

Jazzles is cold and powerless : he always amuses, sometimes convinces, but it is difficult to separate the man from the advocate, and for that reason we can seldom place confidence in him in his latter capacity, in fact he is a clever libertine guided by no principle and careless of public opinion ; and to this we may ascribe the rivalry that yet subsists between him and the last speaker, who has had the art to make the world believe that he is always in earnest, that what he asserts may be relied on, and that he is incapable of falsehood. They are both libertines, but the one has some decency and has cast a shade over his follies ; the other, though married, makes no secret of his many amours: study this character, and you will find it *Real*.”—“There” said my communicative friend “is one who has just wisdom enough to see that with his stock of knowledge, he could not support himself at the bar, and therefore sagely determined to make the country do that for which his own brains were insufficient, and so he obtained a place ; a place I believe I may say a dozen, and how do you think he got them ? by some ability, I suppose. No sir, you are wide, very wide of the mark, I will, in the words of Sir Pertinax, tell you how he got them. “Sir, he got them by bowing, by bowing, sir, he could never stand straight in the presence of a great man, but always bowed and bowed, as if it were by instinct.” He now alternately figures as a secretary and a lawyer, how he appears in the one situation, you can judge for yourself, and taking this as a specimen of the other, you can not think much of him in either.—Like many a stupid fellow he has enshrined himself in a sort of mysterious gravity, the stronghold of fools, and has resolved to say upon all occasions, as little as possible, as he knows that by five minutes continued conversation he would