

**SQUIRE
SILCHESTER'S
WHIM, VOL. II**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649711130

Squire Silchester's Whim, Vol. II by Mortimer Collins

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

MORTIMER COLLINS

**SQUIRE
SILCHESTER'S
WHIM, VOL. II**

THE PRINCESS CLARICE.

A Story of 1871.

BY MORTIMER COLLINS.

2 vols. Crown 8vo.

"Mr. Collins has produced a readable book, amusingly characteristic. There is good description of Devonshire scenery; and lastly there is Clarice, a most successful heroine, who must speak to the reader for herself."—*Allienum*.

"Very readable and amusing. We would especially give an honourable mention to Mr. Collins's '*vers de société*,' the writing of which has almost become a lost art."—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

"A bright, fresh, and original book, with which we recommend all genuine novel readers to become acquainted at the earliest opportunity."—*Standard*.

"The element in it that is the most prominent, the most enjoyable, is its perpetual by-play of egotistical optimism and sparkling social comment, its shrewd and exuberant estimates and eulogies of men and things."—*British Quarterly*.

HENRY S. KING & Co. 65 CORNHILL, and 12 PATERNOSTER ROW.

SQUIRE SILCHESTER'S
WHIM.

BY
MORTIMER COLLINS.

VOL. II.



LONDON:
HENRY S. KING & Co.,
65, CORNHILL, & 12, PATERNOSTER ROW.

1873.

249. g. 196.

CONTENTS OF VOL. II.

	PAGE
CHAPTER I.	
THE LODGER AT DYER'S	1
CHAPTER II.	
ALLIES	9
CHAPTER III.	
TWO LETTERS.	23
CHAPTER IV.	
AN EVENING AT THE SQUIRE'S	36
CHAPTER V.	
FIFTH VOYAGE OF CAPTAIN LEMUEL GULLIVER, SOME- TIME OF NOTTINGHAMSHIRE	49
CHAPTER VI.	
MADAME SIMONET'S DANCE	65
CHAPTER VII.	
THE DORMITORY DEBATES	76
CHAPTER VIII.	
A COUNCIL OF FOUR	88
CHAPTER IX.	
SILCHESTER ELECTION	99

	PAGE
CHAPTER X.	
LOUISA'S BIRTHDAY GIFT	113
CHAPTER XI.	
SERMONETTES	126
CHAPTER XII.	
WHITE WATER-LILIES	140
CHAPTER XIII.	
NOMINATION DAY	157
CHAPTER XIV.	
SILVIA WAKES	170
CHAPTER XV.	
LAURA BRONTË CONFESSES	179
CHAPTER XVI.	
THE JESSY AND HER MASTER AT SEA	193
CHAPTER XVII.	
THE ELECTION	211
CHAPTER XVIII.	
SIMONET'S QUEST	219
CHAPTER XIX.	
GUERNSEY	230
CHAPTER XX.	
A FLIGHT THROUGH AIR	238

SQUIRE SILCHESTER'S WHIM.

CHAPTER I.

THE LODGER AT DYER'S.

Poet. Upon your nice mince-pies I've made a sonnet.

Confectioner. Thanks. I will make my next mince-pies upon it.

DYER, the confectioner, famous for his tarts, and a dealer also in music and toys, let lodgings when a lodger could be found—which was seldom. However, when a lodger did arrive, he was not badly treated, for Dyer had a deft hand at cookery, and Dyer's wife was one of those brisk and alert little women who can do anything.

Late one Saturday night, when the market-place brawled with bucolic noises, there walked into Dyer's shop a stranger. He was a good-looking fellow, hairless, of any age between thirty and fifty; carried a small valise; and sat down by the counter with a deep sigh. He wore a white necktie, and a long coat, and looked very much like a preaching Puritan.

Mrs. Dyer, anything but puritanical, and indeed with a slight touch of wickedness in her, asked his pleasure.

"Can I have lodgings here?" he said. "I want to stay in these parts for some time, having work to do for the Lord. I desire not to go to profane taverns, where wine and beer are drunk, to the detriment of mankind. I am sure from seeing you, madam, that yours is the estimable establishment I desire; and if you can take me in, I shall, being a stranger, gladly pay you all charges beforehand."

Wherewith our puritanic friend laid on the counter several pieces of gold.

Mrs. Dyer, delighted with the compliment to herself, but more delighted with the guineas, showed him very quickly to her famous front room on the first floor, overlooking the market-place, and with her own fair hands prepared for him tea. He went to bed early—before indeed her husband came home. Mr. Dyer, having beheld palpable gold, thought his wife had acted wisely, and ate his supper of tripe in beatific mood.

The strange lodger had informed Mrs. Dyer that he was the Reverend John Joyce. He was reverend by courtesy. The next morning, Sunday, he lay late in bed, and Dyer, who was organist at the parish church, did not see him. But he told a lady who was parsoness of the parish, that his wife had let her lodgings to a clerical gentleman, and the rumour spread, and there was quite a flutter among the ecclesiastical maidens. And in the afternoon, when the Reverend John Joyce, having recovered from his fatigue, went to church, he was put into a