

is well," he said, in a kinder tone. "Now unfold thy project, for some scheme thou had'st, I'm certain."

The Jester drew his stool close to the feet of his master, and unfolded his design in a low and rapid speech. A rich glow gathered in the cheeks of the youth, his eye brightened, and he now and then interrupted the speaker with broken exclamations of pleasure. By degrees, the Jester's voice became lower and more insidious; as he proceeded, a frown darkened the face of his master, and, more than once, he started back with an angry exclamation. Then he would gradually incline his head, and his deepening color told how skillfully the subtle adviser was playing upon his passions. As if carried away by the interest of his subject, the Jester at length spoke aloud in a firm voice.

"There are women," he said, "whose lives are as a quiet stream; passions may disturb them for a moment, as winds ruffle the limpid waters, and then their life passes on as quietly as if no evil had oppressed them, even as the stream resumes its glassy smoothness, when the breeze which disturbs it is hushed. With such, joys or sorrows never penetrate beyond the surface of the heart, the core remains untouched and impervious. There are others—and this damsel is one—bold and visionary, with the energies of men, joined to the tenderness of the weakest woman; with passions and aspirations, which, once lighted, burn on for ever and ever, till the heart is consumed by its own unquenchable desires. Excite these energies and this tenderness, at the same time, and a creature is formed such as this damsel may be made: a lion in the face of an enemy, a dove in the bosom of one on whom she lavishes affection; a being, who, once engaged in a course of love or glory, will concentrate her strength and contend with difficulty, danger, and even death, but who will never yield till her object is accomplished. To win such love, to awaken such powers, is a task worthy even of thee, my master. But beware of arousing them for a slight purpose; of trifling with a heart like that, for the simple amusement of a day; it would be like uncapping Vesuvius, to be amused by the sparkle of its flames, and the rush of its burning lava. Leave her here, in the solitude of her own green valley, to indulge the fiery strength of her nature by curbing travellers' horses, and breaking young colts; or take her hence, as I but now proposed, place her among the soldiers, and make one more mighty effort to arouse the energies of France." Here the Jester's voice again sunk to an under tone, he spoke long and earnestly, apparently explaining with more minute exactness, the project which occupied his mind.

"Well, be it so," said the youth, at length, as his very servant arose to depart, "but, on thy life, be prudent and secret."

The Jester promised obedience, and left the apartment. After leaving the ruin he proceeded to the hostelry, where he had left Agnes Sorrell. He held a protracted interview with her, and then, mounting his horse, rode off toward Vancoeleurs. It was deep in the night when he returned, with his horse in a foam, and with a heavy bundle tied to his saddle-bow.

To be continued.

Original.

ELDERLY GENTLEMEN.

BY MRS. SEBA SMITH.

READER mine, hast thou ever, in thy mortal cogitations, been tempted to indulge in feelings of compassion or contempt for those of thy race, who may appropriately be termed *Elderly Gentlemen*? Or hast thou ever, in contemplating thy possible destiny, shrunk from this particular part of thy lot as from a period heretofore of all comfort, and the very acme of human ills! If so, I beseech thee to take shame and confusion of face to thyself, for thou art already convicted of the very climax of human folly. I will scarcely believe thou art able to discern "a hawk from a handsaw."

Rest thee in thy Cretanism, and I will, if so be there is stuff enough in thee, essay to convince thee of thy great error, and to enlighten thee as to the many privileges thou art still to enjoy; or of which, perchance, thou mayest already have begun to partake, albeit unconscious of thy felicity.

First, let us review the successive periods of thy life, each with its peculiar and not to be avoided perils, and verily, thou wilt perceive that as thou hast approached this haven, thy felicity hath increased.

Look, then, at thy firm and well-turned limbs, (for the Elderly Gentleman hath no experience in the shrunk pantaloons,) thy well formed foot, which thou art wont to display in the best of Day and Martin's polish; thy cheek, with its strong manly lines, which thou art fain to consider as evidences of thought and force of character, a position from which I will not attempt to dislodge thee; thy whiskers, scarcely sprinkled with grey, and matching the short curly locks that mantle thy high, rather intellectual looking, brow—for no other word will suit thee, suggestive as it is of those of Jupiter, Mars, and a whole Pantheon of Gods and Goddesses—thy brow then, which thou hast fondly persuaded thyself is no mean counterpart to that of Napoleon, (a harmless phantasy, in which thou mayest freely indulge; elderly gentlemen do, or ought to look intellectual.) Look at all this, and then consider, I beseech thee, that thou wast once a "sprawling babe, mewling and puking" in the arms of thy nurse, thy bare feet and shapeless legs kicking back and forth, to the most disreputable of all sounds, inasmuch as it is nothing certain, being neither language, bark nor mew, neither a low nor a squeal, but that nondescript of all sounds, a baby cry.

Then think of thy bald head, and drooping cheeks, and that aperture in lieu of a mouth distended to its largest possible dimensions, exhibiting thy red, toothless gums and quivering tongue, all for the laudable purpose of emitting the before spoken of sounds, that delight none but thyself, and two nameless objects, who witness the operation with the greatest possible pleasure.

Thy very cheek tingles with shame at the recital, but I am not yet done. I will suppose thou hast passed through all the preliminary steps to walking; that thou hast looked interesting upon all-fours; that mama has been duly pulled and hauled, mortified and empancured;

that a reasonable number of visitors have been shocked and bored by the evidences of thy existence, and the precocity of thy genius; that thy nose, to say nothing of the rest of thy person, hath been suitably bumped, producing developments as yet unclaimed by Phrenology; and that thou art able to walk at an angle, something less than thirty degrees. And here thou hast reached a most important era, in the history of thy life. Thou hast become the subject of serious debate. A solemn and most important council has been held in thy behalf. Thy gymnastic feats have become no longer endurable, and thy vaultings, albeit in perfect innocence, no longer to be tolerated. Thy tunics are, therefore, to be discarded, and thou art to appear in the pomposity of thy sex. Great is thy rejoicing—great thy anxiety—great thy impatience. To thee it is a day, "big with the fate of Cæsar and of Rome."

Now behold thyself making sundry ambitious attempts to balance thy dumpy figure upon one foot, while the other is to be thrust into what is termed a pair of trousers. Dost mark thy chuckling face, red with exertion, thy shapeless hands clinging to the apron of the female Vulcan, who is to encase thee in the armor of manhood? All will not do; and thou art unceremoniously hoisted into her lap, while thy extremities are thrust in one after another, and thou art hoisted up and down, and shaken in with as little remorse as a pillow into its case.

The suit is completely filled; where it might have been too tight in one place, the fat is squeezed to where it is too large in another; and now thou art deposited upon the floor, resembling much a meal-bag filled to bursting. Nor is this all. I must detail thy whole shame, for thou, even thou, quiet and well-bred as thou now most assuredly art—didst clap thy fat hands upon thy well-filled corporation, and straddle thy short legs and strut about the room, thy arms trussed up for the better display of thy person, with all the pride and pomp of a new Militia Captain, or a young capon lately fledged; and this too, while mama looked on with infinite delight, cousins shouted, and elderly aunts wiped their spectacles, showed their straggling teeth, and laughed till their eyes ran over. Rejoice, oh, Elderly Gentleman, that these days of thy shame are past for ever!

I will not dwell upon the times of thy boyhood, when thou didst snivel on the road to school, with "shining morning face," bearing in thy innocent hands a permit for a sound flogging, in lieu of an apology for thine absence; nor dilate upon the times when thou wert perched upon a platform, squeaking at the top of thy lungs, and with most triumphant emphasis,

"You'd scarce expect one of my age
To speak in public on the stage."

I will say nothing of the unseemly and uncomfortable application of the birch, nor of the sonorous and discordant sounds that accompanied the ceremony. Let these pass—pass, too, when thy chivalry made it legal for thee to dodge corners, and go all the way round Robin Hood's barn, lest thou shouldst encounter some gingerbread champion, who technically owed thee a "hiding." These are amongst the trials thou must encounter, ere thou art

qualified to enjoy the "*otium cum dignitate*" of the Elderly Gentleman.

But I see thee again, like Tasso's young Rinaldo, the down is beginning to shade thy chin, and thou art given to star gazing; thou dost rave, what thou wouldst fain should be considered poetry; art addicted to moonlight serenades, while thy teeth are chattering in thy head, and thy mistress is unconsciously snoring under seven woollen night-caps; dost sigh and lay thy hand upon thy chest, to indicate a heart somewhere in that region, and roll thy eyes, like a goblin in a thunder-tempest. All in vain; she will wed the rich soap-boiler over the way, and leave thee and thy fine speeches to find their way with other lost things, to the land of lunatics, even the Moon.

But let us have done with these horrors—let me no longer shock thy sensitive nerves, by dwelling upon what may not be recalled, what thou couldst not indeed have escaped—they are the natural penalties of thy existence. I will pass over all the intermediate stages of thy folly and disgrace, and suppose thee at last safely landed in this haven of rest, this Eldorado of human life.

From henceforward thy existence is a privileged one. Thou needest consult no will but thine own. Now, thou mayest truly be said to repose "under thine own vine and fig-tree, with none to molest or make thee afraid." Who taketh umbrage at the language of the Elderly Gentleman? Who disregardeth his council, or slighteth his reproof? Not one. Young maidens smile upon him without reprehension, and matrons take him by the arm and lead him to the most desirable places, desirable as well for the comfort of the body, as for the gratification of the mind. Who would not be an Elderly Gentleman?

My friend, Mr. Greenleaf, is the very ideal of an Elderly Gentleman. His manners have a dash of the olden time; that is, he raises his hat to a lady, and inclines his body with the most elegant air in the world. His voice is distinct, but inclining to be low; he thinks the loud, boisterous manners of modern beaux, the very height of the vulgar. His coat is black and well-fitted; and I observe he always wears a ring upon the first finger of the left hand, which is supposed to have been the gift of a lady—an old flame of his—whom he still visits, and regularly presents her increasing family with Christmas and New-Year's gifts.

He is partially a bon vivant, and tips his old Madeira with a free, generous air, that would seem to say, I am no cynic, but obey the apostolic injunction, "take a little wine for thy stomach's sake." But as for "infirmities," he is never ailing. His feet are never pinched with tight boots, nor does he need to go with half a dinner, because of the tightness of his waistbands.

I have seen him recline in his elbow-chair, with his feet upon the fender, but he generally rises upon the approach of visitors. I never knew him to spit in the grate, nor is he guilty of that disgusting English fashion, of spitting in his pocket handkerchief.

He is a great favorite with the Indies of every age; little children anticipate his coming with great delight, for he has always something kind to say to them, and not unfrequently presents them with some coveted toy. His

judgment is considered excellent, and no one of his acquaintance would think of engaging in any enterprise, without first consulting his opinion—for should a failure be the result, ten to one it would be charged to the omission.

But I believe my friend never appears to better advantage, than when in the society of young ladies; and, if I mistake not, he is never better pleased than when thus engaged. I observe in addressing them, he not unfrequently puts them on the shoulders, by way of lending emphasis to what he is saying; an innocent liberty which never gives offence as coming from him; though I have more than once seen the eyes of a lover looking daggers at a privilege he himself was too chicken-hearted to claim—perhaps my friend observed the same thing, and it may be, the trifle became of more value from that single circumstance. Be that as it may, he rarely parts with a pretty girl without a valedictory kiss, and I have often remarked that his taste is very nice in these matters, it being altogether superfluous to perform the operation upon an ugly face.

But I must stop, for Mr. Greenleaf would be greatly shocked should he discover what I have been doing. I think he would die at the very idea of being in print, for he adheres to the belief that such things are never done without the cognizance of the original, and that no man of sense ever did, or ever will appear as an author, unless driven to it by necessity of one kind or other.

Now let me recapitulate a few of the many benefits to which thou art entitled as an Elderly Gentleman.

Thine oddities of whatever kind, are not only to be treated with indulgence, but will be looked upon as quite agreeable and necessary to thy individuality. Thou mayest be gruff or urbane, loquacious or taciturn, and each will be considered equally proper, and suiting thy condition. Thy character is supposed fixed, and be it what it may, no radical, even were he as daring as Luther himself, will presume to interfere with thy established habits. No one will attempt to make thee over.

Thy bon mots will be patiently heard, and duly appreciated—if stale, they will become current as having been repeated by thee. Thy moralizing will be oracular, and thou shouldst gesticulate slowly in order to add weight to what might otherwise appear common-place. It is thy privilege to say

* * * * * "an undepicted thing,
In such a solemn way."

that it shall pass for wisdom, profound as his who had applied himself to the study of all knowledge, albeit he was led to confess, that "all is vanity and vexation of spirit."

Thou mayest ask thyself to dinners, more especially if thou givest dinners in return, mayest introduce whist and cribbage, mayest talk of the weather, and even of thine own rheumatism, and not be noted a bore; presuming thou hast courage to do this, knowing the prescriptions that will be showered upon thee—knowing how maiden ladies will bring thee catholicons and lineaments, and more than hint at that judicious recipe of the king of Israel, as infinite multitudes gathered about him.

Now, also, it is optional with thee, whether to reply to things said in thy presence, or even addressed to thyself. Thou mayest roll up thine eyes, give a whiff, reply, or be utterly silent, as may best suit thy pleasure, the capacity of thy understanding, or the circumstances of the case; and be assured, whatever thou doest, will be pronounced the best thing possible, all things considered.

Thou mayest husband thy knowledge, and retail it with a spare hand, for it is taken for granted that all things are familiar to the Elderly Gentleman, and thy silence passes unsuspected. It will be well for thee to read a few old, rare authors, and quote therefrom, and thy erudition will be placed beyond dispute.

Over and above all, in addressing the young of thy acquaintance, by all means, commence by saying, "young man," or "young woman," it makes what thou mayest thereafter say, more impressive, and fills them with suitable respect for thyself, the wisdom and value of thy counsels, and the sagacity of thy conclusions, as well as a proper and most desirable sense of their own inferiority.

But I must have done, for dwelling upon this beau ideal of human life has so far lessened the value of all other periods, that even at the risk of irreverence, I am led to exclaim,

"Fly swifter round ye wheels of time,
And bring the welcome day."

Original.

HAPPINESS:

BY THE REV. J. H. CLINCH:

"MAN never is," the poet sings;
"But always *à be* blest."
Then say wherein the hidden springs
Of Happiness may rest;
If in the pleasures sensé betwixt,
Then surely unto some,
Exempt from worldly pains and woes
True happiness should come.

If in the pleasures of the mind
Bliss builds its falcyon nest,
Ah! wherefore do we never find
Some who are truly blest?—
If in the heart's deep cells it lies
Whence feeling's fountains ply,
Why live not some in ecstasies
Through life's long summer day!

Oh! Passion's joys are fleet as fair—
The mind its sorrows feels—
And oft the darkling cloud of care
O'er the heart's sunshine steals;
Unmingled bliss dwells not on earth,
Then let us look above,
Where every woe of human birth
Is lost in perfect love.