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COLLECTION
OF
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VANITY FAIR BY W. MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

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VANITY FAIR.

A NOVEL WITHOUT A HERO.

BY

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

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IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

LEIPZIG
BERNHARD TAUCHNITZ

1848.

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VANITY FAIR.

A NOVEL WITHOUT A HERO.

CHAPTER I.

In which we enjoy three Courses and a Dessert.

WHEN the ladies of Gaunt House were at breakfast that morning, Lord Steyne (who took his chocolate in private, and seldom disturbed the females of his household, or saw them except upon public days, or when they crossed each other in the hall, or when from his pit-box at the Opera he surveyed them in their box on the grand tier)—His lordship, we say, appeared among the ladies and the children who were assembled over the tea and toast, and a battle royal ensued apropos of Rebecca.

“My Lady Steyne,” he said, “I want to see the list for your dinner on Friday; and I want you, if you please, to write a card for Colonel and Mrs. Crawley.”

“Blanche writes them,” Lady Steyne said in a flutter. “Lady Gaunt writes them.”

“I will not write to that person,” Lady Gaunt said, a tall and stately lady, who looked up for an instant and then down again after she had spoken. It was not good to meet Lord Steyne’s eyes for those who had offended him.

“Send the children out of the room. Go!” said