

the steps of her careless boy, and listen to her gentle chiding when his careless foot approaches too nearly some fragile stem; and see, he playfully menaces the floweret, and then in his childish simplicity, seeks to soothe it with words of love, as if he deemed that like himself it felt when the voice spoke in an unkind tone. But ah! his tiny heel is pressed upon the frail plant—heart's-ease—and its blossoms are buried in the earth; and the mother's eye is filled with tears—perhaps some thought that a rude world might so trample upon her boy, was busy at her heart; but the pang is transient, and the loud laugh of her boy, as he sportively chases the butterfly that is seeking for a resting place among the rose leaves, is followed by her sympathetic smile. And now, he springs towards her, and burying his face in her lap, she bends over him in the ecstasy of a mother's love.

Holiest of human feelings—dearest of earthly ties! Man may boast of fame, and wealth, of honour and of power—can his heart feel the swelling happiness, that like a foretaste of Heaven, plays round the young matron's heart, when her lips are pressed upon the brow of her first-born, her darling one?

But who is he, with stealthy pace, gliding towards the bower—the smile half repressed, playing upon his lip. He stands beside the lattice, and his cheek colours with his heart's delight. A while he stands, as if he feared that a louder breath would disturb the harmony that reigns within; until the mother, raising her radiant face, catches the earnest gaze of her husband's eye, (for it is he,) and the blush of pleasure mantles even to her brow. Envied her feelings might be, when lifting her boy from the earth, she places him, with a fond kiss, in his father's arms.

Happy are they, who, blest in the endearments of domestic love, can live far apart from the care and care which ever accompany those whose way is among the elbowing and busy crowd. Let them not, in the plenitude of their earthly joy, forget the divine source from which emanate all of temporal as of eternal bliss; but in the humility of hearts which feel the depth of their dependance, let them, lowly bending before the throne of the One Omnipotent, pray that they may be so guided, that when their home is changed to another world, they may be found worthy to sit at the footstool of Him, who has rendered their probationary pilgrimage only a sojourn in a vale of flowers.

AMBITION WORSE THAN SLAVERY.

The slave has only one master; the ambitious has of them as many as there are persons useful to his fortune.—*La Bruyere.*

(ORIGINAL.)

SKETCHES OF PARIS.

MARDI GRAS.

The Carnival at Paris has retained but a shadow of the splendid and gorgeous wildness that marked its revels in the good old times, when ecclesiastical and secular tyranny combined, bowed down the souls of men until reduced to infantine weakness they were, "pleased with a feather and tickled with a straw;" and now that the trammels have been burst asunder and replaced by the energy of thought, and natural dignity of demeanour following its exercise, which a sincere but unhappily as yet fruitless desire for liberty, has generated in a large proportion of the people, higher things engage the imagination, and the mummeries of this singular festival are left to be performed by the uneducated, the frivolous, and the young, who seize with avidity any pretext for indulging in their favourite amusements. Shorn as the Carnival is of its ancient glory, enough remains to give an idea of what it once was, and at the risk of fatiguing the good-natured reader, it is my intention to detail such parts of the exhibition as happened to fall within my observation.

At an early hour on the morning of *Mardi-Gras*, the last day of the Carnival, nearly all the shops were closed; the ringing of bells, and the occasional shouts of laughter from those who were on their way to the great scene of the Carnival, the *Boulevards*, together with the rattling by of carriages, all shewed that the *fun* had commenced. Accordingly I wended my way from the silent and retired quarter of the city, now inhabited only by the ancient aristocracy and students, and was quickly lost in the crowds who were hurrying towards the grand rendezvous; as this was approached, they became denser and a few masks dressed, in a variety of costumes, began to make their appearance, and every face was lit up with expectation of enjoyment.

Arrived at the *Boulevards*, I found the side paths occupied by a living stream, thickly interspersed with masks, who bandied about their witticisms with a freedom and ease which I believe no other people save the French can accomplish; the *repartees* were equally clever and pointed. The middle of the road was taken up by two lines of carriages, which were slowly following each other; the space between was left open for the masks, conspicuous among whom appeared Lord S. in a large open carriage filled with ladies, two bears on horseback playing the bugle, preceded the vehicle, and a large cortège of gentlemen also on horseback, brought up the rear. Paper balls filled with flour were flung among the pedestrians, to the great delight of those who were not involved in the snowy atmosphere; the balconies and windows were gay with the beauty and fashion of Paris.