

Next day came out invitations for a large party at Mrs. Van Der Benschoten's, and Harry Blunt, who had been spied out by one of the belligerent brothers of Miss Alida, and recognised as the hero of the serenade à l'Espagnol, was invited, while our poor friend, Alonzo, was overlooked entirely, in spite of the laugh which his elegant bouquet had afforded the young ladies.

The morning after the party, Alonzo encountered his friend Harry, who had been much surprised at his absence.

'Why didn't you go?' he asked; it was a splendid affair. I heard of your bouquet, but I explained, and you need not mind. Write a note yourself—that will set all right again.'

'Would you really?' said Mr. Alonzo, earnestly.

'To be sure I would! Come do it at once.'

But Alonzo recollected that he had not yet found much time to bestow on his education, so that the writing of a note would be somewhat of an undertaking.

'Can't you do it for me?' said he; 'you are used to these things.'

'Oh, yes, certainly,' said the obliging Harry; and he dashed off a very pretty note, enveloped it, *comme il faut*, and directed to Miss Van Der Benschoten, Humming-bird Place.

A most obliging answer was returned—an answer requiring a reply; and, by the aid of his friend Harry, Mr. Alonzo Romeo Rush kept up his side of the correspondence with so much spirit, that, in the course of a few weeks, he was invited to call at the rural residence, with an understanding on all sides that this interview was to be the end of protocols, and the incipient stage of definitive arrangements which would involve the future happiness of a pair of hearts.

It was an anxious morning, that which fitted out Mr. Alonzo Romeo Rush for this expedition. His grandmamma washed and combed him, and the little tailorress brushed his clothes, picking off every particle of lint with her slender fingers, and thinking, when she had done, that he stood the very perfection of human loveliness.

'Thank you, Mary,' said he, very kindly; and, as he looked at her, he could not but notice the deep blush which covered a cheek usually pale for want of exercise and amusement.

However, this was no time to look at tailoresses; and Mr. Alonzo was soon on his way to Humming-bird Place. How his hand trembled as he fumbled for the bell-handle, and how reminiscences crowded upon him as he saw on the step a large dog, which he knew by intuition to be the very Vixen of the serenade. Then, to think of what different circumstances he stood in at present! Oh! it was overpowering, and Mr. Alonzo was all in a perspiration when the servant opened the door.

'Is Miss Van Der Benschoten at home?'

'Yes, Sir.' (A low bow.) 'Walk up stairs, sir.'

Another low bow. The servant must have guessed his errand.

He was ushered into a twilight drawing-room, and sat down, his heart throbbing so that it made the soft-cushions quiver. Hark!—a footstep—a lady—and in another instant Mr. Alonzo had taken a small hand without venturing to look at the face of the owner. He had forgotten to make a speech, so he held the little hand, and meditated one. At length he began—'Miss Van Der

Benschoten, my grandmamma——' and here, at fault, he looked up inadvertently.

'What is the matter, Mr. Rush?' exclaimed the lady.

'I—am sick,' said Alonzo, making a rush for the street door.

The lady was the elder sister of Miss Alida—diminutive, ill-formed, and with such a face as one sees in very severe nightmare.

Alonzo reached his grandmamma's, and the first person he met as he dashed through the hall was the little tailorress. We know not if he had made a Jephtha-like vow in the course of his transit, but he caught the hand of his humble friend, and said, with startling energy, 'Mary, will you marry me?'

'I! I!' said the poor girl, and she burst into tears.

But Alonzo, now in earnest, found no lack of words; and the result was that he drew Mary's arm through his, and half led, half carried her, straight to his grandmamma's sofa.

'Grandma,' said he, 'this shall be my wife or nobody. I have tried to love a rich girl, but I love Mary without trying. Give us your blessing, grandma, and let's have the wedding at once.'

The old lady, speechless, could only hold up both hands; but Alonzo, inspired by real feeling, looked so different from the soulless darling he had ever seemed, that she felt an involuntary respect which prevented her opposing his will very decidedly. It was not long before he obtained an absolute permission to be happy in his own way. Wise grandmamma!—say we.

Mary was always a good girl, and riding in her own carriage has made her a beauty too. She is not the only lady of the "aucune" family who flourishes within our bounds. As for our friend Alonzo, he smiles instead of sighing, as he passes Humming-bird Place.—*Hogg's Instructor*.

THE WORLD GROWN OLD.

The world grows old, her beauty fadeth fast,
More and more frequent cross her mind

The bodings of her doom:

Two hundred generations all have passed,

We only now remain behind,

And populate their tomb.

On every face appears

The trace of recent tears,

Save where the laugh of madness rattles by,

Or idiotey's idle eye

Glances from Earth to Heaven in vacant gloom.

A TEACHER BY EXAMPLE.—I once escaped at table the well-meant persecutions of the kind-hearted wife of a medical friend, from whom, ever and anon, came the inquiry of what I would take next? This had been so often repeated, that I had begun to look round, fearing that my character, as a teacher by example, might suffer, and replied, 'If she pleased, I would take breath.' It was saucy and ungrateful, but it was good-naturedly received and understood.—*The Stomach and its Difficulties, by Sir James Eyre*.