



Misfortunes seldom come *single*.

MAKING PURCHASES.

BY MISS CHARLOTTE F. SULLIVAN.

HAVING received a large sum of money, which I had for a length of time most anxiously expected,—in high spirits I went forth on that most delightful of female expeditions, namely, to make purchases. Disdainfully I passed all the *cheap* shops, where a few days previously I was happy to satisfy my moderate and real wants. I *now* directed my proud steps to the most fashionable and extravagant establishment in the town. Here I exhausted whole

cases of fancy articles, tossed over the delicate finery with the satisfied and independent air of one who had no wish to enter on their books (the *wish* would have been *unavailing* even had I felt it!) and after having kept half a dozen gentlemanly and obliging attendants running "to and fro" from "warehouse" to "shew-room," from "magazine" to "depot," of their immense establishment, during the greater part of the morning, — at length I condescended to make a selection, ordering home specimens of almost every new-fashioned article they had placed before my longing eyes.

While one of the young men drew forth his gold-and-amethyst pencil-case to write out my account on an embossed sheet of perfumed pink paper, I fell into a reverie, which was not broken by the low tone of the writer's queries (although I heard them as in a pleasant dream), such as, "*Twelve yards of that splendid blond I think?*" "*Did this lady select three or four of these superb lace dresses?*" "*You have only given me two pieces of this delightful white satin, and three were to be put away.*" "*How many dozen of those magnificent silk-stockings?*" &c. &c.

My charming reverie was caused by a letter I had received that morning from *him* who loved me beyond all the world: this dear being, although faultless in *my* eyes, was detested by my step-mo-

ther, who had within the last month banished him from our house, and kept strict watch lest I might find some means of communicating with, or seeing him. Vain precaution ! there was a dear little sly Irish flower-girl, who had thoughts full of schemes, and blue eyes full of innocence, and she generally sold me every morning a fresh bouquet, in which was concealed a small note from poor Alfred. The day of my shopping expedition she had called as usual with her basket of flowers, and "mine own" (which she carefully handed to me, and afterwards pretended to offer to change it for a better) contained a plan for my elopement on the third evening from the date, and concluding with execrations against my step-mother, expressed with more sincerity than moderation. With trembling delight I concealed this note in my purse, along with my newly-arrived treasure ; and in thinking over the whole matter at the shop, the idea of my purse reminded me to pay for my purchases. Looking up, I saw the young men politely waiting, with the account, until my waking dream was over ; so I apologized for keeping them, and instantly searched in my reticule : — Oh ! horror of horrors ! my purse was not there, — I had drawn it out in the street with my handkerchief !

I could not restrain my agonized exclamations, nor conceal my distress from the by-standers, who

assailed me with “ *Where did you drop it, Ma ’m ?*” Stupid interrogatory ! as if I would not have *picked it up* had I known where it *fell* !

Behind the counter but *one* yawning shopman adhered to me in my fallen fortunes, and *he* had lost all his alacrity : he stood looking another way, and listlessly drumming with his fingers on the counter, until at length drawling out something about “ very sorry ree-ally,” he proceeded to deposit carefully in their former places all *my* fancy articles.

Two beautiful girls close to me, who were pouring forth gold in showers from their purses, lifted their eye-glasses and laughed in my face : (they might have spared this, as they did not offer to pay my account ;) but I was too much agonized about my loss, to attend much to their rudeness. Fevered with anxiety about the fate of my letter (which, I remembered, was foolishly “ directed in full” to me), I rose, and endeavouring to conceal the real state of my feelings beneath a smile of heroic indifference, coldly exclaimed, “ It is of no consequence :” an assertion which must have been rendered extremely doubtful by my preceding manner. Slowly and sorrowfully I directed my course along the same streets which I had traversed in the morning with happy activity : and, as I could not succeed in concealing my pecuniary loss from my

lynx-eyed step-mamma on arriving at home, I was obliged to bear lectures about carelessness, giddiness, and the like, which lasted until bed-time, together with every mortifying suggestion and conjecture as to my little fortune having fallen into the hands of pick-pockets, whereas I *might* have consoled suffering innocence by its proper application.

Thus passed all that wretched day: the *hope* I felt that some acquaintance of ours might find my purse, being quite counteracted by the *dread* of my severe relation seeing the letter it contained.

The first article which met my sight next day in one of the morning papers, was an advertisement of my loss inserted by my step-mother, who accurately described both the purse and our residence. In the course of the day a parcel was thrown down the area, and the servant who carried it up to her room, concluded it must have been my purse: I devoutly hoped not, — yet, some way, when ordered to go to the boudoir, I could not help thinking perhaps I should see my money restored, and that most likely the people had destroyed my letter!

The stately severe inhabitant of the boudoir handed me a letter (happily a greasy-looking one, sealed with a thimble, so it was not *my* letter!) thus it ran: — “ Madm, has u hadwertized the lost of ure purse, i cee inn the papers, this his to hinform u has i dusn’t meen 2 reeturn the munny:

butt has I fown a lettr inn itt, axin on a yung uman
 2 run a way from ure house, an blowin u up lik
 funn, i sens that ere lettr bak, an hadvizes u 2 luke
 arter the yung uman, has shee an het Bo sims a
 pare off sli uns. Ures til deth, *Jigamaree.*"

When I had read this consoling epistle, I was
 desired to prepare instantly for our departure for
 France, which was now hastened by a week on my
 account (to escape which separation, Alfred had
 arranged the elopement). So here I am, staying
 at a convent near Blois; and, during the two re-
 maining years of my minority, I shall have nothing
 to do but think of the loss of my purse, my letter,
 my fashions, my money, and my lover, all of which
 were closely dependant on each other.—Have I
 not cause to exclaim "*Misfortunes never come
 single!*" as a very *elegant* but starving poet so pa-
 thetically observed, when he saw his wife's three
 little new-born babies!