

regard every man of them as capable of understanding and appreciating what he may say, and in order to make himself understood, he should endeavour to bring his language and his imagery down to every capacity, rather than permit them to go on stilts or to take wings. Some silly people imagine that what they call fine language, flowery sentences, and splendid metaphors, are oratory—stuff!—stuff!—where do you find them in the orations of the immortal orators of Greece or Rome? They used the proper language they used effective language—

“Thoughts that breathed and words that burned,”

but they knew that the key of eloquence must be applied not to the head but to the heart. But Sir, I digress from the speech of Mr. Donaldson—(pardon me, I am in the habit of illustrating to my boys, and dissertation is my fault, or rather I should say my habit)—well Sir, as I have said, he stuck fast in the speech which his son had written, but as I have also said, he had too high an opinion of himself to stand long without saying something. When left to himself, in what he did say, I am afraid he “betrayed his birth and breeding.” for there was loud laughter in the hall, and cries of *hear him! hear him!* But the poll commenced, the other candidate brought voters from five hundred miles distance—from east, west, north and south, from Scotland, Ireland, and the Continent—he polled a vote at every three proclamations, when Mr. Donaldson had no more to bring forward, and on the fourteenth day he defeated him by a majority of ONE! The right worshipful thatcher declared that the election had fallen on the opposing candidate. The people also said that he had spent most money, and that it was right the election should fall on the best man. He in truth had spent more in the contest than Andrew Donaldson had won by his lottery ticket. The feelings of Mr. Donaldson on the loss of his election were the agonies of extreme despair. In the height of his misery, he mentioned to his *introducer*, Captain Edwards, or rather I should call him his *traducer*, that he was a ruined man—that he had lost his all! The Captain laughed and left the room. He seemed to have left the town also, for his victim did not meet with him again.

In a state bordering on phrenzy he returned to London. He reached the hotel—he rushed into the room where his wife, his son, and his daughter sat. With a confused and

hurried step he paced to and fro across the floor, wringing his hands, and ever and anon exclaiming bitterly—

“Lost Andrew Donaldson!—Ruined Andrew Donaldson!”

His son Peter, who took the matter calmly, and who believed that the extent of the loss was the loss of the election, carefully surveyed his father's attitudes and the expression of his countenance, and thought the scene before him would make an admirable subject for a picture—the piece to be entitled “*The Unsuccessful Candidate.*” “It will help to make good his loss,” thought Peter, “provided he will sit.”

“O dearsake Andrew! Andrew! what is't?” cried Mrs. Donaldson.

“Lost! lost! ruined Andrew Donaldson!” replied her husband.

“O where is the Captain?—where is Edwards?—why is not he here?” asked Rebecca.

“The foul fiend!” exclaimed her father

“O Andrew man! speak Andrew jewel!—what is't?” added his wife, “if it be only the loss of a siller Heaven be praised, for I've neither had peace nor comfort since ye got it.”

“Only the loss!” cried he, turning upon her like a fury, “only the loss!” Agony and passion stopped his utterances.

Mr. Donaldson was in truth a ruined man; of the fifteen thousand pounds he had obtained, not three hundred, exclusive of Lottery Hall and the twenty acres around it, were left. His career had been a brief and a fashionable one. On the following day his son Jacob returned from abroad. Within twelve months he had cost his father a thousand pounds; and in exchange for the money spent he brought home with him all the vices he had met with on his route. But I blame not Jacob—his betters, the learned and the noble do the same. Poor fellow! he was sent upon the world with a rough garment round his shoulders, which gathered up all the dust that blew, and retained a portion of all the filth with which it came in contact, but polished substances would not adhere to it.

Captain Edwards returned no more to the hotel. He had given the last lesson to his scholar in the science of fashion,—he had extorted from him the last fee he could spare. He had gauged the neck of his purse, and he forsook him—in his debt he forsook him!—Poor Rebecca! day after day she inquired after the Captain! the Captain! Lost,—degraded,—wretched Rebecca! But I will say no more of her, she became as dead while