

Poetry.

GO AND LEARN A TRADE.

The following is S. Hay's new song, which young ladies should learn for the benefit of such gallants who propose marriage without visible means of support, and expatiate on the delights of "love and rose leaves."

I'll sing a little song to-night,
And ev'ry word is true,
You'll find that every line is meant,
Young gentlemen, for you!
I've no intention to offend,
In what is sung or said—
The sum and substance of it is,
To go and learn a trade.

CHORUS.

The "coming man" is he who lives
To see his fortune made,
Whom ev'rybody will respect,
Because he learned a trade.

Your education may be good,
But time is flitting by,
Instead of working don't be fooled;
The old man may not die;
And if he should, the chances are
His will may be mislaid,
Or you cut off without a cent;
So go and "learn a trade."

The country is full of "nice young men,"
Who from their duty shrink;
Who think 'twould crush their family pride,
If they should go to work;
Take of your coat (your father did),
And find some honest maid,
Who'll help you make your fortune when
You've learned an honest trade.

Be temperate in all you do,
Be faithful to your "boss;"
You'll find the more you do for him
Will never prove a loss;
You'll find out fifty years from now,
When fame and fortune's made,
The best step that you ever took
Was when you learned a trade.

WHAT IS THE USE?

What is the use of trimming a lamp
If you never intend to light it?
What is the use of grappling a wrong
If you never intend to right it?

What is the use of removing your hat
If you never intend to tarry?
What is the use of wooing a maid
If you never intend to marry?

What is the use of buying a coat
If you never intend to wear it?
What is the use of a house for two
If you never intend to share it?

Tales and Sketches.

THE FAVORITE.

"Ah, my lord!" exclaimed the first gentleman of the privy-chamber of Louis XIV. to the young Count Lauzun, almost sweeping the ground with the well-powdered toupee of his enormous periwig—"ah, my lord! to what am I indebted for the pleasure of an opportunity to assure you of my profound respect, at this hour, and in this place? The king is engaged with his council of finance," added the unadroit courtier, with some little embarrassment. "Indeed, the wheels of the great government machine creak occasionally, and then it becomes rather boisterous in the council-chamber. Therefore, as my lord count must be aware, I may not suffer any one, except it be some unimportant servant like myself, to linger in this ante-chamber. But you, my lord, make an exception to all rules; how can a miserable door close itself against one to whom all hearts are open?"

"We will not attempt to ascertain how much truth there may be in what you say," answered Lauzun, "yet I must beg of you, my dear De Ryert, to bear with me a few moments at the present time; I promise you that the king will not be displeased to find me here."

"How can I doubt you—I, the king's first gentleman of the privy-chamber?" interposed De Ryert, with redoubled courtesy; "does my lord hold me for so great a novice in my service?"

"Certainly not," answered Lauzun, "I know the just confidence with which the king rewards your well-proved fidelity, and will therefore make to you no secret of the fact, that I am attracted hither by most delightful anticipations. Our good monarch is just upon the point, my dear De Ryert, of bestowing upon me a great, I may indeed say, a very unusual proof of his favor. It was so tiresome remaining at home, counting the minutes until the appointed hour, that you must allow me to chat away the tedious time here with you."

"Ah, count," answered De Ryert, with great humility, "how can you make sport of me in this manner? I am but too happy to be the first to offer you my joyful congratulations. The favor with which his majesty intends to distinguish you must surely be great and extraordinary."

"It is, indeed," answered Lauzun. "How will my friends rejoice at the splendid career which, in a few moments, will be opened to me!"

"In a few moments!" devoutly repeated the chamberlain.

"Yes, yes, my friend, in a few moments," exclaimed Lauzun, carried away by the intoxication of glad anticipation; and glancing with a smile in the friendly face of his humble wor-shipper, in which the kindest curiosity in the world stood written in legible characters.

"Hitherto the king's command has compelled me," he continued, "to keep silent about the matter; but he has himself fixed upon this day, before mass, to present me to the court in my new dignity. Meanwhile, as we are here together awaiting his majesty, I may venture to give you a proof of my gratitude for the friendly interest you have evinced in my behalf, by confiding to you what as yet no one suspects. So listen: Duke Mazarian really retires from all official business, and I am to succeed him as General Field-Marshal."

Congratulations, thanks for the confidence reposed, exclamations of the most lively and pleased astonishment, to which Lauzun listened with a smile of self-satisfaction, now poured forth in an uninterrupted stream from the eloquent lips of the chamberlain; yet suddenly, with every appearance of the greatest alarm, he became speechless. "Great Heaven! what have I not forgotten in my rejoicing!" he at length exclaimed, in apparent terror; "after all it is only an important commission from my master; but as his majesty is now—why! how! ah!" groaned he, moving anxiously about and snapping his fingers; he then drew forth his watch, and a glance at the hands seemed to afford him some little consolation. "Perhaps it is not yet too late!" he sighed, wiping the perspiration from his forehead; "the council will remain yet nine minutes in deliberation; and even the impossible must sometimes be attempted in a monarch's service!" With these words and a very reverential bow, he hurried past the count, and out of the door, which he carefully closed behind him; he then stole, like a cat upon velvet paws, silently up a private staircase, rising three stairs at every step, and in a few seconds stood breathless before Louvais, in the little cabinet in which that minister was accustomed to labor the whole day in solitude, when the court, as was the case, was at St. Germain.

That powerful minister, dismissing his faithful spy with many thanks and more promises, hastily gathered up some papers, without paying much attention to the selection of them, murmuring to himself, "The little cadet from the bank of the Garonne increases the spread of his wings with great rapidity, and will soon fly over all our heads, unless we find a way to clip them."

Ryert was again quietly sitting in the ante-chamber, relating to Count Lauzun, in the most free and easy manner, about the roses and orange-blossoms which he had been so lucky as to procure, just in time for presentation to Madame Montespan, as Louvais entered, with his papers in his hand, and with a slight inclination of his head to the two gentlemen, passed on directly to the door of the royal saloon.

In vain did the chamberlain place himself directly in the minister's way, assuring him, in a tolerably decisive tone, that his majesty was not yet visible. Louvais paid no regard to his opposition, said he had important despatches which he must instantly communicate to his majesty, and passed unhesitatingly in, although he had neither seat nor voice in the council that was then in sitting.

Lauzun saw the folding doors close after him with a slight shrug of the shoulders and a sly smile of triumph, and then turned to listen with at least apparent attention to the chamberlain's conversation.

In a few minutes the minister returned, passing hastily through the ante-chamber, and soon afterwards the king himself entered it.

The count, who in the eagerness of expectation had advanced a step to meet the king, sought to catch his eyes; but the monarch passed him by with icy coldness.

"Who knows with what absurdity Louvais had vexed him!" said Lauzun to himself by way of consolation; for he was much disturbed by this unusual neglect. "This mood will soon pass away, and after mass he will surely remember his promise," thought Lauzun, dismissing all anxiety, and joining the procession which followed the king to the chapel royal.

Long and brilliant rows of the most distinguished ladies already occupied the benches in the chapel, their attention, perhaps, not equally divided between the visible and invisible governor of the world; for, at no price could any of those present have been induced to neglect the worship of God in the chapel royal, when the king himself was to be present. Lauzun seemed a little less cheerful than usual, as from his place in the rear of the king, he cast his eyes upon the host of beauties collected there, much like tulips in a bed; but his countenance soon lighted up as he caught a ray from the fairest blue eyes; it was a glance which might indeed have brought upon him a far more serious disappointment than the one which he had so recently suffered.

Anna de Montpensier, the fairest, proudest, most spirituelle princess at the court of Louis XIV., was the potent fairy who knew how to exercise this magic power over Lauzun. As grand-daughter of Louis XIII. and daughter of Gaston of Orleans, nearly related to the

king, she occupied the high rank of daughter of France.

Her immense wealth, with the important titles and estates inherited from her father, caused her to be looked upon as one of the richest princesses of Europe, whose hand foreign princes, and even monarchs, had often sought in vain. Thus was she now a lady, in the fullest sense of the word—a Pallas in spirit, mind, and form, just entering upon the summer of her life. This lofty being had lost, with the fleeting brilliancy of early youth, none of her charms; for the style of her full-blown beauty needed not its aid. Men worshipped her at a distance, as they would worship an immortal spirit; and, only to a spirit, as aspiring and ungovernable as Lauzun's, could it have been possible to see not always the princess, but sometimes the beautiful woman whose occasional condescending gentleness appeared, indeed, all the more irresistible, from her elevated rank and customary dignified reserve. He felt that she had never looked fairer to him than this morning. His transient glances wandered until they lost themselves amid the labyrinth of pearl-strown braids and curls, in which her fair locks were disposed. Her swan-like neck was shaded by the finest points d'Alencon lace, which was fastened in front by a large breast-knot of brilliants. A loose robe of dark chenille-lace, through which a rich golden under-dress was visible, covered her form, leaving only the bare suspicion of one of the prettiest little feet ever imagined on that side of the celestial empire. The distinguished kindness with which the princess turned towards Lauzun, on going out of the church, and permitted him to hand to her the holy water, completed the enchantment which wrapped him in forgetfulness of everything but the passing moment. He, did, indeed, become sensible of his folly the moment she was out of sight, and took his heart to task, endeavoring to impress it with the fate of Icarus, but without very eminent success.

He passed the whole of the following day, as usual, near the king's person, but without hearing a word in relation to his contemplated promotion. A multitude of trifling and apparently accidental circumstances obstructed every attempt at a confidential approach towards his master, which at other times he had almost hourly enjoyed; so that it was not until late in the evening, when, according to the etiquette of those times, it became his duty to attend to the disrobing of the king, that he obtained the desired opportunity to remind him of his promise. "Yes, yes, there is a difficulty in the way; we will see at our leisure what can be done," was all that he received for answer.

Poor Lauzun walked the chamber the whole night in a state of the wildest excitement. The icy coldness with which those few words were spoken, had cast down the spoiled favorite from the high heaven of his hopes, and he became the prey of alternating rage and grief. It was not the failure of a great and brilliant expectation that moved him, so much as it was the feeling of the never-before suspected falsehood of the royal friend; for he had attached himself to his master with really heartfelt devotion, and previous to that day would have defended him, with the chivalrous courage of a Paladin of the olden times, against any one who should have dared to hint the possibility of that, the truth of which he now felt himself compelled to acknowledge.

Rearing in the solitude of retirement, educated according to the laws of that chivalry for which his native land was formerly so honorably distinguished, Count Lauzun, had not long since come from his father's castle, in Gascony, to the house of his near relative, in Paris, the then powerful Marshal de Grammont. As the portionless younger son of a noble but not wealthy family, his object was to seek honorable promotion, either in the court or in the army. His splendid form and pleasing manners won for him the favor of high and low in his uncle's house. The eccentric outbursts of his sparkling wit, his courage, his contempt for everything degrading, his truth in love and hate, made the heart of the Count de Guise, the eldest son of Marshal de Grammont, wholly his own; for, young, handsome, and brave as Lauzun himself, the Count de Guise beheld in his relative but a duplicate of himself. The zealous, true, and also powerful friend, paved the way for the advancement of the newly-arrived cadet over the heads of all who stood in his way; he presented him to the king, who was much pleased with the young scion, loaded him with favors, and kept him, as much as possible about his person. Thus rose the recently insignificant Lauzun, now the declared favorite of the king, with lightning speed from step to step, until he had reached the rank of major-general; he had hoped to mount yet higher, saw himself near the attainment of his object, and now had so suddenly fallen! It was very natural that this unexpected reverse should afflict him, and the more so from the fact that he was wholly unable to imagine the cause of his misfortune and disgrace.

During the dark and solitary hours of night our imaginations dwell upon our cares, until each assumes the most inordinate proportions, becoming more and more gigantic, until the long-desired slumber steepers our fevered senses in forgetfulness; and when morning, like an angel of consolation, attends the bedside at our awaking, it shows the objects of our cares so reduced in size and importance that we often laugh at our nocturnal exaggerations. But it is different when the morning sun finds us yet waking amid these fever-born anxieties,

which every minute increase the wild rushing of the heated blood; senseless projects, unreasonable and impracticable resolutions, that would but accelerate misfortune, generally be-taken the dawn, whose first rays are most welcome to the dry and burning eyes that have watched through such a night.

Such a night was passed by Count Lauzun, during which a thousand plans, each bolder and more dangerous than its predecessor, arose in his soul, and were again successively rejected. But there was one to which he held fast, and which he put into execution. At the proper hour he repaired to Madame Montespan, the fair, proud, all-powerful mistress of Louis. As she had always appeared to be well-disposed towards him, he thought he might venture to ask her aid in unravelling the mystery of his master's changed deportment; for it was this change of feeling that most grieved him.

Half-controlled by her kindness and her sympathy, he took his departure from the audience-room of that beautiful woman. She had wondered with him, conjectured with him, complained with him, and promised to do the possible and the impossible in his behalf; what better in his situation, could he wish? But, alas! he could not long remain contented in this comparatively happy frame of mind; his hot Gascon blood kept him in a state of perpetual agitation. He wished, above all things, that he could have invisibly hovered over the heads of the king, of Madame Montespan, of enemies and friends, and at length happened to hit upon a plan most dangerous in the execution, but which, after it had once entered his mind, he could not give up; for, to his bold, unbending nature, it was impossible to draw back when any hazardous enterprise beckoned him onwards.

(To be continued.)

UNA.

For the first time in my life—nearly seven-teen years and a quarter—I was alone in the wide, wide world; to be precise, in that bit of it which lies between the Paddington station and Bath. I had all but missed the train, so that my uncle had only time to hurry me into a first-class carriage, wherein a solitary lady was already seated, and to give me a solemn injunction to get Aunt Margery to telegraph when I "turned up all right," before the train dashed away.

"All right!" Of course I should be all right! I should think, at seventeen and nearly a quarter, I might be trusted to take care of myself during a three hours' journey; the more so as my uncle had "put me in at one end," and my aunt would "take me out at the other."

As soon as I had arranged myself and my belongings comfortably in my corner I took a survey of my fellow passenger—a grim, iron-gray old woman in an exasperating bonnet, who was looking not daggers—that is much too pointed and brilliant a smile—but rusty nails of the jaggedest description, at my poor little hat; such an attractive one as it was, too, with the most piquant little wax-wing imaginable brooding over it with outstretched wings. For my part, I think, when one has a pretty face, it is wicked to spoil it by a dowdy hat. I should have attracted much more attention if I had worn an exasperating extinguisher like my fellow traveller's, with an aggravating bow at the top; and, besides, Tom would not have liked it.

I was rapidly losing my temper—it was too provoking. Here was somebody evidently just as ready to find fault and take care of me as anybody at home. My only comfort was a hope that she might get out at the next station, or at all events at some distance from Bath. Ah, how little I knew what was coming, or I should have felt glad to have had her glaring twice as grimly from the opposite seat!

"Travelling alone?"

"Yes."

What an unnecessary question, I thought.

"You are much too young and too pretty to be permitted to do so."

I meekly answered that my youth and prettiness were "faults" over which I had no control, and hinted at the possibility that time might be expected to cure both, if only I lived long enough.

She smiled—yes, really; not a bad smile, either.

"While waiting for that, you should have somebody to take care of you."

"Take care of me!" I exclaimed, with a little shudder of disgust. "I am quite able to take care of myself—indeed, I am tired of being taken care of. I am almost worn out. Besides, I have been at two garden parties, and have long left the school-room (with dignity)."

"My dear, the school room would be the best place for you for the next half dozen years. I must leave you at the next station, but I will tell the guard to look after you. You will learn in time how good a thing it is to be cared for. Una without her lion would never get safely through the world."

The train stopped; I helped her to gather all her bags and rugs.

"Good-by, my dear; your little face has made the day look brighter to an old woman; so you have my leave to keep it unchanged as long as you can," and she actually patted my cheek with a kind old hand as she passed out.

I watched her take her place in a little basket carriage that was waiting for her—watched the old bald-headed man servant stand, hat in

hand, evidently giving her all the story of life at home in her absence, and felt sorry, as I returned her good-by nod, when the carriage moved out of sight down a shady country road. I followed her in fancy to a flowery country home, where I felt sure she lived cozily with old servants, quaint furniture, and old pet dogs, cats and birds. How little I then thought that one day I should —. But I forgot; we must not anticipate, as real authors say—that must come in its own place; I had not even seen Tom, then.

The train had stopped at a quiet little station, and was just beginning to move on past the roses and hollyhocks, when the door suddenly swung open, and a man jumped in. One glance satisfied me that he would not improve on acquaintance. Tom has told me since that he was a "cad," and if a "cad" be an odious, vulgar, red-haired person, with unwashed hands covered with coarse rings, a sky blue satin tie, and an overpowering odor of bad tobacco—I know the difference quite well, for Tom never smokes any but the very best Manillas, and I quite enjoy the smell—then most decidedly he was rightly designated.

I saw all this at a single glance, as one does sometimes, and bent stealthily over my book, wishing that the hour which would bring me to dear Aunt Margery was over. Presently I was reading something so amusing that I had forgotten everything beside. The train had left the little station far behind, and was going at full speed, when suddenly a horrid voice close to my ear made me start, and I looked up to see the "cad's" hideous face close to mine—such a wicked leering face!

"Take off that veil, miss; I'm sure a whiff of fresh air will do you good. This carriage is awful 'muggy'—that was the creature's very expression—"muggy." "Besides, it's desperate bad for your eyes to read through that speckled stuff."

Without replying, I bent my head lower over my book, but the letters were getting confused, and my heart was beating with fright.

"Poor little thing! Deaf, is she?" and he took the seat opposite and leaned across, so that I had to shrink into my corner to avoid his touch. Poor little Una needed her lion now.

"Bad for the eyes, miss, and such shiners as yours are too good to be wasted on that stupid book. Give a fellow a peer at them." And a great red hand advanced toward my veil.

I could only cower in my corner with a great cry of terror—one helpless call on "Uncle," knowing the while how far away he was, and how unconscious of his poor little Polly's trouble.

In putting up his hand to my veil, the man touched me, and the touch, slight as it was, foused a fury of anger such as I had never felt before, and I hope never to feel again; it gave me back my voice.

"You shall not! How dare you! You must not touch me—uncle will kill you!"

The man laughed at my puny rage.

"Kill me for taking care of you! If he does not wish others to fill his place, he should look after you better, and not let you out alone. You had better be civil, or —."

He drew out a large clasp knife as he spoke and began deliberately to open it, looking at me all the while. It was come at last; I should never, never see home again. One flash of thought, which seemed in a second to take in all my past, with its little discontents, naughtiness, and great happiness—my aunt's anguish when she found me lying dead; uncle's opening of the telegram which would bring the news—the darkened home, the broken hearts which would surely carry till they died the remembrance of the dreadful fate of their wifely, but oh! loving darling—all this occurred so vividly to me that, with a great cry for help to Heaven, I fell at the man's feet, and entreated him not to kill me.

"Kill you! I thought it was your uncle who was to kill me! Bless your little heart I am going to care for you. You look pale. Now didn't you come off in too great a hurry to have time for breakfast. Have a bit of luncheon"—stooping to take a valise from under the seat. "I always go about provided with something good. I'm a soft-hearted boy, I am, and never see a fine young woman suffer, if I can help it. Peck a bit, now—do; you have a hungry look."

What should I—must I—do? I sat up, and said as steadily as I could, choking back the tears—for I would not cry before him:

"I am not hungry; I will not eat. Do not speak to me any more. You must not—I am a lady."

"A lady! I know that. Do you think I'd be so good to you if you were not? I know a lady when I see her—and a hungry lady, too—I knew you were. Come, peck a bit. Don't be bashful."

By this time he had unlocked the bag, and taken from it—yes, it may appear improbable, but oh! it is dreadfully true—a turnip still covered with the soil of the field from which the wretch had taken it! He began to scrape and pare it while I looked on.

Was he mad I would try to please him, and do as he wished, and then perhaps he would not hurt me. I should soon be with my aunt now, and at that thought I felt the tears coming again, but opened my eyes widely, and bit my lips hard—the tears must not fall. I crushed them back, and sat watching my companion till, having peeled the turnip to his satisfaction, he cut off a thick slice and