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LADY BETTY'S POCKET-BOOK.

Into it, Knight, thou shalt not look.—SCOTT.

I passed my five-and-twentieth birth-day at Oakenshade. Sweet sentimental age! Dear, deeply regretted place; Oakenshade is the fairest child of Father Thames, from Gloucestershire to Blackwall. She is the very queen of cottages, for she has fourteen best bed-rooms, and stabling for a squadron. Her trees are the finest in Europe, and her inhabitants the fairest in the world. Her old mistress is the Lady Bountiful of the country, and her young mistresses are its pride, Lady Barbara is black-eyed and hyacinthine; Lady Betty blue-eyed and Madonna-like.

In situations of this kind it is absolutely necessary for a man to fall in love, and in due compliance with the established custom, I fell in love both with Lady Betty and Lady Barbara. Now Barbara was a soft-hearted high-minded rogue, and pretended as I thought, not to care for me, that she might not interfere with the interest of her sister; and Betty was a reckless, giddy-witted baggage, who cared for nobody and nothing upon earth, except the delightful occupation of doing what she pleased. Accordingly, we became the Romeo and Juliet of the place, excepting that I never could sigh, and she never could apos-