

**THE MEMOIRS OF
AN ARM-CHAIR**

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The Memoirs of an Arm-Chair by Anonymous

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ANONYMOUS

**THE MEMOIRS OF
AN ARM-CHAIR**

THE MEMOIRS
OF
AN ARM-CHAIR.

Written by Himself.

EDITED BY THE AUTHOR OF "MARGARET STOURTON,"
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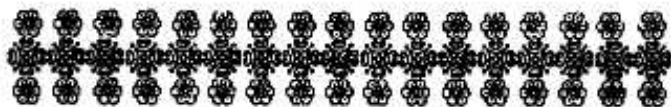
THESE MEMOIRS
ARE
WITH MUCH AFFECTION AND RESPECT

DEDICATED TO
LADY L,

A VERY OLD FRIEND

OF

THE AUTHOR.



P R E F A C E.

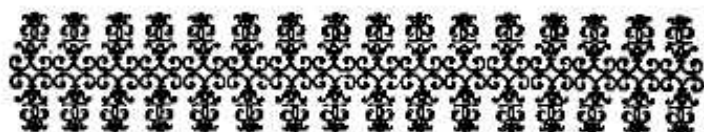
T O M Y R E A D E R S.

THE following short sketch of my life, dear readers, is offered to your notice with much diffidence.

I am well aware that numbers of my brethren would be able to give you a far more interesting and entertaining account of their transmigrations, adventures and vicissitudes, than I have been able to do. Besides which, I feel that as a writer my powers are very limited. Still, my editor has been kind enough to say, that my labours as an author ought not to be thrown away, and that it would, in her opinion, be folly to commit to the flames the MSS. which, at her suggestion, I now place in her hands for publication.

I can only hope, therefore, that other "Arm-Chairs," may be stimulated by my example, to put forth more interesting and better-written biographies, and if their contempt for my literary production encourages them to attempt something of surpassing excellence, which shall succeed in throwing my work into complete shadow, why, I shall be the first to exclaim with yourselves,

"So much the better!"



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IT is, I believe, generally supposed that accounts of transmigrations, or transformations, such for example, as those related of Indur, of Pufs in Boots, The White Cat, &c. &c., are merely the fabulous creations of the imagination of the writers of those remarkable histories. With regard to my own strange history it is far otherwise, for I have *really* undergone many and most curious changes, and many transmigrations, and I now intend to give a slight sketch of my life, which has been a long one, and in my opinion a not uninteresting one.

From the moment of my first beholding the sun, I was considered a most healthy specimen. I say *I*, because though I was only a part of the noble whale to which I

belonged, all the parts were so amicably entwined that we always spoke of ourselves in this particular person. For many years I continued to reside in the same spot where I first saw the light. It was in the centre of a glade which stretched far to the right and left. In this charming spot nature reigned in all her loveliness. I formed one of a group which consisted principally of my own species, for we are a large and very ancient family, and have near relations in all parts of the kingdom. The glade already mentioned was one in which we much loved to dwell, and where some of the noblest and handsomest of us could be found. It was a charming abode, and when the sun's rays enlivened the scenery and made us smile with pleasure, we often watched with delight the deer coming trotting across the open ground to seek the broad shadows beneath our green boughs. Oftentimes they would stop to drink at the cool stream that wound through the valley, and then repose under the spreading branches with which we were all so gloriously crowned.

Here then I might almost say in perfect happiness I could have wished to spend my days; but who can expect to enjoy a state of blissful repose all his life? It was destined to me to fare like the rest of the world.

One bright day in October, when I was enjoying the breeze, which coming from the south played about me in soft zephyrs, I heard the shrill blast of a hunting horn.