

plaining. Surely the fulness of the land shall be hers where they 'shall hunger and thirst no more;' where 'the sun shall not smite them by day, nor the moon by night.' But now, with hopeless destitution visible in the squalid garments;—the terrible reality of broken-heartedness in the face, which only to see is a passing agony;—and death in the tottering steps, and ghastly eyes, she goes floating along upon the current of this gaudy life, like an awful reproach to the souls of its brilliant voyagers.

Frequently, too—taking the inside of the sidewalk from women, or driving his handsome horses with vast importance—appears the man of money Mr. Philip War—. Foolish, arrogant, and coarse minded;—staring into every woman's face with a gaze that sickens those who meet it—what communion can he have with the refined, frail, graceful creature, fate has bound to him. Look at her and look again till you feel as if the early purity of a spring morning dawn refreshed your weary sight. Oh! the charm and peace of the guileless brow and eyes, that will be young for evermore. There is no strength in the fair pale face, and beautiful form; nor will enough for self-defence in the small irresolute mouth; but she is safe in her very helplessness.

And he in whom even your merciless sense, and exacting standard, could find no flaw, is here too, though sore against his will; and because I would do him especial honor, and prove to you beside that our verse machine has not fallen into disuse—I shall give you my handsome friend and favorite in rhyme:

Another, son of ocean,  
Whose strong heart, Life scarce tameth,  
Whose pulse beats, 'neath the banner,  
The 'inviolable Island' claimeth.  
Who wears in Duty's path, a mien—  
A trifle stern and scornful,  
And masks, with calm control, the face  
That otherwise were mournful.

Amid his soft locks, lustrous,  
No touch of time lies darkling;  
His social moods accomplished,  
Keen, versatile, and sparkling.  
And his broad, earnest brow's expanse,  
No paltry thought e'er branded,  
Nor ever treachery stained the light  
Of eyes, so clear and candid.

But through his gayest seeming,  
All present things look dreary,  
And mark—'neath brilliant phrases,  
The smile, so sweet and weary.  
He needs the distant happiness,  
World strife hath never tainted,  
To see again the magic hues,  
His inmost heart once painted.

He longs to feel the clasping,  
Of tiny arms, and slender,  
He yearns to see beside him,  
A face that's fair and tender.  
Pray, that a wife's sweet eyes behold,  
Ere many days go round—  
As true an English gentleman,  
As e'er trod English ground.

Then, sir, we are frequently sprinkled with refined dust from the State-carriage wheels of the ——. Grandeur, sillier and more impertinent than