

and edifying conversation of Mr. Sprigg, and of casting a few glances of latent admiration, or desire, or—what you will—at his amiable wife. But, whatever were his wishes or intentions, it was evident that those of his partner, and his partner's partner, were not to favour him with too much of their company, as they retired as early as ten o'clock,* to the no small joy of some of the remaining guests, and to the sad grief and disappointment of Mrs. Mockhell, who had exhausted all her art, as well as materials, in preparing a supper, suitable to the palates of this epicurean pair, but of which, to her mortification, they did not partake, whilst, if they had, their tastes, if in unison with the rest, must have declared it *magnifique*. Mr. and Mrs. Charmer, Mrs. and Miss Kingmaker,† Mrs. Much-ill-here, and the ever-pleasing Miss Stout, (Query, is she not one of the girls, of whom you spoke in your last, whom you said, "Lord, when will these flirts get married?") Mr. and Mrs. Scalds, from Trifluvia, and Mr. Bellcamp Junr. were of the party. Mrs. Mockhell, and a *gentleman*, not a *fosterer* of hair, led off the first dance, but who closed it remains for some one else to tell.

A superb fete has been given by Mrs. Bigman, but, which, as it exceeds my powers of description, I will not attempt to pourtray, but will leave it to another pen to record, an AMATEUR OF

* It ought to be recollected the honeymoon was hardly over; or if it had, honeymoons, with such a woman as Mrs. S. ought to last all the year round, and many years after that.
L. L. M.

† Vide Shakespeare's historical plays, in which the celebrated Earl of *Warwick* figures repeatedly as a maker and unmaker of kings, and hence was emphatically surnamed, "Warwick, the king-maker."