

**THE SEMI-ATTACHED
COUPLE. IN TWO
VOLUMES. VOL. I**

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The Semi-Attached Couple. In Two Volumes. Vol. I by Emily Eden

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EMILY EDEN

**THE SEMI-ATTACHED
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VOLUMES. VOL. I**

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THE
SEMI-ATTACHED COUPLE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF
'THE SEMI-DETACHED HOUSE.'

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:
RICHARD BENTLEY, NEW BURLINGTON STREET.
1860.

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PREFACE.

THIS story was partly written nearly thirty years ago, before railroads were established, and travelling carriages-and-four superseded; before postage-stamps had extinguished the privilege of franking, and before the Reform Bill had limited the duration of the polling at borough elections to a single day. In re-writing it I might easily have introduced these and other modern innovations; but as I believe the manners of England to be as much changed as her customs, there would have been discrepancies between my scenes and

characters: the background would not have harmonized with the figures.

When I wrote it, I thought it a tolerably faithful representation of modern society; but some young friends who are still living in the world, from which I have long retired, and who have read it with the indulgence of happy youth, condescendingly assure me that it is amusing, inasmuch as it is a curious picture of old-fashioned society. Therefore, in giving it to the world, I trust that to my own contemporaries it may have the charm of reminding them of their youth, and that to the young it may have the recommendation of being a strange Chronicle of the Olden Time.

E. E.

THE
SEMI-ATTACHED COUPLE.

CHAPTER I.

“WELL, I have paid that visit to the Eskdales, Mr. Douglas,” said Mrs. Douglas in a tone of triumphant sourness.

“You don’t say so, my dear! I hope you left my card?”

“Not I, Mr. Douglas. How could I? They let me in, which was too unkind. I saw the whole family, father and mother, brother and sisters—the future bride and bridegroom. Such a tribe! and servants without end. How I detest walking up that great flight of steps at Eskdale Castle, with that regiment of foot-

men drawn up on each side of it ; one looking more impertinent than the other !”

“There must be a frightful accumulation of impertinence before you reach the landing-place, my dear ; for it is a long staircase.”

“Don't talk nonsense, Mr. Douglas,” said his wife, sharply. “I shan't go again in a hurry. That whole house is hateful to me : Lady Eskdale with her dawdling, languid manner, and her large shawl, and conceited cap ; and that Lord Beaufort, with his black eyebrows and shining teeth. Lady Eskdale looked as old as the hills, with all that lace hanging about her face. She has grown excessively old, Mr. Douglas. I never saw anybody so altered.”

“Did you think so, Anne ? I thought her looking very handsome yesterday, when I met her in her pony carriage.”

“Ah ! that pony carriage ; that is so like her nonsense. Pony carriages are the fashion, and she has taken to drive. I should

not be the least surprised any day to hear that she had broken her neck. Why cannot she go out in her britzka, and be driven by her coachman? and as for looking handsome, it is not very likely that she should at her age. Lady Eskdale is as old as I am, Mr. Douglas."

"You don't say so," was again on the point of escaping Mr. Douglas's lips, and after a pause he bethought himself of the lovers as a safer topic than Lady Eskdale's beauty; he had tried that too often in his life. "Did you see Helen, my dear?"

"Oh! to be sure. She was sent for. 'Dear Love,' as Lady Eskdale drawled out, 'she is so happy; and you must see Teviot, he is such a darling; if he were my own son, I could not love him more.' So in they came, the dear love and the darling. You know how I hate those London sort of men, with their mustachios and chains and offensive waistcoats, and Lord Teviot is one