

quondam crony, M. Vipon, of the seventh, that he is no ordinary man who can give to a small party more than forty minutes of his time without the risk of becoming insipid, if not absolutely tiresome. Owing to the limited nature of Miss Wilmont's resources, the functionary alluded to was her only male domestic; and it was indeed affirmed, that his having stood out the fatigues of a single "season" was attributable to his power of employing his waiting hours in "balmy sleep."

We have many curious reminiscences connected with the seven short months we passed in Paris at the period alluded to. We little then imagined that now, surrounded by a wife and seven—but these are personal matters, and, until better acquainted with the reader, we shall not introduce him to what a worthy author, we believe six weeks after his nuptials, designated "the hallowed pale of our domestic hearth."

In the month of April the *beau monde* of Paris—some elated with their recent conquests, others penitent over the indiscretions of the past season—were fast leaving that pleasant city: some with heavier hearts—nearly all we venture to affirm with purses lighter than those with which they entered it. About the end of the same month, we took leave of such friend as still loitered in town; among others Miss Wilmont; and although we felt interest in that person, we nevertheless believe that our impression of her may be pretty nearly gleaned from the preceding observations. In short, we thought her a clever, graceful, and ridiculous old time-killer, to say the best of it.

On our way home through the Netherlands, we unexpectedly met at Brussels two friends and countrymen who had there passed the previous winter: and as they took us into society with them, we delayed our homeward progress from day to day, and had tarried for about a fortnight, when one morning, whom should we encounter, shortly after leaving our hotel, but Miss Wilmont! We came so suddenly upon her, at turning the corner of a street, that we almost lost our breath with surprise; for we had often heard the lady boast that for years she had not gone further from Paris than Fontainebleau or Versailles, and that only to avoid being "the only person in town" during

the summer months. This, coupled with her present somewhat hurried manner, and for her, careless harnessing, satisfied us that it could be no trifling affair which had brought her so far from what she always said was her home, without altogether seeming to feel it so. She noticed our surprise at once, and in her own lively way exclaimed laughingly, "Ah! Miss Wilmont so far away from Paris! What magnet can have drawn her hither?"

"Indeed, dear Miss Wilmont," we replied, "to meet you here is what we could not anticipate. Pray, would it be over bold to inquire to what lucky circumstance we are indebted for a pleasure so unlooked for?"

"Offer me your arm," she rejoined, "to a street not far off, where dwells a Jew *marchand des bijoux*, of whom I wish speech."

We did the old lady's bidding; for, as we have already said, there *was* something about her which interested, perhaps from her not being understood by us. She was a character, without being a bore; and, besides, in Paris, she had laid us open to a favourable impression by expressing the opinion that, considering our years, we had seen the world with tolerably clear optics. And show us the male of frail humanity who is invulnerable to a little flattery, even from one of the sex rendered venerable by her antiquity!

"Oh!" she continued, "you must think it passing strange to see me here, and are entitled to interrogate me. Paris was, I think, nearly empty when you left; and for ten days before I, accompanied by my *femme*, put myself into the public conveyance hitherward, I alone remained of all our set. Poor Captain Morson was made ridiculous by the little Countesse Villeaux after your departure. I told you, you recollect, that her coquetry would force her husband to put cold lead into him, and he did so last week at the Bois de Boulogne. *Il est mort!* But of course you see the newspapers. The Hopkinses, who used to make themselves the most odious among the odious of the Tuilleries mobs last winter, have made a regular break down; and the very drags are to be sold this week. It turned out as *even* you saw—that it was a *spec* for their 'dear girls.' But the Paris market is