

**CLOVER COTTAGE;  
OR, I CAN'T GET IN.  
A NOVELETTE**

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Clover cottage; Or, I can't get in. A novelette by M. W. Savage

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**M. W. SAVAGE**

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CLOVER COTTAGE;

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I CAN'T GET IN.

A NOVELETTE.

BY

M. W. SAVAGE,

AUTHOR OF "THE FALCON FAMILY," "MY UNCLE THE CURATE,"  
"BACHELOR OF THE ALBANY," ETC., ETC.

'Read it at your idle times, and the follies your good judgment will find  
in it, blame not but laugh at.'—SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

NEW EDITION.

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## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

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### MEN.

MR. SOLOMON WINDFALL, Bachelor, entitled to Clover, but not in possession of it.

JACK ROBINSON, his Friend, a good fellow who loves a good dinner.

MR. BLUNT, the Honest Attorney.

MR. WITHERING, Clerk to Mr. Blunt.

FLORIO, a Poet, Laureate of the Village.

POWDERHAM, BAGSHOT, AIMWELL, and COLONEL O'TRIGGER, Members of the Old Crony Club, and Friends of Mr. Windfall.

CAPTAIN DOVE and LIEUTENANT SHUNFIELD, Crimean Heroes, and Brother and Cousin of Mrs. Wily.

### WOMEN.

MRS. WILY, Widow, in possession of Clover, but not entitled to it.

FIDELLA, her Friend and Confidante.

MOPSA, her Maid.

DOROTHY, Servant to Mr. Windfall





# CLOVER COTTAGE.

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## CHAPTER I.

MR. WINDFALL RELATES HIS TROUBLES TO HIS FRIEND

MR. ROBINSON.

"VERY pretty, very comfortable, all that; as pretty and snug a thing of the kind as there is in all England; I only wish I was in it, Mr. Robinson; but there's the rub; I can't get in; can't get in, do you see?"

"Can't get in! can't get into your own house! Pooh! nonsense. There are legal forms, of course. Oh, Solomon Windfall, you are a lucky dog, to have such a nice thing as that to settle down in for the remainder of your days. You will be as snug as a superannuated

bishop. I'm told it's a jewel of a cottage, embosomed in wood abounding with game; on the banks of a stream swarming with trout and salmon; the cosiest parlour that ever eight or ten good fellows like you and me were ever jolly in, and the nicest kitchen that ever cooked a substantial old-fashioned English dinner. I tell you what it is, my good friend Windfall, you shall see a great deal of me in Clover Cottage."

The first speaker, a comely, rosy-checked, elderly gentleman, with a prosperous person, inclined to rotundity, but a rather solicitous and rueful expression of countenance, possibly on account of the difficulty he seemed to be in about getting into possession of his property, or perhaps that he had some hereditary gout flying about him, replied to Mr. Robinson's gratulatory speech with not a little peevishness, stamping the floor as he spoke with his gold-headed cane:—

"But, I tell you I can't get in—I can't get in myself."

Mr. Robinson (a bluff, square-built gentleman, who seemed to know what the good things of this life consist in and to have been tolerably successful in getting his share of them) looked puzzled and bewildered, like a man posed with a conundrum, or undergoing a Civil Service examination. He could not understand how Mr. Windfall, or anybody else, could find any serious difficulty in getting into his own house;—his intellects were not equal to the effort of conceiving such a thing, particularly as he felt that if *he* were Mr. Windfall, and had such a