

sulky sometimes. Is she bad tempered? asked Bob.—What woman is bad tempered, sir? They are all angels.—No, sir, Anny Reckless is only cloudy, when she has no one to flirt with. But to continue my description of the family, Phil, I will not dwell on; his follies all know; in pursuit of pleasure, scattering all before him, laying waste the gifts God has given him: “in vain dreams,” possessing talents,—*fathomless*—and overpowering, frustrated by the want of one gift more, the greatest which God can give to man—common sense.

As to the old father he is a good old soul, queer in his ways, a dabbler in law, much to his *cost* sometimes, plain in manners, and plainer in habits, with strong judgment and a good conscience; he is an honor to human nature. I need scarce tell you from this evening I became a frequent, and always I may say looked for visitor. One evening chatting over our cigar, on law subjects, Mr. Reckless mentioned some particulars of lapse legacies (a term in law I suppose you know nothing about) which occurred to some members of his family, Anny said to her mother in an aside. Do you know, mama, Eliza Mist did not speak to Thomas for a year after uncle Wellin's death? Why? enquired the mother. Because she made a spiteful speech about his being so much with uncle and faring no better in the end than the others. Indeed! said Mrs. Reckless in a vacant manner, scarce heeding the remark.

Now, my dear Bob, let me give you an insight into the study of mankind, talk little and observe much. Listen with one ear and hear with the other; always take a chair in that situation which commands a view of the whole company, that you may see as well as understand. For instance nobody dreamt I heard this aside, given rather *solo voce*, but it convinced me of two things, one was my opinion of Miss Eliza Mist's vulgarity, in spite of airs and graces, for none but the illiterate and vulgar shew their petty malice in this way; and secondly that Anny Reckless felt a stronger interest for Tom Wellin, than mama did. You don't think she likes Tom Wellin, do you? asked Bob fearfully. I did think so, once, but not now, there ~~he~~