

previously intended to seek her hand. I could have hugged Vernon for his plan, which appeared, at first, to me, to be impossible to fail; and having written the notes, we ordered postmen, as Ned was to accompany me on the first day's journey, and off we went. I had wished to see Agnes before I departed, but Ned prevented me. The next day I parted from Vernon, and having arrived at Brighton, I remained there for two days, anxiously awaiting a letter from him. It came at last, with "in very great haste" written most legibly above the address. I tore it open, and guess my feelings when I read:

MY DEAR WALTER,

The game is up and the devil to pay. The very day we left Bath, Agnes was taken very ill, and sent for Louisa Burton to nurse her, and in a fit of confidence told her of your engagement, in order, I suppose, to have some kind friend to whom she might make known the pain which your misdeeds had caused her. Louisa, of course, like all high-minded romantic young ladies, returned her friends confidence. Your "*villainous baseness*," as no doubt they called it, was exposed, and to cap the climax, the two cursed notes came in at the same instant, Louisa's having been sent from her father's! Such a row as there must have been! Agnes forgot her illness and came down to dinner. I felt frightened to death for fear Louisa might suspect that I knew anything about the affair. Both damsels looked highly indignant—and *such* whispering before we sat down to dinner!—I could scarcely keep my countenance, and at last, to try the matter, I said:

"By the bye, Agnes, did you get a note today from Pencil? I left him on his way to Brighton!"

"Did you, then I trust that we shall be relieved from the penalty of seeing him at Bath again, and I must require, Edward, that his name shall never more be mentioned before me. An act of baseness has been committed by him, which I shall communicate to you hereafter, and which will separate us forever."

My mouth was stopped, and though I have since explained the whole affair to Agnes, she will not believe a word of what I say—so that you must make up your mind to receive your *congé* immediately, as I gave her your address this morning. I shall write you again.

Yours, ever faithfully,

E. VERNON.

Mem.—I shall instantly make up to Louisa, now's my time, whilst she is enraged with you!

E. V.

The *congé* came written by both ladies.

SIR,

The baseness which has characterized your conduct towards us both, has most effectually removed

from our hearts, any favourable impression previously conceived by us. We beg, therefore, that all further intercourse between us, may from this moment cease.

AGNES HARCOURT,
LOUISA BURTON.

Accompanying this, what was my mortification on opening the packet, to find duplicate lockets, *pensez-à-moi*-rings, and about a quarter of a pound of my beautiful auburn hair, which had been bestowed upon the ladies at their particular request, by me! Furious with passion and disappointment, I ordered horses, joined the dépôt, and there ends my double engagement.

Sir Barnaby—But, Pencil, what became of the ladies?

Pencil—Ned Vernon was true to his promise—married Louisa, and lives very happily.

President—And Miss Harcourt?

Pencil—I saw her last year; she is the wife of Colonel Kinnaird, and has two little Agneses and three little Williamesses, all running about her, with pin-a-fores and frills—whilst from the change in her figure, I never would have recognised in the matronly so much *en bon point*—my little delicate Agnes Harcourt—pon my conscience I shouldn't—but I suppose that you are all tired of my story, so Barnaby, tip us another stave.

President—Agreed.

But that song must remain for another time, as I was forced to attend to more important duties, than listen to staves at two o'clock in the morning—so I left the Divan.

Yours, good Editor,

Au revoir,

PAUL PLAYFAIR.

Little Pedlington, — street, }
Monday Morning, March 11, 1839. }

AVARICE.

HE comes with stealthy step and restless eye,

Meagre and wan—a living skeleton—

To where his god, his golden treasures lie,

He comes to feast (his only meal) thereon:

'Rich! rich!' he cries—'I am as Croesus rich!'

Poor, poor he is!—not Lazarus more poor;

Envy him not, thou houseless, wandering wretch,

Who beg'st for charity from door to door;

It is gaunt Avarice! If he could feed

His famished body through his greedy eye,

Or carry to the grave his gold—indeed!

Envied on earth he'd live, and envied die;

But he is like the wave which covers o'er

Gems unenjoyed, it leaves, in ebbing from the shore

Knickerbocker.