

themselves, their countenances saddened with a gloom which the vivacious expression of that of the Count, who entered upon the task of helping the soup with the most amiable alacrity, could not succeed in dispelling. Helped they were, when Stephen, who had been doing duty in the hall as porter, entered the room to assume the task of waiting, since hands ran short. Stephen, said Lady Gorgon, the moment she saw him, 'you are quite sure Lord Weybridge has not been here?' 'No my Lady,' said Stephen, 'I am quite sure; that foreign Baron called a little before seven, my Lady. Who is dat?' said Alonette; 'Taganrag?' 'Yes,' said Lady Gorgon. 'About dinner-time always,' said the Count, 'he has a good nell I don't think, eh?' 'I said your Ladyship was not at home; and about five minutes afterwards, that Captain Sheringham called who used to call so often last year.' 'Captain Sheringham!' screamed Lady Gorgon; 'why Captain Sheringham is Lord Weybridge, the Nobleman for whom we have been waiting; mercy on us, what did you say to him?' 'He asked me, my Lady, if your Ladyship was at home,' said the man; 'indeed he was a-coming right in, without asking one thing or another, so I said you were out; and he asked me if I were sure, for he was come here to dinner; and I said I was sure your Ladyship was not at home, that you did not dine at home; and then he made a sort of a sniff with his nose, because he could smell the dinner quite plain in the hall; however, I persisted, and so at last of all he said, says he, my Lady, 'that's uncommon odd,' and off out he went, like a shot.' 'Why what on earth could induce you to do such a thing Stephen?' screamed her Ladyship. 'Why, my Lady, your orders to me, when you were in town last year were—says your Ladyship to me, says you, 'If ever that Captain Sheringham calls when I am at home, say I am out; and if he calls when I am out, and any of the young ladies are at home, say they are out; and if ever he calls about dinner-time, as he sometimes does, never let him in; so I did as I was bid.' 'Bid!' exclaimed her Ladyship; 'and what on earth shall I do! 'Eat your dinner Lady Gorgon,' said Alonette; 'you can do no good now; never let nosing at all interfere with de gastronome; he is gone to one of his clubs to dinner; he will do very well, and it will keep till to-morrow. It is a sad mistake, to be sure.' It was so sad a mistake that no dinner was eaten, no wine was drunk, no conversation occurred, and the ladies retired almost immediately after the dessert was put down, each to write a note of condolence and apology. Alonette, who enjoyed the defeat of a plotter and match-patcher, kept his dull friend Doldrum drinking a great deal more claret than either of them liked; and when they went to the drawing-room, they found that the graces had retired for the evening; one because she had a violent head-ache, the other because she had been up so late the night before, and the third because she had to get up so early the next morning. Cafe and chase were very soon despatched, and the Count and his heavy-in-hand acquaintance quitted her Ladyship's mansion, more diverted with the amusement with which they

had provided themselves, than any which had been furnished by their dreadfully discontented hostess."

ROTTEN BOROUGH.—"Let the improvers of our age ask themselves how long Henry Grattan might have gazed outside the gates of Parliament, if he had waited for the enlightened tailors or cobblers of the land to let him in; or if he had ventured to appeal to their sense of the distinction between his genius and the brawling absurdity of some popular politician, or gross dealer in bullocks, with what rapidity he must have been routed from the field? The argument has been repeated a hundred-times, and still remains without an answer. Was there one of the gifted names of English legislation who ever entered the House of Commons in any other way, or could have entered it in any other? A country squire may get in carried on the shoulders of his tenantry, and no one will object to the honest influence of old connexion and family kindness; but no one will expect to find the honest yeomanry pledges for Parliamentary brains. A rich manufacturer may be huzzaed in by his workmen; and of those there are fifty in the reformed Parliament; with what accession to the wit or wisdom of the House, the world has yet to learn. A thriving vintner, who has debauched the passions of the populace by the beer shop, and exhibited his Parliamentary qualifications by the barrels that he sells and the brutes he has made, may march triumphantly into St. Stephen's, and blunder himself and the house asleep; but by that door neither Chatham, nor Pitt, nor Fox, nor Canning, nor Curran, nor Grattan, could ever have set their tread on the floor of Parliament. They must have lingered and lingered outside—political ghosts, waiting for the boat that was never to ferry them over, and looking with astonishment at the train of low and vulgar existence that passed on the simple merit of the money in their hand. It is true that when those men were once known by the multitude they often succeeded in popular election; but how were they to have been known in the first instance? By the borough alone."—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

At the Mansion-house, London, lately, Mary Cotter, was charged with having drunk gin to such excess that she tumbled in the mud, and was unable to rise without the assistance of two officers.—(A laugh.)—The officers stated that the defendant supported herself and a husband, equally fond of strong liquors, by exhibiting twins of very diminutive size. She reeled out of a gin-shop with the children in her arms, or rather hands, for they were not larger than waxen dolls, and down she fell close to the wheel of a coal-waggon. The twins sustained no injury. It was with the greatest difficulty the officers succeeded in conveying the woman to the Comptor, where she slept herself into sobriety.—The Lord Mayor: What was done with the poor children?—Watchman: Please your lordship, the constable of the night was a very humane man, and he gave us his night-cap to put them into. A policeman stated that the woman had, had twins, about four or five years ago, as small as the present pair, and she became a most intolerable nuisance. The little

creatures, when the officers approached the mother to remove her from any thoroughfare, used to scream in a terrific manner, and the people called out, "What a shame for the rascally police to beat the poor woman and children," the mother being all the while occupied in pinching the toes of the bawlers.—The defendant began to speak in terms of endearment to the children.—His lordship told her that the trick would not do. He was not to be caught by the affectation of maternal affection on the part of a woman who would not hesitate to sell her children for gin. He would give her a chance once more, and in giving her her liberty, his lordship besought her to turn the money she made to some reputable purpose.

LIFE OF A PAUPER.—The Rev. Mr Stone, a clergyman of London, has in a vein of happy humour, illustrated the abuses to which the facilities of obtaining public assistance are liable: He supposes a young weaver of twenty-two marrying a servant girl of nineteen. Are they provident against the prospects of a family—do they economize—toil—retrench? No: they live in Spitalfields, and rely upon the charitable institutions. The wife gets a ticket for the Royal Maternity Society,—she is delivered for nothing—she wants baby-linen—the Benevolent Society supply her. The child must be vaccinated—he goes to the Hospital for vaccination. He is eighteen months old, "he must be got out of the way;"—he goes to the Infant School;—from thence he proceeds, being "distressed" to the Educational Clothing Society, and the Sunday Schools. Thence he attains to the Clothing Charity Schools. He remains five years—he is apprenticed gratis to a weaver—he becomes a journeyman—the example of his parents is before his eyes—he marries a girl of his own age—his child passes the ancestral round of charities—his own work becomes precarious—but his father's family was for years in the same circumstances, and was always saved by charity; to charity then he again has recourse. Parish gifts of coals and parish gifts of bread, are at his disposal. Spitalfields' Associations, Soup Societies, Benevolent Societies, Pension Societies—all fostering the comfortable luxury of living gratuitously—he comes at length to the more fixed income of parish relief—"he begs an extract from the parish register, proves his settlement from the charity-school indenture of apprenticeship, and quarters his family on the parish, with an allowance of 5s. a week. In this uniform alternation of voluntary and compulsory relief he draws towards the close of his mendicant existence. Before leaving the world, he might perhaps, return thanks to the public. He was born for nothing—he has been clothed for nothing—he has been educated for nothing—he has been put out in the world for nothing—he has had medicine and medical attendance for nothing—and he has had his children also born, nursed, clothed, fed, educated, established and physicked—for nothing.

ARISTOCRATIC SYMPATHIES.—What an outcry of commiseration is there if a young man of family and fortune ruins himself by a criminal course of life, and thereby comes to an ignominious end! and with what cold indifference, at the same time, do we witness