

as may be within their reach. In this expectation, however, I have been disappointed, as the parties in this country, from whence I have received information on the subject, do not feel themselves at liberty to disclose publicly the names of their informants in the colony.

Again, in a despatch to Sir E. D'Urban, dated 26th December, 1835, His Lordship says, "He was slain when he had no longer the means of resistance, but covered with wounds, and vainly attempting to conceal his person in the water, into which he had plunged as a refuge from his pursuers. Why the last wound was inflicted, and why this unhappy man, regarded with an attachment almost idolatrous by his people, was not seized by the numerous armed men who had reached his place of concealment, has never yet been explained.

"The case assumes a peculiar importance from the circumstance that Mr. Southey, who gave the death wound, appears to have been subsequently twice commended in general orders, though not indeed with any express reference to his conduct in this affair.

"It is stated to me, however, on evidence which it is impossible to receive without serious attention, that Hintza repeatedly cried for mercy; that the Hottentots present granted the boon, and abstained from killing him; that this officer was then undertaken by Mr. Southey, and that the dead body of the fallen chief was basely and inhumanly mutilated."

"When speaking of the 'Inquiry,' it will be seen that His Lordship had his eyes upon punishment:—"It," says His Majesty's Representative for the colonies, "the result of that inquiry should be such as to justify the belief, that the representations to which I have referred are substantially accurate, then Sir D'Urban will of course subject the implicated, to trial by Court Martial, for offences so derogatory to the character of His Majesty's forces.

Sir George Gipps.—We have already made known, that the New Governor-in-Chief of these Colonies (Sir George Gipps) is a major in the Army, and a Captain in the Corps of Royal Engineers. He is the son of the late Reverend Mr. Gipps, Rector of Ringwood, near Dover, and Nephew of Mr. Gipps, the Banker at Canterbury, who formerly represented that City in Parliament.

Sir George Gipps was Private Secretary to Lord Auckland when First Lord of the Admiralty, afterwards Private Secretary to Lord Mulgrave when Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and lastly, one of His Majesty's Commissioners for enquiring into the grievances of Canada. Should Sir George Gipps not touch here, he will of course transmit to Sir John Franklin, from Sydney, the usual authenticated manuscript of Her Majesty's commission, constituting him Governor-in-Chief and Captain General of New South Wales and Van Diemen's Land.

We shall then know what changes (if any) have been made in the Executive and Legislative Councils of this Colony. We mention this, as it may not be known to some of our readers that the Government of this Colony is administered by authority not of any commission especially issued for Van Diemen's Land, but by that of the same commission under which the Government of the sister Colony is administered, and it is by this commission that the powers vested in the Executive Councils of the two Colonies are conveyed, and by it also are the individual Members of Council nominated.

The following is the substance of a long and interesting notice of the Queen, in a private letter from England:— We are enabled to state from authority, on which we know full reliance may be placed that the recent visit of the King of Belgium, Leopold, Queen Victoria's uncle, whose first wife Charlotte, was the Queen's first cousin, to the Duchess of Kent had immediate relation to an offer of marriage, made by the King of Holland on the part of his grandson the young Prince of Orange to the Queen Victoria. The offer was made by an Ambassador Extraordinary, backed by the utmost influence of the Emperors of Russia, Austria, and the King of Prussia. It was promptly and decidedly refused. The object of the great Northern Monarch in endeavouring to effect this alliance is said to be to counteract the influence of France, strongly connected as that is with the Duchess of Kent's family by the marriage of her brother Leopold with the "Citizen King's" daughter. It will be recollected, that the Prince of Orange was rejected by Princess Charlotte in favor of Leopold, although the late Queen Charlotte and King George IV. were strongly in favor of the match.

It is stated in the highest quarter that Queen Victoria has expressed her firm determination to refuse all offers of marriage until she shall have attained her twenty-first year, and that this has avowed reference to Lord Elphinstone, whose recall from the government of Madras, was one of the first acts of the Queen's reign, and whose arrival in London is anxiously expected by a large and highly influential party in the state, acting upon the truly British purpose, in which the whole nation will go with them, of taking this favourable opportunity of breaking down the miserable system of mixing up the sovereignty of Britain with the paltry Princes of Germany. We have already stated that the Queen possesses the right in common with the humblest of her subjects of giving her hand in marriage as her heart may dictate.

INDIA.—The following promotions have taken place in the Army of India. Commissions dated 10th January 1837:—To be Major Generals—Colonel Charles Albert Vigouroux, 45th Foot; Sir Edmund Keynton Williams, 41st Foot; Henry Sullivan, 6th Foot; James Allan, 57th Foot; Robert Torrens, Half-Pay, 38th Foot; (Adjutant General King's Troops in India); Chatham Horace Churchill, 31st Foot; Thomas Withshire 2nd Foot; Henry Oglander, 26th Foot; William Henry Sewell, 31st Foot; Robert Byrce Fearon, 6th Foot.

AN OUT-AND-OUT SWINDLER.—Joseph Lawrence, aged 28, against whom there were a vast number of indictments, was charged, that he on the 4th of Nov. 1836, stole a harp of the value of £145, the property of Mr. Grosien. Mr. Joseph Grosien stated, that on the 4th of last Nov. the prisoner came to him and said he wanted to hire a harp for two months, and the terms were agreed upon—one of the stipulations was, that it was to be kept in thorough repair, and returned without damage. The prisoner gave his address—"J. Lawrence, Esq. solicitor, New-square, Cambridge." He stated that Mr. Judkin, of Hutton-garden, was his agent, and gave reference there, and the account that person gave of the prisoner induced him to give up the harp, which was fetched by the prisoner on Guy Fawkes' day. Before the two months had expired the prisoner wished to enlarge the time of hiring, but witness having written to a friend at Cambridge, had learned enough to induce him to demand his harp. Having lost sight of the prisoner, he advertised him in the *Hue and Cry*, and offered a reward for his apprehension. Soon after this he saw his harp in Mr. Oxenden's auction-room, where it had been left for sale by a person of the name of Barnes. Witness' clerk soon after captured the prisoner in one of the promenades in the Regent's Park, and consigned him to a station-house. John Coombes, shopman to Mrs. Blackburn, a pawnbroker, in Myddleton-street, Clerkenwell, proved that the prisoner pledged the harp in question there on the 5th November

(the day of the alleged robbery). He gave the name of "John Long, 4, Winchester-street;" 10l. was the sum lent upon it, and about a month afterwards he brought Mr. Barnes to redeem it. George Barnes lives in the City-road; the prisoner called on him early in December last, and he went with him to Mrs. Blackburn's to look at a harp which he said was his own, and which he wished to dispose of. Witness paid 10l. lent on it, and 3s. 8d. interest, and made it his own by giving the prisoner 19l. He sent the harp to Oxenden's to be sold, and when it was owned he gave it up to Mr. Grosien. Common Sergeant—Harpers are bad things to deal in, are they not?—Witness—"It would seem so." Common Sergeant—Have you ever been in any trouble respecting them?—Witness—"No, Common Sergeant—"Perhaps, you may if you get a 140 guinea harp for 30l." Witness—"Everything's in a name, my Lord, the prosecutor's name is up—it's the case with respect to Broadwood's pianos I'll be bound that Mr. Grosien could make a double-acted harp for 40l." The prisoner, who was undefended, put several irrelevant questions to the witnesses. The Common Sergeant told the Jury the only question was, did the prisoner intend to commit a felony when he hired the harp. It was clear, that instead of its being sent to Cambridge, it found its way to the pawnbroker's on the day the prosecutor gave up possession. The Jury, without hesitation, found the prisoner guilty.—The prisoner was again indicted for stealing a chaise and harness, value 23l. The Jury again returned a verdict of Guilty. The Common Sergeant said there were three other charges against the prisoner, but if the parties would give up the property, he would not try them, as the ends of justice would be answered by two convictions; there appearing some disinclination, the next case was called:—The prisoner was again indicted for stealing a chaise, value 20l. As in the other cases, the prisoner obtained the article by false pretences, and parted with it the same day. Verdict—Guilty. The Common Sergeant told the prisoner that the Court would not try him on the other charges: he was by far too clever to live in this country, for no tradesman would be safe if such practices were to be slightly passed over. The sentence of the Court was, for the first offence, seven years transportation, and, at the expiration of that term, that he be transported for a further term of seven years.—*Weekly Dispatch.*

THEATRE ROYAL, SYDNEY. On Thursday Evening, March 8, will be performed, for the first time these two years, the popular Comedy, in 2 Acts, called

CHARLES THE SECOND; OR, THE MERRY MONARCH. King Charles the Second, Mr. Lazar. Rochester, Mr. Peat. Edward, a Page, Mrs. Taylor. Capt. Copp, Mr. Lee. Lady Clara, Mrs. Downes. Mary, (adopted daughter of Copp) Mrs. Clarke, in which character she will introduce a new song, called "Why did I love?" and the popular Duet "My Pretty Page look out afar," with Mrs. Taylor.

AFTER WHICH, THE MEDLEY DANCE, BY MISS LAZAR. To conclude with the Serious Drama, in 3 Acts, called

THERESE; OR, THE ORPHAN OF GENEVA. J. LAZAR. Vivat Regina. Manager.

TO THE PUBLIC. HAVING since the commencement of my theatrical career in this Colony, invariably met your smiles, it would be indeed a source of heartfelt grief to be now visited by your frowns, and that from a cause of which I am totally ignorant. Malice may do much in its attempts to injure me, but my Patrons and Friends may rest assured, that while I am fostered by the sunshine of their favor, no act of mine shall ever cause them to regret having rewarded me with their plaudits, if I have unwittingly offended any one, I hope the apology I now make, will be considered a sufficient atonement to M. MUNYARD.

THEATRE ROYAL, SYDNEY, March 6, 1838. SYDNEY RACES. I BEG to inform the patrons of Horse-racing that I have four Horses which I intended running at the ensuing Sydney Races; Mr. Doyle and Mr. Rouse have each of them two, making in all eight; and that these gentlemen have authorized me to state that they are determined not to run their Horses, neither will any other interested individuals attempt to be held. Consequently the Public who subscribe to have the Races there, will give their money to see a single Horse walk over the Course, because there can be no competitor, as I know only a few Horses, and those few the property of one individual. I and the above-named gentlemen, of course, will willingly run our Horses on any fair course, but it is from a conviction that the old Course, so long and justly condemned, is by no means fit for any valuable Horse to run upon that we are induced to make known this our determination. My motive for thus addressing the Public, is with a view that they may have sport for their money, which will not be the case if the Races are held on the old Course near Sappes's. CHARLES SMITH. George-street, Sydney, March 3rd 1838.

N. B.—My old friend Jack Spanker says he has visited many good Race Courses in England, viz., Newmarket, Epsom, Doncaster, &c.; he must therefore have travelled over many miles of Turnpike-road, and of this he feels assured that he never was on a worse Turnpike-road, than the old Sydney Race Course near Sappes's; Old Jack further saith that he does not care how far he travels to see a good Horse beat, but he never likes to go at all to see a good Horse break down.

WANTED. IN a Store, a few miles from Sydney, a respectable young MAN, who has a knowledge of Book-keeping, and can make himself otherwise useful in the Business. The most unexceptionable testimonials will be required.—Apply to Mr. T. W. SMART, Auctioneer, George-street.

SALES BY AUCTION.

POLACK'S SALES.

Sheep, Breeding Cows, & Fat Bullocks.

BY A POLACK, On TUESDAY, the 13th instant, at twelve o'clock precisely, at his Bazaar, without any reserve, by order of the Proprietor, Thomas U. Ryder, Esq.

THE FOLLOWING SHEEP AND CATTLE:— Lot No. 1.—A Flock consisting of five hundred Ewes, four years old, with Lambs by their sides

2—Ditto, consisting of five hundred Ewes, ditto ditto

3—Ditto, consisting of five hundred and forty Wethers, two years old

4—Ditto, consisting of five hundred and eighty Female Lambs, seven months old

5—Ditto, consisting of five hundred and eighty Male Lambs, ditto ditto.

Lots 1 and 2 to lamb in all this month; the whole are perfectly sound, never having been diseased in the slightest degree. They are now depasturing at and adjoining Strathallan, and have been selected with great care and judgment from the well known flocks of

CAPTAIN DUNCAN MACKELLAR, AND Captain John Coghill,

they are healthy strong Sheep, producing a heavy fleece, which realised at the Liverpool market in September last, 2s. 1d. per pound.

AFTER WHICH, Five Hundred Breeding Cows,

Lot 6—Twenty superior bred Cows

7—Ditto ditto

8—Ditto ditto

9—Ditto ditto

10—Ditto ditto

11—Ditto ditto

12—Ditto ditto

13—Ditto ditto

14—Ditto ditto

15—Ditto ditto

16—Ditto ditto

17—Ditto ditto

18—Ditto ditto

19—Ditto ditto

20—Ditto ditto

21—Ditto ditto

22—Ditto ditto

23—Ditto ditto

24—Ditto ditto

25—Ditto ditto

26—Ditto ditto

27—Ditto ditto

28—Ditto ditto

29—Ditto ditto

30—Ditto ditto

Two Hundred Heifers.

Lot 31—Twenty-five Heifers } 18 months to 2 years old.

32—Ditto ditto

33—Ditto ditto

34—Ditto ditto

35—Ditto ditto

36—Ditto ditto

37—Ditto ditto

Two Hundred Fat Bullocks.

Lot 38—Twenty prime fat Bullocks

39—Ditto ditto

40—Ditto ditto

41—Ditto ditto

42—Ditto ditto

43—Ditto ditto

44—Ditto ditto

45—Ditto ditto

46—Ditto ditto

47—Ditto ditto

48—Ditto ditto

49—Ditto ditto

50—Ditto ditto

A. Polack feels much pleasure in publicly stating that he has received the assurance of the Proprietor (whose Stock it is well known are inferior to none in the Colony) that the above have been selected by most competent judges, consequently are deserving particular attention. They are now depasturing at Belterra, in the Upper District of the Hunter, 15 miles from Segenhoe, under the immediate superintendence of John Dow, Esq., who will be happy to render every facility to intending Purchasers in an inspection of the same.

To prevent trouble and inconvenience, the Auctioneer begs to assure the Public that no private offer will be received for the above, but that they will positively be sold on the 13th instant, without the least reserve. Terms and further particulars in Catalogues, which will be ready for delivery on Wednesday, the 7th instant.

Two Cottages in Castlereagh-street.

BY A POLACK, On FRIDAY, the 16th instant, at his Bazaar, immediately after the Sale of the Horned Cattle, by order of the Administrator of the late Mr. William Bradbury.

SALES BY AUCTION.

Improved Durham Bred Cattle.

BY A POLACK, On TUESDAY the 19th March, at his Bazaar, at 12 o'clock precisely, the following valuable Herd of Improved Durham Bred Cattle, now depasturing at Snowy River,

50 COWS, very quiet and good Milkers

40 Fat Bullock 3 and 4 years old, and from which no draft have been made for 2 years

20 Heifers, one to two years old

20 Steers ditto ditto

20 Calves, five to seven months old

1 Superior Bred Bull

The Auctioneer is instructed to state, that the above Herd are warranted of the Improved Durham Bred, and not surpassed by any other in the District or even in the Colony. Terms made known at the time of sale.

BROOD MARES, &c.

BY A POLACK, At his Horse and Cattle Bazaar, on FRIDAY, the 16th March, at Twelve o'clock precisely,

THIRTY-FIVE to fifty to Brood Mares and Geldings, many of the Mares with Foals at their side, and others in foal by first-rate Horses

2 Devon Bulls

16 Rams, fine wool

Terms made known at time of sale. The above will be at the Bazaar the day previous to the sale.

HORNED CATTLE.

BY A POLACK, At his Bazaar, on FRIDAY, 16th March, at 1 o'clock precisely,

By order of J. E. MANNING, Esq. Registrar of the Supreme Court,

THE undermentioned mixed HERD of CATTLE, now depasturing at the "Long Swamp," County of Argyle, having been selected from the superior Stock of the late Mr. William Bradbury:—

124 Breeding Cows

107 Weaning Calves, of sexes

126 Bullocks and Steers

52 Fat Bullocks

52 Heifers of 1836

51 Steers of ditto

10 Working Bullocks

3 Farm Horses

Terms—Ten per cent. deposit at the fall of the hammer; and for the residue approved Bills at 3 and 6 months.

"VAUCLUSE."

A. POLACK HAS great pleasure in announcing to the Inhabitants of New South Wales, that he has been honored with Instructions from the Proprietor

W. C. Wentworth, Esq., to submit to public competition at an early day so soon as the Surveyor's Plans are ready. A portion of that splendid and unequalled

MARINE ESTATE, KNOWN AS VAUCLUSE, situate in those fine "LAND LOCKED" portions of "PORT JACKSON" Harbour called

Watson and Rose Bays;

Its situation is beautifully grand, as it commands a perfect view of the Head Lands, and sinuosities of the various Bays and inlets of the truly romantic Harbour in which it is situated, both on the East and West sides thereof, from the North and South Heads to the Parramatta River, taking in the Town of Sydney, and having the Blue Mountain Range in the Western Horizon.

THE NEW SOUTH HEAD ROAD passes through the Estate which makes its distance from the Capital about four miles, along a good and lively Road, it is also about the same distance by Water, so that Conveyances at all seasons are practicable a desideratum of great importance, as Gentlemen in Public Offices (particularly those with Families) might here live economically and conveniently.—The rising Village of Watson's Bay, the celebrated

Point Piper Estate, the residence of Major Gibbs, &c. &c. are contiguous, and it is within "gun shot" of the "South Head Light House" and "Flag Staff," consequently has an unobscured view of

THE SOUTH PACIFIC OCEAN. It is also so situated that every Vessel entering in or going out of the Harbour, must pass along within hail, so that in this particular it may be compared to the celebrated fashionable watering place "South end" at the mouth of the Thames.

For the site of an Establishment for the accommodation of Invalids and Officers on leave of absence for health, from India, another spot in the Colony could not be found, as "Sea Bathing," so requisite for such persons, may here be enjoyed in reality, amusement is also at hand in Boating, Fishing, Shooting &c. The Proprietor has decided that about

Four Hundred Acres of the magnificent Estate shall be divided into spacious allotments, varying in size;—when the same is completed by the Surveyor a more perfect description will be notified prior to the day of Sale.

Terms highly liberal made known in future advertisements.

"SHIP INN," LIVERPOOL. TO BE SOLD BY PRIVATE CONTRACT

BY A POLACK, THE LEASE, for 5 years, of all those first-rate Premises, known as the "SHIP INN," Liverpool, with all the Stabling, Coach Houses, &c., with splendid Garden and Orchard attached thereto, as also the House Fixtures, and Good Will thereof, leaving it at the option of the Purchaser to take the whole of the Furniture at a fair valuation.

A. P., in offering the above for Sale, begs to remark that Liverpool is the great thoroughfare to the New Country, and the direct road to Port Phillip, &c. &c. The traffic to which it is so extensive and well known, that such an Inn as the "SHIP," well conducted, must be acknowledged by the most casual observer to be the most favorable opportunity to persons accustomed to the "public line" to realise a handsome competency. This is no vague assertion, as it is a notorious fact, that the predecessor of the present Proprietor was enabled, after a few years, to retire therefrom independent.

A. POLACK begs further to state that Mr. Cummins has been confined by ill health upwards of eight months, with no view of being able to attend to a bustling business for some time to come, which is the sole cause of his being anxious to obtain a successor to the above flourishing Inn. Further particulars on reference to

A. POLACK, George-street.

SALES BY AUCTION.

10,000 Fine Woolled Ewes, the immediate produce of Pure Saxon and Merino Sheep.

On MONDAY, the 12th day of March, COMES ON

The Great Public Sale,

By Isaac Simmons and Co., Of the late Mr. Terry's 10,000 Ewes, prepared and classified in the order they are to be Sold, & which on account of the number of Lots, will commence at Twelve o'clock precisely, and will be proceeded with regularly, at the Mart George-street, according to the printed Catalogues, to be had from the Auctioneers.

It is well-known that the distinguished breeder, (the late lamented Mr. Terry) whilst living, spared neither pains nor expense to select from the finest importations the most perfect sheep, both male and female, that could be obtained; and in order to render more effectual the principles upon which Mr. Terry commenced Sheep-Farming, at the time the Bathurst district beyond all others in the pastoral country of New South Wales) was considered the most eligible, how far the success of that choice has been confirmed, subsequent years have shown—nature in fact intended it for the increase of sheep and growth of wool, from the excellence of its nature, the clearness of its springs, the soundness of the soil, the peculiar healthiness of the climate, and the productive openness of the country. The unexampled prosperity of those enterprising & extensive proprietors, Messrs. Walker, Kelly, Piper, Fitzgerald, McKenzie, Hawkins, Rouse, R. Smith, Sattor, Lee, Kite, &c., justifies the observation; and that whilst every other part of the Colony has been visited with various diseases, affecting the Flocks more or less, such a thing as the Catarrh and Influenza, &c., has never been known in the District of Bathurst. These beautiful Saxon and Merino-bred Sheep have derived all the advantages in their growth, which are enumerated above, and have never been subject to diseases of any sort—they are regularly classed together, and running with select and careful shepherds, whose names will be duly returned in the Catalogues opposite the number of their respective flocks.

The whole will be delivered at the Farm of "Yarro," five miles from the Town of Bathurst, where parties (becoming purchasers at this sale) will be allowed the privilege to select such pure-bred Rams as they may require, at a reduced price, and twenty-one days for removal.

TERMS—Ten per cent. cash deposit on the fall of the hammer; and the remaining portion by approved endorsed bills at three, six, nine, and twelve months, without interest; or, three years credit at the buyers' option will be extended upon approved security, carrying interest at ten per cent.

Any explanation as to the form or nature of the security, may be obtained at the Office of the Auctioneers.

ISAAC SIMMONS & CO.

TO CLOSE CONSIGNMENTS, POSITIVELY WITHOUT RESERVE.

TO BE SOLD BY AUCTION, By W. Hebblewhite,

At the Stores of A. B. Spark, Esq. Lower George-street, on FRIDAY next, 9th Instant, at 11 o'clock precisely,

Merchandise.

ONE hundred and fifty MATTRASSES

500 Pairs Blankets

100 Superfine Blue Cloth Suits, Jackets, Vests and Trousers

100 Pair White Coker Canvas Trousers

180 Pilot Cloth Pen Jackets

2 Cases Umbrellas

100 Dozen Stout Worsted Stockings

100 Dozen Striped Cotton Shirts

200 Pieces Stout Ducks

75 Ditto Black Silk Handkerchiefs

200 Pairs Stout Shoes

4 Bales Woolbagging

6 Cases Mould and Dip Candles

2 Ditto Straw Hats

1 Ditto Twill Serge Shirts

1 Bale Stout Duck Frocks

1 Case Horn Buttons and Whitey-brown Thread

2 Cases Preserved Meats.

Wines, Spirits, &c.

450 Cases Old Tom

200 Puncheons Brandy

12 Hogsheads ditto

17 Certificated very fine Rum

30 Cases Tenerife, very good

13 Cases Sherry

8 Hogsheads Vinegar

French Wines.

150 Cases Champagne, Claret, Sauterne, Barbec, &c.

8 Hogsheads and Pipes Vin de Province

Groceries.

100 Chests Hyson Skin Tea, ex Rummyeld

23 Tons Mauritius Sugar, now landing

16 Casks East India Sugar

2 Tierces Negrohead Tobacco

100 Quarter Barrels Gunpowder, in canisters, assorted

33 Bags and Barrels Cocoa

10 Packages Honey in the hive, from the Heather Mountains

Valuable and Extensive Stock.

THE UNDERSIGNED beg to submit to the Public a short list of GOODS, on Sale at their Stores, the reduced prices of which, they trust, will be a sufficient inducement to Persons who may be laying in Stock for their Farms and Stations to give them a call, and examine their extensive Stock, which they are determined to Sell at Reduced Prices, and liberal Credits.

Parramatta and other Woollen Slops
Parramatta Cloth
Striped Cotton Shirts
Men's Strong Shirts
Bedticks and Beds for men.
Three bushel twilled Bags
Osnaburg and Canvas
Duck Clothing
9-4 Rugs
8-4, 9-4, 10-4 Blankets and Counterpanes
English and Bengal Twine
Black Tea
Pepper
Sugar by the bag or ton
Garden and Field seeds (late growth)
Pickled Salmon
Fine ditto Mackerel
Fine Dutch Pickled Herrings, small kegs
Hops, Ship Biscuit and Soap
Linseed Oil and Turpentine, in five gallon cans
Copal Varnish
Castor Oil, three dozen cases
Window Glass, of all sizes
Lead Piping, ditto
Nails, consisting of—Lath, Hurdle, Shingle
Hutton, Clout, Sheathing, and Flooring Brails
Ox Chains
B Y Suckles
Ironmongery of every description.
Wines, as follows—
Sherry, Madeira, and Claret, three dozen cases
Port, in three dozen cases.

Sherry and Madeira, in wood
London Ale, in three dozen cases.
Glassware—
Looking Glasses, of every description
Lamp Shades, figured and plain
Lamp Chimneys
Tumbler and Wine Glasses
Ditto Cut and Plain
Handsome Pictures
Cruet and liqueur glasses
Sundries—
Stockmen's Saddles
Children's Boots and Shoes
Chinese Matting
Oilcloth, for floors
Oilcloth Table Covers
Dutch Clocks
Wrapping Paper
Writing Paper
Cigars
Hanging Paper
Carpeting
Nanken
Flannels
Muslins
Calicos
Reel Cotton

With a variety of other Goods, too numerous to particularise.

Steel Armour, well adapted for the New Zealand Trade.

V. & E. SOLOMON,
74, George-street.

SKETCHES BY BOZ.

PASSAGE IN THE LIFE OF MR. WATKINS TOTTLE.

Chapter the First.

Matrimony is proverbially a serious undertaking. Like an overweening predilection for brandy-and-water, it is a misfortune into which a man easily falls, and from which he finds it remarkably difficult to extricate himself. It is no use telling a man who is timorous on these points that it is but one plunge, and all is over. They say the same thing at the Old Bailey, and the unfortunate victims derive about as much comfort from the assurance in the one case as in the other.

Mr. Watkins Tottle was a rather uncommon compound of strong uxorious inclinations, and an unparalleled degree of anti-conjugal timidity. He was about fifty years of age; stood about four feet six inches and three-quarters in his socks—for he never stood in stockings at all—plump, clean, and rosy. He looked something like a rignette to one of Richardson's novels, and had a clean cravatish formality of manner, and kitchen-pokerness of carriage, which Sir Charles Grandison himself might have envied. He lived on an annuity, which was well adapted to the individual who received it in one respect—it was rather small. He received it in periodical payments on every alternate Monday; but he ran himself out about a day after the expiration of the first week as regularly as an eight-day clock, and then, to make the comparison complete, his landlady would him up, and he went on with a regular tick.

Mr. Watkins Tottle had long lived in a state of single blessedness, as bachelors say, or single cursedness, as spinsters think, but the idea of matrimony had never ceased to haunt him. Wrapt in profound reveries on this never-failing theme, fancy transported his small parlour in Cecil-street into a neat house in the suburbs—the half-hundred weight of coals under the kitchen-stairs suddenly sprang up into three tons of the best Walsend—his small French bedstead was converted into a regular matrimonial four-poster—and on the empty chair on the opposite side of the fire-place, imagination seated a beautiful young lady with a very little independence or will of her own, and a very large independence under a will of her father's.

"Who's there?" inquired Mr. Watkins Tottle, as a gentle tap at his room door disturbed these meditations one evening.

"Tottle, my dear fellow, how do you do?" said a short elderly gentleman with a gruff voice, bursting into the room, and replying to the question by asking another, and then they shook hands with a great deal of solemnity.

"Told you I should drop in some evening," said the short gentleman, as he delivered his hat into Tottle's hand, after a little struggling and dodging.

"Delighted to see you, I'm sure," said Mr. Watkins Tottle, wishing internally that his visitor had "dropped in" to the Thames at the bottom of the street, instead of dropping into his parlour. The fortnight was nearly up, and Watkins was hard up.

"How is Mrs. Gabriel Parsons?" inquired Tottle.

"Quite well, thank you," replied Mr. Gabriel Parsons, for that was the name the short gentleman revelled in. Here there was a pause; the short gentleman looked at the left hob of the fire-place, and Mr. Watkins Tottle stared vacancy out of countenance.

"Quite well," repeated the short gentleman, when five minutes had expired. "I may say remarkably well," and he rubbed the palms of his hands together as hard as if he were going to strike a light by friction.

"What will you take?" inquired Tottle, with the desperate suddenness of a man who knew that unless the visitor took his leave he stood very little chance of taking any thing else.

"Oh, I don't know—Have you any whiskey?"

"Why," replied Tottle, very slowly, for all this was gaining time. "I had some capital, and remarkably strong whiskey last week; but it's all gone—and therefore its strength—"

"Is much beyond proof; or, in other words, impossible to be proved," said the short gentleman; and he laughed very heartily, and seemed quite glad the whiskey had been drunk. Mr. Tottle smiled—but it was the smile of despair. When Mr. Gabriel Parsons had done laughing, he delicately insinuated that, in the absence of whiskey, he would not be averse to brandy. And Mr. Watkins Tottle, lighting a flat candle very ostentatiously, and displaying an immense key, which belonged to the street-door, but which, for the sake of appearances, occasionally did duty to an imaginary wine-cellar, left the room to treat his landlady to charge their glasses, and charge them in the bill. The application was successful—the spirits were speedily called—not from "the vasty deep," but the adjacent wine-vaults. The two short gentlemen mixed their grog; and then sat cozily down before the fire—a pair of shorts, airing themselves.

"Tottle," said Mr. Gabriel Parsons, "you know my way—off-hand, open, say what I mean, mean what I say, damn reserve, and can't bear affectation. One is a bad domino which only hides what good people have about 'em, without making the bad look better; and the other is much about the same thing as pinking a white cotton stocking to make it look like a silk one.—Now, listen to what I'm going to say."

Here the little gentleman paused, and took a long pull at his brandy-and-water. Mr. Watkins Tottle took a sip of his, stirred the fire, and assumed an air of profound attention.

"It's no use humming and ha'ing about the matter," resumed the short gentleman.—"You want to get married—don't you?"

"Why"—replied Mr. Watkins Tottle, evasively; for he trembled violently, and felt a sudden tingling through-out his whole frame—"why—I should certainly—at least, I think I should like it."

"Won't do," said the short gentleman.—"Plain and free—or there's an end of the matter. Do you want money?"

"You know I do."

"You admire the sex?"

"I do."

"And you'd like to be married?"

"Certainly."

"Then you shall be.—There's an end of that." And thus saying, Mr. Gabriel Parsons, took a pinch of snuff, and mixed another glass.

"Let me entreat you to be more explanatory," said Tottle.—"Really as a party principally interested, I cannot consent to be disposed of in this way."

"I'll tell you," replied Mr. Gabriel Parsons, warming with the subject, and the brandy-and-water. "I know a lady—she's stopping with my wife now—who is just the thing for you.—Well educated; talks French; plays the piano; knows a good deal about flowers and shells—and all that sort of thing; and has five hundred a-year, with an uncontrolled power of disposing of it, by her last will and testament."

"I'll pay my addresses to her," said Mr. Watkins Tottle.—"She isn't very young—is she?"

"Not very; just the thing for you—I've said that already."

"What coloured hair has the lady?" inquired Mr. Watkins Tottle.

"Egad! I hardly recollect," replied Gabriel, with great coolness. "Perhaps I ought to have observed, at first, she wears a front."

"A what!" ejaculated Tottle.

"One of those things with curls along here," said Mr. Parsons drawing a straight line across his forehead, just over his eyes, in illustration of his meaning.—"I know the front's black; I can't speak positively about her own hair; and catches, unless one walks behind her, and catches a glimpse of it under her bonnet, one seldom sees it; but I should say, that it was rather lighter than the front—just a shade of a grayish tinge, perhaps."

Mr. Watkins Tottle looked as if he had certain misgivings of mind. Mr. Gabriel Parsons perceived it, and thought it would be safe to begin the next attack without delay.

"Were you ever in love, Tottle?" he inquired.

Mr. Watkins Tottle blushed up to the eyes, and down to the chin, and exhibited a most pleasing combination of colours, as he confessed the soft impeachment.

"I suppose you popped the question more than once, when you were a young—I beg your pardon—a younger—man, said Parsons.

"Never in my life," replied his friend, apparently indignant at being suspected of such an act. "Never! the fact is, that I entertain, as you know, peculiar opinions on these subjects. I am not afraid of ladies, young or old—far from it; but I think, that in compliance with the custom of the present day, they allow too much freedom of speech and manner to marriageable men. Now the fact is, that any thing like this easy freedom, I never could acquire; and as I am always afraid of going too far, I am generally, I dare say, considered formal and cold."

"I shouldn't wonder if you were," replied Parsons, gravely; "I shouldn't wonder. However, you'll be all right in this case; for the strictness and delicacy of this lady's ideas greatly exceed your own. Lord bless you, why when she came to our house, there was an old portrait of some man or other, with two large, black, staring eyes, hanging up in her bed-room; she positively refused to go to bed there till it was taken down, considering it decidedly improper."

"I think so, too," said Mr. Watkins Tottle; "certainly."

"And then the other night—never laughed so much in my life," resumed Mr. Gabriel Parsons; "I had driven home in a strong easterly wind, and caught a devil of a face-ache. Well; as Fanny—that's Mrs. Parsons, you know—and this friend of hers, and I, and Frank Ross, were playing a rubber, I said jokingly, that when I went to bed I should wrap my head up in Fanny's flannel petticoat. She instantly threw up her cards, and left the room."

"Quite right," said Mr. Watkins Tottle, "she could not possibly have behaved in a more dignified manner. What did you do?"

"Do?—Frank took dummy; and I won sixpence."

"But didn't you apologize for hurting her feelings?"

"Devil a bit. Next morning at breakfast, we talked it over. She contended that any reference to a flannel petticoat was highly improper;—men ought not to be supposed to know that such things were. I pleaded my coveture; being a married man."

"And what did the lady say to that?" inquired Tottle; deeply interested.

"Changed her ground, and said that Frank being a single man, its impropriety was obvious."

"Noble-minded creature!" exclaimed the enraptured Tottle.

"Oh! both Fanny and I said at once, that she was regularly out for you."

A gleam of placid satisfaction shone on the circular face of Mr. Watkins Tottle, as he heard the prophecy.

"There's one thing I can't understand," said Mr. Gabriel Parsons, as he rose to depart, "I cannot for the life and soul of me imagine how the deuce you'll ever manage to come together. The lady would certainly go into convulsions if the subject were mentioned." And Mr. Gabriel Parsons sat down again, and laughed till he was weak. Tottle owed him money; so he had a perfect right to laugh at his expense.

Mr. Watkins Tottle feared in his own mind, that this was another characteristic which he had in common with this modern Lucretia. He, however, accepted the invitation to dine with the Parsons on the next day but one, with great firmness; and looked forward to the introduction, when again left alone, with tolerable composure.

The sun that rose on the next day but one had never beheld a sprucer personage on the outside of the Norwood-stage than Mr. Watkins Tottle, and when the coach drew up before a card-board looking house with disguised chimneys, and a lawn like a large sheet of green letter paper, he certainly had never lighted to his place of destination a gentleman who felt more awkward or uncomfortable.

The coach stopped, and Watkins Tottle jumped—we beg his pardon—alighted with great dignity. "All right!" said he, and away went the coach up the hill with that beautiful equanimity of pace for which "short" stages are generally remarkable.

Mr. Watkins Tottle gave a faltering jerk to the handle of the garden-gate bell. He essayed a more energetic tug, and his previous nervousness was not at all diminished by hearing the bell ringing like a fire alarm.

"Is Mr. Parsons at home?" enquired Tottle of the man who opened the gate. He could hardly hear himself speak, for the bell had not yet done tolling.

"Here I am," shouted a voice on the lawn, and there was Mr. Gabriel Parsons in a flannel jacket, running backwards and forwards from a wicket to two hats piled on each other, and then from the two hats to the wicket, in the most violent manner, while another gentleman with his coat off was getting down the area of the house, after a ball. When the gentleman without the coat had found it—which he did in less than ten minutes—he ran back to the hats, and Gabriel Parsons pulled up. Then the gentleman without the coat called out "play" very loudly, and bowled; Mr. Gabriel Parsons knocked the ball several yards, and took another run. Then the other gentlemen aimed at the wicket, and didn't hit it; and Mr. Gabriel Parsons having finished running on his own account, laid down the bat and ran after the ball, which went into a neighbouring field. They called this cricket.

"Tottle, will you go in?" inquired Mr. Gabriel Parsons, as he approached him, wiping the perspiration off his face.

Mr. Watkins Tottle declined the offer, the

bare idea of accepting which, made him even warmer than his friend.

"Then we'll go into the house as it's past four, and I shall have to wash my hands before dinner," said Mr. Gabriel Parsons.

"Here I hate ceremony, you know—Timson, that is 'Tottle—Tottle, that's Timson, bred for the church, which I fear will never be bread for him," and he chuckled at the old joke. Mr. Timson bowed carelessly, Mr. Watkins Tottle bowed stiffly, and Mr. Gabriel Parsons led the way to the house. He was a rich sugar-baker, and mistook rudeness for honesty, and abrupt bluntness for an open and candid manner; many besides Gabriel mistake bluntness for sincerity.

Mrs. Gabriel Parsons received the visitors most graciously on the steps, and preceded them to the drawing-room. On the sofa was seated a lady of very prim appearance, and remarkably inanimate. She was just one of those persons at whose age it is impossible to make any reasonable guess; her features might have been remarkably pretty when she was younger, and they might always have presented the same appearance. Her complexion—with a slight trace of powder here and there—was as clear as that of a well-made wax doll, and her face as expressive. She was handsomely dressed, and was winding up a gold chain for edict.

"Miss Lillerton, my dear, this is our friend Mr. Tottle; a very old acquaintance I assure you," said Mrs. Parsons, presenting the Strophon of Cecil-street, Strand. The lady rose, and made a deep courtesy; Mr. Watkins Tottle made a serio-comic bow.

"Splendid, majestic creature!" thought Watkins Tottle. She was his *beau ideal* of a desirable female.

Mr. Timson advanced, and Mr. Watkins Tottle began to hate him. Men generally discover a rival instinctively, and Mr. Watkins Tottle felt that his hate was deserved.

"May I beg," said the reverend gentleman—"May I beg to call upon you, Miss Lillerton, for some trifling donation to my soup, coals, and blanket distribution society?"

"Put my name down for two sovereigns, if you please," responded the automaton-like Miss Lillerton.

"You are truly charitable, madam," said the Reverend Mr. Timson, "and we know that charity covereth a multitude of sins. Let me beg you to understand that I do not say this from the supposition that you have many sins which require palliation; believe me when I say that I never yet met any one who had fewer to atone for than Miss Lillerton."

Something like a bad imitation of animation lighted up the lady's face, as she acknowledged the compliment. Watkins Tottle incurred the sin of wishing that the ash of the Rev. Charles Timson were quietly deposited in the church-yard of his curacy, wherever it might be.

"I'll tell you what," interrupted Parsons, who had just appeared with clean hands, and a black coat "it's my private opinion, Timson, that your 'distribution society' is rather a humbug."

"You are so severe," replied Timson, with a Christian smile; he disliked Parsons, but liked his dinners.

"So positively unjust," said Miss Lillerton.

"Certainly," observed Tottle. The lady looked up; her eyes met those of Mr. Watkins Tottle. She withdrew then in a sweet confusion, and Watkins Tottle did the same—the confusion was mutual.

"Why," urged Mr. Parsons, pursuing his objections, "what on earth is the use of giving a man coals who has nothing to cook; or giving him blankets when he hasn't a bed; or giving him soup, when he requires substantial food?—like sending them ruffles when wanting a shirt. Why not give 'em a trifle of money, as I do, when I think they deserve it, and let them purchase what they think best?—Why?—because your subscribers wouldn't see their names flourishing in print on the church-door—that's the reason."

"Really, Mr. Parsons, I hope you don't mean to insinuate that I wish to see my name in print, on the church-door," interrupted Miss Lillerton, indignantly.

"I hope not," said Mr. Watkins Tottle, putting in another word, and getting another glance.

"Certainly not," replied Parsons. "I dare say you wouldn't mind seeing it in writing, though, in the church register—eh?"

"Register! What register?" inquired the lady gravely.

"Why, the register of marriages," to be sure," replied Parsons, chucking at the lady, and glancing at Tottle. Mr. Watkins Tottle thought he should have fainted for shame, and it is quite impossible to imagine what effect the joke would have had upon the lady, if dinner had not that moment been announced. Mr. Watkins Tottle, with an unprecedented effort of gallantry, offered the tip of his little finger; Miss Lillerton accepted it gracefully, with maiden modesty; and they proceeded in due state to the dinner table, where they were soon deposited side by side. The room was very snug, the dinner very good, and the little party in tolerable spirits. The conversation became pretty general, and when Mr. Watkins Tottle had extracted one or two cold observations from his neighbour, and taken wine with her, he began to acquire confidence rapidly. The cloth was removed; Mrs. Gabriel Parsons drank four glasses of port, on the plea of her being a nurse just then, and Miss Lillerton took about the same number of sips, on the plea of her not wanting any at all. At length the ladies retired, to the great gratification of Mr. Gabriel Parsons, who had been coughing, and frowning at his wife, for half an hour previously—signals which Mrs. Parsons never happened to observe until she had been pressed to take her ordinary quantum, which to avoid giving trouble, she generally did at once.

"What do you think of her?" inquired Mr. Gabriel Parsons of Mr. Watkins Tottle, in an under tone.

"I dote on her with enthusiasm already," replied Mr. Watkins Tottle.

"Gentlemen, pray let us drink 'the ladies,'" said the Reverend Mr. Timson.

"The ladies!" said Mr. Watkins Tottle, emptying his glass. In the fullness of his confidence he felt as if he could make love to a dozen ladies, off hand.

"Ah!" said Mr. Gabriel Parsons, "I remember when I was a younger man—fill your glass, Timson."

"I have this moment emptied it."

"Then fill again."

"I will," said Timson, readily suiting the action to the word.

"I remember," resumed Mr. Gabriel Parsons, "when I was a younger man, with what a strange compound of feelings I used to drink that toast, and how I used to think that every woman was an angel—quite a superior being."

"Was that before you were married?" mildly inquired Mr. Watkins Tottle.

"Oh! certainly," replied Mr. Gabriel Parsons, I have never thought so since; and precious milkop I must have been, ever to have thought so at all. Why, you know, I married Fanny under the oddest, and most ridiculous circumstances possible."

"What were they, if one may inquire?" asked Timson, who had heard the story, on an average twice a week for the last six months. Mr. Watkins Tottle listened attentively, in the hope of picking up some suggestion that might be useful to him in his new undertaking.

"I spent my wedding-night in a back kitchen chimney," said Parsons, by way of a beginning.

"In a back kitchen chimney?" ejaculated Watkins Tottle. "How dreadful!"

"Yes, it wasn't very pleasant," replied the small host. "The fact is, that Fanny's father and mother liked me well enough as an individual, but had a decided objection to my becoming a husband. You see I hadn't got any money in those days, and they had; and so they wanted Fanny to pick up somebody else. However, we managed to discover the state of each other's affections somehow. I used to meet her at some mutual friends' parties; at first we danced together, and talked, and flirted, and all that sort of thing; then I used to like nothing so well as sitting by her side—we didn't talk so much then, but I remember I used to have a great notion of looking at her out of the extreme corner of my left eye, and then I got very miserable and sentimental, and began to write verses, and use macassar. At last I couldn't bear it any longer, and after I had walked up and down the sunny side of Oxford-street, in tight boots for a week—and a devilish hot summer it was to—in the hope of meeting her, I sat down and wrote a letter, and begged her to manage to see me clandestinely, for I wanted to hear her decision from her own mouth. I said I had discovered, to my perfect satisfaction, that I couldn't live without her, and that if she didn't have me, I had made up my mind to take prussic acid, or take to drinking, or emigrate so as to take myself off in some way or other. Well, I borrowed a pound, and bribed the housemaid to give her the note, which she did."

"And what was the reply?" inquired Timson, who had found before, that encouraging the repetition of old stories is sure to end in a general invitation.

"Oh, the usual one, you know—Fanny expressed herself very miserable; hinted at the possibility of an early grave; said that nothing should induce her to swerve from the duty she owed her parents; and implored me to forget her, and find out somebody more deserving; and all that sort of thing. She said, she could on no account think of meeting me unknown to her pa and ma; and entreated me as she should be in a particular part of Kensington Gardens at eleven o'clock next morning, not to attempt to meet her there."

"You didn't go of course?" said Watkins Tottle.

"Didn't I?—Of course I did. There she was, with the identical housemaid in perspective, in order that there might be no interruption. We walked about for a couple of hours; made ourselves delightfully miserable; and were regularly engaged. Then we began to 'correspond'—that is to say, we used to exchange about four letters a day; and what we used to say in 'em, I can't imagine. And I used to have an interview in the kitchen, or in the cellar, or some such place, every evening. Well, things went on in this way for some time; and we got fonder of each other every day. At last as our love was raised to such a pitch, and as my salary had been raised too, shortly before, we determined on a secret marriage. Fanny arranged to sleep at a friend's the previous night; we were to be married early in the morning, and then we were to return home and be pathetic. She was to fall at the old gentleman's feet, and bathe his boots with her tears; and I was to hug the old lady, and call her 'mother,' and use my pocket-handkerchief as much as possible. Married we were the next morning; two girls—friends of Fanny's—acted as bridesmaids; and a man, who was hired for five shillings and a pint of porter, officiating as father. Now the old lady unfortunately put off her return from Ransgate where she had been paying a visit, until the next morning; and as we placed reliance upon her, we agreed to postpone our confession for four-and-twenty hours. My newly made wife returned home, and I spent my wedding-day in strolling about Hampstead Heath, and damning my father-in-law. Of course I went to comfort my dear little wife at night as much as I could, with the assurance that our troubles would soon be over. I opened the garden-gate, of which I had a key, and was shown by the servant to our old place of meeting—a back kitchen, with a stone floor, and a dresser, upon which,

in the absence of chairs, we used to sit and make love."

"Make love upon a kitchen dresser!" interrupted Mr. Watkins Tottle, whose ideas of decorum were greatly outraged.

"Ah!—on a kitchen dresser?" replied Parsons.—"And let me tell you, old fellow, that, if you were really over head and ears in love, and had no other place to make love in, you'd be devilish glad to avail yourself of such an opportunity. However, let me see;—where was I?"

"On the dresser," suggested Timson.

"Oh—ah? Well, here I found poor Fanny—quite disconsolate and uncomfortable. The old boy had been very cross all day, which made her feel still more lonely; and she was quite out of spirits. So I put a good face on the matter, and laughed it off, and said we should enjoy the pleasures of a matrimonial life more by contrast; and, at length, poor Fanny brightened up a little. I stopped there till about eleven o'clock; and, just as I was taking my leave for the fourteenth time, the girl came running down the stairs, without her shoes, in a great fright, to tell us that the old villain—God forgive me for calling him so, for he's dead and gone now—prompted I suppose by the prince of darkness, was coming down to draw his own beer for supper—a thing he had not done before for six months, to my certain knowledge; for the cask stood in that very back kitchen. If he discovered us there, explanation would have been out of the question; for he was so outrageously violent, when at all excited, that he would never have listened to me. There was only one thing to be done. The chimney was a very wide one: it had been originally built for an oven; it went up perpendicularly for a few feet, and then shot backward and formed a sort of small cavern. My hopes and fortune—the means of our joint existence—were at stake. I scrambled in like a squirrel, coiled myself up in this recess-place; and, as Fanny and the girl replaced the chimney-board, I could see the light of the candle which my unconscious father-in-law carried in his hand. I heard him draw the beer, and I never heard beer run so slowly. He was just leaving the kitchen, and I was preparing to descend, when down came the infernal chimney-board with a tremendous crash. He stopped, and put down the candle and the jug of beer on the dresser; he was a nervous old fellow; and any unexpected noise annoyed him. He coolly observed that the fireplace was never used, and sending the frightened servant into the next kitchen for a hammer and nails, actually nailed up the board, and locked the door on the outside. So there was I, on my wedding-night, in the light kerseymere trowsers, fancy waistcoat, and blue coat, that I had been married in, in the morning, in a back kitchen chimney, the bottom of which was nailed up, and the top of which had been formerly raised some fifteen feet, to prevent the smoke from annoying the neighbours. And there," added Mr. Gabriel Parsons, as he passed the bottle—"there I remained till half past seven o'clock next morning, when the housemaid's sweetheart, who was a carpenter, unshelled me. The old dog had nailed me up so securely, that, to this very hour, I firmly believe no one but a carpenter could ever have got me out."

"And what did Mrs. Parsons' father say, when he found you were married?" inquired Watkins Tottle, who, although he never saw a joke, was not satisfied until he heard a story to the very end.

"Why, the affair of the chimney so tickled his fancy that he pardoned us off-hand, and allowed us something to live upon, till he went the way of all flesh. I spent the next night in his second-floor room much more comfortably than I did the preceding one; for, as you will probably guess—"

"Please sir, missis has made tea," said a middle-aged female servant, bobbing into the room.

"That's the very housemaid that figures in my story," said Mr. Gabriel Parsons. "She went into Fanny's service when we were first married, and has been with us ever since; but I don't think she has felt one atom of respect for me since the morning she saw me released, when she went into violent laughing hysterics, to which she has been subject ever since. Now, shall we join the ladies?"

"If you please," said Mr. Watkins Tottle.

"By all means," added the obsequious Mr. Timson; and the trio made for the drawing-room accordingly.

Tea being concluded, and the toast and cups having been duly handed, and occasionally upset, by Mr. Watkins Tottle, a rubber was proposed. They cut for partners—Mr. and Mrs. Parsons; and Mr. Watkins Tottle and Miss Lillerton. Mr. Timson being a clergyman, and having conscientious scruples on the subject of card-playing, drank brandy-and-water, and kept up a running spar with Mr. Watkins Tottle. The evening went off well; Mr. Watkins Tottle was in high spirits, having some reason to be gratified with his reception by Miss Lillerton; and before he left, a small party was made up to visit the Beulah Spa on the following Saturday.

"It's all right, I think," said Mr. Gabriel Parsons to Mr. Watkins Tottle, as he opened the garden-gate for him.

"I hope so," he replied, squeezing his friend's hand.

"You'll be down by the first coach on Saturday," said Mr. Gabriel Parsons.

"Certainly," replied Mr. Watkins Tottle. "Undoubtedly."

But fortune had decreed that Mr. Watkins Tottle should not come down by the first coach on Saturday. His adventures on that day, however, and the success of his wooing, are subjects for another chapter.