

MISCELLANY.

THE BACHELOR.

BY A LADY OF RANK.

The bachelor lonely, depressed;
No gentle one near him, no home to endear
him;
In sorrow to cheer him, no friend, if no guest;
No children to climb up; 'twould fill all my
dreams up;
And take too much time up, to tell his dis-
pair;
Crows'noonekeeper meeting him, cheating him
beating him;
Bills paying, maids scouring, devouring his
fire;
He has no one to put on a sleeve or neck but-
ton;
Shirts mangled to rags, drawers stringless at
knees;
The cook, to his grief too, spoils pudding and
beef, too;
With over-done, under-done—undone is he,
No son still a treasure, in business or lei-
sure;
No daughter with pleasure, new joys to pre-
pare;
But old maids and cousins, kind souls' rush
in dozens,
Believing him son of his bachelor's fire;
He calls children apes, sir, (the fox and the
grapes, sir),
And dam would ho woe when his locks are like
snow;
But widow's throw scorn out, and tell him he's
worn out;
And maidens, deciding, cry—'No, my love,
no!'
Old age comes with sorrow, with wrinkle,
with furrow;
No hope in to-morrow, no sympathy spare;
And, when unfit to rise up, he looks to the skies
up;
None chooses his old eyes up, he dies—and who
cares?

A STRAY LEAF FROM THE LIFE OF
A GREAT NOVELIST.

"The why—the where—what 'hoats' is now to
tell!"—CORSAIR.
"My Majesty, this is more diversion!"—WIDOW
CHRISTINA.

"Confound this 'hoat!" pettishly exclaimed
Mr. Walton, as he rose from his solitary din-
ner.

Now, Mr. Walton was a *bon vivant*, a hu-
moriast of the first fashion, a tale-writer (it
must be confessed) of the first talent, and one
whose society was so constantly courted, in all
drawing-rooms and literary circles, that a lonely
meal was a most unusual and unpleasant oc-
currence to him.

"Well," continued he, "I must, perforce,
content myself with another day of sofa and
Quarterly!" For Mr. Walton ranked among the
most liberal adherents of the Quarterly
criticisms.

Sarcasically he uttered these words, in a
tone half peevish and half resigned, when a
servant handed him a letter, bearing an offi-
cial seal of stupendous dimensions, and marked
on the seal "private and confidential."

Mr. Walton eagerly opened the envelope, and to
his no small dismay, learned that the great
man in whose smiles he had lived, and to
whose fortunes and party he was attached (by a
single place), required for immediate informa-
tion on subjects connected with our naval establish-
ments, into the expenditure of which, the
great political economist, on the opposite side
of the house, intended to make certain in-
quiries, in a night or two. Mr. Walpole was re-
quested, not to say commended, to see the
commissioner at Portsmouth as speedily as
possible, to investigate facts and to report
progress on his return. It was at the same
time delicately hinted, that the expenses of
this important mission would be defrayed by
the writer from that convenient and ever-open
source, the public purse.

"A journey of seventy-two miles when I
had resolved upon quiet; but in the service of
one's country, when it costs one nothing!"
Well, I must forget the gout or lose my
—
"Hang it! I can't call on the commissioner in
fox slippers. Travel! step up to Holy's,
and tell him to send me a pair of boots, some-
what longer than my usual pair, and take a place
in the Portsmouth coach for to-morrow morn-
ing; 'tis too late to-night for the mail—but
I'd be here! not in a hurry, as I intend to travel
incoag."

Walton made the few arrangements for so
short an absence from town, retired earlier
than usual to bed, was horrified at the impera-
tive necessity for rising before the sun, found
himself looked by his literal servant as "Mr.
Incoag," had the coach to himself, and at six
o'clock in the evening, alighted at the George,
in High-street.

Traveling without a servant, and with so
scanty an allowance of baggage, he was usher-
ed into the coffee-room, where he found him-
self, and was served with the usual delicias
of a coffee-room dinner; cold soup, paste-fac-
tured butter, rancid anchovy, flabby veal-cutlet,
with mildewed mushroom sauce. Cape and
brandy, doing duty for sherry, and a genuine
bottle of Southampton port, so well known by
the glowing appellation of "Blackstrap." All
these luxuries were brought him by a lout of
a boy, who looked more like a helper than a
waiter.

"Well," thought Walton, "the sooner I
complete my mission the better, I could not
bear the sight of this lout. How far is it to
the Dock-yard, waiter?"

"I don't know; master can't tell; he's no use
your going there now, the gates be shut."

"But I wish to see Sir Henry Grayhurst,
the commissioner."

"He be gone the Isle of Wight with his fam-
ily, so I heard master say."

"Is he expected back soon?"

"Lord, Sir, how do I know? if you ask
master, he do know."

"Pleasant and intelligent youth!" sighed
Walton, "I'll put him into my next sketch.
Well, I've had the bore of this day's journey
for nothing, since the man I came here to see
is absent, as if for purpose to oblige me. How
extremely agreeable! I must 'ask master' if
then. Tell the landlord I want him."

"Master and missus be gone to the play;
it's old Kelly's benefit, and they do go every
year."

"The play! there's comfort in the name;
if anything is preferable to this lonely, gloomy
coffee-room, send the chambermaid to me."

An old woman, with flat tin candlestick, led
the way to a small convenient room up a nar-
row flight of stairs, not evincing the slightest
sympathy with the lamp of our traveller, who
by the way had nearly forgotten his gait in
his annoyances. She assured him the best rooms
were all engaged.

"What soothers of irritated feelings are soup
and water! Walton washed his handsome
face and aristocratic hands, (novelist-link had
not spoiled them,) got rid of his day's travel-
ling suit, put on a capacious king's stock with
flashing black drapery, and a well-regulated
and well-bentled fustian. His ready man-
servant Holy's be consigned to 'hoats,' having assum-
ed the *lun de soi* and easy slippers, leaving
word that he should require something for
supper, he bent his steps to the theatre.

The acting was sufficiently bad to amuse
him, and at a moment when the attention of
the audience was directed to the closing scene
of the tragedy, and the ladies of the Point were
weeping at the distress of the lady in point,
the door of an opposite box was opened by the
identical lout who had waited on him at din-
ner. The lid, making his way through a box-
full of over-dressed and vulgar-looking people,
whispered to a man in a blue coat and pow-
dered head, singing out in *Muscat* as though he
were the subject of this unexpected communi-
cation. The landlord of the George, for it
was no less a personage, started up, and im-
mediately left the house accompanied by the fe-
male of his party.

When the curtain fell, a whisper spread
from box to box, and during the farce, Walton
could not help perceiving that he had become
a greater attraction in the eyes of the audience
than the performers were.

"What the devil does all this mean? have
they found out what I am? Perhaps they never
saw a live author before. Let them
stare. If they like to make a lion of me I'll
honour the joke."

On rising to leave the house, Walton found
that the door was thronged with people, who,
as he approached, respectfully made way for
him, and he overheard sundry remarks as he
passed—"That's he,"—"Arrived this evening."
—"Incoag,"—"Staying at the George."
Wondering at the extraordinary interest he

had excited, congratulating himself on an evi-
dence of fame that Sir Walter himself might
have envied, he reached the inn. Three or
four spruce waiters in their full dress, receiv-
ed him as the gateway with most obsequious
homage. The landlord (his hair re powdered
for the occasion) carrying a silver branch with
four wax lights, stepped up to him with a low
bow.

"This way, an' please your—, this way
Supper is ready for you—"

Walton, indulging his love for comic adven-
ture, followed his guide with a dignified air
into the drawing-room. The splendid candi-
dler threw a flood of light over a table cov-
ered with "every delicacy of the season." His
host lamented that the champagne had not
been longer in ice, and was distressed at having
been absent from home when his illustrious
guest arrived. Waiters flew about anticipat-
ing the asking-eye, and, as Mrs. Malaprop
would say, "all was alacrity and adulation."
Walton could not help contrasting the indif-
ference which he encountered with his after-
noon meal with the courtesy which graced his
evening repast. He made ample amends to
his insulted appetite, and regretted that he had
no friend to partake in the joke, for he began
to find these mysterious attentions too vast
even for his literary vanity to swallow. Re-
membering the purport of his visit he inquir-
ed "how soon the commissioner was expected
to return?"

"Sir Henry came back this evening may it
please—"

"I must see him tomorrow early; take care
I am called at eight."

"A carriage shall be in attendance your—"

"No, no; my visit is of a private nature—"

"I understand, so please— and will
caution my servants."

Walton, after having discussed some well
made *brandy*, and a sugar or two, rang for the
night candle. The attentive landlord, like
Monk Lewis's beautiful spirit, still bearing the
silver branch, led the way to the best bed-
room. Walton thought of the lofty situated
apartment first allotted to him, and smiled—
Dismissing his officious attendant, he retired to
rest.

The next morning, somewhat tired by the
parade of the past night, he breakfasted in his
bedroom, and was preparing for "his visit to
the dock-yard, when his persevering host en-
tered, beseeching the honor of showing him
the way. His offer was accepted; and finding
that the champagne had renewed his gouty
symptoms, Walton took advantage of his com-
panion's supporting arm. The good man ap-
peared overjoyed by his condescension,
and looked unutterable things at the various
acquaintances he encountered in his way. At
the dock gate he left his delighted ecstasies,
who intimated his intention to remain there, to
have the supreme felicity of showing him the
way back.

Some hours rolled away during which our
traveller received the information he had
sought, which appeared of so much import to
his Right Honourable —, on whose behalf
he had made the inquiry, that he determined
on leaving Portsmouth instantly. A footman
of the commissioner's was despatched for a
chaise and four, with directions that the hill
should be brought at the same time. Down
rattled the chaise, and down came waiters,
boots, chambermaids, and all "the militia of
the inn," to the dock-yard! Walton, without
looking at the items, put the amount into the
hands of his gratified host, distributed his fav-
ors liberally to the domestics, threw a crown
amidst buzzards from the steps into his chaise,
and joined the Georgians.

"Long life to the Grand —" were the
only words the noise of the wheels permitted
him to hear.

He reached London without any further ad-
venture, in as short a time as four horses
could get over the ground. Arrived at home,
he instantly forwarded the essential documents
to his patron, and having disembarrassed him-
self of this more weighty affair, fell into a se-
ries of conjectures, as to the possible motives
for the deferential reverence he had met with.
Tired with conflicting emotions, between his
fond wishes to attribute it all to his literary
reputation, and his secret fear that the homage

was somewhat too profound, even for a litera-
ture of his eminence to reckon upon, he lock-
ed up his *boots!* Certain characters of the
morocco lining attracted his attention. In a
moment the mystery was solved. On decyph-
ering them, he discovered no less a title
than that of

THE GRAND DUKE NICHOLAS!

for whom the Holy's had been originally de-
signed—for whom they had either proved too
large or too small; and for whom also—our
literary diplomatist had been mistaken, from
the moment that he consigned them to the pub-
lishing hands of the wise waiter at the George,
—"Fairly knocked!" muttered Walton, as he
went grumbling up stairs to bed, and hoping
the newspapers on the other side might never
get hold of the story.

From the Philadelphia Saturday Courier

LETITIA E. LANDON.

Letitia Elizabeth Landon, married in June,
1838, to Captain George Maclean, Governor
of Cape Coast Castle, was born in London, on
the fourteenth day of August, 1802. Her
father, who was of a respectable Hereford-
shire family, died when she was very young,
and his widow and children were left in a
great degree dependent upon the exertions of
Letitia, whose habit of writing had commenced
in childhood, and who now exhibited indica-
tions of that genius which soon made her
familiar signature of L. E. L. every where fa-
miliar; and for fourteen years she was one of
the most industrious and successful authors
of Europe.

On the subject of Mrs. Malaprop's Life and
Works, we are happy to be able to present the
following Essay, which will, we are sure, be
most acceptable to the many readers of our
"Classic Niche!"

"Among the many female writers of the
present century, no one is more widely known
or generally appreciated and admired, than
the late Miss Landon. Her literary produc-
tions have acquired for her fame which every
man of honorable name, however obscure,
wishes to associate with his own; and which
neither the tongue of slander nor the pen of
the uncharitable critic dare now assail. The
time has passed by for ill-tempered and unkind
attacks upon her productions. Her merit has
been so generally acknowledged—her publi-
cations so eagerly read—and her utility
death too universally so greatly lamented. In her
life-time, many a bitter and unprovoked rumour
circulated, and wounded her soul; and now that
she is resting in her quiet grave—now that the
resplendent voice can no longer be heard—now
that all the true men and charitable men are
sounding forth her praise—it becomes the en-
vious, and heartless, and fault-finding, also,
to respect her memory, and keep alive in the
presence of the dead—becomes them to
forget the frailties of her life, the little errors
of judgment, and the slight faults of her liter-
ary career. Let them remember only the
bright and cheering points scattered through-
out her writing! Let them look only on the
clear and beautiful heaven of her intellect,
disregarding every small fleeting cloud. Let
them keep in mind that hers was a true, fidu-
cious heart, whose free, out-gushing affections
went forth to the world without the polish of
studied correction and careful revision—a
heart whose every impulse was toward the
pure, and beautiful, and true; whose highest
and holiest, and only aspiration, was to speak
words of cheer and encouragement to the
wretched—to bring balm to the weary, pound-
ed spirit—to bless the dark, forsaken, deso-
late home—and, in short, to exercise useful
influences on those around her, and on the
entire world. She says, in our own chaotic
language—"I have devoted my whole life to one
object; in society, I have but sought the mat-
terial for solitude, I can imagine had one in-
terest in existence—that which has filled my
past and haunts my future—the perhaps vain
desire, when I am nothing, of leaving one of
those memories at once a good and a glory."
And thus was it throughout her entire life.
That same honourable sentiment may be read
on every page of her poetry—a sentiment worthy
her own true heart.

Her first principal poetical work "Impro-