

calculating upon the effects which time and travel must have upon his gay disposition, I conceived that, with some preparatory culture of resolution, I might lay siege to the sweet citadel of my hopes. Enjoying a thousand invaluable opportunities of winding myself into her affections, continually in her society, together riding out in the neighborhood, exploring the mountains, making moonlight excursions on the lakes, and sauntering in the garden, with only the occasional presence of my uncle, I surely possessed every means which man could desire of improving our acquaintance and softening her sentiments towards me. But the unaccountable predominance of that torpedo folly, which seemed as inseparable from my being as the breath of existence, negated my designs, and flung my intended gallantries in the cold shade of formality. Where Sydney would have carved out a multitude of little interests, I, statue-like, failed to create one, and I can now scarcely conceive how my cousin experienced that pleasure in my company which invariably appeared to animate her. Thus, trembling with all the sensibility of secret passion, I hovered near my fair entraller, day by day yielding myself up more unresistingly to her influence, yet burying the declaration in my bosom, that would, perhaps, if made, have entitled me to the fulfilment of my wishes. Whether Colonel Rivers, with the penetration of a man of the world, dived into the state of my affections, and wished to afford me encouragement or not, I cannot determine, but he threw me eternally into the path of fascination, and after dinner usually withdrew to his library, where he had enshrined a rare and exquisite cabinet of paintings, collected at infinite expense upon the continent. Upon these ancient specimens of art he dwelt with all the enthusiasm of a connoisseur; and while he was hanging over his *Da Vincis*, his *Guidos*, his *Rembrandts*, and his *Waterloos*, my fair cousin and myself customarily adjourned to the magnificent garden which lay near the house, and spent the time in wandering among flowers and butterflies, or, sheltered from the sun in a sweet bower of eglantine, pondered over the golden bards of Italy.

One afternoon, when the heat of the day had driven us to our odorous retreat, Maria, turning over the leaves of her Tasso, glanced at the passionate extract which, when an enamoured boy, I had scrawled beneath her name. She smiled as she pointed it out to me, saying, "Felix, see what a mysterious declaration of tenderness has been laying in this innocent book for some years; in sooth, I am touched by the delicate fervour of the unknown, who, falling desperately in love with a girl of thirteen, took this method to discover his sentiments. He was a chivalrous knight, no doubt," she continued, "like *Bayard*, 'sans peur et sans reproche,' and unquestionably adored me with all the exquisite intensity of *fifteen*." She laughed while she spoke, and her eye was bent playfully upon the disguised and schoolboy hand in which I had so foolishly written the quotation. Suddenly she raised it and fixed it upon mine, my face was covered with a crimson of the deepest dye, and the utter confusion that possessed me must have instantly revealed the truth. Maria rallied me upon my appearance; and pulling down a branch of the jessamine that twined up the bower, she sportively held it before me, saying, "How intolerably the sun has heated you, my dear cousin! truly you have lost all fairness of tint, and my *camelia Japonica* must give place to the brighter scarlet of your complexion. You do not apprehend a fever! actually I begin to be alarmed, and must send for Halliday to prescribe!" and, suiting the action to the word, she drew up into the opposite corner, looking at me archly the whole time. But my embarrassment was increased by her irony; and perceiving that she pained me, or possibly reading more in my perplexity than I was aware she did, she ceased, the smile faded from her lip, and, while her brow re-

covered its serenity, she gazed at me silently and scrutinizingly for a moment. There was much inquiring earnestness in her manner; and could I but have broken the spell that sate upon me like an evil genius, I might then have determined the balance in my favour. Maria seemed waiting for me to speak—one, two, three minutes stole by, and I was mute as the pebbles at our feet; my embarrassment became infectious, and, rising hastily, my cousin proposed our return to the parlour.

"Stay! Maria! stay!" I exclaimed vehemently; she turned round—her divine countenance beamed serenely upon me—my purpose faltered—

"Your dress is entangled in the rose-bush."

I disengaged it, we passed on, and the door of opportunity closed against me for ever! \* \* \*

The circumstances of my election, my parliamentary career, its termination, and the success of my wooing, I reserve for a future page—

"When, at twilight, by the hearth I sit  
In loneliness and silence." C\*\*\*Y.

### ROUSSEAU.

ROUSSEAU has often been extolled as a philanthropist. Burke said of him, that he loved his kind, and hated his kindred. Every page that he has written glows with the captivations of that sentimental luxury, of which he was so great a master, and which he has arrayed in all the blandishments of eloquence. Hence the source of that admiration which his writings have so universally excited. Though his judgment, as a philosopher, was not so profound, yet his taste was so exquisite, that he strews flowers in the most rugged way, and interests the passions and the fancy, in the investigation of the most abstract propositions. This is his great excellence.

Though Rousseau had little beneficence, yet his writings, breathing nothing but the reciprocal love, and kindness, and confidence of the golden age, contributed by their wide diffusion, and their enchanting eloquence, to render humanity fashionable: and they have at least this merit—that no man can well rise from reading them without feeling a higher respect for his species.

The extreme and febrile sensibility, which was the characteristic peculiarity of Rousseau, while it proved the origin of many of his miseries, was, perhaps, a principal source of his greatness. It imparted a singular delicacy, freshness, and animation to every page of his writings. His feelings, in whatever channel they flowed, rushed on with a resistless impetuosity; but, in the end, they made a wreck of his understanding; his judgment was lost in the unremitting turbulence of his sensations, and, in some intervals of insanity, he exhibited the melancholy prospect of genius crumbling into ruins.

The language of Rousseau was always a faithful history of what was passing in the heart; which now thrilled with rapture, and now raged with passion. Of his style, the peculiar characteristic is exuberance of profusion, without distinction of lustre. It often resembles a landscape in which there is a great assemblage of beautiful forms, without any intermediate spots of barrenness; but without any objects of a striking and prominent grandeur, and, in the contemplation of which, the eye is at last satiated by the uniformity.—This style of writing often possesses a charm, of which even the apathy of the coldest critic can hardly be insensible to the fascination. He who wishes to perfect himself in those delicacies of language which impress a palpable form, a living entity on the fleeting tints and sensations of the heart, should carefully analyze the genius of the style of Rousseau; should search into the causes from which result the beauty and splendour of his combinations, and endeavour to extract from the *Cloise* and *Emilins* a portion of that taste by which they were inspired.