

MR. PUZZLEBY.

From the Temple.

Mr. Puzzleby, a young lawyer, expressly come from London to pass his short Christmas vacation with his worthy family, a keen, smart young man, second rate, however, in talent, third-rate in person, and fourth, fifth, sixth-rate in manners, conversation, and gentility. His own advancement in the profession was ever in his thoughts : he had a 'snare' to litigation in every sentiment, a puff in every joke. Garrow, Erskine, Ellenborough, were constantly in his mouth—you would think that he eat his very dinners in the courts of law. His anecdotes had all travelled round Westminster Hall ; his routes had all been circuitous ; his details were all cases, his very hat was bought in Chancery Lane ; his whole heart seemed at *Nisi Prius*. This gentleman had a pale, parchment-looking complexion, and one of those hatchet profiles which seemed to be created purposely for lawyers, his very eyes had a legal near-sightedness about them ; he spoke as if he was addressing a jury ; he had the regular dusty look of a Solicitor-General in embryo.



THE SOUTH OF FRANCE.

MARSEILLES.

There is nothing so tiresome as travelling by Canals even though it be that of Languedoc. The continued line of artificial embarrassment affects both mind and eye with its dull monotony. To relieve myself from the heavy sensations which a gliding motion is apt to produce, I walked the whole distance between Toulouse and Beziers, taking advantage of the boat to convey my portmanteau ; and from the frequent recurrence of locks, I found I could more than keep pace with it. I left Toulouse early in the morning, and arrived at Beziers the subsequent evening, so that I was necessitated to walk one whole night, the sofas in the little cabin being quite occupied by men, women, and children ; and I preferred the exercise to sleeping,