

**THE MEMOIRS OF MR.  
CHARLES J. YELLOWPLUSH,  
AND THE DIARY OF C.  
JEAMES DE LA PLUCHE, ESQ.**

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The memoirs of Mr. Charles J. Yellowplush, and The diary of C. Jeames de la Pluche, Esq. by  
M. Thackeray

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**M. THACKERAY**

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BY  
M. THACKERAY,  
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THE MEMOIRS  
OF  
MR. CHARLES J. YELLOWPLUSH,

SOMETIMES  
FOOTMAN IN MANY GENTEEL FAMILIES.

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I.  
MISS SHUM'S HUSBAND.

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CHAPTER I.

I WAS born in the year one, of the present or Christian here, and am, in consquints, seven-and-thirty years old. My mamma called me Charles James Harrington Fitzroy Yellowplush, in compliment to several noble families, and to a sellybrated coachman whom she knew, who wore a yellow livry, and drove the Lord Mayor of London.

Why she gev me this genlman's name is a diffiklty, or rayther the name of a part of his dress ; however, it's stuck to me through life, in which I was, as it were, a footman by both.

Praps he was my father—though on this subject I can't speak suttinly, for my ma wrapped up my both in a mistry. I may be illygitmit, I may have been changed at nuss ; but I've always had genlmnly tastes through life, and have no doubt that I come of a genlmnly origum.

The less I say about my parint the better, for the dear old creature was very good to me, and, I fear, had very little other goodness in her. Why, I can't say ; but I always passed as her

neyou. We led a strange life; sometimes ma was dressed in sattu and rooge, and sometimes in rags and 'dutt; sometimes I got kisses, and sometimes kix; sometimes gin, and sometimes shampang; law bless us! how she used to swear at me, and cuddle me; there we were, quarrelling and making up, sober and tipsy, starving and guttling by turns, just as ma got money or spent it. But let me draw a veil over the seen, and speak of her no more—its 'sfshant for the public to know, that her name was Miss Montmorency, and we lived in the New Cut.

My poor mother died one morning, Hey'n bless her! and I was left alone in this wide wicked wuld, without so much money as would buy me a penny roal for my brexfast. But there was some amongst our naybours (and let me tell you there's more kindness among them poor disrepettable creaturs than in half-a-dozen lords or barrynets) who took pity upon poor Sal's orfin (for they bust out laffin when I called her Miss Montmorency), and gev me bred and shelter. I'm afraid, in spite of their kindness, that my *morris*s wouldn't have improved if I'd stayed long among 'em. But a beamy-violent gentlman saw me, and put me to school. The academy which I went to was called the Froc School of Saint Bartholomew's the Less—the young gentlman wore green baize coats, yellow leather whatsisnames, a tin plate on the left harm, and a cap about the size of a muffing. I stayed there sick years, from sick, that is to say, till my twelfth year, during three years of witch, I distinguished myself not a little in the musicle way, for I bloo the bellus of the church horgin, and very fine tunes we played too.

Well, it's not worth recounting my jewvenile follies (what trix we used to play the applewoman! and how we put snuff in the old clerk's Prayer-book—my eye!); but one day, a gentlman entered the school-room—it was on the very day when I went to subtraxion—and asked the master for a young lad for a servant. They pitched upon me glad enough; and nex day found me sleeping in the skullery, close under the sink, at Mr. Bago's country-house at Pentonville.

Bago kep a shop in Smithfield market, and drov a taring good trade, in the hoil and Italian way. I've heard him say, that he cleared no less than fifty pounds every year, by letting his front

room at hanging time. His winders looked right opsit Newgit, and many and many dozen chaps has he seen hanging there. Laws was laws in the year ten, and they screwed chaps' nex for nex to nothink. But my bisniss was at his country-house, where I made my first *ontray* into fashnabl life. I was knife, errint, and stable-boy then, and an't ashamed to own it; for my merrits have raised me to what I am—two livrics, forty pound a year, malt-licker, washin, silk-stocking, and wax candles—not countin wails, which is somethink pretty considerable at *our* house, I can tell you.

I didn't stay long here, for a suckmstance happened which got me a very different situation. A handsome young gentlan, who kep a tilbry, and a ridin hoss at livry, wanted a tiger. I bid at once for the place; and, being a neat tidy-looking lad, he took me. Bago gave me a character, and he my first livry; proud enough I was of it, as you may fancy.

My new master had some business in the city, for he went in every morning at ten, got out of his tilbry at the Citty Road, and had it waiting for him at six; when, if it was summer, he spanked round into the Park, and drove one of the neatest turnouts there. Wery proud I was in a gold laced hat, a drab coat and a red weskit, to sit by his side, when he drove. I already began to ogle the gals in the carriages, and to feel that longing for fashionabl life which I've had ever since. When he was at the oppera, or the play, down I went to skittles, or to White Condict Gardens; and Mr. Frederick Altamont's young man was somebody, I warrant; to be sure there is very few man-servants at Pentonville, the poppylation being mostly gals of all work; and so, though only fourteen, I was as much a man down there, as if I had been as old as Jerusalem.

But the most singular thing was, that my master, who was such a gay chap, should live in such a hole. He had only a ground-floor in John Street—a parlor and a bed-room. I slep over the way, and only came in with his boots and brexfast of a morning.

The house he lodged in belonged to Mr. and Mrs. Shum. They were a poor but prolific couple, who had rented the place for many years; and they and their family were squeezed in it pretty tight, I can tell you.