

On the Tattler.

The Coquette.

A Prize Essay

Though we are apt to take our first impressions & to form our estimate of the character of individuals from the countenance, yet it is a sad truth, that the face is not always a true index of the heart. That sunny smiles are often but the screen of ancient hypocrisy & the most insidious feeling. That the tender glances of the brightest eye, are too often treacherous, and only intended to delude the victim of its magic influence.

While the Coquette is subject to the full force of these remarks, there is also, something in her character, which shocks the sensibilities of every refined mind, and violates every feeling of propriety.

In woman, we look for that elevated sense of moral rectitude, which scorns the very thought of deceit - that endearing confidence which precludes the possibility of distrust - that delicate regard for the feelings of others which teaches her to deal tenderly with the sensitive chords of another's heart - that truly feminine delicacy & retiring modesty which shrink from any approach at boldness - that amiability &

real refinement which scorns vanity & pride,
and that openness of character, which conscious
of its own good intent, seeks not to deceive the
innocent & unwary.

The Coquette is possessed of none of these cardinal
qualifications; but combines with the persuasive
eloquence of Eve, the subtlety & craft of the serpent.
She advances upon her victim with winning
smiles, bewitching looks and honied lips. She captivates
his heart - chains his affections - gains his confidence
- draws from ^{him} the secrets of his bosom; then plights
his love - tramples on his feelings, & laughs at his
credulity.

"O how she rolls about her eyes in spite,
And looks delightfully with all her might;
But like our heroes, much more brave than wise,
She conquers for the triumph, not the prize."

Another and another becomes thus the dupe of
her insidious wiles, and is made to suffer the ex-
cruciating pangs of disappointed love - of long and
fondly cherished, hopes, and to endure the mortifi-
cation of perhaps a public & contemptuous flight.

Do we wonder as to the motives of such unnat-
ural conduct? It springs from the most consum-
mate vanity & pride. Conscious of her personal
attractions, of the magic power of her eye & the
persuasive eloquence of her voice - conscious of
her winning grace and conscious of the influence

she exerts over the heart, she readily yields to the weakness of her nature - magnifies her own importance - moves in all the pride of a vain imagination, and glories in exercising the despotism she has acquired. Thus she rejoices in the spoils of her conquests, and inflicts a mortal wound on the feelings of her misguided votaries - thinking perhaps, that after she has gratified her vanity to the full extent, she can rest in the bosom of some "stricken deer". O hateful ambition! O cruel, unprincipled creature! Love sucks a being - cherishes sucks a being - embrace sucks a being as a companion! Ah! I should feel as if I hugged a viper to my bosom - as if I cherished a vile thing - as if I held companionship with a harpy.

But thanks to Heaven such a creature cannot always hold her sway. Her supremacy is ephemeral. She may flit for a while like the gilded butterfly, in a circle of gay admirers. She may for a while continue to be flattered & caressed, but falsehood & deceit cannot remain long undiscovered. Her retinue of lovers, intimidated by want of success & wounded by insult fall gradually away, until she is entirely deserted. Instead of a company of eager candidates for her hand, following in her train, she now walks alone. She is deserted. Methinks I see her at night, when the moon is high, and

and the wind whistles loud, wrap her shawl
about her, and hurry solitary, through the
streets. In vain she wishes for a protector. In
vain she looks for some one of her old compan-
ions. She meets them, but a cold sly look is all
she receives, and they pass on. She reaches her
home & mourns in solitude. The last lingering
hope is fled. Her cheek grows waxy. Her eye becomes
dim & hollow.

"She never tells her love,
But lets concealment like a worm in the bud feed on her
dew-damp cheek.

She pines in thought, & with a green & yellow melancholy,
Sits like patience on a monument smiling at grief."

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Arthur.

To this Essay was awarded in preference to four
others, the book entitled "Romantic Tales."