

edified, I assure you, only I am surprised that you should have parted with that beautiful macaw, and that darling of an ape. I am resolved that my Captain shall procure me just such sweet pets, when he returns from his next voyage; and those interesting native boys!—Why did not you dress them in white muslin tunics and turbans, and blue silk trowsers, to wait at table?"

This sally made the Baron laugh—and we commenced our walk once more. I wished to ask some further questions about the Baron's family, but the thread of the story was broken, and I only gleaned a few particulars as to their subsequent lots in life. Edward became a clergyman, and at the early age of three and twenty fell a victim to consumption, hurried on by his devotion to his clerical duties; he died in the arms of his adopted father. Charles studied medicine, and Henry entered the East India service as an officer in the Bengal artillery; Blanche—the loved and cherished Blanche—married well and happily, to the infinite satisfaction of cousin Martha and the faithful Hindoo girl.

Such, gentle reader, was the story of faithful love told me by my friend the Baron.

Romantic as this story may appear, it is strictly true; to the honor of human nature, I can say, the Baron is no creature of the imagination. This episode in my life is no fiction.

MR. JEFFERIES OF HYDE HOUSE.

BY MISS PARDOE.

Nor a soul for twenty miles round our neighbourhood but is acquainted, at least by sight, with Mr. John Jefferies of Hyde House. He is what the members of the "Select Club," holden at the Flying Horse, call *an odd fish*; that is to say, a plain, good-humoured, comfort-loving, easy description of man, who is ever ready to enjoy himself, and willing to promote enjoyment among his friends; who sells his corn, instead of hoarding it in his barns against "better times," and who goes to the post-town on Saturdays for six-pence in the baker's light cart.

The late Mr. Jefferies was a great landholder and a staunch Tory: his son is as noted a squire and as violent a Whig. He purchases all the cheap publications, and reads every Radical journal upon which he can lay his hands; holds forth for an hour together against charity-schools and public hospitals; and concludes by making a larger donation both to the one and the other than any other in the parish, though he declares all the time that he is acting against his own conviction. He is said to have endeavoured in his youth to tempt one or two of the present

matrons of the village to become the mistresses of Hyde House without success, and he now revenges himself on them by cramming their children with gingerbread, taking the boys outshooting, and buying the girls dolls. He has twice scandalized the congregation by snoring during the sermon on a dark Sunday, and since that time pays the headle fourpence a week to rouse him as he passes his pew. Our church is indebted to him for its green window-blinds and crimson pulpit cover, which he presented to the parish, during the time that a third vestry-meeting was holding to decide on the expediency of purchasing them; and for this reason, his seemingly lapses have been overlooked by the good curate: in truth, he is the most public-spirited man in the neighbourhood.

There is an old maiden lady still resident in the village, to whom he is said to have been more devoted in his youth than to any of her rivals, but who refused him for a more modish lover, and got jilted for her pains. It is worth a year's purchase to see them together! The repentant fair one sighs, and sighs, and seems even now to forget how many years have elapsed since she frowned denial on his suit, and he shook off her chains. She laughs at his jests, espouses his politics, and smiles at his oddities; while he, on his part, attends to every wish which she expresses or implies, suffers her to slur over her card accounts when she loses, and pays scrupulously when she is a gainer—lets her quietly mark too many holes at cribbage, revoke at whist as often as she pleases, and count honours when she does not hold them; in short, plays off the lover in everything save coming to the point a second time; and appears perfectly satisfied, when he escorts her to church under his umbrella on a wet Sunday, and carries her pattens up the aisle, to lead her to her pew instead of the altar.

He has selected the exact spot where he wishes to be interred, and has negotiated with the undertaker the expenses of his funeral; nevertheless, he does not suffer the idea of dying to interfere in the slightest degree with his enjoyment of existence, but smokes his pipe and drinks his punch as merrily in the chimney nook, on a winter's evening, as though churchyard or gravestone had never entered his head.

His parlour sideboard is on great occasions covered with silver cups and tankards, obtained for fatted oxen and prize sheep; and his mantelpiece is decorated with a stuffed squirrel and the brush of a fox. The housekeeper, who is so fat that she can with difficulty preserve her equilibrium on recovering from a courtesy, makes the best syllabubs and short cakes in the parish, and consequently never lacks guests; she is free of