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THE LOST PEARL.

Those who had in 1830 arrived at an age when men usually exercise the faculty of observation, cannot fail to remember "the three glorious days" of that year, which unseated the representative of the long and direct line of the House of Bourbon from the throne of France, placing in his stead, and we now verily believe contrary to his inclinations, that talented man, on whose existence now depends the remnant of constitutional freedom which the change alluded to, and its concomitants, have left to a people who, notwithstanding all they have suffered from revolutionary violence, appear to value each the imaginary enjoyment of his own individual ideas of freedom more than the reality of that blessing in a rational and practical form. Those, too, who remember the events referred to will be able to call to mind the interest they excited in the public mind in England; and so great was then the desire to visit Paris, the stage on which these revolutionary scenes had been so recently enacted, and to see the individuals who, from various motives, had represented the different characters in the sanguinary drama, that thousands of our countrymen, ourselves among the number, found their way across the channel with these objects in view. What we could trace as the result—but stop. As we wish to carry all parties in good humor along with us, it would perhaps be injudicious to obtrude our political sentiments at present; and therefore, having brought our reader thus far on our way, and explained to him the why and the wherefore, we shall "to our mutton," instead of lengthening our preamble until we shorten his patience.

Our intention on leaving England was

to have remained a fortnight or three weeks in the French capital; but we had taken with us one or two introductions, and such were the fascinations of the *coterie* into which they brought us, that week after week slipped so agreeably, almost imperceptibly, away; that we were content to remain where we were till the beginning of April following. Strange to say that the winter of that year and the following spring were remarkable for their gaiety. *La jeune France* was already weary of her revolution; and those who suffered most severely from it seemed the most desirous to banish its consequences from their minds; and, to do them justice, they appeared to attain this philosophic object without the necessity of any violent effort.

Among those with whom we frequently came in contact at the houses of some of our French acquaintances was Miss Wilmont, an English lady of excellent family, and whose connections in England were most of them aristocratic in their grade. She was singularly fair, while her deportment was dignified and graceful; in short, we have rarely seen one who carried her station more distinctly developed in her appearance and bearing. Her general style, and especially that of her dressing, was not, however, in keeping with her age. It was juvenile and modish, suitable for a fashionable woman of twenty; while our heroine was a spinster of some seventy years' standing. Indeed, so complete a personal deception as Miss Wilmont was perhaps never before or since "got up," even in the French metropolis, where the *artistes* in millinery are certainly far advanced in what we shall take the liberty of designating the science of pads and bussels. Dear old Miss Wilmont! we have her now