

made a most satisfactory discovery, viz.: that at the upper end of the room, and between two formal old attorneys, there stood, her sweet face turned towards him, what he very naturally mistook for an angel.

"Is she not beautiful?" he exclaimed, pointing in the agitation of the moment, "to an elderly lady, the mother of eight thumping daughters, the eldest of whom was thirty." "Beautiful," replied Handiman, following the direction of his friend's eyes, "Oh, Lord! Oh, Lord! she's sixty, if she's a day."

"Very good, pon honor, hah! hah!" lisped the accomplished Larkins, applying a gold quizzing glass to his dexter eye.

"Not there man," returned his friend, "but there—there—don't you see her? what an incomparable angel, what eyes, what a lovely mouth; what—by—, I'll find out who she is," and rushing up towards the Master of the Ceremonies, he forthwith commenced his catechism.

The old gentleman, amused by his vehemence, good-humoredly answered all his questions, and finding him resolved one way or other to gratify his curiosity, volunteered an introduction to the angel. This was thankfully accepted, so that within ten minutes from the time in which he had first seen her, our hero was seated by the side of Miss Laura Vernon, (the only daughter of a retired Colonel in the army,) firmly convinced that he should be miserable unto "his life's end" without her: and in just ten minutes more, had satisfactorily proved, that though somewhat off-hand in manner, he was upon the whole a very creditable young man. "Tis an awkward phrase, by the bye, that same word "creditable." It sounds so cold, so formal—so respectful—so anything in short but what an enthusiastic lover could wish. When a man once calls a woman amiable, it is clear proof that he cares nothing about her; (that being the last thing that a gentleman under twenty ever thinks of looking into,) and in like manner, when a woman baptizes a man "nice, good-natured, well-meaning, creditable," or pays him some such respectful and intolerable compliment—adieu on his part to all chance of further preferment. In the present instance, however, the word merely came in during the confusion of Miss Vernon's thoughts, until she could find time to reflect on some more appropriate phrase. Her lover meanwhile, employed his opportunity to the utmost, being shortly after joined by the young lady's father, listened with such hearty good-will to his stories, that even he backed his daughter's opinion, and thought Edward, if not a good lover, at least a creditable listener. I say nothing of the dancing of this attached couple; I say nothing of the manner in which Daubigny