

clamation—"that low life thing" to be married to the Honourable George? Well—well—well!" The 'moving debating society' or the *oddity*, who talked to himself in the streets, had a new subject for discussion. He was seen next day after the rumour got in circulation, lugging home a salmon, and talking to himself over the fish, very earnestly. "I'd just as soon think of marrying this salmon, if I were the Honourable George, as marry that girl. Thank fortune we hav'nt got such fools in our family, as he—*present* company of course always excepted—why, he'll be eternally disgraced in England, when he gets there"—said the 'debating society.' Little Mary was highly delighted, to think that her sister was about setting such a brilliant example in the family; and she thought if Eliza could get a nobleman, she did not see why she would not stand as good a chance, when she got a little older. "What did I say, Eliza," said the elder Miss Smith, "about dropping your slipper, like Cinderella, at the Ball? I knew something would come to pass, I had such strange dreams that night." Drucilla Pert, who, by the way, married a drummer shortly after she was dismissed from her mistress's employment, lisped some strange absurdities about Eliza. Among other things she said—"that Mith 'Thunith vath a tharthy thing; tuch a thing to marry an oflither wath truly thocking." Captain Swagger of the Guards, swaggered out some things in his bloated English, which nobody could understand. One of his remarks, however, was partly translated into English, thus: "Whoy, dem the fallow—'tis parfactly absard; he ought to hove his oppilets torn from his shouldaws—to go and marry that Plebian! I'll sell out my commission, and go into some other regiment; he has doigraced us all—yes! by—, he has!" The other officers of 'Blood Circle' did not take the matter so seriously to heart.—They did not care who got married, so long as they could have a little amusement.

Thus ran opinion through the city; 'envy, hatred, and malice,' seemed to predominate among the 'small fry,' against the 'dress-maker,' on account of her good luck. But Eliza had friends as well as enemies; the good and virtuous, and moral thinking part of the community, spoke in praise of her, and seemed to feel happy that so virtuous a maiden was to meet with the reward that was in waiting for her. The day before the wedding, presents and letters of congratulation were sent to her from all quarters, which 'she was most graciously pleased to accept!' She was now the *prima-donna* of the City; her name was in every body's mouth; she afforded a *subject* for conversation in all circles.

Among the presents sent to her was a parcel, done up in brown paper,