

## SONG.

"When scorn was couch'd in Chloë's eye,  
 I pined and drew the pensive sigh;  
 When Chloë frown'd, I sigh'd again,  
 There was no respite to my pain;  
 At length, determin'd to be free,  
 I smiled—and Chloë sigh'd for me."

Mademoiselle de Charolois, who was sister to the Duke of Bourbon, and one of the princesses of the blood royal in the reign of Louis XV, had a number of admirers. The French historian, from whom this account is taken, says that "formed for pleasure from her youth by the beauty and graces she possessed, she was endowed with exquisite sensibility, which turned itself entirely to love." We should call it licentiousness, for it is added, that she brought forth children every year with little more secrecy than an opera girl; although, to keep up appearances, it was on those occasions always reported that she was ill, and the whole Court, where the matter was perfectly understood, used to send to enquire after her health. Once she had a Swiss porter, who, not being trained in the ways of etiquette, answered without ceremony to the enquiries made. "The princess is as well as can be expected and the child too."

A gentleman who has an abundant portion of self-conceit, with but a moderate share of ability to support it, lately applied at a store for some Spanish cigars. Some were shewn him. "Are these Spanish cigars?" "Yes, indeed Sir, they are, and excellent ones too." "I dare say they are excellent, but as for their being Spanish, *unfortunately* it happens that I have been in Spain." "But, Sir, it happens *unfortunately* that no cigars are made in Spain."