

now the almost penniless *refugée*; and such he truly was, for he obstinately refused to submit to the Bourbon dynasty, and was therefore debarred from entering Paris. Even his patrimonial estate, small as it was, would have supported him, but this was not permitted to remain his—it was confiscated to the crown. His chief solitude was for his mother who still continued to reside in Paris. In order to secure this dear parent from the reach of want, he remitted to her all the ready money in his possession. For himself, his hope was to escape from France, and by the sale of some valuables which he possessed, make his way to a place of safety; when there he must try and find a means of subsistence. Alas! the worst and most cruel stroke of all—Deborah was lost, for ever lost, to him!

(To be concluded in our next.)

SCRAPS FOR THE GARLAND.

BY A. J.

SCRAP THE SEVENTH.

THE GOLDEN DAYS OF MDCCCXLVII.

In these golden days, even Cupid they say,
Has cast his old bow and his arrows away,
He finds it in vain to lay siege as of old,—
His arrows must now be all pointed with gold.

The time has gone by, when a heart might be won
By courage, devotion, and merit alone—
Such old forms of wooing are now out of date,
And love is now valued according to weight.

Two suitors advance to the siege of a heart,
With manly advances, the first plays his part;
Young, noble and poor—his opponent is old,
But staggers along with a sack full of gold.

They come to the scales, where their chances are
weighed—

Love, beauty and valour, in one side are laid—
While poor little Cupid, still hoping to win,
To help, with his bow and his arrows jumps in.

In the other—a being decrepid and old—
Is placed with his pockets and hands filled with gold;
And as his advances at first seem to fail,
Another five hundred is thrown in the scale.

Little Cupid, who laughed as his quick eye did trace
The head without hair, and the deep furrowed face—
Turned round with a gasp, and a look full of fear,
As he read on his pocket, "Ten thousand a year."

And scarce had he done so, when, light as a feather,
Both he and his advocate flew up together;
And the guineas came down with a crash to the floor,
That frightened poor Cupid clean out of the door.

Love gazed for a moment in horror profound,
At his conqueror, rolling in gold on the ground—
Then turned with a sneer from the ill-fated pair,
For he felt he was out of his element there.

But yet ere he left them, again did he turn,
And prophecy's fire in his eye seemed to burn—
And his voice as a voice from the dark future broke
The silence, ere thus to the bridegroom he spoke—

Do June and December move on side by side?
Do snow-wreaths and flowers together abide?—
Would autumn in garments so yellow and scar,
Meet partner for Spring and its roses appear?—

Dost think she can love thee, so wretched and old?
Fond fool!—she will shun thee,—she loves but thy
gold!

And soon from the search thou shalt turn in despair—
She sold thee her hand—but her heart was not there!

She clasp thee!—as soon shall the delicate vine,
In tender embrace, round the icicle twine!—
She love thee!—such love as the traveller may bear
To the circling snow-wreath, is all thou shalt share!

She cling to thee!—no! had she loved thee in youth—
She had plighted her heart, her affection, her truth;
Had she shared in thy hopes and thy joys, she had never
Recoiled from thy sorrows, but loved thee for ever!

Yon old ruined tower supported when young,
And sheltered the ivy that to it hath clung—
And now from the storm and the pitiless shower,
'Tis the ivy that shelters the old ruined tower!

E'en thus 'tis with woman—in youth she will rest
Her delicate form for support on our breast—
But when youth hath forsaken, and friendships have
past,
'Tis woman still clings to us true to the last!

But thou—frail memento of manhood gone by,
Like the lone stricken pine in the clearance shalt die—
And the love that in youth from thy heart thou hast
torn,
Shall turn from thy relics, with loathing and scorn.

When broken and aged—in sickness and pain—
Thy head on the pillow of death shall be lain;
Think—think what remorse shall embitter the sigh,
To feel that uncared for—unneeded you die!

That she who sits by thee, cares, no not a jot,
How soon thy remains, in a coffin shall rot;
And who watches thee not, out of care for thyself,
But that she may inherit thy riches—thy pelf.

And thou (to the bride) who thy purity sold,
And bartered thy young heart's desire for gold—
Thy riches shall prove but a sorry return
For the love which in youth from thy heart thou didst
spurn.

The delicate creeper will pine without stay—
The vine in the wilderness wither away,
And down to the dust will unheeded be borne,
When by the rude tempest its tendrils are torn.

Farewell, aged bridegroom—and young blooming bride!
Through life's rugged pathway, move on side by side—
While I—and he smiled with a smile of disdain,—
Will ne'er by my presence insult you again.

Exit Love.