

At this moment Flounce came in to announce that Captain Delamere was in the library.

"He's just come from Brighton, my lady, in his new phaeton; and, I must say, he appears quite salubrious from the sea-breezes; and he have brought with him the most perfect seraphim of a child, Miss, quite a model of infancy, to say nothing of his being a heart."

"Oh, mamma! do you go down to receive him; don't let him be alone with them: it does not matter about your changing your dress: but, you see I must have my hair arranged."

"Well, be quick, Aurelia! any delay will be attributed to your toilet; and young persons of a certain rank should always be fit to be seen."

"La, Miss," said Flounce, as she adjusted her hair, "Captain Delamere do look a perfect Hebe; and so very petite, he always bows, and says, How are you, Mrs. Flounce? and so I natural curtsies and says—"

"Oh, never mind telling me what you said. Did he ask for me?"

"I can't say he did, Miss," said Flounce, offended at being forbidden to repeat her own sayings, and giving a sharp and unnecessary tug to the long black tress she was plaiting.

"I can't say he did, Miss; but then he was in a petikeler hurry to pay his devours to Miss Jessica, who just at that moment come in from the square with Miss Lucy."

"And how did you happen to be there?" said Aurelia, crossly.

"Why Miss," said Flounce, who considered herself the master spirit of the two, and often treated Aurelia *de haut en bas*, "having made my 'eadach, by trimming up a new 'at for my lady, I was taking a mouthful of hair at the 'all-door; and feeling a little henwee, I was listening to Tim's account of that strange denooment between 'im and Mr. Burrigge. I must say mem, I think Tim showed a very independent spirit; and really, Miss, Tim, if his 'air was curled and powdered, hasn't not by no means a unbecoming face, and is remarkable well grown, if he had any advantage of twoillette; and he vows, Miss, he's twenty if he's a day; so that he ain't such a mere boy, after hall. I do wish, Miss, my lady would send off James, who don't at all attend to horders, and has demeaned 'imself to pay his devours to the 'ousemaid, and would take Tim, who 'as quite a horiginal genius and a very pretty taste."

"There! how do I look?" said Aurelia, who, entirely engrossed by her toilet, had not paid the slightest attention to Flounce's communications.

"Why, Miss, I must say I've seen you look more becom'g," said Flounce; avenging herself for the neglect she had met with; but the glass was again consulted, and believed in preference to Flounce; and in all the pride and flush of conscious beauty Aurelia hastened to meet Delamere.—*Theodore Hook.*

Diogenes observing an unskilful archer shooting, he went and sat down by the target, declaring it the only place of safety.

THE TABLE-CLOTH PHENOMENON OF THE CAPE.

One of the most remarkable natural appearances of which we ever read occurs during the summer season in the vicinity of Cape Town, at the Cape of Good Hope. It is a dense mantle of vapour, which rests upon Table Mountain, and rushes over its precipitous sides like a cataract of foam, and which the inhabitants designate by the name of the Table-Cloth. We shall draw up a brief account of this phenomenon from the description of Mr. Webster, surgeon of the Chanticleer, who witnessed it. In summer the prevailing wind is the south-east, and it bears in some degree an analogy to the trade-winds and sea-breezes of the tropics. When sufficiently strong to surmount the Table Mountain, the first indication of the fact is a little mist, which seems to float like a thin fleecy cloud on a part of it, about ten or eleven o'clock in the forenoon. By noon the mountain becomes fringed with dew; and half an hour later, the mist is so dense as to produce a general obscuration. In another half hour the little cleft between what is called the Devil's Berg (mountain) and the Table Mountain, pours over the cloudy vapour; and at two o'clock the first named elevation is capped by the cloud. The Table-Cloth is now said to be completely spread; the south-east wind, having so to speak, overflowed the towering barrier which arrested its course, now rushes down the mountain into Table Bay with resistless fury, producing loud and terrific noises as it forces its way onwards, and accompanied by a curious exhibition, an account of which we shall give in Mr. Webster's own words:—"While the Table Mountain remains covered with the dense cloud, fragments of the vapour are torn from it by the force of the wind, and are hurried about the sides of the mountain, assuming a variety of fantastic shapes, and playing about the precipice according to the direction of the different currents of wind. This phenomenon lasts till about five in the afternoon, when a little clearing, which takes place on the western edge of the mountain, announces that the Table-Cloth is about to be folded up. By six or seven, the clearance has considerably advanced; and by eight or nine, every vestige of it is gone, and nothing is seen about the mountain but an ethereal sky and the twinkling stars."

Such is the singular phenomenon of the Table-Cloth during the prevalence of a south-east wind. When it continues to blow during the night, the mantle of vapour disappears in the same manner. In this case, a little white cloud is seen suspended like a canopy over Table Mountain early in the morning. By ten o'clock the vapour begins to curl and play about the mountain, and exactly the same phenomenon takes place as before. When the wind is only of a short duration, and in a hot, clear day, the first indication of the approaching gale is the vapour resting in scattered parcels on the mountain. These augment as the wind increases, but it is not till the whole elevation is covered, that it forces its way with