

**THE CABAL; A TALE OF
THE REIGN OF
WILLIAM THE FOURTH.
IN TWO VOLUMES. VOL. II**

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The cabal; a tale of the reign of William the Fourth. In two volumes. Vol. II by Anonymous

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ANONYMOUS

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THE CABAL.

A Tale

OF THE

REIGN OF WILLIAM THE FOURTH.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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1831.

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THE CABAL.

CHAPTER XVIII.

“ For well you know, we of the offering side
Must keep aloof from strict arbitrement ;
And stop all sight-holes, every loop, from whence
The eye of reason may pry in upon us.”

Henry IV.

WHEN he returned to Arleston next morning, the count was very eloquent on the subject of the meeting. He seemed to admire the speeches of Thistleton, and the stranger from London, much more than any others. In fact, his enthusiastic admiration of the British constitution had been

unable to withstand Harry Mowbray's insidious attacks, and he was now a very violent radical.

When it was discovered that the orator, whom the German praised so loudly, and whose eloquence had been so successful, was the same person with the ruffian who had attracted the attention of Lady Burlington, her ladyship was extremely curious to learn his history.

"Who can he be?" said she, "he was in conversation with Mr. Sillary; let us ask him."

"It is impossible Mr. Sillary could have any acquaintance with such a person," said Lady Rothsay, with some sharpness. "Depend upon it, there is some mistake. Is Lord Owen's appearance so extremely eccentric as it is generally represented to be?" continued she, hoping to turn the conversation; but in vain.

"He certainly knew something of him," persisted Lady Burlington, "for I saw them shake hands very cordially. I think there can be no mistake, for, besides Harry Mowbray's testimony,

we have the count's description, which tallies precisely. Let us ask Mr. Sillary about the man. But, by the way, where is he? I have not seen him to-day."

"Nor last night," added the duke. "I was particularly anxious to obtain his opinion on my friend Baron Kreutzer's recent publication, on the Tribunals of England."

"Where can Mr. Sillary be?" exclaimed half a dozen voices.

"He promised me a manuscript sermon, by Foster," said Lady Martha Montford: "he was to get me Lord Brougham's autograph," said the heiress: "he was to teach me the genuine method of making Craigdarroch punch," said the Reverend Dr. Malpas.

"Please your grace," said the fat butler, "Mr. Sillary left Arleston by the mail, at five o'clock yesterday afternoon."

"And carried with him, I presume," cried Harry Mowbray, "sermon, autograph, and recipe

—if they ever had existence except in his own fertile imagination. Oh! faithless Mr. Sillary!”

“Now that I remember,” said Lord William, as if recalling the circumstance with effort, “he made me an apology for leaving Arleston so suddenly. He had unexpected business in town. I think he said he would return to-morrow.”

“I hope he will,” said Horace Hopkins; “such sort of people are very useful at an election to communicate with the middle classes.”

“We must set about *our* canvass busily to-day, to make up for lost time yesterday,” said pretty Lady Burlington, aping the Countess of Rothsay’s grave looks as well as she could, and trying to look as full of business as possible.

“We may visit Mr. Osbaldiston,” said Lady Martha, “and the Reverend Malachi Melville, and perhaps Hezekiah Henderson.”

“There are two visits, brother,” said Lady Rothsay, “which I must insist upon your making before any others. We have treated Lady de

Cantilupe shamefully. I mean to accompany you, for you will need all my assistance to encounter her indignation. And then, you really must call on Lady Sophia Sefton ; you have been extremely rude. You might very well have left your card, at all events, when you were almost at the very gate yesterday."

"You must excuse his forgetfulness, Lady Rothsay," observed Harry Mowbray, with most laudable perseverance, "you must remember the attractions of Gideon Cottage."

"Really, I have some doubt," said Lord William, "whether her ladyship will thank me for my inquiries. It is her pride to talk of such accidents with contempt."

"What a very disagreeable woman is Lady Sophia," remarked Miss Turnbull—"so masculine, and so rude."

"Very masculine, certainly," said Mowbray. "I understand she offers to fight any woman, of her weight, in England, without the gloves."