

## THE NYMPH OF ARCADIE.

"Young loves to sell!" a voice calls out  
Beneath the trees: "Young loves to sell!"  
From porch and garden round about,  
Child, maid, and matron hasten out—  
The voice was like a silver bell,  
"Young loves to sell!"

She took the basket from her head,  
The cunning nymph of Arcadie,  
"Just see the soft wings gray and red,  
Fluttering in their pleachen bed!—  
Who'll buy?—I will not wait, you see:  
Who'll come to me?"

"Young loves to sell!" The children run  
About her: "Oh, take all our toys—  
Take all we have and give us one!"  
Old Laia, spinning in the sun,  
Cries, "Long since lost I all my joys,  
Give me but one!"

"Young loves to sell! I will not stay:  
So maidens, come and buy:—  
cannot give them without pay.  
Nor let them fly:—I'll go away  
If not one quickly comes to try  
If she can buy."

"See how each little rosy dear  
Smiles through the wicker bars at you;  
Do not let your faint hearts fear,  
My darling loves! They smile and peer,  
And this one, with wings azure blue,  
He beckons you."

"The dainty curls on that one's brow  
Like Cupid's own are—come and see:  
His downy cheeks are all aglow,  
Like yours; why should you hide them so?  
Let us barter and agree,  
Make haste to me."

Silvia, where is Silvia hid!  
She loosed the pearly from her hair,  
Her golden necklace she undid,  
Her bracelet from her wrist she slid,  
And ran and caught the prize so rare,  
Silvia the fair.

Then every one and all at once  
Struggling round the wise nymph flew;  
None would rest without a chance,  
Such shining eyes and such a dance!  
But Silvia's was the best I knew,  
Wings azure blue!

WILLIAM B. SCOTT.

## CURING A COQUETTE.

"Really, Mariette, you are inconceivably awkward to-night! you have dressed my hair shockingly! Take off those heavy flowers, and put on this rose. There,—that's better. You may go now; and mind you return in half an hour to dress me!"

The lady's maid raised the curtain that concealed the boudoir door, and left her young mistress to her own reflections.

Lady Julia Lovelace then re-arranged some of her curls before the looking-glass; and, after gazing attentively at her own fair image, a self-satisfied smile illuminated her countenance.

"He will think me pretty to-night," murmured the Marchioness, as she lolled on the sofa, and fell into pleasing day dreams.

Lady Lovelace looked scarcely twenty, and was so beautiful, that she was universally reckoned the very type of an elegant, high-bred woman.

At seventeen years of age, Julia had been married to Lord Lovelace, whose title, fortune and brilliant position had dazzled her youthful fancy. On being introduced into the fashionable world, her beauty became the theme of every tongue, and she was flattered and followed by so many beaux, that a wiser head than hers might almost have been turned by the fumes of such never-ceasing incense.

The young husband loved Julia to distraction; but when he saw her give way to coquetry and frivolity he concealed his ardent affections beneath an outward coldness of manner. Instead, therefore, of the hyperbolic compliments that were showered upon her in the gay world, Lady Julia received gentle admonitions and good advice from her husband, who turned philosopher at five-and-twenty out of sheer love for his wife. But Lady Julia far from appreciating his motives, only thought him cold and indifferent, and listened proudly to his advice, while she treated even his attentions with disdain.

Amongst her train of admirers, Lady Julia had particularly remarked Sir Charles Manners. Whenever she entered the room, his eyes were the first that met hers; and the softest compliments were those uttered by Sir Charles' lips. At the Opera—in all the fashionable haunts, in short—Sir Charles was sure to be wherever she was to be found; and he seemed to guess her every wish, and to obey her every look.

Lady Julia was foolishly proud of having inspired him with a passion for her charms, though she was not in love with him, and only encouraged him from vanity, without harbouring any really guilty intentions; but with that lax morality, encouraged and fostered by the false notions prevailing in so-called polite society, she was acting the part of a thorough coquette, without even adverting to the impropriety of her conduct.

"How handsome he looked!" thought she; "and how delicately he hinted at his passion—so diffidently, indeed, that I could not have had the heart to blame him. Poor young man!—deeply he loves me!"

Just then Lord Lovelace entered. Blanche's cheeks were suffused with blushes, as if she felt he could read her thoughts.

Lord Lovelace was a slim young man, with a pale and expressive countenance. His delicate features and slight figure would have given him an effeminate air, had not his piercing eyes and black eyebrows, that nearly met over his nose, given token of an energetic and impassioned soul.

"Why, Julia," said he, "what are your projects for this evening?"

"Have you forgotten, my lord," answered the young wife, coldly, "that the Duchess of Rugby's fancy ball takes place this evening?"

"This evening, is it?" asked his lordship. "The card of invitation lies on the mantel-piece," said the lady.

Her lord took up the letter, and seemed to be reflecting.

"Saturday, the 16th of February—yes, that was the very day," said he, musingly. "I am sorry it is for to-day," continued he, "and I shall not be able to accompany you."

"Indeed!" cried her ladyship; "yet you must perceive, my lord, that I cannot go alone to a ball of this description—it would be quite indecorous."

"I never thought for a moment you could," retorted the husband.

"Then what is to be done?"

"Why, is not the old Duchess of Manners invited to this fête?"

Lady Julia started at the name, and looked half doubtingly at her husband; but he was so calm that she felt completely restored to her self-possession.

"I do not know anything of the Duchess's engagements," said she.

"I will call upon her," said her husband, "and request her to come and fetch you, and accompany you to the ball."

So saying, Lovelace kissed his wife's hand, and left the room.

The Duchess of Rugby's rooms were filled by a numerous and fashionable assembly. The costumes were rich and elegant, and their effect was still further heightened by a sprinkling of grotesque characters, that offered about the same contrast to the gorgeously-dressed persons as so many cockchafers buzzing around a bed of roses in full bloom.

The sight was altogether magnificent.

When the Duchess of Manners and the Marchioness of Montrose entered the room, accompanied by the son of the former lady, a quadrille was just over, and all eyes were turned upon the new-comers. Lady Julia wore the costume of the daughters of Scotland, and, by a singular coincidence, Sir Charles had made choice of a Highland dress. It was scarcely possible to imagine a handsomer or more graceful pair.

The orchestra had just struck up one of Strauss's spirit-stirring waltzes, that seem capable of rousing the very dead. Sir Charles drew her ladyship within the magic circle, and off they set, hand in hand, with his arm encircling her slender waist, his beating heart pressed close to her side, and his eyes riveted on her face.

Half fascinated by his ardent gaze, and slightly ustered by the words he whispered in her attentive ear, Lady Julia followed her partner mechanically through the dizzy mazes of the waltz, and visions of whole legions of little Cupids seemed to be fluttering about her. She, however, soon broke off from the dance, and returned to her seat beside the Duchess of Manners.

An ugly masquerade in the character of a green imp, who had sat down in her place, now vacated the seat, and seemed to repress a sigh as he walked away; while Lady Julia felt painfully impressed, as his look seemed at once mournful and contemptuous.

As to the Baronet, he was proud of the spoils of his victory, as he considered it; for he had drawn off a plain ring from Lady Julia's finger, which she had not thought of preventing his retaining. While he was giving way to the most delightful anticipations, a voice near him said, "Look behind the shutter of third window, and read."

On turning round, Sir Charles was beset by a number of persons who were examining the costume, while the green imp seemed to be making faces at him. He, however, made his way through the crowd to the part of the room indicated, where, sure enough, he found a delicate little note. Its contents, written in a trembling hand, ran as follows:—

"Black hair, blue eyes, a small mouth, and a tender heart—all these belong to a lady not more than five-and-twenty, and might be yours, ungrateful man! if you sought the owner this evening at the opera, under a black domino, and wearing a white camellia. Hour—two o'clock in the morning. Place of meeting—beneath the orchestra."

"But I can't leave Julia just when she is beginning to thaw," said Sir Charles to himself. "Besides, this may be a mere joke. No! I will not go. Yet, perhaps, when I think of it, I had better just go in and come out again, and I will be back in time to complete the conquest I have so happily begun."

The green imp was watching Sir Charles' countenance from a quiet corner, and when he saw him leave the room, he followed him out till he had seen him get into his carriage, and then returned to the ball-room.

He now approached Lady Julia. "Madam," said he, in a voice that he purposely disguised, "the handsome Highlander who was waltzing with you just now, and whom I take to be your brother, has just dropped this paper. I ran after him to return it, but his carriage had just driven off before I could join him."

And without giving her ladyship time to answer a word he disappeared. And she unfolded it, mechanically. In another moment she had read the missive making the assignation.

"This must have been in his possession when he was swearing he loved no other than myself! And to think that he will, perhaps, laugh at my

easy credulity with this creature! Oh, shocking! I will follow him to this fine appointment, and crush him beneath the weight of my utter contempt."

Lady Julia then informed the Duchess of Manners that she was going to leave the ball. It was two o'clock when she reached the opera. There was a masked ball. She hired a domino, and entered.

At the sight of the crowds that filled the saloon, Lady Julia was half tempted to withdraw; but on perceiving a domino wearing a white camellia on her bosom, she took courage and approached her, just as she was accosted by another domino, whom she immediately recognised as Sir Charles.

The loving pair retired to a box on the upper tier. Lady Julia entered the adjoining one, and through a little chink in the partition she was enabled to hear distinctly all that was being said.

"You see, madam, I have obeyed your orders," began Sir Charles.

"Not with much alacrity, however; for I have been waiting for some minutes."

"Pity me, rather, for not having been able to join you as soon as I could have wished."

"Oh, no doubt you wanted to waltz once more with Lady Lovelace," observed the lady.

"Are you jealous?"

"Have not I good reason to be so?"

"By no means," replied Sir Charles, carelessly.

"Don't tell me!" said the lady. "The attentions you pay Lady Lovelace are the talk of the whole town!"

"Let us rather speak of your own sweet self, and of your beautiful eyes, which are half-concealed by this envious domino. Since you feel some little good-will towards your slave, let him at least enjoy the sight of his divinity."

"What is the use of my taking off my mask, since you are alive to no charms but those of your dear Lady Julia?"

"I forgot her the moment I saw you!"

"Are you quite sure?" asked the Baronet's gay companion.

"I should be unworthy of your regard if I could think otherwise," said the gallant.

"Well, I suppose I must believe you; only, this being the case, you cannot set any great store by that rosebud you snatched from the fair Scotchwoman, nor the ring she allowed you to draw off her finger."

"Will you promise?" began the Baronet.

"I am not accustomed to accept conditions, but to impose them. If they do not suit you, farewell!"

"I give way," said the Baronet.

"Ungrateful wretch!" muttered Lady Julia.

"And now—" said Sir Charles.

"Now we will take a turn in the saloon, and then I shall call for my carriage."

"A thousand thanks!"

Before Lady Julia left the box she looked out by the peephole, when she perceived Sir Charles searching everywhere for the black domino with the white camellia, who had disappeared in the crowd.

On going down stairs to call a coach, her ladyship heard a kind of chuckling laugh behind her, and on turning round she perceived the green imp who had informed her of Sir Charles' departure at the Duchess of Rugby's ball.

When Lady Julia reached home she found her husband sitting up for her, at the fire-side, in her bedroom.

"Well, Julia," said he, tenderly, "were you amused at this ball?"

Lady Julia had remained rooted to the threshold of the door; her eyes were riveted on the domino and the costume of a green imp that were carelessly thrown upon an arm-chair.

A white camellia was placed on the mantel-piece beside a rosebud. A plain ring was returned to the tray where she kept her little trinkets. These were the only gifts Sir Charles could ever boast of having received from her.

"Oh, oh, forgive me!" cried she, in an impassioned tone; "for now I see that you love me!"

Lord Lovelace pressed her fondly to his heart.

On the following day, Lady Julia's servant was despatched to Sir Charles Manners, and handed him an envelope containing the mysterious note that had deceived him to the opera, with his lady's compliments.

## THOUGHTS ON MATRIMONY.

There can be no reflections of the human mind (excepting those which attend the approach of death) so fully of melancholy, of solemnity, of awful uncertainty as those which come to a man when on the threshold of matrimony. As in that last step from off the stage of life, so now there comes a moment of introspection, when all else fades into insignificance beside the contemplation of the inner self. Then to that soul there come the inevitable queries: "Am I prepared to surrender forever that faithful friend, my pipe?" "Have I the moral courage to say to my mother-in-law, 'Avant, fiend! I will not eat cold mutton for my breakfast;' and to my wife, 'Maria, my ma's pies are better than your ma's pies.'" Alas! then must he face the adamant fact that resistance is in vain; that sooner or later he must yield. Vain are the thoughts of flight—vain the mad impulse to self-slaughter. His wedding garments (that "livery of woe") have been sent home and the man is waiting down stairs with the unrecipited bill. "Oh! fool, fool that I was," he soliloquizes, "to ask Maria those stupid conundrums

—'did she love me?' (of course she did!) and 'would she have me?' (of course she would!) And now, too late, I see it all. I shall be made to carry bundles. I shall have to go to bed early; and at dead of night tacks—vile tacks—and crooked pins and broken needles will stick themselves into the soles of my feet as I walk the cold floor carrying that squalling brat, while Maria, from under the bedclothes, says calmly that it doesn't do any good to use such language. 'Language' indeed! What language could express the situation? And then the pargoric and the soothing syrup and the squills, and the little stomach that insists on spilling over at the most inconvenient times. Oh! why was I born? And then I catch cold—which I am sure to do—Maria will pump me full of gruel and pinch my tender nose with her stiff apron, and ask me 'how I am now' and say 'some people are so delicate, and for her part none of her family were ever so sick in their lives.' And then my bombazine mother-in-law (oh, she'll never die!) will sit beside me and say cheerfully: 'There was poor Mr. Dilberry—he had a cold, just like yours—and he went off in quick consumption in less than a month (lucky Mr. Dillberry!) And his widow has done very well since, and rides in her carriage. And if you want to go I don't know what Maria would do.'" And then he exclaims again, "Why was I born? And when I found I was born, and in despair tried to commit suicide by swallowing pins and worm lozenges and throwing myself down stairs, why didn't they let me?" And so the poor victim raves; but it is his own fault that he is in this predicament, and no one knows it better than he.

As the day draws near which is to consign him to a life-long regret a certain pride comes to his rescue, and he is enabled to go through the ceremonial—the formal renunciation of his happy independence—with the air of one whom nothing can daunt. Oh, the hypocrisy that thus takes root in his bosom! How it grows and spreads and flourishes until deceit becomes a second nature to him!

Then from one step to another he descends, until he reaches that depth of degradation where he cannot return from "seeing a friend" without reeking with the odor of cloves. Let us not follow him further in his downward career, but let fall the mantle of charity upon his wasted life, simply recording the mental verdict, "One more unfortunate!"

A. MINOR.

## ARTISTIC.

ANTWERP is preparing to celebrate the tercentenary of the birth of Rubens.

AN important discovery of Roman coins and medals of the times of Cæsar, Germanicus, Augustus, Nero, &c., has been made at Semlin.

ROBERT BROWNING'S son, who took to painting two years ago, by Mr. Millais' advice, shows, it is said, much progress in his chosen profession.

THE portrait of Archbishop Cranmer, by Holbein, at Lambeth Palace, has lately undergone the process of cleaning and restoration. This is one of the finest specimens of the great portrait painter's work.

FOUR artists are fervent at work in the Uffizi Palace at copying a picture of Fra Angelico's "trypich," with a border of heavenly musicians. It takes eight days to make a copy, which sells for sixty or eighty francs.

By the death of Lord Stanhope, the committee of the "National Byron Memorial" have lost an influential and energetic chairman. In his place Mr. Disraeli has selected as working chairman of the committee the Earl of Rosslyn.

PROFESSOR VON PILOTY, who has accepted the commission to paint a fresco for the grand hall of the new Rathaus at Munich, intends to introduce into one group the portraits of three hundred of the most distinguished citizens of the Bavarian capital.

CARPEAUX left unfinished a repetition, with some variations, of his celebrated group *La Danse*, one third of the original size. This has since been finished and will be exhibited in the next Salon, together with several other of his repetitions.

A magnificent cameo, supposed to be a portrait of Octavia, the second wife of Mark Antony and sister of Augustus, has been brought to the notice of the Paris Academie des Inscriptions. The stone is a sardonyx, with a milky surface.

M. DARCELL, director of the Gobelins, has purchased for the French Government the gate of the Palazzo Stanga, at Verona, for 80,000 francs. This colossal piece of art, with its two columns, is entirely marble and the jambs are covered with the most exquisite sculpture. It will be placed shortly in the Louvre Museum of Sculpture.

THE bronze and silver medallions with Mr. Carlyle's portrait have been issued to the subscribers to the address to him. As a work of art this portrait by Mr. Boehm is equal to anything which has been produced by Greuze. Mr. Boehm is a personal friend of Mr. Carlyle's, and consequently has been able to observe him continually in all attitudes and under a great variety of conditions.

IN digging near Ceri, Rome, there has been discovered a superb marble fragment of an ancient Roman calendar, containing the second half of the first five months of the year. Besides the usual indications of days, feasts, and the different games, there is a list of the principal solemnities; some of these last are quite new; others confirm conjectures which have been made by learned men on less certain indications. The most recent date which can be read is that of the dedication of the Altar of Peace by Augustus, in the 745th year of Rome.

A Roman society, which has commenced excavations close to the monument of Minerva Medica, has come upon some very interesting things, among which are the paintings that adorned a cubinary which the Roman archaeologists and artists believe to be of the Augustine age, and of great value both to science and art. In making preparations for constructing the central hall in the Conservatory Palace at the Capitol, a ground plan has been discovered, supposed to be that of the Temple of Jupiter, to which Dionysius gave a surface of 4,000 square feet. In the same place has been found a column of large size, which appears to belong to the Temple of Jupiter Optimus Maximus.