

of a pacific temper, and with the appearance of a gentleman, yet he was liable to the insults of the rude. The hostler at the Virgin's inn, where he resided, having given him disgust, he took one of the kitchen-spits from the mantle-piece, and bent it round his neck like a handkerchief; but as he did not chuse to tuck the end in the hostler's bosom, the cumbersome ornament excited the laugh of the company,

till he condescended to untie his iron cravat. Had he not abounded with good-nature, the men might have been in fear for the safety of their persons, and the women for that of their pewter-shelves, as he could instantly roll up both. One blow with his fist would for ever have silenced those heroes of the bear-garden, Johnson and Mendoza.

## ELMINA; or, The NEVER-FADING FLOWER. A TALE.

*The following beautiful Tale, translated from the French, was written for the Instruction of the Princesses Wilhelmina, eldest Daughter of the Reigning Duke of Courland. The Author is M. Mañon de Blamone, an Officer in the Russian Service, and Brother to the Governess of this accomplished Princess.*

**I**N a remote country, and at a very remote period, lived a young princess, named Elmina. She was very beautiful and lovely. Loveliness, indeed, is the constant companion of youth and innocence; but, alas! innocence and beauty too often vanish with infancy, if great care be not taken to form the heart to the early love of virtue. The young princess was an orphan; but a benevolent fairy, whose name was Lindorina, undertook the care of her education. Elmina had no idea that her governess was a fairy; but she loved her as a friend, and adored her as her mother.

The princess, one day, obtained permission to go and play with her companions in a neighbouring meadow; and soon the sprightly group were sporting along the meandering brook, pursuing the gaudy butterflies, or plucking their favourite flowers.

When they had gathered a sufficient quantity, they repaired to a shady tree, to make chaplets and nosegays. During this pleasing employment, some were engaged in conversation, and others in relating stories. Girls, it is well known, are fond of chit-chat; for they retain whatever they hear. Elmina, not so inquisitive and talkative as the rest, sung while affording her flowers. Her young friends, delighted to listen to her enchanting notes, were instantly silent. And this was her song, which the fairy, I think, taught her.

Sweet pictures of youth and of spring,  
Ye flow'rs of the meadows so gay,  
What pity the beauties I sing,  
So fleeting! so soon should decay.

The green tufted bank, in the morn.  
(Its fragrance diffusing around)

Did a sweet humble vi'let adorn:  
In the evening—it could not be found.

In the morn, said a nymph to the rose,  
'I will pluck thee, gay flow'ret, at  
noon;  
She comes; but no longer it glows:  
It faded—and faded so soon.

There's a flower that never can fade,  
Immortal its hues and its sweets:  
How happy, who finds it, the maid!—  
But it blooms not in these green re-  
treats.

It is not the vi'let or rose,  
Nor doth it the gardens adorn;  
'Tis alone in the heart that it grows,  
And permanent ever its morn.

Would you ever your beauties retain,  
And rule in our bosoms, sweet maid?  
This flower then tend not in vain:  
It never, ah! never, will fade.

Elmina ceased. All the chaplets were ready, and her companions rose. 'What shall we do?' said they: 'The chaplets are quite ready: let us play at 'The beauty of the circle.' This was a diversion of which the girls in that country were very fond. They selected one of the most beautiful among them: they dressed her for the occasion, and crowned her with flowers. They then danced, and sung round her. But it was here a very delicate affair (and what I should have undertaken with reluctance) to decide which was the prettiest among a group of young ladies. Indeed, this was a point in which they themselves were not agreed. The majority would have crowned Elmina; but her modesty