

Sir Thomas Warren after neglecting his son for nearly twenty years, and pursuing all that time a life of dissipation and heartlessness, as he finds age stealing upon him is seized with the intention of living again in his son, whom he resolves shall be a statesman and a fine gentleman, the very counterpart of himself, this being the highest distinction humanity can attain in his eyes. To carry out this design, Jack is summoned from the country, compelled to leave his kind old uncle whom he loves as a father, to give up his hounds, his hunting and congenial companions, and, harder trial than all, to leave good vicar Freeman's daughter, 'little Lydia, to whom he has pledged heart and hand and has received the same in return.

London does not agree with Jack, either in its society, its pursuits or its living. Accustomed as he has been to early hours, the fresh pure air of the country, with the jolly, free and easy life of a hunting squire, the change affects seriously his health and spirits, while the tasks and Masters, the Baronet has allotted to him, prove irksome in the extreme.

Some of the efforts to make Jack a fashionable gentleman are very laughable. Powder and wigs being indispensable in those days, the poor fellow is compelled to part with the abundant locks nature had bestowed upon him, and to comply with the laws of fashion. After a fruitless solicitation to his father for bread and cheese, with which to stay the appetite that would not be kept down by Savoy biscuits, his father orders him to his own room till the chariot is ready. We extract the following scene :

'Jack flew to his room, tore off his wig, threw himself on his bed, and swore like a fox-hunter. Hunger does not improve the temper! Then he thought of Lydia and his uncle, and his favourite dogs and horses, and the fresh air and good cheer he had left, and it seemed to him a whole year since he bade farewell to all its delights. "Two years!" he thought, "two years! If my father goes on in this way, I shall be dead long before that! I can never learn to dance, I'm sure I can't; and as for French—oh! hang it all!" and he began again to swear and bemoan himself. After a time he fell asleep.

'Sir Thomas is waiting, Sir!' and a tap at the door aroused Jack. He jumped up, seized his hat, and darted down stairs. Porter, footman and butler were in the hall, which he passed to reach Sir Thomas's study. A titter arose on all sides, which grew to a laugh loud and irresistible, as he closed the study door.

'What's the matter?' thought Jack.

'If you behave in this manner to brave and insult me, sir, you will live to repent it' said Sir Thomas, pompously. There was a silence. Jack looked about with open mouth, and said, 'I don't know what you mean, sir!'

'Look in the glass, sir. Larrazée, hold the glass to him.'

'Ah! Monseigneur,' cried the valet, doing as he was desired, 'I am quite certain *M. Varenne*—was you not forget by accident, sir?'

'Jack cast his eyes on the glass, and there beheld a blushing face and shaven crown! He in a hurry had forgotten to put on his new periwig. Poor Jack felt inclined to roar with rage on seeing himself in the glass.