

for me to detail the events of seven succeeding years; during which I frequently endeavored to get upon the East India station, and at last succeeded. Through the recommendation of the captains I had served with, I was at this time first lieutenant of a sloop of war, and had obtained considerable property in prize money; but I knew it would be necessary to gain higher promotion, before Sir Edward would listen to my proposals. Nevertheless, the prospect of seeing Agnes afforded the most lively emotions of pleasing expectation. To this moment I can remember the delight which swelled my soul, when we anchored at Bombay, with an enemy's vessel of superior force, which we had captured, after a smart engagement; and which had been for a long time a great annoyance to our trade in the Indian seas. As soon as duty would permit, I went ashore, and eagerly inquired for the residence of Sir Edward. Thither I hastened, and almost the first individual met my sight was the old butler. From him I learned that the baronet had been consigned to the tomb about nine months before; that young Sir Edward retained an important office; and that the gentle Agnes, harassed by the importunities of her brother (I afterwards heard *cruelties*), to become the wife of an extremely wealthy but deprived libertine, had sunk, broken-hearted, to the grave! and the old man, with many tears, placed in my hands her last letter, addressed to me, with a small box, containing her miniature and several other mementos of an affectionate heart.

I shall not attempt to describe the anguish of my spirit at this heavy disappointment. Many years have flown away since, and I am now an old post-captain; but though I have seen hundreds of beautiful and pleasing women, I am still single. My affection for the devoted Agnes—my first my only love—remains unshaken: and I look forward to that happy union, in the blissful realms of immortality, which knows neither separation nor sorrow!

BRASS.

Corinthian brass

Which was a mixture of all metals but
The brazen uppermost.—*Don Juan*.

The three necessary qualifications for good oratory were said by Demosthenes to be, action—action—action; and were any body to put the question, what are the three things most essential to advancement in life the answer would be, brass—brass—brass; brass in all its ramifications—from the brazen front of the barrister, brow-beating his way to the woollack, to the refined 'or-molu' of the pretty woman who, with the help of a pair of fine eyes, a blushing countenance, and unblushing mind, wins her way to the attainment of her object, in spite of all the opposition of her antagonists and of propriety. There is, indeed, no instance in which brass is so perfectly efficacious as on the face of a pretty woman. Any analyser of society may discern this kind of brass in the face of a managing mamma obtaining partners for quadrilles, and for life, for long trains of daughters, in whose little dash of coquetry and ton the incipient metal begins to appear; and none can doubt the efficacy of the talisman, when we see retiring modesty languishing through the evening on a sofa, without the chance of a partner, and growing up into old maidenhood without the hope of a husband.

Of this precious metal there are many different species, all equally useful in their way.

There is your dinner brass, which first obtains the card of invitation, and then drinks all the champagne, and engrosses all the conversation. There is your Almack's brass, that, without any pretension, asks the finest woman in the room, and leads her to the set, in spite of a frowning mother, whose planning and plotting to obtain a certain rich or titled personage is thus in an instant overturned. There is your tradesman's brass, that asks double the value of an article; and your gentleman's brass, that orders the article, and gets it a little under its real value, or never paying for it at all. There is your creditor's brass, putting the brazen knocker at your door out of countenance, with a "qualm-producing" single knock every morning before ten, till he is paid; and your debtor's brass, who drives his cabriolet thro' Bond-street and Piccadilly, carelessly running the gauntlet of shops, in every ledger of which his name appears in neat round text, followed by those cabalistical letters, Dr. and L. s. d. Then there is your lover's brass, that like the doctor's is soft and maleable, and fuses into tears "each drop of which would prove a crocodile," as occasion requires. There is the courtier's brass, so highly polished that like the camelion, it takes the hue of the objects by which it is surrounded. But more valuable than all, is that which may be designated the roodest brass—the brass which has learned to blush, and which has so much the appearance of that "golden modesty, the brightest jewel in a woman's dower," that, like well-coined counterfeits, it is very apt to pass current for the real metal with more than half the world.

With regard to the possession of this precious metal, in spite of Locke's white-paper system of ideas, some are certainly born with it; others acquire it with their classics at Eton and Westminster, and get it confirmed at Oxford or Cambridge. Some catch it as they do the small-pox, by a too indiscriminate intercourse with the world; and others adopt it in self-defence when they find modesty and diffidence driven off the field.

In all circumstances of life, and in all situations of society, a certain portion of it is necessary; and a man who cannot swim may as well jump into the sea without corks, as attempt to keep his hand above water in the world without brass.

THE POET'S MISTRESS TO HER LOVER.

BREATHE me a lay of old romance,
A festive or a battle strain;
Tell me of knightly steed or lance,
But never sing of love again;
For while I hang upon the late,
And feel it to my bosom cling,
I wish thy lip of passion mute—
I'd have thee feel too much to sing!

I hearken till a spell appears
Enwreathed about my soul the while;
And I look up to thee in tears
When I shall greet thee with a smile,
Then strike a livelier chord for me,
Of marshalled host and tented plain—
Of pomp, and pride, and pageantry—
But never sing of love again!

Proud one! thy lute has many strings;
Why wilt thou always waken one,
And foster thine imagining,
As since I've lov'd thee thou hast done!
There are thousand beauteous flow'rs,
The gentle breath of spring has blown;
Wreath them, I pray, and make them ours,
Nor yet the rose be twined alone.

If I could touch the lute like thee,
I'd tell the tales of fairy land;
And forms of light and witchery
Should wake to life beneath my hand:
But didst thou sak a gentle lay,
And bid me sweep love's trembling string;
I'd put the lute in haste away
For I should feel too much to sing!

MISS PARDOE.

CHAMPAIGNE.

"QUICK!" said Asmodeus. "Quaff the sparkling foam that floats upon the surface of that champagne. It is the spirit, the etherial part that disdains its glass prison house, exhales in a moment, and soars to its own skies. How the beady bubbles mantle to the brim like so many bottle imps struggling to get free! Is it not strange that the poets who have peopled earth, air, and ocean with beings born of their fancy, who have given to every wood a nymph, to every fountain a water god, and a genius of the place for every locality where a genius could find comfortable lodgings, is it not strange that they should never have given birth to a *wine sprite*? See how the sparklers rush through the clear depths, like shooting meteors through a glittering sky, or like "light dissolved in star showers" thrown by night from the silver created waves of the ocean. The quickening spirit of poetry might easily endure with life those elves of the wine cup, and a pretty fable might be made of their imprisonment for a time, and the impossibility of their escape from durance vile on account of the huge cork jailor who blocks up the door-way with his unsightly carcass. A nimble fancy might without difficulty discover the cause of this extraordinary penance and tell for what sin the culprits have been doomed to such close confinement. It seems they are ever on the watch for an opportunity to escape, and the moment their door-keeper is made to budge in the slightest degree from his posture, they rush in crowds upon him, jostle him out of his place, push him headlong out of doors, and scamper through the free air like birds escaped from their cages. It's pretty and fanciful—is it not?"

"It has often struck me, that the beautiful fable of the birth of the Queen of Love; springing to life from the ocean foam, borne in its soft bosom to the sweetest shore its waves, ever kissed, and entrusted to the care of the laughing hours, must have been shadowed forth while contemplating beverage such as this. It can hardly be that champaign was known to the ancients, or at least to the oldest of them. In later days, when the Roman legions penetrated into Gaul, it is probable that they had an occasional sip of wine such as this, and they might have brought a few dozens home to regale the ladies and gentlemen of Rome. I am not enough of an antiquarian to decide, and I leave the question to the curious in such matters. But I never look upon the foam upon champaign without thinking of the sea born goddess, and I never quaff it without feeling as if I were transported to Cyprus or Paphos performing my devotions at the temple of immortal Love."

"Asmodeus dear," said we, "you are a little fuddled," "I feel it," said the bright-eyed imp, "but it is owing to my general abstemiousness. By the way, talking of wine sprites I'll give you a song on that hint of mine"—and the drunkin devil with no unmusical voice, give us the following:—

See, in these depths of liquid light!

The figures that winkle there;
Tis the joyous home of the merry wine sprite
And there's no ting in earth or air,
Or the gem decked caves of the deep blue sea,
Or the founts where the fairest dwell,
More blithe and cheery and glad than he,
In his sparking crystal cell.
Then pass round the cup—we will drink to-night
A bumper deep to the merry wine sprite.

The merry wine sprite is a powerful elf,
He will do what no other can,
For he'll make you in love with your own sweet self,
And you'll feel yourself a man.
Let him touch your lips, and your heart will glow,
Like the heat of a well fed flame,
And the founts of your love will at once o'erflow
At the sound of your lov'd one's name.
Then pass round the cup—we will drink to-night,
A bumper deep to the merry wine sprite.

The merry wine sprite is as quick as light,
When he mounts to the upper air,
And his crystal house must be close and tight,
Or not long will he linger there;
He'll be quickly out, with a merry shout—
A glad and loud "Good Bye,"
And before you can know what the elf is about,
He has soared to the bright blue sky.
Then pass round the cup—we will drink to-night,
A bumper deep to the merry wine sprite.

FROM THE NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE.

MY DOG.

THE best friend I ever had was a quadruped: he was a shame to mankind, (his master among the mass) so grateful was he for favor, and my confidence in him had no limit. He was the best of followers, and he followed, like Jack Rugby, at the heels. He would have faced a lion to defend me; but he was superstitious, and had some supernatural terrors. Any thing out of the usual order of nature would daunt him as it had daunted heroes. I had a mask, such as they put upon the actor who enacts Bottom; and when I appeared to Limpet in this guise, all the hairs of his back would rise in terror. I remember once, when I bathed in the red-faced miller's pond, the poor brute whined piteously when I had stripped to the shirt. When I doffed that, he uttered one long howl, and scampered like a march hare over the hill. He had no idea of me in the abstract; his conception of me was made up of coat and pantaloons.

Every man is a hero to his dog if not to his valet, and the feeling is reciprocal; every man's dog is the best. A man is more willing to admit the good qualities of his dog, though he may not praise his neighbor; towards the brute his tongue is tied neither by jealousy nor envy. A patriot will sooner fight for his dog than for his country. Perhaps he is the more prompt to battle as the object is less worthy, as the most worthless child has ever the greatest share of parental affection.—A man that will take the law of a bully who strikes him, will do instant battle with a miscreant who kicks his dog. I once saw a peddling son of Connecticut pounded, as I would not pound hemp, for a cur that I would not put in the tread-mill.

"Love me, love my dog," is a proverb deeply founded in canine and human nature. When I would make a favorable impression upon a man that dislikes me, I praise his dog—if, to my misfortune he keeps none, I have to buy candy for his children.

I was once riding in a coach, with five other persons—a German, a Frenchman, an Englishman, a lady and her dog, which she had probably selected for better qualities than beauty: for a more ugly hound I never saw. The Frenchman won the lady's favor by patting the dog; that the Englishman flattered neither the lady nor her dog, it is needless to state. I maintained neutrality, though I abhorred the cur. Snap was his name, and to snap was his nature; without a mailed glove I would not have patted his head. In disposition and feature he was among dogs what Diogenes was among men, but when I looked in the lady's face, I more than once caught myself thinking that it was rather a pretty dog.

My description is unlike its subject; it has neither head nor tail. I ramble, indeed, like my dog. He adopts himself more to his master's present humors than can be expected from any other domestic. He watches my face; and when he sees it stern, sinks under the table, but when he beholds it placid, he comes to my chair, and edges his cold nose under my hand. If I pat him he has no more to wish; it confers upon him as much happiness as his nature permits him to enjoy.

His morals are as good as his understanding; he knows better than other men's dogs, and perhaps as well as other men, the description of *meum* and *tuum*. I have known him stick to his principles in the face of great temptation. He never worries sheep, barks at beggars, domineers with a stiff tail over smaller dogs, or runs after shadows like his master. To me he owes his moral habits, and to my son his tricks. These are to bring my slippers when I yawn in the evening, to roll over three times, to walk on his hinder legs, to carry a basket like little Red Ridinghood, and to hold a piece of meat upon his nose till the donor condescends.

Dogs have as much individuality of character as man; there are far greater distinctions among them than those of
'Mongrel, puppy, whelp, and hound,
And curs of low degree.'

A dog has more character than a rabbit. Read Cowper's account of the different disposition of his two leverets, and believe