

approached the altar, was dion, the lover who had perilled his life for her sake. her eyes rested intently on his figure, her whole heart yearned towards him and, unable to control herself, she called his name aloud. charmian gazed anxiously around the group, but soon uttered a sigh of relief; for the tall man whose arm supported dion was gorgias, the worthy architect, his best friend, and the other, still taller and stronger, her own brother archibius. yonder figure, emerging from the disguise of wraps, was berenike, barines mother. all trustworthy confidants the only person whom she did not know was the handsome young man standing at her brothers side. barine, whose arm she still held, had struggled to escape to rush to her mother and lover; but archibius had approached, and in a whisper warned her to be patient and to refrain from any greeting or question, supposing, he added, that you are willing to be married at this altar to dion, the son of eumenes. charmian felt barines arm tremble in hers at this suggestion, but the young beauty obeyed her friends directions. she did not know what had befallen her, or whether, in the excess of happiness which overwhelmed her, to shout aloud in her exultant joy, or melt into silent tears of gratitude and emotion. no one spoke. archibius took a roll of manuscript from dions hand, presented himself before the assembled company as the brides kyrios, or guardian, and asked barine whether she so recognized him. then he returned to dion the marriage contract, whose contents he knew and approved, and informed those present that, in the marriage about to be occurred; for mr. marrowfat, the pea merchant of covent garden, and mr. barrowbed, the feathermonger of drury lane, in their zeal for the good cause, arising at the same moment, big with ardour and sentiment, to address the chair on a subject of the most momentous importance in their consideration, and desirous to signalize themselves individually, so completely defeated their objects by over anxiety to gain precedence, that they rolled over each other on the floor, to the inexpressible amusement of the company, and the total obliteration of their intended observations; so much so, that the harangue meant to enlighten their friends, ended in a fine colloquy of abuse upon each other. the bottles, the glasses, and the other paraphernalia of the table suffered considerable diminution in the descent of these modern ciceros, and a variety of speakers arising upon their downfall, created so much confusion, that our heroes, fearing it would be some time before harmony could be restored, took up their hats and walked. now, said dashall, as they left the house, you have had a full view of the pleasantries of a political dinner; and having seen the characters by which such an entertainment is generally attended, any further account of them is almost rendered useless. at least, replied tallyho, i have been gratified by the view of some of the leading men who contribute to fill up the columns of your london newspapers. egad said his cousin, now i think of it, there is a fine opportunity of amusing ourselves a trustworthy escort. may i be allowed to ask who why not it was pontius the architect who was with me. he knows the town well. and in his care i would trust myself to descend, like orpheus, into hades. happy pontius most happy verus what am i to understand by those words, charming balbilla the poor architect is able to please by being a good guide, while to you belongs the whole heart of lucilla, your sweet wife. and she has the whole of mine so far as it is not full of balbilla. good night, saucy muse; sleep well. sleep ill, you incorrigible tormentor cried the girl, drawing the curtain across her window. withe sleepless wretch on whom some trouble has fallen, so long as night surrounds him, sees his future life as a boundless sea in which he is sailing round and round like a shipwrecked man, but when the darkness yields, the new and helpful day shows him a boat for escape close at hand, and friendly shores in the distance. the unfortunate pollux also awoke towards morning with sighs many and deep; for it seemed to him that last evening he had ruined his whole future prospects. the workshop of his former master was henceforth closed to him, and he no longer possessed even all the tools requisite for the exercise of his art. only yesterday he had hoped with happy confidence to establish himself on a footing of his own, to day this seemed impossible, for the most indispensable means were lacking to him. as he felt his little money bag, which he was wont to place under his pillow, he could not forbear smiling in spite of all his troubles, for his fingers sank into the flaccid leather, and found only two