

(ORIGINAL.)

A NIGHT AT OUR DIVAN.

SCENE—Somewhere in Notre Dame Street—A room rather smokey—Tables covered with glasses, tumblers, cigars, meerschaums, &c. &c.

HOOR—ELEVEN, P. M.

Red coats—green coats—blue coats—yellow coats—pelisses (not ladies')—black coats—buffalo coats—cum multis aliis.

President—Darby Baxter, Esquire.

Bravo—capital song.

Peter Pencil, Esquire—(After a pause of some quarter of an hour)—Yes, that is rather a good song.

President—Hallo! Pencil, are you awake at last?

Pencil—Awake! why, do you intend to insinuate that I have been asleep?

President—Asleep! I'll not swear that you were asleep, but I intend to say that you have not spoken a single word for an hour past.

Pencil—Well, what of that! I was ruminating—I was thinking of the miseries of Lent being kept in winter—I wonder if an act of parliament could not alter it? I think we ought to take legal advice upon it immediately.

President—Oh! certainly, legal advice by all means.

Dr. Peptic—No; I bar that; no lawyers in the case; I hate lawyers. If I had my will, I'd abolish them. If I were in the Court Martial, I'd turn them out.

Pencil—Stop, stop doctor! I don't agree with you at all. I rather likes 'em, as old Prosy says; they are very useful at times, particularly when B. 45 of the Police swears—that one's driving over six miles an hour!

Sir Barnaby—Ha! ha! Pencil can't bear B. 45. I hate him too, and all the police. So help me Davy, if I catch one of them drunk, I'll scrag him and take him to the Station House. If I find one of them dozy in his beat, I'll forthwith to the great Vidocq of Little Pedlington, and such a speech I'll make that —

President—He'll laugh at you, and wake the policeman!

Sir Barnaby—No, I beg your pardon, Darby; Vidocq has a great regard for us all, for he picks us out as examples for others!

President—Ha! ha! not bad for Barnaby. But

look at Pencil; why he's asleep again. I vote we fine him.

Pencil—Fine away; I say I'm not asleep! I'm meditating—I never sleep—I close my eyes when I go to bed and I ruminate all night between a pair of sheets. I'm all day pondering—I'm always thinking! If I ride, I think—If I walk, I think—If I eat, I gulph down a thought with every mouthful.

Dr. Peptic—And if you are with a lady, Pencil?

Pencil—Why, she talks for us both, and I have all the time to myself to think.

Sir Barnaby—I say, Pencil, were you ever in love?

Pencil—In love!! I'm always in love: I'm never free from love; I'm either falling in love, running in love or catching love.

Peter—Yes! Walter is the boy for falling in love. Pencil d'ye recollect the two girls in Bath?

Pencil—Tush; hold your tongue, Peter, none of your quiz.

Omnes—(Vociferously)—Out with it Peter! out with it! Don't mind him!

Pencil—(Getting upon the table)—Stop your roaring, and pray be only fair. If you will have the story, let me tell it, at least, as being the party concerned; I am supposed to recollect it best.

President—Yes, that's nothing but fair. So, Pencil, out with the story of your affections.

Pencil—(Coming off the table and replenishing his glass)—Why, I think it is the doctor, (the great doctor, I mean,) who says that a man falls in love as he falls down stairs, by accident—but as in my case, some of these little accidents are very far from agreeable. If I were to publish a tale of my fate, in this instance, I should call it

"A LITTLE TOO MUCH LOVE."

I was just eighteen years of age when I was first introduced to a young lady at Bath. She was pretty, and had a very pretty name—Agnes Harcourt. I always liked the name Agnes, and never liked it more than when associated with Miss Harcourt. She had such a pretty little hand, and such a pretty little foot and ankle, and she talked, walked and danced so prettily—I never see a good female waltzer, that I do not recall her to my mind, as I first saw her at the rooms, — Miss Harcourt's old go-