

want has been at least partially supplied from an aptitude to commune with my own thoughts, and a diligent application to that inexhaustible source of pleasure—books. It may have produced a somewhat morbid state of mind, and a degree of unsociableness, but the pleasure has been proportionate.

I am not going to descant on the pleasures of melancholy, that were superfluous. It has already been done by abler pens than mine. I wish to indicate that I stand alone in the world—that the greater part of my pleasures arise from contemplation. While I saunter along, with a countenance that few care to look upon, none to address, I am mentally pleased while looking into the various characters which chance may throw in my way. Here comes the man of business. See what an air of bustle and fatigue there is about him. He pants and blows as if it were summer. He has thrown open his waistcoat to catch a little air; while I, who am nothing but skin and bones, am almost frozen. But here floats along the supercilious lady, with her cloak trimmed with costly furs. See what a *hauteur* she has; but then perhaps she is a beauty and a *belle*. How disdainfully she looks at passers-by—how condescendingly she bows to yon cavalier on his prancing steed! He acknowledges it as the greatest favor. What a contrast there is between her and that modest, pretty girl who follows her! She is conscious of her beauty, but wishes not to blazon it forth to every one. If she is saluted, she gracefully returns it, and passes on. Hers is a happy lot; she is jealous of no one.