

**THE TREASURE-TROVE
SERIES. (THE CHOICEST
HUMOR BY THE GREAT
WRITERS.) EXTRAVAGANZA**

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The Treasure-Trove Series. (The Choicest Humor by the Great Writers.) Extravaganza by Wm. S. Walsh

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EXTRAVAGANZA.

GREY DOLPHIN.—MOSES, THE SASSY.—MR. COLUMBUS CORIANDER'S GORILLA.—THE FATE OF YOUNG CHUBB.—BOOTS AT THE HOLLY-TREE INN.—THE ENTHUSIAST IN ANATOMY.—"THE LIGHT PRINCESS"—THE LEGEND OF THE LITTLE WEAVER.

BOSTON:
WILLIAM F. GILL AND COMPANY.

1875.

P R E F A C E .

The papers collected in this Volume are examples of the impossible in all its phases, from that in which, masquerading in the garb of ordinary life, it at first sight appears to partake rather of the improbable than of the actually impossible, to the wildest and most grotesque conceptions of humorous fancy. Of the latter species—the truest Extravaganza—we have nothing here more charming than “The Light Princess” of George Macdonald, or more laughable than Max Adeler’s account of Henry Chubb and his disastrous fate. Although of the various forms of humor, this is the most uproariously ludicrous, and by no means the easiest to write acceptably—as is amply evidenced by the many very unacceptable specimens which are foisted upon us by would-be wags—it is nevertheless that which soonest loses its flavor, probably because it is so purely an effort of the intellect and not of the heart. The Extravaganza of the milder form, therefore, which partakes of a warmer human interest, and which in this volume is best exemplified by the stories of Charles Dickens and of Miss Thackeray, is that which is most likely to descend to posterity—a consideration which need not, however, deter us of the present from enjoying the things of the present.

WM. S. WALSH.

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GREY DOLPHIN.



He won't—won't he? Then bring me my boots," said the Baron.

Consternation was at its height in the castle of Shurland—a catiff had dared to disobey the Baron ; and—the Baron had called for his boots !

A thunderbolt in the great hall had been a *bagatelle* to it.

A few days before, a notable miracle had been wrought in the neighborhood ; and in those times miracles were not so common as they are now ; no royal balloons, no steam, no railroads,—while the few saints who took the trouble to walk with their heads under their arms, or to pull the Devil by the nose, scarcely appeared above once in a century :—so the affair made the greatest sensation.

The clock had done striking twelve, and the

Clerk of Chatham was untrussing his points preparatory to seeking his truckle-bed ; a half-emptied tankard of mild ale stood at his elbow, the roasted crab yet floating on its surface. Midnight had surprised the worthy functionary while occupied in discussing it, and with his task yet unaccomplished. He meditated a mighty draft: one hand was fumbling with his tags, while the other was extended in the act of grasping the jorum, when a knock on the portal, solemn and sonorous, arrested his fingers. It was repeated thrice ere Emmanuel Saddleton had presence of mind sufficient to inquire who sought admittance at that untimeous hour.

“Open ! open ! good Clerk of St. Bridget’s,” said a female voice, small, yet distinct and sweet,—an excellent thing in woman.

The Clerk arose, crossed to the doorway, and undid the latchet.

On the threshold stood a lady of surpassing beauty: her robes were rich, and large, and full ; and a diadem, sparkling with gems that shed a halo around, crowned her brow: she beckoned the Clerk as he stood in astonishment before her.

“Emmanuel !” said the lady ; and her tones sounded like those of a silver flute. “Emmanuel

Saddleton, truss up your points, and follow me !”

The worthy Clerk stared aghast at the vision ; the purple robe, the cymar, the coronet,—above all, the smile ; no, there was no mistaking her ; it was the blessed St. Bridget herself !

And what could have brought the sainted lady out of her warm shrine at such a time of night ? and on such a night ? for it was as dark as pitch, and metaphorically speaking, ‘rained cats and dogs.’

Emmanuel could not speak, so he looked the question.

“No matter for that,” said the saint, answering to his thought. “No matter for that, Emmanuel Saddleton ; only follow me, and you’ll see !”

The Clerk turned a wistful eye at the corner cupboard.

“Oh ! never mind the lantern, Emmanuel ; you’ll not want it ; but you may bring a mattock and a shovel.” As she spoke, the beautiful apparition held up her delicate hand. From the tip of each of her long taper fingers issued a lambent flame of such surpassing brilliancy as would have plunged a whole gas company into despair—it was a “Hand