present name was spelt "Timmyns," I hope I have sufficiently indicated the elevated respectability of the family with which the great-grand-niece of the lamented Admiral had, in these latter days, allied herself.

I am Barkins, the honoured recipient of the card to Portulaca Villa. My medical adviser has been good enough to inform me lately that I am ruining my nervous system by too close application and that I ought, what he calls, to "go out" a little more. So, as a matter of duty to my nerves, by an immense effort of resolution, I determine, on receipt of Mrs. Timmyns' card, to "go out," or perish in the attempt.

At Portulaca Villa, then, I find gathered the beauty and chivalry of the pretty nest of England town near which lies the scene of my trials. The conventional "brave men" are "looking love to eyes which speak again." All too goes "merry as a marriage-bell," when, in an evil moment, as I am gazing philosophically on the festive scene, Mrs. Timmyns espies me and proposes to introduce me forthwith to Miss Chattington. Before then, I am able to brace my nerves to the occasion, I find myself involved in a quadrille with that doubtless fascinating but somewhat loquacious young lady.

"Isn't this a charming party, Mr. Barkins? Don't you think though that the room is too warm? I have been dancing ever so much this evening. Have you? Don't you like dancing? I think it's awfully nice."

Now, I admit, I am just a little disconcerted by the rapidity of these successive questions, but am, however, on the point of expressing an opinion touching dancing in the abstract, when Miss Chattington continues:

"Oh, do you know our *vis-à-vis*? She is Miss Lawrence, you know, from the Priory, and is going up to London with her sister. They say she is half-engaged to Capt. Dangle. But I don't believe it. It must, too, I should fancy be so uncomfortable to be only half-engaged. Do you think her pretty?"

I am of course about to disavow any special admiration for our *vis-à-vis*, when I find that, in our capacity of "Sides," we have to perform certain evolutions, and so am again obliged to postpone my own observations for the present. But, in the next figure, Miss Chattington, who of herself might truthfully use the language of Tennyson's Brook,—

"For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever, for ever,"

thus resumes her strain:—

"There, now, I know you are admiring her eyes. Every one talks so much about Miss Lawrence's eyes, and I see you've fallen under their spell already. I should have thought you had more strength of mind, but I'm afraid you're a dreadful flirt. Do you think though that, after all, flirting is so *very* wrong, Mr. Barkins?"

Now, I clearly find myself at a considerable disadvantage with Miss Chattington. There are two or three lines of serious conversation, suggested by recent studies, into which I could wish to lead that vivacious young lady. But she won't give me an opportunity. Before, too, I can do justice to myself, in response even to her own suggestions, her quickness of thought and speech outstrips mine, and thus I feel uncomfortable. My poor nerves are certainly not obtaining that tonic treatment which they so sadly need. I endeavour during the remainder of the set, to attune my mind to hers, but with indifferent success, and, as I make my bow to her on its close, am conscious of not having left on the young lady the favourable impression to which, of course, my real merits would entitle me. A feeling of this sort is always depressing.

I have, however, retreated to the conservatory, in view to a brief repose to my shattered nerves, when I again encounter Mrs. Timmyns, who is good enough to say she particularly wishes to introduce me to Miss Lawrence, my late *vis-à-vis*, a stranger in the county and who, I'm assured, I'll be certain to like. Thus, here again, without preparation, am I exposed to the ordeal of a sudden introduction, finding moreover, in this young lady, even a severer tax on my nervous system than under her predecessor. I hate sudden introductions.

As an opening remark, I venture to draw Miss Lawrence's attention to some of the choice flowers which surround us, and am rewarded by a soft smile and by an upward glance from certainly two very beautiful eyes, pensive eyes, the sort of eyes the poets tell of and we all dream of. But her lips say nothing.

I make an observation touching the excellence of the music. Another smile of sweet melancholy; another look from the lovely eyes. "Only this, and nothing more." Evidently I haven't yet touched the right chord. My position is becoming uncomfortable again. I endeavour to conjure in my mind some other topic for conversation. I think of the County races, women's rights, and of love. But I don't see my way, at the moment, to the natural introduction of any of these topics. Why doesn't she say something herself? Shall I ask her, as an experiment, whether she is fond of cheese?

Finally, recollecting the horticultural show of yesterday, I ask whether she had attended it?

With another look of marvellous sweetness, she simply says "yes."

"Were there many present?"

"No."

This really is very tantalizing. I am at my wits' end.

At this juncture, however, an extraordinary incident occurs. Some lace, belonging to Miss Lawrence's bertha, has, through a curious complication, caught and twisted itself around the little hook of my kid glove. Our mutual confusion, whilst endeavouring to effect an extrication, is distressing. In order to relieve our embarrassment and also as a neat *jeu de mots*, I say, "This is certainly a very *sudden attachment* of ours, is it not, Miss Lawrence?" She, however, failing to perceive the delicacy of my wit, looks at me, as though she saw in my words some expression of true and tender sentiment. Finally some one claims this beauteous but delusive maiden for a waltz and so I part from her. Bless her memory.

Kind Fortune soon after finds for me still another partner. A certain mill-owner of Rouen is visiting the English cotton marts, and has brought over with him his young and pretty wife. Timmyns,—a zealously attentive host—has, in the twinkling of an eye, introduced me to MADAME DE BEAUPRÉ, just as the Lancers are forming, and we therefore take our places in them. But the awkward truth soon reveals itself that our knowledge of each other's language is painfully limited.

I recollect having had it impressed on me, in early life, that one should be prepared for every description of emergency. I thus now mentally ask myself what really is the proper course of action under the existing trying circumstances? What would any of the great men of history do, if similarly placed? Julius Cæsar,—Hannibal—or Themistocles, for instance? Pantomime naturally first suggests itself? Shall I place one hand on my heart and, with the other, sweep the air gracefully, to signify that I hope her visit to England has proved pleasant? Or,—would it be permissible, in such a dilemma, to gently, but eloquently, press a partner's hand as the only means available for expressing that friendly feeling towards her which you are debarred from conveying by word of mouth?

I had, however, in my school-days, gone through a good many pages of the late lamented Mr. Ollendorff, and I now try to recall some of the interesting phrases and speeches with which his notable grammar abounds. Thus, for instance,

"What's the matter with the cook?"
"Le cuisinier qu'a-t-il?"
"Vous n'avez ni froid ni chaud"
"Aimez-vous votre boulanger?"
"Do you love your baker?"

And so on.

These are all very well in their way, but Madame De Beaupré might possibly find a want of à-propos, if I were to ply her with such phrases taken promiscuously.

These and such like thoughts having rushed through my mind like lightning, I finally manage to say, with a melancholy shake of the head,—"Je regrette parler pas beaucoup Français, Madame." In response to this attempt, Madame De Beaupré says quite a good deal in French. I, on my side, try to look as if I understood it all, which I don't. I have a consciousness too that the adjoining couples in our quadrille, attracted by the sound of Madame De Beaupré's French have their eyes on me, and that they detect the weakness of my position.

It's my turn though now to say something, and I feel that not only Madame De Beaupré, but those near us await to see whether I prove equal to the occasion. Shall I ask her, in an easy manner, if she is going back to France soon? This seems a simple enough question, and I am confident that, if quietly alone, I would be equal to it, but at the moment, the way of putting "going back" into French quite escapes me. I am inclined to say, "Allez-vous arrière en France bientôt?" but have a vague feeling there would be something dreadfully wrong in that phrasing. Madame De Beaupré looks encouragingly at me, as much as to say,—"Don't mind a few trifling mistakes, but out with it."

At this moment, however, I am inspired by the simplicity of the translation involved to ask, with rather a self-satisfied air, "Aimez-vous musique, Madame?" but instantly have a consciousness that, after all, my question wasn't somehow or other, rendered quite as correctly as would be desirable. Madame, however, descants at once very charmingly in reply and thus gives me another opportunity of appearing much impressed with the general truthfulness of her views, whatever they may be. The interpolation of an occasional, "Ah! oui, Madame," helps me amazingly in this respect. Thus again am I kept in an anxious and nervous tone of mind during these Lancers. Moreover, I am considerably taken aback by the exceedingly magnificent and stately curtsies elaborated by Madame De Beaupré during the progress of the dance. Curtsies which seem to belong rather to the age of Louis XIV than to our own. Ought I not, on my side, to render equally as profound bows? Believing such to be my duty, I try accordingly, but feel that my attempts are failures.

On the close of the dance, I reconduct Madame to another room, mumble something or other, in a confused way, and seek escape from further nervous experiences by precipitate flight from Portucala Villa.

. . . .

I have, however, yet to call on Mrs. Timmyns after her delightful party. Possibly some of my readers will volunteer to accompany me? If so, I will esteem it an act of great kindness.

E. F. K.

CARICATURE AND THE CARICATURABLE.

The first of the amusing caricature cases in Dublin this week ended in a verdict which certainly seems to English eyes somewhat monstrous. Sir William Carroll,—a respectable Dublin apothecary, who was knighted for entertaining the Prince and the Princess of Wales when he was Lord Mayor of Dublin, and was again elected to that office of dignity in the following year, and who quite recently had a distinguished attack of gout, but who, none the less, does unquestionably seem to have something intrinsically caricaturable about him, and to have transmitted that something in an even higher degree to his son,—was caricatured at the end of last year by a gentleman of the name of Michael Angelo Hayes, in a comic paper, as a clown, with an enormously swollen and gouty leg and foot, and "a leering and ridiculous" expression of countenance, stretching out his hand and saying, "Is there anything I can go for to fetch for to carry for to get? A Lord Mayor, a Collector-General, a City Marshal, an Apothecary-General, a City Treasurer, a Town Councillor?" The occasion of this attack was, that after retiring from his town-councillorship last year, in consequence of the great attack of gout we referred to, he had on his recovery again come forward as a candidate for a new vacancy; and the caricature representing him as a gouty clown, eagerly soliciting anything there was the least chance of his getting, appeared on the morning of the election. His son, John was afterwards caricatured in the costume of a City Marshal, a post he had gained when the artist, Mr. Hayes, who had once been City Marshal, failed to secure a re-election. And it was imputed that this unsuccessful rivalry with Mr. John Carroll had instilled malice into the artist's mind against the Carrolls, father and son, who had formerly been his friends and supporters. Mr. John Carroll was caricatured in the "tunic" appropriate to a City Marshal, "his lower dorsal proportions," to use the language of Sir W. Carroll's advocate, "being of the most ridiculous and humanly impossible dimensions," and an inscription being set beneath the figure of Mr. John Carroll to the effect that he was "the imitation article," Sir William Carroll, it was implied, being the genuine type. The counsel for the defendant, on the other hand, maintained that there was nothing about the "fundamental proportions" of Mr. John Carroll in the caricature that was much exaggerated. "If the Marshal's tunic," he said, "did not cover an important part of Mr. John Carroll's person, that was the fault of Sir Bernard Burke," who, it appears, devised the dress of a City Marshal. Indeed the picture, it was suggested in the second trial, might have fairly gained for Mr. Carroll, Junior, the epithet "kallipygoes," applied to a celebrated Neapolitan Venus. The latter caricature, that of the younger gentleman, was made more amusing by a short quotation, running merely, "Johnny, I hardly knew you!" from a vulgar song, in which a soldier called "Johnny" is reproached with running away from his wife and child, and twitted with the strangeness of his appearance in a military costume which did not seem to suit his naturally mild expression. The verse to which the quotation refers appears to have been this:

"Oh, darling dear, you look so queer!
Hurroo, hurroo!
Where are your eyes that looked so mild?
Why did you skedaddle from me and the child?
Oh, Johnny, I hardly knew you!
With drums and guns and guns and drums,
The enemy nearly slew you.
Oh, darling dear, you look so clear!
Faith, Johnny, I hardly knew you!"

Now, caricatures of this kind, founded on the peculiarities of public men's persons, and intimating that they are too fond of office, and make themselves ridiculous in office, have always been regarded as almost matters of popular right. Nor does there seem to have been anything to distinguish this case from that of the caricatures which appear every week in Punch, except that the caricature of Sir W. Carroll, at least, was not original,—the idea of the clown asking for anything he could get was borrowed from an old caricature of Lord Brougham,—that Mr. Hayes, the artist, had had some sort of cause for hostility to the Carrolls,—and that when asked to apologize he declined, as it was stated, on the ground that an action for libel, by advertising his publication, would do it nothing but good, and that accordingly it was not his interest to apologize and prevent the action. Nothing worse was imputed to either of the Carrolls in the caricatures than that they were rather specially capable of being made ridiculous, and that the father was somewhat greedy of office. But the Lord Chief Justice laid it down very confidently that to bring any one into ridicule and contempt is to libel him, and while he recommended the jury to act on the rule, "Let your moderation be known unto all men" in assessing damages, his charge leaned heavily to the side of giving damages, though not the absurd amount, £500, claimed by the plaintiff. The damages actually given by the jury in the first case were apparently quite in harmony with the drift of the Lord Chief Justice's charge; in the second they gave only a farthing, evidently against the Lord Chief Justice's implied advice.

It is all but certain, we think, that if a similar action had been brought in England, before the Lord Chief Justice of England, the direction to the jury would have been in a very different sense. They would have been told that public men ought to look for treatment that cannot always be very gentle; that it is for the public interest, as well as amusement, that there should be freedom even for moderate satire; and that unless the satire exceeded such satire as a manly and moderately thick-skinned man would bear without undue vexation, the damages might well be assessed at a purely nominal amount.

AUTHORS' PROFITS.

I have spoken of Washington Irving as the best paid American author, and it is evident that he was the most successful in obtaining foreign patronage. Although John Murray at first declined issuing the Sketch Book, he was afterwayds glad to publish all of Irving's works, and the entire sum realized by the author in England was £12,517—equal to nearly $60,000. All of this came from Murray except £1,000, which was paid by Bently for the Alhambra. The highest sale was for the Life of Columbus. This work is now but little read, and yet such was the interest in the subject that when published, Irving received £3,150 from Murray, and $9,000 from American publishers, in all about $25,000. No American author has ever received so much for any work, except Mrs. Stowe, who has, as it is said, cleared $40,000 on Uncle Tom's Cabin. Irving's popularity increased rapidly during his latter days. Up to 1843 he had received $63,000, and had been before the public nearly forty years. During the last eleven years of his life his publisher, Mr. Putnam, paid him $88,000. The demand has continued since the author's death, and the commission received by his heirs for five years were $34,000. Bayard Taylor has made a new fortune out of the sale of his works and at one time G. P. Putnam devoted himself exclusively to Taylor and Irving, but he afterwards enlarged his publishing operations J. T. Headley has also done well, and is said to possess a respectable competence.

Clemens the humorist, better known as Mark Twain, has done better than any man of his term of labour. He has been seven years before the public, and during that time has become rich enough to live on his income. Mrs. Stowe has made more by her pen than any other American woman, and has probably cleared $100,000. This may seem like a large sum but when it is spread through a quarter of a century it is not such an immense thing as at first it appears to be. Marian Harlan (Mrs. Tereune), who has written industriously for twenty years, has probably made $15,000 by a dozen novels. (Perhaps Mary J. Holmes has done equal well. Gail Hamilton (Miss Dodge) enjoyed a good sale for her books for three years, but her vanity got the better of her judgment, and she quarrelled with her publishers. Her next book was devoted to the quarrel, and it at once impaired her popularity.