

hind the door trying to hide himself, and looked for all the world as if he came there to play—*boo-peep*. Alas ! is there anything in nature like an awkward man, a tall man I mean proportionably stout ; a small man's awkwardness may be hid by the crowd—but a tall man ! there he stands towering above his neighbours, the perfect victim of all the horrors of *gaucherie* assisted by *mauvaise honte*; such was Mr. C——, he refused to enter the room, dodged behind the door, pleaded every body would turn and look at us, that they were handing coffee and he should spill his, if he attempted to touch a cup. Seeing there would be a quarrel even on the *threshold* of the door, I entreated Mrs. C——to enter the room with me alone. Mrs. Glover stood conveniently near at that moment, and not allowing her time to reply, I drew her onward, our curtsy was made, seats gained, and time given me to draw breath, and reflect on the unpleasantness of associating with people not of your own *caste* ; the party was like every other crowded one, dancing and cards the amusements, *pushing* and *heat* the inconveniences, I of course partook of the former, and endured the latter, and was so situated in one of the quadrilles as to have an occasional glimpse of Mr. C——'s visage, as he would now and then peep in at the door, with curiosity the predominant expression, and as he poked his head forward and then back, as persons passed to and fro ; he looked so very like “ a toad in a hole ” that I could contain myself no longer, and laughed so long, and I am ashamed to say so loud, that I felt myself as ill-behaved as Mr. C——himself, and so thought my partner, who gazed on me in perfect amazement. I attempted an apology, made some ridiculous excuse, and tried to look demure, all would not do, he took me for a fool, and leading me to a seat the moment the dance was concluded, started off in all imaginable dignity, and stood staring at me thro' his glass for full five minutes in a corner of the room, with a face beaming with contempt ; he thought I was laughing at him no doubt, and felt a proper indignation at my want of taste. Supper tables were not in vogue at that time, but refreshments were handed between