THE EXAMINER:

A Weekly Journal of Politics, Literature, and News.

"This is true Liberty, when Freeborn Men, having to advise the Public, may speak free."---Euripides.

Vol. XIII. Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, Monday, March 9, 1863. New Series.---No. 9.

LONDON HOUSE.

NEW CHEAP GOODS,

JUST RECEIVED,

☞ *At the Stand formerly Dempsey's, opposite Apothecaries' Hall, Queen Street.*

H. HASZARD begs to inform his friends and the public that he has received by the "Uranus," from London, the "Prioress" and "Theresa," from Liverpool, a large supply of British Dry Goods, Fancy Goods, Hardware and Groceries. Having been purchased on the best terms and personally selected, they will be sold at the lowest rate for Cash only, comprising:

7 cases Dress Goods	2 bales Striped Shirtings
1 case Silks and Ribbons	1 do Bleached do
1 do Buttons & trimmings	1 do Printed Cottons
1 do Ladies' Mantles,	2 do Cloths and Doeskins
3 do Hats and Caps (great variety)	1 do Blankets and Sheets
	1 do Wadding
5 do Ready-made Clothing	1 do Carpeting & Hearth Rugs
1 do Ladies' and Gents' Waterproof Mantles & Coats	7 do Paper hanging (3000 pieces)
1 do Gloves and Hosiery	5 casks Hardware
1 do Haberdashery	4 cases do
1 do Shirts, Collars, Braces &c.	1 do Cutlery
1 do Shawls and Mufflers	1 crate Conf Scuttles and Zinc Buckets
1 do Jewellry, Pomatum and Soaps	60 chests Tea, cheap and good
2 do India Rubber Shoes	5 casks Soda
3 Bales Brown Cottons	

—— ALSO ——

Crushed and Moist Sugar, Molasses, Coffee, Rice, Mustard, Starch, Blue, Raisins, Currants, Spices, Glass, Putty, Nails, Leather, Buckets, Brooms, Soap, Candles, Manilla Rope, Plough Mounting, Iron, all sizes, Sheet Iron, &c., &c.

Charlottetown, Dec. 15, 1862.

1863. NEW YEAR! 1863.

NEW GOODS,

JUST RECEIVED

AT THE

RENFREW HOUSE,

(Thomas's Old Stand, Great George Street.)

THE subscribers have lately received the following Goods, in addition to their Fall Importations:—

Hhds SUGAR, very bright
Chests TEA, warranted good
Boxes SOAP
Boxes and Half Boxes RAISINS
Currants, Spices, Pepper
Mustard, Indigo, Starch
Weaver's Reeds, all Nos.

Rubber Goods:

Ladies' & Misses' Rubber SHOES
Do do do BOOTS
Ladies' Rubber Buskins
Children's Rubber Shoes
Mens' do COATS
And a variety of other Goods.

Also on hand:

Boiled and Raw OIL, PAINT
Putty, Window Glass, SKATES
Plough and Cart Mounting
Cut Nails, all sizes, &c. &c. &c. &c.

☞ We beg to call the attention of City and Country buyers to our Stock, which is now complete in every department. With regard to price, we are determined that no fault shall be found in this respect. Our goods are bought in the cheapest markets, and will be sold as low, to say the least, as any in the city.

DELANY & WILSON.

February 2nd, 1863.

Premiums Reduced!!

THE Agent of the LIVERPOOL AND LONDON FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY has the pleasure to announce that he is authorised to accept risks in this City at much reduced rates.

W. A. JOHNSTONE, Agent.

March 2, 1863. 1 fi

BUTTER.

THE SUBSCRIBER has just received 80 Packages CASCUMPEC BUTTER—a choice article.

J. S. CARVELL.

March 2, 1863. isl pro 2m

LABRADOR HERRINGS.

THE UNDERSIGNED has in Store a quantity of choice Labrador Herrings for sale.

J. S. CARVELL.

March 2, 1863. 6m

Co-Partnership Notice.

THE UNDERSIGNED have this day entered into CO-PARTNERSHIP as

IMPORTERS & DEALERS

IN

British, French & other Foreign DRY GOODS,

Under the Style and Firm of

VAUX BROTHERS,

WHOLESALE and RETAIL.

C. C. VAUX.
H. B. VAUX.

Tropolit's Buildings, 152 Granville-street, Halifax, Nova Scotia, Sept. 9, 1862.

Farmers, Attention!

THE Subscriber thankful for past favors, respectfully informs his customers and the public generally that he has ready for sale

Sleigh and Cart Harness

of every description, and of the best quality, suitable for winter driving, which he will sell reasonably for prompt payment.

He is also prepared to execute all orders in his line, and to supply country wholesale dealers, as formerly, on liberal terms.

JOHN BOWERS,
Richmond Street.

Charlottetown, Jan. 15, 1863. 9in

APPLES!

JUST Received, by Schooner CECILIA from BOSTON,

50 Bbls. WINTER APPLES.

DODD & ROGERS.

Pownal street, December 8, 1862.

Molasses.

THE subscriber has in Store, from recent arrivals—

180 Hhds. CHOICE MOLASSES.

J. S. CARVELL.

Ch. Town, Nov. 3, 1862. isl. pro tf

Barley! Barley!

WANTED, 3000 Bushels BARLEY.

J. S. CARVELL.

Charlottetown, Jan. 12, 1863. tf

PRINCE EDWARD ISLNAD

CLOTH MANUFACTORY,

TRYON.

THE Subscriber, encouraged by the very liberal support received in the Cloth dressing business, begs to inform the inhabitants of P. E. Island that he has imported from the best makers in the United States,

Machinery for Carding, Spinning and Weaving,

and shortly (in addition to finishing Cloth) will be prepared to receive Wool for manufacturing into the various descriptions of Cloth usually made in the Colonies. The charge for Picking, Oiling, Carding, Spinning, and Weaving will be

One shilling and three pence per yard.

Other branches in the same proportion. Wool, which must be washed and dried, may be left with H. J. Callbeck, Sidney Street, Charlottetown, or any of the agents for the Mill, from whom further particulars can be learned.

CHARLES E. STANFIELD.

Tryon, April 21, 1862.

NOTICE!

ALL persons indebted to the undersigned are required to pay the respective amounts to BENJAMIN DESBRISAY, of Charlottetown, Attorney at Law, who is instructed to sue for the same, unless paid forthwith.

JAMES EVANS.

New Perth, Feb'y 6th, 1863

LITERATURE.

SOLID REASONS.

Ten years ago the mental condition of my friend Robert Bigge was such as to occasion us much secret anxiety.

Robert had held office in Downing-street, but had lately resigned the (wafer) seals of his department, in consequence of the sudden abolition of a class of gentlemen known by the appropriate title of 'clerk's extraordinary.'

The genus being extinct, a few words to describe it may not be out of place.

In the event of a sudden accumulation of pressing correspondence, it was customary in the Yawhaw Office to engage a number of misguided persons ambitious of becoming public servants, to place them in an apartment provided only with such rude furniture as is essential to the fulfilment of public duty, and to employ them, so long as the stress continued, in copying returns and despatches at the remuneration of four-pence a page. This surplus work (which usually lasted only a few days, or, at most, weeks) being concluded, the class was sifted, as it were, two or three individuals remaining still attached to the establishment, in readiness for the next emergency. The remainder were requested to leave their addersses for the information of an embarrassed government, and depart.

My friend Robert had been of this fortunate minority. He had even entertained some secret hope of struggling fairly on to the 'establishment,' when a few words from a Scotch member of parliament, in the form of interrogatory, knocked the 'extraordinary' arrangement at once on the head, and condemned the recognised members of the Yawhaw Office to the annoyance of doing their own work themselves.

Robert expressed kimself a good deal hurt. He had 'done the State some service.' If they didn't 'know it,' that was no fault of Bob's. He had always signed his name in the attendance-book, and to the receipts for his stipend, in the very largest characters polite custom allows. He had dated all his letters 'Downing-street,' and, on a certain festive occasion, had insidiously engaged a friend to propose the health of her Majesty's 'present advisers,' in order that he might respond on behalf of that body. And so he did.

To be cast aside now, without compliment, without apology! His 'cankered country' tendered him nothing but his wages. And what was thirty-seven pounds fourteen shillings for four months' sedentary service, and two thousand two hundred and sixty-two pages of manuscript? There was, moreover, another, and a far more serious claim upon the State; but of that presently.

Bob was, indeed, at the period I speak of, in a condition to demand the utmost sympathy and watchfulness friendship could afford. You might not unnaturally imagine that Bobby wounded by the ungrateful return for his public service—dismissed into an uncared-for, and, what is ten times more galling to a sensitive mind, unpensioned obscurity—was sinking into mental prostration, tending, it may be, to idiotey.

It was scarcely so. His mental faculties were wholly unimpaired. Again, it was abundantly evident that his bodily health did not suffer. It was a matter of congratulation among us, that our friend had of late grown singularly stout. But that his heart was a prey to some secret melancholy, had been for a long time a subject of strong suspicion to those who loved the boy (Bobby was but twenty-three), and this mystery I, at the instigation of his aunt, set myself diligently to fathom. For a while my endeavours proved fruitless. Hoping to fall in with his humour, I tried him, in the first place, with a quiet dinner, finishing the evening at a cheerful little lecture by Professor Grumbelow, 'On the molecular variations exhibited by the application of acids to metamorphic rocks.'

At the dinner Bobby ate; at the lecture he slumbered. I myself was not wholly disinclined to doze. I remember the professor holding up something that looked like a pink artichoke, after a pic-nic of caterpillars, which he called a 'fibrous dolonite,' and subsequently remarking that 'a crystal of Thompsonite, boiled with hydrochloric acid, deposited a gelatinous transparent precipitate of silica.' Here, I thought the lecturer handed round plates filled with flint broth, wherein floated slices of red sand-stone for bread. Candidly, I believe this must have been illusion.

Neither there, nor scenes of wilder dissipation, appeared to answer my end. I sometimes conducted Bobby, docile enough, poor fellow, to the theatre, where my reward was to see him sit through a 'screaming' farce without changing a muscle.

Once, and but once, were my pains rewarded. It happened in Slangster-square.

We had attended one of the most dismal dioramas ever, perhaps, designed by artist's haunted brain. A few mournful creatures moved stealthily through the building. An invisible (would I could add inaudible) harmonium executed a funeral dirge of the days of Queen Anne; the score of which, with the gifted person who composed it, should, in rigid justice, have been inhumed with the above lamented princess. As we issued forth, I glanced with some anxiety at my friend's countenance, deeming it not impossible that the degree of depression to which we both had been reduced might lead to a burst of tearful confidence which would reveal all.

Suddenly his face lighted up. He paused before the entrance to one of the smaller exhibitions.

'Let us enter,' said Bobby, grasping my arm.

We paid a shilling each. I followed my friend into a large apartment on the ground floor. There was a sort of dais in the centre, upon the dais a huge chair, and on that chair, the very fattest individual I ever beheld. The latter welcomed us with graceful ease, invited us to perform the tour of his person, and then, pointing to chairs, begged us to offer any personal observations that might suggest themselves to our minds.

The situation was not without its embarrassments. The cheerful countenance of our mighty host forbade all idea of condolence. On the other hand, congratulations to a man in hopeless captivity to his own fat were cruel and absurd. No question occurred to me beyond that which, in the exhibition of other obese animals, is commonly anticipated by means of a placard above their heads—namely, what he had been fed upon?

Having ascertained that 'tators, tripe and sausages,' were principally responsible for the interesting result presented to us, we presently took our leave.

The strange sight had not quitted Bob's countenance during the whole interview. His eye was brighter, his step more elastic than I had seen for weeks past, as we took our westward way.

'And this man is not unhappy,' said Bob, musingly. 'He smiles. He is jocular. He acquiesces in a bodily formation only distinguishable from the purely spherical by those two fat appanages it affords him a melancholy satisfaction to call his 'legs.' No remorse visits his, I cannot say pillow—for he never goes to bed — but the back of his easy-chair, on account of those early excesses, that reprehensible indulgence in — what did he say?—tripes and sausages, that singular predilection for the interior of other animals which has proved so fatally nutritious to his own. He has broken no affectionate ties; he has estranged no friend. He, on the contrary, adds daily to their number, and a shilling apiece, besides. Why, then, should I——'

'Genleman, sir, gi' a poor boy a hap'ny!' bellowed one of those young highwaymen the law hath hitherto forborne, charging viciously at Bobby with his muddy broom. But for this assault, I should have penetrated Bob's secret on the spot. As it was, a few days more elapsed.

I was dining one evening at my friend's chambers when a large brown paper parcel made its appearance. Bob turned pale and laid down his knife and fork. He passed the napkin over his forehead, and appeared to collect himself. Then he opened the parcel, and fell back in his chair. I glanced at the contents, which seemed to consist of nothing more than a new light paletot, forwarded, according to an address on the paper, by an eminent tailor.

'Away with it! Hide it from my sight!' cried Bob, with a palpable shudder, sinking his face in his hands.

I flung the parcel on the furthest sofa.

'It is the death-warrant,' said Bob, presently looking up with a ghastly smile, 'of my hopes. George, my boy, the struggle is over. But *you* will not desert me, George' (the good fellow stretched over and grasped my hand). 'Companion of my light and careless youth, to *you* it makes no difference whether your friend—is—you know—or—But I see you do not clearly comprehend.'

Bob paused for a moment, then recommenced.

'It is now some eight months since, while attached — and very warmly so—to the Yawhaw Office, that I first became conscious of a slight difficulty in buttoning my coat. Willing to believe that this was due to some accidental shrinking of the cloth, or other extraneous cause, I simply had the button altered. Again, in a few days, the difficulty recurred; nay, other garments—my vest, the waistband of my trousers—began to evince a similar reluctance to meet on the usual easy terms. It was useless to shut my eyes to the miserable fact. I was growing fat, and that with startling rapidity. Eight hours a day at my desk had done the business. What could I do? I was inclined to work, attached to my department. I felt within me no ordinary powers of—of copying. My aunt allows me but one hundred a year. Resign I could not. A martyr to my duty, to the public, and to myself, I clung to my desk until dislodged, as you are aware, by the officious and unparliamentary comments of Mr. Angus Meltchery. But alas the mischief was done. Day by day, hour by hour, adds something to my weight. You must have—eh?—*seen* it—eh, George?' asked poor Bob, piteously.

I was obliged to confess that I *had*.

'They have fattened me,' said Bob, with intense pathos, 'only to kill.'

'No, no, Bob.'

'You will see. Well, sir, I was resolved to know the very worst. Face my tailors I could not. They are remarkably fastidious men. I wrote to the firm, humbly, appealingly, 'Gentlemen, I enclose you a careful measurement of what was but recently recognised by you as my waist. If such proportions will not utterly disgrace a frock coat of your design—send me one. If otherwise, then forward to me a paletot suited to my misfortune.' Behold their answer.

With an effort Bob rose, walked to the sofa, seized, and shook out the paletot. The wide folds expressed but too eloquently the strength of the opinion entertained by Messrs. Stilts, on the case of their unhappy client.

'But, tcha! that is not the worst, old fellow,' resumed Bob. 'Vain I am not. At any other period of my life, I might defy my flesh to do its worst. I have, indeed, always looked forward to a certain amount of obesity, as the distinctive feature of my race. My governor was a nineteen stun-er; my mother was likewise a stunner, and her name was Lambert; she was descended from the illustrious Daniel, and I have in my possession the very last coat and waistcoat worn by the greatest of living men.'

'I have always heard that your mother was very beautiful,' I remarked.

'She was so fair,' returned Bob, in his sentimental tones 'that it seemed impossible there could ever be too much of her. It did, however, become expensive, when it took three people to place her in her garden-chair! My good mother, you are aware, was not of ducal extraction. She had occupied that position which society in its careless, generalizing way, has agreed to call a 'cook.' In *her* case, it was the poetry of feeding. In *her* hands, the gross elements with which it was necessary to deal, changed, without the loss of any nutritive feature, into flowers and sunshine. My father married her by accident.'

'By accident?'

'Pure toss-up,' said Bobby, descending to prose.

'The governor was spooney on a girl of the neighbourhood. Popped. She refused. Governor gallopped home in a rage, vowing he would marry whichever of his maid servants opened the door to him. (Nota-bene. There was at the time a pretty little rustic, the gardener's daughter, who did occasional duty as portress.) Fate decreed that Susanna Lambert should be sweeping the hall. That young lady opened the door; and that young lady became my honoured parent.

'George,' continued Bobby, rising and standing in an easy attitude with his back to the fire, and his coat-tails over his arms, 'I take after my sire. I am, I own it, susceptible. I am what is popularly (but absurdly) termed, 'in love.' To speak more logically, love, sir, hath dwelt in *me*, from the moment at which the most dazzling face imagination can conceive, looked suddenly round the partition of box B, at the Haymarket Theatre, gazed straight at me, and disappeared. There were two other objects in that box—human, probably—I did not note. I was conscious of but one fact; that there, within nine inches of my right elbow, sat the Fate of Robert Bigge.'

Bob paused, applied his handkerchief to his features and resumed.

'The play, Hamlet, was on that evening prolonged to an indefinite extent. There were, I should say, nineteen acts, with musical interruptions of moderate duration. At the conclusion, I held a conference with the book-keeper touching box B. 'The Countess de Clerville and party.' Need I mention that I watched that box. Forth she came, leaning gracefully on the arms of her two companions. The ample folds of a rich burnous concealed her delicate form, but revealed the exquisite foot that bore her to the awaiting carriage. I flung myself into the nearest Hansom. 'Follow that carriage. *Not too closely*!' I shouted through the little hole, as our horse began nibbling at the retreated calves of the countess's footman. We took the direction of the Regent's Park. In Portland-place a sudden pull up nearly flung me on the horse's tail. The carriage had stopped at one of the doors, and my donkey of a driver all but ran into it.

'It was, however, only one of the companions who alighted—when the carriage, turning sharply to the right, led us to a street in the immediate vicinity of Russell-square, 'at last,' I thought, 'I have thee!' Foiled again! The surviving companion got out, waving respectful adieus, and once more the carriage proceeded. Returning towards the Regent's Park, we skirted that beautiful enclosure on the Hampstead side, made a turn or two, and had reached a place called, I observed, Nasturtium Villas, when my cabman suddenly pulled up, and shouted down the orifice, 'I say, sir, would you mind 'aving another cab?' 'Nonsense!' I bellowed back. 'Get on, confound you! You'll lose.' 'Tell'ee what,' said the cabman. 'I can't go on this 'ere game all night. This 'ere 'oss'e 'asn't 'ad 'is supper, nor I an't 'ad mine. Oss won't go no further.'

'It certainly appeared so, and the upshot was that I found myself alone on foot, at half-past two in the morning, lurking in the neighbourhood of Nasturtium Villas, with as much hope of getting a cab as if I were on the banks of Newfoundland.

'How I got home I hardly know. I do know, however, that this failure by no means blunted my purpose. No Countess de Clerville appeared in the Court Guide. I therefore, on the very next day, repaired to Nasturtium Villas, and took up the scent where I had lost it. In that locality I was positive my beautiful fawn had run to covert. An intelligent-looking crossing-sweeper attracted my eye:

''Did she, hem, know any of the residents in Nasturtium Villas?'

''Yes, a plenty. Mrs. Biblicott.'

''Nobody else?'

''Yes, Mrs. Jones.'

''Had she ever heard the name of the Countess of Clerville?'

''*What* name, please?'

''Clerville.'

''Knows her well. A very nice lady, giv' her tea-leaves. She was hunder 'ousemaid at number seventeen.'

''Who?'

''Kearwell, Susan Kearwell.'

''Ridiculous!' The donation I made to this interesting person would not place her in absolute independence of her crossing.

'In vain I pursued my inquiries. No Countess of Clerville could I hear of, in that or any other neighbourhood.

'It was about this time that you must have noticed a marked change in my demeanour, In spite of much bodily exercise, as well as mental agitation, neither of which tends much to corpulence, I found myself, George, becoming fatter and fatter every hour. Living on one hope — that of once more seeing her who was the star of my existance, I could not but dread the actual meeting. There is something essentially inapt in a fat lover.

'One evening about dusk, some three months after our first meeting, as I was walking, or rather waddling in the neighbourhood of Nasturtium Villas, a carriage dashed past me, a face looked out, a beaming brilliant face! Sir, it lit up the whole rank of villas like—like——'

'Gas?' I suggested.

'Not at all,' said Bob, with sudden indignation. 'She was gone; but my eyes straining, like twin detectives, in pursuit of the thief that had robbed my heart's till (and used it very roughly in doing so), observed a something fall from the carriage window. I hurried up. A bouquet! More, sir, more! Among these blessed stalks nestled a scrap of paper, torn off a mantua-maker's bill. On the blank side had been written, with haste and a pencil. 'To-morrow. *Later.*' I dined that evening at the Starve-and-Tatter Club, upon whose elder and steadier members my feverish gaiety seemed to make a considerable impression.

'I was on the ground on the morrow at the appointed time. It was darkish. I wore my widest paletot, and walked with a carefully-studied lightness, more in keeping with my mind than body. Few carriages passed Nasturtium Villas. The excellent inhabitants did not evince symptoms of being in the full tide of London fashion. The consequence was that when the sound of approaching wheels *was* heard, my heart throbbed almost to bursting. *Again* the carriage, *again* the face. *Again* that footman's calves, two white meteors, receded into the darkness, *Again* a bouquet and a note! I hastened with my prize to the nearest lamp. There, to my utter astonishment, I read as follows:

''Why this extraordinary persecution? If it be your fancy to haunt our quiet precincts at least avoid Number Three, Laburnum Cottages, third turning to the left, at twenty minutes past eight, on Thursday. C. de C.' To-morrow, George, is 'Thursday.' I shall avail myself of this gracious prohibition. Will you accompany me?'

I pressed my friend's hand, not without emotion. Bob thanked me with a melancholy smile, for his eye had lit on the paletot.

'In that hideous garb,' he said, bitterly, 'and under the shadow of night, I may perchance, venture upon expressoins which, spoken under ordinary circumstances, would reduce me to the rank of Jack Pudding! But, George, should she invite me to approach nearer, so that the outlines of—what I dare no longer designate—my figure, might become visible, sir, I could not do it. Revolt her taste at the very outset? Crush the tender buds of her young affection beneath this shapeless mound of flesh? Let me win her first, then, by those discreet degrees by which a certain cat is reported (whether correctly or otherwise) to have devoured the candle, reveal myself to her in all my fearful rotundity. It is here, my friend, that you can help me. There is much, I am told, in the magic of voice. Mine is low and sweet. I will do the speaking, *you* the acting. Excuse me,' continued Bob, interrupting me, as I was about to speak, 'I have reconnoitred the place. The object of my fair warner-off is to hold converse with me through the window which looks upon a little lawn, which is flanked by a shrubbery, which is open to the road, which is innocent of travellers nine-tenths of the day. Certain laburnums approach the house so closely as to be on speaking terms. I propose to avail myself of their friendly cover, while *you*, standing out just far enough to allow your noble form to be distinctly visible, will accompany my observations with appropriate action. How say you, my George?'

'The system at present in vogue for the treatment of lunatics,' I replied, slowly, 'involves, I conceive, as complete an acquiescence in the ruling fancy as circumstances will allow. For this one evening, Robert, I am yours. Oh, my Bob, will I second, for this once, your intended assault upon the common sense, not to say peace of mind, of a lovely and confiding woman. What a goose she must be!'

Eight o'clock that evening saw us strolling leisurely past Laburnum Cottages. A small carriage-sweep led up to each, and the gates, in the instance of Number Three, standing open, there would, we saw, be no difficulty in slipping unobserved into the little shrubbery which, as Bob had said, reached at one point within a few paces of the house.

It was not without a slight blush, such as might become the cheek of a youthful burglar, cracking, to speak technically, his maiden crib that, following the intrepid Bob, I stole into the laburnum corvet. It was growing dark. Bob's watch indicated the appointed time, when the sound of a window, gently opened, reached our ears.

'A—he—em!' remarked a soft voice.

'Thank you, I am aware of it,' murmured Bob. 'I see you distinctly, sweet. *Ehe—e—em!* (A little to the front, George, my boy.)'

I stepped out just clear of the trees, Bobby, with his head in the fork of a large laburnum, close in my rear.

'Come no nearer,' said the voice from the window.

'I obey in all things,' replied Bob, with alacrity, while I made a graceful bow.

'I see your figure quite well.'

'Thank Heaven you *don't!*' said Bob, in a fervent whisper.

'But I have very solid reasons for the caution I exhibit.'

'Mine are still more solid,' muttered Bob.

'And I must beg you not to misinterpret my present line of conduct. I cannot, sir, be insensible to the persevering nature of your pursuit of me. I have seen you many times, when you were not aware of it——'

'The deuce she has!' said Bob, rather uneasily.

'And, dark as it was, have never failed to recognise that countenance which, I, I must own at our first meeting, impressed me in a manner only to be understood by those who have tested the imponderable essences in the crucible of rational experiment. For, do not imagine that the meeting of our eyes on the occasion I refer to was accidental. A powerful magnetic impulse compelled me, as it were, to look round the partition, and I was no wise astonished to find your look awaiting mine. It is useless, my unknown friend, to contend against these occult influences. In that conviction, I have laid aside, in some measure, the reserves of my sex, and permitted this interview. I did, indeed, make *some* effort to contravene the decrees of fate, since, destined as we probably are, ultimately, for each other, I yet forsee difficulties to be encounterd, obstacles to be reduced, prejudices to be overcome. In short, I——Hark! I fear we are about to be interrupted. You may approach the window for one moment, but do not utter a word.'

I had been dying with curiosity to see the speaker more distinctly, for the voice was silver-sweet as Juliet's own; and without waiting to consult my principal, made but three paces to the window, concealing my features as I might. One glance at the face that bent over the window-sill sufficed to assure me that Bob had not been romancing. I had never seen anything lovelier in woman. The stars that had begun to gather over us seemed to reflect themselves for an instant in those eyes that gazed down on me.

A hand glistened out from the darkness; it was not very far from my lips; it presently became nearer; it was soft, and white, and rather plump, that hand, and it bore a sapphire—poor counterfeit of the glittering eyes above.

'Wednesday week. The Botanical. *Across the rhododendrons*,' was whispered hurriedly. There was a burst of light in the apartment. Back I skipped to covert.

'Across the rhododendrons! *Why* across—?' began Bob, discontentedly.

'Ingrate! Can anything be more fortunate? Your rhododendron I take to be a plant of considerable volume. Protected by one of these, you might, were you as fat as your maternal ancestor himself, hold converse with your princess as lightly and unconcernedly as though you had the waist of a wasp.'

Robert assented, and we walked home highly delighted with the prospect of affairs.

Wednesday week, according to Botanical tradition, proved a day of terrific storm and tempest. Tents there were, indeed, but, from the spouting, dropping, and dazzling in all directions under their fictitious shelter, one might have imagined it rather an interesting display of waterworks provided by the society.

The crowd was immense, and as Bob, regardless of long dresses, fought his desperate way to the region of rhododendrons, the eyes of more than one fair train-carrier spoke those daggers it is not considered polite to use. I followed, but not closely, as Bob was, on this occasion, both to show and speak for himself.

Suddenly I noticed my friend stop dead short; a change came over his really handsome face, the colour mounting to the roots of his hair. Following his gaze, I saw the beautiful face that had fascinated him come slowly into view, as if rising from a nest of flowers. It greeted him with a frank, sweet smile, after which an animated converesation ensued, a tall hedge of rich blossoms alone separating the pair. This lasted nearly half an hour, at the end of which the lovely head subsided into the crowd, and was seen no more.

Bob came back to me hopelessly enslaved and slightly incoherent.

'She is all that man's soul could covet, old fellow. Oh, George, George! Sweet enthusiast! Is it not wretched—is it not frightful, sir? Condemned to an inalienable inheritance of obesity! Tied to this unwieldy log of a body! But she loves me, George—she loves me! We shall meet. What do you think is our next rendezvous? The lecture-room of the Polytechnic — the dissolving views! Now, can anything be luckier? Totally dark. She will be in the second seat from the back, just perceptible, in a white lace mantilla. We are to correspond, too at pleasure, for it seems that she is perfectly free to act as she pleases, except in being confined to these odd ways of meeting, which, however, suit me, for the present, admirably.'

'Independent, and yet unable to receive you openly. Did she offer no sort of explanation?'

'Spoke vaguely of 'reasons,' merely remarking that, were I acquainted with them, I should allow them every weight.'

'You might have retorted, Bob.'

'She talked, too,' said he, 'in her sweet, fanciful way, you know, of the width, or breadth of some barrier which at present keeps us asunder.'

'My dear Bob, rely upon it she has seen you.'

'Impossible!' said Bob. 'I have never been off my guard. The precautions I have taken would baffle Robert Heudin himself. At parting, she gave me a word of consolation. 'Though *mountains* rose between us,' said the sweet girl, with her bewitching smile, 'the spirit of love shall reduce them into smoothest lawns.''

'Mountains! Bob, this woman is quizzing you.'

'Does *this* look like quizzing?' asked Bob, reverently producing a silken tress, about two feet long, wrapped in silver paper. 'She passes it through the pelargoniums.'

'The what?'

'The flowers,' replied Bob, generally.

I saw my friend no more till after the meeting of the Polytechnic, of which he gave me a succinct account. Obscure as it was, he detected the glimmer of the white mantilla. The white mantilla was attended by two sister robes of grey, one of which appeared to yield place to the opaque shadow that approached them in the person of Bob.

A little cool hand was ready to welcome him, and the silver voice had so much to say, that Lisbon flourished and was destroyed, the fight of Waterloo resolved itself into Ascot Races, the eruption of Vesuvius was quenched in the waters of Niagara, and the final (pictorial) dissolution was at hand, before its topics seemed half exhausted. Before, however, the light returned, the three mantillas—like phantoms—rose, and glided away, Bobby receiving a caution which he was well content to obey, to remain for the moment where he was.

He had contrived to glean from his beloved a considerable amount of information touching herself. Here it is: Carolina de Clerville was an Englishwoman. Though scarcely twenty, she had been for two years the widow of a French nobleman, who died within a few weeks of his marriage, leaving her in affluent circumstances. A cousin of her deceased husband resided with her as 'dame de compagnie,' and a cousin of her own—the second grey mantilla—was her frequent visitor. Both averred that, over and above her exterior charms, she was the most sensible woman he had ever known. She spoke, for example, with the most supreme disdain of mere personal appearance (indeed, this seemed to be one of her favourite topics), and was constantly inculcating the doctrine that the body being but, as it were, the handmaid of the soul, it mattered little in what guise it went about the latter's work.

So charmed was Bob with these liberal sentiments, and with the undisguised interest his beautiful mistress took in him, that he was half tempted to put them to the test, by revealing his portly presence in all its rotundity, when a letter—a sweet little letter of love—reached his hand, containing, in a postscript, the information that the writer would be present, on a certain evening, at a ball given by a friend of hers, from whom she would obtain a card for Bob.

Bob turned pale; his courage had entirely vanished. No escape now; substitution was impossible. Show himself he must, and that in a costume calculated to do even more than common justice to his size. Fancy the tight body-coat, the swelling white waistcoat. Madness!

The poor fellow subsided into a profound melancholy, shut himself up, refused nourishment, would not even see me, his friend.

It was the night before the ball, at which Bob must appear or be for ever ruined in the good graces of his beloved, when, as I was calmly smoking the cigar that closed the day, my friend burst into the room in the highest state of joyful excitement, literally dancing round me, and flourishing a card over his head.

'Look there, sir! look there!' he exclaimed at last, panting for breath, as he thrust the card into my hand, 'left hand corner, George. Huzza!'

I looked. In very minute characters appeared the important words '*Fancy Dress.*'

I understood in a moment Bob's exultation.

'And how,' I asked, 'do you propose to dress for it? Something loose, eh? Persian, or——'

'As tight as possible,' retorted Bob. 'I shall go, sir, as it is very fitting I should do, in the character of my own maternal ancestor.'

'Daniel Lambert?'

'The same,' said Bob, with dignity. 'His own coat, his identical waistcoat, my widest summer trousers, a cushion here, towels there, and the thing is done. I say, old fellow, I wonder how *she* will go? A sylphide? Virgin of the Sun? Twilight? Snow? Undine? Yes, Undine, *that's* her style;' and so he bade me good night.

The interest I felt in the result of this singular love-affair induced me to assist at Bob's toilet, and in truth I was astonished to perceive how small an amount of adventitious aid had become necessary to the exemplification of the illustrious character Bob had selected.

After allowing him a few minutes to habituate himself in some degree to the management of his augmented person, we sent for a cab: but a little more time was lost, for, on presenting our revived Lambert on the door-steps, the man, struck with sudden terror, departed at a gallop, and was seen no more. A second driver, more collected, and confining himself to remonstrance, was quickly satisfied that the load was not so immoderate as it appeared, and Bob was at length fairly under way.

If the real Daniel Lambert ever went to a fancy ball in the height of a London season, it is to be hoped and presumed he went early. Poor Bob had quite forgotten the unusual difficulties that would naturally attend his getting up and down stairs. Now, Lady Pennard's house, though large, was insufficient for the number invited, and when the door which, previously open, had been duly slammed in Bob's face, in order that the form of knocking might be gone through, finally admitted him, hall, lobby, and stairs presented a mass of plumed and jewelled heads which seemed impenetrable.

Nearly an hour elapsed before Bob could succeed in reaching the ball-room. To him it seemed like twenty years. There were people coming down as well as going up, and the remarks that emanated from the descendants, drove Bobo nearly frantic with impatience.

'Superb, indeed! I had no conception of her beauty,' remarked a Circassian, his large false moustache tickling Bob's ear. 'Madame de Clerville is, what her costume would indicate, the queen of the ball?'

'She rarely goes out, I think,' said a spiteful-looking Roxalana. 'Such faces are not for every-day's wear.'

'Magnificent dress!'

'Looks the character to the very life.'

They now approached the ball-room. Bob's name was announced.

'What's the attraction?' asked a man at Bob's side, of a friend in front.

'Madame de Clerville is standing up at last. I think she is going to dance.'

The crowd in front of Bob opened, and made way for Lady Pennard, who greeted her extensive guest with a merry smile.

'Oh, Mr. Bigge, I am so glad you are come! Madame de Clerville says she is engaged to dance the first set with you, and has refused half the room already. Come along!'

'*Dance*, Lady Pennard!' panted Bob. 'I—eh—'

'Oh, it will be lovely!' cried the merry little hostess. 'What an excellent idea! What *could* have put it into your heads?'

'Heads!' Bob was conscious of having but one such organ, and devoutly wished 'it' had never entered *that*; but there was no help, and as he waddled up the entire length of the room, his immense coat-skirts swaying, like mighty banners, from side to side, and the protuberance covered by his vast striped waistcoat moving in unison, the entire assembly were in convulsions of mirth. Happily, Bob's mind was too much engrossed with the impending introduction to be very captious about general criticism.

'Here, my dear countess, is your tardy cavalier,' said Lady Pennard.

A circle of admirers had opened, and Bob stood face to face with his beloved.

'I present Mr. Daniel Lambert to the first beauty of Teheran,' laughed the hostess, as she glided away.

Beautiful as he had known her to be, Bob was perfectly dazzled with her loveliness on this occasion. She wore a Persian costume of the richest kind, so arranged as, while concealing the actual figure, to make it appear that the fair wearer was prodigally furnished with the most important item in the Persian estimate of beauty—fat. One might have thought it a little over-done, but for the perfect ease and grace with which the beautiful creature seemed to manage that 'fair mountain' with which nature—or a sugar diet—was supposed to have invested her.

'In the name of all that's absurd, why thus disfigure her charming form?' was Bob's first thought; and, perhaps, he might have put it into some politer form of words, but for a sudden change which came across the Countess's face. From evincing a very decided inclination to laugh, she became suddenly grave and pale, and seemed almost about to faint. Bobby instinctively extended his tremendous arm, which she shook, and, avoiding the quadrille about to be formed, moved towards a side-room, which conducted into a sort of conservatory, tenanted at the moment by nothing but geraniums. There she sank down on the first seat.

'Robert you have divined my secret,' she murmured. 'Generous, noble man! how kindly, how delicately have you conveyed to me your consciousness of—of my——'

'Ahem!' said the embarrassed Bob. 'Your——'

'Being, to use the popular expression, considerably broader than I am long!' said the countess, smiling with bewitching sweetness.

Bob's pulse stood still. She was exquisitely beautiful. Her skin was whiter than the pearls she wore. You might have laid a tender young rose-leaf on her cheek, and never known the difference. Her rounded arms were the perfection of symmetry. But she *was* immensely fat!

'But,' stammered Bob, hardly knowing what he said, 'this decep——'

'Was useless, indeed, dear Robert,' said the still smiling countess. 'Your reproach is equally tender and just. Think you I have forgotten how eagerly you coincided in all my opinions relative to the very subordinate position held by the body in our mixed being? Perhaps a little childish vanity whispered me to keep you a short time longer in the dark upon this minor point.''

(''Maximum,' rather!' muttered Bob.)

'And when I found you knew it, and had dressed yourself in that hideous guise *for my sake* thus silently expressing your noble indifference to any amount of size, think, think, Robert, how my heart reproached me for my want of faith in you!'

Bob gently pressed the beautiful little hand that laid itself in his.

'Hem!' said Bob. 'You have used, I think, the term 'hideous' in reference to my