



J. Cawse, pin.

W. Greatbatch, sculp.

THE MARQUESS.

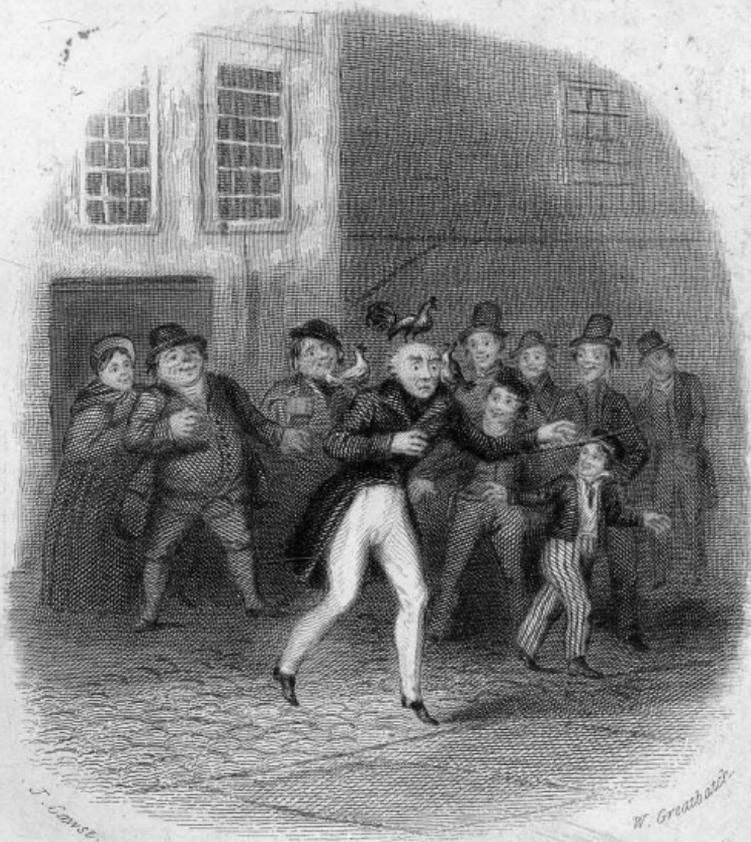
"I am sure you'll excuse me," said the Artist, "but there is something so irresistibly comic in the expression of your countenance; I never can get you out of my head as the Marquess in the Cabinet."

London, Published by Richard Bentley, 1842.

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71

THE WIDOW,
AND
THE MARQUESS.
OR
LOVE AND PRIDE.

By Theodore Hook.



"The Marquess came out without his hat, with a bantam cock perched on his head, and a couple of fuzzy legged hens roosting upon his shoulders."

LONDON:
RICHARD BENTLEY,
NEW BURLINGTON STREET.
CUMMING, DUBLIN; BELL & BRADFUTE, EDINBURGH.
1842.

THE WIDOW,

AND

THE MARQUESS;

OR,

LOVE AND PRIDE.

BY

THE AUTHOR OF "GILBERT GURNEY," "MAXWELL,"
"THE PARSON'S DAUGHTER,"

&c.

LONDON :

RICHARD BENTLEY, NEW BURLINGTON STREET.
BELL AND BRADFUTE, EDINBURGH;
J. CUMMING, DUBLIN.

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THE WIDOW.

CHAPTER I.

“ AT three to-morrow, then,” said Charles Saville.

The assenting look of the beautiful girl to whom these words were addressed in a whisper, left no doubt upon Charles’s mind of the punctuality of her attention to the appointment which he had just made to call in Harley Street, and form one of a party, which was to visit that most instructive and entertaining receptacle for natural curiosities, the Zoological Garden in the Regent’s Park.

The beautiful girl was speedily hurried away from his side by her mother, and consigned to the care of an elderly gentleman ; and after receiving an injunction to wrap her shawl closely about her, was by the same elderly gentleman handed down the Opera House staircase, followed by the said affectionate mother, who had accepted the arm of the aforesaid Charles Saville.

They reached the carriage which “ stopped the way.” The elderly gentleman deposited his treasure within it, and then having placed her mother by her side, bowed somewhat coldly to Saville, and stepped into the chariot himself. Flip, flap, flop, went the steps, bang went the door, up went the glass, up jumped the servant at the word “ Home,” off dashed the horses, and away went the carriage, leaving Saville (somewhat wounded by the abruptness of the parting,) under the Haymarket Colonnade encircled by a cloud of smoke rising from the surrounding links, and enveloped in a still deeper cloud of thought and mystification.

Saville had made his acquaintance with Mrs. Franklin and her daughter Harriet (the ladies in the carriage,) early in the season which was now drawing to a close ; to the latter he became daily and hourly more attached, and, truth to be told, the development of her amiable character and