

INVOCATION TO SUMMER.

Sweet Summer, come! Why linger on the way,
While, cold and sad, we mourn thy long delay?
What fearest thou?
No more rude Winter scowls upon the land;
The earth is fair; Spring, with a flowery hand,
Has decked her brow.

The waving woods, arrayed in leafy grace,
Spread their green boughs, and court thy warm embrace,
Thy balmy air:
The verdant lawn prepares the carpet soft,
On which thy glowing foot has trod so oft,
And quivering branches scatter from aloft
Their blossoms fair.

Summer! oh haste, these blushing sweets to see,
And budding fruits, that perish but for thee!
Come beaming forth
From the deep shade of ever-blooming bowers,
And pour the spicy breath of southern flowers
O'er the sad north!

This was a spring-tide wish, when breezes chill,
And frosts untimely, shivered down the hill:
Warm Summer heard the call, and straitway came,
With eye of lightning, and with breath of flame:
The chill north winds, that met the sultry blast,
Were driven back to arctic realms at last,
And sighing low,
Swept round the frozen zone, o'er icy beds,
Where Winter, stern and unrelenting, spreads
Eternal snow.

And we, sad mortals! doomed to dire extremes,
Are scorching, melting, 'neath the fervid beams
Of summer's fiery sun; and faintly call,
'Oh! for some ice, to cool our lips withal!
Oh! for some clouds althwart the burning sky,
Filled with kind showers; for mother earth is dry;
And thirst, insatiate, opens his panting mouth,
To mutter vengeance on the flaming south!
Ah, dire extremes! Scarce can cold winter leave us,
Ere summer comes, with heat, drought, dust, to grieve us!

ROUGE FOR THE LADIES.

A STRANGE ADVENTURE.

An anecdote of a young English lady of our acquaintance residing at Paris, and who for the first time applied, or rather misapplied, rouge vinegar, may perhaps be acceptable to our fair readers, as furnishing a lesson in the use of that preparation.

The lady was extremely pale, though of remarkable beauty. A female friend of hers, thinking that what required no improvement—for her very pallor was lovely—might perchance be improved by a little colour on her cheeks, presented her with a bottle of the "Vinaigre de Maille." She was engaged to a large party the same evening—indeed her toilet was nearly completed for the occasion, when her friend left her. As is the case with most young ladies when under process of adornment for a party, this one was not ready as soon as she ought to have been. Her aunt was getting impatient, and the carriage was waiting at the door. Twice she had been summoned. Having, with the assistance of her maid put the finishing touch to her toilet, she bethought her of her friend's present. Dismissing the servant, she proceeded in a great hurry to apply the liquid to her cheeks, with a bit of raw cotton. As the vinegar does not colour until it begins to dry, and the young lady was ignorant of this, she was so liberal in the use of the liquid, that in a short time her cheeks became of a most fiery red. In an agony of hasty and nervous impatience, she seized a towel and endeavoured to rub off some of the vinegar. This only made the matter worse, by removing the colour which was not quite dry, and spreading it on that part of the face where it ought not to be. Dismayed at the result of her expedient, she rushed to the washing-stand, and with soap and towel gave her cheeks a tremendous scrubbing. The water was not too abundant, but she was lavish of soap and hand-labour. The voice of her impatient aunt was at length heard from the stairs—and supposing that, by this time, the traces of the vinegar were entirely effaced, she ran down stairs, and glided through the hall, sprang into the carriage and ensconced herself on the farther side—hoping that by the time her somewhat infirm and irritable relative had gone over the same ground, her anger would be exhausted.

On reaching the house where they were to be entertained, the servants, as they announced Miss O—, looked at her with a stare of astonishment, which was repeated by the hostess and all her guests. The aunt and niece could not account for this strange reception; but a whisper soon was through the rooms that Miss O—, had been seized with a malignant fever, on her way to Madame P—'s. Every body seemed to shrink from her; whilst she, meanwhile, having no idea of the cause of such conduct, be-

gan to feel considerable alarm and mortification. At length her aunt happened to look her in the face.

"Why! child," said she, "what is the matter with you?" "Nothing that I know of aunty," replied the beauty. "Oh! dear," exclaimed Madame P—, "Doctor Blache, who is just arrived, says that she must have taken the scarlet fever, and that it is of the very worst kind."

At this moment Miss O— chanced to catch a reflection of her own pretty face in a large mirror opposite to where she stood. It would be impossible to describe the shock it gave her. Her beauty had fled: a strong shining varnish appeared to have been thickly rubbed all over her face, which was covered with streaks and blotches of the most fiery red, intersecting each other in all directions. She was ready to faint, and having forgotten all about the rouge vinegar, was fully persuaded that she was labouring under the most malignant type of scarlet fever. The excitement of her imagination was such as really to give her the feelings of disease, and to heighten her pulse to such a degree that Dr. Blache pronounced her in danger, and advised her that she should be immediately taken home, and put to bed.

Miss O—, more dead than alive, was placed in her aunt's carriage. On reaching home, however, the cause of her strange appearance became known, and was found to have been the application of soap and water to the undried excess of rouge vinegar. The young lady was, however, obliged to hide herself in her room for more than a fortnight, before the traces of her inexperience were effaced; and during this time, a report was prevalent among her numerous admirers, that she was dying of a malignant fever.

From "Rural Sketches."

FORTUNES OF TUMBLING TOMMY.

BY THOMAS MILLER.

"Never did tranquil hamlet rear a wilder scapegrace than little Tommy, or village green bear a more arrant skip-Jack; his legs, instead of his thoughts, were ever turned heavenward; to him the world was always topsy-turvy, for never was he so happy as when tumbling head over heels, turning somersets, standing on his head upon a pint pot, or walking upon his hands. He was, indeed, a thing of 'shreds and patches,' a very Joseph in his garments of divers colours; every somerset he turned cost him mother a score or two of stitches; she did but little beside mending his clothes, or running from cottage to cottage begging bits of cloth. 'Do, neighbour,' she would say, 'try to find me a bit of something to mend our lad's breeches, for really it takes all my time only to keep him decent; I've hardly laid down my needle, and told him not to split his things so again, before up go his legs over and over, like a windmill-sail, and crack, crack, crack, crack, goes all my stitching, though I've done it with white-a-brown thread of three thicknesses.' Poor Tommy's tumbling was his only pleasure, as he confessed, 'he did it without a thought.'—He went to school, but, poor fellow! he never could have lived had he not been permitted to go out every hour to give his heels an airing; they absolutely quivered again when the hands of the clock were upon the point of twelve or five. How wistfully would he look at the flies, running feet uppermost on the ceiling! I believe from my heart, he envied them during school hours. But, oh! when the school broke loose, when the hour was up, the signal given, the words uttered, 'Boys, you may go home,' to have seen Tommy shoot out;—hop—step—jump, and he had cleared the threshold, and helter-skelter, head over heels he went, never stopping to look; and as to thinking, why, his very brains were prevented from dwelling upon anything for even a moment, so he trusted to some hedge, ditch, wall, or paling to bring him up; nor would his feet remain easy even then, but hang uppermost, and knock and kick, and perhaps take it into their heads to go over and over back again. No marvel that he almost always held his book wrong end uppermost, and was fond of making X's, because they were all legs; if he looked at a picture, he invariably turned it heels upwards, then marvelled why the legs were not pointed skyward; how his face was plashed in wet weather, when he walked home, head downwards, on his hands to keep his shoes clean and not dirty his mother's floor. He believed that man originally walked on his head, and averred, that not half the people would fill in frosty weather, if they looked to their steps and took heed to their ways.

"In vain did his mother inquire, 'What can I do with him? Who would undertake to teach him a trade? He never could settle down into a sober body, unless he enlisted for a soldier, and had the good fortune to lose those whirling legs,—those spinning spindles. However, he left the school, and poor old tailor Markam, having a respect for his mother, said, to use his own expression, 'I'll try what sitting crosslegged with a heavy sleeve-board and a heavier goose will do for him; for if aught in the world will take the devil out of them legs of his, it must be a little heavy ironing on his own knees.' So Tommy went on trial to tailor Markam, and when asked if he could sit cross-legged, he only replied with a grin, and throwing his feet over each shoulder made them meet behind his neck. Fine fun to him was the goose and sleeve-board!—he brought the iron down every time with a force which made the shopboard on which they sat spring again;

the old tailor praised his exertion, and Tommy ironed away until the perspiration streamed from his brow. Unfortunately, however, the shopboard was thin—it was elastic—down went the iron in an instant as soon as he made this discovery; he chattered away like a monkey, swayed himself a few times, until the tailor shook in his seat. There was no resisting the emotion; a fine clear board with such a spring, and not to tumble,—that was more than the legs of a human being like him could resist—so down went the sleeve-board and goose, and up went his heels, and alighted on poor old Markam's chest, and pitched him topsy-turvy into the floor, and as the window was up, out he shot at a bound, and went tumbling all the way home, to the amazement of his poor old mother, and the disappointment of all her hopes. No; tailoring would not suit Tommy, especially if followed on a board elastic as old Markam's; so he was once more at 'a loose end,' emptying his mother's cup-board, then somerseting round the village-green to get a new appetite. In vain did the old woman plead with the glazier, and entreat him to give her boy a trial; but his look was decisive; he pointed to the piles of glass which stood around his shop, shrugged his shoulders and shook his head, saying plainly, that amid such brittle ware there was not room for Tumbling Tommy. Our host at the Blue Bell gave him a trial, but it was of no avail, for if he had to carry home a pint of beer, he set it down twenty times during the journey to show the boys how he could stand on his head on the full pot; too often reaching the doors of his customers, with the ale foam glittering on his elfin locks, or sometimes forgetting himself, he ventured a somerset with a full pot in each hand, making a circle round his head like a water-wheel. * * The shopkeeper gave him a day's trial, but before night he had both his feet in a hamper of eggs, and was glad to make his escape from the wrath of his master, without pausing to draw out the shoe which stuck in a firkin of butter after one of his somersets. He finished with the old shoemaker, who took him on trial, before noon, by sweeping half the crockery-ware from the mantel-piece, and driving his feet through two panes of glass at the very first tumble. With the barber he fared no better; and before he had been with the blacksmith an hour, his feet were over the bellows' handle, and up and down he jerked at such a rate as blew every spark out of the forge, and made an illumination all over the floor.

"The mountebanks had come to try their fortune at Warten Woodhouse, and had got up a lottery, the highest prize being two guineas in money; the lowest were stated to be worth five shillings; shares one shilling each—tumbling and conjuring gratis. All day long they went drumming and sounding through the village, and having also distributed their bills through the neighbouring hamlets, a vast concourse (for a country place) were soon assembled. A rare show did these mountebanks make around the little circus set apart for their performance; never were so many gown-pieces, cotton shawls, silk handkerchiefs, kettles, boots, shoes, hats, etc. before exhibited in the village; every one who had a shilling to spare tried his luck, and some of them, to use my old grandad's phrase, who had 'more money than brains,' purchased, three or four shares. Well, the prizes were drawn by a peasant lad, well known to them all, and I doubt not as fairly as in customary on such occasions; in short, everybody seemed satisfied who had won a prize, and those who had not, murmured; the two guineas were, however, won by one of our neediest neighbours, whom, I believe, my grandad furnished with the shilling to try his luck. When the prize-drawing was all over, the performance commenced, and you may be sure that Tommy was there as a looker on. The principal tumbler chanced to be a very stout man, considerably too much so for his profession; however, he managed to turn a somerset,—he tried a second, and fell down. Oh! to have seen Tumbling Tommy at the moment! He jumped, he screamed, he clapped his hands with delight, and shouted aloud, 'Ha! ha! I can beat him, I can beat him!' The stout man again arose, and Tommy stood peeping between the legs of a very tall man, and watched his motions with the deepest anxiety. The mountebank made another trial, and accomplished it slowly and clumsily, and then by way of change stood on his head. This was more than our mercurial friend could bear to witness: to stand on his head only: why, Tommy could do that before he was four years old. Like a greyhound slipped from the leash when the game is in view, so did Tommy shoot from under the legs of his tall companion, and, without once halting, made half a score somersets in the circus. The fat man brought himself to an anchor, and sat looking daggers at the intruder; the crowd clapped their hands and shouted,—even those who had drawn blanks joined in the applause. Nor could the master-mountebank keep back his share of praise; the whole circus rang with loud acclaim—a proud night was that for Tumbling Tommy. The performance was at last finished, and next day the mountebank sought the mother of the young scapegrace: he made very fair offers for her son, and held out hopes that if he went through a regular course of tuition, there would be no doubt of his one day becoming a great tumbler. 'No, she couldn't think of letting her bairn live such a tramping life; if he tumbled a bit now and then to please himself; that was all well and good. But he was her own bairn, and as dear to her as if he was ever so steady; no, she couldn't think of letting him leave her.' A day or two however elapsed, and Tumbling Tommy was missing; where he had gone we all