

merely said of me as of a gallant and eminent naval hero, with whom I have no pretensions to cope, that, what I have done, I did in despite of mercenary and selfish objects,

For England, Home and Beauty."

Micawber's life was one continual struggle with pecuniary embarrassments. He never hesitated to involve himself in debt, and would then hope against perversity for some turn of events, which would extricate him from his difficulties. I. O. U's were issued broadcast and when they finally returned "not provided for" his grief and despair knew no bounds. Such an event was always sure to be the occasion of a doleful letter to some of his friends, in which he pointed out the pit-falls which had ruined his life, and alluded to himself as a beacon for the youth of all future ages. But no matter how low might be his state of dejection, his elastic spirits soon recovered from the pressure, and Micawber would be his sanguine self again. Then would he confide his expectations of "some thing turning up" at no distant time. This expression has since become a proverb. We frequently hear it remarked of persons, who are heedless of their vocation "that they are waiting Micawber—like for something to turn up."

It is in his dealings with Uriah Heep, that Micawber displays that

generosity of character, which is so much enhanced by the dark contrast with the hypocrisy of his employer. He may have been, and doubtless was, actuated by the motive of indulging his passion for letter-writing, in a grand coup de grace. Nevertheless, as he himself remarks, "he had performed his investigations at the sacrifice of mutual confidence in his family," and had slowly pieced together his results, "in the pressure of arduous avocations, under grinding penurious apprehensions, at rise of morn, at dew, eve, in the shadows of night, under the watchful eye of one whom it were superfluous to call Demon." So that we must regard his efforts as those of the generous-hearted character he has proven himself to be. The last tidings that reach us from Micawber are in the form of a letter in the Port Middlebay Times, which bears indisputable marks of being his own composition. There we learn that he has been raised to the dignity of a District Magistrate, and there we leave him with the wish that, "the beauty, fashion and exclusiveness of Port Middlebay" may never cease "to do honor to one so deservedly esteemed, so highly talented and so widely popular."

J. J. O'REILLY, 'OI.

