CHLOE ARGUELLE, IN TWO VOLUMES, VOL. I

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Chloe Arguelle, in Two Volumes, Vol. I by Amy Dillwyn

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AMY DILLWYN

CHLOE ARGUELLE, IN TWO VOLUMES, VOL. I



CHLOE ARGUELLE.

BY

THE AUTHOR OF "THE REBECCA RIOTER."

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL L



TINSLEY BROTHERS,
CATHERINE STREET, STRAND,
LONDON.

ON DOM.

1881.

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CHLOE ARGUELLE.

CHAPTER I.

AN EXHIBITION OF HUMBUGS.

Tady Cosmopole.

AT HOME.

Foreign Office.

Saturday, June 3d.

ANY hundreds of copies of these words distributed throughout London, have the effect of collecting a brilliant assemblage of gentlemen, ladies, domestics, horses, and carriages in Downing Street on the Saturday mentioned. There is also a large and not brilliant vol. I.

gathering of policemen, linkmen, pickpockets, roughs, etc., whose presence that locality is due to the same attractive announcement. The floors of corridors and antercoms, and the broad, shallow steps all covered with red cloth; the gorgeously dressed, well trained servants of both sexes waiting to take charge of the endless hats, caps, cloaks, burnouses, hoods, shawls, mufflers, greatcoats, etc., which have to be duly ticketed and deposited in security; the magnificent flowers displayed profusely in all directions; the first-rate band discoursing sweet music beneath the staircase; the noble host, with the blandest of smiles, stationed at the foot of the great stairs awaiting the arrival of royalty, and shaking hands affably with all comers; the noble hostess upstairs receiving her guests with graceful dignity at the entrance to the

splendid suite of drawing-rooms; all these things prove that one of those great festivals of humbug, wherein society much delights, and which it denominates parties, is now taking place.

Why humbug should be an essential and indispensable element of society is best known to society's own self—that it is such element is an indisputable fact. For society upholds it in every possible way, clings to it, cherishes it, defends it, and excommunicates whoever dares to attack it. Should humbug be done away with, society believes it would itself inevitably share the same fate; under these circumstances it naturally follows that any large social gathering (such as a party at the Foreign Office) must be a very hot-bed and saturnalia of humbug.

Look at the handsome Lord Patrick Fitzshannon talking with an air of utmost devo-