

To be the first in society, though attended with some inconveniences, is still rather an object of ambition; therefore the first may be safely defined, to be the last is too painful; and the herald's office, in mercy to mankind, leaves that point to be settled by those whom it may concern; therefore it never is settled, and never can be settled, and so the pleasure of condescension may be enjoyed by all.

The virtue of condescension is, indeed, so exceedingly amiable and interesting, that one cannot help wishing to imitate it; and we naturally look out for our inferiors, in order to have the pleasure of gratifying them by our condescension, as much as we have been gratified by the condescension of our superiors.

It is observable how very condescending and patronising are the servants and dependents of the great. From observing the manners of their masters, mistresses, and patrons, they gain the same air and imbibe the same feelings. In order to manifest condescension, as we have said above, there should be, of necessity, a sense or apprehension of greatness; thus those domestics and dependents generally cultivate this feeling of greatness with much diligence and success. A greater or more condescending man than a great man's porter you do not often meet withal; and many a king upon a throne grants an audience to, or receives homage from, a most devoted and most humble subject, with far less of the pomp of condescension, than a great man's porter gives audience to a man in a seedy coat.

Yet, perhaps, after all, the completest condescension is that of a great boy at school to a little one. I know a man who, about thirty years ago, was first boy of our school; and he has told me more than once, and I dare say that if we live to grow old he will tell me a hundred times more, that his sense of greatness at that time was so absurdly strong, that he could absolutely contain no more, and that he was nearly bursting with pride. Yet he was marvellously condescending; and I do verily believe, that if his most gracious majesty, William IV. of Great Britain and Ireland, king, defender of the faith, etc. etc. should walk arm in arm with me in Pall Mall or St. James's Park, I should not think more highly of the condescension than I did of the condescension of the young gentleman above alluded to.

We can never, perhaps, enjoy condescension so completely as in early life, before we have thoroughly ascertained the meaning and full force of the word "great"—*omne ignotum pro magnifico*; and before we know what greatness is, we think it a marvellously magnificent thing. After all, the game of condescension, like all other games, requires two to play off; but, unlike all other games, it is best played by those who understand it least; for when it is thoroughly understood by both parties, it is rather too broad a farce, and cannot be carried on with a serious face.

I very much admire the churchwarden's wife who went to church, for the first time in her life, when her husband was churchwarden, and being somewhat late, the congregation was getting up from their knees at the time she entered, and she said, with a sweet condescending smile, "Pray, keep your seats, ladies and gentlemen; I think no more of myself now than I did before."

MATRIMONY AND LETTER-WRITING.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

A man of the world, and a close observer, once said: "When a lady is married, she seems in haste to dismiss whatever had rendered her attractive. If she had spent ever so much time in learning music, she shuts up her piano. If she excelled in painting, she throws aside her pencil. If she had fine manners, she forgets them. She forsakes society. She puts an end to her early friendships. She has no time to write a letter. Ten to one, she grows careless in her dress, and scarcely reserves even neatness, to comfort her husband. I am myself too sincere an admirer of the sex, to lend a hand in the demolition of all that makes them beautiful."

Thus far, the observing gentleman. Now, is his opinion truth or satire? Doubtless, a mixture of both. Still, a moiety of the censure, may be resolved into praise. That new cares, and new affections, clustering around a home, should turn the heart from lighter pursuits, and extrinsic pleasures, is natural if not unavoidable.

But, this point must be guarded. Nothing, that is really valuable, ought to escape. The attractions which first won the love of a husband, should be preserved, were it only for that tender remembrance.

Friendships ought not to be neglected. Correspondences need not be renounced. Why should our sex, by carelessness, or lassitude throw reproach on a state for which Heaven has formed them?

Do I hear some young matron exclaim, "How can I write letters? It is impossible that I should find time to copy them. Besides, I never consider myself an adept in the rules of letter-writing."

"Time to copy letters?" Who would think of such a thing? A copied letter is like a transplanted wild flower, or a caged bird. Let the writers of formal treatises copy them as often as they will

—let poets dip and re-dip their poems, in the fountain of their brain, as deep as Achilles was plunged by his mother—but leave that one little "folio of four pages," free from the "wimples and crimping-pins" of criticism. Shut out, if you will, every star in your literary firmament, that Nature and Simplicity have enkindled, and tolerate nothing there, but right fashionable drawing-room lamps, yet leave, I pray you, one single arrow-slit, through which the eye of honest feeling may look unblamed, and let that be the letter which friend writeth to friend.

"Rules for letter-writing!"—What rules can it possibly require? We learn to talk without rules—and what is letter-writing but a talk upon paper? It seems one of the natural vocations of our sex, for it comes within the province of the heart. It has been somewhere said, that with women, the heart is the *citadel*, and all besides, the *suburbs*; but that with men, the heart is only an *outwork*, whose welfare does not materially affect the principal *fortress*. According to the anatomy of Fontenelle, the weaker sex have one fabric *more*, in the heart, and one *less* in the brain, than the other sex. Possibly, he might have excelled in dissections of the heart—from the circumstance, that he was believed by his contemporaries to have none of his own.

"Rules of letter-writing!" Set up the note-book before your piano or harpsichord—but insult not the *Æolian* harp with the spectre of a gamut—and leave the rebeck as free as the dancer's heel. The especial excellence of the epistolary art, is, that as "face answereth to face in water," so it causes heart to answer to heart. Let the ambitious author wrestle as he is able, with the visions of frowning readers that beset his dreams, or shrink beneath the mace of criticism, suspended over him, like the sword of Damocles—but permit us women, now and then, to escape to some quiet nook, and hold sweet converse with a distant friend. Amid the many tavern-meals, which the mind is constrained to make—allow it now and then, one solitary repast, upon the simple, sugared viands that is loved in childhood. Pouring out the thoughts, in the epistolary style, has such power to confer pleasure, to kindle sympathy, to comfort affliction, to counsel inexperience, and to strengthen piety,—that it is to be regretted when ladies make the cares of matrimony an excuse, for neglecting or laying it aside.

For the Pearl.

THE ORPHAN.

She stood with pale and pensive brow,
And downcast, tearful eye,
And happy hearts, and footsteps light;
Pass'd the lone orphan by.

In deep, though silent agony
Throb'd her young heart the while,
And vainly strove her mournful lips,
To wear its wonted smile.

What cared she, for that reckless crowd,
She stood a stranger there,
Where were the kindred hearts of home?
Its kindly voices,—where?

How sad the thought, that desolate
Its once glad board and hearth,
And far away, their resting place,
Who shared her childhood's mirth.

While others marked the lofty brow
Her raven curls carress'd,
And the dark lustre of her eye
That mournful things express'd.

The memory of other days,
Came o'er her smitten soul,
And swift, the tide of thought roll'd on,
As if it mocked control.

It told her of her native land,
Her own, bright, sunny, Spain
The myrtle bowers, the vine clad fields
For which she pined in vain.

All, that a spirit, warm and kind,
Had cherished and revered,
Her household idols, that bright band,
O'er whom one tomb was reared.

Their touching memory awoke,
In grief that only slept,
And in the stranger's festal hall,
She bowed her head and wept.

Rosignol, September 20.

AGNACE.

PLEASURES OF ASSOCIATION.—It is strange what a wonderful power we have in every one of our senses to awaken associations! The taste of some well flavoured apple, such as I used to eat in other days, will open upon me a whole volume of boyhood. Sometimes, too, there are tones in a flute, deftly discoursed upon, that arouse within my spirit a thousand recollections. They convey me back to better times, and I find myself hiding, with my young playmates, among the ripe strawberries of the meadow, listening the while to the "sweet divisions" of the bob-o'-lincoln, as it sang in the air! Little paroxysm of puerility such moments; but I would not exchange them for the plaudits of the multitude,

or the voice of revelry. Something I had then about my heart—some light aerial influence—which has since been lost among the hollow pageantries of the world. I admire that song of Hood's, in which, while recapitulating the memories of his boyhood, he says:

"I remember, I remember
The pine trees, dark and high;
I used to think their slender tops
Were close against the sky;
It was a childish ignorance—
But now 'tis little joy
To know I'm further off from Heaven
Than when I was a boy!"

In truth, if one wishes to preserve the true wisdom of Nature, he must keep about him the childhood of his soul. That was a pleasant feature in the character of Chief Justice Marshall.—I have seen it related of him, that, not many years before his death, he used to be found in the neighbourhood of Richmond, Virginia, with his coat off, playing at quoits with the youths of that region. He lacked no wisdom, but he knew what was good for the spirit.—*Knickerbocker*.

THE LOVERS.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

The watch-light of the lovers stream'd
Forth from their lattice high,
As lost in deep discourse they sat,
While summer winds went by.
The bandog howl'd, the clouds did lower,
Winds shook the willow's stem,
The clock told out the midnight hour,
What were such sounds to them?

O, steal not on their tranced speech
Of smile, and murmured sigh;
Shake not the dew-drop from the rose.
Dim not the opal's dye;
For life hath many a path of thorn
To wound the feet that rove;
But fewer sunnier spots than this—
Break not the trance of love.

MELANCHOLY.—There is a sort of melancholy which drinks deep at the fountain of pride, feeds hourly upon envy, and looks at nothing but the dark lines of fate which sometimes cross the bright sun of fortune. The gloomy mind is ever engaged in unreal speculations, retracing past and imagining future injuries, and for ever meditating the dark hour of release. Thus a victim listening to the low breathings of revenge, and yielding to the slow influence of despair, is the most unhappy object in existence. But there is nothing in life so interesting as melancholy in its true character—that which cannot date its existence, but finds its residence in the still and secret folds of imagination. There is a silence which is never broken. Not the deep-toned voice of friendship, nor even the soft language of love, may share its sacredness. It is nurtured by sympathy, supported by the still waters of memory, heightened by the sublimity of thought, guarded by the spirit of delicacy, and made interesting by the seal of secrecy.

Sadness and melancholy, although in some degree related, are not the same. Sadness steals over the mind at intervals, like a cloud over the features of nature, or a shadow in the moonbeam, and as quickly passes, leaving the spirit gay and unfettered. But melancholy founded in the nature is of a deeper character; it lingers upon the mind like the memory of death when it associates with the idea of heaven. If there is any thing pure in this state of trial, it is the mind softened by the secret power of melancholy. How noble and refined are the thoughts and images which occupy the bosom, for ever dreaming of something which "eye hath not seen nor ear heard." The pensive, inquiring eye rises to the blue mantle of heaven, worships pale Luna, as she brightens on the star-gemmed vest of twilight, and views in every star a departed spirit, till the aspiring mind, assisted the melancholy, throws back the curtain of boundary, discovers the land of happiness, rises from one degree to another, till it reaches a world of purity and perfection, and there imagines itself an inhabitant, till the natural breathings of earth recall the high-wrought spirit to its uncongenial clime—bearing with it, however, the pure language of poetry, the faint and dying tones of an æolian harp, the night-music of the whippoorwill, the hollow echo, the expiring breath of autumn, the tomb and the twilight hour, which are the luxuries of melancholy.—*Mary L. Horton*.

EARTHLY PLEASURES.—There dwells, in every man, a passionate longing for a better world, which he tries to assuage by earthly pleasures, as the women in India put snakes in their bosoms for coolness; but ours gnaw into the heart, and it perishes, with its feverish thirst unslaked.

INSENSIBILITY OF LOVERS.—It began to rain; but, as the curtain was soon to rise on the drama of his love, he felt it as little as the spectator in the boxes, surrounded by lights and music, feels the snow, or rain, that may be falling on the roof of the theatre,