

TO——

Thou hast left me to my sorrow,
 And withdrawn thy love from me;
 But my mem'ry still must borrow
 All its dearest thoughts from thee.
 Though I know that I am fading,
 Neath a cold world's bitter blast;
 And they tell me 'tis degrading,
 Yet I'll love thee to the last.

Where thy false vows first were plighted,
 It were needless now to tell;
 How my constant heart was slighted,
 Thou can'st yet remember well;
 But I mean not to upbraid thee,
 May'st thou never know the smart;
 When some false one has betray'd thee
 Of a fond and doting heart.

On thy path of pleasure hieing,
 Whilst it brightens in thine eye,
 May no thought of her now dying,
 Wake thy bosom's faintest sigh:
 But, should sorrow overtake thee,
 And thy dreams of pleasure flee,
 When at night thy grief awakes thee,
 Think of those thou gav'st to me.



For The Amaranth.

"No regularity of features, no brilliancy of complexion, no sparkling eyes or silken hair, render that lady beautiful, who, when she has her lips, (though they be of coral,) displays a set of discoloured teeth." RILEY.

"The idea of calling such a man a *gentleman*! why I would as soon call a man a gentleman, who did not keep his teeth clean!"

ANONYMOUS.

"PAPA," said a pretty girl to her vulgar mother, "give me five shillings to go to a dentist and get my teeth cleaned. Mrs. F. told me and all her school, the other day, that being more unbecoming than discoloured teeth." "Nonsense, my child, why would you waste money in that manner, your teeth are perfectly sound, and what good can a dentist do them?" "No papa, but Mrs. F. said no young lady could pretend to refinement unless she kept her teeth nice; and that if any of the young ladies of her school had discoloured teeth, people might think she had not properly instructed them, and besides, papa, since we have observed how different my teeth look from those of young girls who have always been taught to keep their teeth white, it makes me quite unhappy, for I am really ashamed to

smile in the presence of any educated person, for fear of showing my teeth." "O well, my dear," said her good-natured father, "if it will add any thing to your happiness, I will not make any objection; but take care that the dentist do not injure your teeth."

Such was the instructive good sense, with which the beautiful Julia S. always improved to her own advantage, every remark which she heard made by persons of correct taste. She did not, however, tell her father *all* the reasons which made her so anxious to have her teeth made more beautiful than they were; but I believe very few young ladies whose beaux deserve to be called *gentlemen*, will have much difficulty in fancying what *other* reason there might have been.

Julia had not, indeed, had the advantage of much instruction in matters of refinement at home. Her parents had been brought up in a new country, where the means of polite education were not attainable; but her father had made himself rich, and, being a sensible man, had determined to educate his children; and Julia was therefore sent to Mrs. F's school, at that time, the most fashionable in the town.

Impressions suddenly made, are usually strong, and so it was with the beautiful Julia S. Having made her teeth all that a pretty girl could wish, she could never afterwards, without strong disgust, look at a vulgar mouth. In a letter to one of her school-mates, some time afterwards, she thus takes her revenge of a young man who had unconsciously annoyed her:—"How disagreeable it is to be in company with a vulgar young man! That insufferable fellow, Charles ——, was at Mrs. R's pic nic party on Tuesday, and I was so unfortunate as to receive a great part of his attentions. It is true, he is the son of the honorable Mr. S.; but what amends can that make for his shockingly neglected teeth? I dare say he thought I ought to be much flattered, but I should be much more flattered if he would do me the justice to believe I cannot look at his *teeth*. How *can* a young man be so rude as to go up to a lady and show her his filthy teeth? I really cannot conceive how any lady can endure the attentions of such a person. I dare say he would not sit down to dinner with soiled *hands*, then how can he with worse than soiled *teeth*? I wonder whether he ever saw his own teeth? I declare I will send him a Valentine, and desire him to look at them. You may think me fastidious, but I protest I think no young man should be tole-