



HUMANITY, TEMPERANCE, PROGRESS.

[ORIGINAL]
CHILDHOOD AND SPRING.

When Spring returns with all her bloom,
Upborne on music's wings,
Her voice of joy from wintry tomb,
Reminds of childhood's things;

Of joys, before we've known a care,
Or seen the ills of life;
Before our hearts were called to share,
With men in worldly strife.

I then could chase upon the hills,
In blooming June and May,
The snowy lambs, or watch the rills,
That gently court'd their way.

And then this heart was free from ills,
But as the linnets sing,
Whose glorious music ever fills,
Our fields with rapturous words.

Whose songs of joy float on the air,
Like angels' whispers sweet,
And seem like childhood free from care,
Our deep affections greet.

Gay butterflies danced o'er the mead,
The sun looked down so bright,
And time on wings of rapture sped,
'Mid feelings of delight.

Oh days of childhood gone forever,
With thy sweet dreams and mirth;
Such dreams and hopes as never, never,
Can be recalled to earth.

From the Tables for 1852

THE BASHFUL MAN.

Let him who has never suffered from the horrors of bashfulness, pass by this article. He will find here nothing with which he can sympathize. But he who knows the exquisite misery of impudence, whose almost very nature shuts him out from all sympathy, while it opens upon him the full sluices of laughter and ridicule, he only should read, for he only can understand this chapter of my sufferings. It is but a specimen of life. *Ex uno disce omnia*. To all others it will be but a good fortune; and as they pass it by in the proud consciousness of the unspeakable blessings of impudence, let them thank heaven that its waters can never flow for them.

My object is but to give a specimen of the numerous complaints that incessantly beset me, the moment I appear in society. I shall merely speak of those that befell me at the dinner in Paris, to which I was invited. Through laden introductory letters, I never delivered another was by the various effects I made, before I could master the delicate relation to Madame O., the one that gave me, and a friend who came with me, the dinner in question. I pass by, too, my trepidation at the everlasting pea, with the bell responded to my timid touch. Scarcely could I quish the *Perles au Suisse*, over the waiter's lodge, whereby Swiss never stood since my creation. I pass by, too, all minor blunders; such as asking the waiter to direct us to *chambre de Madame*, meaning her drawing room. Suffice it to say, that my less nervous companion, dictionary in hand, led the way; that having traversed a goodly number of streets and stairs, we at length arrived safely at an anteroom, and a servant held a pair of folding doors, which he wide open, and announced us by a pair of names, that we never have recognized as our own, had we met them in any other place.

My body agitated, and jerking with nervous trepidation, I entered the room, so different from the republican simplicity to which I was accustomed, was a formidable trial. My cheeks tingled, my knees trembled, and my heart beat fast. I shrank silently behind my unshaken companion, who seemed to gather sufficient courage to conceal the tremor that he like an ass. Madame O. rose to receive us; we approached her, it became necessary that I should step from behind my friend. But in so doing, I did not notice a pet dog, who, comfortably stretched on a red velvet cush-

ion, lay napping beside his mistress, directly in my path. On I went, anxious only to get through the introductory ceremonies as soon as possible, and then to ensconce myself in some remote corner, where,

"The world forgets me, by the way."

I might escape all notice or remark. But truly says the French proverb, "*L'homme se propose, mais c'est le bon Dieu qui dispose*," and very unfortunate were his dispositions for my intention. As I hastened on, all glowing with confusion, and quaking with fright, just as I began my bow, I stumbled over the detested pet, and was suddenly precipitated head foremost, into an ancient battering ram, into the lap of Mrs. P.; overturning episodically a countryman of my own, who was seated next her, balancing his chair on its two hind legs. To save himself, he instinctively grasped the back of her chair; and his weight at her rear, acting at the same moment that I was hurled at her in front, decided all his position, and over we all rolled together, the chairs uppermost. The vicar who had been at the bottom of the whole mischief, seized me by the leg, and receiving a hasty kick in return, added his shouting to the charms of company that now filled the apartment. Happy, the female sufferer in this melee, engrossed all due sympathy and attention of the company; but I well knew that in the short minute that had elapsed since I entered the apartment, I had made two mortal enemies of a man, a dog, and a lady.

For my own part, as soon as I had extricated myself from the terrible rash, covered with confusion and shame, I retreated into the most obscure corner of the room, where I sought to hide myself and my overwhelming mortification, behind the guests who were talking about there.

The call to dinner served as a relief to my embarrassment, for I hoped that that would engross every one's attention, which now, I could not help feeling, must be occupied with my awkwardness. Following the company into the dining room, I saw that each plate contained a card, on which was written the name of the guest who was to occupy the place thus designated. Every one seemed to find his own place by magic; but for me, four or five times did I make the circuit of the table, looking in vain for mine. Indeed I know not but I might have continued turning about unnoticed among the crowd of servants at dinner time, had not Madame O.'s eyes at length detected me, as I circled round and round with an hysterical increasing rapidity, my eyes dim with confusion, and a clammy perspiration beading every pore of my body; and I at length sunk into my seat, where, found, fairly exhausted by mortification and shame. Here again, I found myself embarrassed with my hat, which having observed that it was needed in the drawing room, I had grasped with nervous pertinacity. Thus I at length disposed of, as I thought at the time, with a wonderful ingenuity, for I hung it on the arm between my knees, spreading my hands, which I held over the open chair.

My seat was next to a young lady, who of course I was expected to entertain. I consented. Watchfully, already, had I entertained the company, but I found myself infinitely better to entertain company on my own than to be entertained.

The ordinary routine of a French dinner now commenced. Soup, and bread, fish, and fowl, and flesh, entremets and *hors d'oeuvres*, were a great series of servants appear, each instant at our elbows, urging us to partake of a thousand different dishes, and as many different kinds of wine, all under strings of names which I no more could retain, than I understood their composition, or than they do in *gauleter*. Resolute to avoid all further opportunity of embarrassing my perspiring train, I sat in the most obstinate silence, saying "oui," to everything that was offered me, and eating with a most devoted appearance, but in an evil hour, my fair neighbor, weary of my taciturnity and her own, at length began a conversation, by inquiring how I was pleased with the opera. The question was put at an unlucky moment; I was just raising a large morsel of potatoe to my mouth, and in order to reply as quickly as possible, I hastily thrust it in, intending to swallow it as hastily. Heavens! I was as hot as burning lava. What could I do? The lady's eyes were fixed on me, waiting a reply to her question. In vain I tried the burning morsel, huber and thuber, rocking my head from side to side, while my eyes, which involuntarily I had fixed on her, were streaming from their sockets. She regarded me with a look of surprise, of the cause of which I believe she was ignorant, with an expression of amazement and surprise, at which I can laugh now when I think of it.

"*Monsieur est malade*," at length she gently, and in an anx-

ious tone, inquired. I could bear no more. My mouth was flayed with the burning mass, and smarting with insupportable pain; so quietly abandoning the point, I opened into its stream, and out dropped the infernal brand upon my plate. Not the slightest tendency to a smile, visible, ruffled the imperturbable politeness of the lady. She scathingly consoled with me on my misfortune, then gradually led the conversation to a variety of topics; till, exerting the magic influence that true politeness always exercises, I began to forget even my own blunders. Gradually my cheeks burned less painfully, and I could even join in the conversation without the fear that every word I uttered shared the fate of every action I attempted. I even ventured to hope, nay, to congratulate myself, that the catalogue of my calamities was completed for the day.

"Let no one call himself happy before his death," said Solo; and he said wisely. The idea of March were not yet over. Before us stood a dish of cauliflower, nicely done in butter. This I naturally enough took for a custard pudding, which it sufficiently resembled. Unfortunately my vocabulary was not yet extensive enough to embrace all the technicalities of the table; and when my fair neighbor inquired if I were fond of *chou-fleur*, I verily took it to be the French for custard-pudding; and so high was my panegyric of it, that my plate was soon beautifully laden with it. Alas! one single mouthful was enough to dispel my illusion. Would to heaven that the *chou-fleur* had vanished along with it. But that remained doubly; and as I gazed despondingly at the huge mass that loomed up almost as large, and as burning as *Vesuvius*, my heart died within me. Ashamed to confess my mistake, though I could almost as readily have swallowed an equal quantity of soft soap; I struggled manfully on against the diabolical compound. I endeavored to sap the mountainous heap at its base; and shutting my eyes and opening my mouth to imbibe as large masses as I could without stopping to taste it. But my stomach soon began, intelligibly enough to imitate its intention to admit no more of this nauseous stranger beneath its roof, if not ever of expelling that which already gained unwelcome admittance.

The seriousness of the task I had undertaken, and the resolution necessary to execute it had given an earnestness and rapidity to my exertions which appetite would not have inspired; when my plate somehow got over the edge of the table, upon my leaning forward, tilted up, and down slid the disgusting mass into my lap. My handkerchief, unable to bear so weighty a load, burst under it, in its turn; and a great proportion of it was thus safely deposited in my hat. The plate instantly righted itself, as I raised my person; and I glanced my eye round the table, and saw that no one had noticed my disaster. I inwardly congratulated myself that the nauseous deception was so happily disposed of. Resolving not to be detected, I instantly rolled my handkerchief together, with all its remaining contents, and whipped it into my pocket.

The dinner table was at length deserted for the drawing room, where coffee and liqueurs were served around. Meantime, I had sought for what I considered a safe hiding place for my hat, but I dared not carry it longer in my hand, having first thrown a morsel of paper into the crown, to hide the cauliflower from view, should any one chance in seeking for his own hat to look into mine.

On returning to the drawing room, I chanced to be again seated by the lady by whom I sat at dinner. Our conversation was naturally resumed; and we were in the midst of an animated discussion, when a huge spider was seen running, like a race horse, upon her arm.

"Take it off—take it off!" she ejaculated in a terrified tone. I was always afraid of spiders; so to avoid touching him with my hat, I caught my handkerchief from my pocket, and clasped it at once upon the insect, who was already mounting over her forehead with rapid strides. Gracious Heaven! I had forgotten the cauliflower; which now plastered over her face like an eminent profane, fairly killing the spider, and blinding an eye of the lady, while little streamlets of soft butter, glided gently down her beautiful neck and bosom.

"*Mon Dieu! mon Dieu!*" exclaimed the astonished fair.
"Mon Dieu" was echoed from every mouth.
"Have you cut your head?" inquired one.
"Non! Non!—*L'arrigue! L'arrigue! Monsieur vient d'arriger l'arrigue!*"
"Quelle quantité d'arrigues!" ejaculated an astonished Frenchman, unceremoniously, to himself.
Well might he be astonished. The spray of the operable