

She cares not for the frivolities of fashion which fascinate others in her station. But here is a group of young ones. Hear the brats, how they halloo. Theirs is the heyday of youth and happiness; although their skin looks through their clothes in divers places, they will think of these days when they have to provide for themselves. At present they have nothing to care for; when they have eaten one meal, scanty though it be, they think not where the next is to come from. After all, they are a miserable-looking set, but they know it not. Some of them are without hats, another has no jacket or waistcoat, another has but the remnant of a pair of trousers, and there is one little wretch who has no shirt. Ha! there is a scuffle among them. They have agreed upon a match at snow-balling, and it is now being carried into effect. How they scamper about, how they tear up the snow, not earth! 'Tis as good as a battle. How they scoop it into places where it can reach the skin, and these are not wanting! Each in his turn is rolled in and covered with snow. 'Tis a wonder they are not frozen, but their souls are in the work. But whose splendid equipage is that which fast approaches? In what state it glides along! Nodding plumes are there. The gay, the merry, the thoughtless are there. How loud is their laugh! The very horses are conscious of their glee. They are like the brats whom they have passed, free from care. When this *fête* is ended they have only to contrive another, more splendid if possible; and so on, day after day, month after month, year after year, till old