

## HENRIETTA TEMPLE

Well, that is five. And you want fifteen hundred, said Mr. Levinson. Well, me and my partner always like to serve you; and it is very awkward certainly for you to want money at this moment. But if you want to buy jewelry, I can get you any credit you like, you know.

We will talk of that by and by, said Ferdinand.

Fifteen hundred pound! ejaculated Mr. Levinson. Well, I suppose we must make it 7000, somehow or other; and you must take the rest in cash.

Oh, by Jove, Levinson, that is too bad. I don't see no other way, said Mr. Levinson, rather doggedly.

But, damn it, my good fellow, my dear Levinson, what the deuce am I to do with 8000 worth of coals?

Lord! My dear Captain, 8000 worth of coals is a mere nothing. With your connection, you will get rid of them in a morning. All you have got to do you know, is to give your friends an order on us, and we will let you have cash at a little discount.

Then you can let me have cash now at a little discount, or even a great; I cannot get rid of 8000 worth of coals.

Why, say'n't four hundred children, Captain, rejoined Mr. Levinson. Three or four friends would do the thing. Why, Baron Squash takes ten thousand children of us every year; but he has such a knack, he gets the Clubs to take them.

Baron Squash, indeed! Do you know whom you are talking to, Mr. Levinson? Do you think that I am going to turn into a coal merchant? Your working partner, by Jove! No sir; give me the 7000 without the coals, and charge what interest you please.

We could not do it, Captain. Say'n't our way.

I ask you once more, Mr. Levinson, will you let me have the money, or will you not? Now, Captain, don't be so high and mighty! Say'n't the way to do business. Me and my partner wish to serve you; we do indeed. And if a hundred pound will be of any use to you, you shall have it on your acceptance; and we won't be curious about any name that draws; we won't indeed!

Well, Mr. Levinson, said Ferdinand, rising. I see we can do nothing to-day. The hundred pounds would be of no use to me. I will think over your proposition. Good morning to you.

Ah, do! said Mr. Levinson, bowing and opening the door, do, Captain; we wish to serve you, we do indeed. See, how we behave about that arrears. Think of the coals; now do. Now for a bargain; come! Come, Captain, I dare say now you could get us the business of the Junior Service Club; and then you shall have the seven hundred on your acceptance for three months, at two shillings in the pound; come!

Ferdinand quitted his kind friend Mr. Levinson in no very amiable mood; but just as he was leaving the house, a cabriolet, beautifully painted, of a brilliant green color picked out with a somewhat cream-colored white, and drawn by a shaggy Holstein horse of tawny bay, with a flowing and milk-white tail and mane, and caparisoned in harness almost as precious, as Mr. Levinson's sideboard, dashed up to the door.

Armine, by Jove! exclaimed the driver, with great cordiality.

Ah! Catch, is it you? said Ferdinand. What! have you been here? said Lord Catchimwhocan. At the old work, eh? Is "me and my partner" troublesome? for your countenance is not very radiant.

By Jove, old fellow! said Ferdinand, in a depressed tone. I am in a scrape, and also in a rage. Nothing is to be done here.

Never mind, said his lordship; keep up your spirits, jump into my cab, and we will see how we can carry on the war. I am only going to speak one word to "me and my partner."

So saying his lordship skipped into the house as gay as a lark, although he had a bill for a good round sum about to be dishonored in the course of a few hours.

Well, my dear Armine, he resumed, when he reappeared and took the reins; now as I drive along, will me all about it; for if there be a man in the world whom I should like to "serve," it is myself, my noble Ferdinand.

With this encouragement, Captain Armine was not long in pouring his cares into a congenial bosom.

I know the man to "serve" you, said Catchimwhocan. The fact is, these fellows here are regular old-fashioned humbugs. The only idea they have is money, money. They have no enlightened notions. I will introduce you to a regular tramp; and if he does not do our business, I am much mistaken. Courage, old fellow! How do you like this start?

Detected neat. By the bye, Catch, my boy, you are going it rather, I see.

To be sure. I have always told you there is a certain system in affairs which ever prevents men being fooled. No fellow is ever dished who has any connection. What man that ever had his run was really ever fairly put hors de combat, unless he was some one who ought never to have entered the arena, blazing away without any set, making himself a damned fool and everybody's enemy. So long as a man bustles about and is in a good set, something always turns up. I got into Parliament you see; and you, you are going to be married!

All this time the cabriolet was dashing down Regent-street, twisting through the Quadrant, whirling along Pall Mall, until it finally entered Cleveland-row, and stopped before a newly painted, newly pointed, and exceedingly compact mansion, the long brass knocker of whose dark green door sounded beneath the practised touch of his lordship's tiger. Even the tawny Holstein horse, with the white flowing mane, seemed conscious of the locality, and stopped before the accustomed resting-place in the most natural manner imaginable. A tall serving-man, well powdered, and in a dark and well-appointed livery, immediately appeared.

At home? enquired Lord Catchimwhocan, with a peculiarly confidential expression.

To you, my lord, responded the attendant.

Jump out Armine, said his lordship; and they entered the house.

Not alone, said the servant, ushering the friends into the dining-room, but he shall have your lordship's card immediately. There are several gentlemen waiting in the third drawing-room; so I have shown your lordship in here, and shall take care that he sees your lordship before anyone.

That's a devilish good fellow, said Lord Catchimwhocan, putting his hand into his waistcoat pocket to give him a sovereign; but not finding one he added, I shall remember you.

The dining-room into which they were shown was at the back of the house, and looked into agreeable gardens. The apartment was in some little confusion at this moment; for their host gave a dinner to-day, and his diners were famous.

The table was arranged for eight guests; its appointments indicated refined taste. A candlestick of Dresden china was the centre piece; there was a whole service of the same material, even to the handles of the knives and forks; and the choice variety of glass attracted Ferdinand's notice. The room was lofty and spacious; it was simple and soberly furnished; not an object which could distract the taste or disturb the digestion. But the sideboard, which filled a recess at the end of the apartment, presented a crowded group of gold plate that might have become a palace; magnificent shields, tall vases, ancient tankards, goblets of carved ivory set in precious metal, and cups of old ruby glass mounted on pedestals glittering with gems. This accidental display certainly offered an amusing contrast to the perpetual splendour of Mr. Levinson's banquet; and Ferdinand was wondering whether it would turn out that there was as marked a difference between the two owners, when his companion and himself were summoned to the presence of Mr. Bond Sharpe.

They ascended a staircase perfumed with flowers, and on each landing-place was a classic tripod or pedestal crowned with a bust. And then they were ushered into a drawing-room of Parisian elegance; built cabinets, marqueterie tables, hangings of the choicest damask suspended from burnished cornices of old carving. The chairs had been rifled from a Venetian palace; the couches were part of the spoils of the French revolution. There were glass screens in golden frames, and a clock that represented the death of Hector, the chariot wheel of Achilles conveniently telling the hour. A round table of mosaic, mounted on a golden pedestal, was nearly covered with papers; and from an easy-chair, supported by air cushions, half rose to welcome them Mr. Bond Sharpe. He was a man not many years the senior of Captain Armine and his friend; of elegant appearance, pale, pensive, and prepossessing. Deep thought was impressed upon his clear and protruding brow, and the expression of his grey sunken eyes, which were delicately arched, was singularly searching. His figure was slight but compact. His dress plain, but a model in its fashion. He was habited entirely in black, and his only ornament were his studs, which were turquoise and of great size; but there never were such boots, so brilliant and so small!

He welcomed Lord Catchimwhocan in a voice scarcely above a whisper, and received Captain Armine in a manner alike graceful and dignified.

My dear Sharpe, said his lordship, I am going to introduce to you my most particular friend, and an old brother officer. This is Captain Armine, the son of Sir Ratcliffe, and the heir of Armine Castle. He is going to be married very soon to his cousin, Miss Grandison, the greatest heiress in England.

Hush, hush, said Ferdinand, shrinking under this false representation, and Mr. Sharpe with considerate delicacy endeavored to check his lordship.

Well never mind, I will say nothing about that, continued Lord Catchimwhocan. The long and the short of it is this, that my friend Armine is hard up, and we must carry on the war till we get into winter quarters. You are just the man for him, and by Jove, my dear Sharpe, if you wish sensibly to oblige me, who I am sure am one of your warmest friends, you will do everything for Armine that human energy can possibly effect.

What is the present difficulty that you have? enquired Mr. Sharpe of our hero, in a calm whisper.

Why, the present difficulty that he has, said Lord Catchimwhocan, is that he wants 1,500!

I suppose you have raised money, Captain Armine? said Mr. Sharpe.

In every way, said Captain Armine.

Of course, said Mr. Sharpe; at your time of life one naturally does. And I suppose you are bothered for this £1,500?

I am threatened with immediate arrest, and arrest in execution.

Who is the party?

Why, I fear an unmanageable one, even by you. It is a house at Malta.

Mr. Bolus, I suppose?

Exactly.

Well, what can be done? said Lord Catchimwhocan.

Oh! there is no difficulty, said Mr. Sharpe quietly. Captain Armine can have any money he likes.

I shall be happy, said Captain Armine, to pay any consideration you think fit.

Oh! my dear sir, I cannot think of that. Money is a drug now. I shall be happy to accommodate you without giving you any trouble. You can have the £1,500, if you please, this moment.

Really, you are very generous, said Ferdinand, much surprised. But I feel I am not entitled to such favors. What security can I give you?

I lend the money to you. I want no security. You can repay me when you like. Give me your note of hand. So saying, Mr. Sharpe opened a drawer, and taking out his cheque-book drew a draft for the £1,500. I believe I have a stamp in the house, he continued, looking about. Yes, here is one. If you will fill this up, Captain Armine, the affair may be concluded at once.

Upon my honor, Mr. Sharpe, said Ferdinand, very confused, I do not like to appear insensible to this extraordinary kindness, but really I came here by the merest accident, and without any intention of soliciting or receiving such favors. And my kind friend here has given you much too glowing an account of my resources. It is very probable I shall occasion you great inconvenience.

Really, Captain Armine, said Mr. Sharpe with a slight smile, were we talking of a sum of any importance, why, one might be a little more punctilious, but for such a bagatelle we have already wasted too much time in its discussion. I am happy to serve you.

Ferdinand stared, remembering Mr. Levinson and the coals. Mr. Sharpe himself drew up the note, and presented it to Ferdinand, who signed it and pocketed the draft.

I have several gentlemen waiting, said Mr. Bond Sharpe; I am sorry I cannot take this opportunity of cultivating your acquaintance, Captain Armine, but I should esteem it a great honor if you would dine with me to-day. Your friend Lord Catchimwhocan favors me with his company, and you might meet a person or two who would amuse you.

I really shall be very happy, said Ferdinand.

And Mr. Bond Sharpe again slightly rose and bowed them out of the room.

Well, is not he a trump? said Lord Catchimwhocan, when they were once more in the cab.

I am so astonished, said Ferdinand, that I cannot speak. Who in the name of fortune is this great man?

A genius, said Lord Catchimwhocan. Don't you think he is a deuced good-looking fellow?

The best-looking fellow I ever saw, said the grateful Ferdinand.

And capital manners?

Most distinguished.

Neatest dressed man in town.

What a house!

Capital!

Did you ever see such furniture? It beats your rooms at Malta.

I never saw anything more complete in my life.

What plate!

Miraculous!

And believe me, we shall have the best dinner in town.

Well, he has given me an appetite, said Ferdinand. But who is he?

Why, by business he is what is called a conveyancer; that is to say, he is a lawyer by inspiration.

He is a wonderful man, said Ferdinand. He must be very rich.

Yes; Sharpe must be worth a quarter of a million. And he has made it in such a deuced short time!

Why, he is not much older than we are! Ten years ago that man was a prizefighter, said Lord Catchimwhocan.

A prizefighter! exclaimed Ferdinand. Yes; and licked everybody. But he was too great a genius for the ring, and took to the turf.

Ah!

Then he set up a hell.

Hum!

And then he turned it into a subscription-house.

Hoh!

He keeps his hell still, but it works itself now. In the meantime he is the first usurer in the world, and will be in the next Parliament.

But if he lends money on the terms he accommodates me, he will hardly increase his fortune.

Oh! he can do the thing when he likes. He took a fancy to you. The fact is, my dear fellow, Sharpe is very rich and wants to get into society.

He likes to oblige young men of distinction and can afford to risk a few thousands now and then. By dining with him to-day you have quite repaid him for his loan. Besides, the fellow has a great soul; and, though born on a dunghill, nature intended him for a palace, and he has placed himself there.

Well this has been a remarkable morning, said Ferdinand Armine, as Lord Catchimwhocan set down at his club. I am very much obliged to you, dear Catch!

Not a word, my dear fellow. You have helped me before this, and glad am I to be the means of assisting the best fellow in the world, and that we all think you. Au revoir! We dine at eight.

In the meantime, while the gloomy morning which Ferdinand had anticipated terminated with so agreeable an adventure, Henrietta and Miss Grandison, accompanied by Lord Montfort and Father Glastonbury, paid their promised visit to the British Museum.

I am sorry that Captain Armine could not accompany us, said Lord Montfort. I sent to him this morning early, but he was already out.

He has many affairs to attend to, said Father Glastonbury.

Miss Temple looked grave; she knew well what were those affairs to which Father Glastonbury alluded. The thought that perhaps at this moment he was struggling with rapacious creditors made her melancholy. The novelty and strangeness of the objects which awaited her, diverted, however, her mind from these painful reflections. Miss Grandison, who had never quitted England, was delighted with everything she saw; but the Egyptian gallery principally attracted Miss Temple. Lord Montfort, regardless of his promise to Henrietta, was very attentive to Miss Grandison.

I cannot help regretting that your cousin is not here, said his lordship, returning to a key that he had already touched. But Katherine made no answer.

He seemed so much better for the exertion he made yesterday, resumed Lord Montfort. I think it would do him good to be more with us.

He seemed to like to be alone, said Katherine.

I wonder at that, said Lord Montfort; I cannot conceive a happier life than we all lead.

You have cause to be happy, and Ferdinand has not, said Miss Grandison, calmly.

I should have thought that he had very great cause, said Lord Montfort, enquiringly.

No person in the world is so unhappy as Ferdinand, said Katherine.

But cannot we cure his unhappiness? said his lordship. We are his friends; it seems to me, with such friends as Miss Grandison and Miss Temple one ought never to be unhappy.

Miss Temple can scarcely be called a friend of Ferdinand, said Katherine.

Indeed a very warm one, I assure you. Ah, that is your influence.

Nay, it is her own impulse.

But she only met him yesterday for the first time.

I assure you Miss Temple is an older friend of Captain Armine than I am, said his lordship.

Indeed! said Miss Grandison, with an air of considerable astonishment.

You know they were neighbours in the country.

In the country? repeated Miss Grandison.

Yes; Mr. Temple, you know, resided not far from Armine.

Not far from Armine! still repeated Miss Grandison.

Digby, said Miss Temple, turning to him at this moment, Tell Father Glastonbury about your sphinx at Rome. It was of granite was it not?

And most delicately carved. I never remember having observed an expression of such beautiful serenity. The discovery that, after all, they are male countenances is quite mortifying. I loved their mysterious beauty.

What Lord Montfort had mentioned of the previous acquaintance of Henrietta and her cousin made Miss Grandison muse. Miss Temple's address to Ferdinand yesterday had struck her most singularly at the moment as somewhat singular; but the impression had not dwelt upon her mind. But now it occurred to her as very strange, that Henrietta should have become so intimate with the Armine family and herself, and never have mentioned that she was previously acquainted with their nearest relative. Lady Armine was not acquainted with Miss Temple until they met at Bellair House. That was certain. Miss Grandison had witnessed their mutual introduction. Nor Sir Ratcliffe. And yet Henrietta and Ferdinand were friends, old friends, warm friends, intimately acquainted; so said Lord Montfort, and Lord Montfort never coloured, never exaggerated. All this was very mysterious. And if they were friends, old friends, warm friends, and Lord Montfort said they were, and therefore there could be no doubt of the truth of the statement, their recognition of each other yesterday was singularly frigid. It was not indicative of a very intimate acquaintance. Katherine had ascribed it to the natural diffidence of Ferdinand now to be introduced to anyone. And yet they were friends, old friends, warm friends. Henrietta Temple and Ferdinand Armine! Miss Grandison was so perplexed that she scarcely looked at another object in the galleries.

The ladies were rather tired when they returned to the Museum. Lord Montfort walked to the Travellers, and Henrietta agreed to remain and dine in Brook-street. Katherine and herself retired to Miss Grandison's boudoir, a pretty chamber, where they were sure of being alone. Henrietta threw herself upon a sofa, and took up the last new novel; Miss Grandison seated herself on an ottoman by her side, and worked at a purse which she was making for Mr. Temple.

Do you like that book? said Katherine.

I like the lively parts, but not the serious ones, replied Miss Temple; the author has observed that he has not failed.

It is satirical, said Miss Grandison; I wonder why all this class of writers aim now the sarcasm. He had been about town for the last twenty years, and did not look a day older than at his first appearance. He never spoke of his family, was unmarried, and apparently had no relations; but he had contrived to identify himself with the first men in London, was a member of every club of great repute, and of late years had even become a sort of authority; which was strange, for he had no pretension, was very quiet, and but humbly ambitious; seeking, indeed, no happier success than to merge in the brilliant crowd, an accepted atom of the influential aggregate. As he was not remarkable for his talents or his person, and as his establishment, though well appointed, offered no singular splendor, it was rather strange that a gentleman who had apparently dropped from the clouds, or crept out of a kennel, should have succeeded in planting himself so vigorously in a soil which shrinks from anything not indigenous, unless it be recommended by very powerful qualities. But Mr. Blandford was good-tempered, and was now easy and experienced, and there was a vague tradition that he was immensely rich, a rumor which Mr. Blandford always contradicted in a manner which skillfully confirmed it.

Does Mirabel dine with you, Sharpe? enquired Lord Castleyfaye of his host, who nodded assent.

You won't wait for him, I hope? said his lordship. By the bye, Blandford, you shirked last night.

I promised to look in at the poor duke's before he went off, said Mr. Blandford.

Oh! he has gone, has he? said Lord Castleyfaye. Does he take his cook with him?

But here the servant ushered in Count Alcibiades de Mirabel, Charles Dorcourt, and Mr. Bevil.

Excellent Sharpe, how do you do? exclaimed the Count. Castleyfaye, what bet-haves you been talking to Crocker about Felix Winchester? Good Blandford, excellent Blandford, how is my good Blandford?

Mr. Bevil was a tall and handsome young man, of a great family and great estate, who passed his life in an imitation of Count Alcibiades de Mirabel. He was always dressed by the same tailor, and it was his pride that his cab or his vis-a-vis was constantly mistaken for the equipage of his model; and really now, as the shade stood beside its substance, quite as tall, almost as good-looking, with the satin-lined coat thrown open with the same style of flowing grandeur, and revealing a breast-plate of starched cambric scarcely less broad and brilliant, the uninitiated might have held the resemblance as perfect. The wristbands were turned up with not less compact precision, and were fastened by jewelled studs, that glittered with not less radiance. The satin waistcoat, the careless hose, were the same; and if the foot were not quite as small, its Parisian polish was not less bright. But here, unfortunately, Mr. Bevil's mimetic powers deserted him.

We start for soul is wanting there! The Count de Mirabel could talk at all times, and at all times well; Mr. Bevil never opened his mouth. Practised in the world, the Count Mirabel was nevertheless the child of impulse, though a native grace, and an intuitive knowledge of mankind, made every word pleasing and every act appropriate; Mr. Bevil was all art, and he had not the talent to conceal it. The Count Mirabel was gay, careless, generous, and a screw. It seemed that the Count Mirabel's feelings grew daily more fresh, and his faculty of enjoyment more keen and relishing; it seemed that he could never have been a child, but that he must have issued to the world ready equipped, like Minerva, with a cane instead of a lance, and a fancy hat instead of a helmet. His essence of high breeding was never to be astonished, and he never permitted himself to smile, except in the society of intimate friends.

Charles Dorcourt was another friend of the Count Mirabel but not his imitator. His feelings were really warm, but it was a fact he always concealed. He had entered life at a remarkably early age, and had experienced every scrape to which youthful flesh is heir. Any other man but Charles Dorcourt must have sunk beneath these accumulated disasters. Nature had given him an intrepid soul; soul; experience had eased his heart with iron. But he always smiled; and audacious, cool, and cutting, and very easy, he thoroughly despised mankind, upon whose weaknesses he practised without remorse. But he was polished and amusing, and faithful to his friends. The world admired him, and called him Charley, from which it will be inferred that he was a privileged person, and was applauded for a thousand actions, which in anyone else would have been met with decided reprobation.

Who is that young man? enquired the Count Mirabel of Mr. Bond Sharpe, taking his host aside, and pretending to look at a picture.

He is Captain Armine, the only son of Sir Ratcliffe Armine. He has just returned to England after a long absence.

Hum! I like his appearance, said the Count. It is very distinguished.

Dinner and Lord Catchimwhocan were announced at the same moment; Captain Armine found himself seated next to the Count Mirabel. The dinners at Mr. Bond Sharpe's were dinners which his guests came to eat. Mr. Bond Sharpe had engaged for his club-house the most celebrated of living artists, a gentleman who, whose convenience was studied by a chariot, and amusement secured by a box at the French play. There was, therefore, at first little conversation, save criticism on the performances before them, and that chiefly paeographical; each dish was delicious, the wine exquisite; and yet, even in these occasional remarks, Ferdinand was pleased with the lively fancy of his neighbor, affording an agreeable contrast to the somewhat gross unctious with which Lord Castleyfaye, whose very soul seemed wrapped up in his occupation, occasionally expressed himself.

[To be Continued.]

TO ONE AND ALL.—Are you suffering from a Cough, Cold, Asthma, Bronchitis, or any of the various pulmonary troubles that so often end in Consumption? If so, use *Wagon's Pure Cod-Liver Oil and Lime*, a safe and sure remedy. This is no quick preparation, but is regularly prescribed by the medical faculty. Manufactured only by A. B. Wagon, Chemist, Boston. Sold by all druggists.

with great earnestness, I have discovered a secret; you are the lady with whom my cousin is in love.

Wax Ferdinand arrived at Mr. Bond Sharpe's, he was welcomed by his host in a magnificent suite of saloons, and introduced to two of the guests who had previously arrived. The first was a stout man, past middle age, whose epicurean countenance twinkled with humor. This was Lord Castleyfaye, an Irish peer of great celebrity in the world of luxury and play, keen at a bet, still keener at a dinner. Nobody exactly knew who the other gentleman, Mr. Blandford, really was, but he had the reputation of being enormously rich, and was proportionately respected. He had been about town for the last twenty years, and did not look a day older than at his first appearance. He never spoke of his family, was unmarried, and apparently had no relations; but he had contrived to identify himself with the first men in London, was a member of every club of great repute, and of late years had even become a sort of authority; which was strange, for he had no pretension, was very quiet, and but humbly ambitious; seeking, indeed, no happier success than to merge in the brilliant crowd, an accepted atom of the influential aggregate. As he was not remarkable for his talents or his person, and as his establishment, though well appointed, offered no singular splendor, it was rather strange that a gentleman who had apparently dropped from the clouds, or crept out of a kennel, should have succeeded in planting himself so vigorously in a soil which shrinks from anything not indigenous, unless it be recommended by very powerful qualities. But Mr. Blandford was good-tempered, and was now easy and experienced, and there was a vague tradition that he was immensely rich, a rumor which Mr. Blandford always contradicted in a manner which skillfully confirmed it.

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