

**A PRODIGY. A TALE
OF MUSIC; IN THREE
VOLUMES, VOL. II**

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A prodigy. A tale of music; In three volumes, Vol. II by Henry Fothergill Chorley

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HENRY FOTHERGILL CHORLEY

**A PRODIGY. A TALE
OF MUSIC; IN THREE
VOLUMES, VOL. II**

A PRODIGY.

A Tale of Music.

BY THE AUTHOR

OF

MODERN GERMAN MUSIC," "ROCCABELLA," &c. &c.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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A PRODIGY.

PART THE THIRD.

(CONTINUED.)

EMANCIPATION.

CHAPTER V.

THE GREAT HOUSE AT CALDERMERE.

MR. QUILLSEY had not promised more than he had performed: and to the letter. It is true that his proceedings had been overlooked at every step by Justin the incorruptible. "I can deal with the aristocracy themselves," he would say, "without having a word with them. Why, I managed Lord Tareham, and got the tower six hundred feet high out of his head.—But I am no match for their agents, coming prying

about—so plebeian!"—Mr. Quillsey had a son in the Guards, and therefore had a right so to speak. But whether Justin's probity had any partnership in the success or not, certain it is that Caldermere was pronounced to be the most splendid and thoroughly finished mansion which had been erected in England for half a century past.

It had only one drawback; the people of Blackchester would call it New Caldermere—and this was my Lord's fault; owing to his having retained that fragment of the old house in which, seven years before, so odd a party had dined. To pull it down, he reasoned, would be to proclaim himself an upstart, afraid of any reminders of his past state of being.—So far from this, he had absolutely installed in it one of the old north-country relations of Mrs. Bower, whom the death of her last maiden sister left alone in the world.—It was a holiday for Mistress Whitelamb,—over whom the seven years had passed, without fading her pink cheeks, or adding many wrinkles to her white forehead,—to hear of the splendid reception of the Caldermeres, on their coming

down to take possession. If her cousin, a German Baroness, had been a relative to be proud of, even when she was living at The Blue Keys—what was this to her glory in her cousin Lady Caldermere,—about to throw open the palace of palaces to all the county—Mr. Ogg had even heard, to Royalty? But the good woman's pride was tranquil and innocent. If it made her more formal, it made her more obliging than formerly, if that could be, to those whom she acknowledged as friends and gossips—while it quickened her regret, with a twinge, that some were beyond reach, who might at last have been set in their right places by the tidings.—There were no more Quakers' bonnets visible on the Lower Pavement.—When the faultless pony phaeton and grooms of Aunt Sarah Jane's daughter dashed up to her door—only four days after my Lady's arrival in the shire—her joy was thus incomplete.

“And to think that I have nothing to offer you!” was her natural exclamation after the first welcome, and the first awe-stricken into Mistress Galatea, by the mag-