ishment: do not make it *more severe*, by a breach with your relations, an *expose* to your servants, and perhaps, even an injury to Miss Somers."

Again pardon was entreated, and, of course, fully, freely bestowed, for every generous man forgives an acknowledged fault, and most husbands are lenient to errors arising from even a weak excess of love. In a short time, they both returned with Lady Langdale, and it was believed by Miss Somers and others, that her native air had the effect of restoring bloom to the cheek, and peace to the bosom of the beautiful Mrs. Launceston.

The London season returned, and with it our young couple, still as charming and attached as ever, but the lady "was as women wish to be, who love their lords," as she could not therefore mix much in gay society, though she was now too satisfied, with the stability of her husband or too fearful of the prevalence of her own failing, to prevent *him from doing so*. At this time her chief companion, and indeed her bosom friend, was Mrs. Egmont, (once the dreaded cousin Sophy) who sate with her many an evening, whilst Edward, with a zest arising from long abstinence, sought amusement in the *clubs, the Opera*, or the houses of their friends. At one of the latter, he met with a very elegant window who appeared absolutely besieged by admirers, and took refuge with him, as a *married man*, whose designs she could not suspect, and who was so handsome and agreeable to offer all she could desire of companionship. In short, a flirtation was begun between *them, which* succeeding interviews continued and increased—the lady liked a handsome beau, and the gentleman saw no harm in dancing after a fine woman, who evidently distinguished him. "There was no comparison between her and his beautiful young wife; no one could suppose he thought so, and happily Louisa (jealous as she *might* be by nature) was not likely to find her suspicions awakened, now she kept the house."

But if the wife was consigned to a sick room, the cousin was not, and so much was her anxiety excited for the sake of both, that so soon as it was possible for Louisa to see company, she urged her to accompany her husband, and receive their friends at home; the consequence was, a speedy observance of the peculiar manner in which this new acquaintance was received, and a perception that they had been for several weeks in the habit of meeting familiarly; indeed the lady had a splendid establishment, and frequently received Edward at her house, yet she made no advance in acquaintanceship with his lady, nor any disguise in he partiality to *him*; she was a bold bad woman, willing to destroy the happiness of others, for the paltry gratification of being supposed capable of enslaving a very charming young man, who had a very charming young wife, who might thereby be led to similar error of conduct.

Such thoughts never entered the pure mind of Louisa, who for a long time struggled against her own conviction, and was willing to ascribe every conclusion, which implicated her husband, rather to her own false conceptions than his delinquency. She trembled at the recollection of her own shame and sorrows—she nourished every memorial of his love and tenderness, and schooled her own heart and conduct into acquiescence, though she could not command its tranquillity, so long as it was possible; the time however came when duty itself called her to different course of conduct.

It was now summer, and many persons were leaving town; but it had been settled that the Launcestons would remain until after Louisa's confinement, when one day Edward entered to say he had just determined to run down to Harrowgate for a week or two; adding, with an air of kind consideration, I shall be back, my dear, before the time you would wish for me; and, on my return can bring your dear mother with me.

It was with the utmost difficulty that Louisa suppressed her tears, but she dreaded lest he should accuse her of some jealous freak; and, although she fully believed that the lady to whom her suspicions pointed was the cause of this movement, she dared not say one word that should appear to him an accusation. She therefore forced a woeful smile into her countenance, told him to be true to his time; and, with a throbbing heart received a farewell kiss, which seemed to her, cold even to cruelty.

When he was really gone she wept bitterly, and was found in this situation by Mrs. Egmont, who said hastily, with more truth than prudence, "So! I see Ned is really such a fool as to leave you at that woman's bidding. I have no patience with him; I will consult with my father, for something must be done to save him from utter perdition."

"I will write to my mother instantly," said Louisa, wiping her eyes and struggling to overcome her trepidation.

Mrs. Launceston's letter, though a very short one, showed the alarmed mother in a moment that this was no false foundation for idle fear; and, although in delicate health, she lost not a moment in setting out for the place whither her son-in-law had gone before her; and, urged by her feelings, she travelled so much quicker than he had (for it was certain he had, from stage to stage, meditated a return) that she arrived two hours after him at the Granby, and immediately learnt that he had joined a large party to see the Dripping Well at Knaresborough; amongst whom the newly arrived Lady —— was the most prominent and attractive personage.

Great was the astonishment of Edward Launceston to find himself seated close to Lady Langdale at the dinner table (every one's place being regulated by their arrival,) even though the belle of the day, the fair widow, was exactly opposite. His powers of conversation were banished by surprise; and although the evident indisposition of Lady Langdale accounted for a visit to a place where her physician had most probably consigned her, he yet felt angry that she should have removed to so great a distance from the daughter, "at a time when Louisa (his dear uncomplaining Louisa) would have found so great a consolation in her society." His heart smote him as he thought of her; for, whatever might have brought her mother, he at least had no ailment, no excuse for quitting town, but the invitation of a woman who was, after all, nothing to him.

Perhaps circumstances favoured this conclusion; a very young and pretty girl sat next the window; whose rouge, curls, pearls and smiles were altogether unable to bear the contrast with natural bloom and unstudied graces. In fact, she appeared to him but little younger than Lady Langdale, whose figure was far finer; whom she indeed seemed to consider somewhat of a rival, as her own hitherto flattering attentions were now transferred to a handsome fox-hunting baronet in the president's chair.

With these previous dispositions, it was no wonder that when he accompanied Lady Langdale to her own parlour, and found himself addressed with all the tenderness of a parent—to himself; not less than to her for whom a mother's best energies were exerted, all the better feelings of his nature, all the higher principles which had been implanted in it, were called forth, and that he alike lamented the error of the past, and rejoiced in deliverance from the probable sins of the future. A line, a single line, but one most dear, most blessed, was dispatched by the post of that night, and the following day beheld him accompanying her, who he held to be more than mother, towards that home which he bitterly lamented that he had left, and which he at once dreaded and desired to see; for, alas! how much had he to fear on behalf of a *being so sensitive*? how much had he to hope from possibility of a new and dearer tie to life, which at this time he held to be one that must render him perforce, not less a happy, than a virtuous man.

Their journey was necessarily slow, for Lady Langdale's rapid movements in the first instance, had incapacitated her in the second; but letters, sweet, kind, penitential, and most efficacious letters, passed forward by every medium, and were better for the anxious, afflicted wife, than even the presence of the parties so desired, might have been. It was the delightful task of the once dreaded Sophy, to receive the travellers, and exclaim:

"We have got a beautiful boy: much too good for you, Ned; I shall take it away, poor lamb, that it may escape the father's example."

"But Louisa—my wife, my angel wife!—how is she?"

"She is asleep, thank God, at this time: her trial has been terrible, as your conscience must tell you, but all is well at present."

For this Edward was indeed grateful, and eagerly did he seek his own dressing-room, that he might humbly pour out his soul in thankful adoration. Like the Prodigal, he could have said, 'I have sinned against Heaven, and thee,' to the wife of his bosom, and it will be readily believed that like him, he was by that wife received, even when he was 'afar off,' and that she rejoiced because 'he that was lost, was found' at a time when she could give to his arms, and his heart, the dearly-bought, but the most precious boon which God in mercy hath bestowed upon his creatures.

Happily as these trials ended, and happy as their subjects still continue, let it not be forgotten, that it is the especial duty of every accountable creature, to eradicate as much as possible, all evil dispositions and prevalent weaknesses from their hearts; for no man can foretel the issue of apparently trivial errors; and where Providence has been most bountiful in the gifts of nature and fortune, many misfortunes, the consequence of slight deviations of conduct, may arise to the most "charming couple."

EMINENT LIARS.

BY JOHN POOLE.

Munchausen was a masterly liar; a great artist. It must be remarked that, in his wildest inventions, there is nothing to shock the understanding; admit the cause and the consequences follow naturally enough. He shoots a handful of cherry-stones into a stag's forehead! Allow the possibility of cherry-stones taking root in a stag's forehead, and there is nothing improbable in his finding, a few years afterwards, a cherry-tree sprouting from it. The cold, in a certain country where he is travelling, is so intense as to freeze the tunes a post-boy endeavours to play upon his horn. The horn is hung by the fire-side, and, as the tunes in it become thawed, they flow out audibly, one after the other. Admit the cause, I say, and there is nothing absurd in the consequence. Had he made a tree of emeralds and rubies to spring from his cherry-stones, or a band of musicians to start out of his horn, (as some of his awkward imitators would do,) he would not so long have maintained his enviable eminence, as a consistent, a glorious liar, but have been confounded in the mass of inventors of nonsensical rhodomontades.'

But my main object in this paper is to rescue from oblivion a few of the mighty lies of one who, had he committed his sublime inventions to the press, instead of modestly employing them for the edification and delight of those private circles which he sometimes honoured with his presence, had eclipsed the whole galaxy of liars. But alas! he is dead! Colonel Nimrod is dead! The day that witnessed the extinction of that lying luminary of the sporting world, was a day of rejoicing to all the birds of the air and all the fishes in the sea. Ah! securely may'st thou gambol now on yonder pleasant slope, thou noble stag, for Nimrod is no more! Send out your *glittering wings in peace*, ye bright inhabitants of ether; and you, ye little fishes, and ye great—sprats, shrimps, leviathans, white-bait, whales—sport freely in your watery homes, *for Nimrod is no more!* Well might it be to them a day of Jubilee when their unparalleled destroyer was destroyed! to me it was a day of lamentation and of sorrowing.

I knew him well. With what delight have I listened to his astounding narratives, each sentence worth a whole volume of truth! and how impatiently have I, upon such occasions, turned from the captious lover of matter-of-fact, who has petulantly whispered me—"'Tis all a lie!" And what then!—The Faëry Queen is a lie; the Midsummer Night's Dream is a lie; yet neither Spencer nor Shakspeare are stigmatized as liars. Why then should the epithet "lie," in its opprobrious and offensive sense, be applied to those extempore prose inventions of any revelry in the realms of imagination, which, were they measured out by lines and syllables, and committed to paper, would be called poems? All inventive poets are, in a certain sense, liars; and akin with poets are travellers into countries which never existed, seers of sights which have never been seen, doers of deeds which were never done; and such merely was Colonel Nimrod; he was an extempore prose poet. Such liars, indeed I would say liars generally, are your only interesting tale-tellers; for nothing is so insipid as the bare truth; and the proof of this is, that we seldom meet with a true story worth telling. This may appear to be a startling opinion, but most people entertain it, and are often unconsciously led to express it. Of a hundred real adventures, ninety-nine are not worth relating; and the common eulogy bestowed on any real occurrence which happens to be somewhat out of the usual way is, that it is as interesting as a romance; in other words, that that particular fact is as interesting as a fiction—or to come at once to the point, that that true story is as interesting as if it were a lie.

But I am digressing from my purpose, which is simply to record two or three of the most exquisite of the many admirable lies I have heard delivered by my late lamented friend, Colonel Nimrod. Outrageous and extravagant as they will appear, I do most positively assert that I repeat them, as nearly as I can, in his own words. His manner of narrating those marvellous tales, of which he always was himself the hero, was perfectly easy and assured, and was calculated to impress his hearers with a conviction that, at least, he entertained not the slightest doubt of their truth. He seldom described his feats, or the accidents of his life, as subjects to be wondered at: they were casually noticed, as the turn of the conversation might afford occasion, and as mere matters of every-day occurrence. If indeed, any one expressed a more than usual degree of astonishment, or exclaimed, "That's *rather* extraordinary, colonel!" his reply invariably was—"Extraordinary, sir! why I know it is extraordinary; but I'll take my oath that I am in all respects the most extraordinary man that heaven ever let live."

A broken Head.—In Paris one day I was standing with him at his window, in the *Rue de la Paix*, when a man was thrown from his horse. "There's a broken head for him, colonel," said I.—"I am the only man in Europe, sir," he replied, "that ever had a broken head—to live after it. I was hunting near my place in Yorkshire; my horse threw me, and I was pitched head foremost, upon a scythe which had been left upon the ground. When I was taken up, my head was found to be literally cut in two, and was spread over my shoulders like a pair of epauletts. *That* was a broken head, if you please, sir."

Expeditious Shooting.—I once said to him, "You have the reputation of being an excellent shot, Colonel Nimrod!"—"Ay, sir, I shoot with a ramrod sometimes."—"Shoot with a ramrod!"—"Why, how the deuse else would you shoot when you are in a hurry?"—"Really, I don't understand you."—"This is what I mean, sir. I was going out one fine morning at the latter end of October, when I saw the London mail changing horses—as it always did within a mile of my gates—when I suddenly recollected that I had promised my friend F—— a breakfast of game. Devil a trigger had I pulled—the coach was ready to start—what was to be done? I leaped over the hedge, fired off my ramrod, and may I be shot if I didn't spit, as it were, four partridges and a brace of pheasants. Now I should be a liar if I said I ever did the same thing twice—in point of number, I mean."

These specimens will serve to show to what perfection poor