."

February 9, 1840 (3): "Catherine, now concluded, is low, as usual."

### Spectator

January 4, 1840 (17): ". . . the story of 'Catherine,' with its strong, coarse,

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<sup>1</sup>Note: what the *Journal* is calling "ludicrous" here is the scene depicted in the illustration (Macshane presenting young Tom to the Hayeses), not the style of Thackeray's drawing; there is a similar use of the word in *Catherine* itself (see 173.4 in the text above); the "show-up style" means a style that exposes something to ridicule (see the *OED* under "show," meaning 39.a); the seven years referred to are the seven years leapt over in the August installment of *Catherine* (Chapter 7).

literal painting of men and manners in the profligate classes of the profligate times of Queen Anne, advances to its close."

### **The Sun**

May 1, 1839 (555): "Catherine, a story, is a clever tale, of the quizzical order; it is, however, too long."

June 1 (582): " 'Catherine, a story' is here and there enlivened by a gleam of humour, and in its dialogues is easy and natural. The engraving illustrative of the tale is a very grotesque production."

November 1: " 'Catherine, A Story' contains some clever points; but it is wanting in general interest."

### III. THE AFTER-LIFE OF CATHERINE HAYES

Despite her death at the end of *Catherine*, Catherine Hayes lived on, in a marginal way, in Thackeray's later works, even provoking a minor controversy by her appearance in the serialized version of *Pendennis* in 1850. Earlier she had made a cameo appearance incognito at the end of *Vanity Fair*, when the narrator recorded Becky Sharp's three lawyers as being Messrs. Burke, Thurtell, and Hayes—Burke and Thurtell being the names of two other notorious murderers. Then, in April 1850, in the fifteenth number of *Pendennis*, Thackeray began his forty-fifth chapter of the novel with one of his characteristic digressions on the nature of love. In a manner somewhat reminiscent of the narrator's talk in Chapter Two of *Catherine* about how people fall in love even with "vile, shrewish, squinting, hunchbacked, and hideous" persons (42.3), Thackeray had the narrator of *Pendennis* comment that people need not be angels to be worshipped:

Let us admire the diversity of the tastes of mankind [the narrator continues]; and the oldest, the ugliest, the stupidest and most pompous, the silliest and most vapid, the greatest criminal, tyrant, booby, Bluebeard, Catherine Hayes, George Barnwell, amongst us, we need never despair. I have read of the passion of a transported pickpocket for a female convict . . . that was as magnificent as the loves of Cleopatra and Antony, or Lancelot and Guinevere.

(*The History of Pendennis*  
in *The Oxford Thackeray* 12: 1003)

This passage, strangely, provoked a greater controversy than the original story of *Catherine* ever did. It happened that by 1850 there had appeared on the scene a new Catherine Hayes, a young Irish singer of that name who was, coincidentally, appearing in London when the unfortunate reference to her

namesake appeared in the serialized version of *Pendennis*. The result was an uproar in which the Irish press angrily attacked Thackeray for besmirching the name of Ireland's popular young singer. In the *Freeman's Journal*, according to Thackeray's own account, the author of *Pendennis* was accused of insulting the whole Irish nation and was condemned as being "guilty of unmanly grossness and cowardly assault."

In vain did Thackeray publish an explanatory letter (in the *Morning Chronicle*) assuring those offended that he had been thinking only of the Catherine Hayes "who died at Tyburn, and subsequently perished in my novel—and not in the least about an amiable and beautiful young lady now acting at Her Majesty's Theatre." He was, despite his disclaimer, "flogged all round the Irish press," as he said in a letter quoted by his daughter, Lady Ritchie, in her introduction to the Biographical Edition of *Catherine*. Lady Ritchie also recounts that her father received a threatening letter from one Briggs, who warned that a company of Irishmen was going to "chastise" him. Briggs himself rented a room opposite Thackeray's house, causing such alarm that a police detective was assigned to protect the threatened author. Thackeray, however, decided the situation was absurd, and went across the street to speak to Briggs, returning in twenty minutes' time, with peace restored and with a new chair, which he had bought from Briggs's landlady.<sup>1</sup>

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<sup>1</sup>For Thackeray's letter to the *Morning Chronicle*, see Melville 2: 262-66 and *The Oxford Thackeray* 10: 589-92. For Lady Ritchie's account, see her Introduction to the Biographical Edition of the *Works* (4: xix-xxi). Curiously, this account creates some confusion by suggesting that the Irish first became upset over the depiction of the murderess in *Catherine* itself. There is no evidence of such a reaction in the papers of 1839 and 1840, and since the singer Catherine Hayes was only fourteen in 1839 and had just made her first public appearance (see the *DNB*), it seems unlikely that anyone cared enough about her yet to become upset. Besides, anyone reading *Catherine* would soon realize that Thackeray was

Perhaps as a result of the controversy, the offending passage was cut out of later editions of *Pendennis*, although a passage in a later number of the novel alluding to the affair remained uncut. In this later passage (in Chapter 54 of the original novel and Chapter 53 of the revised version) the narrator refers to the hero-worship by women of men who are not heroes, and adds: "This point has been argued before in a previous unfortunate sentence (which lately drew down all the wrath of Ireland upon the writer's head), and which said that the greatest rascal-cutthroats have had somebody to be fond of them . . ." (*Works* 2: 520).

A more interesting result of the controversy was the following two-part ballad which Thackeray presumably composed soon after the affair, but which was not published until it appeared in Volume 13 of the Biographical Edition in 1899 (107-110). The poem is printed here from a photocopy of the manuscript in the Pierpont Morgan Library (MA 1028). Attached to the manuscript is an explanatory note by Lady Ritchie which, however, mainly creates confusion. She says that the manuscript consists of the "two ballads of John Hayes & Catherine Hayes," adding that the first one "occasioned anger at the time—the Irish taking it as an insult to the singer," as if it was the poem that had enraged people. The second poem, Lady Ritchie concludes, "is written in a sort of explanation." In fact, the "two ballads" are so closely linked in content and in the way they are arranged in the manuscript that it seems more reasonable to consider them a single work, in which the first part straightforwardly recounts the story of the murderess, adopting an attitude closer to the condemnatory one

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<sup>1</sup>(cont'd) referring not to the nineteenth-century singer, but to a different woman altogether. For other accounts of this incident, see Ray, *Wisdom* 133-35, and Monsarrat 233-34.



of the eighteenth-century sources than to the more celebratory one of Thackeray's own novel, while the second part, in mock-Irish dialect, presents the case against Thackeray as one of his Irish critics might have spoken it: praising Catherine Hayes the singer, condemning Thackeray for attacking her, and dismissing his claim that he meant somebody else.

*The Terrible Hays Tragedy.*

In the reigns of King George & Queen Ann  
 In Swift's and in Marlborough's days;  
 There lived an unfortunate man  
 A man by the name of John Hayes.

A decent respectable life 5  
 And rather deserving of praise;  
 Lived John, but his curse was his wife  
 His horrible wife Mrs. Hayes.—

A heart more atrociously foul  
 Never beat under anyone's stays; 10  
 As eager for blood as a ghoul  
 Was Cath'rine the wife of John Hayes.

By marriage and John she was bored  
 (He'd many ridiculous traits)  
 And she hated her husband and lord 15  
 This infamous false Mrs. Hayes.

---

When madness and fury begin  
 The senses they utterly craze  
 She called two accomplices in,

And the three of 'em killed Mr. Hayes. 20

---

And when they'd completed the act

The Old Bailey Chronicle says

In several pieces they hacked

The body of poor Mr. Hayes.—

---

The body & limbs of the dead 25

They buried in various ways

And into the Thames flung his head

And there seemed an end of John Hayes.

The head was brought back by the tide

And what was a bargemans amaze 30

One day in the mud when he spied

The horrible head of John Hayes!

In the front of Saint Margaret's Church .

(Where the Westminster scholars act plays;)

They stuck the pale head on a perch 35

None knew 'twas the head of John Hayes.

Long time at the object surprized

Did all the metropolis gaze

Till some one at last recognized

The face of the late Mr. Hayes.

40

---

And when the people knew it was he

They went to his widow straightways

For who could the murderess be

They said but the vile Mrs. Hayes?

---

As sooner or later tis plain

45

For wickedness every one pays

They hanged the accomplices twain

And burned the foul murderess Hays.

---

And a writer who scribbles in prose

And sometimes with poetry plays

50

The terrible tale did compose

Of Mr. & Mrs. John Hays.

Where Shannons broad wathers pour down,

And rush to the Imerald Seas

A lady in Limerick Town

55

Was bred and her name it was Hayes.—

---

Her voice was so sweet and so loud

So fawrmed her faytures to playse

No wonder that Oireland was proud

Of her beautiful singer Miss Hayes.

60

---

At Neeples and Doblin the Fair

(The towns, with whose beautiful Bays,

I'd loike to see England compare)

Bright laur'ls were awarded Miss Hayes.

---

When shed' dthrive in the Phaynix for air

65

They'd take out the horse from her chaise

For we honor the gentle and fair

And gentle and fair was Miss Hayes.

---

When she gracefully stepped on the Steege

Our thayater boomed with Huzzays:

70

For each man was glad to obleege

And longed for a look of Miss Hayes.

---

A Saxon who thinks that he dthraws

Our porthraits as loike as two pays

Insulted one day without cause

75

Our innocent singer Miss Hayes.

And though he meant somebody else

(At layst so the raycreant says,

Declaring that History tells

Of another a wicked Miss Hayes.)

80

---

Yet Ireland the free and the brave

Says whats that to du with the case,

How dar he, the cowardly slave,

To mention the name of a Hayes?

---

In vain let him say he forgot,

85

What beese hypocritical pleas!

The miscreant ought to be shot:

How dar he forget our Miss Hayes?

---

The Freeman in language refined

The Post whom no prayer can appayse

90

Lashed fiercely the wretch who maligned

The innocent name of a Hayes.

---

And Grattan upraises the moight

Of His terrible arrum and flays;

The sides of the shuddering wight

95

That ventured to speak of a Hayes.—

---

Accursed let his memory be  
 Who dares to say aught in dispraise  
 Of Ireland the land of the Free  
 And of beauty & genius & Hayes.

100

---

Alterations in the Manuscript of the Poem

The poem as printed above is the final version indicated in the manuscript. Deleted and altered passages are listed below, as are those passages in the final version which were later insertions. The following symbols are used:

< > = deleted material

/ / = inserted material

[illeg 2] = two illegible words

1 <There lived in the reign of> /In the reigns of King George &/ Queen Ann

6 <Lived John in the mildest of ways> /And rather deserving of praise/

7 <But the bane and> /Lived John, but/ his curse

14 <John was> /He'd/ many

17 <Her> /When/ madness and fury <and hate> /begin/

18 <Her senses did> /The senses they/ utterly craze

19 <[illeg 3] let us pity his fate> /She called two accomplices in/,

20 <She went and she murdered John> /And the three of 'em killed Mr./  
Hayes.

22 The <horrible> /Old Bailey/ Chronicle

25 The <limbs and [illeg 1] body they hid> /The body & limbs of the dead/

26 <And> /They/ buried

29 </But/> The head

30 And <there to his fright &> /what was a bargemens/ amaze

31 <A bargeman who[?] looked> /One <The [illeg 1]> day in the mud when/  
he spied

35 They <magistrates placed on> /stuck the pale head/ on a perch

36 <The man> /None/ knew

49 /And/ A writer



50 And sometimes <poetical lays> /with poetry plays/

51 <A ballad and> /The terrible/ tale did compose

52 <On the fate of this bad Mrs. Hayes> /Of Mr. & Mrs. John Hays/.

54 Imerald <Says> /Seas/

56 Was <born> /bred/

60 Of <this> /her/ beautiful singer

62 (The <cities renowned for their> /towns, with whose beautiful/ Bays, <)>

64 Bright laur'ls <was[?]> /were/

67 the <good> /gentle/ and <the> fair

71 When she <trod> gracefully stepped

77 <He spoke about> /And though he meant/ somebody else

81 <And> /Yet/ Ireland

90 <No [pity?] her wrath could appayse> /The Post whom no prayer can

appayse/

91 the <dog> /wretch/ who maligned

93 <The [illeg 1] the Post in his> /And Gratton <[illeg 2]> upraises the/  
moight

94 <[illeg 5]> /Of His terrible arrum/ and flays