

satisfied, each of her daughters having secured a beau, the fickle Mr. Sinclair being one. The matron did not altogether approve of him, but his neat coat, and a mysterious little tuft of hair on his chin, rendered him so attractive in the sight of Miss Augusta, that empty pockets and empty brains were forgotten; he told her that "he never saw her looking so well, that he preferred blue eyes to dark ones;"—what could she wish for more? Mrs. Cobb pursed her mouth and looked grave, when her daughter's loud laugh met her ear, for she was very anxious that her family should be considered genteel; the frown, and "Augusta, my love!" would for the instant check the young lady's mirth, but in the next mamma's caution was forgotten; "Mr. Sinclair was so very funny."

While poor Mrs. Cobb, on one of these occasions, was holding up the warning finger, a servant, in removing a dish from the table, unfortunately caught her gold turban in the button of his sleeve, and carried it off, wig and all, leaving her to all the horrors of a bald head. Her scream as she rushed after the man, was re-echoed by a roar of laughter from her ungallant husband, and a suppressed titter from the rest, who beheld the disaster. Sir James Marley, pitying her evident distress, immediately rose, and recovering the head-dress, replaced it on her, saying, as he did so,

"I am very sorry for the accident, and the fellow deserves to be punished for his unpardonable carelessness; but, as it has displayed the amiable temper of Mrs. Cobb, in taking it so well, I hope she will forgive him."

This little speech restored the lady's self-possession, and making Sir James a low courtesy, she returned to her seat, unconscious that her turban—poor woman—was turned the wrong side before, to the infinite amusement of Miss Augusta and her incorrigible companion.

The Band now commenced playing several very beautiful airs, amidst the din of tongues and clatter of plates, while noisy mirth, miserable attempts at wit, and bursts of laughter, united in marring the sweet sounds. A few romantic young ladies, ashamed to be supposed capable of eating, were the only listeners. Amongst these was Miss Arabella Cobb, who refused every thing that was offered to her by the elegant Mr. Wilkins, who, ever since she had sung for him "The heart that loves fondest of any," had been her devoted admirer. Mrs. Cobb, perceiving that her daughter abstained, and fearing it would make her ill, called across the table,

"Now do eat something, Bolla, love; I have ordered no dinner at home, remember!"

"The deuce you buy't, Mrs. Cobb," exclaimed her husband, "how was that?"

"I knew there was a calf's head in the house, love, which could be soon dressed if you wished it," she replied.

Mr. Cobb did not at all like the risibility her speech called forth; he drew himself up—poor little man—and spluttered and tried to look big; but it would not do, for Miss Sykes, maliciously offering him some crab dressed in vinegar, increased the laughter so much that he rose from the table, saying "he did not feel very well, and must return home." Mrs. Cobb, aware that to oppose would determine him, sat perfectly still, pretending not to hear him, an example which was followed by her daughters, who were too well accustomed to papa's freaks to heed them.

Wisdom, scared at all she saw and heard, now spread her wings and flew away, while Folly shook her cap and bells, and strutted about in her own court, delighted at her freedom. But, alas! where Folly reigns how many evils follow in her train, invisible it is true, but felt, and too often deplored.

Sir James Marley had taken a fancy to sit next his lady at breakfast, a fancy that did not appear to be at all reciprocal, for her back was half turned towards him, and to all his tender attentions, which he was rather fond of displaying in company, she scarcely deigned a reply. As soon as she could do so with propriety, she proposed that the young people should adjourn to the lawn to dance, while the elders were to amuse themselves within; but here again she was foiled, for many whom she voted old did not so consider themselves, and at the risk of colds, sore throats and rheumatism, they frisked and flirted, and paired off to stroll in the beautiful grounds, like so many frolicsome lambs.

Lady Marley was beginning to feel cross; Captain Warburton had been placed at a great distance from her during breakfast, and now when he drew near to claim her hand in the waltz, Sir James Marley, with Mrs. Cobb, (who had righted her turban, on passing a looking-glass, much shocked at her absurd appearance,) approached together to look on.

"I think you are very imprudent, Sir James," said his lady, a little tartly; "the ground is still damp, and you will be sure to get a fit of the gout."

"I have got my India rubbers on, my darling," he replied. "You see what care she takes of me?" turning to his companion. "Ah, that waltzing, I don't like that waltzing," he continued as the dance commenced; "they never did such things in my day; too free! too free! the minuet, how far more graceful!" here he was stopped by a violent fit of coughing. "I must