

her dad between whiles with the right hearty good will that belongs to her unschooled age, when, having been favoured with the first intelligence of the day, such as "Pa! Peggy Clinker's come to make my frock," and "Pa, the newspaper's there," I availed myself of the latter item of information, and proceeded to peruse its contents.

The very first paragraph that met my eye was the following, under the head of "Marriage in high life. — On the 8th inst., at Hanover Square, by the Rev. Theophilus Farleton, cousin of the bridegroom, the Hon. Cyrus Farleton, nephew and heir of the Earl of Leighton, to Barbara Theodora, only daughter of Sir Michael Branfold, Bart. A course of festivities and rejoicings is expected to come off the ensuing week at Leighton Park, the seat of the noble Earl, in honour of the occasion."

Cyrus Farleton! Leighton Park! The names struck me like an old tune of boyhood, or fragments of a half-remembered dream.