

They make one in a rubber, a glee, or quadrille,
 And by very young ladies are voted genteel;
 They're put down in the list, with the wax-lights and wine,
 A sort of automata of modern design.
 By the practised they're known, when the dancing is ended,
 And their small stock of nothings is wholly expended,
 When their steps and their bows, have been duly repeated—
 To "run in a lump," like lead when it's heated;
 They've occasional glimmers of sense, so they say,
 Such as finding out people who are going their way,
 Ask the pleasure of wine with the blindest of smiles,
 As their cab's just the thing for a couple of miles.
 Their ambition's to boast of a bow from Sir John,
 And think their poor kinsfolk are quite "*mauvais ton*."
 They court the grandees at all public places,
 And cut their poor cousins, at Regattas and Races.

The next are the "has beens," whose golden renown
 Dame Fortune, unkindly has spoiled by her frown,
 Who sit folding their hands, and on Jupiter calling
 For the sake of their station, to keep them from falling.
 'Twould be losing of caste, and quite vulgar, I own,
 To attempt by exertion to rise when cast down;
 Society would never admit the pretensions
 That would seek to enlarge its exclusive dimensions:
 The pilgrim who journeys this difficult way,
 Must be active, and wary, and able to pay—
 For gold will unlock inhospitable gates,
 Though a Cerberus porter the comer awaits.
 Oh Plutus, despotic, what monarch can boast
 Among all his brave bands such a numerous host;
 Thy banner it waves o'er the land and the sea,
 To the terms of submission all parties agree;
 Thy High-priest is Fashion, thy Premier, Society—
 And to doubt their decrees would be daring impiety,
 And till something more potent is found to preside,
 The paths to thy temple will be seldom untried.

PAGES FOR PASTIME.—(Continued from Fol. 40.)

Solution to Enigma No. 1.

From the fir trees, clothing our northern hills,
 And from coal—modern science the Tar distills:
 'Tis thus traced to its source, but the Chemist's power
 Its complex nature learns not to this hour.
 The Tar is a fluid, dark, clammy, and damp—
 A fuel it forms—yields an oil for the lamp—
 Serves as varnish for painters—with water, when pure,
 'Tis mingled, and forms an old nostrum to cure.
 By the builder 'tis used to protect and keep warm
 The housetop exposed to the pitiless storm.
 It in springs oozes forth from the deep caverned ground,