

MISCELLANY.

THE BROKON MATCH:

OR THE LONG AND SHORT OF IT.

Now the Lady Katharine was out of all comparison the tallest lady in the peerage. You might tumble over all the pages of Burko, in his last and most excellent edition, without finding any lady within a head of her. She stands six feet two in a quadrille—what she stands in her stocking vamps to use the odious phrase of the hating people, I never heard, nor do I suppose I shall ever have the opportunity of knowing. I waltzed with her once, and I had a pain in my shoulder for a week afterwards.

Why is it that little men always fall in love with long ladies, and vice versa? I do not know, but I am sure that any one of a metaphysical turn could write a most admirable essay on the subject,—but I appeal to all my readers, if I have any, (and if I have not, nobody will know any thing of my appeal) to decide, on a careful inspection of the loves of all their friends and acquaintances, if such is not the fact. There must be something in the contrast.

But passing by all ratiocination, nobody doubts that my Lord Simoon is the shortest lord that used to be in the Upper House. He stands about four feet six. But to counterbalance such a defect (if it be one,) he is a very good fellow, and has at least fifty thousand a year. I wish that some kind fairy would take a couple of feet off my height, and add a similar length to my purse. The change would be most desirable. Let people say what they would, I should feel that I stood much higher in the world.

Well, with whom did my Lord Simoon fall in love? Why, with Lady Katharine of course.—The friendship between their families was very close, and they grew up together—no, not grew up—for there was no small dissimilarity in their growing, but they were in a great measure reared together, and the little Lord fell in love with the lofty Lady.

"My dear Simoon," said his mother, "there is nothing against Lady Katharine; she is amiable, accomplished, high born and high bred. No money to be sure; but you do not want that. Her connexions are first rate, and her family politics unimpeachable; but you know there is such a difference between you both in appearance—pardon me for saying it, my dear Simoon—that you will look rather awkward. You know what I mean."

"True, my dear mother, I do," said his Lordship, standing on tiptoe, and taking the utmost altitude his shoulders would permit him; "but then we shall never be seen standing or walking together. We shall either ride, or drive, or be seated in some way or another; and I shall insist that she always sits on an ottoman."

"A judicious precaution," thought the countess, but she said nothing.

"Why," said Lady Katharine, to her mamma, "Simoon is a good person enough. I have no particular objection to him—but he is so little."

"He has fifty thousand a year," said the Viscountess.

"Yes, I know that," said Lady Katharine, "but how should we look going into a ball-room?"

"I cannot say," replied the Viscountess; "but

it is a thing of more importance to get a ball-room to go into."

"We should be excessively quizzed," said Lady Katharine.

"People of fifty thousand a year are never quizzed, my love," responded the Viscountess, "or if they are they never hear it, which comes to the same thing. You must not be so great a fool as to refuse Simoon."

"Heigh ho!" said Lady Katharine. "I suppose then I must have him; but they will call us Glumdalea and Tom Thumb."

"Not to your face, my love," said the Viscountess; and think of his!"

"Four feet six to my six feet two," sighed the tall lady.

"No, my love, I was not going to say any thing so absurd. Think of his fifty thousand a year."

It was settled that Lady Katharine should marry Lord Simoon. A great ball was given that night by Lady Blossomy, and the lovers were both invited. Simoon does not dance. He would have no chance in waltzing. Her Ladyship does most vigorously.

"What a nice little fellow, said her first partner, Lord John Diamond, "is Simoon. Really he looks very happy to night, poor little thing. Does not your ladyship think so? He is as gay as a monkey."

Her Ladyship said nothing.

"Pon my soul," liaped her second partner, a Coronet in the Guards—"that Simoon is a deuced nice little creature. I don't think him that fool every body else does. He's a pretty little play-thing enough."

Her Ladyship sighed.

Sir Cornelius Murphy was her third partner.

"Your Ledyship," said the Hibornian, "knows Lard Simoon. Well then, he's a small pathera of a man—mighty like a well-grown baboon, specially about the mouth; but a good little creature after all. By my word, he'd make a fine match for your Ledyship. You would be purtilly paired, though not exactly matched."

Her Ladyship bit her lip, and looked angry, but Sir Cornelius saw it not.

Lady Katharine danced no more that night.

"I will not have him," said she to her mother,—"not if he had five hundred thousand pounds a year."

"And why," said the Viscountess.

"I don't know," replied the Lady Katharine. She felt no inclination to repeat the observations of her three partners.

"Well," said the Viscountess, you have thrown away a coronet and a fortune, because a man is not fit to be a private soldier in the Guards. You will repent it, Lady Katharine. He will soon find those who are not so curious in grenadiers as you are."

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Her Ladyship was a true prophet. Simoon is shortly to be married to a lady who is just an inch lower than Lady Katharine.

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