

boon companions stood looking at each other for a few moments in dumb surprise at such laconic proceedings, and then simultaneously burst into a fit of laughter.

"The old gentleman," said Francis, "stands on little ceremony with his friends."

"As little," replied the soldier, "as I would with a tavern-drawer, or my landlord's fusby wife when there's no rent owing; marry, when I'm six month in arrear, as will sometimes happen, 'tis another matter.—'But nevertheless and notwithstanding,' as you lawyers say, I'll make something out of the old fellow—something handsome, too—and of *that* you may rest as certain as of death, or quarter day, or any other thing equally agreeable."

The next day, as the appointed hour drew nigh, Francis began to think that, however excellent a companion the captain might be in a tavern, his buff jerkin and military caps were not best suited to the meridian of a grave family: what was still worse, the *noscitur e sociis*—or, according to the vernacular proverb, *birds of a feather flock together*—might be applied in the present case, which he was sensible would be little to the honor of Master Francis Glanville, an individual whose interest he felt himself particularly bound to study. Now, without exactly knowing why, he had a strong desire to stand in the good graces of his new acquaintance, which he thought could not be better done than by paying his intended visit alone; and, as luck would have it, when he had mounted up to the dingy attic tenanted by the captain, in the purlieu of White Friars, he found that worthy fast asleep from the effects of the previous night's debauch,

"It would be a pity to wake him," said Francis to himself, with a smile expressive of much internal satisfaction; and, having crept down the stairs no less gently than expeditiously, he speeded off to his appointment.

To his demand of whether Mr. Crymes could be seen, the servant who had opened the door to him replied by showing him into a small oak-paneled chamber, and requesting that he would sit down and wait awhile.

Thus left to himself, Francis began to examine the family portraits that made a part of the paneling, being let into it without frames, and almost seeming to be painted upon it. Amongst this godly collection, which from the various costumes looked marvellously like a masquerade, he had no difficulty in recognizing the picture of his new acquaintance, a stiff, wooden affair, but still so formidable a likeness, that it was impossible for the most unpracticed eye to mistake it for a moment. By its side was the portrait of a young girl, the work of a different hand, or else the charms of the original had inspired the artist, and taught him to paint in a way very different from his usual style. Francis became irresistibly smitten.

"Was ever anything half so beautiful!" he exclaimed. "What eyes! What a forehead! white and polished as ivory! What cheeks! the carnation blending with the lily?"

The rustling of silks and a light "Ahem" made him suddenly turn round, when who should stand before him but the undoubted original of the portrait he had been so much admiring. It would be hard to say which blushed most deeply, the gentleman or the lady; and yet there was an arch smile about the lips of the latter, that seemed to say she enjoyed the joke not a little.