

Black eyes, fair forehead, clustering locks,
Such wealth, such honors, Cupid chooses,
He cares as little for the stocks,
As Baron Rothschild for the muses.

She sketch'd ; the vale, the wood, the beach,
Grew lovelier from her pencil's shading ;
She botanized ; I envied each
Young blossom in her boudoir fading ;
She warbled Handel—it was grand—
She made the Catalina jealous ;
She touch'd the organ, I could stand
For hours and hours and blow the bellows.

She kept an album, too, at home,
Well fill'd with all an album's glories :
Paintings of butterflies and Rome,
Patterns for tripping, Persian stories ;
Soft songs to Julia's cockatoo,
Fierce odes to famine and to slaughter ;
And autographs of Prince Leboo,
And recipes for elder water.

And she was flatter'd, worshipp'd, bored ;
Her steps were watch'd, her dress was noted,
Her poodle dog was quite adored ;
Her sayings were extremely quoted.
She laugh'd and every heart was glad,
As if the taxes were abolish'd ;
She frown'd, and every look was sad,
As if the opera were demolish'd.

She smil'd on many, just for fun—
I knew that there was nothing in it ;
I was the first, the only one
Her heart had thought of for a minute :
I knew it, for she told me so,
In phrase which was divinely moulded ;
She wrote a charming hand ; and, oh !
How sweetly all her notes were folded !

Our love was like most other loves—
A little glow, a little shiver ;
A rosebud and a pair of gloves,
And " Fly not yet " upon the river ;
Some jealousy of some one's heir,
Some hopes of dying broken-hearted ;
A miniature, a lock of hair,
The usual vows, and then we parted.

We parted—months and years roll'd by ;
We met again four summers after ;—
Our parting was all sob and sigh—
Our meeting was all mirth and laughter
For, in my heart's most secret cell,
There had been many other lodgers ;
And she was not the ball room's belle,
But only Mrs. Something Rogers.
