

FAINT HEART NEVER WON FAIR LADY.

BY MRS. JEMIMA PRIMROSE.

[WITH AN ENGRAVING.]

"FAINT heart never won fair lady, nephew," said a stout gentleman, somewhat on the shady side of forty, to a pensive youth, who, with his head leaning on his hand, looked the very personification of a day-dreamer. The smart clap which accompanied the words, roused the young man from his reverie; but his rising ire was checked, by the frank, good natured smile, and pleasant countenance which greeted him.

"I know well, uncle, that it has ever been your motto, and you have proved true to it, in word and deed," he replied smiling; "and to you, it has brought all your heart's desire; but I have not the—the—"

"The impudence that I have, you would say," he answered laughing; "well, Frank, that word will do for want of a better, and if you can only assume a little of it, yourself, I will ensure you equal success. Here you go on, month after month, sighing, and writing 'sonnets to your mistress' eye-brows,' and though you receive sigh for sigh, and know surely that the lady's heart is won, you are thrown into despair because the father looks coldly on you, and the mother chooses to think you are not a fit match for her daughter. Now, listen to me, Frank, and if you are wise, take a lesson from my true story:

"You know I was born the heir to a very humble name, and a still humbler inheritance; indeed, my childish years have left so few pleasurable remembrances, that I am quite willing to forget them altogether. I assisted my poor father in his daily labours, and blessed the long winters when they came and gave me some respite from toil, and also the privilege of picking up a little learning at the village school. I had quick apprehension, and was very ambitious—two qualities which contributed to my success even in early life; for the one enabled me to go beyond most of my companions, and the other stimulated me to overcome every difficulty in my path. After my father's death, a neighbour,—a small country trader,—finding I could be useful to him, took me into his family, and placed me behind his counter. I was a ready accountant, and a good financier, in my limited sphere: so I rose from one step to another, till at last, behold me transported to the great city, and filling a

responsible situation in one of the largest mercantile houses in New York.

"I began to mingle in society with other young men, to visit places of public amusement, and to assume airs of prodigious consequence. Looking back upon what I had accomplished, I fancied that the world's wealth was within my reach; in fine, there were no limits to my self-conceit. When I was twenty-one, I began to cast about in my mind how I should obtain the object of my wishes—how, without capital at command, or influential friends to assist, I should seize the golden prize, and secure a commanding position in society. Vanity came to my assistance. My mirror reflected from its polished surface the image of a tall and comely youth, who, aided by the best efforts of a fashionable tailor, and the finish of a neatly trimmed moustache, had already attracted some attention in the drawing-rooms to which he was admitted. I was also indebted to nature for some ease of manner, and a certain fluency of expression; and a happy assurance enabled me to make the most of my advantages, natural and acquired.

"Among the many beautiful women who kindly displayed their fair forms and fairer faces to the admiring loungers of Broadway, several young heiresses were pointed out to me; and the idea possessed me that the readiest way to make my fortune was to win the heart and hand of one of these fair ensnarers. Fortune soon gave me an opportunity of trying my chance in this new speculation.

"One day as I was passing through Bleeker-street, a showy equipage, driving rapidly along, suddenly came in contact with the wheels of a vulgar cart, which struck it with such force as nearly to overturn it. The startled horses began to rear and plunge, when I sprang forward, and seizing the bridle-rein, held them fast, till the footman alighted, and came to my assistance. In the meantime, two ladies, who were inside, in the extremity of their terror, burst open the door, and the youngest, who uttered the prettiest screams imaginable, in her haste to alight forgot the steps, and came tumbling, like a little ball of wool and feathers, at my feet.

"I hastened to pick her up, with all imaginable