

**FUDGE DOINGS: BEING  
TONY FUDGE'S RECORD  
OF THE SAME, VOL.I**

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Fudge doings: being Tony Fudge's record of the same, Vol.I by Ik. Marvel

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**IK. MARVEL**

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Abner Judge

# FUDGE DOINGS :

BEING

## **Tony Fudge's Record**

*OF THE SAME.*

IN FORTY CHAPTERS.

By **Ik. Marvel.**

VOL. I.

FIFTH THOUSAND.

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**Charles Scribner.**

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## LETTER OF DEDICATION.



TO

Dr B. Fordyce Barker,

OF NEW YORK.

MY DEAR DOCTOR,

When I began the papers which make up these volumes, I had no intention of giving them the form of a story; I purposed only a short series of sketches, in the course of which, I hoped to set forth some of the harms and hazards of living too fast—whether



on the Avenue, or in Paris; and some of the advantages of an old-fashioned country rearing.

It seemed to me that there was an American disposition to trust in Counts and Coal-stocks, in genealogies and idle gentlemen, which might come to work harm; and which would safely bear the touch of a little good-natured raillery. By the advice of my publisher—who thinks, like most people now-a-days, that the old-fashioned race of essay readers, is nearly extinct—I worked into my papers the shadow of a plot, and have followed it up, in a somewhat shuffling manner, to the close.

The whole affair touches upon matters of money and of morals, which we have frequently talked over by your fireside, with a good deal of unanimity of opinion. I think you will agree with most of my sentiments, and only disapprove of the way in which I

have set them down. Indeed, I wish as much as you, that the book had been better made, with more currency of incident, and more careful management of characters. But it has been written, you know, under a thousand interruptions; some chapters date from a country homestead, others from your own hospitable roof; still others have been thrown together in the intervals of travel through Italy, Switzerland, and France. I have seen no "proofs;" and have trusted very much (and very fortunately) to the kind corrections of my friend Mr. Clark, of the *Knickerbocker Magazine*. I know it is a pitiful thing for a writer to make excuses for his own neglect; and I do it now, less in the hope of gaining a hearing from the public, than of winning your private charity.

Such as the volumes are, however, I dedicate them to you.

Once more, I want to guard you against the error of thinking, from any tone of satire which may belong to the book, that the writer is wanting in regard for the worthiness of the good people who live around you. I claim, you know, to be an adopted son of your city; and it is a claim of which I am proud. I can never forget the kindnesses which have met me there; and whose recollection brings a pleasant home feeling to my heart, whenever I catch sight of Trinity spire lifting over the houses.

There seems to me a world-wide heartiness about New York, which promotes a larger hospitality for opinions, and for people, than belongs to any other American city that I know. New Yorkers wear their hearts—like their purses—wide open. They may fall into errors: but they are true American errors of a generous liberality. It is in keeping with