mo

Suddenly the pen will be put down, and through a little conservatory, without seeing anybody, the author will pass out into the garden, where he will talk to the gardener, or watch, chuckling the while, the careful steps of the little terrier amid the gooseberry bushes; or pluck a hawthorn leaf, and go nibbling it, and thinking down the side walks. In again, and vehemently to work. The thought has come; and, in letters smaller than the type in which they shall presently be set, it is unrolled along the little blue slips of paper. A simple crust of bread and a glass of wine are brought in by a dear female hand; but no word is spoken, and the hand and dear heart disappear. The work goes rapidly forward, and halts at last suddenly. The pen is dashed aside; a few letters, seldom more than three lines in each, are written, and dispatched to the post; and then again into the garden. The fowls and pigeons are noticed, a visit is paid to the horse and cow; then another long turn round the lawn; at last a seat, with a quaint old volume, n the tent, under the umbrageous mulberry-tree.—*Life of Douglas Jerrold.*

Douglas Jerrold, May 11 - 1850. — Twiddlethumb, [illegible]

The veteran Blowbubble—he passed us, good sir, while your eyes were eating up the [illegible], eating them sauced with our own [illegible] discourse—sits cross-legged upon the wooden gun carriage. There, sir; straight there your nose before you. For an hour and more has he sat there in misty meditation, cogitating nothing. His autumn match, lighted to [illegible] forty two pounders into puffing eloquence, smoulders at his side: smoulders with ashes upon its head, [illegible] fire destructive in its heart; even, perchance, as cardinal or abbot in his day may have played his penitence.

The rusty soldier shifts his legs, and turns a blank cheek towards the Castle, a little sulky for the signal he could not see, were it given. And now again he hugs his arms about him, and draws his breath as though he took another hearty pull of the cup presented to him. Ha, sir; what a goblet! It is set around with diamonds from the mines of Eden; it is carried by angelic hands, and filled at the Eternal Fount of Goodness. It is the Cup of Patience. Restore [illegible] it, and though you scoff your pamper[ed] hand, [illegible] throat, you drink from it not the goblet.

Patience is the strongest of strong drinks—for it kills the giant despair. And sweet it is to think, there is no beggar so beggared, who may not count [illegible] his cup-bearer! Beautiful Hebes—dove-eyed, and clothed in warm light!—who unseen minister to the widow and fatherless; who fill the strengthening cup for stumbling want; who glide through prison bars, solacing the patriot with the draught [illegible] hopeful music even in the clanking of his chains.

Glorious drink! There have been many who have [illegible] so drunk upon patience, that the sweet intoxication has endured for their lives. Unlike vinous drinks, the thoughts and humours they suffer in the tippling, they never feel. Beautiful is the cup of Patience; for there is no remorseful worm at the bottom.

And then the magic of the drink! What eyes and ears it gives a man! How bright and how elastic it makes the spirit. When the purple dews of wine are singing in the brain, [illegible] seems to break into a prismatic light, reflecting all things joyously; and when [illegible] only wants a hundred pockets that he may [illegible] the [illegible] topping and after [illegible] gold and jewels for all men,—why, so may be the next moment brings the doubtful thought; the wine sparkles no longer, but stinks; and the all-helping giant lies a snoring carcase.

But the draughts from the cup of Patience! They really take the masks and coverings from things; and sharpening the sight with patience, and quickening the ears with sense above the crash and discord of the world, make the [illegible] prophet. The deeper his draughts, the keener his eye, the more delicate his ear. Beneath the jewelled ermine he sees the naked skull; it glares upon him [illegible] companionship. The trumpets [illegible] array; and he thinks of the only truth in common [illegible] shall call king and beggar. And so—whatever be his lot—he strengthens himself with patience, making his heart-strings of immortal proof. And so he takes his place, and plays his part: his reproof of pride, a smile; his rebuke of wrong,—a sigh.

It is not for us to say whether the reader has partaken of the cup we have offered him, or at the first taste, has passed it. This, however, we do know. Old Blowbubble has taken such a deep pull of the cordial that he is now fast asleep. Let him sleep. A light-footed page will, no doubt, wake the veteran—when the [illegible] shall think proper—with the news that the house of de Bolo has a son, or a daughter; or, it may be, both. For where women resolve to be the donors, who shall limit their gifts? Therefore, let us [illegible] the page [illegible] when the veteran with the news; which he will communicate to the guns; and they—open-mouthed gossips—will tell all Twiddlethumb the story in most thundering syllable.

This way, to the left.

Is not this very beautiful? This green hill is called the Ladies' Pincushion. No girl in Twiddlethumb is married who does not first — But no: we bite our tongue, and beg your pardon. The custom will be told, when we come to marriage. And at present, we are merely killing time—the only game that we free-born Britons may shoot without a licence—until the Duchess de Bolo [illegible] shall have duly signified to the guns that, her baby having spoken, they may roar their loudest.

We will descend the hill, if you please. It is a little steep. But here, sir; grasp this [illegible]

Jerrold