

his cue, Drowzy nodded his head and bade him go on. We are in consultation, rejoined he, upon a matter of no less moment than the choice of a wife for the gentleman in that easy chair.—And if he is easy in it, demanded I, what need he wish for more.—*Lackaday!* he has no hear, and till that event takes place, he is only tenant for life, subject to impeachment of waste; he cannot be called master of his own estate; only think of that, sir. That was for him to do, I replied; how does Mr. Drowzy himself think of it? I don't think much about it, answered Ned. And how stands your mind towards matrimony?—No answer.—There's trouble in it, added I. There is so, replied he with a sigh; but Driver says I want an heir. There's trouble in that too, quoth I; have you any particular lady in your eye? That is the very point we are now upon, cried Mr. Sparkle senior; there are three lots up for Mr. Drowzy or his friends to chuse from, and I only want his signal for knocking down the lot, he likes best. This I could not perfectly understand in the terms of art, which Mr. Sparkle made use of, and therefore desired he would express himself in plain language. My father means to say, cries Billy, there are three girls want husbands, and but one man that wishes to be married. Hold your tongue, puppy, cried old Sparkle, and proceeded. You shall know sir, that to accommodate Mr. Drowzy in the article of a wife and save him the trouble of looking out for himself, we some time ago put an advertisement in the papers, I believe I have a copy of it about me: Aye, here it is!

WANTED.

A young, healthy, unmarried woman, of a discreet character, as wise to a gentleman of fortune, who loves his ease and does not care to take upon himself the trouble of courtship: She must be of a placid domestic turn, and not one that likes to hear herself talk. Any qualified person, whom this may suit, by applying to Mr. Sparkle, auctioneer, may be informed of particulars. A short trial will be expected.

N. B. Maids of Honour need not apply, as none such will be treated with.

I told Mr. Sparkle I thought his advertisement a very good one and properly guarded, and I wished to know the result of it: He said that very many applicants had presented themselves, but for want of full credentials he had dismissed all but three; whom I will again describe, added he, not only for your information, but in hopes Mr. Drowzy will give some atten-

tion to the catalogue, which I am sorry to say has not yet been the case.

He then drew a paper of minutes from his pocket-book and read as follows:—

" Catherine Cumming, spinster, aged twenty five, lodged at Graveland in the house of Mr. Dumer, a reputable shop-feller of that place, can have an undeniable character from two gentlemen of credit, now absent, but soon expected in the next arrival from China: Her fortune, which she brings usually down is not capital, is for the present invested in certain commodities, which she has put into the hands of the gentlemen above-mentioned, and for which she expects profitable returns on their arrival. This young lady appeared with a florid blooming complexion, fine long ringlets of dark hair in the fashionable dishevel, eyes uncommonly sparkling, is tall of stature, straight, and of good cast. She wore a lock of plaited hair hung in a gold chain round her neck, and was remarkably neat and elegant about the feet and ankles: is impatient for a speedy answer, as she has thoughts of going out in the next ships to India."

Let her go! cried Ned, I'll have nothing to say to Kitty Cumming.—I'll bet a wager she is one of us, she aimed the city beau, for which his father gave him a look of rebuke and proceeded to the next.

" Agnes de Crapau, daughter of a French protestant clergyman in the Isle of Jersey, a comely young woman, but of a pensive air and downcast look; lived as a dependant upon a certain rich trader's wife, with whom her situation was very unpleasant; flattered herself she was well practised in submission and obedience, should conform to any humours which the advertiser might have, and should he do her the honour to accept her as his wife, she would co-operate to please him with all humble duty, gratitude and devotion."

Ned Drowzy now turned himself in his chair, and with a sigh whispered me in the ear, Poor thing! I pity her, but she won't do: Go to the last.

The lady I am next to describe, said Sparkle, is one of whom I can only speak by report, for as yet I have not set eyes on her person, nor is she acquainted with a syllable of these proceedings, being represented to me as a young woman, whose delicacy would not submit to be the candidate of an advertisement. The account I have of her is from a friend, who, though a man of particular way of thinking, is a very honest honourable person, and one whose word will pass for thousands: He called