GENTLE ALICE BROWN.

It was a robber's daughter, and her name was Alice Brown,
Her father was the terror of a small Italian town;
Her father was a foeman, weak, but amiable and free
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ching;
But it is in I of her parents that I'm going for to sing.

As Alice was sitting at her window-sill one day,
A gallant young gentleman he chanced to pass that way;
She cast her eyes upon him, and he looked so good and true,
That straight, "I could be happy with a gentleman like you!"

And every morning passed her house that cream of gentlemen,
She knew she might expect him at a quarter onto ten;
A sorter in the Custom-house, it was his daily task,
The Custom-house was fifteen minutes walk from her abode;

But Alice was a plucky girl, who knew it wasn't wise,
To look at strange young sorters with expressive eye purple eyes;
So she sought the village priest to whom he-
Which confessing, the priest with little lies were carefully listened.

"O holy father," Alice said, "I would grieve you—would it not?—
To discover that I was a most disreputable lot!
O! all the unhappy sinners I'm the most unhappy one!"
The priest said, "Whatever have you been and done?"

"I have helped mamma to steal a little kiddy from its bed,
I've assisted dear papa in cutting up a little lad,
I've planned a little burglary, and forged a little check,
And stole a little baby for the coral on its neck!"

The worthy pastor heaved a sigh, and dropped a tear,
And said, "You mun't judge yourself too harshly, my dear;
Heavily, my child, the under bibles little corals for to fleece,
But then like these one expiates at half a crown a-piece.

"Girls will be girls,—you're very young and very blind—
Old heads upon young shoulders we must not expect to find;
We mun't be too hard upon these little gritty-ones,
Let's see,—five crimes at half a crown,—exactly twelve-and-six."

"O father," little Alice cried, "your kindness makes me weep,
You do these little things for me so singularly cheap;
Your charitable liberality I never can forget;
But, O, there is another crime I have n't mentioned yet!

"A pleasant-looking gentleman, with pretty purple eyes,
I've noticed at my window, as I've sat a catching flies;
He passes by it every day as certain as can be,
I think I may say I've winked at him and he has winked at me."

"For shame," said Father Paul, "my erring daughter! On my word
This is the most distressing news that I have yet heard.
Why, naughty girl, your excellent papa has pledged your hand
To a promising young robber, the Lieutenant of the band!

"This dreadful piece of news will pain your worthy parents so!
They are the most remunerative customers I know;
For many, many years they've kept starvation from my doors,
I never knew so criminal a family as yours!

"The common county folk in this insipid neighborhood
Have begun to confess, they're so ridiculously good;
And I'm sorry any one respectable at all,
Way, you'll reform, and what will then become of Father Paul?

"The worthy priest, he up and drew his cowl upon his crown,
And sent off in haste to tell the news to Robber Brown.
To tell him how his daughter, who was now for marriage fit,
Had winked upon a sorter, who reciprocated it.

Good Robber Brown he mutled up his anger as he said,
"I have a notion, and that notion I will tell—I will nab this gay young sorter, terrify him into fits,
And get my gentle wife to chop him into little bits.

"I've studied human nature, and I know a thing or two,
Though a girl may fondly love a living gent,—as many do,
A feeling of disgust upon her senses there will fall
When she looks upon his body chopped particularly small."

He traced that gallant sorter to a still enhurban house;
He watched his opportunity, and seized him unaware,
He took a life-preserver, and he hit him on the head.
And Mr. Brown dissected him before she went to bed.

And pretty little Alice grew more settled in her mind
She never more was guilty of a weakness of the kind
Until at length good Robber Brown bestowed her hand
On the promising young robber, the Lieutenant of his band.

—London Fun.

Madame De Stael at Coppet.

From M. De Sainte-Beuve's "Portraits of Celebrated Women," we extract the following brilliant and interesting description of Madame De Stael's life at Coppet, in the vicinity of Geneva:

What life of Fancy was to Chloris that of Coppet was to Mme. de Staël; but to us the latter has more of the halo of poetry, and presents a more imposing type of existence. Both reign in their domains, but the one, on the plain at the foot of his somewhat shabby chateau, in view of his clipped and scanty gardens, of his fields and orchards. The influence of Coppet is (Tancred the last of romantic Alcadians apart) precisely contrary. It is the influence of Jean Jacques contrived under a noble form, assuming and bearing sway near the very seats of his rival's power. Coppet commanded the whole Canton of Geneva. We of the present century rank Fancy below Coppet. The beauty of the situation, the shady woods, the sex of the poet, the enthusiasm which pervades the whole, the brilliant life of the company, the glorious names, the ramblers by the lakes, the morrings in the park, the stories and well-turned epigrams, the fancy to have been inevitable matter—all these things help to complete the idea of that residence. Coppet is the Elysium with which all the soul-children of Jean Jacques would fain confer on the lady of their dreams. Mind, de Genlis, regretting of her early years, and disposed to atone for them, has attempted to describe in a novel entitled "Athenais," or Coppet in 1810, the customs and some of the delicate complications of that life which so charms the imagination at a distance. But it is impossible to talk or anything like faithful portraiture in this otherwise amusing production. The dates are confused, the characters artificially grouped, the parts they have to play predetermined. As with Schlegel become a mere clavem. He is sacrificed unhappily and without intention. All things are displayed in the light of false romance, which, in our view, differs as much from genuine poetry as from reality. For my own part, I should prefer a few of the letters addressed, which the imaginations of those who were not there to see might shape a dream of existing reality to seek. Life at Coppet was the life of a chateau. There were other and more distinguished guests, including strangers and friends. The most frequent visitors were Benjamin Constant, August William von Schlegel, M. de Sabran, the Prince de Poix, M. de Bonnstetten, Madame de Vogler (Abbé Vogler, &c. Once every year, and sometimes oftener, came M. Matthieu de Montmorency, M. Prosper de Barante, Prince Augustus of Prussia. Any celebrated beauty whom Mme. de Staël set forth with designated as Athenais, and a throng of people of fashion, and Germans of literary acquaintances. The discussion on philosophic and literary subjects, invariably lively, spirited and pungent, commenced at 11 o'clock in the morning, an hour when the guests assembled for breakfast. They were resumed at dinner, or in the interval between dinner and supper, which was at eleven in the evening, and continued sometimes until midnight. Benjamin Constant and Mme. de Staël were the principal inspirers. Benjamin Constant—whom we saw at a later day saw almost invariably blue, alternating between a too reckless cynicism and a too fastidious enthusiasm, always a marvelously witty conversationalist, but one in whom he reflect at length absorbed all the more potent faculties and passions—here comes and naturally and brilliantly, what Mme. de Staël declared him, in her unbiased judgment, to be—the first *living mind*. He was certainly the greatest of all those of distinguished men. His mind and here were always congenial, and displayed more of mutual comprehension. Nothing—if we may believe the testimony of these present—was ever more wonderful and dazzling than the conversation of these two in the midst of that school circle. Holding the magic battledores of speech, they tossed up for honor, pretty much as when the flying shuttlecocks of counties intersecting