

## SONG.

Soft light o'er the hills is breaking,  
A mild and a pensive light;  
And the moon her tranquil course is taking  
Amongst the stars of night.  
Her snowy light is streaming  
On meadow, cliff, and tree:  
But a lovelier brow is beaming  
A dearer light on me.

The moonlight woods around me  
Are whispering fancies dear;  
But a dearer charm has found me,  
A softer voice I hear.  
There's bliss from the heavens descending,  
On the earth is boundless gloe:  
But a form by mine attending  
Is earth, is heaven to me.

RICHARD HOWITT.

## SKETCHES OF YOUNG LADIES.

## THE YOUNG LADY WHO IS ENGAGED.

Some of our readers may be surprised that we consider the fact of an engagement as sufficient to establish a young lady under an entirely new head of classification. But those who, like ourselves, are acquainted with the fair sex in a philosophical manner, must be well aware that, no sooner is a young lady engaged, than the very next second she is an altered being. We might almost say that she ceases to preserve her identity; for, by this simple process, we have known the romantic young lady become sensible, the busy young lady become diligent, and the matter-of-fact young lady become romantic.

It is to no purpose that we have philosophised and re-philosophised upon the cause of this sudden change. Sometimes we have thought that all young ladies, without exception, must be hypocrites, and intentionally deceive the world in respect of their true characters, until they become engaged. But this hypothesis we were compelled to give up as incompatible with the acknowledged amiability of the fair sex. Then we conceived the possibility of every young lady leading a sort of chrysalis life, and altering, by a particular regulation of nature, into various forms of character according to the various eras of young-lady life. Thus, before she comes out, she is a mere chrysalis; after she comes out, a gay butterfly; and when she is engaged, a sober moth. But even this position was untenable, when we considered that whereas the butterfly undergoes fixed changes, the changes of young ladies are altogether without regularity, and cannot be counted upon as any thing certain. Other hypotheses we attempted, but none would explain the difficulty; so at last we relinquished the attempt for some future philosopher.

But, to return from this digression, we now proceed to show how you may satisfy yourself that a young lady is engaged or not.

First, then, there will always be a very strong report of it, one-third of which you may fairly believe, especially if your sisters have heard it from the ladies'-maid while she was "doing" their hair. When you have fully and philosophically established in your mind what quantum of belief the report deserves, you may proceed to work, without delay, by paying a visit boldly at the house where lives the young lady herself. When you knock, mind that you knock softly. "Is any one at home?" you ask of John as he opens the door. "Only Miss Higgins, Sir," says John, with a knowing side-wink of the eye not meant, of course, for you to see. The next moment you are shown slap into the drawing-room, and there you find Miss Higgins and Mr. Brown, sitting opposite one another at each side of the fire. Here an unphilosophical intellect would jump at once to the conclusion that the report of their engagement is correct. I trust that your mind is too logical to be so hasty. At a single glance, like a great general, you mark their position, particularly observing whether the chairs appear to have been hurriedly separated at your approach. These observations I shall suppose you to make while walking from the door up to the fire-place. It depends now entirely on your own management whether your future manœuvres shall advance you a step in your line of evidence. Much, of course, must be left to circumstances, and much to your own peculiar genius. Some persons, of a coarse intellect, would cry out at once, "Hallo! what's here?" and observe the degree of blushing on either side consequent upon such an exclamation. Of course, if you are vulgar, you will pursue this course; but if you are a gentleman, as, for this book's sake, I hope you are, you will merely gently insinuate various observations bearing on the matter in hand, remarking particularly what ocular telegraphs pass between the parties all the while. Thus you come to the conclusion that there is a strong probability the parties are engaged. If the gentleman obstinately sit you out, of course that goes down as additional evidence.

Some persons might here rest satisfied with their discoveries—but you, I trust, have too much laudable curiosity in your nature, and too philosophical a turn of mind, to be satisfied with any thing short of a categorical conclusion. You do not want to settle the hypothetical probability of the young lady being engaged; but

whether at this present time she be actually, affirmatively, bona fide engaged. Accordingly keeping in your mind's eye every link of the chain of evidence already laid before you, you no sooner meet the gentleman some day by accident in the street, than putting on the most friendly tone imaginable, you shake him a dozen times by the hand, saying affectionately, "My dear fellow, I congratulate you heartily; from my soul I do. What a lucky man you are!" Hereupon, if your friend or acquaintance protest that he can't understand you, with a sort of falter in his voice, and semi-smile struggling at each corner of his mouth, set him down as trying to deceive you. These signs you add to your former presumptive evidence, and so come at last to the conclusion that the young lady is engaged. Others may have reached the same point long before, but you alone have the conscientious satisfaction of having satisfied your praiseworthy curiosity, by gradual and certain steps, through a regular process of logical deduction.

We shall now give you for your help, in case you may still be at a loss, the following characteristics of the young lady who is engaged:

In the first place you will observe that the other young ladies invariably make way every day for the same gentleman at her side, after which effort they will probably retire in a compact body to the furthest end of the room, and begin whispering. Then "papa," and "mamma" are always more deferential to her than common; and every now and then at a party "mamma"—may be observed looking anxiously for her; on each of which several occasions a young gentleman comes up and sits by "mamma" for some two minutes and three quarters, talking confidentially on some subject unknown. The young lady herself, if before this she was particularly shy of yourself and other young gentlemen, now talks to you all in the most sisterly and easy manner possible. But this is only when the "gentleman" is away—when he is present she only answers "yes" or "no" to whatever interrogation you may put. Then, again, mark the walk of the engaged young lady. Observe how matrimonial it is. None of your hop-steps-and-jumps, as it used to be, but a staid, sober pace, fit for Lady Macbeth. Even her dress alters and shifts itself to suit her new condition by a sort of automaton effort. Instead of fine French muslin, she is now content with the cheapest poplin. If you drop in early you are sure to find a handsome night-cap, half made, lying on the table under a heap of books hastily thrown over. The young lady herself, wonderful to say, has taken to accounts; and her "mamma" makes her spend half an hour or so every day in the kitchen, to learn pastry matters. Nothing more is wanting as a final confirmation of the surmises which these appearances tend to produce, than to meet the pair out walking together at some unusual time in some unusual place. This you will be sure to succeed in if you take the trouble; and however much others may be surprised some fine morning by the present of a small triangular piece of bride cake, you yourself will not be surprised in the least, but will go on with your muffin, just remarking by the way to your mother, "that you knew it all long ago."

## THE ROMANTIC YOUNG LADY.

There is at present existing in a plain brick house, within twenty miles of our habitation, a young lady whom we have christened "the romantic young lady," ever since she came to the age of discretion. We have known her from her childhood, and can safely affirm that she did not take this turn till her fifteenth year, just after she had read *Corinne*, which at that time was going the round of the reading society.

At that period she lived with her father in the next village. We well remember calling accidentally, and being informed by her that it was "a most angelic day," a truth which certainly our own experience of the cold and wet in walking across would have inclined us to dispute. These were the first words which gave us a hint as to the real state of the young lady's mind; and we know not but we might have passed them over, had it not been for certain other expressions on her part, which served as a confirmation of our melancholy suspicions. Thus when our attention was pointed at a small sampler, lying on the table, covered over with three alphabets in red, blue, and black, with a miniature green pyramid at the top, she observed pathetically that "it was done by herself in her *infancy*;" after which, turning to a dandelion in a wine glass, she asked us languishingly if we loved flowers, affirming in the same breath that "she quite doted on them, and verily believed that if there were no flowers she should die outright." These expressions caused us a lengthened meditation on the young lady's case, as we walked home over the fields. Nor, with all allowances made, could we avoid the melancholy conclusion that she was gone romantic. "There is no hope for her," said we to ourselves. "Had she gone mad, there might have been some chance." As usual, we were correct in our surmises. Within two months after this, our romantic friend ran away with the hair-dresser's apprentice, who settled her in the identical plain brick house so honourably mentioned above.

From our observations upon this case, and others of a similar kind, we feel no hesitation in laying before our readers the following characteristics, by which they shall know a romantic young lady within the first ten minutes of introduction. In the first place, you will observe that she always drawls more or less, using gene-

rally the drawl pathetic, occasionally diversified with the drawl sympathetic, melancholic, and semi-melancholic. Then she is always pitying or wondering. Her pity knows no bounds. She pities "the poor flowers in winter." She pities her friend's shawl if it get's wet. She pities poor Mr. Brown, "he has such a taste; nothing but cabbages and potatoes in his garden." 'Tis singular that, with all this fund of compassion she was never known to pity a deserving object. That would be too much matter of fact. Her compassion is of a more ætherial texture. She never gave a halfpenny to a beggar, unless he was "an exceedingly picturesque young man." Next to the passion of pity, she is blest with that of love. She loves the moon. She loves each of the stars individually. She loves the sea, and when she is out in a small boat loves a storm of all things. Her dislikes, it must be confessed, are equally strong and capacious. Thus she hates that dull woman, Mrs. Briggs. She can't bear that dry book, Rollin's History. She detests high roads. Nothing with her is in the mean. She either dotes or abominates. If you dance with her at a ball, she is sure to begin philosophizing, in a small way, about the feelings. She is particularly partial to wearing fresh flowers in her hair at dinner. You would be perfectly thunderstruck to hear from her own lips, what an immense number of dear friends she has, both young and old, male and female. Her correspondence with young ladies is something quite appalling. She was never known, however, in her life to give one actual piece of information, except in a postscript. Her handwriting is excessively lilliputian; yet she always crosses in red ink, and sometimes recrosses again in invisible green. She has read all the love novels in Christendom, and is quite in love with that dear Mr. Bulwer. Some prying persons say that she has got the complete works of Lord Byron; but on that point no one is perfectly certain. If she has a younger brother fresh from school, he is always ridiculing her for what she says, trying to put her in a passion, in which, however, he rarely succeeds. There is one thing in which she excels half her sex, for she hates scandal and gossip.

To conclude, the naturalist may lay down three principal eras in the romantic young lady's life. The first from fifteen to nineteen, while she is growing romantic; the second from nineteen to twenty-one, while she keeps romantic; and the third from twenty-one to twenty-nine, during which times she gradually subsides into common sense.

**EXTRAVAGANCE.**—The following narrative, taken from the records of Languedoc, will evince, at the same time, the magnificence, folly, and barbarity, habitual to the nobility of the early ages. In 1174, Henry II. called together the Seigneurs of Languedoc, in order to mediate peace between the Count of Toulouse and the King of Arragon. As Henry, however, did not attend, the nobles had nothing else to do but to emulate each other in wild magnificence, extended to insanity. The Countess Urgel sent to the meeting a diadem, worth two thousand modern pounds, to be placed on the head of a wretched buffoon. The Count of Toulouse sent a donation of four thousand pounds to a favourite knight, who distributed that sum among all the poorer knights who attended the meeting. The Seigneur Guillaume Gros de Martel gave a splendid dinner, the viands having all been cooked by the flame of wax-tapers. But the singularly rational magnificence of Count Bertrand de Rimbaud attracted the loudest applause. For he set the peasants around Beaucaire to plough up the soil, and then he openly and proudly sowed therein small pieces of money, to the amount of fifteen hundred English guineas. Piqued at this princely extravagance, and determined to outdo his neighbours in savage brutality, if he could not in prodigality, the Lord Raymond Venous ordered thirty of his most beautiful and valuable horses to be tied to stakes, and surrounded with dry wood; he then heroically lighted the piles, and consumed his favourites alive.

**LOCUST HUNTING.**—"During our ride (between Cordoba and Seville) we observed a number of men advancing in skirmishing order across the country, and thrashing the ground most savagely with long flails. Curious to know what could be the motive for this Xerxes-like treatment of the earth, we turned out of the road to inspect their operations, and found they were driving a swarm of locusts into a wide piece of linen, spread on the ground at some distance before them, wherein they were made prisoners. These animals are about three times the size of an English grasshopper. They migrate from Africa, and their spring visits are very destructive; for in a single night they will entirely eat up a field of young corn."

"The *Caza de Langostas* is a very profitable business to the peasantry; as, besides a reward obtained from the proprietor of the soil in consideration for service done, they sell the produce of their *chasse* for manure at so much a sack."

I viewed Jupiter, and compared its figure with that of Saturn. An evident difference in the formation of the two planets is visible. To distinguish the figure of Jupiter properly, it may be called ellipsoid, and that of Saturn a spheroid.—*Herschel*.