

THE BELLE OF THE BALL.—AN EVERY DAY CHARACTER.

By the author of Lillian.

YEARS—years ago—ere yet my dreams
 Had been of being wise or witty;
 Ere I had done with writing themes,
 Or yawn'd o'er this infernal Chitty.
 Years—years ago—while all my joy
 Was in my following piece and filly;
 In short, while I was yet a boy,
 I fell in love with Laura Lily.
 I saw her at the county ball—
 There when the sound of flute and fiddle
 Gave signal sweet in that old hall,
 Of hands across and down the middle.
 Here's was the subtlest spell by far
 Of all that set young hearts romancing,
 She was our queen, our rose, our star;
 And when she danced—oh, dear! her dancing!
 Dark was her hair; her hand was white;
 Her voice was exquisitely tender;
 Her eyes were full of liquid light;
 I never saw a waist so slender;
 Her every look, her every smile,
 Shot right and left a score of arrows;
 I thought, 'twas Venus from her isle,
 And wonder'd where she'd left her sparrows.
 She talk'd of politics or prayers;
 Of Southey's prose, or Wordsworth's sonnets;
 Of dangers, or of dancing bears;
 Of battles, or the last blue bonnets.
 By candle-light, at twelve o'clock,
 'To me—it matter'd not a tittle;
 If those bright lips had quoted Locke,
 I might have thought they murmured Little.
 'Through sunny May, through sultry June,
 I loved her with a love eternal;
 I spoke her praises to the moon,
 I wrote them for the Sunday Journal.
 My mother laugh'd; I soon found out
 That ancient ladies have no feeling;
 My father frown'd; but how should gout
 Find any happiness in kneeling?
 She was the daughter of a dean,
 Rich, fat, and rather apoplectic;
 She had one brother just thirteen,
 Whose color was extremely hectic;
 Her grand mother, for many a year,
 Had fed the parish with her bounty;
 Her second cousin was a peer,
 And lord lieutenant of the county.
 But titles, and the three per cents,
 And mortgages, and great relations,
 And India bonds, and tithes and rents,
 Oh! what are they to love's sensations!