

Poetry,

Original and Select.

WOMAN'S LOVE.

BY THE HON. MRS. NORTON.

O! man, how different is thy heart,
From her's, the partner of thy lot;
Who in thy feelings hath no part,
When love's wild charm is once forgot.
What th' awakening spell shall be
Thy heart to melt, thy soul to warm,
Or who shall dare appeal to thee
To whom "old days" convey no charm?
When Adam turn'd from Eden's gate,
His soul in sullen musings slept---
He brooded o'er his future fate,
While Eve--poor Eve---looked back and wept?---
So man, even while his eager arms
Support some trembling fair one's charms,
Looks forward to vague days beyond,
When other eyes shall beam as fond,
And other lips his own shall press,
And meet his smile with mute caress:---
And still as o'er life's path he goes,
Plucks first the lily---then the rose.
And half forgets that e'er his heart
Own'd for another sigh or smart;
Or deems while bound in passion's thrall
The last, the dearest lov'd of all---
But woman, even while she bows
Her veiled head to altar vows,
Along life's slow and devious track,
For ever gazes fondly back.
And woman, even while her eye
Is turned to give its meek reply
To murmured words of praise,
Deep in her heart remembers still
The tones that made her bosom thrill
In unforgotten days.
Yea, even when on her lover's breast
She sinks, and leaves her hand to rest
Within his clasping hold,
The sigh she gives is not so much
To prove the empire of that touch
As for those days of old;
For long remembered hours, when first
Love on her dawning senses burst---
For all the wild impassioned truth
That blest the visions of her youth!

Varieties

BREAKFASTS.—I confess, with a certain complacency, that I am not one of your matutinal gourmands; on the contrary, I hold that the man who is in the habit of eating what is popularly termed a hearty breakfast is an uncivilized barbarian. So premature an appetite is an inexcusable sign of the most Gothic of all things—health.—The more civilized we are, the more delicate. In savage countries, breakfast is a feast.—What gluttony, for instance, can compare with a breakfast in Scotland? A great deal might be said about the philosophy of breakfast. What tales a muffin could tell,—if we did not eat it! The adventures of a crumpet would be better worth hearing than the "Adventures of a Guinea." Of all meals, breakfast is treated most like a friend of the family, for how many hours do we keep it waiting! With what indifference do we treat it! We could not behave cooler to it, if it were the person we loved best in the world. We bestow on it none of the eagerness—the rapture—the silent, yet luxuriating

delight, with which we greet its great successor, the dinner. We testify towards it none of the homely, cordial, quiet affection with which those who drink tea (alas! I never do) yearn towards that old-fashioned and cheerful regale. But then we are more at home in its company; we receive it in our dressing-gown and slippers; loll over it with a book; muse in its company upon the state of our finances, or the business of the day; suffer it to survey us in our solitude; "and to know us (what other meal doth this?) exactly for what we are." How connected is it with our studies, how woven with our amusements; it is the nurse of a myriad of essays; is worthy of an essay itself—and it shall have one. I am fond of divisions in a subject, especially a subject like the present, important to mankind; it has the air of a logical frame of intellect. I shall divide what I have to say into two heads.—I shall consider first,—breakfast in town; and, secondly, breakfast in the country.—To your London breakfast there is not, unoften, a disagreeable appanage, in the shape of sundry square pieces of paper, ill folded, with printed flourishes at the top, and (commonly enough) an uncouth, yet pretentious vignette in the corner. Two or three specimens of this vulgar tribe of *mauvaises plaisanteries* are not unwontedly seen invading the snowy surface of your table. These documents,—

"Messengers

Which feelingly persuade us what we are."---

have the power of casting a certain sombre complexion over our thoughts for the rest of the day. Nothing in the world is more productive of hypochondria than the aspect of a bill—*Odi et arceo—favete linguis.*—"Somewhat too much of this;" the grievance, too, is hacknied, you say. I allow that; but then there is nothing very original in the subject which permits me to allude to it. A London breakfast "has a strong dash of commonplace in it." Another evil—but instead of going step by step through an iteration of complaint, perhaps it may be better to club the leading disagreeables into a picture. Let us then figure to ourselves the hour of half-past nine—an ordinary hour, I apprehend, for the ordinary herd of fast-breakers. And first, reader,—(I intend you to be of the sterner and more miserable sex),—first we will describe you. You come down in your dressing-gown and slippers. You recollect, as you walk down stairs, that there has been an interesting debate in the Lords last night. Accordingly, on entering the breakfast-room, you look eagerly round for your newspaper. No sign of it. [Mem., four of the said ill-favoured square pieces of paper in the place where the newspaper is usually deposited.] You then recollect that your newsmen, in spite of your threats and remonstrances, has not, for the last three days, brought your paper till eleven o'clock, exactly that time of the day when you least want it. [N.B. Fidgetty and impatient for an hour and a half, and then the wrong paper!] While you are poking out your fire, which won't burn up, the postman's knock is heard; two letters requiring long answers by return of post. You nerve yourself to the task; nay, you have begun your answer to the first epistle. Enter your

servant. The butcher you have discharged comes to be paid a bill. You believe you have paid him *before*. Not finding his receipt, you have twice told him to call again. Painful impression, that you cannot make a similar request the third time. Letter suspended. You institute a hunt in your escrutoire, your desk, your table-drawers, your letter-box, and the various pockets of three coats, four waistcoats, and five pair of trowsers—receipt vanished. Bill paid in a rage, which rage is exercised upon a new servant, who, not knowing "your temper," gives you warning. Your humour is now marred for the rest of the day; but you think a walk may do you good. Nothing can seem more inviting than the day; not a cloud to be seen; you hurry out, and are caught in a hail-storm. So runs the world away, till you wake the next morning to care and to breakfast again! This is a misanthropical view of breakfast: I confess it. Let us turn to a brighter prospect. You are in the country; you look out upon green fields; you wake refreshed and vigorous; you saunter into your garden, and feel your own life in the living world around you. I know an old gentleman who has established an absolute friendship with his flowers; he gives them pet names; examines them tenderly every morning, and, during the cheerfulness of the early summer, you cannot help fancying that those bright and happy-looking things seem sensible of his care. "See," said he once, "how they smile at me as I approach." It was impossible to deny the assertion. I question if men would ever smile if they had never seen the face of nature—it is an expression that we catch from her. I love to read of the matutinal habits of great men, especially of those who live in the country and are early risers. I like to know what a fine mind does with itself after a return to this world from the haunted palaces of dreams. For my part, I never consider dreams as things not to be remembered. I look at them as the mirrors of such thoughts as lie half-shaped and embryo in the mind—thoughts that we should not recognise as our own but for those spectral reflections. Often are we dimly unaware how certain prepossessions are seizing and advancing on our minds, till we are startled to find them tyrannizing over our sleep. I first knew that I loved that person in the world I have loved most by seeing her for ever in my dreams. I first knew that I hated that person against whom, for three years afterwards, I burnt with an unquenchable revenge, by dreaming, night after night, that I was engaged with him in mortal conflict. Ah! from what guilty thoughts and evil passions might we save ourselves in the day did we more seriously acknowledge the monitors of the night. But as we grow older—if we are in the habit of cultivating any ideal pursuit or train of contemplation—we learn more closely to regard the shadowy strangers of the Ebon or the Ivory Gate.—And therefore it is that I have a curiosity in learning how imaginative men, of a certain age, pass the first hours of waking. I like to hear of Scott dashing, at sunrise, through the dripping woods, upon his shagged poney. I like to read of Rousseau, in his old age, loitering, at early day, by the lake that