

tion he hides it in the general view he takes of the subject, with admirable adroitness. The only infernal spirit he fears is old age. The woman he is addressing is quite his match ; she is the wife of a still older crown-lawyer. Her air is so youthful, her step so elastic, and her manner so engaging, that the chance is, sagacious as he is in finding out characters, that he is now *at fault*. If she does not speak too loud, she has the advantage, for she knows him. This is a remarkable woman ; fifty years ago she floated down the dance to the admiration of all beholders. The gallants of her age are gone. Two generations saw her still beautiful. Her intellect is of a high order. She has figured in the regions of poetry with great fame. The historical events of the last half century have been adorned by her muse, and individuals will be carried down to posterity by her pen. In general, her praise was pretty just ; sometimes, however, she consulted her heart and her partialities more than her understanding. Some of the first verses I ever read were of her composition. When a thousand literary efforts of her contemporaries are gone to oblivion, hers will survive. That she should be a little proud of this is natural ; every poet has the same feelings. Her mind and her thoughts have been freely expressed at all times, without fear or hesitation. She was not only beautiful herself, but has been the mother of beauties. Nineteen years have passed away since I first saw Mrs. D., the daughter of this rare woman. She was then about eighteen, just emerged from the nursery and the school room. She was then the most delightful object that ever attracted the eyes of man—painter, poet or lover. It was at a birth night ball that she appeared, Gaze on her as long as you would, every moment her charms seemed to increase. To symmetry, grace and loveliness, was added a voice divine, pouring out accents which showed the sweet-

est disposition that ever enjoyed a blessing or sustained a trial. The young men who had no particular objects of attention or attachment, moved around her as the sole object of attraction ; and those who had avowed objects of partiality and affection, felt that all the ties which interest, pride and accidental choice had created, were dissolving like frost work in the blaze of her excellencies. In the dance, in the supper room, and in the interchange of civilities, the magic spell which followed her was never for a moment broken. Every one looked at her, and no one living has forgotten that look. The incense of flattery was constantly circling and eddying around her ; but she received it as one whose nature was immortal, whom it could not intoxicate or hardly reach." I hastily asked where is she ? "Where all perfection goes," he replied, "in the grave." I inquired no more, and he continued his tale. "Soon after this she married and was a mother, absorbed in the delicate and holy duties of domestic life. Her husband was a banker, who had like Neckar, risen rapidly into power and consequence. His fame was in every counting room, and the lords of the treasury bowed to him as he passed. But reverses came suddenly, and as his wealth was built on a paper currency he had got up for effect, all went down together. His fall was terrific ; thousands were involved with him, and he fled an exile to Batavia, to avoid the indignation of the public, and to gather some scattered fragments of his fortune, for he had speculated in that region.—She followed, determined to share his fate, and submitted to the humblest chores of domestic life to keep her family together, and all was done without a murmur. This was something above philosophy. It is hard to be deprived of blessings we have long enjoyed, for it is our nature to love indulgence ; it is harder still to see them instantly taken from us, without preparing ourselves for the shock ; but the