

connected somehow with the Blue-coat School and the universities. But when he became Samuel Dilbury, Esquire, of Dilbury Lodge, and gave up the business—when the trying necessity of getting through twelve hours every day of his life, excluding the time spent in eating and sleeping, drove him to the heedful perusal of his Times and Chronicle, from the left hand column of page one, to the right hand column of page eight, both included, a new world of wonders opened upon him, the perception and enjoyment of which wrought quite a change in his character. He pored over the proceedings of the Association for the Advancement of Science, with huge admiration—understanding a very little, and longing to know what it was the members were talking about, as well as he supposed they did themselves. He subscribed for two or three of the weekly critical papers, and read all their notices of new books; and had serious thoughts of beginning to form a library. Out of this change in his mode of intellectual life grew the troubles of Walter and Harriet.

It happened, just at the time when the mind of the obtuse Samuel was thus beginning to emerge, as it were, from the lower region of trade in which it had so long subsisted, and to cast glances of aspiration toward the confines of knowledge and thought, that an old marvel was brought to life again, to astonish the multitude and puzzle the learned. In an evil hour, Samuel Dilbury, Esquire, read along and amazing account, in one of the papers, of sundry astounding experiments in animal magnetism. His imagination, what little he had left of it, was excited; he bought all the books published, in which the revived science was treated of, went to London and attended the exhibitions, made the acquaintance of two or three professors, and, in a short time, became a sturdy believer. What effect this had upon the fortunes of Harriet and her lover will be partially intimated in the scene to which we now introduce the reader.

The grounds appertaining to Dilbury Lodge were not very extensive, but they were well laid out, and kept in the nicest order. There was a lawn in front, of about an acre; a flower-garden on either side, surrounded by an iron railing, having just within it a tall and thick hedge of privet; in the rear was a conservatory, and beyond this a shrubbery of three or four acres, having some fine old oaks and lofty elms interspersed among the smaller growth. Devious walks ran winding through it, and the grass, where the walks were not, made the

greenest and softest carpet that foot of maiden could press upon. It was along one of these walks, shaded by several of the noble oaks already chronicled, and screened from observation more completely than any other, by the luxuriance of laburnums, that Walter and Harriet were slowly ambulating, and holding the converse which is here faithfully reported.

"Walter," said one of the softest and sweetest voices in the world, "I do wish you would try and please papa about this nonsensical magnetism. He has quite set his heart upon it, and you will lose his favor entirely, unless you contrive, at least, to preserve your gravity while he is talking about it. And if you could but assume a little appearance of interest—"

"Dear Harriet," replied the matrimonially inclined hero, "I would do any thing in the world to please him, for your sake; but this new whimsy of his is so very nonsensical.—He wants me to believe such ridiculous impossibilities—"

"I know all that, Walter," answered the damsel. "I don't ask you to *believe*, but only to listen patiently, and without laughing in dear papa's face. You can't think how much he is taken up with it, and two or three times when you have been making fun of the magnetizers and the somnambulists, he has been almost angry at you. Now do, Walter, try and keep your countenance at least."

"Well, Harriet, I will, but I know it's of no use. When he puts on his grave face of wonder, and begins telling me of a girl looking to see what o'clock it is with the back of her head, and of another flying away to the moon, without even a broomstick to ride on, I can't for the life of me, help sniggering; and when I come into the room suddenly, as I did just now, and find him pawing and staring before the glass, by way of rehearsal, I suppose, I must either burst out in a roar, or run for it. My dearest Harriet, it is too ridiculous."

"But, Walter, if you go on so, you will offend him very much; and—and—perhaps you may have a favor to ask him, one of these days, Walter—"

"True, dearest, true—the greatest favor that he can bestow."

Here the young gentleman proceeded at some length in a strain very complimentary to the young lady, but this part of his discourse need not be repeated. Readers who have been in love will know what he said, without being told, and they who have not been in love would not understand it.

"But, Walter," observed the maiden, re-