

### JACK'S COURTSHIP.

One Sunday eve, when all was still,  
Save but the whistling whip-poor-will;  
Jack left his home in dashing style,  
To meet his sweet-heart with a smile.  
  
Now she was very fond of beaux,  
And highly pleased in Jack to find  
A chap so true, and thus arose  
A thought to trifle in her mind.  
  
She slighted all Jack's kind remarks,  
As trifling with her prey so sure;  
But Jack, as wise as other sparks,  
Such slight as these would not endure.  
  
And thus the evening pass'd away,  
Jack said few words but she said none;  
Jack's temper rose, and he rose too,  
And left his sweet-heart all alone.  
  
As on his horse Jack sat upright,  
Says she to him, "My dear, good bye:  
I'll be at home next Sunday night."  
"Will you?" says Jack, "and so will I."  
[Selected.]

### WOMAN.

O! fair in that bright hour, when Fortune smiles,  
And the fond world is kind, and all is gay,  
And she the gayest of the throng;  
Playful and wild, voluptuous, delicate!  
In the world's sunny garden of all joyance,  
A dazzling butterfly—an airy fawn!  
A thing to be indulged, and lightly chased:  
Caught but not captured; ransomed with a kiss!  
Her word, her glance, a law; and her caprice  
Reason complete; but, fairer still,  
When the dark clouds spread o'er our shining life,  
In sickness, and in sorrow, and in toil—  
When by the suffering couch she sweetly tends,  
With steps that yield no sound; and eye that claims  
no sleep.  
Deeming devotion duty. Beauteous being!  
Who shares our grief, and, sharing, soothes the  
pang:  
For then man feels, 'mid all his misery,  
Bliss still remains with such a ministrant;  
And labor, with no querdon but her love,  
Is not inglorious; but in that fell hour—  
Too oft the dooming of the child of song,  
And those quick spirits, whose creative brain,  
Raise up the demon they cannot control—  
In that fell hour of agony and hate.

### The Disappointed Politician. A Tale of the Court of Sweden.

TOLD BY A LADY.

"Should you like to be a queen, Christina?" said Count Piper, in a tone of affected carelessness, to his beautiful young daughter, who was reclining upon a couch, nursing a lap-dog.

"Queen of hearts," said the petite Venus, without raising her head.

"That empire is your own already," returned the politician.

"Then I have no ambition to extend my dominions. I have more subjects, at present, than I well know how to manage."

"How! I was not aware, madam, that you had lovers. Surely you are too prudent to encourage their addresses."

"Indeed! I am not so obligingly grateful for homage which I consider as my due. There is but one man in the world for whom I feel the least tender regard."

The brow of the prime minister of Sweden darkened.

"And pray, who is the favored Adonis?"

Christina blushed, looked enchantingly simple, and redoubled the caresses she was bestowing upon her dog. The count repeated the question.

"My cousin, Adolphus Von Hesse."

"You have not been so foolish as to fall in love with that boy?"

"Boy, indeed! No, I walked into love with him; for I cannot remember the day when he first appeared lovely in my eyes."

"Nonsense! You have been brought up together. 'Tis a mere sisterly regard."

"I should be very sorry if Adolphus were my brother."

"But the youth is portionless; has no maintenance but his commission and my bounty."

"He is handsome and brave; and, when I discovered that he had fine eyes, and that they spoke the most eloquent language in the world, I never examined the depth of his purse."

"My dear girl, you must forget him," said the count, passing his arm tenderly around her waist.

"My good sire, I don't mean to try.—You are not indifferent to his amiable qualities, and love him yourself."

"Not well enough to make him my heir."

"And you will not render us the happiest couple in the world," said Christina, her fine eyes sparkling like sapphires through her tears.

"Christina, you have been a spoiled child. I have given you too much your own way; and now you demand impossibilities. You are not old enough to choose a husband for yourself. Be a good girl, and your aunt shall introduce you at court; and then you will see your brave young King."

"The rude monster! I have no wish to see him. Besides, he hates women."

"Tis libel. He is in love with you."

"With me! I never saw him in my life."

"But he has seen you, and he says—"

"Ah, my dear father, what does he say?"

"You do not care for the opinion of a rude monster, and a woman-hater?"

"Ah, but he is king. What did he say?"

But the count was determined to keep the secret; and no coaxing, in which femanine art the little flirt was a perfect adept, could wean it out of him.

"Christina, I shall bring an officer home to sup with me: you must treat him with respect, as I intend him for your husband."

"But I will never have him," said Christina, laughing as the count left the room.

"If I do not marry my soldier, I will die a maid."

"Bravely resolved, sweetheart," cried Von Hesse, stepping from behind the arras. It is worthy of note at hide-and-seek, to hear you advocate a cause so hopeless as mine."

"Hopeless! why the battle is half won. My father's anger is like the dew upon the grass, which the first sunny smile evaporates. Prithee, do not sigh, and fold your arms, and look so sentimentally solemn. Love will pay the piper, and we shall dance a merry tune."

"You suffer hope to deceive you, Christina. I know your father better. Ah, Christina! you will not be able to refuse the magnificent bribe he will offer in exchange for the warm heart and devoted attachment of your cousin."

"I perceive that you are determined that I shall increase the list of faithless lovers," said Christina, pouting, "in spite of the late convincing proof you so treacherously obtained of my constancy."

"Dearest love, you mistake my meaning. Dry these tears, Christina: I am not stoic enough to withstand such eloquence."

"Why did you cause them to flow?" said Chris-

tina, still sobbing. "Was it merely to indulge in the levity of kissing them away; or were you jealous of some imaginary rival? What think you of that antidote to the tender emotions of the heart, Count Ericson?"

"Ah, Christina?"

"Why that sigh, Adolphus?"

"Your father will introduce to you to-night, a new lover, and I—I shall be forgotten."

"You deserve the fate you anticipate, for entertaining these unjust suspicions.—But you are a man—and I forgive you."

"Then you really love me, Christina?"

"Am I to tell you so a thousand times? You must be tired of the repetition of that word."

"On the contrary, 'tis ever new to me."

"We love each other," said Christina; "but my father will not, at present, give his consent to our union; and we must wait patiently till he does."

"And if that period should not arrive?"

"Never fear."

"But Christina, I do fear."

"Our happiness would not be increased by an act of disobedience."

"I thought as much, Christina: you have grown very prudent."

"I cannot break my father's heart."

"But mine?"

"Adolphus, if I am not yours with my father's consent, I will never wed another. But he is so kind—so good—I am his only child. No, no—I cannot disobey him."

The young soldier frowned, and walked several times hastily across the room, at every turn stopping to contemplate the tyrant who held his heart in her chains. Christina was trying to look grave; but the roguish dimples, which gave such a charm to her rosy mouth, were ready to expand, upon the first provocation, into a hearty laugh. It was impossible for the little beauty to look sad for two minutes together. Von Hesse was in no laughing mood. He was in the very heroics of love; and his distorted fancy magnified the reasonable impediments to his union with Christina into mountains, guarded by those hope distinguishing monsters, ambition and avarice. Ignorant of her father's designs, and firmly confiding in his parental love, Christina saw no difficulty in the matter; and she was greatly diverted by the perplexed and jealous askeances of her love. Von Hesse was out of humor. He dared not complain of Christina's coolness; and he, therefore, endeavored to draw upon her compassion by railing at himself.

Christina, I have suffered a fatal passion to mislead me. I will not repay the debt of gratitude I owe your father by robbing him of his child. Farewell, Christina. I go to join my regiment. Should I fall in battle, sometime think of Von Hesse."

His voice faltered—the tears rushed into Christina's eyes. Von Hesse was at her feet. All his magnanimous resolution vanished; and the lovers parted more enamored with each other than ever.

If Adolphus was inclined to dispair of the success of his suit, Christina, on the other hand, was too sanguine in believing that small opposition would be made to her wishes. The influence she maintained over her father was great; but it was not without limitation. She reigned an absolute queen over his household. Her comfort, her taste, and her inclinations were consulted in every thing; but her power extended no further. To Christina politics were a forbidden subject; the count suffered no female interference in State affairs. But, latterly, he had related much of the court news to his daughter, and was always eulogising the young monarch, whose favorite he had the good fortune to be, and who was daily keeping upon him fresh marks of his affection and esteem. This brave prince, whose eccentricities had filled all Europe with astonishment, had been introduced, incognito, to Christina, and in spite of his professed antipathy to the sex, was secretly among the train of her admirers, a circumstance which gratified the pride, and called forth all the ambitious hopes of her father.—Nor was it unreasonable for the politician to suppose, that the youth who had commenced his reign by crowning himself, and beating the united forces of Denmark, Saxony and Russia, would scrupulously consult the etiquette of courts in the choice of a wife. In his charming daughter count Piper thought he beheld the future queen of Sweden.

The hint which he had dropped about the young king's admiration of his personal charms, did not fail to make an impression on the lively Christina. She knew she was beautiful; and the agreeable consciousness of the fact was displayed with such natural ease and gaiety, that what would have appeared absurd in another female, increased the attractions of Christina. Fond of admiration, she was pleased with those gallant attentions from the other sex which all other women secretly love to receive. Her attachment to Von Hesse was steady and sincere; but she thought it no treason against the sovereignty of love to appear as agreeable as she could in the eyes of all men. She received his homage as a matter of course; but it was only when Adolphus approached her that her voice became tremulous; the brilliancy of her eye softened, and her heart beat with reciprocal tenderness.—Christina would not have died for love; but she would have retained through life a painful impression of the lost object of her early affections.

In spite of her lover's jealous fears, the spirit of coquetry induced her to bestow an extra ten minutes on the business of the toilette; and, when she entered the hall, where supper was prepared for her father and his solitary guest with unusual magnificence, she looked perfectly captivating. The stranger advanced to meet her, and in an awkward and constrained manner led her to her seat at the head of the table. Great was Christina's disappointment in recognising, in a new lover, an old and familiar face. "Count Ericson!" she muttered to herself; "what does my father mean by introducing such a dull worder to my service?"

"Ah, but he is king. What did he say?"

But the count was determined to keep the secret; and no coaxing, in which femanine art the little flirt was a perfect adept, could wean it out of him.

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tina burst out a laughing, and replied with great simplicity that she had never thought much about him; but she remembered, whilst reading his history, considering him a madman—

Ericson eagerly demanded her reason for pronouncing *non compos mentis* the greatest conqueror the world ever saw?"

"Had Alexander been as wise a man as he was a conqueror?" said Christina: "he would have learned to govern himself before he undertook the subjugation of the world."

Ericson reddened, and his proud eye flashed, as he replied with some warmth.

"Cannot you madam, enter into the noble zeal which hurries a brave man into the focus of danger, and reduces him to relinquish life, and all its petty enjoyments to gain the wreath of immortal fame?"

"No, indeed!" returned Christina, "I have no feelings in common with the destroyer. I would rather be celebrated for conferring blessings upon my fellow-creatures, than be immortalized by their curses. I have ever looked upon great conquerors as fools or madmen—scourge to their own people, and an intolerable pest of society."

"My lord," said the minister, striving to mollify the rising choler of his guest, "you must pay no heed to my daughter's impertinences. Her knowledge of battles and conquerors is confined to the chessboard. On that limited sphere, she enacts the general so well, that even an old soldier like me finds some difficulty in twining her audacity."

Ericson regained his composure, and turning to the laughter-looking Christina, with more gallantry than she had imagined him capable of displaying, challenged her to play a game with him.

"With all my heart," said Christina; "but if I should beat you?"

"It would be the first time that I have been vanquished by you, lady Christina," said Ericson looking her full in the face."

Christina colored, and cast her eyes to the ground, only to flash them again upon the count with a proud glance of mingled coquetry and disdain. But the ice was broken—the bashful youth had gained more confidence; and he met her indignant look with an expression of admiration and defiance.

"There is more mettle in this proud boy than I imagined," thought Christina as she took her seat at the cheese-board; "my father has set me to play a dangerous game."

She shaded her glowing cheek with her hand, and fixed her eyes immovably on the board, determined, out of pure contradiction to play as stupidly as she possibly could, to mortify her opponent. The game however, required no particular skill to insure a conquest on her part. Ericson scarcely looked at his pieces. His moves were made without judgment: they were rash and easily counter- planned.

"My queen gives check to the king," said Christina, with a triumphant air.

"Fair tyrant," said the defeated, "do not you wish that you could make the king your prisoner?"

"No, it is enough that I have him in my power."

"Most completely," said Ericson rising and pushing the board from him: "you have check-mated me."

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That blow of thine has frightened away all the cubs that had possession of my heart. Do you love this brave youth?"

"Most sincerely."

"What prevents your union?"

"My father refuses to