

hardest of all, is to meet the indifference and heartlessness of the fashionable, the pretended forgetfulness of the ungrateful, and the taunts and sneers of the vulgar. All this she supported like a saint, and died in discharging her duties to a sick friend. So pass away the lovely visions of earth." I broke in upon this elegy as soon as possible, for the great poet was getting as enthusiastic as he was when writing the loves of Charlotte and Werter.

The living, to me, at that moment, were of more consequence than the dead, and I was anxious to get the benefit of his remarks, for there is something delightful in listening to one who can sketch a character in a few words, and who does it in honesty and good nature. A tall figure stood near us, talking with a full voice to a lady dressed as Diana, the huntress. "That," said he, "is General Roxburghen. He has, you see, with the movements of a civilian a little of the grenadier-starch in his neck and shoulders. He is a war commissioner, and has a seat at the military bureau. He is a little particular in the duties of his office, but an officer will always be thought strict, who introduces a thorough reform into his department, and brings order out of confusion. Formerly government were most sadly cheated in many things relating to this office; not from corruption in the officer, but from a want of system in the department.— You shall see him at his cottage; I know him, and can take that liberty. He spends his moments of leisure on his paternal acres, surrounded by comforts and dispensing the pleasures of hospitality. He is an excellent host, and with the best viands, gives you the choicest wines, without stint; and while discussing the errors and fallacies and successes of the last campaign, he will find more nice cuts in a good leg of mutton than any other man. You must see him at his cottage; there he will perhaps talk a little about the reigning beauties, as he is a bachelor, but in ten minutes he will

come back to general matters, and you will find him well informed. If you want to get at our military system; the modes of calling out the militia *en masse*, or to know something of our military schools, I can direct the conversation to those points. He is a very busy man, but you will see nothing of it at his house. But what a loon I am for spending my breath upon a bachelor, however clever he may be, when that goddess of the chase is near. Lady Ophelia Guildenstern, the one he was talking with was celebrated as the first belle of our country twenty years ago. I then wrote sonnets "*to the heaven of her eyes*;" and those eyes are as bright and beautiful now as then. She was thrown a child into the whirl of fashionable life, but she was always so circumspect, discriminating and modest, that the enchantments of the circean cup, so often swallowed to the dregs by the fashionable world, never poisoned her mind. If ever she put it to her lips, the virtues of her heart and the strength of her understanding were the antidote to the bane. After passing through half the splendid circles of the globe, on this continent and in the new world, and the admiration of all, she is still as gentle, modest, bland and conciliatory as when she made one of the laughing loves of the nursery. Year after year I have expected to see marks of time upon her lovely face, remembering how fugitive all poets have made the beauty of the objects of their admiration. Anacreon calls these beauties "*the rose leaves of spring blown away on the summer gale*;" and one of your English poets has sung—

"Flowers anew returning seasons bring,
"But faded beauty has no second spring."

Still, however, she is yet as lovely as ever; the style of her beauty is changed, but the effect is not destroyed. The sylph-like grace of that period of life, when she was culling the violet and chasing the golden-winged insect from one bed of flow-