

lady, Mrs. Muggins—hem—Figgins—and it will be with feelings of grateful recollections,” here Mr. Skeggs pressed his hand to his heart—“that I recall the pleasant, the happy moments I have passed this night under their hospitable roof, and in your company. When I look around me and transcribe Mrs. and Mr. Mug—Figgins, her son, (Billy, said Mrs. F. sit up and take your fingers out of your mouth,) her beautiful and *graceless* daughter, when I look on those full length portraits of their parents—I say gentlemen, when I look round and see this—I feel—I fancy—gentlemen, are you astonished that I am unable to find words to illuminate my ideas.”

Having delivered himself of this rather abrupt peroration, Mr. Skeggs seated himself amidst general plaudits, but immediately rose again and proposed the health of their distinguished host and his amiable and accomplished lady, Mrs. and Mr. Figgins.

“Mrs. and Mr. Figgins! Mrs. and Mr. Figgins!” was immediately responded by the company, undergoing the varied alternation of voice from bass to alto. This was followed by the rising of Mr. Figgins, who began with the usual commencement of “unaccustomed as he was to public speaking,” which he repeated three times; but feeling his rat tail rather rudely pulled by some person behind, which, on turning round, he discovered was occasioned by Mrs. F. who was endeavouring thereby to make him understand he was not to make a certain animal of himself. He stated he should conclude by trusting they would take the will for the deed, and accept his and his old woman’s thanks, of whom, (his old woman) though he said it, he might put his hand on his heart and say there was’nt a better wife or a fonder mother in London, nay in England, no, not in the universe! that they had lived together as man and wife eight and twenty years come next Valentine’s day, enjoying every domestic happiness, (here Mr. Figgins was observed to suppress a sigh,) a married life could bestow, but now they were getting old, like a couple of long sixes, and my gal there and her brother, like the same long sixes only cut—cut—”

“Short,” whispered the fishmonger’s son to the maker of perukes, as Mr. F. suddenly found himself in his seat, being reduced thereto by the mortified Mrs. Figgins, who thought it very odd he could’nt leave the shop below.

A rather abrupt pause ensued, but was quickly filled up by Mr. Skeggs again rising and proposing in a neat speech the health of Miss Figgins in particular, and the young ladies in general, which having been drank with all due honours, the young ladies and gentlemen began to get exceedingly merry, as most young ladies and gentlemen do after supper, which induces us to coincide with Mr. Skeggs, that supper “ought to be introduced within half an hour after the company’s arrival.” Nor did

their merriment meet with interruption, except on one occasion, when, in reference to some pun rather too bad, the hair dresser had perpetrated, Mr. Skeggs unwittingly exclaimed that it was *barbarous*, laying rather too much emphasis on the two first syllables, at which the said barber got very indignant, being in a very friendly manner informed by the fishmonger’s son, that Mr. Skeggs intended to insult him, which called forth the remark that “a joke’s a joke, but that’s not a joke,” at which Mr. Skeggs felt rather perplexed, and not exactly comprehending how the remark applied, conceived it proper and attempted to laugh, but finding he had all the laugh to himself, he looked serious, and turned and said something pretty to Miss Figgins.

In this manner did the night pass, and it becoming late, the company prepared to depart, when Mr. Skeggs, after expressing great regret that he could not divide himself into twenty Mr. Skeggs, finally decided upon seeing two young ladies home, not more than four miles distant from his own habitation.

“What a nice young man!” was the general exclamation of the ladies, as Mr. Skeggs departed with his charge, having first very poetically kissed his hand and blew the kiss towards the girls, which he termed kissing the ladies at a blow.

“What a nice young man!” sighed Miss Figgins, as she closed and double barred the shop door, having first watched Mr. Skeggs out of sight.

“Well, a’nt Mr. Skeggs a nice young man?” asked one of the young ladies to the other young lady, as Mr. Skeggs left them at the door of their own house; “what a charming husband he would make!”

P. S.—I had quite forgotten, but Mrs. Figgins had the grateful intelligence conveyed to her the next morning, that the Brown’s were *not* astonished, having been out themselves to a party the same evening, and consequently saw nothing of the grand display opposite.

SAYINGS FROM THE TALMUD.

WHEN *Æsop*, in answer to the question put to him by Chilo, “what God was doing?” said “that he was depressing the proud and exalting the humble,” the reply was considered as most admirable. But the same sentiments are to be found in the *Medrash*, though expressed, as usual with the Jewish writers, in the form of a story: it runs thus: “A matron once asked Rabbi Jose, ‘In how many days did God create the world.’—‘In six days,’ replied the rabbi, as it is written. ‘In six days God made the heavens and the earth.’—‘But,’ continued she, ‘what is he doing now?’—‘Oh!’ replied the rabbi, ‘he makes ladders on which he causes the poor to ascend, and the rich to descend, or in other words, he exalts the lowly and depresses the haughty.’” There were