

**BREAKFAST IN BED: OR,
PHILOSOPHY BETWEEN THE
SHEETS. A SERIES OF
INDIGESTIBLE DISCOURSES, PP. 1-
273**

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Breakfast in Bed: Or, Philosophy Between the Sheets. A Series of Indigestible Discourses, pp. 1-273 by George Augustus Sala

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GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA

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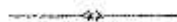
OR,

PHILOSOPHY BETWEEN THE SHEETS.

A Series of Indigestible Discourses,

BY GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA,

AUTHOR OF "TWICE ROUND THE CLOCK," "WILLIAM HOGARTE," "TEN SEVEN
SONS OF MALINCO," "THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF CAPTAIN
DANGEROUS," ETC., ETC., ETC.



NEW YORK:
JOHN BRADBURN,
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49 WALKER STREET.

1868.

53

MY KIND DOCTOR

B. J. J.

WHO SET ME ON MY LEGS

AND

WOULD TAKE NO FEE,

I Dedicate this Book,

WRITTEN IN SICKNESS BUT REVISED IN HEALTH.

Guilford Street, Russell Square,
September, 1905.

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BREAKFAST IN BED;

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ON A REMARKABLE DRAMATIC PERFORMANCE.

Do you know Hircius and Spungius, servants to Dorothea, in that curious old play by Massinger, the *Virgin Martyr*? I have always looked upon these two fellows as the perfection of scoundrelism. To steal pence off the tray of a blind man's dog is ordinarily esteemed the *acmé* of baseness; but Hircius and Spungius go far beyond this. They take the saintly Virgin's wages, but they are bond-servants to Venus—*La Venero de' ruffiani*, and to Bacchus (Bacchus who is head warden of Vintners' Hall, ale conner, mayor of all victualling houses; lanceprezade to red noses and invincible Adalantado over the armada of deep-scarletted, rubified, and carbun-sled faces). How they drink and gorge, and

swear and lie, and bear false witness! When Dorothea sends them out with meat and medicines to comfort her almswomen, Hircius and Spungius convey the cates to a receiver of stolen goods, and spend the proceeds in foul riot. "For blood of grapes they sell the widow's food," and "snatch the meat out of the prisoner's mouth" to fatten the naughty. With vile hypocrisy they simulate devotion; but when the meek Angelo, who is always walking about with upturned eyes and a lighted taper, has gone on his way, Hircius and Spungius thrust their tongues into their cheeks, and reel into the nearest tavern, blaspheming. Finally, when Dorothea, their mistress, their benefactress, their Saint, is to be scourged, outraged, tortured, who but Hircius and Spungius are there to help the hangman? Faugh! There is but one merry passage in this mournful tragedy, and that is where the twin villains are dragged away by the heels to the gallows.

Every man who feels strongly, and works hard, and has made a name, and hates Rogues, is pestered with a Hircius and a Spungius. They begin by fawning upon and slaving him; and when they discover that he will have none of their lip-service, they become his enemies. With one more ally, they would be counterparts of the three Jews who put their three-hatted heads