

'How Lydia would hate me and my shaved pate! thought he, not heeding the remarks and sarcasms of his father.'

Another scene, relative to instructing Jack in the mysteries of snuff-taking, is equally ludicrous:

'Larrazée was desired to fill one of Jack's snuff-boxes with *scented rappee*, that Sir Thomas might instruct him in the art of snuff-taking.

'I can't take snuff, sir, 'pon my soul, I can't, it makes me sneeze so,' cried Jack, as Larrazée with a bow put a little enameled snuff-box into his honest brown hand. 'I desire you will try and persevere, until you overcome the habit of sneezing: a very low, nasty habit. Now observe and do just as I do. Open your box—easily—gently! Take a small pinch between your forefinger and thumb, so: round your other fingers gracefully; bend slightly on one side—not so as if you were going to fall off your chair, but so, as I do; and take your snuff quietly, without snorting or noise. Gods! you make a noise like a pig: gently, sir, gently—now!'

'Sir Thomas was interrupted. Jack, who had followed his movements as a child follows those of a leader in a game, now burst into a paroxysm of sneezing, loud and deep; drawing in his breath, shutting his eyes, bowing his head backward and forward, uttering the most astounding sounds without intermission, till he had perpetrated above twenty sneezes—Cyclopean sneezes, violent enough to break the windows and kill his father; whom he confronted with red face and streaming eyes, as he gruffly muttered, 'I told you so, sir!'

'You must take two or three pinches a-day, sir, till you accustom yourself to it; at present you take it like a bear. But patience! we shall form you in time.' Jack only responded by blowing his nose like a trombone, and giving a few more parting sneezes. Sir Thomas sighed.

'I had no idea,' he said, 'any human being *could* be so uncultivated! The more I see of you, the more astonished I am. If you blow your nose in that detestable and overpowering manner, you will shatter every one's nerves, and throw our fine ladies into hysterics: it is just like the newsman's horn. Your exploits of this morning have quite unstrung and fatigued me, and you do not appear to do your best to co-operate with me. However, I must hope better things of you in future. Heigh-ho! would I had Lord Langley to my son!'

'I wish you had, thought Jack, with all my heart, and gave his last sneeze.'

These extracts, brief as they are, will sufficiently show the characters of both father and son: the one selfish and exacting, thinking only of his own comfort and importance; the other rough, unteachable, but amiable and honest—characters wide asunder as the poles—natures never to be drawn together. Things go on in this manner for many months; Jack is victimized daily, and grows thin upon French cookery and fashionable hours. He is introduced to his grandmother's drawing room, and salutes her, a devotee of fashion and wishing to pass for the most juvenile of matrons, with 'How do—grandmother?' thereby shocking that lady and deranging his father's nerves by his uncalled for display of sincerity. He never goes out without a blunder or accident: the day before his presentation to Court should have taken place, he is insulted by some low ruffian, and in defending himself gets a swollen cheek and a black