

THE FUDGE FAMILY IN PARIS

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The Fudge Family in Paris by Thomas Brown

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THOMAS BROWN

**THE FUDGE
FAMILY IN PARIS**

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IN
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EDITED BY
THOMAS BROWN, THE YOUNGER,
AUTHOR OF THE TWOPENNY POST-BAG.

Le Leggi della Maschera richiedono che una persona mascherata non sia salutata per nome da uno che la conosca malgrado il suo travestimento.—CASTIGLIONE.

FOURTH EDITION.

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR LONGMAN, HURST, REES, ORME,
AND BROWN, PATERNOSTER-ROW.

1818.

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PREFACE.

IN what manner the following Epistles came into my hands, it is not necessary for the public to know. It will be seen by Mr. FUDGE's Second Letter, that he is one of those gentlemen whose *Secret Services* in Ireland, under the mild ministry of my Lord C——GH, have been so amply and gratefully remunerated. Like his friend and associate, THOMAS REYNOLDS, Esq. he had retired upon the reward of his honest industry; but has lately been induced to appear again in active life, and superintend the training of

M605100

that *Delatorian Cohort*, which Lord S—DM—TH, in his wisdom and benevolence, has organized.

Whether MR. FUDGE, himself, has yet made any discoveries, does not appear from the following pages;—but much may be expected from a person of his zeal and sagacity, and, indeed, to him, Lord S—DM—TH, and the Greenland-bound ships, the eyes of all lovers of *discoveries* are now most anxiously directed.

I regret that I have been obliged to omit MR. BOB FUDGE's Third Letter, concluding the adventures of his Day with the Dinner, Opera, &c. &c.—but, in consequence of some remarks upon Marinette's thin drapery, which, it was thought, might give offence to certain well-meaning persons, the manuscript was sent back to Paris for

his revision, and had not returned when the last sheet was put to press.

It will not, I hope, be thought presumptuous, if I take this opportunity of complaining of a very serious injustice I have suffered from the public. DR. KING wrote a treatise to prove that BENTLEY "was not the author of his own book," and a similar absurdity has been asserted of *me*, in almost all the best-informed literary circles. With the name of the real author staring them in the face, they have yet persisted in attributing my works to other people; and the fame of the Twopenny Post-Bag—such as it is—having hovered doubtfully over various persons, has at last settled upon the head of a certain little gentleman, who wears it, I understand, as complacently as if it actually belonged to him; without even the

honesty of avowing, with his own favourite author, (he will excuse the pun)

Εγώ δ' Ὁ ΜΩΡΟΣ ἀπας
Εἰσαμύνω μετ' αὐτῷ.

I can only add that if any lady or gentleman, curious in such matters, will take the trouble of calling at my lodgings, 245, Piccadilly, I shall have the honour of assuring them, *in propria persona*, that I am—his, or her,

very obedient
and very humble servant,

THOMAS BROWN, THE YOUNGER.

April 17, 1818.

LETTER I.

FROM MISS BIDDY FUDGE TO MISS DOBOTHY —,
OF CLONSKILTY, IN IRELAND.

Amiens.

DEAR DOLL, while the tails of our horses are
plaiting,

The trunks tying on, and Papa, at the door,
Into very bad French is, as usual, translating

His English resolve not to give a *sou* more,
I sit down to write you a line—only think!—

A letter from France, with French pens and French
ink,