

nable *roue* and idler of fashion till he was hard upon twenty-five. At the first crisis in his affairs, the ladies, who hold all politics in their laps, got him appointed consul to Algiers, or minister to Venezuela, and with this pretty pretext for selling his horses and dressing-gowns, these cherished articles brought twice their original value, and set him up in fans and monkeys at his place of exile. A year of this was enough for the darling of Paris; and not more than a day before his desolate loves would have ceased to mourn for him, he galloped into his hotel with a new fashion of whiskers, a black female slave, and the most delicious histories of his adventures during the ages he had been exiled. Down to the earth and their previous obscurity, dropped the rivals who were beginning to usurp his glories. A new stud, an indescribable vehicle, a suit of rooms in the Algerine style, and a mystery preserved at some expense, about his negress, kept all Paris, including his new creditors, in admiring astonishment for a year. Among the crowd of his worshippers, not the last or least fervent were the fair-haired English beauties who assemble at the *levees* of their ambassador in the Rue St. Honore, and upon whom *le beau Adolphe* had looked as pretty savages, whose frightful toilets and horrid accent might be tolerated one evening in the week.

Eclipses will arrive as calculated by insignificant astronomers, however, and debts will become due as presumed by vulgar tradesmen. *Le beau Adolphe* began to see another crisis, and betook himself to his old advisers, who were insoluble to the last degree; but there was a new government, and the blood of the Faubourg was at a discount. No embassies were to be had for nothing. With a deep sigh, and a gentle tone, to spare his feelings as much as possible, his friend ventures to suggest to him that it will be necessary to sacrifice himself. "Marry one of these *bêtes Anglaises*, who drink you up with their blue eyes and are made of gold!"

Adolphe buried his face in his gold-fringed oriental pocket handkerchief; but when the first agony was past, his resolution was taken, and he determined to go to England. The first beautiful creature he should see, whose funds were

enormous and well invested, should bear away from all the love, rank, and poverty of France, the perfumed hand he looked upon.

A flourishing letter, written in a small, cramped hand, but with a seal on whose breadth of wax and blazon all the united heraldry of France was interwoven, arrived through the ambassador's dispatch box, to the address of Miladi —, Belgrave Square, announcing, in full that *le beau Adolphe* was coming to London to marry the richest heiress in good society; and as Paris could not spare him more than a week, he wished those who had daughters to marry, answering the description, to be made acquainted with his visit and errand. With the letter came a compend of his genealogy, from the man who spoke French in the confusion of Babel to Baron Adolphe himself.

To London came the valet of *le beau Baron*, two days before his master, bringing his slippers and dressing-gown to be aired after their sea-voyage across the Channel. To London followed the irresistible youth, cursing, in the politest French, the necessity which subtracted a week from a life measured with such "diamond sparks" as his own in Paris. He sat himself down in his hotel, sent his man Porphyre with his card to every noble and rich house, whose barbarian tenants he had ever seen in the Champs Elysees, and waited the result. Invitations from fair ladies, who remembered him as the man the French ladies were mad about, and from literary ladies, who wanted his whiskers and black eyes to give their *soirees* the necessary foreign complexion, flowed in on all sides, and Monsieur Adolphe selected his most minion cane and his happiest design in a stocking and "*rendered himself*" through the rain like a martyr.

No offers of marriage the first evening! None the second!! None the third!!!

*Le beau Adolphe* began to think either that English papas did not propose their daughters to people as in France, or, perhaps, that the lady whom he had commissioned to circulate his wishes, had not sufficiently advertised him. She *had*, however. He took advice, and found it would be necessary to take the first step himself. This was disagreeable.

He went to Almack's, and proposed to