ness to give me a character; indeed and indeed, I fed Poll, but I believe he got cold when you let him stand out of doors the other day.” “I will give you no character, I tell you,” said Mrs. Addis, “so depart this instant. Oh, my poor dear, dear creature! I fear you will never recover.—John!—Thomas! here, run this instant to Perkins, the birdcatcher; perhaps he can tell me what to give him.” Then bursting into a flood of tears, she sat down and forgot her guests.

Mrs. Benson thought it necessary to remind her that she was in the house, and stepped to the door to ask what was the matter: Mrs. Addis recollected herself sufficiently to beg pardon for neglecting to pay attention to her, but declared that the dreadful misfortune that had befallen her had made her insensible to everything else.

“What can be the matter?” said Mrs. Benson, “have you heard of the death of a dear friend? has your child met with an accident?” “Oh no,” said she, “but poor Poll is taken suddenly ill—my dear Poll, which I have had these seven years,—and I fear he will never recover.”

“If this is all, madam,” said Mrs. Benson, “I really cannot pity you, nor excuse your behaviour to me, for it is an instance of disrespect which I believe no other person but yourself would show me, and I shall