

There were flags flying, music playing, processions marching, for it was a gala day in the city, and crowds of well-dressed people thronged the streets, intent, in some way of amusement or other, on passing the hours set apart by public authority, for celebration and festivity.

In an elegant drawing-room of a commodious mansion, situated in one of the fashionable streets of the city, were gathered part of Mr. Ludgate's family.

Some of the younger members, released from school, were standing at the windows, amusing themselves by observing the passers-by; another was at the Piano, rattling off now and then some merry tune; while the eldest daughter was more agreeably engaged, in lively converse with a young gentleman, our old friend, Edward Mortimer, who, since we had the pleasure of introducing him to the reader, had, in pursuance of his resolution, become a frequent visitor at Mr. Ludgate's, and judging from the unusually animated smile that lights up the countenance of the handsome, though haughty-looking girl, we should imagine his attentions are not unacceptable.

"Look, look, Louisa," ejaculated Cecilia, a little sister of eleven years old, "see, there is Miss Weldon, my teacher. How pretty she is. Do look a moment, she is on the opposite side of the street."

"Really, Cecilia," was the petulant reply, "you must come away from that window. Mamma will be extremely angry, if she comes in, and finds you