

row the forks and spoons, and so we might send them this year and get off so nicely from going. This was a little too much for patience and bad temper; she was aware I now *understood* the *the annual* invitation, and shrieking at him like a virago, she bade him read the newspaper, and not utter another word for go he should, he knew Susie well enough to do as he was bid. The Glover's party was the constant theme, who would be there? perhaps the British Ambassador, or Spanish chargé d'affaires, or Mr. this one, and Mrs. that one; then came the puzzle of dresses, should it be pink and blonde? or scarlet and elephant sleeves? French puffs, or corkscrew ringlets, diamond sprig, or yellow wreath? Ah!—the last was the best thought—simple and elegant. At last the evening arrived, all was bustle and confusion, Mrs. C——shrieking at the height of her voice for the maid (or woman of all work). Mr. C——was marching up and down the room, brushing all before him, in perfect desperation, while *poor me*, was tortured to death, by the two little children, really fine creatures at any other time;—it was Henry, dear don't put your dirty fingers on Maria's pretty dress; me will do that, (suiting the action to the word). Addy, my love, you'll break my pearl necklace, go out of the room, that's good children, will you bring me home something good if I go out, from the party? I will indeed only make haste and go away; first tell us what you'll bring? Oh cakes of course, and sugar candy, lisped Henry? Certainly—and grapes? of course, in fact I promised to bring the whole supper table; at last all was ready. Mrs. C——'s nett and points were bewitching, Mr. C——, pumps an excellent fit, and as to his black genoa velvet waistcoat, I can only say, it was made by what's his name? in Chestnut Street, a first rate cut, and accorded well with the somberness of his countenance, then we all assembled in the parlour enveloped in hoods and cloaks, off the carriage rattled—and stopped—before a brilliantly illuminated mansion, liveried footmen thronged the hall; crowds the reception room. I gave a last twist to a curl, and bounded down the stair, followed by Mrs. C——, but where was Mr. C——? Why! stuck be-