UNCLE TWEAZY

AND HIS

QUIZZICAL NEIGHBOURS.
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QUIZZICAL NEIGHBOURS:
A COMI-SATIRIC NOVEL.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

BY
The Author of the "Observant Pedestrian;"
&c. &c. &c.

"Holds to the world a picture of itself,
"And raises sly the fair impartial laugh."
Thomson's Winter.

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UNCLE TWEAZY.

CHAP. I.

The next curious character which made its appearance, was a "man cook," with a large bill of fare painted upon his apron, containing the following articles, a calf's head, a high smoaked tongue, a seasoned pigeon, goose brains, pigs chitterlins, a ragoued coxcomb, a small sheep's heart, and a quantity of fresh-drawn salary, the whole supplied in the first style of cooking by Simpkin Salmigundi.
UNCLE TWEAZY.

This scroll soon drew the attention of the motley group, who discovered the deception of Mr. Earwig from the pompous self-palygeric of his own abilities; "he assured the company he could roast in perfection, broiled upon a patent gridiron, minced judiciously, hashed as occasion offered, stewed upon promise, ragoud all pepper-proof articles, and dish'd-up, judgematically.

"Do you do much in the gudgeon line?" asked the fisherman.

"Occasionally; but I have in general superior fish to fry," said cooksey, "though I suppose a body might compound for your stock at any time?"

"Why, yes; the Londoners are over-stocked; they have been glutted, it seems, and the merchandise don't answer as expected."

"Do you deal in the carp way?" resumed Salmigundy.
"No," said the fisher, "It's a whereas concern; I've been at it all my life, and never could make it equal to my speculation."

"Don't throw your net here; beware of troubled pools," said I; "your baits will never catch; you may carp it and gudgeon too, but my life for't you'll cry stinking fish before you give up the trade."

"Who made you a witch, goody?" replied he.

"Can you tell me who the Bear is?"

"I've heard say he's first cousin to the Tonic family," replied I; "but as my study is man, not brute, adieu," wishing us both better sport."

"Mother Bridget," exclaimed Major Peachick, "have you divination sufficient to reveal who that Bear is?"

"Please your Turkish Highness,"
said I, "my book of planets tells me he's your brother."

"My brother!" reiterated the angry sultan, "do you know who I am, hey woman?"

"Oh yes, much better than you can tell who I am," replied I.

"Pshaw, d—n it, do you know who that mad girl is?" continued he.

"Yes, I know her well," said I.

"The d—I you do; why who is she?"

"Moulines Maria."

"Who says so?"

"Yorick."

"Confound your quizzical gammon," continued the major, "I could have told you that."

"If Miss Fitzclarence was of the party, I should swear it was her," cried the Sultana.

"But a person can't be here and at home at the same time, without
they’d got wings,” observed a red hot paddy.

“ I did not apply to an Irishman for an explanation,” retorted the lady, “we’ve had quite enough of the bear, without being bothered by the bull,” and mixing with the throng she disappeared.

Mrs. Wau-Wau trundled her mop most dextrously in the pantaloons’ face, for chucking her under the chin, upon which rough compliment he observed, she was such an adapt, she must have been brought up to the art, in a yarn apron and a mob cap.

“Stand out of the way, old woman,” said the saucy lady Dol Snip, to Mr. Downright, “such people as you are good for nothing now-a-days; I’m looking for my sweetheart harlequin to take a walk, but I can’t find him.”
"Accept my services," said the pantaloon, offering his long sleeve, "my master's got the cramp in his agility, and can't come; cock your eye at me, Miss, by way of a substitute."

"Not I," replied the indignant lady Dol, hastily retiring towards the dancers; but as the pantaloon was following her, he raised one of his long legs over Jerry Sneak's head, and in the antic of stepping over him, kicked the virgin of the Sun's lamp out of her hand, extinguished her light, and broke the little elegant bagatelle.

"Never mind," cried the pantaloon, "my daughter shall coax the teacher at her boarding school to construct another for you; it is no difficulty to those kind of people."

"You're a troublesome impertinent fool," replied the virgin.
"Oh fie; what an *impure* speech from the lip of chastity; it positively alarms my delicacy," said Pantaloons.

"What's the matter?" asked Mr. Undermine.

"Why, I'm all in the *dark*," replied the Virgin of the Sun; "can you assist me, my dear Mr. Undermine, I know you have been both clever and successful in a late *dark* affair; was president of the junta; made your proposal in private; carried your scheme on in the dark, and brought it to light at a moment least suspected: but you're a *bountiful* man; your *distributions* of *charity* are well known; and yet with all these ascribed virtues attached to your consequence in life, a little bird whispers me you don't know your "duty towards your neighbour;" that is to say, you can re-
spect the theoretical part of the commandment; but you don't command your heart to practice it."

"Oh, if you wish to talk about my affairs of the heart," said Undermine, "we may as well not re-light the lamp;" and busting into a loud laugh, he left the lady in the dark, as he found, not chusing to throw more light on the subject than had already glared upon it.

The Virgin next applied to Mr. Consequence for his assistance (knowing him to be the leading man in Undermines junta) who was driving through the throng full speed, wrapt in his Common Council gown, and a white wand in his hand; but he, with his usual abrupt answer, observed, he was a Committee Man; could shew no favour or affection to any one; and that, if a Virgin of the Sun would direct her steps to the path of incon-
venience, she must brush through the briars as well as others did before her; for his part he knew no business, or right, she had to be there."

"I declare, if I did not know you well," replied the lady, "I should take you for a vinegar merchant, for your manners are really essence of verjuice; I'm sure you must find it an unsaleable commodity; you distribute so much gratis; hah! hah! hah! and so you won't undertake to redress my perplexities, or shroud my follies. "No, I'd rather be excused," said Mr. Consequence, pushing his way through the crowd.

I now saw the patagonian goose waddle up to Rosa, at whom he hissed violently.

"Poor silly bird," exclaimed Yorick, "Whither hast thou wandered from thy native forest; thou art one
friar Phillip's breed; but thou'lt be plucked and roasted."

"You're mistaken, Sir," interrupted Mrs. Deposit, en passant, "such goslings as that ae'nt worth the trouble of plucking at our end of the town; a city goose indeed would pay for the dressing; I should have no objection to half a dozen in a week at my house; I always pluck and season them myself; I've a peculiar way." Then turning to Rosa, "bless me, child, a'nt your feet too sore to dance, after travelling the stony roads of Savoy without shoes? and did'nt the wind blow very cold over the Appenines?"

"Oh, no," replied Rosa, "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb."

"Come along," replied the Sultana to the devil upon two sticks, "I want to find out Achilles; I have watched the door for his entrance
the whole evening, but no such character appears; he's a dashing young fellow; I wanted him for my crisis; I'm horridly disappointed I do assure you; I'd give the world to sport such a handsome fellow at my winter galas; but there his shuffling lynx-eyed old crab of an uncle enters a negative; what a disgusting misanthrope it is; he's the Argus of the village."

"Yes," replied the diable, "he's the nondescript of the parish in the male circle, and Miss Fitzclarence the female."

"Oh, that little Fitzclarence is my abomination," continued she, "a little demure cant; a harp-strumming squallified sort of mock Catalini; a mere composition of boarding school vanity and affectation; she'll never be one of us; the frumpish tuition of Markwell will sanctify her ideas"
too much for *our class*; poor little mushroom; she'll vegetate in obscurity; learn to distill simples of the rector's wife; teach the village children their catechism; light the rector's pipe, and sing him to sleep afterwards; hah! hah! hah! come along! come along! let's go seek Achilles."

Now as I was in full possession of madam Deposits sentiments, I determined retaliating the compliment, by telling her fortune, and therefore I followed her immediately.

"Cross my hand, sweet lady," cried I.

"I've no money; I don't wear *pockets*," replied she.

"Then give me something as a deposit," said I.

"What do you know me?" asked the lady. "I've no opinion of com-
mon fortune-telling gipsies; I prefer the cunning man."

"The cunning man can't tell you more truths than I'll unfold," replied I, presenting a dirty pack of cards, from which I requested her to draw one, which she did, and it proved to be the knave of clubs.

"Lady," said I, "there is the idol you worship; but he will punish as he allures; the knave of diamonds is your husband, and you'll never have another. The queen of hearts is what you wish to be, but never can; the odd tricks you play, occasionally give you the game, but in the end makes game of you; the only honor you possess is confined to your hand, but has nothing to do with your heart; and even that small portion you make others pay for."

"What a pack of nonsense," exclaimed she, "tell me where is Achilles?"
"Just where he should be, as invisible to you as he is invulnerable. Adieu! fair Sultana, a pea chick must answer your purpose; Achilles knows better."

Having thus publickly angered and mortified my enemy, I glided away, and soon overtook the fisherman.

"You're a bad sprat-heaver," said I; "your tackle's rotten; it must give way; the gudgeon won't bite; depend upon it you won't get a nibble; you have not wormed properly; the only sport you'll have will be to be thrown upon your back like a flounder; that will be the end of your gudgeon speculation."

"Hem! hem! hem! d'ye think so? d'ye think so, old woman?"

"Yes," replied I, "the remainder of the fry are too wary they won't be doctored."
“Who told you I was a doctor?” resumed old Tonic.

“My cards.”

“D—n your cards; mine’s played bad enough lately,” said the doctor; “by g—d I’ve lost every trick I aimed at.”

“What you don’t pluck them so successfully up at the three pigeons as you used to do?” answered I.

The fisherman surveyed me from head to foot; “I don’t know who you are, but you’re a keen one,” said he.

“Not know me?” cried I; “why ae’nt we both sisters?” and bursting into a loud laugh, I left him.
"DUST ho! dust oh!" bawled Mr. Dashwell, distributing hand bills of various dimensions for favors in the dust line, one of which he presented the widow Quiz, who declared all the dust arising from her ashes, was already disposed of. He next applied to my uncle, who gravely replied, "his dust was bespoke for family manure." He then attacked Mr. Windfall, who observed, "he had swept the old plum cake woman's cupboard so clean, there was very little remaining." However, Mr. Dashwell, nothing dismayed, had still another hopeful resource left in
his friend Mr. Consequence, to whom he presented one of his largest bills of trade; but was much chagrined to receive for answer, that the parish dust tub, of which he was commander in chief, was nearly empty, it having been distributed to the exigence society.

Thus foiled, poor dust ho! turned over his small papers, and popped one into the hand of Mr. Strut, who returned it with a shake of the head, said, "it was out of his line, he had very little in his rag repository now, except saw dust, and what blew by chance in at the shop door."

Mr. Undermine passing by, was next applied to as a man of bounty; had he any dust? but, alas, he too answered, that the regal dust bin, of which he kept the key, was never opened but half yearly, and had in consequence just been cleared out.
Mr. Downright was next bored with the same presentation. "My good fellow," said he, "I had a devilish lot of dust kicked up in my family some time ago, but it blew away by degrees; had you applied in proper time, you might have had a share; at present I can't accommodate you."

At length, much disappointed at his ill success, he recollected major Pea Chick, to whom he instantly applied.

"What," cried the major, "is trade so slack? why, my fine fellow, why don't you drive your horse and cart the Kensington road; there's dust enough there; or else apply at the dust manufactury in Threadneedle-Street, there your hand bills may be acceptable; I know the value of paper, no man better, if I can but get a peep at the stamp."
Mr. Dashwell, now completely dismayed, walked away, and how successful he proved afterwards amongst the rest of the company, I know not. Rosa declined dancing, alleging it would be a burlesque to dance with such an old woman as I was, and she did not choose to give her hand to a stranger; the powerful intercession, however, of Alderman Cheesecake, who would take no denial, (declaring she was the flower of the flock) at length prevailed, and Rosa went down the dance the epitome of elegance and admiration.

"Who is she? who can she be?" echoed on all sides.

"I shan't dance any more," exclaimed Mrs. Deposit, convinced she was completely eclipsed, and understanding the science of shaking her elbow much more dexterously than
her foot. "I have a strong idea it's Miss Fitzclarence in disguise."

Rosa had not retired with her partner, to partake some refreshment from a rustic table spread with fruit cakes, wine, &c. above two minutes, when the pantaloon, who was footing it furiously with Miss Bleary Wau-Wau, and being a tall athletic man, made a mimic leap rather too high, and his head coming in contact with the slender laths that supported the awning, levelled the whole fabric with a sudden crash, and smothered the dancers in a tangle of pink callico, flowers, fringe, lamp oil, and shattered glass, from which the ladies, some shrieking, some fainting, some greased, but none pleased, were with difficulty extricated from their embarrassing envelope, much to the mortification of Mrs. Fungus, who happened to be on the platform.
at the same moment, to watch Miss Minerva's fantastic toe, as pigmy rival of the unknown Mouline's Maria.

The Pantaloon apologised individually, in silver toned sounds of contrition the most humble and eloquent; but the damage was irreparable, and from the lateness of the hour, and the bustle it had created, the company soon after adjourned to the laundry and kitchen, which had been purposely constructed into supper rooms, into the former of which the music were elevated on a bench over the copper; the lid of which, in the very midst of the regale, giving way, precipitated the whole band into a copper of suds, which the negligence of the servant had omitted cleaning out, and thereby drenched the musicians in a way least agreeable to their wishes.
"We're in for't again, by heavens," cried Munchausen; "we're all in suds, as sure as I live."

The irritation of Mrs. Fungus's tender temper now became ungovernable at the ludicrous bustle this accident had occasioned, added to the mortifying exposure of her most scientific contrivances; however, after a few moments had elapsed, and the dripping musicians had left the scene of action to repair damages, the company took off their masks; the last of which removed were those of Sterne and Maria, who had previously slipped on false noses, so much the reverse of their own, as to render them scarce recognisable to each other.

Mrs. Deposit, whose sagacity no one doubted, was now completely foiled, as she gazed stedfastly on my uncle and Rosa, by whose side I
had taken my seat, with the same incognito deception.

"I know her not," said she to Major Peachick; "I am mistaken; she's as a perfect stranger in the village; I really think it's an intrusion that ought not to be passed over without enquiry; the Bear too does not make his appearance, nor captain Allclack."

"Oh, the bear's gone to bed, tired after so much sport with the monkies," said Munchausen; "and captain Allclack has, I presume, retired to give his tongue a holliday; but here's a substitute from the dumb society;" saying which, he presented her a fine neat's tongue.

"You're always at home," exclaimed major Peachick.

"Yes, I'm a tortoise," replied Munchausen; "I'm at home any and every where; any man's knife
and fork fits my mouth, from Brodininag to Lilliput; I can eat white bread, brown bread, black bread, or green bread."

"Green bread!" exclaimed Mrs. Deposit, with the utmost astonishment.

"Yes, ma'am, green bread," resumed Munchausen, "we always have it at one particular season of the year, at my Staffordshire villa; oh, I look upon verdant bread to be a very elegant article."

May be you mean a mouldy crust," said Jerry Sneak, willing to exemplify his knowledge of what he did not understand.

"Pardon me, my dear intelligent Mr. Sneak," resumed Munchausen; "that is what most people call blue bread; but as I do mean to contend that blue is not green, and green is
not blue, I beg leave to ask what colour you call wheat?"

"Poh, that's a subterfuge in metaphor," cried the major.

"I'll prove it a reality, if you'll honor me with your company in my vis-landau next spring," said Munchausen.

The toast now circulated merrily, and when it came to my uncle's turn, he gave "Miss Fitzclareance."

"Bumpers! bumpers!" vociferated Munchausen, "come, Sultana, who do you subjoin?"

"The truant Achilles, who has played us such a trick this evening; but we must forgive him, being a Divinity," said she.

"Miss Fitzclareance, and the truant Achilles," re-echoed round the room.

"I dare say the infant pair are both asleep," continued she, "the one lulled to repose by the rectory rooks, VOL. III. C
and the other dreaming of his London sweetheart in old Quibos's best damask bed; who'll propose a toast to the reformation of the old don's manners? eugh! what a churl; I wish Dr. Markwell would add another stave to the litany for him."

"Little Miss Grave-airs could perhaps lend him a hand to compose one," said Mrs. Fungus.

"Pardon, me, madam," cried my uncle, "you are a more competent person; your library will aid the deficiency of your invention; and if you feel inclined to subjoin an invocation for yourself, I'll undertake to have it sanctified by the Arch-Bishop."

"That's right," said Munchausen, "and I'll say amen to it, particularly if Miss Fitzclarence draws it up; she's the most charming girl I ever saw; I wish she was here to lend us
a hand with our battledore and shuttlecock trade."

"I'm sure we wanted none of her company," said Mrs. Fungus, with a pert toss of her head; "if she was too arrogant to accept my invitation, let her remain in obscurity, and poke about at the rectory, like the parson's little dark lantern."

"That's impossible," answered Munchausen, "rather call her his brilliant planet."

"What beautiful hair she has," said Lady Flam.

"Yes," replied Mrs. Deposit, "if it's her own."

"And what a complexion?" cried Mrs. Prolix.

"Thanks to rouge and pearl powder," answered Mrs. Fungus.

"What think you of her teeth?" asked Mr. Earwig.

"Why I saw just such a set the
other day, at Dechements, or perhaps the identical same; its not improbable; I have my suspicion about them," said Mrs. Deposit.

"And such a beautiful hand and arm too," said Miss Bleary, displaying her own.

"Yes, I suppose she has wrapped it up in veal cutlets and chicken skins," cried Mrs. Deposit; "may be her father was a poulterer, who knows."

"Have you remarked her Cindrella foot?" enquired Munchausen.

"We have not been so low minded," said Jerrysnake, te-he-ing.

"Had I known this was the School for Scandal," observed Lady Lustre, "I should not have had temerity to assume the character of charity in so uncharitable a society; for if the virtues of Miss Fitzclarence could not preserve her from the shaft of ma-
lice, what has an old woman to ex-
pect?"

"Very true," replied my uncle, "your ladyship, as an absentee, would have stood little better chance of a good character than old Tweazy has done; how his nephew might have fared, I can't pretend to say."

"Lud, he's quite a coxcomb, to my fancy," cried Mrs. Fungus.

"Yes, he's fribble enough," said Lady Flam.

"But he sings a d—d good song," observed old Tonic.

"Perhaps he attained that perfection by the shillingsworth, in the back row of the gallery, on Braham's benefit nights," cried Mrs. Deposit, "though he certainly has a good voice, I must allow; but I am a partialist to his person and address, because he'd grace my galas' as a dashing handsome dog, and I should be the envy..."
of the western hemisphere; to lounge upon the arm of such a man as that, in the Kensington promenade, it would establish one's celebrity for the whole season.”

“And why not your husband's arm, madam?” said my uncle.

“Oh horrid glue-pot to be stuck too; don't mention such a bore,” replied the lady.

“Thank ye! thank ye! my dear,” exclaimed Mr. Deposit; “believe me I wouldn't trouble you with my company while Miss Fitzclarence graced the gardens, and then we should see who'd most cause for envy, I sporting my Venus, or you your Adonis.”

“Oh you vulgar plebeian, to compare Venus to such a minx,” cried Mrs. Deposit, enraged at her husband's retort.

“Well, I think Mr Victor a very rude unlicked cub!” said widow Quiz,
Uncle Tweazy.

"for he did not pay me the least respect."

"Nor me," exclaimed Miss Bleary; "I call him quite a boor amongst women."

"Well, I say he's as nice, handsome, polite young fellow, as you'd see of a summer's day," cried Mrs. Downright; "I wishes he'd have my Jenny."

"I subjoin your opinion," vociferated the Doctor; "I should make no objection to him for my son in law, it strikes me he'll be no bad catch when Nunkey pops off."

A general laugh ensued, and my feelings may be better imagined than described.

Mrs. Fungus now rising from her chair, begged leave to inform the company Miss Minerva Fungus would, with their permission, recite a speech of thanks for the compliments of the
evening, which proposal met a general thunder of applause, and the young lady was, in consequence, placed at the head of the table, where, in a lisping squeak, she gabbled a pack of unintelligent jargon, distending her little skinny arms in uncouth attitude, and alternately beating the words out of her frock bosom so ludicrously, one ought to have paid a previous visit to the trophonian cave, to prevent laughing; however, when she dropped her finale curtsey, the larum of adulation ding donged its notes in the tone of "charming, capital, wonderful, delightful, enchanting, inimitable, excellent, and all the whole collection of specious eloquence; as who could do less than offer such incense at the shrine of the infant Minerva; and mama was so pleased, that her immense pride was perhaps never more gratified, than in
the public approbation of her little daughter's abilities, educated under the auspice of *mama's genius* and talents.

"Past three o'clock," roared Bob Tonic, drawing his watch.

"That's no bad signal of departure," cried my uncle, rising from his chair; which example was followed by myself and Rosa, according to previous agreement. "But," continued he, "before I offer my protection to escort Moulines Maria and the old Fortune Teller safe home, I beg leave to offer our united thanks to the company in general, for the candid sentiments they have professed towards the *old Churl, the Minx, and the Coxcomb*;" saying which, we severally withdrew our *nasal* disguise, and respectively bowed to the panic-struck auditory.
"Miss Fitzclarence, by all that's wonderful," exclaimed Munchausen.

"Mr. St. Alban, by all that's diabolical," echoed Mrs. Deposit, swelling with vexation.

"And Mr. Tweazy, by all that's quizzical," subjoined Mrs. Fungus.

"Yes, madam, at your service, to convey any precept of reformation in the litany to the archbishop; the minx's dark lanthorn, wig, rouge pot, false teeth and veal cullet gloves, are also equally at your disposal, Mrs. Deposit," cried my uncle, "therefore I beg at any time, if you should feel disposed to partake a shilling worth at Braham's benefit, you will command that dashing handsome dog, Victor St. Alban, to escort you; don't disappoint yourself; I beg you'll make as free at all times with the trio, as you have this evening;" then turning to Mrs. Fungus, who was
evidently sinking with confusion at this unexpected discovery, "believe me, madam," said he, "we have been highly gratified by the amusements of the evening, which will long dwell in our remembrance, having afforded an excellent lecture on back biting, which we shall be happy to cancel in an equally handsome manner."

We now bowed, and triumphantly withdrew, amid a general silence of the most perplexing nature, in which we left the motley group involved, to declaim, as they thought proper, and the party broke up immediately, as we heard several voices pass our gates after we got home, Rosa being escorted back to the rectory in Lady Lustre's carriage.
THE next morning brought Dr. Tonic (before his usual visiting hour) on a call of curiosity in the character of a live pump.

"Well, Dr." said my uncle, "how's your gudgeons this morning?"

"Oh, the change of the wind surfeited them all," answered he; "upon my soul you left us in a pretty mess; I had Mrs. Deposit in hysterics for half an hour."

"Why didn't you send for Victor?" cried my uncle, laughing.
"Oh, he's quite out of favour, I promise you," replied Tonic.

"So much the better, I rejoice to hear it," rejoined my uncle.

"I never explored a prettier snake's nest in my life, or ever divested them of their stings so completely."

"But do you know," resumed the doctor, "every body censures it as an under-hand piece of business."

"And pray, who got the upper-hand in the sequel?" cried my uncle.

"Poh!" said the doctor, "it was mere masquerade skits."

"I contradict that; they were the undisguised sentiment of execrable back-biters, whom personal confusion shrunk into the atoms of insignificance, and ludicrous exposure," replied my uncle.

"I wonder who the devil the Bear was; we can't find out," continued the Doctor.
"I know him," said I.

"Aye, indeed, do you; who was he?" enquired the doctor.

"Not a back-biter, a dextrous kind of Jack Frost, who nips as the wind directs," answered I.

"May be it was yourself?" said the doctor.

"By no means," cried my uncle, "Victor is totally incapable of behaving like a bear; but if tygresses were in requisition, I could recommend two most capital representatives."

The doctor hem—ed down the pill, that evidently stuck in his throat, and then enquired how the little mad girl did this morning.

"Oh, quite come to her senses, depend upon it," said my uncle; "but if Mrs. Deposit wishes to call at the rectory, and enquire for the Minx, Dr. Markwell will give her an
answer, without troubling her to repeat it twice; once will be quite sufficient for him."

"Well, I did not suspect this business," cried the doctor.

"But I did, and went, on purpose to ascertain my suspicion," answered my uncle.

"Well, as I'd no hand in it, least said is best," rejoined the doctor, taking up his hat, which he whirled round on his cane, with the velocity of vexation; then wishing us good morning, away he posted with an extra flea in his ear."

He had not been half an hour from the gate, e'er the postman, with the billet of my fate, made his appearance; and so great was my agitation, as I broke the seal, I had scarce power to peruse the contents, which informed me my father neither could, or would, advance me any pecuniary
aid; but that, if the object of my affection was such as my representation had stated, he had no objection to the match. "Query, how could he?"

I threw the vexatious, and as I deemed, cruel letter, on the table, which my uncle as eagerly caught up, and perused, and he no sooner finished, than laying it down:

"If that is all the trouble we have to encounter," said he, "we have little to fear; I'm off to the Rectory; ask me no question till I return; when I have pleasant news to relate, I shan't be dumb."

He now ordered his hat and cane, then turning to me, "Have you no inclination to see Rosa? will she not think you neglectful?"

"Alas! Sir, I am miserable! tell her—"

"Not I," interrupted my uncle;
"what, I make love to her as you would do; no, no; I can tell her nothing less than that I love her as sincerely as yourself, and then the village would have a fine nut to crack; come, will you go, or will you not?"

"Your invitation is too irresistible," cried I, darting after him as he left the room; and cut to the very soul, I walked with him in silence to the Rectory, where Rosa met us with an extended hand, and such a smile, as thrilled my very soul; "beggar," thought I, as I shrunk from her electric touch, "she little knows the feelings of St. Alban, the hapless poverty of him who would sacrifice a diadem to render himself worthy her affection, or at least the happy means of equalization; presumptuous heart lie still, thy hopes are vanished."
My limbs trembled as I reclined upon the gate; I felt immovable; while Rosa, unsuspecting my embarrassment, tenderly inquiring "if I was unwell," roused me from my torpid reverie, and restored me to my senses, by which time I perceived my uncle entering the house, and Rosa by my side, gazing on me with looks of mute enquiry.

"What is the matter?" asked she? "Dr. Markwell complains of indisposition, and you look so pale."

"Oh no," replied I, recovering myself, "its only the effects of keeping late hours make me vaporish; but you, charming Rosa, seem to improve from sleep's innovation; our evening entertainment so deranged my ideas, that I have scarce closed my eyes; the malevolence of our female calumniators, on your
part, almost extended the boundary of my forbearance."

But thanks to our champion, we came off victorious, though Dr. Markwell was very angry when I related the unmerited opprobium we individually sustained; but when I recited your good uncle's retort, he was highly gratified, and said he was the ablest man alive, as an *anti-scandalist*, of which we had last night *most eminent proof*; I suppose your uncle has called to have a fine chat upon the subject," said Rosa.

Oh what a dagger did that suggestion convey to my beating heart, knowing, as I did, the subject of his conversation adverted to so *different* a topic; and least I should betray myself, I proposed a herbary stroll, that some different subject might occupy the passing moment, till hope
inspired me with fresh courage to renew it.

"Let us go into the garden; I have a beautiful passion-flower I wish to shew," said Rosa, leading the way.

"How those heartsease droop," observed I, viewing the plot as I passed. "Alas!" continued I, in moralizing mood, "it is surely the emblem of human nature, when the sun shines, it expands its beauties to the glowing beam; but when the storm blights its tender fabric, it droops to bloom no more; just so is hopeless love."

"Love has no rose without a thorn," replied Rosa.

"True," cried I, "but affluence blunts their points in an eminent degree; every poison has its antidote, poverty excepted."

"What, don't you allow hope to be the antidote of poverty? what
cheers the confined debtor, but the hope of liberation? what animates the soldier, but the hope of glory?" said Rosa.

"And what constitutes the lover's hope?" asked I.

"Fidelity, the noblest passion of the human mind, whose firm unshaken basis mocks the tempest of caprice, and braves the storm of fell inconstancy," replied she.

Near an hour had elapsed in botanical discourse, when my uncle returned from the house, observing to Rosa, that Dr. Markwell had certainly every symptom of an approaching fit of the gout.

"Well, Sir," replied Rosa, "if such be his misfortune, I will tenderly nurse him to the best in my power, night or day."

"No doubt you are all goodness and humanity," replied my uncle,
pressing her hand, "and will one day, I hope, be rewarded."

We now took our leave; my uncle's countenance was replete with smiles; his eyebrows no longer seemed to scowl, and his usual frown had vanished; yet still my heart beat low, till, in the course of conversation, he assured me every point was settled, to the most perfect approbation of Dr. Markwell, who had informed him the settlement of Miss Fitzclarence's concerns was invested in his management, and that the absence of her guardian from England being very uncertain, and dependant upon various circumstances, every thing was left in his power, and he meant most solemn and conscientiously to act a parent's part by her; the estimate of her property exceeded £20,000, independant of her cloaths, jewels, &c.
An elaborate sigh burst from my bosom. "Alas! what avails such intelligence, such formidable barriers to my hopes; beggar! beggar! that I am; mention, oh mention it no more, I conjure you."

"What, then you won't have her?" asked my uncle; "oh, thou'st got a proud heart, boy."

"But it's honest and disinterested," returned I, reclining my burning forehead on my hand, half frantic with despair.

"Come! come!" resumed my uncle, "don't play Shakespeare with us; none of your "much ado about nothing," I beg, for I do aver, that Victor St. Alban, and £10,000, is no objectionable offer to any woman living."

I started up wildly from my chair; "Sir," cried I, "why sport with feelings you've so powerfully
experienced, ah! suffer the most lively glow of compassion to animate your bosom for a fellow sufferer.”

“What I have said,” replied my uncle, “I shall abide by, and I again repeat, if you are neither deaf or frantic, the import of my words are these.” He paused, and I stood breathless before him; then laying one hand on his heart, and the other firmly grasping mine, he exclaimed, “Mark me, Victor, the hour that makes you the husband of Rosa, gives you £10,000, as earnest of my future favours.”

I heard no more; I fell at his feet, overwhelmed with inexpressible gratitude and joy. He raised me with tears of delight; I wept on his bosom as the only incense I had power to offer.

“You’re my own boy,” cried my uncle; “I feel you are from the first
moment you entered these doors; I discerned something in your countenance and manners, that prepossessed my heart in your favour; and from this hour I shall consider you my son."

Every emulative power that duty, affection and gratitude could excite, were combined in my bosom, to manifest which expression could impart but its smallest portion.

I was now all extacy; I immediately answered my father's letter; told him my return to London would be deferred many weeks; at the expiration of which, I should hasten to town, to prepare a suitable residence for my intended bride, which arrangement would take some time to accomplish, of which my benevolent uncle should be the conductor general, to whom my eternal grati-
tude would be but a humble recompence, when compared with the blessings and happiness he had bestowed on me, and which I hoped to manifest to the world, the latest hour of my existence.
I HAD not long finished my letter, when Lady Lustre's carriage drew up to the gate, and her ladyship alighting, came to give us a personal invitation to dine with a party the next day, at her house, which we promised to accept; and after some chat on the subject of our masquerade occurrences, at which she laughed most heartily at the excellent exposure of Mistresses Fungus and Deposit, which, she observed, was wholly owing to my invention.
"Yes," said my uncle, "Victor taught them the art of masquerading."

Her ladyship then rose to take her leave, enquiring if we had any commands to the Rectory, as she intended calling, having been informed Dr. Markwell was indisposed; "but perhaps," said she, smiling significantly, "perhaps it would not be an unpleasant embassy to Mr. Victor, of which I should be sorry to deprive him. Oh, I'm a very suspicious old woman; excuse my hint; I hope your cheek does not crimson with anger, my young friend?"

"No, my lady," replied I, "it only mantles with conviction of your perspicuity."

"What," exclaimed Lady Lustre, "am I then a witch?"

I bowed; my uncle smiled, and she stood silent.
"Had I been born a man," continued her ladyship, "we would have contended the prize, but as it is, I give you joy of your conquest, for in the attainment of Miss Fitzclarence's affections, you will have to boast an unequalled pattern of excellence."

"Madam," said my uncle, detaining her hand, "as silence has given Victor's assent to you perspicuity; may I beg the favour, the same taciturnity may seal your lip, on a subject so highly important to his future interest and happiness; to you the secret is alone revealed; and the well-known integrity of Lady Lustre will not, I am persuaded, suffer her to reveal it."

"You have my faithful promise," replied she, "subjoined to my best wishes and services."

I expressed my unfeigned thanks,
and handing her into her carriage, she drove off.

My uncle now proposed a ride, and as his wish was my law, I instantly acceded to the proposal; we set off on horseback.

We had rode six miles, when passing the gate of a small brick dwelling, the owner, who was gardening in the fore court, made my uncle an obsequious bow, which he returned, but passed on, with apparent indifference, no compliment of the day passing between them, a circumstance so unusual with my uncle, as to induce me to inquire who the person was.

"Why," said my uncle, "his name is Subtle, a man of tolerable ability, but too speculative to consult his own interest, by which means imprudence, subjoined to misfortune, has levelled his consequence to its pre-
sent base, and to that *ill-assumed consequence* of which he possessed a most eminent share, he is chiefly indebted; for if a man will launch his bark upon a quicksand, what has he not to expect?"

"Is he married?" asked I.

"Oh, yes," rejoined my uncle, "to one of the most dangerous women living; a composition of ignorant arrogance, who can invent the most notorious falsehood, at the expense of an opulent friend, and tell him to his face, he is an *uncertificated bankrupt*, and did not pay *half a crown* in the *pound*, although, at the same moment, she is bursting with envy to see his new launched carriage stopping, with a friendly call of enquiry at her cottage gate, a condescension her situation in life was never entitled to too; in short, she's a female *slanderer*, whose *serpent*
tongue compels her husband to make public apologies for the mischief it occasions; she is therefore, by those who best know her, avoided as a dangerous hyena."

"And does she advance these liberties of the tongue with impunity?" asked I.

"By no means," replied my uncle; "you shall hear the sequel; the man of opulence, after having accepted the humble submission of apology from her husband, severely reprimanding her illiberal conduct, shuns her detestable society as beneath his notice, and in a short time after, beholds the arrogant worm, who aspersed his irreproachable character, crawling the earth in the actual state of insolvency, in which her malice endeavoured to place him. 'Tis not humane to exult at the fall of our enemies; but Mrs. Subtle felt it in full force, and she
now vegetates in obscurity, unpitied and unthought of, save; when the same carriage passes the gate of Subtle cottage, it recalls to the owners memory the insult offered by ignorance and impudence, at the shrine of disinterested friendship; such are Mr. and Mrs. Subtle, the nobody's of the day.

"You have rehearsed a curious incident, Sir," said I.

"Yes," replied he, "she is the first and only woman I ever heard expose her ignorance, and behave with such daring insolence and assurance; and however gross it may appear, it is strictly true; but as such behaviour can arise only from low breeding, she must be treated with the contempt she deserves, and which she will never escape."

We now turned our horses, and
jogging towards home, met a most dashing tandem, drove by a stilish buck of the first note, seated by the side of a lounging belle, in all the indolence of fashionable notoriety.

The gentleman drew up his prancing leader, and stopped—

"Good morning, Sir; any commands to town?" said he; with his whiskers reaching each corner of his button-hole mouth, just calculated to simper ribaldry to his companion. "Miss Gossamer and I are off for London, to see the four in hand start."

"Much pleasure to you," replied my uncle, "I wonder you never had ambition to join that club."

"Can't come it," answered he, shaking his head.

"Poh," retorted my uncle, "you could manage four fillies at any time, I'm sure, according to the report of
your own abilities. Talking of that, how goes trade? you keep your eye on it still, I see."

"Yes; but it would answer better, if more folks kept their eyes upon it," replied he, touching his leader's ear, who, springing forward, scarce allowed him time to say adieu.

"There goes a pupil of the new school," said my uncle, looking after him; "that's Jack Bang-up, a well known city buck, with one of his chere amie's; he has not an article belonging to his dress, but what's up to the mark, which he explores in all company where he can play antics like a monkey; he can tip the jockey riggle; bound the wicket; swim like a fish; flourish a broad-sword; can occasionally be very ceremonious to the modest women, for interest sake, and behave as unceremonious to others; so that what with fine women,
wine, and a good share of spirits, Jack Bang-up is what the knowing one's call the thing; while he supports his present dashing career, quizzing the old ones, hoaxing the young ones, and taking in the flats. N. B. A tight hand also at bolting out of the race course, on the wrong side of the post, à la Gilpin."

"You're a capital designer, Sir, of men and manners," said I.

"Yes, I am no infant of the new horn book," replied he.

The chariot of some rich retired cit, as I imagined, now passed us, and a little fat man, and his fat wife, who completely filled the seat, bowed very stately to my uncle.

"Those are strange faces to me," said.

"Yes," replied my uncle, "and what you'll think perhaps very odd, though I have known them these
twenty years, they appear as strange to me in that carriage, as they do to you."

"How so, Sir?" interrupted I.

"Because they don't fit well into it; the patten and the shoe would be more appropriate conveyances."

"And who are they?" asked I.

"Mr. and Mrs. Moonshine, a pair of city mushrooms of the day; an industrious hard working couple in the former part of life; the husband a member of the coloured stocking society, till he married a notable wife, to wash his white ones in a two-pair parlour, while his dear little woman, who used to look so clean and neat in her white Greenwich gown, now gets the Bond-Street milliner to trim it with gold, for an upper seat at a city feast, where she blazes a dumpty queen of dovey luctre, according to the taste and elegant disposal of her
head dress, formed under the directing of her dashing daughter, Miss Fantasticella Moonshine, the fairy-footed sylph of the family, who learns Par and Mar all the fashionable follies of sea-side corruption, extravagance, and extortion; but as Mr. Moonshine's dear little woman cannot breathe at all in London in summer time, and is perished any where but at Bath in the winter, money must be no point of consideration; and as good luck has favoured her dear little man's public abilities, so, by publickly rewarding those abilities, he is enabled to keep her a carriage, because her dear little legs, that used to caper so pretty, begin to give in, and reduce that caper to a crawl; yes, horrid to relate, a crawl up Cheapside of a dog-day sunday, broiling alive amidst 'prentice boys, and servant girls; smothered in dust by
the Hyde Park train of carriages. Oh shocking! how was it possible such a woman could exist; and this accounts for the new launched vehicle; it is so handy, so comfortable; it looks so genteel, so stilish, just as if one was somebody; oh ye gods, which of you is it presides over vanity?"
I LAUGHED heartily at my uncle's recital, for he was a most excellent mimic, and my risibility had scarce ceased, when it was again doubly excited by the appearance of a donkey group, consisting of two ladies and two gentlemen, whom we soon discovered to be Mrs. Fungus, Mrs. Deposit, Parson Faddle, and Simon Undermine, followed by Munchausen, mounted on Miller Strut's
cart horse, by way of contrast, to flog them along; the ride having been his own proposal, and the asses borrowed at the milk farm, who, being unused to the bridle, afforded him high diversion, at the expense and exposure of the riders; for, by the bye, it cost him nothing but the trouble of exercising his whip, and stretching his sides with laughter, to create a good extra appetite at Mrs. Deposit's family dinner, a bargain he made before starting.

"This is a hoax of Munchausen's, depend upon it," cried my uncle, as the sulky unwilling animals crawled on, under the sounding lash of Munchausen's powerful whip till we met in contact, and every ass, as if impressed with peculiar politeness, stopped to greet us.
“Mercy, what a fashionable group,” exclaimed my uncle,

“Yes, au’nt we stilish?” replied the audacious Mrs. Deposit.

“Sir,” said Munchausen, very gravely, “the scheme was my own at present, being the first day of sporting ourselves; my stud rides rather rusty, but we shall improve shortly.”

“What, have you set up an ass academy?” asked my uncle, laughing.

“Yes, Sir,” cried Munchausen, “and I shall be obliged to you for any favours in the ass line; I don’t suppose you ever saw four more complete ones than these,” continued he, smothering a laugh. “Mr. Faddle is absolutely a divine ass; and what think you of Mr. Simon Un-
dermine's? There you have one in perfection."

"It may be," answered Simon, "but it's a d—d obstinate one."

"Poh, that's natural," answered Munchausen.

"I wish you'd lend me your whip, or we shall have no ride at all, if we are to sit here all day," said Mrs. Deposit.

"Oh, I'll send you along," replied Munchausen, giving the animal a violently sharp lash; who, unused to such treatment, kicked furiously and springing forward, threw Mrs. Deposit over his head into a deep ditch, where she lay struggling and screaming, with a face lacerated by the brambles; while Mrs. Fungus's had set off, alarmed at the noise of the whip, and at the side of a small pond, laid quietly down, and tipped his burthen into the shallow surface
of the pond, just within sight of her fellow sufferer.

Munchausen, all alacrity flew to extricate Mrs. Deposit, with a thousand apologies; but neither Simon Undermine, or Parson Faddle's ass, would budge an inch to Mrs. Fungus's assistance; they were therefore compelled to remain, and impart their ditch services to Mrs. Deposit; while Munchausen galloped after Mrs. Fungus, whom we could just discern crawling from the muddy pool.

"I wish Muchausen, and the ass, were both at the d—l" cried the enraged Mrs. Deposit.

"Hush! Hush! thank god you're not hurt," said Parson Faddle.

"What a divine ejaculation by the side of a ditch," replied she; "will it cure my lacerated face? hang the beast, I'll not mount it again."
"Oh what a coward, to be conquered by an ass," said Simon Undermine, grinning at her perplexity.

"I'm sure, if I'm a coward, you're no victor," retorted Mrs. Deposit.

"No, madam," said my uncle, "there is but one victor in this parish, whose triumphs are enviable."

Mrs. Deposit curled up her derisive nose, and not willing to involve ourselves any farther in the ass perplexities, who wished the mortified group good morning, and rode laughing home, for which breach of good manners, we were no doubt severely execrated by the female donkyites, whom we left in the christian and animal warfare of flogging, kicking and swearing, much to our diversion; and just as we reached our own gate, an officer, mounted on a spirited charger, made us a stately bow, and galloped on.
"That's Colonel Paramount," said my uncle, as we entered the house, "as proud a man of scarlet as ever lived; in short, he has such a partiality for the color, I should not wonder if he was to have a scarlet coffin; and yet, though he is now a great man, and likely to be greater, added to his increasing pride and corpulency, he was a few years ago the most complete sloven imaginable, and frequently went a courting with hands and face that never knew the comfort of washing above once a week; at which time he adorned his person with a clean shirt, and touch of the razor, and then the sweet man thought himself irresistible to maid or widow, and sure enough, in process of time, picked up a wife of ten thousand, which so raised his consequence, he determined to refine, dashed into a
new course of life; shook off his self inattention with his celibacy; rode by the side of his lady in her dashing coach a magic king; pushed himself forward in life, and fixed his eye on scarlet honors of every description, some of which he has already attained, but there are more in view, which it is hoped, will doubly and trebly refine every particle of his formerly disgusting negligence; to accomplish which, must have been an herculean task; for his wife, who has certainly, by some happy method, improved his defects on that score; but alas! the antidote has so raised his pride, that I fear the effects of the remedy will be more fatal then the disease; for he is as arrogant and despotic as he is weak and ignorant."

Dinner passed over as usual, and as we sat taking our wine, and enjoying our tempting delicious desert,
"Shall we take tea at the rectory?" asked I.

"Yes," said my uncle, "its my intention, subjoined to your wish; beside, I must enjoy a little conversation with my niece elect; I want to see how handsome she looks with a love blush upon her cheek; I want also an unreserved declaration of her origin, and what relations she has living, either in England or Italy: besides, I want to take measure of her wrist and finger for a set of diamonds, I mean to present her; and I want, if possible, a draught of the family arms, to engrave on some plate; perhaps she may be in possession of the sketch; if not, we must apply at the herald's office, for have it I must: so let's be off; get your hat, I'll e'en take a hobble while I'm in the humour."
We were just on the point of departure, when Mr. Prolix and a peasant rung at the gate, and requested an audience.

"What now," exclaimed my uncle, as the man of power pushed an indigent peasant into the room, who, with downcast eyes, stood twirling his hat upon his thumb, in visible embarrassment, "What's brought you, Ralph Maybloom; hey, speak up man, don't be afraid."

"Master Prolix did bring I, please your honor, I bees in desport trouble; I—I—I han't saved up money enow to pay all my rent, please your honor; that be the job; and Master Prolix do say I must goo to jeal;" and he drew the back of his brown hand across his tearful eye.

"Yes, Sir," said Prolix, "he's two pounds short, a rascal, a thief; how
dared he spend the money and cheat you."

"I peaid un away honest, I be sure," resumed Ralph; "ax the doctor, he had'un all."

"What, Dr. Tonic,?" cried my uncle.

"Ees, Sir, I peaid un dree pound for stuff for poor old mother's rheumertiz's, and bad leg, that bee's how money went like; and so I be short you see, your honor; and desperate sorry I be, but that's no odds.

"It's a mighty pretty story," cried Prolix, sneeringly.

"Danged if it be'ant chapter true tho'," replied Ralph, and if his honor chuses I'll goo vetch Dr. Tonic's own self, to swear I peaid un the money down, and down hard, and honest."

"That's nothing to do with the
Rent, you booby," cried Prolix, impatiently; "What's it to Mr. Tweazy who you pay honestly, if you cheat him."

"Pray," cried my uncle, "what's the import of this visit? what's your advice upon the subject?"

"To send him to hard labour in the county jail, that's what I'd do," replied the cormorant.

"Oh no, Sir, doont'ye for pity sake," exclaimed Ralph, plumping down on his knees; "If I goes to jail mother must starve and die, and I can yarn northen; so pray don't'ye, pray don't'ye."

"Get up my honest fellow," said my uncle, "and set you down on that chair; if my rent money is gone to pay the doctor, you must work hard and earn some more, and that you
can never do in a jail; therefore go home, be industrious, and dutiful to your mother, and pay me as soon as you are able."

The grateful cottager uttered a thousand thanks for my uncle's kindness; and as he was leaving the room, thus addressed Mrs. Prolix: "I do thank you kindly too, Sir; and as I can't pay'ye for the trouble I've gived'ye I'll bring'ye a nice piece of gammon; the same sort I brought ye last time."

"Pshaw!" exclaimed Prolix, pushing him out of the room, "the fellow's mad with joy; he don't know what he's talking about."

"I rather think he does know; the conferer of a favour has seldom so short a memory as the receiver."

"I want none of the fellow's ba-
con," resumed Prolix, with much confusion.

"No, to be sure you don't," replied my uncle; "I would not believe you capable of so mean an action; gammon the rich, thou low cormorant, not the poor; d——n it, I'm astonished you should think of accepting such a thing from a hard working honest creature as ever breathed; and I do insist upon it, none of my tenants are ever threatened with the punishment of a jail; I should not wonder if you had frightened the fellow into an ague and fever, for he shook like a leaf."

"If coercive measures are never to be adopted, you have little occasion for my services," replied Prolix, taking up his hat; "therefore in that case I had better resign my charge to your superior management; I look
upon it I've done my duty; but if it don't meet your approbation, I wish you good morning."

"You certainly won't meet my approbation, if you accept the bacon," said my uncle, as Prolix slammed the door furiously after him and rushing out of the gate in such a rage as scarce to give Geoffry time to open it.

"What a scarlet passion Mr. Prolix is in," cried Geoffry, as he entered to clear the wine. "How he did mutter and swear; he's a hard hearted man to the poor; he grinds them one way, and Doctor Tonic another; for he told Ralph Maybloom as how, if he didn't pay for his mother's medicine she should have no more; and as I said to Ralph, says I, perhaps she's a devilish deal better without it, for doctor's stuff oftner *kills* than *cures*;
and the woman's been better ever since she left it off."

"You're right, Geoffry," observed my uncle; "your advice was perfectly consistent; send Alice presently to the cottage with a bottle of Lisbon, and some tea and sugar, and tell her from me, I desire she'll take no more medicine till she has finished it, and we'll see who's the best doctor."

Geoffry, much pleased with his mission, instantly withdrew, to put it in execution.

"I see plainly," cried my uncle (musing on the head of his cane, on which he had pillowed his chin), "that my ungovernable misanthropic temper has done a world of mischief, and perverted every good; my debtors tremble at my sight, fearful of the most rigid punishment; the invalid poor don't dare crave a
morsel at my gate, because I never encourage vagrants; and thus I have with an ill name, acquired a much worse character, which from this hour I'll endeavour to abolish, and be once more myself."
IMPRESSED with this resolve, we set off for the Rectory, where we found the good Dr. a prisoner to the gout in his foot, which Rosa was tenderly swarthing in fleecy hosiery, and placing on a cushion.

"Charming administering angel," exclaimed my uncle, as on her knees; she raised her soft and brilliant eyes on the countenance of Dr. Markwell, tenderly enquiring if the position
of his feet was proper and more easy.

"Yes, my fair nurse, it is as easy as your kind assiduity can render it," replied the Rector.

"You can feel no pain, when you contemplate the assuager, I'm sure," said my uncle.

"The conversation now turned on various topics, amongst which my uncle casually enquired if Miss Fitzclarence had any relation living in Italy."

"I have an uncle at Florence," replied she; "my father's own brother, Mr. Felix Lausanne."

"How so," exclaimed my uncle, "when your father's name was Fitzclarence?"

"Not originally," replied Rosa; "he changed it for a large estate left on that certain condition by his godfather, with the strict injunction that
my father's issue, male, or female, should bear the same title, or forfeit the property to the next inheriter; and I, being the only heir of the family, have received that devolved honor."

"Have you any armorial extract?" asked my uncle.

"Yes," said Rosa, "I've our coat of arms properly emblazon'd on vellum, in my porte-folio."

My uncle expressed his desire to see it, and Rosa tripping up stairs, returned with the momentous article of explanation; on which my uncle had no sooner fixed his eye, than the escutcheon dropped from his icy palsied hand.

"For God sake, what was your mother's maiden name?" asked he in faultering voice.
"Her name was Cecelia Delmond," replied she.

"Oh God," exclaimed my uncle, sinking back in his chair; while I flew to his assistance perfectly conscious of the cause, while the terrified Rosa sunk on her knees at his feet; and in my energy to restore him, I scarce heeded her actions.

At length recovered, he gazed wildly on her; clasped her to his bosom; called her his new found child, in all the unbounded extravagance of excessive joy; while Rosa, alarmed at his manner, begged an explanation.

"Thy mother, fair image of perfection," said my uncle, "whose arms I behold quartered on that tablet, was once, oh God! once the idol of my soul; in you I behold her perfect resemblance, which scarce needs the conviction of farther proof; for you
are indeed her second self. Were you not reckoned like her?"

"Very much so," answered Rosa; "and probably, by the miniature I possess, you may trace the resemblance more perfect; for, alas! I have scarce the slightest recollection, being only four years old when she died; but the miniature will well convince you."

"And have you such a treasure? and may I be gratified by the sight of it?" asked my uncle, wistfully.

"Assuredly," cried Rosa, drawing it from her bosom, and unclasping the hair twist by which it was fastened.

My uncle pressed it to his lips, then to his heart, and returned it to Rosa.

"No, Sir," cried she, emphatically, "tis your's for life; if in having lost the substance, you value the
shadow, to you only on earth would I resign it; your truly parental conduct to me, as an orphan, demands my gratitude should evince I have found a father. Ah! suffer me thus to invest you with its symbol.”

Rosa took the picture from his trembling hand, and bending one knee on the ground, she clasped it round his neck, then kissed his hand, which firmly grasped her own, and rising from her adorative posture, gave me the other.

“Ah, Rosa,” cried I, “I’m half jealous this monopolizing uncle will steal all your affection, and leave me a beggar, compelled to sue your charity.”

“And pray, between you both, what’s to become of me?” said the worthy Rector, smiling through agony; “if the pleasing wonders just developed prove a recipe for the gout, I
shall live doubly to bless the hour of explanation, so gratifying to my heart."

My uncle still sat clasping the hand of Rosa, and gazing on the miniature, as it hung round his neck; when the sudden appearance of Dr. Tonic scarce gave him time to conceal it in his bosom.

"How d'ye do, Mr. Rector? give you joy! give you joy! my fine fellow."

"Of what?" said Dr. Markwell, very gravely.

"Of what?" answered Tonic; "why of the gout, to be sure; oh, you'll live to be ninety; its the commencement of a new lease; I know a great man would give half his fortune to be in your situation."

"Egad," said the Rector, "you're welcome to innoculate him gratis from my foot, if he's so anxious to
obtain the honours of agony, which I will most willingly resign."

"Poh," said the Doctor, "now we've had our joke, let's to business. Have you any blue flannel? any fleecy hosiery? shall I send you some leeches; or will you fashionably bathe it in cold water? I'll tell you what, I'll send you a fine cordial, a cathartic mixture; a bottle of castor oil, and a rhubarb draught: now mind, drink a point of Madeira when going to bed, and by the morning your foot will be as big as a bushel, and shine like a looking glass; never mind a few breaking-in twinges; they'll be nothing if you follow my advice."

"Have you any thing more to prescribe in one breath?" said the Rector, who had sat with the patience of Job.
"Oh no! no! not to-night; we must see how we come on in the morning," cried the Doctor.

"Why we shan't come on at all," replied the Rector, peevish with pain; "for I shall take no messes, depend up it, so send no cathartic mixture; no castor oil; no rhubarb draught; no leeches; nor no old blue flannel petticoat, for I'll touch none."

"Well, well," said the Doctor, highly disappointed of a good long job, as he had anticipated it, and a much longer bill attached to its completion. "Well, if you are so obstinate, my good Sir, you must suffer, that's all I know; how often have I cured my own cousin, who had the gout five and twenty years without ceasing."

"Do you adduce that observation
as a proof of your skill?” said my uncle.

“No, but its a proof I have seen enough of the disorder, to know how to cure it,” answered the Doctor.

“Which, by your own account, you never effected on your gouty cousin,” replied my uncle. “Don’t flatter yourself, you can cure what was never yet cureable; if you can find out that nostrum, you ought to be immortalized; for we all know there is but one recipe, patience and flannel, in spite of the doctor.”

“I don’t know what would become of the profession, if every body was of your opinion,” replied the Doctor.

“Talking of that,” continued my uncle, “pray how is old dame Maybloom?”

“Oh, she’s much better,” answer-
ed the Doctor; "she's left off taking medicine."

"So I understand," said my uncle, "and for one of the best reasons, because she had no more money to pay for it; and what little she had, you, I find, have taken, and so the Doctor has dished the landlord, and my rents are unpaid in consequence; and therefore, as I found by Ralph this afternoon, that you don't send draughts gratis, I have sent her a few of my *Lisbon* and *India* draughts; I'm a queer fellow, and so are you; but I must have my whims, the same as Munchausen had at the ass party this morning; you've heard of that, no doubt; it was one of the best hoaxes I have ever seen or heard of; I give Munchausen credit for his ingenuity, in exhibiting through the public town the head pupils of his new ass academy."
"Oh, I've heard of it," answered the Doctor; "I was sent for, in- deed, on their return, to administer some eau de luce to Mrs. Deposit's face, which was much swelled and lacerated."

"Yes, she's got the ass surfeit, I dare say," replied my uncle; "and so has her rival jockeyess, Madam Fungus."

"The women will play the fool occasionally," said the Doctor; "and if they do, they must pay for it, that's all I know."

"Aye! aye! make them a good bill by all means; send them plenty of album græcums, and aqua fontana," cried my uncle.

The Doctor set up a sham laugh; assured the Rector he would be glad of his services in the course of forty-eight hours, though he was at present so obstinate as to set the phar-
macopeia at defiance, and wished us good evening.

My uncle now proposed a hit at back-gammon, to amuse Dr. Markwell; and Rosa and myself, with Mrs. Markwell, took a delightful secluded walk through a neighbouring wood; for in the charming society of this excellent woman, Rosa experienced the comforts of maternal tenderness, and was truly the child of affection; and after some hours passed in delightful converse, we partook an early sandwich, and left our invalid with best wishes of repose.
THE next morning, by ten o'clock, the church bells struck up in full peal, much to the astonishment of the whole village.

"A stolen wedding, as I live," exclaimed the Doctor, as he passed our gates in his way up to the church; where, bursting with curiosity, he enquired of the ringers the reason of this unusual and merry peal.

"Mr. Munchausen," said they, "gave us a guinea, and ordered us to ring three peals in the course of the
day, because as how it was a royal birth-day, and he loved to shew his loyalty"

"Hem! hem! hem! d—d odd," said the Doctor; "mighty queer whim! have you got the money?"

"Oh yes, Sir! yes; the gentleman paid us before we pulled a rope.

"That's more strange still," replied Old Tonic, "t'eatent often he's too flush of cash to throw it away in this idle manner; what think you Mr. Victor?" for I had followed the Doctor to gratify my own curiosity; and having learnt the cause, I turned back, leaving him in jargon with the ringers; and in my way, who should I meet but Parson Faddle.

"So," cried I, "have you heard on what account the bells are ringing so merrily?"

"Oh yes, Sir; it's Mr. Munchausen's loyal pleasure; he very liberally
gave the ringers a guinea; at least, he borrowed it of me, for he had no small change about him."

"Then, in fact, its your own loyal peal; if you've paid for it," said I; and wishing him good morning, I posted home to my uncle with the laughable news.

"Is it possible?" cried he, holding his sides; "and has the comical dog dished the Parson; its a new receipt for a birth day cake, for which Faddle will have paid pretty dear, for he'll never see the guinea again to a certainty; how the mischief-loving imp must be laughing in his sleeve at the Parson's gape and swallow; the Doctor could not have tucked down a bolus with half the dexterity; he's the life of the village, and if all his actions did but keep pace with his abilities, few men would excel him;
but, alas! I'm sorry to say of so clever a fellow, that his virtues only crawl while his vices gallop; but such is the man, who, like many others, can act the angel abroad and the d—l at home; smile in the face of ruin, and bid defiance to calamity in her most formidable shape; such is the bang-up system of the day, in which Munchausen is an adept."

"Moralizing on incurable evils is lost time, and reverts neither benefit or pleasure," said I.

"Sure," cried my uncle; "but the reflection may instigate some mode of reform, perhaps; but come, let's take a gentle saunter down the village; I want to speak to my cabinet maker, about some blinds; not that I mean exactly to say, as Geoffry did..."
one day, when the mechanic called for orders, Sir, here's the blind man wants to see you; however, we'll set off, that we may be back time enough to dress for Lady Lustre's mutton."

Away therefore we walked, and after settling preliminaries with Geoffry's blind man, were passing on, when a female figure, with a dirty child in her arms, caught hold of my uncle's arm, and entreated he would walk in and take a seat.

"Do, Sir," said she, "accept a glass of wine, and a bit of cake; pray honor us so far, we shall be very proud."

My uncle politely (and and as I thought much too politely, according to the object addressed) rejected the civility; but the Lady so strenously solicited, my uncle was obliged to
comply; as she assured him Mr. Jake was in the garden with his darling first born; "and here's another," cried she; "you see Mr. Tweazy, we don't stand about a leg or a wing at our house; God bless them, I hope I shall have a dozen, for we've plenty to fill all the little mouths God sends; my old father, you know, rolls in riches."

She now cleared a couple of chairs, for us to set down, in one of the completest Jake's nests I ever beheld, for every table and chair was covered with dirty cloathes, old shoes, hats, bonnets, books, a basket of washed linen, a broken cradle, a yellow bason of dirty pap, a crockey saucepan of mutton broth, boiling with all the effluvia of onion perfume, over a few dusty embers, in
the complete drawing room, for everything, seemed literally drawn into it that ought to have been drawn out; but it exactly corresponded with the appearance of its mistress, whose portrait I must draw. She was a short duck legged woman, of extreme plain visage, deep sallow complexion, and dreadfully innovated by the small pox, with large pig-flapped ears, wholly displayed; as were the roots of her hair in the pole of her neck, were the glebe gave it the appearance of a fallow field, while her head dress consisted of a coarse red and white half handkerchief, tied in a knowing bow over her left eye, and a shawl of the same dingey cast hung slatternly over her shoulders, whilst her gown and apron seemed to have been borrowed of the chimney sweeper's wife.
In this pretty trim, she popped the little smuttikin brat upon the floor; and to amuse either us or the child, raised her rag-fringed stuff petticoat as high as her calf, displaying a pair of dirty stockings, that had apparently done a fortnight's hard duty, and footed us a jig to the tune of "Molly put the kettle on," which she sung in the voice of a bull; but the child's soul not being in unison with the mother's melody, it set up a squall of disapprobation, and Mrs. Jake was obliged to take it up again, as her husband entered the room with another of Mama's dirty king pippins, gormed all over with black cherry juice and what not.

"Oh, here comes my Divinity," exclaimed Mrs. Jake; "he's the
idol of my heart, for he's the best husband in the world; and though he married an old maid, he don't repent, not he; Lord help me, I used to be one of the flashiest girls in Cheapside, for I'd always a pocket full of money at my own disposal, bless you; I've travelled and seen a deal of the world; I can drive a one horse chaise, and flourish a whip like a Buxton; I was not always the muckey pig I am now; but the brats you see lug me to pieces; I dont look much like a fine lady, do I, except my hand; I assure you, I'm not a little proud of it; you dont often see a handsomer, or a whiter hand then mine, only its dirty just at present."

"True," said my uncle as she sat twirling her paw in every direction, to exhibit its shape and smut. You
put me in mind of a niece of mine, who had a very handsome hand, but never kept it clean; to induce her to do which, I presented her with a diamond ring to wear constantly, by which means she was compelled always to keep it clean, because every body noticed it, and by that means I shamed her out of her indolence."

"Oh that I were a glove upon that hand," as Romeo says, continued Mrs. Jake, standing up, and spouting most vehemently in such grotesque attitude, as would have extracted a smile from a pulpit; and then she burst into a tune, assuring us she had been complimented by eminent professional judges in music, as possessing the finest voice off the stage that ever was heard: "yes,
singing, dancing, and theatricals, were always my forte," continued she, capering and spouting round my uncle; who, rising hastily from his chair, in the midst of Hamlet's Soliloquy, "murder! murder!" cried he, "my dear Madam, for God's sake don't entertain us with spouting, it gives me the horrors."

"Oh, fie! fie! why should people hide their talents in a napkin, I don't see; my husband likes to hear me recite."

Mr. Jake grinned, and twirled his grubby thumbs, for what his wife said must be right; and as he was always too bashful to talk, she undertook the trouble to talk for him and herself too, upon all occasions; which sort of gabble not being consonant with my uncle's
feelings, we wished her good morning, and by striding across the littered floor, happily got out of the house again.

"That's the first visit I ever paid to the jake's nest, and it shall be the last," said my uncle, as we walked forward.

"Why, certainly," cried I, "the woman must be mad; and the room, I'm sure, was a specimen of Bedlam."

"I think so too," rejoined my uncle, "for she's the most disgusting eccentric being I ever met with; and yet she's a woman of great expectation; she was a Miss All Mag at eight and thirty, who had cocked her eye in vain, till Jackey Jake felt the force of its power; and how he brought out the subject, is a wonder
to most folks; but the prevalent opinion is, she courted him; asked the question, answered it herself, and settled all preliminaries off hand; lugged Jackey to church, spruced out in a new suit, with sleek combed locks and clean ears (for they'd had a complete rake out on the occasion) smooth chin and scrubbing brushed hands; after which happy marriage Mrs. Jake found out her husband to be the Divinity you have beheld him; and on her own appearance I need offer no panygeric.”

We now sauntered back, and in our way we met Mr. and Mrs. Dashwell going to London; and after a reciprocal salutation, he informed us he was going immediately to start for his annual northern tour; “ech! I'm going to try my native air, and I trust it will set Mrs. Dashwell and myself quite
up; we are both very asthmatic, and the delicate constitution of Mrs. Dashwell must not be sported with; she can't stand the racket she used to do; we must take care of ourselves; health must be attended too, let who will pay for it; air we require, and air we must have; I have therefore some thoughts of taking a country house; the city is so close and stifling; and I stick so close to business you know; I am the mill wheel, and I can assure you I grind sharp and close."

"No doubt," said my uncle, "you're a man of experience; you've been too often at the fountain, not to know it's cordial drops, as well as its bitters; you've tasted both, we all know; there was always little occasion to ask you which way the hare
went, for *puss* knew her *cover* to an inch; yes! yes! you’ve loved sport-
ing in your time; ask a duck or a goose if it can swim, and mark my word if it dont find its way to the *fountain* or the *brook*.

“Hah! hah! hah! you’re a wag, Mr. Tweazy; you’re *up* to a thing or two,” replied Mr. Dashwell, laugh-
ing.

“Yes! yes,” said my uncle, “*Miles’s boy’s* a deep dog; I hear more than I repeat; but this I must say, your Masquerade character was better supported than any in the room, it was copied from life, and you was quite *at home*, every body al-
lowed.”

Mr. Dashwell opened his mouth *very wide*, with a sort of *exultation* stretch, though it amounted only to a grin; and squaring his el-
bows into an exact horizontal, we wished him and his companion a pleasant tour, and he soon whirled himself invisible in a cloud of dust.
THE next course of operation was to dress for Lady Lustre's dinner, which we soon accomplished, making our dining-room entré at the precise time appointed, where we were introduced to the following group, viz. Mr. and Mrs. Bashaw, Mr. and Mrs. Honeycomb, Miss Makepenny Baron Blinkey, Counselor Squinney, Miss Moonshine, Miss Volatile, and the facetious plague Munchausen; but no Rosa
Fitzclarence, who had declined the invitation, to attend the gouty couch of the good Rector, which was no small abridgement of my pleasure.

Munchausen gave me a chair next his own, assuring me Miss Moonshine and Miss Volatile were both husband hunting, if I'd inclination that way. "Any heir of the gold-worth family will suit, but no one inferior," whispered he; "they are choice morceaus, well garnished, but want sauce, and if that ae'n't high seasoned it won't do; though there's no want of tarragon and cayenne on the ladies side; and as for salt, they pickle their limbs every summer, hot or cold, no matter, splash is their motto, and splash they must, as soon as they can, in any whirligig vehicle, because pattens won't fit them, and cottage clamps are vulgar rusticities;
a shop is horrid, and a city residence a complete bore: in short, a very genteel fascinating young man of elegant manners, ample fortune, west end mansion, replete with fashionable non-requisites, and a lounging machine, with at least eight legs; such is the article required for two well educated, agreeable young ladies, possessing every modern accomplishment to grace the said mansion and machine: no nasty stinking tallow-chandler; no knock-me-down butcher; no frouzy cheesemonger; no stickey grocer; no vulgar baker; no sloppy fishmonger; no noisy black-smith; nor, in short, any mechanic at all, will stand the least chance; nothing short of bangup will do; and what's more, they must be speedy in their application, for the increasing ages of the anxious expectants drive
them to despair; the one being nineteen, and the other near twenty."

I could not forbear laughing at the recital. "Now," continued Munchausen, "if you'll undertake to sport with the one, I'll take the other under my wing during dinner, and then we shall see how the land lays."

"Agreed," said I; "but at present Baron Blinkey appears to be engaged in conversation with Miss Volatile, and Counsellor Squinney, seems to have attached himself to Miss Moonshine; aye, they are the sort of fry the girls are fishing for; but the Baron is old and ugly, and Miss Volatile wants something sightly for her domestic contemplation, when the honey-moon sinks behind the cloud of satiety; she hates milk and water spoons, and tallow-faced
puppies in egg shells; she likes a bold dashing daring dog, not a post; in short, she must have something of the phœnix, or black-swan breed, quite out of the common way."

"Yes, I comprehend," said I, "and wish the ladies good luck; but at present I cannot recommend."

"Our chat was now interrupted by Baron Blinkey's observing, his chariot was much at the ladies service in London any Sunday they would honour him with their company, for a dash in the ring; for he'd often the pleasure of sporting both married and single ladies; Mrs. Dashit, for instance, was frequently accommodated with a seat; she made no scruple; she was equal to all cynical sneers, and a very natty charming woman she was."
"But my Par would not suffer me to go," cried Miss Volatile, shaking her head in despair, "he's so very particular about improprieties; I dare say I shall never get a husband; nobody'll have me; my brother-in-law's sister-in-law was but sixteen when she married; and its monstrous provoking one girl can't have as much luck as another; I'm sure its not for want of trying. Oh, I danced with such a divine young man last winter, that my heart was gone in ten minutes. Heigh ho! I wish any body would die, and leave me a good thumping fortune."

"Oh, you're a fortune of yourself," replied the ogleing Baron, squeezing her hand.

"I wish somebody would think so," answered Miss Volatile; "but Par grows so cross and strict, I be-
lieve all the young fellows are afraid of him."

"Never fear," cried Munchausen, "I've got the description of your wishes upon the tablet of my memory, and I dare say I shall be able to find something; I've known many a stale lamb's heart fetch a good price, even of a Saturday night, according to the taste of the customer."

"Oh you nasty wretch," exclaimed Miss Volatile, "I shall never go to market, without thinking of your horrid simile."

"If you despair, what must I do?" said Miss Moonshine; "I'm the old maid of the family; we have had three weddings in our house in the course of twelve months."

"Of what sort?" said Munchausen, "Jews, Turks, Infidels, or Heretics?"
“Oh, a composition of all sorts,” rejoined Miss Moonshine; “I shall be glad when the winter comes in; we shall have some gala's then, and be merry; I'm sure every body admired our dances and petit soupés.”

“Yes,” replied Munchausen, “they were much talked of; even the giants at Guildhall, if they had possessed the powers of sense, might have heard it spoken of by all the wondering multitude of purple robed gentry, who declared it was strange! passing strange! 'twas wonderful; and the chalked floors embellished with the family arms, exceeded belief with many people; though, by the bye, I heard a certain satirical friend of mine ask why the family legs were not subjoined, and that the field of the coat of arms was not emblazoned in its original colour, for
it ought to have been blue, and the motto Charitas."

Counsellor Squinney (who perfectly comprehended Munchausen's wasp sting) screwed his mouth all on one side into a law simper, and observed, "he had heard of it from a certain man of memory."

"And pray what did you hear?" asked Miss Moonshine, tossing her head affectedly.

"Why I heard," replied the Counsellor, "that your gala was the astonishment of the town; your very pug dog was said to have enjoyed his night of glory, under the canopy of his Mistresses elbow; others intimated that Gog and Magog were actually invited, and would open the ball."

"What a scandalously malicious report," cried Munchausen as puri-
tanical as a grave digger; "I wonder how people can take such liberties."

"Why just in the same manner you would take liberties with a cold chicken, and a bottle of Madeira, at this said gala," replied Baron Blinkey; "after which gratification, you take the additional liberty of laughing at, and ridiculing the founder; but its the fashion; what do people give cut-ups for but notoriety; and as notoriety we all know is the offspring of folly, laughter and ridicule therefore are the grand children of the family; and as the rising ephemera of the day are found in every fashionable institution, zounds, Sir, Folly's the order of the day; and every washer-women gives her gala; my groom assured me last winter, as I was lounging by his side in my
curricle, that Mrs. Sudwell, my laundress, had given a dance the night before, to sixteen people of fashion of her acquaintance, quite in style. "I guess it," said I; "I suppose you were entertained with a copper full of punch; a washing tub piled up with cakes; the floor soaped; the walls colored with powder blue; and you danced to the jingle of the flat irons."

"Indeed, sir," replied James, "you're mistaken, for we'd a fiddle and a pipe and tabor; the copper was transformed into a sideboard covered with beef sandwiches, cold plumb pudding, and apple pies, with plenty of shrub and water, porter, and hot elder wine; the ladies were all dressed in white, and without caps; and as to the gentlemen, there was'nt a livery coat in the room; our toasts
and sentiments were very loyal, and we had several very good songs.” Thus we see how folly rules the helm.

“Vulgar creatures,” exclaimed Miss Moonshine; “how I despise low born people.”

“Aye,” replied Munchausen, “what you call your two pair stairs lodgers; mantled of a Sunday, and dismantled all the week; known by the name of the Monday popping class, and the Saturday fetching squad; and yet I have supped at elegant tables covered with plate, just arrived from the pawnbroker’s back door in the dark; and the very salt that filled the gold urn was borrowed of a poor neighbour. Lord, what’s so easy as to sport a thousand ounces of plate on your sideboard; who the d—l...
dare ask if its your own; they may suspect, and most likely pay for it; but no one will ask who suffers; so in like manner supply yourself with furniture, and table linen; and if any person admires the beauty or texture, heave a soft sigh, shake your head significantly, with a sort of palsey gratitude, expressive of regret, and ejaculate, "they are my poor dear uncle's;" but you need not exactly say what uncle; and thus, by this manoeuvring career, it's astonishing how you will be respected from the splendid appearance of your household and personal embellishments.

The company looked at each other, "Aye, its very true," continued Munchausen, "be poor and seem poor, is the d—l; egad, you live in no stile at all, if you don't build your own villa, where a woman of taste exercises her
genius by drawing her own designs; she must have her library, her boudoir, and her bath, to be sure, or else she's nobody; why, my poor Humble Staffordshire dove cot is washed out every morning with rose water, to make it sweet and healthy, and then my barns; why, my dear fellow, you'd no more suppose them barns, then I could suppose myself the king, for they are planned on my own scale, of octagonal form, with square attached wings, so that they form an edifice both elegant, useful, and ornamental, and have the appearance of pantheons and rotundos; I also took indubitable pains to establish my buttery on a peculiar scale; for my own family butler being a very cholickey quiz, we disagreed about sharpening the knives; I therefore planned a machine
to clean a dozen knives at a time, without hands, so that the fellow might stand and whistle over the operation; but after much trouble and expence, I was compelled to abolish the plan, and adopt the antique brick dust flourish of Blunt, versus Sharp, according to the diligence of my grumbling operator."

"You're ideas are exactly correspondent with mine," (lisped the laughing Mrs. Bashaw, who was a live pageant of jewellery, lace, muslin and perfume, and who would sit in no posture, but what she studied every morning before her library mirrors, from the weekly *Attitudinarin Magazine* of fashion).

"We have lately erected our Kentish villa on a very superior construction, for our establishment is large, we have only two in family;
but then we've sixteen domestics, and we keep an immense round of company; our carriage, too, is building, and the choice and disposal of its embellishments all rests on my taste and judgement; I assure you it puzzles my fancy and annoys my mind very much; I shall be heartily glad when its completed, for those stage coaches are horrid; it is really to me a temporary prison, where, wedged into a cell, one is fettered hand and foot."

"Oh dear, one's own carriage is delightful; there you are exempt from dirt, infection, disgusting companions, and the whole train of stage coach miseries," exclaimed Mrs. Honeycomb. "Ours is a most comfortable barouche; Mr. Honeycomb dearly enjoys a ride down Cheapside in it,
he says he feels so much in his juvenile hemisphere, for St. Paul's and Bow-bell have such charms for him, that he is always at home in that region of bustle; activity and perseverance, he says, is the tradesman's best motto."

"To be sure," said the smiling man of the world. "If I had not looked sharp after my salt, what sort of porridge should I have made; you would not have had a barouche, Anna."

"You're a luckey dog," said Munchausen; "you're a descendant of the Whittington's; you're like a certain Middlesex Baronet, Sir Fortunatus Miraculum, all of whose children are born with a cornucopia in their mouths,"

"Then they've good swallows, I'll be bound," replied Mr. Bashaw.
“Oh yes,” answered Munchausen, "they swallow many things that stick in other people's throats; the whole Bank and India-House would be no object of indigestion to them. But Sir Fortunatus is a very charitable good man, seizes the quill of ostenta-
tion, and flourishes his name in gold letters at the top of every subscription, whereby he wisely calculates, that public charity may produce private reward, in some shape; and no doubt, if he was Lord Mayor, he'd execute his civic honors in a state palanquin, supported by elephants."

"Oh, how I should like to be his daughter-in-law," said Miss Volatile.

"So should I," exclaimed Miss Moonshine.

"Why, a promise of marriage, in
case of non-conformance from such a man, would be realising a little estate," cried Miss Makepenny.

"True, Ma'am, as you observe," replied Munchausen, "but, if the twig e'ent well limed, where's the decoy for the bird? you may tangle an owl or a bat, but the pigeons are shy, they know the net; its a bad speculation, Miss Makepenny; I'll never advise any young lady to build a castle on such a foundation."

The young lady colored high, bit her lips, but remained silent; for as I afterwards learned from my uncle, she was a bold faced girl, without a shilling fortune, but what she had artfully and scandalously obtained by promises of marriage, from young men of fortune, with whom she always contrived to pick a quarrel on the nuptial morning, previous to the
ceremony, by which means the gentleman flew from the chains of the vixen, and she claimed her black and white promise; on the produce of which love money, Miss Makepenny cuts a dash, by living in high stile, and spreading her fresh traps in every corner.

"I hope you are no castle builder?" said Munchausen to Miss Volatile.

"Oh yes, indeed, I am," replied she, "I often indulge such delightful reveries upon our sofa, when I'm in an indolent mood, that I could fancy myself queen of the Elysian fields; and just as I'm in the zenith of my glory, deuce take it, in comes Mar with a plaguey basket of stockings to mend; oh, I could roar for spite to be so provokingly disturbed."
"La, what do you mend stockings?" enquired Miss Moonshine, "what horrid menial drudgery; for my part, I never do any thing from morning to night but sing and play; and dance, walk, talk, and so forth, to kill time."

"Oh you little wicked grasshopper," cried Munchausen, "I should teach you a variety of different new tunes, if I was your father; I'd pick out one of the four-in-hand for you; you should be curbed and snaffled; I'd rein you in tight; you should sport a new invented kicking strap, and then, if you didn't break-in well, I should break-out.

"Oh you modern jockey," cried Miss Makepenny, "you execrable goldfinch, how you talk."

"Yes, he's as famous a fellow in the tongue line, as the scarlet man of
Fish street hill," replied Baron Blinkey; and, as to his faces, they are inimitable."

"Hey! what Baron! compare mine to a pig's face?" said Munchausen.

"Pardon me," replied the Baron, "I only observed you made inimitable faces; but I did not allude to Mr. Scarlet's professional stock."

"Some people make too many faces, and some too few," cried Mr. Honeycomb.

"True," replied Counsellor Squinney; "some make them according to law, and others versus equity."
THE dinner was now announced to be on table, and we, in consequence, adjourned to the saloon, were every hospitable elegance decked the festive board, and the urbanity and fascinating deportment of the hostess, gave additional zest to the entertainment.

Munchausen was in high flow of humour, and played off upon every body, and every thing; he hoped a very fine goose which stood before
him, was not his poor friend Simon Undermine transmigrated; and declared, that an opposite compotier of delicious marrow-fat peas were mere pins heads, compared to his brodinags.

"You may believe it or not," continued he, "but they were last year as big as nutmegs, and many of them actually made two mouthfuls."

"Then they were about the size of lilliputian cannon ball, I presume?" replied Mr. Honeycomb, laughingly.

"Precisely," answered Munchausen.

"Don't you think you have rather enlarged them?" asked Mr. Bashaw; "perhaps you never took the exact dimensions of a cannon ball at Lilliput."

"No, Sir, I really never did," answered Munchausen, "though I have made a tour several times round the
world, and gained some important and beneficial discoveries."

"Indeed," said Miss Volatile, "how I should like to have been with you."

"Then, my dear young lady, you must have trusted yourself *all alone* with me in my Staffordshire library, where, placed on a superb porphyry tripod, in the centre of the room, stands my unrivalled terrestrial globe, round which you may make as many *tours* as I have done, and with much less inconvenience, fatigue, or ex-
pence, than the celebrated Captain Cooke."

The gentlemen laughed heartily, but Miss Volatile pouted her under lip, and declared he was the most provoking, hoaxing man she ever met with; and she verily did believe he was the tormenting Bear that played
such antics at Mrs. Folio's masque-
rade:

"Oh, very well, ma'am," answered
Munchausen, "I am ready and will-
ing to appeal to Mr. Honeycomb for
his opinion of my natural appearance;
he is a great judge of bears."

"I beg to decline passing judg-
ment on what I did not witness," re-
plied Mr. Honeycomb, "though I
really think Mr. Munchausen pos-
sesses abilities to act the ursine sys-
tem to the life, and can support the
protean powers most admirably."

"Oh, it certainly must have been
you, Mr. Munchausen," cried Miss
Moonshine.

"No doubt," replied Miss Make-
penny.

"He did not make you a promise
of marriage, did he?" asked Mun-
chausen:
"How should he, when I wasn't there," retorted the offended lady; "you may evade confession like a Presbyterian, but it won't avail you; your disguise is discovered, Mr. Bruin; you can't easily cheat the women; we have penetration enough in these enlightened days, to know a wolf in sheep's cloathing."

"Every man in his element," answered Munchausen. "When I was a Bear, I thought as a Bear, of course, and I acted as a Bear; but when I was no longer a Bear, I put away Bearish things, and I request, ladies, you will forbear to accuse, where you cannot convict."

"Come, a truce to the subject; let's drown it in a bumper of "prosperity to the land of Bears," cried Mr. Honeycomb; "come, my dear Anna, let me fill your glass without any.
scrapes; don't let's forget our best friends."

"By no means," replied Mr. Bashaw, filling a bumper, then turning to his fantastic wife, "Extravaganza, my love," continued he, "I have ordered you eight gold claws of peculiar size, for your bear skin hammer-cloth: Hatchett contended that four were sufficient, and that it was quite out of character to have more; but I insisted upon it, by observing, we wished to have every thing belonging to us out of the common line."

"True," said Munchausen, "a Bear with eight claws to wit; but perhaps your hammer-cloth may be composed of the skin of twin bears, and that may account for it. Mercy, what a swell you'll cut: talking of a swell, by the bye, puts me in mind of a shirt upon a washerwoman's line,
that was swelling in a high wind upon
Clapham common, which uncommod-
ed my passing; this circumstance be-
ing observed by an Irish labourer,
digging gravel hard by, "by Jasus;"
cried he, "that shirt swells like a
proud man, full of emptiness;" I gave
the fellow credit, for its no unapt
resemblance.

Mr. Honeycomb bridled; Mr. Ba-
shaw drew up his head, and adjust-
ing his broad frill, swallowed the
broad hint that had just sounded on
his oral nerve, as did Mr. Honeycomb,
who was no ways a deficient pupil in
the science of ostentation, which too
frequently affected his memory, and
made him forget his former friends.

The cloth was now removed, and
a couple of beautiful pines graced the
luscious desert; a slice of which Lady
Lustre requested permission to send
Dr. Markwell, not having any more in the pinery ready to cut; and the butler (whose very footsteps I envied) was dispatched to the Rectory, with this little tribute of kindness and respect.

"Oh, what a charming girl Miss Fitzclarence is," exclaimed Miss Volatile; "so handsome, so accomplished, and so very amiable, I wonder what sort of a husband she'll have."

"Such a one as she merits, I should hope," replied my uncle.

"He ought to be a nonsuch," cried Miss Moonshine.

"Yes, such a woman as that would grace a throne," said Baron Blinkey.

"And her abilities might rival a whole bench of judges," answered Counsellor Squinney.
"She'll be a rich treasure to some happy man," cried Lady Lustre, smiling at my uncle.

"Your Ladyship's right there," observed Miss Makepenny; "but with such a village competitor, what chance do we three stand?"

"Oh, just the same chance you did before her arrival." answered Munchausen, "because what would suit Miss Makepenny, could never suit Miss Fitzclarence, I'm sure; so make your mind easy, you can never be rivals."

"But you'll allow us an equal chance to get a husband, if he is not a Fitzclarence Phænx, I suppose," replied Miss Moonshine.

"Oh, certainly, to be sure, most undoubtedly, assuredly, no doubt, by all means," said Munchausen, subjoining the whole catalogue of
assenting terms to convince the young lady her hopes were justifiable.

"Well, I shall go to Cheltenham, and try my luck," cried Miss Volatile; "there's nothing worth netting at the sea side."

"No," replied Miss Moonshine, "there's nothing there but fortune hunters."

"And I'm sure they won't suit you," rejoined Munchausen, "no! no! try and captivate some rich citizen's son at the next Gog-Magog ball.

"Oh, nasty dirty vulgar place," exclaimed Miss Volatile, "I've danced my feet sore there many a time, to no purpose; I don't think I shall sport my charms there any more, for they seem to take no effect."

"Never mind," replied Munchaus-
"leave the modern gad flies to buz their cobweb fabrication to the more credulous listeners, and but let the monarch of your heart be "Nil Desperando."

"La, who's he," asked Miss Moonshine, with her mouth wide open; "some young foreigner of distinction, I guess."

"You're right," answered Munchausen, "Nil Desperando is a foreign friend of mine; we are hand and glove; the most intimate happy companions when we meet; the most welcome friend I have upon earth; cheers every trouble of my heart; his sister Hope is one of the most fascinating women nature ever represented."

"Pish," replied Miss Moonshine, "don't talk to us girls about the sis-
ter, tell us the charms of her brother Nil.”

"Oh, Nil is a cheerful facetious fellow, who laughs at the black cloud that makes others tremble."

"Oh, how I should like to be introduced to him; does he speak English?" said Miss Moonshine.

"Yes, I think he speaks very plain, considering he is not a native of this country."

"Oh, that's no object," continued she, "I should like to marry a foreigner of all things; is he an Italian?"

"Certainly not," replied Munchausen (winking his eye at Counsellor Squinney, who sat convulsed with laughter at the non comprehension of the lady of talent), "my dear creature, how can you ask such a ques-
tion; why his very name must inform you he is of Roman extraction."

"A Roman," reiterated Miss Moonshine, "how noble; does he dress in the Roman costume, pray?"

Little Counsellor Squinney could hold no longer; "Miss Moonshine," said he, "Mr. Munchausen is playing the rogue with you; Nil Desperando is the Latin motto, implying, "Never despair," upon which he has played off at your credulous expense; believe me, I would not deceive you."

Miss Moonshine was ready to sink at Munchausen's provoking laugh, who proposed drinking the Roman victor's health, in compliment to the young lady.

"I should wonder if you didn't turn every thing to your own advantage," said the Baron.
"To be sure," replied Munchausen, "d'ye think any man ever plays the fool without being well paid for it? no, no, all clowns love porridge, and so do I, when I come it at any body else's expence."

"You're a monstrous disagreeable man," said Miss Moonshine, grinning with spite, "you take great liberties with your tongue."

"To be sure, I would not give a farthing for a tongue I could not take liberties with," answered he.

"But then it ought to be bridled," continued Miss Moonshine.

"Oh, it has had some thousand of bits on it, I assure you," replied he.

"It will never have one at my expense, however," resumed she.
Munchausen made a provoking ludicrous bow, and the lady remained silent, as did Misses Volatile and Makepenny, both secretly rejoicing they were not the objects of Munchausen's sarcastic attack and exposure; and were, no doubt, well pleased when Lady Lustre withdrew to the drawing-room, deputing my uncle her chair, as senior of the company; and never did man fill such a situation with more pleasantry or propriety, till the company adjourned to the card room, much to the joy and delight of Counsellor Squinney, and Baron Blinkey, proficient in the science of gaming, who both frequently played two successive nights and days, without leaving the table, to indulge the necessary comforts of repose; but as usual, the little man of law played extremely
unsuccessful, though he bore it with much patience, a virtue which, no doubt, his profession had taught him; yet his ardour for the amusement never abated; women, wine and cards were the deities these adepts worshipped; and their devotions at those several shrines were manifold, where the incense of folly and luxury blazed most conspicuously.

Mr. Bashaw was also a great dab at a rubber; talked largely of erecting a spacious billiard-room, attached as an additional wing to the Kentish villa, where people believed he had actually sprung a gold mine under the foundation, to support the immoderate and incredible expense of his pompous establishment, as John Bull and Miles's boy could neither of
them give credit to the idea of such a family’s subsisting on tallow; but Mr. Honeycomb, the king bee of his family, who had lived on the extraction of his own honey, and the dexterity with which he had spread his wax, loved money too well to be a gambler; for though he had formerly speculated in clubs, spades, and diamonds, he took care they should replenish his pocket, but never permitted them the public hazard of diminishing it; he therefore could bungle through a game of whist, but he was no professer; his wife was a worthy placid woman, of amiable temper, and engaging manners, exempt from the least tincture of vanity or arrogance; she had reciprocally climbed the ladder of industry with her husband, and having attained the top step, was perfectly contented
and free from the power of ambition.

The cards broke up at eleven, and a profuse cold collation was spread in the saloon, where Munchausen the friskey, played a few more of his antics, by recommending Miss Moonshine a slice of very fine tongue, assuring her it was much better than his own, and such as he knew she would relish. To Miss Volatile he handed a beautiful Cupid in butter, the exact thing he knew she wanted, and immediately after presented Miss Makepenny a dish of wafers, which he said, from their appearance, he had an idea where marriage promises, being of so light and brittle a texture, and in the form of scrolls, which, though neither signed, nor sealed, he took the liberty to deliver.
ver, they being at all events wa-
fered.

He had next the audacity to hand
my uncle a nice dressed crab, observ-
ing, it would suit his palate, being
quite in his own way. To Mr.
Bashaw he recommended a large
guinea hen puff. To Mrs. Bashaw a
whipt cake. To Mr. Honeycomb an
ice-cream. To Counsellor Squinney
a jelly, which he said was as clear
as a verdict ought to be; and to
Baron Blinkey he handed a ragou'd
pigeon.

My uncle immediately returned
Munchausen a large fricaseed Mush-
room, assuring him it sprung from
the family dunghill, and he would
find it perfectly suited to his palate,
it being highly peppered, quite in his
own way.
This reproval silenced the saucy distributor, and the remainder of the evening passed pleasantly away, nor did the party break up till the village clock told two.
THE hours now flew on rosy wings, and my uncle was the most altered man alive; he talked continually of my intended happiness with Rosa; he spoke, but in her praise: and whenever he stole from my side, I was sure to find him weeping over and caressing the miniature of his lost Cecelia; for he would never suffer me to stile her Madame Lausanne, for that name was a dagger to his heart; and even old Geoffry, and
Mrs. Esther Susanna Rebecca, both questioned me concerning the wonderful change in their master's disposition since my arrival.

"The effect arises from a very good cause, which you will all know in proper time," said I.

"Aye, my young master," replied Geoffry, shaking his grey locks, "I do hope I know all about it in my own mind."

"Well, well, if you should be right in your conjecture, don't reveal it till time and circumstance renders it a fact."

"If I dared axe such a bold question," continued Geoffry, "I'd give the best coat off my back to be convinced."

"Of what?" said I.

"Something about Miss Fitzcla-
fluence, and—and"—Geoffry stammered, and retreated two steps back, with evident timidity.

"And what, or who?" cried I.

"Oh, Sir, your own respectful self, that's all; I humbly hope no offence, but,"—here he paused again, and I looked grave.

"But what, Geoffry, why don't you explain?"

"I'm affread to anger you, Sir; but I saw you and Miss Fitzclarence picking yearbs upon the heath to'ther morning; and you did both look so happy, and so loving, I prayed in my own mind you might never be parted, you looked such a noble couple. Oh, Sir, if I could but see that happy day, it would be the joy of my poor old heart."

"And you would follow the exam-
ple with Mrs. Esther Susanna Rebecca, I presume,” said I.

“I dont know but I should, Sir,” replied he.

“Aye, ’tis thus you measure other people’s corn, I find,” continued I. “Believe me, my honest old friend, you have not offered the least offence; and all I shall say in return, you’re a very clever match maker; and depend upon it, I wish you as much happiness on the same source, as you seem to have marked out for me; but you and I will talk about this another day: at present guard your ideas, that I may judge how you can keep a secret.”

Geoffry bowed, and withdrew, with such a sagacious look, as seemed to import he was satisfied with his own perspicuity; and was clos-
ing the door, when recollecting himself, again popped in his head requesting I would not for the world mention what had passed to his master; and having obtained my faithful promise he left the room.

He had not been gone five minutes, when Parson Faddle rung at the gate, which peal brought my uncle from his study, to receive the visitant.

"I hear Sir," said he, "Munchausen has left us this morning, on a visit of some importance to London, where I wish to obtain his address, as he owes me a guinea; of which, when I told him yesterday morning, he had the audacity to laugh in my face, and refuse the payment, though he acknowledged he asked for it to pay the ringers; and concluded by ob-
serving; he thought me too loyal a subject to reclaim a mere rejoicing mite; expended in celebrating a royal nativity; "for shame, for shame, my dear fellow," cried he, "don't say another syllable about it, for I've told every body the peal was your own incense, therefore why give away the credit of it; you're a good man; you can afford it; I cannot; and you are perfectly welcome to my services on the occasion gratis; I want no commission for my trouble.

"And thus he bamboozled you out of a guinea, eh?" said my uncle; "well, Parson, you may add that to your budget of receipts as a N. B. How to pluck a pigeon in the guinea-stile. Never mind, Faddle, it may be the best guinea you ever expended, by teaching you how to save
twenty more, for you'll be aware for the future."

"Yes, I believe I shall," said the Parson, stroaking his chin, "It's the first, and trust me it shall be the last he ever rings out of my pocket."

My uncle laughed heartily; and for my soul I could not forbear subjoining.

"I see nothing to laugh at," said the Parson, taking up his hat, much dismayed, and very gravely wishing us good morning, he left the house.

"If you recollect," said my uncle, as Faddle quitted the gate, "Munchausen threatened to give the little Parson a nong-tong-paw receipt, and methinks he's kept his word."

"Yes," replied I, "the Parson has cooked his own plumb pudding,
and Munchausen has *dished* it; I warran't me Dr. Tonic will be here presently, brimful of the news."

"You know the adage," replied my uncle (pointing to the gate). "For yonder he stands."

The Doctor entered the room declaring, the heat was so excessive, he was *broiled alive*.

"So is Parson Faddle," replied my uncle, "Munchausen has grizzled him; he's in a fiery heat."

"I know it, I know it," replied the Doctor, "I was just come to tell you of the villainous hoax; I never heard of such a fellow in my life; picks a man's pocket first, and laughs in his face afterwards; scandalous! scandalous! and egad he's off to London."

"Yes," said my uncle, he's gone
to attend some of his *cupping* parties, I presume."

"I'll tell you what," replied the Doctor, "It's more likely he's gone on a *tapping* party; if he treats everybody as he has done poor Faddle, he can never shew his face again in the village, to be sure."

"I warrant you he will, and two to one but he hoaxes you* before you think of it," said my uncle.

"Oh, no, he won't do that, I'll take good care; I'm as *crafty* as he is," answered the Doctor.

"Bravo!" exclaimed my uncle, "I never heard you give yourself a *character* before; it must therefore be a *just* one, at all events."

"Poh, I did not mean to say I was crafty, in the mere acceptation of the word; Pshaw, d—it, I don't know what I'm talking about; I mean,
that I merely made use of the expression to prove I was as sharp as himself; keen, cunning, deep."

"Yes, like a concealed Fox," said my uncle; "however, let it pass; don't egotise; let others do that; why should any man distort his own features, when he can hire a trumpeter; what you have said, nobody doubts, and therefore make no apology about it; its all perfectly right and true."

The Doctor hemmed, looked very foolish at his own lapsis, and said he was going to call on the obstinate gout sufferer at the Rectory, where he believed Miss Fitzclarence was both nurse and physician.

"So much the better; let the good man alone," cried my uncle.

"The game don't seem to start," resumed the Doctor, rising from his
chair; "I don't hear of ascent amongst our village bloods; the beautiful Recluse don't seem to charm so much as was expected; she don't appear to make much havock in their hearts."

"Do you know the reason of that?" asked my uncle.

"Not I; I suppose they are all afraid to risk a refusal," replied he; "they're not like my boys."

"I have heard her heart is engaged," continued my uncle.

"The d—l it is," cried the Doctor.

"I believe it's a truism," answered my uncle.

"But d'ye know the party?" said the Doctor, "d'ye know his name?"

"I have heard it," replied my uncle, with non-chalance.
"And what is it? Some Nabob, Duke, Earl, Marquis, or Right Honourable, I presume."

"An Honourable," replied my uncle, with much gravity.

"You don’t say so; but his name, d—it, his name is what I want to know."

"Oh, you’ll see it in the newspaper some of these days; that will be time enough to gratify your curiosity; for such a circumstance cannot be essential to the information of the village; therefore, tell all the gabbling impertinents for further enquiry, they must apply to the Rectory; dose’em that way Doctor, dose’em."

Finding he could obtain no farther information, old Tonic withdrew, not to the Rectory, but to the cottage of the Calypsian Syren, where, no doubt he told the tale of wonder to the wondering fair.
"How came you, my dear Sir, to give the Doctor such a nut to crack?" asked I.

"On purpose," replied my uncle, "to save you from fighting a duel, and preserve Rosa from impertinent attacks; I have thereby crushed the village temerity, and blighted the audacious hopes perhaps of many."

"I see the utility of your stratagem," replied I, "and own myself indebted to its fabrication."

"Why trade is dull," observed my uncle, "and as I never take physic, it is but fair to give the Doctor a little employment, whereby he gains a dinner from one enquirer, a cup of tea from a second, a bowl of Punch from a third, and a good supper from a fourth; not to calculate how much he gains by his bets; so, if he
can't work one way, he must work another."

In the course of a week from this period, I received most satisfactory letters from my father, who congratulated me on the reciprocal conquests I had made of Rosa, and my uncle; and added, he should not be deficient in generosity, though his means fell far short of my uncle's; and my mother, in a long letter, replete with maternal love and solicitude, expressed herself particularly delighted that fortune should have ordained the offspring of the charming (and to her well known) Madame Lausanne, to become the bride of Victor St. Alban, a circumstance which appeared almost impossible, and most eminently improbable.

Rosa and Dr. Markwell perused these letters with much pleasure;
and a packet, containing an explanation of our intended nuptials, was transcribed by the pen of Dr. Markwell, as soon as he was able to write; and accompanied by a letter from me, was dispatched to Rosa's guardian, it being deemed by my uncle a necessary compliment; and by the time an answer was obtained, (which contained every sentiment of friendship and generosity, fraught with the writer's best wishes of happiness, and accompanied by some very elegant presents for Rosa's bridal adornments) I had made a trip to London with my uncle, in search of a residence, which was now in a great state of forwardness in its embellishment, for the appointed time of our nuptials, of which our village squad had not the most remote idea; and the autumnal season being far on the
decline, we proposed making a tour to Bath with my uncle on the occasion, and afterwards returning to London, where he promised to spend a month with us, and partake our Christmas festivities; for Rosa had become so attached to him, they were quite inseparable, and often caused the good Dr. Markwell to observe, that if he had ever known the use of a sword, my uncle and him must have measured blades; then slapping me on the shoulder, he would often exclaim, "Its happy for you; I have no Son to dispute the palm," and in the beginning of November my uncle proposed another journey to town, from whence, on his return, he presented Rosa with a set of jewels, in the first stile of elegance, after having ordered a superb sideboard of plate, and des-
sions, Dr. Markwell assigned him the arrangement.

The morning was ushered in by a full peal from the village steeple, with three loud cheers from the assembled peasantry, and "long live our patroness," resounded on all sides; at ten o'clock the sports commenced, headed by Munchausen, in a beautiful Paddock opposite the Rectory. A jingling match round the edge of a shallow pond, furnished the first amusement; next succeeded jumping in a sack for a pair of shoes; six girls racing for a gown; six clowns eating hot hasty pudding with a fork, for a new hat; grinning through a collar for a pair of boots; at which game every body declared Munchausen ought to have claimed the prize, as the grimaces he set, for example, exceeded the competitors; diving in
a pail of water for oranges, brought out by the mouth of the winner; and six boys jumping at a roll, dipped in treacle, completed the morning sport; and the merry faces partook the refreshment of beef and ale, spread for them on long tables under the shade of a rustic awning on one side of the paddock; where a profuse distribution of plumb-pudding was carved out by Munchausen to all the village children; and after a cessation of sports for two hours, the merriment recommenced with an ass race, succeeded by a soaped pig, and a game of cricket, which concluded the amusements of this happy and most joyous day; when a plentiful libation of punch was individually served, and with grateful acclamation of thanks, and un-
bounded satisfaction, the jovial group retired in the greatest order of sobriety and decency, each to their humble cot, while the neighbouring gentry were regaled with hospitable rural elegance at appropriate tables in the Rectory, tastefully ornamented with laurel, and chaplets of flowers; after which the juvenile part of the company danced till a late hour; and the lovely queen of the fete never looked more enchanting, then when her magic step bounded on the fantastic toe. The Rector quaffed Madeira with my uncle, and both seemed to feel the renovation of youth; and what much added to their pleasure, was the absence of Mistress Fungus and Deposit, who had left the village for the commencement of London revelries; the Misses Tonics swelled with peculiar envy, and the Doctor
got so groggy, as to expose himself by kicking up his heels in a dance, or more properly a reel, much to the dismay of his daughters; for as no casualty had happened that day in the village, the Doctor had got nothing to do; most of the inhabitants being too well engaged to take physic, although the Doctor could have entertained them various ways. Lady Lustre was in charming spirits, and the voice of universal satisfaction crowned the festivities of the day, with memorable delight.

"Though we had not the assistance of red coats to enliven the scene," said Munchausen, "we'd the honour of such an assemblage of Generals as Boney can't boast."

"How so?" asked Dr. Markwell.
“Why, my good Sir, in the first place,” replied Munchausen, “we had General Mirth linked arm in arm with General Hospitality; and everybody saw Generals Hope and Expectation, attendant at the sports; General Gratitude headed the throng; General Pleasure recorded the day on the tablet of General Memory, to which General Satisfaction subscribed his signature.”

“Very good, I give you credit,” replied my uncle, “just as Parson Faddle must do for his guinea, that was a neat hoax of yours.”

“Not in the least,” said Munchausen; “now, for instance, I’ll recite the particulars and leave you to judge. I had ordered the ringers to give a peal, and just at the moment of preparation who should stalk into the belirey but the parson; to whom I
jocosely said, "give me a guinea for the ringers, will you Faddle, I have'nt one in my pocket?" upon which he drew out the little bit of ore saying, "oh, here's one at your service;" for which I thanked him, and the ringers thanked me; now if you think it was not a voluntary action I stand convicted, for I certainly never asked him to lend it me, nor did, nor do I ever mean to repay it; so if Master Faddle choses to miscomprehend, I cannot help the defects of his understanding; he has no receipt I dare say how to cook a guinea, but I could furnish him a hundred."

My uncle laughed heartily at the stratagem, and told him he had but one more to play upon.

"Who d'ye mean?" said Munchausen, "It must be an old bird that my chaff wont decoy."
"What think you of a Tonic owl?" replied my uncle.

"The easiest game upon earth, for all he sees double; I'll have him yet, east, west, north, or south."

"Have a care," said my uncle, "he's a choloric chap."

"Oh, I'll cure his cholic," answered Munchausen, "one of these days when its troublesome, never fear me."

We now parted for the night, each returning to their respective residence, where we found old Geoffry, and Mrs. Esther Susanna Rebecca, with Cookey Alice, all chatting over the pleasures of their holliday, which they had equally enjoyed with ourselves.

"Well, I never, did you ever? No I never enjoyed such a day," exclaimed the Housekeeper.
"T'was a jollification sure enough," replied Alice.

"It will never be forgot in the village by young or old, I'll be bound," said Geoffry, "it put me in mind of a wedding, every body looked so happy; I wish we may have such another whenever Miss Fitzclarence marries."

"I fancy the punch has got in your head Geoffry," said my uncle.

"No, it hasn't, Sir," resumed Geoffry (who was growing garrulous) "but my heart's brimful of joy."

"So is mine," answered my uncle, "but still I don't trouble my head about what don't concern me."

Geoffry felt the hint, and taking up his candle withdrew to the meditation of his pillow, and we immediately followed the same example.
The next morning, who should we see but Munchausen, standing in earnest conversation with the Doctor under the pestle and mortar; and in a few moments they were joined by the strutting Mr. Prolix the great; much energy seemed to prevail on all sides, the Doctor worked his hands with galvanic spasms; Mr. Prolix laid out the law with his fore-finger upon a post; and Munchausen shook his head, laughed, expatiated, laid his large hand upon his heart, and in a few minutes baffled the double attack, with as much adroitness as Jack Bang-up does his broad sword, and walked consequentially from the drug magazine, from whence the Doctor and Mr. Prolix soon after found their way to our gate, where they, sans ceremonie, bounced into the breakfast room.
The Doctor foamed with passion, and Mr. Prolix's wainscoat cherubim cheeks, puffed with an extra swell of anger.

"Would you believe it, that audacious fellow Munchausen actually denies borrowing a guinea of Parson Faddle?" said the Doctor.

"Yes;" cried Prolix, "and I have orders to get the money, but which way will be the question, for he makes me a laughing stock; he has no more respect to my consequence, as a professional man, then if I was a broomstick."

"No, nor to me neither; we have threatened, persuaded, and even tried to shame him out of it, and he has left us with a derisive smile, assuring us what he owes he shall repay very shortly; but not one farthing to the
Parson; observing, as he had sold his loyalty for one pound one, he might sell his religion perhaps equally as cheap; so now what's to be done with such a fellow?"

"Oh, if you professional gentlemen have not art sufficient to draw a guinea out of a man's pocket, it must be made the eighth wonder of the world."

"It's such a paltry, pitiful sum," resumed Prolix.

"That's the very plea the fellow makes," rejoined the Doctor.

"One can't possibly make out a bill," continued Prolix, "It's a shabby concern, I believe I shall persuade the Parson to drop the idea, for there's nothing to be got by it in my calling."

"Aye, do;" said the Doctor, "and if I can give you a job another day,
we may share snacks in something better; and in old Mother Drinkwater's plumb cake concern, you can settle my children's share you know, if you delay others."

"Oh, yes, yes, I'll take care of that. I hear old Exeter is left guardian; it will be easy to persuade him to chuck the little cakes into the chancery oven, but I'll look sharp after yours, depend upon it; you shall have your share under the rose."

"I should not wonder between you and I," whispered the Doctor, "if that crafty old hound was to dish poor Farmer Odcombe out of his hereditary estate, after all his hopes, expectation, and real rights; there's been many a queer piece of business in this village; and egad, if old Exeter should play such a family trick, poor
Odcombe will be topped and tailed like a scalded gooseberry.”

“Why according to law its very possible,” replied Mr. Prolix.

“Zounds, gentlemen,” exclaimed my uncle, “how can you form such a rascally idea; the man of opulence who thus unjustly robs the man of indigence, of his lawful rights and privileges, ought to starve in the cell of penitence, afflicted with every vengeance of heaven; were Exeter to act thus, I would pronounce him a monster.”

“I tell you again if he did, he would not be the first in the village who had played the game, aye, and won it too,” cried the Doctor.

“And how did he feel afterwards?” asked my uncle.

“Why he was affected with qualms of conscience before he died,” replied
the Doctor, "so in fact the stratagem little availed, and some actually assert that he died of an entail fever; however, be as it may, me and my son Bob got nothing by it, we must therefore look sharp after our own interest while we can."

"Upon my word I can see no reason why you should take up Parson Faddle's cudgel," said my uncle.

"Because," replied the Doctor, "I was applied to for my advice."

"And dont you know, advice, like physic, is never palatable, eh! Doctor," cried my uncle, "its all a pack of nonsense; do go home, and leave the business to the settlement of the parties concerned; mercy on me, how you do love to fish in troubled waters; either for interest or curiosity its pity you had not something better to attend too."
"Oh, I only interfered for my friend Faddle," said Tonic.

"By which needless interference you created an enemy in Munchausen," replied my uncle.

"A fig for Munchausen," replied the Doctor snapping his fingers, "he does not dare take any liberties with me, he knows better, I should like to catch him at the attempt."

"Oh, he's equal to any and everything," answered Prolix, "buffoonery and mimickry are his forte."

"Yes," said my uncle, "he had a very able tutor in his companion Daniel the Sanctified; in the art of mimickry, Daniel can pull a face, and ventroloquise to the life; when him and Munchausen meet together in the Lion's Den, where some are growling and snarling, others biting, and kicking, and some few turning tail; all
which gives great scope to Daniel’s abilities; for Daniel is a man who takes off likenesses; and Munchausen is a special original, whose fac-simile very few would covet."

"Come, Prolix," cried the Doctor, "I’ve an engagement, so I must be off; Mr. Tweazy you see is not of our opinion, and therefore we’ll drop the contending point; what say you Prolix to a rubber at crib, this evening, with these gentlemen, if agreeable?"

My uncle assented, and the men of profession took their leave, but just as they had reached the gate they met Munchausen making his entree, and Doctor Tonic popped back again, to tell my uncle, he had forgot to say, in case Mrs. Whimsey should send for him (which mandate he expected every hour) Bob would come up and
take his cards, as he must attend the lady at all events.

Munchausen who had followed him in, and heard all the Doctor said with much attention, seemed for some moments ruminating, with a half-suppressed smile of significance, which my uncle observing, asked him the subject of his seemingly merry meditation.

"It was only a comical idea crossed my brain at that moment," said Munchausen; "pray does not this said Mrs. Whimsey live just across the church-yard; I think I have seen the house; I'm sure I know the name; egad, if she disturbs the Doctor's rubber he won't be best pleased."

"Oh, the distance is nothing you know," replied my uncle, "he cuts across the church-yard in five minutes;
I assure you I did not want to be plagued with his company, but he was in such a crabbish humour about you, that I thought it might turn the wind, for he's terrible inveterate about Faddle's guinea."

"Well! well! replied Munchausen, "I must find means to divert his attention by some Green Ass manœuvre; I shant be deficient in gratitude for all his favours; the debts I owe him I can repay, I warrant me."

"Prolix is very severe against you too," continued my uncle.

"Aye, so I thought," said Munchausen, "I must dry rub him a bit; in fact, I suspected their embassy, which was the reason of my calling; and having one of my own in view, I'll wish you good morning, and a merry rubber in the evening."
Munchausen now left us, but the emphasis with which he repeated the words *merry rubber*, caused some suspicion in the mind of my uncle, that thereby hung a tale, attached to the import of those words.

Now, be it known to the reader, that the moment Munchausen left the house, he marched off to the residence of Mrs. Whimsey; of which, taking a full survey to ascertain which way the Doctor would cross the church-yard, he proceeded to the Doctor's house; where, purchasing of Bob Tonic, an ounce of tincture of jalap, he left his respectful compliments, and if it was agreeable he would take a jug of ale with him after dinner, when he did not doubt but they should settle all grievances respecting Parson Faddle.

This decoy had the desired effect;
for the Doctor sent word to Munchausen's lodging, in the course of an hour, "that he should be quite alone, and very happy to see him."

Accordingly, as the clock struck four, Munchausen made his bow at the parlour door, the very emblem of penitence, and sanctity, and each took their seat.

A foaming pitcher of the Doctor's October was placed on the table, with a couple of pipes; the fire burnt brisk; Mrs and Misses Tonics were gone out on a tea visit; and son Bob had been sent for to attend a patient four miles off; oh, what a glorious moment for a hoax.

The pitcher had been emptied and replenished, and was again more then half diminished, when a chance customer, compelled Dr. Tonic to lay down his pipe, and attend to the
shop, during whose absence the vigilant Munchausen had filled his own glass, and emptied the contents of the jalap bottle into the remaining beer.

The unconscious Doctor having dispatched his customer, returned to his seat.

"Come Doctor you don't get on, you don't follow my example," said Munchausen.

The Doctor filled a foaming glass, and took a dozen more whiffs, during which time Munchausen had poured out another and handed it to him, unnoticed by the Doctor that he did not follow the example, and only about one glass remained, which, again, Munchausen well shaking the pitcher emptied out; refusing to take any more, by declaring it had given him an intolerable headach; and if he
might make bold he should prefer a glass of Grog; this proposal was acceded to instantly; and the Doctor thinking it a pity to waste his bonny October, gulphed it down completely, without the least detection of the jalap.

The ale and the grog soon began to make the Doctor in high spirits; Munchausen made a thousand pye-crust promises relative to Parson Faddle, which he never meant to perform; and the Doctor swallowed them, as unsuspicious as he had done the jalap.

The Doctor being a bit of a milk sop, tea succeeded, the warmth of which, tended much promise of operation in Munchausen's scheme; who, before he left the house, had the satisfaction of seeing the Doctor twice screw a face and leave the room.
It was now the appointed hour of playing the rub with my uncle; and the Doctor, wishing his friend good evening, brushed off; but before he reached our gate which was not more than five hundred yards from his own door, his increasing agonies compelled him to stop twice, and support himself against the posts, to the no small diversion of Munchausen, who kept a bird's-eye view of his game.

"You're late Doctor," said my uncle, as he entered the room.

"Why I am," replied the Doctor, "I've got such a devilish unaccountable commotion in my bowels, that I can't stir."

"Something has disagreed with you," said my uncle.

"Oh, no;" answered the Doctor, "I've taken nothing but a pitcher of
my own October, and finer was never tasted; Munchausen dropped in, and we have smoked a pipe, and taken a glass of Grog; that could do no harm."

The table was set out, and our game commenced, but the Doctor could not keep his seat above a deal; he sat in tortures,—he swore,—screwed himself into a hundred postures, but none availed; and Geoffry was dispatched for a cordial, which son Bob brought in his pocket; but it did not afford the expected relief, for the Doctor's cathartic continued very active till he left the house, at ten o'clock, declaring he must go home and get to bed, as he expected every hour to be disturbed by Mrs. Whimsey.

Munchausen, ever on the alert,
watched the return of the Doctor; saw the rush-light beam in his bedroom, which was always the village signal of the Doctor's snore, and, as soon as the household retired, equipped himself in the disguise of a large surtout, and ringing hastily at the night bell, demanded immediate attendance on Mrs. Whimsey; which, being obediently answered by the Doctor in his white night cap from the window, away tripped Munchausen to his lodging; where, stripping a sheet from his bed, he resorted to the church-yard, and awaited the arrival of the Doctor; who, in a short time after, half undressed, bustled down the centre path; about the midway of which, Munchausen, full equipped as Giles Scroggins, started upon him, and seizing the Doctor (for it was dark) pinned him against
a tomb-stone, and shook him most violently; trembling with cowardice he called loudly for assistance, without hope or probability of help; till, exhausted with fear, or the weakness his cathartic had produced, he sunk down, and the powerful ghost, hastily retreating, reached his own home, in all probability before the Doctor recovered the powers of recollection.

The next morning Munchausen was up with the larks; and in less than ten minutes had heard, from a dozen people, of the Doctor's disastrous hoax; with which intelligence away he posted to the pestle and mortar, to ascertain, as he stiled it, the truth from the Doctor's own mouth; whom he found just descended to breakfast mighty grum.
Munchausen, who could pull a face either with saint or sinner, looked as grave as the man of perplexity.

"Why Doctor what do I hear?" asked he, very demurely, "they tell me, most confidently, you have been attacked last night by a ghost—impossible!—d—d nonsense! I dont believe a syllable of it."

"Its true however," replied the Doctor.

"Poh! you was in a doldrum."

"No such thing;" answered the Doctor, "I saw it as plain as I now see you; and by G—d I felt it, for it shook every bone in my body."

"Shook!" repeated Munchausen, laughing immoderately, "how the d—I was it possible a ghost could shake you; where was you going?"
"Why, after a d—d glow worm;" cried the Doctor, "for when I reached Mrs. Whimsey's house she was perfectly well, and had never sent for me."

"Why then who could fetch you?" said Munchausen.

"I don't know," said the Doctor, "for I was half asleep when I tumbled out of bed."

"Aye! Aye, you dreamed it; I'm convinced now; I've often heard such cock and bull tales; I wish such a ghost would attack me; if mother Drinkwater, or old Exeter had said as much, I might have believed it; but you Doctor, you, to be attacked, you should have amputated a limb as a trophy of your skill; pshaw! pshaw! it was a dream, and you fell down in your sleep and shook yourself."
"Zounds Sir," exclaimed the furious Doctor, "It's a lie; I was wide awake, and as compos mentus as I am this moment?"

"Well have it so, my good fellow; as you have no witness to substantiate or refute it, you must be right according to your own report."

Thus, declaring and disbelieving, the disputants parted; Munchausen not a little pleased, and the Doctor most woefully displeased; as both his courage and veracity stood impeached on the occasion; most people thinking the Doctor went to bed groggy, and that the Scroggins attack was a chimera of his own weak brain; which so aggravated him he offered five pounds reward for conviction; but none appeared claimant; and the tale of wonder wore away after
every body had strictly enquired the exact dimensions of the ghost; the Doctor magnified it to *seven feet high*; which my uncle provokingly observed, was the *usual* height, as he never heard of a *pigmy* apparition; for the eyes of *those who saw* such things, always *magnified* proportionate to their imaginations; and such an effect had the Doctor's assertion had over the villagers, that not a clown would budge across the church-yard after dark; while the more enlightened part of the neighbourhood ridiculed the story, and bantered the Doctor most terribly.

A week elapsed, and some hundreds had passed through the church-yard, but no one had been molested by the ghost; on which subject Dr. Markwell had lectured old Tonic
very severely, for his superstitious obstinacy, and the idle timidity with which he had affected the ignorant; but still the Doctor persisted it was a fact, of which no living being should ever convince him to the contrary; which highly offended the Rector, and caused him to tell the Doctor, "he was certainly a man of very weak intellects, to suffer his reason to be overpowered by his obstinate credulity;" but nought availed, the man of physic was positive.

"As a proof it was a hoax," continued the Rector, "you was not sent for to your patient; does not that circumstance convince you of your folly?"

The Doctor paused, hem—d, snapped his eyes, and declared he knew no man who owed him a grudge.
"Poh," replied the Rector, "every man has his enemies, and why not you? let it die away; it will redound more to your credit than to repeat it."

The Doctor asserted he was no child, and should therefore speak, think, and act as he thought proper; and the Rector and him in consequence, parted in a huff.

Munchausen laughed quietly in his sleeve, perfectly unsuspected, save by my uncle, whose perspicuity was not easily deceived, tho' he determined to be silent on the subject, till an opportunity offered of a private conference; as my uncle was one of those neutral beings who wisely shunned troubled pools.

Perfectly satisfied with his hoax on the Doctor, which he had effected
two-fold, he turned his ingenious ideas of retribution on Parson Faddle’s guinea; “I’ve paid off one debt,” said he to himself, “and it is but justice to pay Faddle; yes! yes! I told him he should be no loser, and I’ll keep my word.”

Accordingly, about three days afterwards, Munchausen learnt that a very old gentlemen, who was a neighbour of Mrs. Whimsey, lay very ill; and that Parson Faddle had been twice sent for to pray by him; this hint was sufficient; Munchausen scrawled a wretched hand, requesting the Parson’s third attendance immediately; and at ten o’clock at night rung at his door, and popped the billet into the servants hands, so instantaneously, that she could not, over her twinkling candle, discern what sort of person delivered it; and
away he brushed to the churchyard; where, secreting himself behind a tomb near the entrance gate, that his prey might not escape him, he popped on his white sheet, and stood ready equipped to attack the Parson's courage; whose pattering footstep on the gravel, soon after announced his approach, guided by the glimmering ray of a small hand lantern; and, as he advanced, Munchausen took a circle round him like a bat, and brushed the light out of his hand, then seizing both his arms, he shook the little man most violently; who, uttered, in tremulous tones, all the ghostly palliatives he could recollect; but still his spell was powerless; and, again the seven feet formidable ghost shook him nearly breathless, till his teeth chattered in
his head, and he could no longer sue for mercy; Munchausen then glided away across the turf, that his shoes might not betray him, and left poor Faddle to recover himself and proceed to his assignation; where it seems he rung and called a full half hour before any soul answered; disturbed the whole house; gained no admittance; and returned home on a fool's errand.

The next morning the whole village was again in arms, at the recital of the Parson's midnight rencontre with the shaking ghost, and as it seemed incredible two different people should be mistaken, many actually began to put confidence in the story.

"I never heard of a shaking ghost before," said Munchausen, "but I have heard of such a thing as a shak-
ing pudding; and so may be this active ghost was giving the Parson a receipt for one."

"Oh, he'd a receipt in full," replied Mr. Prolix; "Its 'very odd; the devil's got into the village I believe."

"Never fear, so long as he dont carry away the lawyer," said Munchausen, "I wonder what old woman in the parish he'll attack next?"

"That's a bold speech of yours," answered Prolix.

"But its not an actionable one Mr. Lawyer," said Munchausen, "cross questionize it as much as you will; I dont wonder at the churchyard being'an ominous place to Parson Faddle; may be it's the ghost of his guinea that besets him, as a punishment for his disloyal requisition of its reimbursement."
"Its a business ought to be closely investigated, in my opinion," said the Lawyer.

"So I think," replied Munchausen; "but there's such a set of flats in this parish, that I'll bet a rump and dozen its never elucidated; however I'll walk the church-yard all night with Faddle or the Doctor or yourself, and I'll be bound we won't have a shaking match. I should stand a tough touch with the scrogginite; he should not escape me."

The next morning, poor Parson Faddle was beset with enquiry's concerning his midnight expedition; but his recital was so exactly similar to that detailed by the Doctor, that people agreed they were both in the same story.

Yet still no one suspected Munchausen, so well had he arranged
and executed his plan; but when, on the following evening, he called to enquire if we had heard of the Parson's disaster, my uncle shook his head significantly at him; observing, how far his wishes had prevailed, in respect to the merry rubber.

Munchausen laughed heartily.

"What could ail the Doctor?" asked my uncle.

"Why the Ale of course?" replied Munchausen.

"How so; what was the matter with it?"

"Why, I thought it too heady, so I refined it with a dose of jalap; but mum, I rely on your secrecy; there are as many ways to hoax a man, as to kill a cat in my country; so Parson Scroggins and Doctor Scroggins may now shake hands as union scrogginites, if they have not
had shaking enough. Oh ye men of
courage! immortalized be your ad-
ventures! let the rooks chant it on
the village steeple, and the bells cele-
brate the anniversary, at the Parson's
expence; while the Doctor's pestle
and mortar joins peal, in the first
verse of the same tune.

"Thou tormenting Imp! thou
seven feet spectre!" exclaimed my
uncle.

"Hush! hush!" cried Munchau-
sen, "I mean to go and eat a condl-
ing slice of mutton with the Parson,
before I've done with him; and con-
vince him, by sound argument, that
the guinea was his own mistake; by
which, like most mistaken men, he
must now abide; and come off with
flying colours, as high as the British
flag that surmounts the village stee-
ple, on the King's Birth-day."
"Very pretty indeed," said my uncle, "so you do the man out of his money; out face him that the fault's his own—frighten him out of his wits; shake his bones sore; and eat up his victuals afterwards by way of condolence; that's your new system, is it? I suppose you'll pay me a white sheet visit one of these nights."

"Oh, no, no;" replied Munchausen, "the game is finished; three pigs of the same sow is no rarity; recollect we have had twin bores, that's novelty enough."

Munchausen now took his departure, and we set off for the Rectory; where my charming Rosa had just completed her elegant piece of embroidery, for my uncles waistcoat; which was dispatched to the tai-
lors, with the strictest injunction of care.

As the time now drew near which was to constitute our felicity, it being a period of not more than ten days, and as it was the united wish of Rosa and my uncle, that beef and beer should be distributed among the peasantry, under the direction of Dr. Markwell, at my uncle's house, after our departure, it was necessary to confide the secret to the servants, as Geoffry, Mrs. Esther Susanna Rebecca, and Madame Alice were to head the feast; but under penalty of their master's eternal displeasure not to mention one syllable, to any soul breathing; nor did the parish clerk know a word about it, till the night before, although the peasantry had been informed, a dinner was to be provided at the squires, on such a
particular day, the purport of which would be developed, on the portentous morning.

This intelligence spread like wildfire, and various conjectures prevailed; some supposed it the squire's birth-day; some one thing, some another; but no one conjectured the right cause; no wedding cloaths of Rosa's told any tales of their preparation in the parish; for the London waggon brought the supply in-cog, and thereby frustrated all curiosity.

Our London residence, under the direction of my mother, was now all in readiness; and our establishment of servants attending our arrival, as we meant to stay only a week at Bath. Rosa was all life and spirits, and so was my uncle, but Doctor Markwell became pensive, at the
idea of losing his Protégée. Every thing had been conducted with the greatest secrecy; Lady Lustre had paid a farewell visit to the Rectory, and presented her little favourite with an elegant suit of mechlin lace; with which Rosa, in compliment, had trimmed her bridal robe.

About eight o'clock the preceding evening, the portentous news was sent, by Dr. Markwell, to the clerk of the parish, to make necessary preparations for the ceremony in the morning; and as no peculiar injunction of secrecy was attached to the message, in one quarter of an hour the whole village was in a bustle.

Munchausen first caught the intelligence, with which he bolted off to Dr. Tonic.

"A wedding! a wedding! to-mor-
row my old boy, beef, pudding, ale, bride cake, white cockades, huzza! long live the happy couple," exclaimed Munchausen tossing his hat in the air.

"What! what! what! a wedding," cried the Doctor, "who d'ye mean?"

"Why, who d'ye think?" asked Munchausen, "such a wedding as you little suspect."

"For pity sake don't keep us in suspense," cried the Misses Tonic's, "who can it possibly be; we have never heard of, or suspected, a courtship any where."

"What think you of Miss Fitzclarence?" answered Munchausen.

"D—-it you don't say so," replied the Doctor, starting from his seat, "Miss Fitzclarence and the honourable, Mr. What d'ye call'em."
"No; no such thing," said Munchausen, there's no Mr. What d'ye call'em in the case, "I publish the news of a marriage between Miss Fitzclarence and"—the Miss Tonic's eyes and mouths were wide open and—"Victor St. Alban."

"Impossible," said the Doctor, "For I'll swear I had it from Mr. Tweazy's own mouth, that she was engaged to an Honourable."

"Well," said Munchausen (setting down by the side of the panic struck girls, and feeling their pulse), "and pray don't you call Mr. St. Alban honourable."

"As a man, of course I do, but not a nobleman."

"Pshaw," answered Munchausen, "the nobility was created in your own noble mind, Doctor! your dish-ed! Ladies! your done-up; of course
you'll be at the ceremony in the morning."

"To be sure we shall," said they both in a breath; "we always said she looked a sly crafty girl; what an artful piece of business it has been."

"What the d—I would you have had them gone round the village with a bell? or did you expect to see them toying before company, to the disgust of the observer, and the disgrace of the actors; which I'm sorry to say is the new minor courtship system; to smile, kiss, and whisper publicly; and swear, fight, and cry privately, after the farce of matrimony is concluded; but with this pair of phœnixes, no such impropriety found sanction; love, virtue, honor, and discretion, hold them up as examples most worthy of imitation; and to
whose name and actions, the highest respect will ever be attached in this village. A chaise and four is ordered at the Dolphin at one o'clock, and Mrs. Crib the milliner, is up to her neck in white cockades; I dare say they'd give you a couple, if you was to ask."

"A likely thing indeed; I'm sure I'd sooner throw it in their faces," said Miss Elizetta.

"Well, I would'nt," cried Munchausen, "I'd accept a dozen, and pin them all over me. I'll keep you alive to-morrow my girls; we'll have a bit of fun as well as the rest of them; never mind, your turn will come all in good time."

No sooner had Munchausen left them, then off bundled the Doctor up to our house, to learn the truth of this incredible intelligence; brimful
of which, he entered the saloon, where my uncle and I were arranging some peculiar affairs; but as the Doctor never apologised for interruption, or ever supposed himself an intruder, down he sat.

"Squire," said he, after three loud hem—s, "I'm come to wish you joy; I hear your nephew will have the felicity of leading Miss Rosa to the altar to-morrow morning."

"Very true," replied my uncle, piqued at his impertinent enquiry.

"And I hope its with your consent," continued the Doctor; "I hope the young folks have'n't acted inimical to your wishes?"

"Its not possible," replied my uncle; "they are both too good, and too amiable, to be guilty of folly; my heart and hand unites with theirs;"
their happiness is the sole points of remaining ambition in my bosom; Victor has much to boast in the alliance of Miss Fitzclarence, for she's the only woman on earth I could have wished him to have married; she is the child of my heart, she ought to have been mine by nature."

"Nature," reiterated the Doctor, aghast.

"Yes," said my uncle, "she is the daughter of Madame Lausanne, ci-devant Cecelia Delmond."

"Cecelia Delmond!" exclaimed the Doctor, "is it, can it be possible so singular a circumstance should occur, and I not have found it out; you astonish me."

My uncle dropped a few oppressive tears, and the Doctor recommended a glass of Madeira, to re-
vive and comfort nature; not forgetting while he administered one to my uncle, to try the effect on himself.

"Come, come, my dear Sir," continued he, "don't let us repeat old grievances; I am no stranger to the story; and I sincerely wish you may witness that felicity in the union of your nephew, you so highly anticipated in your own intended happiness."

"I don't doubt it," replied my uncle, "and to-morrow will make me the happiest old man England can produce."

"Aye, Doctor, you may search the village for the morose misanthropic churl, Peter Tweazy, but you will no longer find him; for he will be changed to the mild, benevolent friend
and patron. Rosa has been my oculist, she has removed the dark film that so long obscured the prospect of happiness, which now darts, like a glorious sun-beam on my enraptured sense, and makes me behold my misanthropic bigotry with abhorrence. If to my ear the suppliant told a tale of woe, I turned away unmoved, or furiously observed, "my woes were greater;" the slightest circumstance, the most trivial error, roused my agitated temper; my servants trembled at my frown; my neighbours mocked and derided my churlish disposition; and even Victor, when he first entered these walls, found me the most ill-natured man alive; but, unlike most others, he possessed the happy art of submitting to my froward petulance; and his mild and courteous manners first
roused me to regard him in a different point of view, in which I beheld all other companions; and when Rosa Fitzclarence arrived, her united presence, like an electric shock, brought me completely to my senses. I marked the eye of Victor; I saw the rising ardour of his soul; my heart renovated the glow of hope; and the candour of my boy left me no obstacle of doubt, in regard to the congeniality of our sentiments; this, Doctor, you are welcome to retail all over the parish; and I trust I shall verify the recital. The cause has produced essential happiness to me, and the effect will, I hope, impart an equal portion to others.”

“Egad, Squire, you sermonize; you must have taken a lesson out of the Rector’s book,” said old Tonic.
"I don't know how it is, but your conversion seems to affect me; I shall strike out a plan of reform in my own conduct, for every man has his errors; Aye, Mr. Victor, you are an enviable being; 'tis not every nephew can pay such a profitable visit to their uncle as you have done."

"I proudly acknowledge it, Sir;" said I, "and when I forget to be grateful, may I be equally forgotten, and banished to the exiled shades of retributive misery." The Doctor now wished us good evening, observing, we should have a fine full church.

"So much the better," said my uncle; "I wish to unite my children, in the face of the whole world; Rosa has no squeamish objections; the vows she registers in heaven will never be broken by her; she will be
firm, she will be collected; the oath of fidelity will pass her lip, pure as the incense of heaven; and, if Victor does not come down into this village for the fitch of bacon I shall die broken hearted."

"We'll endeavour to claim it, dear Sir," said I.

"Aye, you'll have it too, egad," replied the Doctor; "health and happiness attend you, I must be off."

My uncle now finished the arrangement of his papers; and then calling all the servants into the room, gave strict orders, that each should be ready to attend church in the morning.

"You need not fear, we shall be ready, Sir," replied Geoffry, "for I shan't close mine eyes, my heart's so brimful of joy; its no use to go to
bed, for I could neither lay one way nor t’other, if I did.”

My uncle laughed at his ideas; enquired if every thing was prepared for the entertainment of the peasantry, and his travelling portmanteau properly arranged; with the ascertainmment of which particular, we retired to rest; but as Geoffry truly observed, “not to sleep;” for I had not closed my eyes above an hour, when the merry peal from the village steeple awoke me, and I found it was just seven o’clock; my uncle soon after rung his bell, for Geoffry to dress him; and at eight, full equipped in bridal habit, my uncle entered the breakfast parlour, so unlike himself; his cloathes, which were dark, became him extremely, and his waistcoat looked beautiful; the old gold-laced mandiscript, hung in the hall, and the ancestral cane was laid
aside, to be packed in the travelling carriage; my uncle observing, "he wanted no support to walk to his nephew's wedding."

Matters being now all arranged, the carriage of Lady Lustre fetched us to the Rectory to breakfast; and Geoffry mounted behind with his large white cockade, two of which were distributed to her ladyship's servants, and in this stile we dashed through the village, with all eyes upon us, from doors and windows, till we reached the Rectory gate, where a numerous group had assembled.

Dr. Markwell met us in the hall, and presented the blooming bride to my enraptured view; habited in a robe of white sattin, richly trimmed with mecklin lace; her necklace, earings, broach, and tiara of diamonds; her beautiful hair was tastefully arranged and adorned by an
elegant transparent veil, presented her by Mrs. Markwell, who, with Lady Lustre, my uncle, Dr. Markwell, and the domestics en train, proceeded to church, which was thronged with spectators. Dr. Markwell performed the ceremony in the most solemn and pathetic manner; my uncle appeared much agitated; his hand was placed in his bosom the whole time, clasping the miniature, as firm, and ardently, as if he himself was at that moment uniting with the original; Rosa was remarkably collected; Lady Lustre dropped a tear of sensibility at the altar; and we returned to the Rectory, amidst the acclamations of joy and happiness from every lip; for every body had seen the bride.

Dr. Tonic was the first to offer his congratulation; and Munchausen followed to kiss the bride's hand; both partook breakfast; after which Rosa
retired to put on her travelling dress, as did myself and uncle; and in an hour afterwards we took a most pathetic and affectionate leave of the worthy family at the Rectory; where the peasantry still lingered, to take a last look at their happy and beloved patroness; for short as her residence had been amongst them, they had individually enjoyed her benevolence.

The bells now struck up a second peal; and amidst a clamour of adieus, Dr. Markwell handed the bride into the travelling chaise; and Geoffry headed the peasantry assembled at the gate; who, lining the road, gave us three cheers as the carriage passed, till we were out of sight."

This ends the story of my uncle Tweazy, and his Quizzical Neighbours; subjoined to the happy union of Rosa and Victor, the patterns of connubial love; while the wonder-
fully reformed character and manners of Squire Tweazy became, ever after, the admiration of the village; he lived to see the blooming progeny of his beloved niece, for half a score years; and when the tree fell, Rosa and Victor St. Alban erected the most elegant and grateful cenotaph to the memory of him, who had constituted their eternal felicity.

Reader, if thou hast an uncle, pursue the example of Victor St. Alban, whose suavity of manners reformed the misanthropic; or, if thou art an uncle, blessed with such a nephew, reward him in proportion; and leave that character of virtue emblazoned on the tablet of truth, that every Peter Tweazy may contemplate it, with emulative imitation.

FINIS.