

ed enough, leuce Tom. There is little miss ry. Little vom Pinco, vice. My ask for your not to be e remarks, ring it lup ide similar d of an an- quals only; tual candor ion of your the soul of ; time they is perfectly iminal Nel- on will, be- ir captain, male or fe- me. Where own; Don't his own ac-

by halves, or would cease to watch over the fortunes of a family whom he had once taken into his special grace, the good man absolutely scabed like a child, and could neither utter a word, nor get a wink of sleep that night.

All night the workmen pursued their labours, and by morning the state apartments were in complete preparation. By this time it was universally known throughout the city who was sleeping at the Commissioner's. As soon therefore, as it could be supposed agreeable to him, the trained bands of the town marched down to pay their respect by a morning salute. The drums awoke the Count, who rose immediately, and in a few minutes presented himself at the window, looking repeatedly and in the most gracious manner. A prodigious roar of a *First Serenissimo* ascended from the mob; amongst whom the Count had some difficulty in discerning the martial body who were parading below; that gallant corps mustering, in fact, fourteen strong, of whom nine were reported fit for service; the "balance of five," as their commercial leader observed, being either on the sick-list, or, at least, not ready for "all work," though too loyal to decline a salar of love like the present. The Count received the report of the commanding officer; and declared (addressing himself to Von Hoax, but loud enough to be overheard by the officer) that he had seldom seen a more soldierly body of men, or who had more the air of being *agerris*. The officer's honest face burned with the anticipation of communicating so flattering a judgment to his corps; and his delight was not diminished by overhearing the words "early promotion," and the issue was—that only two guns were actually going. "But in commercial cities," as the goodnatured Count observed to his host, "a large discount must always be made on prompt payment."

Breakfast was now over: the bells of the churches were ringing; the streets swarming with people in their holiday clothes; and numerous deputations, with addresses, petitions, &c., from the companies and guilds of the city were forming into processions. First came the town-council with the chief burgo-master at their head; the recent order for the reduction of fees, &c., made the natural subject of a mutual remonstrance; and great was the joy with which the Count's answer was received. "On the word of a prince, he had never heard of it before: his signature must have been obtained by some court intrigue; but he could assure his faithful council that, on his return to his capital, his first care would be to punish the authors of so scandalous a measure; and such other steps, of an opposite description, as were due to the long services of the petitioners, and to the honor and dignity of the nation." The council were then presented *seriatim*, and had all the honor of kissing hands. These gentlemen having withdrawn, next came all the trading companies; each with an address of congratulation expressive of love and devotion, but uniformly bearing some little rider attached to it of a more exclusive nature. The tailors prayed for the general abolition of seamstresses, as nuisances and invaders of chartered rights. The shoemakers, in conjunction with the tanners and curriers, complained that Providence had in vain endowed leather with the valuable property of perishableness, if the selfishness of the iron trade were allowed to counteract this benign arrangement by driving nails into all men's shoes. The hair-dressers were modest, indeed too modest in their demands, confining themselves to the request that, for the better encouragement of wigs, a tax should be imposed upon every man who presumed to wear his own hair, and that it should be felony for a gentleman to appear without powder. The glaziers were content with the existing state of things; only that they felt it their duty to complain of the police regulation against breaking the windows of those who refused to join in public illuminations; a regulation the more harsh, as it was well known that hail-storms had for many years sadly fallen off, and the present race of hail-stones were scandalously degenerating from their ancestors of the last generation. The bakers complained that their enemies had accused them of wishing to sell their bread at a higher price; which was a base insinuation; all they wished for being that they might diminish their loaves in size; and this, upon public grounds, was highly requisite; "fulness of bread" being notoriously the root of Jacobinism, and under the present assize of bread, men ate so much bread that they did not know what the d— they would be at. A course of small loaves would therefore be the best means of bringing them round to sound principles. To the bakers succeeded the projectors; the first of whom offered to make the town conduits and sewers navigable, if his Highness would "lend him a thousand pounds." The clergy of the city, whose suffering had been great from the seourgings which they and their works received from the town newspaper, called out clamorously for a literary censorship. On the other hand, the editor of the newspaper prayed for unlimited freedom of the press, and abolition of the law of libel.

Certainly the Count Fitz-Hum must have had the happiest art of reconciling contradictions, and insinuating hopes into the most desperate case; for the petitioners, one and all, quitted his presence delighted and elevated with hope. Possibly one part of his secret might lie in the peremptory injunction which he laid upon all the petitioners to observe the profoundest silence for the present upon his intentions in their favor.

The prostrate bodies were now despatched; but such was the report of the Prince's gracious affability, that the whole town kept crowding to the Commissioner's house, and pressing for the honor of an audience. The Commissioner represented to the mob that his Highness was made neither of steel nor of granite, and was at length worn out by the fatigues of the day. But to this every man answered, that what he had to say would be finished in two words, and could not add much to the Prince's fatigue; and all kept their ground before the house as firm as a wall. In the emergency the Count Fitz-Hum resorted to a ruse, he sent round a servant from the back door to mingle with the crowd, and proclaim that a mad dog was ranging about the streets, and had already bit many other dogs and several men. This answered: the cry of "mad dog" was set up; the mob flew asunder from their cohesion, and the blockade in front of Fitz-Hum's house was raised. Farwell now to all faith in man or dog; for all might be among the bitten, and consequently might in turn be among the biters.

The night was now come; dinner was past, at which all the grandees of the place had been present: all had now departed, delighted, with the condescensions of the Count, and puzzled only on one point, viz. the extraordinary warmth of his attentions to the Commissioner's daughter. The young lady's large fortune might have explained this excessive homage in any other case, but not in that of a prince, and beauty or accomplishments they said she had none. Here, then was subject for meditation without end to all the curious in natural philosophy. Amongst these, spite of parental vanity, were the Commissioner and his wife; but an explanation was soon given, which, however, did not explain one riddle by another. The Count desired a private interview, in which, to the infinite astonishment of the parents, he demanded the hand of their daughter in marriage. State policy, he was aware, opposed such connections; but the pleadings of the heart outweighed all considerations of that sort; and he requested that, with the consent of the young lady, the marriage might be solemnized immediately. The honor was too much for the Commissioner; he felt himself in some measure guilty of treason, by harbouring for one moment hopes of an presumptuous nature, and in a great panic he ran away and hid himself in the wine-cellar. Here he imbued fresh courage; and, upon his re-entrance to the upper world, and finding that his daughter joined her entreaties to those of the Count, he began to fear that the treason might lie on the other side, viz. in opposing the wishes of his sovereign, and he joyfully gave his consent; upon which, all things being in readiness, the marriage was immediately celebrated, and a select company well witnessed it had the honor of kissing the hand of the new Countess Fitz-Hum.

Scarcely was the ceremony concluded, before a horse-man's horn was heard at the Commissioner's gate. A special messenger with despatches, no doubt, said the Count; and immediately a servant entered with a box bearing the state arms. Von Hoax unlocked the box; and from a great body of papers which he said were "merely petitions, addresses, or despatches from foreign powers," he drew out and presented to the Count a "despatch from the Privy Council." The Count read it, repeatedly shrugging his shoulders.

(To be Continued).

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