

SYBIL
OR
THE TWO NATIONS

By
BENJAMIN DISRAELI



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INTRODUCTION

SYBIL: or The Two Nations, so gracefully dedicated to Mrs. Disraeli, and published in 1845, succeeded the brilliant *Coningsby* (1844) with a speed almost miraculous, if we remember the immense strain, both parliamentary and social, that then engrossed its author. The novel created a great and lasting sensation—how much so at its moment can scarcely now be realized. It has endured and will endure as a master-work. It transformed ideas. Just as *Coningsby* embodied and exposed the political condition of parties, *Sybil* presented and plumbed the social problems of England. It should at once be pointed out that its purpose and teaching have constantly been twisted or misused by varying extremists. Its moral, so far from being socialistic, was the very reverse. It was written in 'the hungry forties' when the industrial population was often down-trodden indeed, and in no sense does it apply to the vastly improved conditions of to-day. In this book it is in a new and noble semi-feudalism that the remedy for real abuses is to be found, instead of in the tyrannies that have now shifted from one class to another. It is the patricians, as the natural leaders of the people, who are to be re-quickened into a sense of duty. They, and no class of fulminating tribunes, are figured as the future rescuers of England. And the dramatic close which restores a stake in the country to the chief revolutionaries points to a redress of grievance and a change of spirit that should ultimately weld classes together for the national good. If the serf is to be physically emancipated, the aristocrat is to be spiritually emancipated also. Never at any moment did Disraeli's doctrine incline to an omnipotent 'State' usurping the place or forcing the pace of persuasive and permissive spontaneity. At all times his

Conservatism was, in his own words, to 'assist progress and resist revolution.'

Sybil emanated from the Cambridge conception of 'Young England,' so largely moulded by Disraeli, who urged that 'The Youth of a Nation are the trustees of Posterity.' That movement was not a party, but the league of a group; it was far more an atmosphere, an attitude, an association, than a set creed. On Disraeli's part it was a sort of fantasia on Bolingbroke's New Toryism heightened by his own human instincts and his theocratic bias. On the part of his intimate ally, Lord John Manners, and their mutual colleague, Ambrose Phillipps de Lisle (the St. Lys of *Sybil* and the Eustace Lyle of *Coningsby*), it was a reawakened Christian chivalry; on the part of 'Cool-of-the-evening' Milnes and Baillie Cochrane, a political dream; on the part of his close friends, the brilliant but wayward Smythe (afterwards Lord Strangford), and the staunch Stafford O'Brien, it was a picturesque adventure; while on the part of the sturdy Mr. Ferrand, a stentorian Yorkshire squire, it was a protest against the baser developments of the new manufacturer. Kenelm Digby's 'The Broadstone of Honour,' which had appeared some twenty years earlier, also helped to inspire them all,¹ while, politically, all were equally united as rebels against Peel's betrayal of the Land.² Much more might be said about the aims and course of the Young England movement which long ago I tried to interpret elsewhere, but space forbids me to track them here. Disraeli dominated at once the scene and the romantic revival. For with him romance and realism always went hand in hand. He was the brain of this Pre-Raphaelitism in politics which was first sketched and hatched by Disraeli, Lord John Manners, and Cochrane so early as 1842 at Paris. 'Merrie England' was its accompaniment, but by no means its essence. The pageantries of Maypole dances and the Eglinton Tournament only symbolized the spirit of associative faith, intercourse, and confidence between classes. Disraeli's

¹ Cf. Whibley's *Lord John Manners*, vol. i. p. 133.

² Smythe, however, afterwards accepted office under Peel and broke with 'Young England.'

speech on the Maynooth Bill broke up the formal brotherhood of 'Young England's' founders, but Lord John remained the lifelong devotee of Disraeli.

In 1844 he with Lord John Manners inspected and examined the varying conditions of the northern industrial areas. As early as his boyish *Vivian Grey*, he had evinced his native sympathy with manual labour in its episode of the peasant's cottage. Two years after his entrance into Parliament he had delivered a speech on Chartism which remains unrivalled in width and length of view, and this against his own interest as a supporter of Peel. Earlier still he had denounced the new Poor Laws. Afterwards followed his championship of measures to deal with the abuses of child-labour, and his persistent endeavours for social and sanitary reform, culminating in the long series of stable statutes during his last premiership.

If we want a keynote to *Sybil*, it may be found in a speech of 1844 at Bingley, in Yorkshire, during his northern tour, the climax of which was his thrilling oration at the opening of the Manchester Athenæum. The passage runs as follows: ' . . . We are asked sometimes what we want. We want in the first place to impress on society that there is such a thing as duty. We don't do that in any spirit of conceit or arrogance. We don't pretend that we are any better than others, but we are anxious to do our duty, and if so, we think that we have a right to call on others, whether rich or poor, to do theirs. If that principle of duty had not been lost sight of for the last fifty years, you would never have heard of the classes into which England is divided. . . . We want to put an end to that political and social exclusiveness which we believe to be the bane of this country. . . . We don't come out like a pack of pedants to tell you that we are prepared to remedy every grievance by the square and rule. . . . *It is not so much to the action of laws as to the influence of manners that we must look.* . . . But how are manners to influence men if they are divided into classes—if the population of a country becomes a body of sections, a group of hostile garrisons? . . . We see but little hope for this country so long as that spirit

of faction that has been so rampant of late years is fostered and encouraged. We call it a spirit of faction, for the principles on which the parties which nominally divide this country were formed have worn out and ceased to exist; and an association of men, however powerful, without political principles, is not a party but a faction. Of such a state of society the inevitable result is that public passions are excited for private ends, and popular improvement is lost sight of in particular aggrandizement.' ¹ Here, as ever, Disraeli recalls us to first principles. If his pronouncements fitted a patrician oligarchy in 1845, this is doubly true of the over-privileged Trade Unions at our own precarious moment, of all organizations raised above the law, and in the same relation to the community as were once the Barons, afterwards the Crown, and, later, the Whig monopolists. There are further keynotes to his meaning in the book itself: 'I prefer association to gregariousness. . . . It is a community of purpose that constitutes society. . . . Christianity teaches us to love our neighbour as ourself: modern society acknowledges no neighbour.' And once again, from an angle which confronts the professional agitator, ' . . . Englishmen want none of this joint-stock felicity: they want their rights—rights consistent with the rights of others, but without which the rights of other classes cannot and ought not to be secure.'

In *Sybil* and its vivid shiftings of scene, we survey the extremes of both 'Nations' and the keenest contrasts of their degrees. The story presents poignant and piquant contraries with many faces and facets of temperament and characterization. It abounds, too, in phrases that have become proverbs. And in this connexion it has escaped notice that it first contains that 'men of light and leading' employed thirty-six years later in his famous letter of Irish warning, words derided at the time as exotic by a leading newspaper, but really of course a quotation from Disraeli's favourite, Burke.

On the aristocratic side we have the Marneys and the Mowbrays, both comparatively new nobles who would fain believe in an ancient extraction, both, too, with seats

¹ *Life of Disraeli*, vol. ii. p. 248.

that have become neighboured by a blackened country. The Marneys descend from the expropriators of the Abbey Lands—the great Revolution families who issued in Whiggism and who attained a dukedom through one who died leaning on his white wand and ‘babbling of Strawberry Leaves.’ The Mowbrays are pseudo-Fitz-Warenes of Pitt’s creation, deriving from an eighteenth-century waiter in St. James’s Street (as actually happened) who made himself indispensable to an Indian nabob. Of the former, the head of the family is cold, cynical, and calculating. He minimizes the miseries of the debased toilers around them for whom an almshouse is too good a refuge, and scoffs at everything but cash down. His brother, however, the hero Charles Egremont, who is generous and enthusiastic (a cross between Lord John Manners and Disraeli himself), gradually, after an unhappy love-affair, espouses the cause of the oppressed toilers and speaks for the Chartists though he is opposed to their ‘machinery.’ Minor but distinct characters (among many) are the conventional Fitz-Warene daughters, the wise Lady Marney, Alfred Mountchesney, who figures in the opening scene at Crockford’s on the eve of the Derby as one of the listless *incroyables* for whom all that remained was ‘to mourn amid the ruins of their reminiscences over the extinction of excitement’; ‘Cocky Graves,’ the cool and successful gambler, and Captain Grouse, the indispensable parasite; the cynical Lady St. Julians, that political Egeria who is Sarah Lady Jersey, the Marchioness of Deloraine, modelled on Frances Lady Londonderry, and the malicious Lady Firebrace. All these pull the strings of the political puppets to the immortal tune of Taper and Tadpole. Nor can we forget Sir Vavasour Firebrace, whose one obsession was to revive the glories of his order, but who eventually subsides into being less of a bore by being accorded a higher rung on the ladder. On the other side we find Walter Gerard, Sybil’s father, an ideal yeoman who is the true heir to the Mowbray estates and a firm adherent of the ancient faith; Stephen Morley, the editor-agitator, who is the incarnation of the fanatical theorist. And, to descend from these leading types to those of the Mowbray toilers,

we get the spry Dandy Mick (admirably delineated), the revolutionary Devilsdust, the sick and starving Warner, with his home tragedies, and, last not least, the lifelike factory girls, Harriet, Caroline, and Julia, with their chase after lovers and the excitements of the Temple Musical Hall. "We'll have the Temple open before long," said the Dandy' (when the Mowbray conditions begin to mend).—"That will be sweet," exclaims Caroline. "I often dream of that foreign nobleman who used to sing 'Oh, no, we never':" "Ah," cries Julia (when the climax comes), "if we can't have our own man I'm all for the Nobs against the middle class": "There are two senses to everything, my girl," ejaculates Mick. Then (at Hell-house Wodgate) there is the pathetic figure of 'the girl with a back like a grasshopper,' and, to return to manufacturing Mowbray, the Widow Carey with her homely motherliness and shrewd wit, and the hearty Mr. and Mrs. Trotman who preside over the Cat and Fiddle, and thus address 'Chaffing Jack' when the rally in trade sets in: ". . . The town of Mowbray ought to clothe the world with our resources. Why, Shuffle & Screw can turn out forty mile of calico per day; but where's the returns? That's the point. As the American gentleman said when he left his bill unpaid, "Take my breadstuffs and I'll give you a cheque at sight on the Pennsylvania Bank."

Shuffle & Screw represent the bad masters with their 'tommy,' truck, and other dodges for reducing even the accepted famine wages. These are responsible for the degradation of the Mowbray operatives and the darkness which oppresses both body and soul. They turn men into machines and machines into men. 'I be a regular born Christian,' repeats 'the girl with a vacant face' and the grasshopper back, 'and my mother afore me, and that's what few gals in the Yard can say. Thomas will take to it himself when work is slack; and he believes now in our Lord and Saviour Pontius Pilate, who was crucified to save our sins, and in Moses, Goliath, and the rest of the Apostles'—an incredible sentence which, however, has literal warrant, and has been re-echoed even to-day by a boy who told the Magistrate that, though he attended a Sunday School, he had never so much as

heard of the Decalogue. On the other hand, the noble-minded Mr. Trafford typifies what may be termed the feudal manufacturer with high ideals of mutual service. He it is who befriends the heroine at her gloomiest hour and sympathizes with all her aspirations.

Once more, if there are economic tyrants at Mowbray, once so idyllic a landscape, there is the crushing despotism of its physical despot, Hatton, nicknamed the 'bishop,' whose pastoral staff is one of bruising iron. And as still another foil (connected with the plot), there stands his mysterious brother, Baptist Hatton, the London pedigree-detective for defrauded and defrauding peers.

It has been said that there is less plot in *Sybil* than in *Coningsby*. On the contrary, there is much more, and the solution of its knots is deferred to the very close. There is this pedigree-plot, there is the plebeian Morley's love-jealousy of the hero Charles Egremont, there are the closely interwoven shades of intrigue in the spheres both of high and low. And underneath them all is the tissue of lofty aspirations triumphing alike over sordid squalor and magnificence. And there are melodramatic scenes in succession, as the ironies, tragedies, and humour of characters and situations proceed—from the first encounter of Sybil and Charles Egremont in the ruined Abbey ('the child of violence') to the final burning of the Castle. Angry mobs, ambitious revolutions, the storming of Shuffle & Screw's premises, the episode of the novice's initiation into the Chartist brotherhood, which almost recalls a 'Vehmgericht,' Gerard's fine deliverance to the crowd from a rostrum on the moor, the young Queen Victoria boding a new era on her accession 'in a palace, in a garden'; the smooth upheavals, too, of political schemers, the frauds and furies of disjointed worlds. All these would well lend themselves to the stage or even the cinema. Nor are the ecclesiastical contrasts between St. Lys and the Vicar of Mowbray (which is really Ripon) less pronounced.

When Sybil herself and her father, attended by Stephen Morley, first meet Egremont after the quarrel with his brother, it is amid the ruins of an Abbey which Disraeli himself has identified with Fountains. And thence

springs the clash between the ancient Catholic conceptions of industry and the abuses of modern mechanism. Sybil herself (like Eva in *Tancred*, Theodora in *Lothair*, and, much earlier, Miss Dacre in *The Young Duke*, whom in several characteristics she resembles) is at once an individual and a type—an allegorical actuality. Nor will any reader ever thoroughly understand Disraeli's great trilogy without the clue of a fairy-story kernel breaking through, or sometimes broken by, the hard husk of surface-realities. She is one of his noblest heroines, and, though in parts overdrawn, a commanding figure in her proud humility, and a wholly womanlike one in her tender faith and faithfulness. If she converts Charles Egremont, the graceful and chivalrous, he also converts her to the possibilities of reconciliation between classes by methods at once more human and spiritual than any mechanical competition between two grasping oligarchies.

Space does not permit me even to adumbrate the political bearings of this wonderful book nor all the pointed wit and humour that adorn it. He denounces 'leaders who are no guides,' and a House of Commons where too often 'Wishy is down, Washy is up'; as always, the 'Venetian' Oligarchy, the rule of the 'Thirty.' He defends, also, a personal local government, he scathes an over-centralization which would let London govern England. He regards 'Priest and Gentleman' as the people's old defenders against 'arbitrary Courts and rapacious Parliaments.' And there is a remarkable passage beginning, 'The people are not strong' (p. 281), which, it may be pointed out, strangely coincides with a similar one by Heine, though Heine's, unless I mistake, was written later and is unlikely to have been an echo.

As for the ironies, they abound and scintillate on nigh every page. Occasionally—though never in these *mots*—the style becomes forced, witness Sybil smiling 'through a gushing vision' and Morley declaiming that 'the caverns of my mind are open.' But in the main the expression enhances the theme and the depictions of scenery rise to a high level.

Disraeli throughout was both dreamer and doer—a seer on his high mount of vision, and yet a world-

connoisseur, spy-glass in hand. The word 'dreamer' has of late been usurped by idealogues and theorists, by the weak-willed or puzzle-headed, by the second-rate and the second-hand. Above such as these Disraeli towers. 'When,' wrote Bolingbroke, 'great coolness of judgment is united to great warmth of imagination, we get that which is usually called a genius.' Such was the author of *Sybil*, many of whose dreams have already come true.

WALTER SICHEL

I WOULD INSCRIBE THESE VOLUMES TO
ONE WHOSE NOBLE SPIRIT AND GENTLE
NATURE EVER PROMPT HER TO SYMPATHISE
WITH THE SUFFERING ; TO ONE WHOSE
SWEET VOICE HAS OFTEN ENCOURAGED, AND
WHOSE TASTE AND JUDGMENT HAVE EVER
GUIDED, THEIR PAGES ; THE MOST SEVERE
OF CRITICS, BUT—A PERFECT WIFE !

SYBIL

OR

THE TWO NATIONS

BOOK I

CHAPTER I

‘I’LL take the odds against Caravan.’

‘In ponies?’

‘Done.’

And Lord Milford, a young noble, entered in his book the bet which he had just made with Mr. Latour, a grey-headed member of the Jockey Club.

It was the eve of the Derby of 1837. In a vast and golden saloon, that in its decorations would have become, and in its splendour would not have disgraced, Versailles in the days of the grand monarch, were assembled many whose hearts beat at the thought of the morrow, and whose brains still laboured to control its fortunes to their advantage.

‘They say that Caravan looks puffy,’ lisped, in a low voice, a young man, lounging on the edge of a buhl table that had once belonged to a Mortemart, and dangling a rich cane with affected indifference, in order to conceal his anxiety from all, except the person whom he addressed.

‘They are taking seven to two against him freely over the way,’ was the reply. ‘I believe it’s all right.’

‘Do you know I dreamed last night something about Mango?’ continued the gentleman with the cane, and with a look of uneasy superstition.

His companion shook his head.

‘Well,’ continued the gentleman with the cane, ‘I have no opinion of him. I betted Charles Egremont the odds

against Mango this morning ; he goes with us, you know. By the by, who is our fourth ?'

'I thought of Milford,' was the reply in an undertone. 'What say you ?'

'Milford is going with St. James and Punch Hughes.'

'Well, let us come in to supper, and we shall see some fellow we like.'

So saying, the companions, taking their course through more than one chamber, entered an apartment of less dimensions than the principal saloon, but not less sumptuous in its general appearance. The gleaming lustres poured a flood of soft yet brilliant light over a plateau glittering with gold plate, and fragrant with exotics embedded in vases of rare porcelain. The seats on each side of the table were occupied by persons consuming, with a heedless air, delicacies for which they had no appetite ; while the conversation in general consisted of flying phrases referring to the impending event of the great day that had already dawned.

'Come from Lady St. Julians', Fitz ?' said a youth of very tender years, and whose fair visage was as downy and as blooming as the peach from which, with a languid air, he withdrew his lips to make this inquiry of the gentleman with the cane.

'Yes ; why were not you there ?'

'I never go anywhere,' replied the melancholy Cupid, 'everything bores me so.'

'Well, will you go to Epsom with us to-morrow, Alfred ?' said Lord Fitzheron. 'I take Berners and Charles Egremont, and with you our party will be perfect.'

'I feel so cursed blasé!' exclaimed the boy in a tone of elegant anguish.

'It will give you a fillip, Alfred,' said Mr. Berners ; 'do you all the good in the world.'

'Nothing can do me good,' said Alfred, throwing away his almost untasted peach ; 'I should be quite content if anything could do me harm. Waiter, bring me a tumbler of Badminton.'

'And bring me one too,' sighed out Lord Eugene de Vere, who was a year older than Alfred Mountchesney, his companion and brother in listlessness. Both had exhausted life in their teens, and all that remained for

them was to mourn, amid the ruins of their reminiscences, over the extinction of excitement.

'Well, Eugene, suppose you come with us,' said Lord Fitzheron.

'I think I shall go down to Hampton Court and play tennis,' said Lord Eugene. 'As it is the Derby, nobody will be there.'

'And I will go with you, Eugene,' said Alfred Mountchesney, 'and we will dine together afterwards at the Toy. Anything is better than dining in this infernal London.'

'Well, for my part,' said Mr. Berners, 'I do not like your suburban dinners. You always get something you can't eat, and cursed bad wine.'

'I rather like bad wine,' said Mr. Mountchesney; 'one gets so bored with good wine.'

'Do you want the odds against Hybiscus, Berners?' said a guardsman looking up from his book, which he had been very intently studying.

'All I want is some supper, and as you are not using your place——'

'You shall have it. Oh! here's Milford, he will bet me them.'

And at this moment entered the room the young nobleman whom we have before mentioned, accompanied by an individual who was approaching perhaps the termination of his fifth lustre, but whose general air rather betokened even a less experienced time of life. Tall, with a well-proportioned figure and a graceful carriage, his countenance touched with a sensibility that at once engages the affections, Charles Egremont was not only admired by that sex whose approval generally secures men enemies among their fellows, but was at the same time the favourite of his own.

'Ah, Egremont! come and sit here,' exclaimed more than one banqueter.

'I saw you waltzing with the little Bertie, old fellow,' said Lord Fitzheron, 'and therefore did not stay to speak to you, as I thought we should meet here. I am to call for you, mind.'

'How shall we all feel this time to-morrow?' said Egremont, smiling.

'The happiest fellow at this moment must be Cockie

Graves,' said Lord Milford. 'He can have no suspense. I have been looking over his book, and I defy him, whatever happens, not to lose.'

'Poor Cockie,' said Mr. Berners; 'he has asked me to dine with him at the Clarendon on Saturday.'

'Cockie is a very good Cockie,' said Lord Milford, 'and Caravan is a very good horse; and if any gentleman sportsman present wishes to give seven to two, I will take him to any amount.'

'My book is made up,' said Egremont: 'and I stand or fall by Caravan.'

'And I.'

'And I.'

'And I.'

'Well, mark my words,' said a fourth, rather solemnly, 'Rat-trap wins.'

'There is not a horse except Caravan,' said Lord Milford, 'fit for a borough stake.'

'You used to be all for Phosphorus, Egremont,' said Lord Eugene de Vere.

'Yes; but fortunately I have got out of that scrape. I owe Phip Dormer a good turn for that. I was the third man who knew he had gone lame.'

'And what are the odds against him now?'

'Oh! nominal; forty to one,—what you please.'

'He won't run,' said Mr. Berners, 'John Day told me he had refused to ride him.'

'I believe Cockie Graves might win something if Phosphorus came in first,' said Lord Milford, laughing.

'How close it is to-night!' said Egremont. 'Waiter, give me some Seltzer water; and open another window; open them all.'

At this moment an influx of guests intimated that the assembly at Lady St. Julians' was broken up. Many at the table rose and yielded their places, clustering round the chimney-piece, or forming in various groups, and discussing the great question. Several of those who had recently entered were votaries of Rat-trap, the favourite, and quite prepared, from all the information that had reached them, to back their opinions valiantly. The conversation had now become general and animated, or rather there was a medley of voices in which little was

distinguished except the names of horses and the amount of odds. In the midst of all this, waiters glided about, handing incomprehensible mixtures bearing aristocratic names; mystical combinations of French wines and German waters, flavoured with slices of Portugal fruits, and cooled with lumps of American ice, compositions which immortalized the creative genius of some high patrician name.

'By Jove! that's a flash,' exclaimed Lord Milford, as a blaze of lightning seemed to suffuse the chamber, and the beaming lustres turned white and ghastly in the glare.

The thunder rolled over the building. There was a dead silence. Was it going to rain? Was it going to pour? Was the storm confined to the metropolis? Would it reach Epsom? A deluge, and the course would be a quagmire, and strength might baffle speed.

Another flash, another explosion, the hissing noise of rain. Lord Milford moved aside, and, jealous of the eye of another, read a letter from Chifney, and in a few minutes afterwards offered to take the odds against Pocket Hercules. Mr. Latour walked to the window, surveyed the heavens, sighed that there was not time to send his tiger from the door to Epsom, and get information whether the storm had reached the Surrey hills, for to-night's operations. It was too late. So he took a rusk and a glass of lemonade, and retired to rest with a cool head and a cooler heart.

The storm raged, the incessant flash played as it were round the burnished cornice of the chamber, and threw a lurid hue on the scenes of Watteau and Boucher that sparkled in the medallions over the lofty doors. The thunderbolts seemed to descend in clattering confusion upon the roof. Sometimes there was a moment of dead silence, broken only by the pattering of the rain in the street without, or the pattering of the dice in a chamber at hand. Then horses were backed, bets made, and there were loud and frequent calls for brimming goblets from hurrying waiters, distracted by the lightning and deafened by the peal. It seemed a scene and a supper where the marble guest of Juan might have been expected; and, had he arrived, he would have found probably hearts as bold and spirits as reckless as he encountered in Andalusia.

CHAPTER II

'WILL any one do anything about Hybiscus?' sang out a gentleman in the ring at Epsom. It was full of eager groups; round the betting post a swarming cluster, while the magic circle itself was surrounded by a host of horsemen shouting from their saddles the odds they were ready to receive or give, and the names of the horses they were prepared to back or to oppose.

'Will any one do anything about Hybiscus?'

'I'll bet you five to one,' said a tall, stiff Saxon peer, in a white great-coat.

'No; I'll take six.'

The tall, stiff peer in the white great-coat mused for a moment with his pencil at his lip, and then said, 'Well, I'll bet you six. What do you say about Mango?'

'Eleven to two against Mango,' called out a little hump-backed man in a shrill voice, but with the air of one who was master of his work.

'I should like to do a little business with you, Mr. Chippendale,' said Lord Milford, in a coaxing tone, 'but I must have six to one.'

'Eleven to two, and no mistake,' said this keeper of a second-rate gaming-house, who, known by the flattering appellation of Hump Chippendale, now turned with malignant abruptness from the heir-apparent of an English earldom.

'You shall have six to one, my Lord,' said Captain Spruce, a debonair personage, with a well-turned silk hat arranged a little aside, his coloured cravat tied with precision, his whiskers trimmed like a quickset hedge. Spruce, who had earned his title of Captain on the plains of Newmarket, which had witnessed for many a year his successful exploits, had a weakness for the aristocracy, who, knowing his graceful infirmity, patronized him with condescending dexterity, acknowledged his existence in Pall-Mall as well as at Tattersall's, and thus occasionally got a point more than the betting out of him. Hump Chippendale had none of these gentle failings; he was a democratic leg, who loved to fleece a noble, and thought all men were born equal—a consoling creed that was a hedge for his hump.