

Unequal'd for a courtly speech,  
 Matchless—for smile and vow,  
 But, never manhood's burden high  
 Honor'd thy worldly brow.

Hast thou no grander dream of life,  
 No nobler, wiser care  
 Than haunts thy soul in G—lle Street,  
 Beside some simple fair.

Surely—some loftier aim will rouse,  
 Gifts—like the hidden ore;  
 DANDIES were rare among the Sons  
 Of great Mac—more.

But, returning to prose, and in the midst of our observations upon all here, I think suddenly of one who is here no more, and not carelessly would I evoke the peaceful shadow of her who 'has dipped her sainted foot in the sunshine of the blest,' to glide again for a moment through these sauntering groups. Do you not still remember one, of whom you once said, 'That woman is very nearly an Angel.' One, not beautiful, yet so palpably clothed in spiritual loveliness, that hers was the only face I ever saw, that literally realized to me 'the beauty of holiness.' You know that in our street studies and speculations, we often thought that her work was nearly done, and you have said, that she was one of the wise-hearted sojourners among us, who might any day be summoned home. So you will be little surprised to hear, that with slight warning she lately passed away, leaving behind her a new-born babe, and a place in many hearts, filled with the 'memory of the just.' Many a child of poverty will long miss her generous hand, and gentle words, and others may feel and say, what has already been beautifully felt and said of bereavement:

"So have we guides to heaven's eternal city,  
 And when our wandering feet would backward stray.  
 The faces of our dead arise in brightness,  
 And fondly beckon to the holier way;"

When the drooping, unostentatious form rises before them, of the young christian woman, who was early fit for heaven.

And she, too, is here—your old friend, Mrs. Loring—as absurdly grand and high-flown as ever. She still knows the names of big books, and can discourse fluently upon their title-pages. She is eloquent also, as formerly, upon her 'native land,' and the lack of appreciation for 'native talent'—and enlarges greatly upon 'old theories,' 'the majestic head of Dante,' and other excessively blue topics. Having once been pretty, she is evermore dignified with the remembrance of it, and sometimes by superhuman exertions extorts a compliment, when the old reply is ready: 'Ah! if you knew my fair Lora, you would not think so,' and the fair little unsophisticated Lora, proceeding in like manner, gets a chance of saying: 'If you had but known my dear Mamma, a year or two ago,' &c. The prudent matron still borrows the Army or Navy list, as the case requires (when a new acquaintance unwarily enters her enchanted circle), with a view to the acquisition of a correct idea relative to the respective rates of pay; and with praiseworthy foresight, invariably