

far as to assure him that it was a thousand pities his talents should perish for want of practice, for he was as promising a whip as he ever yet met. He confirmed this opinion, with "upon the honor of a gentleman, Sir, it is true!" so there could be no doubt on the subject.

Within a week after the tandom had been ordered, it was discovered with the aforesaid Mr. Gee seated on the box seat, winding its way towards the Turnpike, at the top of the Castle Hill. Here Edward and his friend Handiman, had appointed to meet it; and as they rattled along towards Huntingdon, in order to be present at the Town-hall assemblies, the ecstasy of the young proprietor was complete. On reaching Fenstanton, they halted for a few minutes, to give the horses time to breathe; a hint, the propriety of which the leader once or twice endeavored to enforce upon the driver by turning completely round and staring him full in the face. This business accomplished—crack went the whip, away they again bowled at twelve miles an hour, and soon entered on that dreary moor which forms part of the Lincoln Fens. Here not a tree nor a house could be seen; nothing but a fat old crow which, perched upon a thing that a poetic fancy might discover to have been once an elm, croaked and screamed like a young lady in a Margate bathing machine. This notable prospect continued till they reached Godmanchester, from whence, within five minutes, they arrived at Huntingdon, and soon found themselves seated, full dressed and comfortable, over a bottle of claret at the Fountain Inn.

By this time they entered the Town-hall, the ball had already commenced; and lights, music, chit-chat, quadrilles and waltzes, were all blended together in confusion. Here, in one corner of the room, stood a little man in black, simpering to three overgrown old maids; there, leaning over the back of her chair, appeared an exquisite, whispering compliments to a young lady, whose face as far as the tip of her nose was hidden by her fan, leaving only a pair of blue eyes uncovered. At this end stood two priggish bachelors, bobbing to each other for the second time over a glass of execrable negus; at the other sate a desperate party of whist players, shedding gloom, like a cloud, around them. The two friends stood awhile aloof, observing and criticizing the different characters assembled, when Larkins unexpectedly joined them: his eyebrows painted to a nicety, and his mouth opened to at least twice its usual extent.

"A very decent set-out this, pon honor," he said, turning with a lisp towards Edward.

Daubigny, however, was too much engaged to reply, for his eyes had just