



BRACEBRIDGE HALL.

BY WASHINGTON IRVING.



NEW YORK.

G. P. Putnam, Third and Houghton.

BRACEBRIDGE HALL,

OR

THE HUMORISTS.

A MEDLEY.

BY

GEOFFREY CRAYON, GENT.

"Under this cloud I walk, Gentlemen; pardon my rude assault.
I am a traveller, who, having surveyed most of the terrestrial angles
of this globe, am hither arrived, to peruse this little spot."—CHRIST-
MAS ORDINARY

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THE WIDOW.

She was so charitable and pitious
She would weep if that she saw a mous
Caught in a trap, if it were dead or bled:
Of small hounds had she, that she fed
With rost flesh, milke, and wastel bread,
But sore wept she if any of them were dead,
Or if man smote them with a yard smart.

CHAUCER

NOTWITHSTANDING the whimsical parade made by Lady Lillycraft on her arrival, she has none of the petty state-ness that I had imagined; but, on the contrary, a degree of nature, and simple-heartedness, if I may use the phrase, that mingles well with her old-fashioned manners and harmless ostentation. She dresses in rich silks, with long waist; she rouges considerably, and her hair, which is nearly white, is frizzed out, and put up with pins. Her face is pitted with the small-pox, but the delicacy of her features shows that she may once have been beautiful; and she has a very fair and well-shaped hand and arm, of which, if I mistake not, the good lady is still a little vain.

I have had the curiosity to gather a few particulars concerning her. She was a great belle in town between thirty and forty years since, and

reigned for two seasons with all the insolence of beauty, refusing several excellent offers; when, unfortunately, she was robbed of her charms and her lovers by an attack of the small-pox. She retired immediately into the country, where she some time after inherited an estate, and married a baronet, a former admirer, whose passion had suddenly revived; "having," as he said, "always loved her mind rather than her person."

The baronet did not enjoy her mind and fortune above six months, and had scarcely grown very tired of her, when he broke his neck in a fox-chase, and left her free, rich, and disconsolate. She has remained on her estate in the country ever since, and has never shown any desire to return to town, and revisit the scene of her early triumphs and fatal malady. All her favorite recollections, however, revert to that short period of her youthful beauty. She has no idea of town but as it was at that time; and continually forgets that the place and people must have changed materially in the course of nearly half a century. She will often speak of the toasts of those days as if still reigning; and, until very recently, used to talk with delight of the royal family, and the beauty of the young princes and princesses. She cannot be brought to think of the present king otherwise than as an elegant young man, rather wild, but who danced a minuet divinely; and before he came to the crown, would often mention him as the "sweet young prince."

She talks also of the walks in Kensington Garden, where the gentlemen appeared in gold-