

more important money-getting speculations.

And there the timid fair steals a passing glance, as she wends her way to the repositories of silks and satins, muffs and tip-pets, caps and bonnets.

Besides these, there are less respectable print-shops, whose attractions are often of an objectionable kind. Around these, the curious, the idle, the thoughtless, and the vicious are too frequently assembled; but let us pass them by, for their influence is evil. We cannot gaze upon them without self-reproach, nor reflect upon them without pain and dissatisfaction.

Sometimes it occurs that an engraving furnishes as useful a lesson of instruction as a book, and illustrates it in a more concise and striking manner. One instance of this shall be given.

Some time ago, there was exhibited in London, and probably elsewhere, a series, of six French lithographic prints, holding up as it were, a narrative to the passer-by, wherein he might read the evil consequences of gaming. But we will describe the series more particularly:—

The first print represents a fine young man leaning over his partner, an elegant female, who is looking with maternal solicitude on a sleeping infant, lying in its little crib. While the child is wrapped in peaceful repose, the fond parents regard it as an inestimable treasure. Underneath is the expression, "Mon amie! ne le reveit-il pas?"—My friend, or my love, let us not awaken him.

Pleasing picture! what is the delight afforded by the greenest leaf, the freshest floweret, or the ripest fruit, when compared with the thrilling emotions of love and joy that fills a parent's heart, when gazing on the lovely features of a sleeping child, and that child a son or daughter?

In the second print, the same young man is seen seated at a gaming table, where evidently he has lost something considerable. A well-dressed sharper, with a smile of satisfaction, is placing the amount he has won in his pocket-book, while the young man leaning across the table, with the cards in his hand, exclaims, with evident loss of temper, and strong desire to get back his lost property, "Je tiens, toujours, quitte ou double"—I always play for double or quit. His anxious partner, elegantly dressed, has left the ladies with whom she had been sitting, to remonstrate on his playing so high.

Putting her hand gently on his shoulder, she whispers, "Mon ami! tu joues trop gros jeu"—My friend, or my love, you play for too much.

The disappointment and anger of the young man, the anxiety of his partner, and the self-complacency of the successful sharper, are all naturally expressed. This scene, however, is but the beginning of evils. The sin of gaming is a headlong sin: for a season its victims may manifest some degree of caution, but winning and losing at last produce the same recklessness.

In the third scene, the young man is supposed to be ruined. He is dressed in a loose coat, and has evidently, not only played high, but drunk deep also. This is told too plainly by the colour in his cheeks, and the broken decanters on the floor; passion, fury, and despair, are expressed in his face. With one hand, in a fit of desperation, he seizes a sharper by the throat, while with the other he grasps an uplifted chair, which is about to descend on the head of a second villain. "Vous m'avez volé!" he exclaims, "Vous êtes d'infames gueux!"—You have robbed me, you are infamous beggars.

In the fourth scene, the young man, though handsomely dressed and surrounded with elegance, is evidently in a state bordering on distraction; he is communicating, in a few words, to his wife the dreadful intelligence that he is reduced to beggary. She, full of solicitude, is holding one of his hands, while with the other he furiously grasps the hair of his head, averting his eyes, and exclaiming, "Nous sommes ruinés! J'ai tout perdu!"—We are ruined! I have lost every thing!

Few persons can gaze on this scene without entering, at once, into the horrible distress of the guilty being who has, by his passion for gaming, plunged himself and his family in irretrievable ruin.

A sad change in the circumstances of the miserable young gamster has taken place in the fifth scene, for there he is seated in a wretched garret, surrounded with that poverty and misery which seldom fail to attend on gaming, as a shadow attends to a substance. He is leaning with his elbows on a common looking table; his face buried in his hands, as though he had abandoned himself to the deepest despair; the mother of his little ones sits beside him, and with hopeless despondency