THE FIRST SKETCH.

Sketch her in as she stands high upon the rock,
Give her all the sharp calm and the angles,
With wise of the blackberry over its side;
Get all of its twistings and tangles.

Yes, just as she stands: give the turn of the head
With the mild eye, so dreamy, and tender,
As she hears the faint beat of her one little
lamb,
And thinks she alone can defend her.

What! you say is that all? yes, simple enough,
But give to the picture some feeling,
(Sitting here in the sunshine is trying),
Now dash in the foreground—these strawberry
blooms,
You can paint in the tall grass lying.

You say you are tired?—there's nothing in life
Worth having without some striving,
But the wind is rising and clouds are dark
And the shepherd's their flocks are driving.

The distant mountains one cannot define,
Since the clouds grow dark and lowering,
Touch with purplish gray the distance, love,
For soon it will be showering.

Ah! the lamb has left the moss-grown rock,
In the wind the mullein is swaying,
And still the youth goes talking on,
And still the maiden is staying.

In the distant valley, far over the hills,
Comes the sound of a herdsman, calling,
But for pictures, eye looks into eye,
Neither—heeding the rain that is falling.

LETTER FROM PARIS.

The Spring Races—Long Champs on a Fine Sunday—The Imperial Stand—Splendor of the Scene—The Empress—Jockey Club—Grand Service at the Churches.

(Correspondence of the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.)

PARIS, Tuesday, April 13, 1869.—Every one is talking of the weather, which is certainly a most marvelous one, considering that just a fortnight ago we were in the midst of a heavy snow storm, or, as they say here, *en plein hiver*. Now we are broiling in an atmosphere not much below 80 degrees in the shade, with a sky that wears a settled summer aspect, just like in July, when a whole city has "flushed into verdure," as Keble beautifully expresses it, within twenty-four hours—the sudden warmth having brought out the spring foliage, as if by magic, along our stately avenues. It looks as though the last dying lines of dark and leafless branches had been suddenly decorated and hung with green garlands for some fete. This quick delightful transition, and somewhat trying change, has come just in time for the moment when society, properly so called, begins to fill up Paris, and people think they have had enough of balls, and soirees, and receptions, and sniffing salons, and was lights, and pine for a change of amusement, and for fresh air and out-of-door life. And no the races of the Bois de Boulogne are heartily welcomed, and the Sunday's race course at Longchamps became the general rendezvous. The first meeting took place on Sunday week last, but was completely spoilt by the then deplorable state of the weather—rain and sleet and a biting north wind driving the small attendance, which had had the courage to assemble, off the ground. What a contrast on Sunday last! And what an immense crowd! every conceivable one of people! In the Imperial stand were the Emperor and Empress and Prince Imperial, with the King and Queen of Spain, the Prince of Asturias, the Duchess of Girgenti, accompanied by splendid suites, both French and Spanish. The grand assemblage of spectators was pronounced to be more numerous than had ever been seen before, even in the days of the Grand Prix de Paris. The display of splendid equipages, liveries, magnificent horses, and gorgeous "racing" toilettes, was one of everything that can be described or imagined. No other capital in the world can turn out such a scene of fashion, and taste, and luxury. The mere "sporting" character of the event is quite lost under that of fashion and high life. The whole affair is a sort of open-air drawing-room, large enough to admit at once both the visitors and their equipages. Every minute were the look of fill rises, the very horses being bedecked with ribbons and rosettes, and the bonnets and coachmen decked out in every sort of rage, powdered perwigs and bouquets. The beautifully smooth and gravelled roads all the way from the city and through the Bois to Longchamps are so profusely watered that not a particle of dust rises to take off the freshness of the display. Then the long lines of glittering turns-out arrive on the ground like a triumphal procession, each one in its original span-new. The scene inside the circle, around the central stand, on Sunday last, quite beggars description. Every one who was present the day is twenty francs, and the entire space, called the *enceinte du pesage* is kept strictly select, and made forfeit on ground to the slightest breach of society. Not a single female ticket is issued except through the committee of the Jockey Club, and the rule which excludes the demi-monde from this privileged circle is maintained with inflexible and remorseless rigor. The consequence is that the reunion presents the highest features of the fashionable life of Paris. The Empress, with her great tact and grace, made no up and down this space, and mixes freely with the numerous acquaintances whom she meets within its select bounds. Chairs are set all around, and the whole scene presents, as I have said, more the aspect of a *salon en plein air*, than what is generally found on a race-course. But the whole organization of the Parisian Jockey Club is essentially aristocratic, and rather legitimist and Catholic in its origin than Imperial, though the Emperor has done everything in his power, by petting and coaxing, and by privileges and costly presents, to win it over to him, and has now pretty well succeeded. It is a powerful body of fifteen hundred noblemen and gentlemen of high rank. Its revenues, including those of the Society for improving the breed of horses in France, which forms a part of the organization, amount to at least a million a year. It has founded races and opened race-courses all over the country, and thus wields a very widely extended interest, as it endows these meetings with large prizes. The principal club-house in Paris, and people think they have had enough of balls, and soirees, and receptions, and sniffing salons, and was lights, and pine for a change of amusement, and for fresh air and out-of-door life. And no the races of the Bois de Boulogne are heartily welcomed, and the Sunday's race course at Longchamps became the general rendezvous. 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