

and was struck with the ornaments in the shop-window; but pray find out, for I shall not rest until I have a set of Karaltee diamonds, and it will be only taking a walk that way instead of going into the Park." You proceed accordingly next day to the eastern part of the city, and spend a whole forenoon in an endeavour to discover the place which Uncle Oliver so obscurely remembered, but all in vain; for though there were abundance of tobacconists and green-grocers in the situations described, there was no corresponding jeweller's, and no bill in any window announcing five-pound suites of ornaments.

You are that evening in the act of writing an account of your unsuccessful mission, when you receive another letter from your rural friend, eagerly countermanding the imitation gold and Karaltee diamonds, as a sudden necessity has arisen for her going into mourning. An aunt has died, and your friend announces herself as residuary legatee. Regrets and lamentations for the loss of this beloved relative are mingled with some pleasing anticipations concerning the probable amount of the bequest. A small lock of hair is enclosed, with a request that a handsome mourning-ring may be ordered without delay—not any common trumpery sort of thing, but one that will evince the respect paid to the memory of the deceased. A jeweller is found, who, after showing all his collection, none of which appear to answer the description given in the letter, suggests that it will be advisable to have one made with a diamond, all handsome mourning-rings having diamonds. The epistle is referred to, and commonplace trash being strictly prohibited, the ring with the diamond is ordered. It is large, of fine water, and the whole will cost twelve guineas. The ring and the bill are sent—and returned. Doubts by this time have been entertained respecting the sum that will remain to the residuary legatee, after all the demands upon the estate have been paid. The ring is therefore a great deal too expensive, and quite a different sort of thing from that which the mourner had any intention of purchasing. The ring is taken back to the shop, and the jeweller says that he will be very happy to put it into his glass-case, and give it every

chance of sale; but, such things being mere matters of taste, it is not very probable that he will meet with a purchaser, and that no one will give the original cost; he might possibly get eight or ten guineas for it, but nothing more. The value of the diamond is urged and admitted; the diamond is really valuable, but so much depends upon fancy in the way in which it is set, that there is no saying what its value may be now. Three months afterwards, the ring is sent to the party who ordered it, as perfectly unsaleable. A new arrangement is to be made. A mourning-ring not being wanted, the jeweller is asked to take it in exchange for something else. He does not object, but, after mature consideration, can only allow three guineas. It is amusing now to hear the article disparaged by the same lips which had so vaunted it before. It was necessary to put so much alloy in the gold, in order to work it up into that particular fashion, that the gold really is scarcely worth anything; and as for the diamond, the market is overstocked with diamonds—a diamond necklace may now be had for a mere song. None but the maker would allow so much as three guineas; for the materials were the smallest part of the affair, it was the workmanship and the fashion which formed the expensive portion, and the fashion had altered—fashions were always altering: a thing might be worth, say fifty pounds to day, and not five to-morrow. The twelve guineas are paid, and something in addition for taking out the black enamel, and making the ring wearable by a person not in mourning for a beloved aunt; the only advantage arising out of the whole transaction being the experience gained in the intrinsic value of trinkets.

As an illustration of the inconveniences sometimes produced in London by irruptions of country cousins, we must introduce our readers to a host and hostess who live in a quiet, retired, genteel street, at the west end of the town; their establishment consists of a footman and three female servants, and they have a carriage with job-horses. Their habits are regular; they enjoy the gaieties of London soberly and with discretion, seldom being from home long after midnight, and not liking to go out more than one or two