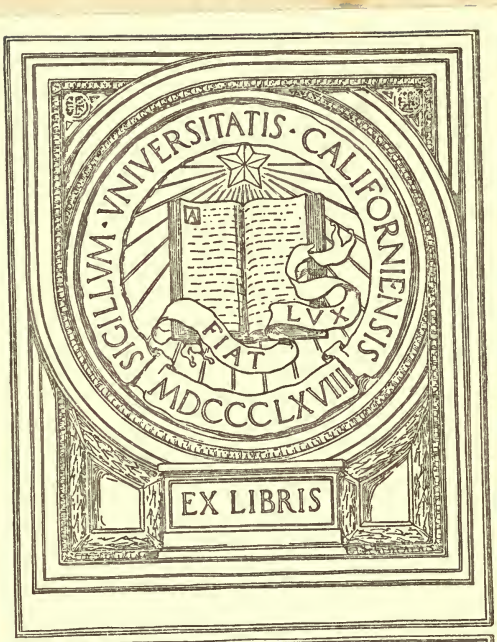
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[Fay, Theodore Sedgwick]

DREAMS AND REVERIES

OF

A QUIET MAN

CONSISTING OF

THE LITTLE GENIUS,

AND

OTHER ESSAYS.

By one of the Editors of the New-York Mirror.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

NEW YORK:

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THE UNITED STATES.

1832.

To GEORGE P. MORRIS, Esq.

MY DEAR SIR,

In dedicating these volumes to you, I obey the dictates of a friendship which a close and constant intimacy of many years has only confirmed and strengthened. If the light sketches now offered to the public in this form (not without a tremulous feeling,) possess any merit, I cannot forget that but for your encouragement and liberality they never would have been written. Many indeed, more worthy than I, have experienced the benefit of your unwavering exertions to employ talent already established and to infuse confidence into the timid and inexperienced. That your literary career may be as successful, as your talents are marked, and your private life is benevolent and irreproachable, is the very ardent wish of,

My dear sir,

Very affectionately and sincerely,

Your friend and obedient servant,

THE AUTHOR.

New York, June 2, 1832.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following Essays were composed at various intervals since the year 1823, and have appeared in the New-York Mirror, under the signatures of SEDLEY, F., &c. The numbers of the Little Genius signed D., were written by the author of "Howard's Essays on Imprisonment for Debt," and were also originally published in the Mirror.

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THE LITTLE GENIUS.

NUMBER I.

Take my word for it, 'tis an honest ghost.—*Hamlet.*

Is there any person in the world who doubts that spirits of the air can assume a visible shape, and communicate *viva voce* with us poor mortals of the earth? Did not Cicero in one age, and Petrarch in another, receive supernatural information of the death of a distant friend? Did not a spirit inform Cæsar's wife that she must tell Cæsar if he attended the senate on the ides of March, he would be killed? And is there any body in this city who has not heard of the little old man who appeared to M—— S. W——, Esq., of this city, attorney at law, and informed him of an event which at the same moment happened at a distance of more than twenty miles; and as soon as he had delivered his message, vanished through the key hole into thin air? No one therefore need to doubt me when I declare that I have lately seen a ghost, who has not only talked to me, but walked with me, and told me such things, and showed me such sights, as without supernatural intelligence, I never could have known. They are interesting to every man, woman and child, in this city; indeed, I think they are important not only to the United States, but to all mankind; and I will therefore endeavor to communicate them to the world as they have been communicated to me; though I must apprise the reader, that it is impossible for me to describe the sights I have seen, or to narrate the things that have been told to me, with half the force and coloring with which they have been displayed.

Know then, thou gentle being, whose eye peruseth my wonderful narration, that on Thursday night last, as I was sitting in my study about the hour of midnight, reading the pages of the "New-York Mirror," and thinking how delighted I should be if I could only promote the interests of its worthy editor by any humble influence of mine, I crossed my legs, leaned my elbow on the table, and my cheek upon my hand, and looking straight into the comfortable and cheering fire, thinking nothing of ghosts or apparitions, I said to myself, "Surely New York is a most wonderful city! She is only in her infancy, as it were, and yet she abounds and overflows with editors, poets, novelists, painters, patriots, and great men! All her citizens are honest, all her magistrates wise and upright, all her young men pious, and all her women beautiful and virtuous,—wonderfully given to industry and economy; her clergy are the most humble and god-like men extant; and her whole society presents a surprising scene of disinterested benevolence, and enviable happiness. There are here and there exceptions, perhaps—but even the sun has its spots, and nothing human can possibly be perfect. But her editors shine conspicuous. Truth, god-like truth, is their polar star. Ever anxious to elevate and instruct, they scour the field of intellect, and ransack earth, sea, and sky, with the most disinterested and patriotic view to benefit their country, and do as much as they can for the cause of virtue."

I had hardly worked up my enthusiastic mind to this sage and deep conclusion, when my lamp began to sparkle with a brighter light, a hundred brilliant little stars shot out from the fire, the room shook gently, and immediately there stood before me the oddest and merriest looking Little Genius that eyes ever beheld! In height he seemed about four feet and a half; he held a rod in his hand; a blue belt was buckled around his body, and over his shoulders was gracefully flung a short Spanish cloak of black velvet; his underdress was red, with white silk points; white silk stockings, and shoes fastened with roses of white riband. His head was large; his nose prominent and aquiline; his eyes were small, deep set, and brilliantly black; dark curly hair; fine white teeth; a cap of liberty, ornamented with band

and tassels of gold, *a la hussar;* and on his breast there sparkled a diamond star, fastened on crimson cloth, surrounded by thirteen lesser stars.

I did not feel at all frightened at this apparition; but I must have expressed by my action some little surprise, for, throwing a most fascinating smile into his countenance, and opening his well turned and eloquent lips, he said, merrily—

"Ah ha! master student, I perceive you are a little astonished at this sudden intrusion on your most profound meditations. Never mind that; you are an honest, unsuspecting, well-meaning fellow; and I have that in my power which will make you ample amends for this unexpected interruption. I have a thousand things to say, and to unfold. Who I am, and why I visit you at the present moment, you shall know all in good time. For the present, let it suffice to say, that I am your friend, and the friend of this same city; listen to what I declare, be wise, and you may render some service both to yourself and the town. I can show you how the poor may become rich—the old, young—the ugly, handsome—and the miserable, happy. I can show you how to save the city from yellow fever, private quarrels, political wrangling, and small slander. I am no imposter; open your eyes, and behold!"

So saying, my Little Genius held a mirror before my eyes, and to my surprise and astonishment I saw the corporation in full assembly, in one of the most beautiful and superb chambers in the city hall, exerting their splendid intellect, and wasting their precious time for the welfare and glory of the city. They were in most earnest debate on the very interesting question as to the best mode of lightening the town of the heavy burden of its debt. The mayor sat in the self-same chair in which Washington once presided, beautifully altered by the upholsterer from blue to red lining, and ornamented with nails of shining brass. In front, on the right, sat his honor, the recorder; and behind him the learned counsellor of the board, ready to advise on all questions of legal and constitutional doubt; and on each side, right and left, were the venerable sages of council, from all the wards of this great city. Various propositions were made and debated, and a very eloquent member offered

a plan, by way of lessening city expenses, to abolish the watch—the city lamps—and all offices—except one for himself, and two for his brothers; and, to raise a revenue, instead of taxing the people, whose particular friend he avowed himself to be, he proposed to sell the city hall—to lease out the park, battery, and bowling-green, for cookey shops; and to tax eclipses of the sun and moon, and all naughty little obstinate stars that refused to shine in dark nights. He declared that legislation was a simple thing, and the whole art of it could be managed as well by a shoemaker as a scholar; that he has a servant, who, for four dollars a month, would undertake to do the whole business of the city; that men of talents now-a-days had got to be quite impudent, and it was high time to put them down—otherwise, they would soon destroy the liberties of the people, by having navies, standing armies, and high salaries; and suppressing the glorious right of suffrage—which he was willing to lay down his life in the field of battle at any time to oppose and support. As soon as this orator sat down, another arose, and moved that the question be referred to a committee of safety, which being done, the corporation adjourned to eat supper.

I asked the Genius the name of the eloquent man, who proposed so sagely to ease the people of all their burdens. "Hush!" said he; "'tis the business of a soldier to be brave—of a statesman to be wise—and of a student to be cautious. In speaking of great men, always be delicate. You see the reason why the affairs of New-York glide on so smoothly. When I visit thee again, I will show thee more." And so saying, a little mist began to gather around him, it spread over his form like a thin veil, his shape gradually disappeared, his smile and his diamond sparkled out, and nothing remained but the pale lamp, and my solitary self, leaning on my elbow.

D.

NUMBER II.

My Little Genius has appeared to me again, and showing me his mirror, he tells me he has the power of exhibiting the past as well as the future, and of compressing the time of ages into a moment, as the prophet of the faithful, who made his humble disciple pass the vicissitudes of a life in the dream of an instant. I like him wonderfully. He is amiable—facetious—full of philanthropy and goodness of heart; and he tells me that his power over man and things is held by a condition that he shall speak no word, and do no act, to shock the feelings of modesty, or wound one honest being in this world. "But," said he, while his fine white teeth shone through his smile, "let the vicious tremble! are there any weak enough to suppose they can escape castigation? We will now and then give them a gentle memento, that shall tingle their sensations after the manner of a nettle. You must know, that the region around you abounds with millions of spirits, some good and some bad; and nothing annoys the bad, or pleases the good, so much as to see the little small vices that plague and pester earth, dragged out of their lurking holes into open day, and exposed to the ridicule and scorn of upright men. There are beings in this goodly city, who stroll about and hold up their heads with a braggadocio sort of consequence, lording it over their betters, and using their little shallow despotism with a shameless front; who, if fairly exhibited in my mirror, will shrink into insignificance, and beg pardon and ask protection of the poor servant whom to-day they spit upon. Surely it will be a good act to tear the mask from the faces of such hypocritical men; and not a good person in this whole town but will thank you for your pains. Allons, then, master student, take a peep into my mirror, and describe what you see—after what flourish you please."

I looked, and lo! there appeared in a cellar, a dirty, diminutive, ragged, beggarly, little runt of a fellow

brushing boots. He was bandy legged, snubbed nosed, round shouldered, and thick headed. He was the scorn and jest of all visiters at the house; the misses of the family were ashamed that papa should keep such an ugly looking fellow for a servant in their establishment. He was as wicked and mischievous as he was ugly; but he was endowed with a happy impudence that enabled him to maintain the good opinion of his master, and to parry off every attempt made by the young ladies to drive him from the family. He brushed boots well, and was prompt in his movements in all the menial duties he had to perform. On errands for his mistress, he always ran as fast as his little bandy legs could possibly carry him; and though he quarrelled with the cook, and stole half the tit bits that were designed for the nurse, yet he was so servile and obliging to the heads of the family, cringed for favor with so much success, and was such a perfect toad eater at times to the young ladies themselves —that he bid fair to hold his place as long as he pleased. But an unlucky accident changed the tide of affairs, and turned poor Snub adrift to seek his fortune in the wide, uncertain world. One Sunday, when he had on his false ruffle and sham watch, like Watty in the play, under the burning influence of a long concealed love for Miss Polly, his master's eldest daughter, as she was passing through a dark entry, he seized her hand, attempted to kiss it, and announced to her thunder struck ears his uncontrollable and most tender passion. She screamed like a north wester, went into hysteric fits— alarmed the household—gave her evidence against Snub, with many embellishments and additions not at all connected with truth—and poor Snub was kicked out of doors without his wages—without any certificate of character, and without a friend on the face of the globe. Scratching his red head, he said to himself most sentimentally. "Well, Snub, what's to be done?"

He sauntered down to the dock, shipped as steward on board an East Indiaman, and in one hour was under full sail with a favorable tide and fair breezes for the port of Calcutta. He made a melancholy reflection on the wickedness of woman as he saw the shores of New York sinking behind him in the distance, but not being much troubled with sensibility, he forthwith resolved to

put into requisition all the powers of his toad eating disposition—to suck himself into the good graces of his captain: and a vague hope seemed to cross his dark mind, that in the Indies he might get wealth, and that with wealth he might do any thing.

Years rolled on, and with them rolled the tide of varying circumstance. Snub made many a voyage to the Indies. Gradually he rose from steward to ordinary seaman—then to mate—by dint of long cringing, he at length obtained the command of a vessel; and what with by-cuts and double-entry accounts between him and his merchant, he made his fortune.

The turn of the wheel which lifted him upward in life, seemed to lower considerably the condition of his quandam master, and with it, naturally, also the condition of Miss Polly, his quandam *flame*—which notwithstanding time and distance, still flickered a little in the bosom of captain Snub.

Having now a plenty of cash, Snub shaved his chin—cut his hair to the fashion—bought largely of stock—"purged and went clean like a gentleman." As soon as it was whispered about that Snub had money, it is astonishing how wise he became, not only in his own opinion, but in the opinion of every body; clergymen, physicians, lawyers, brokers, and politicians, waited on him in abundance. His quandam master gave him a particular call, took off his hat to him, and begged the honor of his company to tea—which invitation Snub accepted; and he shook hands with Miss Polly, and even kissed her hand, without receiving any other reproof than a smile of excessive tenderness. Snub was the oracle of the party. While he talked of the East Indians, whales, and sea serpents, no one else was listened to; and when the company retired, the master and mistress sought an early opportunity to steal slyly away, and leave Snub to settle his affairs with Miss Polly, or either of her sisters, according to his choice. The sisters shook off all tender considerations for other lovers, and vied with each other in laying cunning snares to catch Snub and his money. While this short, thick, red-headed, bandy-legged figure was surrounded by the fair ones, receiving from one a leaf of myrtle, a sprig of geranium from another, and so on—you would have supposed

that it was the graces making fun of some red-faced country Bacchus. Alas, it was three fair angels of earth offering themselves a sacrifice to the altar of Mammon, and only contending which should be the victim; not a word was said of his former life—no allusion to the kissing or kicking—mum!—

Captain Snub's political influence increased *pari passu* with his private consequence. Watching the weathercock of the times, he perceived the trade winds blowing straight through Popular Hall. Laying his cringing faculties under immediate contribution, he marched to that seat of principle and patriotism, and by slandering the best men in the state—advocating regular nominations, a caucus, and the right of universal suffrage—and showing himself a rugged stickler for the doctrine that talents are dangerous in a republican government, and that fools make the best sort of legislators for all honest state purposes, he convinced the general committee that he was worthy of a place on the assembly ticket, to represent the city of Gotham in legislative council. He was *nominated;* which, in the fashionable dictionary of modern politics, means *elected.* He looks forward now to the office of governor; and if he succeeds in caucus, who among us can say a word against red-headed, thick-headed, bandy-legged Snub, taking his seat in the gubernatorial chair, and dispensing therefrom the powers and honors of the state of New York—*once* the greatest state in the union? I saw Snub take his station in the capitol. I saw him rise to speak on a question involving the interests of the state. He had not one single, enlightened, liberal or philanthropic idea. I was about to exclaim, when my Little Genius withdrew his mirror, and, laughing, said:

"Oh, ho! master student, keep cool, and be indignant at nothing. Remember," said he, "that destiny is every thing. Pitt, with all his great talents, failed in his political schemes. Castlereagh, with subsidies and blunders, met with success. Wellington conquered Bonaparte by an error at Waterloo. And Bonaparte, with the first genius in the world, saw Europe slip out of his grasp three times in one week; and while he was expiring, a prisoner on a rock of the ocean, his fortunate opponent was wielding the destinies of the world.—

Such," said my Little Genius, as he vanished into thin air, "such is fate; think of the subjects I have exhibited to thine eye—be wise—and bury thy thoughts deep in thine own bosom."

But, Oh thou God of destiny! if it be thy will that New York shall be governed by such politicians as captain Snub, endow us with fortitude to bear with thy dispensations; but open our eyes, and grant that we may see that thy ways are just and upright, and that the sin and folly are all our own.

D.

NUMBER III.

Not in the fading echoes of renown,
The soul shall find enjoyment.—*Akenside.*

THE whole city of Gotham is at present in great commotion. The mind of every citizen is agitated by the great question, who is to be our next president? The shoemakers have dropped their lap stones, and the blacksmiths their sledge hammers. Colonel Crolius has deserted his potter bakery—Jacob Barker, the exchange —Mr. Davis, the Life Insurance Company; all the tanners in the Swamp—all the butchers in the markets—the justices of the Marine Court, and the constables, marshals, and tax gatherers—have left their private concerns to the guidance of fate, and repairing, one and all, to Popular Hall, are kindly undertaking to settle the grand question! Even the Greek ladies and their long-winded correspondents, from *Alpha* to *Omega*, have ceased to argue whether the myrtle or the cypress, the laurel or the parsley, the oak leaf or olive leaf, was the Grecian wreath of victory; and they have cast off from their minds all further thought of the Napoleon pillow, Dewitt Clinton, and the grand canal, to join this busy, and most marvellously logical, and political town, in the great work of settling the grand question! As a proof that every man's mind is occupied by this one single idea, I relate as a positive fact, which any body may doubt if they dare, that when I asked my tailor yesterday

to make me a new coat, he stared me in the face for a minute without any reply, and then asked me whether I would have the *Crawford* cut. When the lottery managers had finished the drawing of the lottery on Wednesday, instead of declaring that the drawing was completed, they exclaimed, "Calhoun is elected." The committee, in making up their certificate, certified that "Clay had received the first drawn number fairly and honestly." And last Sunday, my clergyman, in the course of his sermon, happened to say, "in Adam's fall we sinned all," when there was a general commotion throughout the church; the ladies smiled; the clerk turned up the white of his eyes, and the knowing ones winked at one another with an expression quite political. Thus it plainly appears that the "grand question" mingles itself with the imaginations of all classes of society, and that it is impossible we should ever be an idle or a thoughtless race of beings in this happy country, so long as the blessed institutions of the land secure to us the glorious privilege of discussing the merits of the various candidates for the high offices of our government, and of selecting for ourselves that *one* who is most agreeable to the great body of the people. Even I, studious, retired, and humble as I am, was sitting in my study, contemplating on this subject, and querying with myself how the "grand question" might best be settled—whether by a caucus nomination, or by selecting delegates to nominate, or by the people themselves in primary assemblies, when suddenly the fire sparkled, the house trembled, and the Genius appearing before me with a most complacent smile, bade me again look into his mirror.

As my mind had been almost wholly occupied by considerations about the "grand question," I expected that the mirror would certainly exhibit to me a political meeting. Judge then, gentle reader, what was my surprise when I beheld the tomb of Washington! And the Genius pointing to it, said to me,

"How quietly rests his spirit in his grave. The morning sun shines on it, and finds it silent! The same sun goes down upon it, and leaves it in peace! The darkness of night rolls over it, and all is quiet! The moon and stars keep their courses, shine, and twinkle

on it; and there is yet no stirring noise, save that of the moving cypress, which waves and sighs to the wind. Days, months, years, centuries, shall pass away, and till the last trump shall sound, there will be no noise, no movement in that still and quiet grave! There mayest thou behold the end of the greatest of greatness. Look upon it, and ask thy heart, if it be wise for any mortal man to set the world in uproar to acquire a passing glory, which, however splendid, must end in a point, narrow, dark, and silent, like that tomb. The body has perished; the spirit which animated it has ascended to a sphere from whence all earthly ambition appears contemptible; the memory of his virtues is sweet to his country, and their perfume shall be delightful to after ages. Civil war, whether marked by blood, the cannon, and the sword, or by the angry opinions of men, poisoned and inflamed by the slanderous tongue and a calumniating press, is a material curse always originating in the selfish views of wicked ambition. This rouses up the passions of men, and by force compels every one to take side for or against it. If military tactics are resorted to, the contest is bloody and fatal; if the tactics of sophistry only are called into the field, peace and friendship, private contentment, and public happiness, are wounded, and the body lives corrupt, immoral, misanthropic, and wretched. In this latter case the war, instead of being conducted by great military chieftains, is managed by editors renowned in the arts of sophistical logic, who, divided and arranging themselves against each other in formidable battle with their readers for their armies, exert all their skill to hoodwink their friends, and gag down opposition by the power of the press. From this cause the great source of political information becomes corrupted; the streams which flow from it run through the land, scattering poison and pestilence, instead of sweet flowers of virtue springing up to regale the senses of man; the vices take root in the blasted soil; demagogues and demons usurp the offices of state, and reign in turn till rebellion comes to relieve the fainting world by the sad remedies of despotism and slavery. Thus it is even in this blessed land, that the press, which is the offspring of liberty, by falling into the hands of wicked men, may yet be the destroyer of peace and freedom. Look again into the

mirror, and you shall see in the first place, the blessing of an honest press."

I looked, and I saw a nation blessed with an extent of country greater and richer than any in the world. The people were in numbers as the sands of the sea. On the land and on the ocean they were terrible to their enemies; commerce waved her flags triumphant over the globe; agriculture smiled throughout the land; manufactures gave full employment to labor and capital; intelligent and honest men held the offices of state, and in one single house of correction, I saw a hundred demagogues, and a dozen lying editors, condemned to confinement as a punishment for their crimes of slandering good men and flattering the people; a shoemaker was sentenced to a year's imprisonment for aspiring to make laws and neglecting to make shoes, because he understood the one art, and was ignorant of the other; and an editor, who had the audacity to be his advocate, was put in Coventry, and branded on the forehead with the letter N, as a mark to let the world know that he was a Nincom, and, No friend to his country. The ladies would not smile on a bad man, though he were rich as the Indies, and ever so pretty; in fact no power of fascination could draw from their sweet countenance one look of complacency on a rake, a fop, or a fool; being themselves as pure as angels, they regarded an immoral, or an imperious man, as the enemy to be most avoided and detested; as the serpent that would beguile them from the Eden of bliss. On the contrary, if they beheld a young man of industrious and economical habits, rowing his own little boat against the wind and tide of adversity, without one patron to smile on, or one friend to help him, they cheered his dark prospect by a peculiar delight which they sparkled from their eyes. They stood on the shore and beckoned to him with joy and affection; they called him brave! noble! they made him the hero of their talk, and the burthen of their song; they made him famous among men for the virtue of fortitude, the quality of strength, and the nobleness of spirit unnecessary to buffet against the dangers and trials of life; and they vied with each in the race of virtue, to see who could make herself and her fortune most worthy the acceptance of such a glorious victor over the calami-

ties of the world. Among such a race of women, what chance of success could be found for the dandy or the fop? The skill of barbers, eminent as Saunders for the triumph of scissors to cut, and tongs to curl; the ingenuity of Smith to perfume in a manner no where to be surpassed in the fashionable world; the male corsets of Mrs. Cantello, renowned for imparting slender waists and broad shoulders to the beaux of our city; the Campbell cut of Scofield and Phelps; even the beautiful curled wigs of Monsieur Laforg, scientific peruke maker to his majesty the *grand Monarque*, fresh from Paris;—all these artists combined, could not elevate a feminine man to the dignity of one woman's smile, in this honest and virtuous land. I saw a dandy of style, with a new bangup of the latest touch, hair cut *a la Brutus*, laced and perfumed; venture among a company of females in that honest country. They were amazed! They exclaimed, What is it? When it spoke they laughed at it. And they held counsel, and questioned whether to turn it out of doors, or to keep it for amusement, to wait on them in company, and run on little errands of small import.

I was delighted and surprised. I asked the Genius how an honest press could produce such extraordinary effects. "Easily enough, master student! The press in a free country like ours, is to public opinion what the rudder is to a ship; it guides, turns, and directs it, in defiance of the ocean's strength and the tempest's fury. If the pilots are only good, they steer us through the stormy dangers of the sea to the harbor of peace; if they are bad, we are lost among the rocks and quicksands of misery. If the sentiments of the newspaper which you read to your children, with your morning coffee and your evening tea, are honest; if they inculcate piety to God, a love of country, and a love of truth, will not poor children grow up a pious and honest race? And so, if the newspaper be the vehicle of slander, of falsehood, disseminating the venom of political and religious bigotry, where is the morality and piety of your family to be protected against their morning and evening attacks? As families are, so are the people." But, said I, an honest editor would starve for want of patronage. "That too," said he, "is the fault of editors themselves, as you shall see when I meet you again. I snuff the envious

morn upon the breeze, and my other vocations press me to take wing for another sphere; therefore, master student, I bid thee farewell," Instantly a white cloud rolled in beautiful curls about his person; it gradually ascended mid way to the ceiling, and opening a little as it passed the limits of my vision, I saw his face full of shining light; he flung a gentle smile upon me, and disappeared. D.

NUMBER IV.

———"And her face so fair,
Stirred with her dream, as rose leaves in the air."

"I promised thee," said the Genius, as he came to me smiling again, "that I would exhibit to thee certain truths concerning editors; but we will waive that subject until the war of election is finished—a war declared by secret committees, and carried on by editors and other frequenters of taverns and porter houses; and finally finished by the sovereigns of the nation—that is, tagrag and bobtail, after a furious battle, which must last three days, according to law. In this war, the contending enemies, instead of measuring swords with each other, measure tongues and quills; and the object of the battle is not to test each other's military skill and courage, but to see who can fulminate, calumniate, and sophisticate, in the most approved and successful style; or in other words, which can lie and blackguard each other down most triumphantly, in the presence of their majesties, the people; who, like other sovereigns, look on with great delight, and enter right glad and heartily into the fun. All sensible men below, and all good spirits in the air, laugh at the farce; but to let you into a secret about it, look into the mirror, and you may see with your mind's eye, after what fashion these matters are managed." The mirror exhibited a scene which would have formed a subject for the pencil of Hogarth. Two or three decent, gentlemanly looking men, had all the office seekers and all the editors in the nation, fast hold of their pockets,

which were turned inside out; and all the editors were leading all their respective partisans fairly, and most impudently by the nose. The decent looking men stood perfectly quiet, except now and then a sly twitch at the pocket; but the office seekers, and the editors, cut more capers than Don Quixote did in the Brown Mountain; and whatever capers the editors were pleased to cut, their respective partisans imitated with an apish air, so that the whole scene was grotesque and laughable, beyond the power of pen to describe. And the harder the grave men twitched at the empty pockets, the more furious and terrible were the capers of the opposing parties. Indeed, they behaved many times indecently and boisterously; so much so, as to excite the censure of the more sensible and sober part of the nation, who frequently regretted that the peace and tranquility of society should be disturbed by such a very strange, and very unruly class of false pretenders. It must be observed, that the whole class formed only a very small proportion of the nation; but what they wanted in numbers they made up in noise. They differed from one another greatly in their opinions, yet they all claimed the character of true friends to their country; and from their manners, and appearance, you might easily be deceived into the belief that they were so, if they did not continually betray themselves as the little Frenchman did, who was able to appear in all things like a gentleman, "except one leetle hole right in de top of his hat." There were ten thousand ridiculous things in the scene, which I was about to observe for the purpose of description, when the Genius interrupted me.

"I beseech thee," said he, "master student, let us leave these silly subjects for the present—let us quit the wrangling tavern, the noisy tippling shop, the dull and smoky scenes of the porter house and beer cellar, and let us amuse ourselves for a moment with the gaiety of fashion. Leaving behind us the benumbing and stupifying

> "Quarrel about and about,
> Who shall be in and who shall be out,"

Let us raise our thoughts to the level of refinement—let us enter into the company of beauty and wit, and regale

ourselves for a time with the splendor of the ton. You shall see our city belles, carrying on the war of rosy lips and heavenly eyes against the hearts of assailable beaux, whose triple steel could hardly guard against such powerful artillery."

I looked and saw a lady at her toilette—she was young and beautiful. She had the slender and airy form of a sylph—smiles played about her countenance, and without the aid of any art, health gave to her lips and cheeks the most bewitching color of the rose, which, contrasted with her ivory teeth, seemed like rubies half covering and half concealing pearl. She was in the finest flow of spirits, and it was evident that hope, sweet delusive hope, had taken possession of her soul, and that she yielded to it in all the phrenzy of young untaught enthusiasm "Ah!" said she to herself, "what would these pains at the toilette be to me? What would I care for this face, this form, this heart of mine, if *he*—he whom I doat upon, did not praise it with his tongue, and admire it sincerely in his heart?" With that she turned to the maid, who assisted at her toilette. "Susan, there is Frederick!—that knock at the door is his—run below and tell him to wait a minute in the parlor, and I will be ready." It appeared that Susan went below, and in a few moments returned. "Well," said her mistress, "Did you see him? Is he there? Did you tell him I would not detain him a minute?" "He is not come, ma'am." "Not come!" and I saw a cloud pass over her countenance, that for an instant appeared like disappointment; but only for an instant—it vanished away. Her spirits all rallied, and she said, "oh, well—make haste, Susan; he'll come in a minute—pray make haste." Henrietta continued at her toilette, and by the symptoms of impatience which she once or twice exhibited, I could easily discover that there was a concealed, but a terrible idea in her mind, that Frederick would not come; and as time passed along, she said, half doubting, half asserting, "certainly Frederick will come." The toilette was finished—there was a rap at the door. I saw a gleam of joy pass over the countenance of Henrietta. The maid flew to answer the rap—"Will you please to buy some fine fresh oysters, ma'am" said an humble voice; "all opened, fresh, fine." "No!"

said Susan, slamming the door in his face furiously; and running back to her mistress, told her it was only the oysterman. It seemed that Henrietta was dressing for a cotillion party—that Frederick had promised to be her beau, and that Henrietta had for a whole week feasted in anticipation on the happiness which fancy had painted, and hope, in all his fairy frost work, had carved out for her. Her mind dwelt with delight on all the promised joys of the scene. "He will call for me—he will come in his coach—we shall ride together to the ball room—he will take hold of my hand—he will lead me into the room, the gay and brilliant ball room—I shall dance with him—with the amiable youth, whose heart I believe, beats only for me; and for whom I know my heart feels more than for all this world beside." While hope whispered these pleasures to her soul, she would sit and sew for hours; her fancy appeared to be absorbed by this one subject, and it seemed to place her above earth—she was etherial—she cared neither for food nor rest. The lighted ball room—the sparkling dresses of belles—the crowds of attentive, assiduous beaux—*he* among them, the fairest, handsomest, noblest of them all. The music!—the music sounded in her ears, and she smiled; and humming to the sweetest notes from the orchestra, she moved her foot to the time, and fancied the figure exactly as if she were there. "Why Henrietta!" said her mother, "I do believe the child is crazy! She tosses her head, and beats time with her feet, as if she heard the fiddle, and was going through the figures of the dance." "Ah! yes, ma'am," said Susan, "and exactly as if she danced with *him*. She talks of—thinks of—and dreams of *him*. In her sleep, her lover's name is whispered often"—"Hush! Susan," said Henrietta, "I shall banish thee my confidence, if thy discretion fails thee in aught that stirs my dreams."

When the disappointed Susan returned from the door, and informed her mistress it was the rap of the oysterman, Henrietta expressed surprise, and there even appeared a symptom of terror in her countenance, till Susan exclaimed, "you may know when he comes by the roll of his coach."—"That's true," said Henrietta; and her countenance shone out without a cloud. Still she sat, with her shawl carelessly flung over her

shoulders, counting the minutes as they dragged heavily along, listening to every rattling of a distant coach, and watching its sound as it grew fainter and fainter in the distance. "I wonder he does not come—the time has passed—he always comes before;" and turning to Susan, she said—"what if some accident has happened!" and the very idea brought moisture to her eyes, and clouded the countenance with grief. But she instantly banished the thought; and, smiling through her tears at her folly, she said to Susan—"I will not be the fool of fear, though I may be the fool of hope;" and she sighed as the last expression was uttered. Soon, however, the coach rattled up to the door, and the whole house was in gay commotion; rap, rap, rap, went the knocker—down ran Susan from above—and up ran the servants from below stairs. "Here comes Frederick," said one —"Frederick has come," said another. "That's *he!*" said the exulting lip of the beautiful Henrietta. The coach stopped at the door. Henrietta heard the footman let down the steps—she flew down to the hall, determined not to detain Frederick an instant—and forth from the coach issued—not Frederick—but his brother! "Frederick is engaged with another party, and has desired my sister and myself to stop with the coach for you." "Oh, very well," said Henrietta, "let us be off;" so saying, she sprang into the coach without the aid of any one, and, as she seated herself in one corner and passed the common salutations to the sister and brother of Frederick, her fluttering heart told her it was not "very well!" that her tongue had spoken falsely when she said so—and that one Frederick would have been worth to her more than his brother and sister. "Where," said she to herself, as the coach rolled along, "where is the dream of my hope thus far? It gave me promise that the beginning and end of this day should be happy, and the beginning is certainly miserable!"

The ball room was brilliant, and as Henrietta entered it, she flung her eyes around the numerous assembly, in anxious search of *him*, who was no where to be seen in the crowd. She found the party which he had attended, and was wondering where he could be, when a gentle tap on the shoulder caused her to turn, and Frederick's sister said to her "there comes my naughty brother,

just entering the room with that flaring, dashing Miss Aurelia B———." At that moment the manager's call for the cotillion put the room in commotion—there was great struggling for partners; sixteen cotillions were instantly assembled. I saw Frederick dancing with Aurelia. I saw the pale face of Henrietta, as she turned away from the dance; she took her seat as a spectator; and an expression of pity dropped from my tongue when the Genius withdrew his glass. "You see," said he, "master student, that the dashing Aurelia has some attraction more powerful than the sweet qualities of sense and beauty. I will shew thee the sequel when we meet again." D.

NUMBER V.

I was sitting in my study, and meditating on the unaccountable treatment of the youthful Frederick, as exhibited toward the mortified and injured Henrietta. I had entered deeply into her feelings. I had seen even the movements of her heart. I had seen the splendid promises which hope and fancy had gaily and profusely spread before her. Ten thousand rays of joy beamed from her eyes; and she lived, moved, and breathed in ecstacy at the idea of the pleasures which the coming evening had in store for her; and in a minute I saw the whole world of her hopes clouded, shaken, and dashed to pieces; and she sat alone in that assembly, which was to have been the field of her joys, pale, half stunned by disappointment, but struggling with the energy of a proud and noble soul to appear in all the ease of self command. I said to myself, has slander been busy in Frederick's ears? Has any mischief making, plot working beldame blasted his confidence, and alienated his love, by some base, hell contrived calumny? If so, said I, may all the evil spirits of the air combine to plague, pester, and torment the infernal author of the work! May scorpions sting her in her morning walk! Wherever she moves may she be chased by fiends! and in

her sleep, may the nightmare with fiery eyes, and heavy weight, sit upon her breast. And may all the furies of hell gather around her, and hiss in her ears indescribable horrors! As soon as this wish, this fearful wish, had gained a clear and distinct station in my mind, the house shook with the noise of thunder; the lightning flashed, and the Genius stood before me in all the majesty of his power. His little dark eyes beamed upon me with such intenseness of light, that I could not endure his gaze.

"Child of mortality," said he, "let thine ignorance make thee humble as the dust; for if thy secret prayer were indeed to be granted, how soon would that gay assembly into which I have conducted thee, be converted into a scene of horror; and how heavily would the evil fall, not only on the object upon whose head thou hast imprecated those terrible curses, but on the heads of the whole assembly, and most particularly on thine! Nay, start not, master student; in that assemby there is a slanderer, whose wicked and malignant tongue hath placed the injured Henrietta in her present distress. But if the fiends were to appear, and chase that slanderer according to thy prayer, the visible devils would frighten away the belles and the beaux; and thine hair would stand on end, when the object to be chased should be disclosed to thee, and be discerned to be a near and dear relative of thine. Beside, dost thou not know, that slander is a good thing? Indeed, if slander were good for nothing, it would soon go out of fashion. How insipid would be the morning visits of the ladies, if it were not for a little spice of slander; and without that, tea parties would be intolerable! It is a Christian virtue, that operates in society upon men and women, very much as a birch stick does in school upon the little urchins for whose awe it is hung up in *terorrem*. It makes men better, and doubtless this is the prevailing cause of its being so fashionable. Be not of that stupid, dull thinking class of clod hoppers, who imagine that slander is a vice, because it makes mischief in society. It alienates lovers indeed, but only for a time; and when they meet again, they are happier for having been separated by slander. It produces disturbances in neighborhoods, but when explanations are made, all is clear, and cordiality is increased. In this respect, it is

in society what lightning and thunder is to the atmosphere; it makes a mighty pother over head for a little while, but it cleanses the air of all impurities. Slander produces a murderous duel now and then, but who will say that society is injured by the loss of any man who falls in a duel? therefore, master student, pray for no curses on the heads of slanderers; for peradventure, in this way, you might injure ninety nine out of a hundred of the blessed women and men of Gotham, and some of thy best friends in the bargain." So saying, the Genius relaxed his stern looks into a smile, and exhibiting his mirror introduced me again into the city assembly room.

The splendor of a hundred lights—the sparkling of the large chandeliers—the shining dresses of a hundred figures, moving in the dance, to sweetest music; the groups of men and women passing from cotilion to cotilion, in search of the most skilful dancers—the sound of a hundred instruments, from the loud clang of the trumpet, to the dulcet notes of the flageolet, rivetted my attention for a moment, and I was lost in amazement and admiration at the brilliancy of the scene. These New Yorkers shine forth to great advantage on every occasion that demands taste, elegance, wealth, and public spirit. Here is an assembly room, excelled in splendor by no one in America, and by hardly any one in the world. From the rich and royal display of the east, from the Sultan's court, and the courts of London and Paris, down to the simple dance of the natives of the Pacific ocean, I question whether there can be found more refinement, more beauty, more elegance and taste, than the mirror at this moment displays to my view; and I am sure that in all the immense distance from an extreme civilization to its opposite one, which my fancy has ranged, there is no face more beautiful, and none appears more completely miserable than that of Henrietta, sitting alone, deserted, and struggling with herself to maintain self possession, in that solitary corner.

While she was seated in that unpleasant and awkward state, Frederick's sister came running to her relief, and kindly asked her to join the spectators at the other end of the room; "There," said she, "you will see Labasse and

Charruaud rival each other in the same cotillion;" and as she passed along, she whispered in Henrietta's ear, "my brother looks as if he had lost all his friends, and I can tell you the cause. I am sure he is in some error, and there is mischief"—Before she could finish the sentence, the beaux came up to hand them to a place for receiving the dancers. The two rivals exerted their utmost to display all the graces of attitude and action to an admiring assembly; and I know not how they appeared in the eyes of connoiseurs, but to me it was impossible to say which of the two excelled, the style of both was so beautiful and interesting; and the beaux applauded, and the ladies smiled on the one and the other alternately, till every person in the whole assembly seemed delighted, save Henrietta and Frederick, to whom hope had promised more delight than any body else. Henrietta's curiosity was on the rack, to know what his sister had alluded to in her unfinished sentence. "It is plain," said she, "that Frederick is offended, and some mischief maker has been the cause." She sought the first opportunity to question his sister further; and a faint hope lighted up her countenance, and the color came back to her cheeks, as she occupied herself in unravelling the mystery. "It is a silly thing," said the sister, "beneath the consideration of my brother, and I wonder he believes it—I am sure 'tis a falsehood, or perhaps a mistake. Some one has informed my credulous brother, that you said at a tea party 'that you did not love Frederick as much as his wealth,' and the declaration has been believed by him, and has wounded his pride. I have just drawn from him this explanation, for his strange conduct toward you, and have already half laughed him out of his credulity; and look at him, he is gazing at us, and seems ashamed to think that such a silly assertion should have alienated his feelings from you for a moment. He is coming toward us."

As he approached, Henrietta looked upon him with an arch and laughing look, and pointing at him, said, half angrily and half affectionately,

"Fie! fie, for shame!—could Frederick believe for a moment, that if I could even have thought the folly that has been ascribed to me, I would have uttered it to the ear of any human being?"

Frederick seized her hand with ecstasy; he made a hundred apologies for his silly credulity; swore that nothing but his ardent love could have made him so weak as to believe it for a moment; and that he would undergo a hundred days of repentance, any where, if Henrietta was with him, by way of atonement.

"But who," said Henrietta, "could have so misrepresented my assertion, which, by some strange fatality, has been exactly reversed? I said, I did not care for his wealth, but for him."

"There is the woman," said Frederick, "there she is; and she told me out of friendship, to put me, as she said, on my guard against deceit."

So saying, he pointed, oh, ye gods! to my own pious and respectable maiden aunt, Lucy Stratton! It is the twentieth crime, of the same nature, that she hath committed this winter; and her uniform explanation is, that she is deaf, and misunderstood the conversation. I was thunderstruck. She has made more mischief in society, than a wolf does among sheep. But this is beginning to be known; and in the higher circles, if any slander is attempted to be set afloat, the knowing ones ask, "Is that true? or is it only an *aunt Stratton!*" D.

NUMBER VI.

"Ye tinsel insects, whom a court maintains,
That count your beauties only by your stains;
Spin all your cobwebs o'er the eye of day,
The Muses' wing shall brush you all away."

THE Little Genius came to me the other evening, and reproached me with great severity for my indolence and neglect. "You have," said he, "most scandalously abused the many fair opportunities which I have afforded you; you have made many fair promises which you have not performed; and raised expectations among your readers which you have failed to gratify. If you will take a retrospective view, you will find it is

long since you promised to make the miserable happy, the ugly handsome, the poor rich, and the ignorant wise. What have you done toward the accomplishment of all these great promises?" "Why," said I, "my gentle and dearly beloved Genius, if the miserable will be miserable, and the ugly ugly, it is not my fault, certainly; and yet if the poor are determined to be poor—and the ignorant will, in spite of all I can do to the contrary, still wallow in the mire of ignorance; pray inform me what I can do to rouse the lazy loons to better their ways. And have I not for six months been preaching against extravagance, and idleness, and pride, and thoughtlessness? Have I not told the town to get wisdom, and to get understanding; to despise vanity; and the vain pomp of this world; to love and praise God; to read the lessons of the Little Genius, and to be good and sober citizens? And yet you see they go on in the old way. At one time the whole city is mad after Cherry and Fair Star, and while their noddles are filled with the bewitching beauties of this fairy exhibition, you may as well talk sentiment to a child with a rattle, as to preach moral lessons to the beguiled citizens. Then there comes the snow, a foot deep—good, hard ground, and the sleighing as excellent as ever happened among the mountains. Jingle! jingle! go the bells—away start the horses, dragging after them sleighs of all colors, and shapes—some like sea shells, some like boats, and some like cars—with belles and beaux; covered with cloaks and furs, talking, laughing, and making merry! What a pretty time that is to ask them to stop, and just read my prose lessons! my sage lucubrations! my wise saws!"

"Never mind, master student, do not be discouraged; the people of your city love to be merry, as well as other folks; and in the midst of gaiety they would overlook even the great Solomon himself—but let me tell you, for your consolation, you are not altogether forgotten in the world. There is old blind Billy; he makes his boy read you to him every time you appear in the Mirror; and there is one of the assistant aldermen, who being laid up with the gout, looks out for you every time you speak of the city affairs. I heard you named one night at the theatre, and a very pretty pair

of lips at a sleigh party spoke of you as a promising fellow. But I have business for you; I will introduce you to the ghost of Cicero. Speak not to him, but do as I bid you; and pay attention to what we say and do, and write it down."

So saying, the Little Genius waved his wand, and immediately the spirit of Cicero stood before me. His head resembled his bust in an academy of arts; but the expression of his countenance was dignified, intelligent, and impressive, beyond every thing I ever beheld. I bowed my head, and gazed, and listened, while the Little Genius addressed him:

"Cicero! I rejoice that I am permitted to summon thee to earth, and to accompany thee to the hall of our great common council, where you will have an opportunity to hear some specimens of eloquence in this mighty republican city."

"I have often heard of your city," said Cicero, "but I have never heard of any eloquence in your common council. On the contrary, I have been informed that the tribunal has never been distinguished for eloquence or wisdom. But perhaps my information has not been correct, for I never saw an alderman in elysium."

"I believe," replied the Little Genius, "that not many of them have troubled elysium with their company; but the present is a very extraordinary board of sages, and I am sure you will be at least amused with their debates, if not instructed by their political sagacity." So saying, the Little Genius turned toward the city hall, and beckoned us to follow him. On entering the common council room, Cicero seemed pleased with the appearance of our city sages, and indeed with the architecture and furniture of the room.

"This apartment," said he, "is truly splendid; I recognize in these pictures the countenances of Washington, Clinton, and Hamilton, with all of whom I have the pleasure to converse frequently in elysium. But whose likeness is that?"

"Jay's," said the Genius.

"Oh," said Cicero, "he is the beloved of Hamilton, and I have many times heard him praised both by Clinton and Washington. This hall reminds me of the days of Rome, and the ample room in which we

possibility of study and reflection. Who is your city counsellor?"

"Who? why, sir, he is a man of greatness: his father was a Hessian fiddler, but by his merits he has risen to the high station which he holds."

"Where are his merits recorded?" "No where."

"Was he ever in service?" "No, sir."

"Has he served the republic?" "No, sir."

"How has he risen?" "By wearing a buck's tail."

"Enough," said Cicero; "there is certainly some infernal conspiracy in your city, and I advise you to look to it. Where are your splendid public baths?"

"We have none, sir; this council of sages have passed laws against bathing."

"What," said Cicero, "are you worse than the Turks?"

"We bathe in the docks; laws, mud and qualls to the contrary notwithstanding."

"Where are your *aqueducts?*"

"We have none, sir; we drink brackish water, impregnated with lime."

"Where are your *great sewers*, for cleansing your city, and keeping your air pure and wholesome?"

"Sir, the shoemakers and the carpenters would call it aristocratic to keep the city clean and pure."

"Enough," said Cicero, "let me return to elysium; there are certainly some rascally Catalines engaged in a base conspiracy to elevate themselves to office, and impose upon the unsuspecting credulity of your citizens. If they will not open their eyes, let them bathe in muddy docks, and be stung with qualls: let them drink unhealthy salt water: let them breathe the air of filthy gutters: let them have consumption in winter, and yellow fever in summer; and let them pay heavy taxes for their glorious privileges, until time and experience shall teach them to choose men of sense for their representatives." So saying, Cicero vanished, and the Genius after him. I wish to be understood as setting down the foregoing not as my own sentiments, but in obedience to the Genius as the opinion of Cicero concerning our city orators; our city statesmen; and our city affairs. I should be extremely sorry myself to attack so grave and great a body as our common council;

but if ever I should have occasion to do so, I will mingle such matter in my ink as shall flatter some and make others stare. D.

NUMBER VII.

"The old Hermit of Prague very wittily
Said to King Gorboduc—'That that is, is.'"—*Twelfth Night.*

I WAS deeply engaged in the study "*del ley commune*," and searching into the disputed question whether the English received the Norman laws, "*per modam conquest*," or *ex consensu communi;* and I was wrapped in profound thought on the subject touching the conjunction of Normandy and England, *de facto*, under William I., and had descended in my course of reflection to Arthur, Earl of Britain, nephew of Richard I., when the Genius surprised me by a tap on my shoulder.

"Come," said he, "the theatres are about closing for the night—the horses have acted extremely well at the Park, and the gas lights have shone out beautifully at Chatham—the actresses and actors have ceased to be princesses and kings—the actresses have retired to their beds, heaven bless them, and the actors are scattered to their various occupations as their whims direct;—King John is smoking a cigar at the Goose and Gridiron, and the ghost of Hamlet is eating oysters, most admirably dressed, at the house of friend Irish; the bustle of Wall street has yielded to silence—the broker who talked all day of stock, now dreams of "money bags and profits"—the auctioneer whose morning cry was, going, going,—is gone—the daily editor has finished his dirty work—the printer's devil and the city watch are taking a quiet nap—and only rogues, thieves, and men of wit, are abroad in the city. Follow me, and I will show you some of the amusements of a night in town.

I accordingly followed the Genius, who led me into the under ground apartments of the Goose and Gridiron, where we found a number of right merry, roystering

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dogs, drinking, laughing, talking, and debating the interesting question, why the corporation cannot keep the streets of this metropolis in a state of salubrity. Dr. Ajax took a most distinguished part in the debate. He is a little fellow, about four feet seven inches high, with a nose as big as a woman's foot, and ornamented with three strawberries on ground purple, with cheeks fiery, and chin rampant. He swore by all the gods, that dirty streets are sources of health and happiness; and that he could bring a hundred and forty two certificates of the learned faculty to prove the fact. He insisted, philsophically, that the rapidity with which animal and vegetable bodies undergo decomposition in a hot summer's day, produces a rarification of the air and causes the sea breezes, the thunder, the lightning, and the rain. He contended that the phenomena of putrefaction, as proved by the experiments of Sir John Pringle, Crelly, Priestly, Bestholet, Lavoisier, and the learned philosophers of our medical colleges, was the origin of that vital principle in the air called oxygen, which reddens the blood, and makes little girls and boys frisky; he undertook to prove, *logice*, that although ignorant and stupid people are prejudiced in favor of pure air and clean streets, yet, nevertheless, the corporation filth is the sole cause of perfume in flowers, and red cheeks in pretty women. He said that illiterate men can never comprehend the strength of the affinities, nor the manner in which elements are combined in putrifying substances—but he insisted that they emit various gaseous bodies, which hold sulphuric and carbonic acids in solution, and produce a sort of agreeable fetor, that makes the air wholesome—and however disgusting the exhalations may appear to an ill bred nose, yet, to the learned medical faculty, it is odorous as woman's breath—and to the sick, as sovereign, "as spermaceti." He attributed the diminutive size of the polar inhabitants to the want of putrefaction in a cold climate; and he accounted for the beautiful colors which adorn the tropical regions, by the complicated and rapid changes occasioned by tropical heat effecting spontaneous destruction. He insisted that grave yards were necessary to health, and that a city could not live without a great plenty of them.

"The saponaceous substance," said he, "which springs from the decomposition, or spontaneous destruction of fifteen or twenty thousand human carcasses, buried a few inches under ground, is of a white color, and unctuous to the touch; it was analyzed by Foureroy, and by our medical colleges proved to be extremely favorable to salubrity. The elastic fluids which are daily and nightly exhibited by this fetor—"

"D—n your fetor!" roared out King John, "the devil take your elastic fluids and curse your spontaneous destruction; landlord, give me a glass of brandy and water, and please to make it strong enough to wash down that terrible dose of Dr. Ajax. Methinks he smells of the streets, and smacks most pungently of the fetor! Odds boddikins, be quick!"

King John was a most gigantic piece of flesh and bone, with a head as big as a bushel, and a fist like a forge hammer. He had a voice resembling the sound of a man-of-war trumpet, and his eyes, which were black and small, and set far in his head, appeared, contrasted with his red complexion, like two round pieces of jet on scarlet; after he had drank his brandy and water, he gave Dr. Ajax a frown extremely well calculated to shake his whole theory to the foundation, and addressed him as follows:

"Doctor Ajax, you are a very suspicious fellow; you have your secret views and private motives, no doubt, in being the advocate for filthy streets, and city grave yards. I am told you are one of those honorable and zealous gentlemen who lately erected the lasting monuments of glory to the corporation, which have appeared in William and Pine streets, called the *Ancient Pelgi*, consisting of stones, dead cats, old shoes, and offals. But, sir, let me tell you, I am a citizen, and have no idea of dying with the yellow fever, to support your wretched system of spontaneous destruction—and if nothing else will stop your preaching, I hold in my fist a powerful knock down argument, and here it goes."

So saying, he held out his right hand digits, and fixing his head on his left shoulder, as if he had been visited with a preternatural contraction of the mastoid muscle, he offered to take Dr. Ajax positively by the nose. At that interesting crisis, who should enter but the ghost of

Hamlet. He was followed by Captain Needle, of the Militia Volunteers, Squire Capias, of the Bar, and Jacky Sheet, of the Navy, all primed and ready for fun. As soon as they saw the hand of King John approaching the flaming nose of the doctor, they united in demanding an immediate surrender.

Squire Capias pronounced the proceeding *contra corpus legis non scriptæ*, at least until the cause should be heard.

Captain Needle swore that the slightest touch on the doctor's nose would spring a mine, that might blow the Goose and Gridiron to the devil.

Jacky Sheet entreated King John not to burn his fingers by running them against the doctor's fiery bowsprit.

The Ghost of Hamlet bawled aloud, "Beware!"

King John dropped his forge hammer, and the nose of the doctor shone on, like a "lantern in the poop." The belligerents being thus at rest, Squire Capias instituted a court of inquiry, and desired to learn the origin of the war.

The doctor declared that he was innocent as a lamb of any wicked design—and, least of all things did he harbor the thought of offending King John. Nor could he possibly divine the cause of his indignation; he, however, opined, that he had advanced two theories, in *rerum natura*, which did not meet the approbation of the king; but, which, nevertheless, said he, "I am bound by every tie of duty to maintain, even at the hazard of my life—because if I don't maintain those positions, my practice will not maintain me; and I desire any body to assign as good a reason as that for half they do, if they can. My *postulata* are as follow:

"*Imprimus.*—Dirty streets are sources of health, and wealth, and happiness, in a great metropolis like the city of New York. *Instance.* See the health, fatness, and contentment of the pigs wallowing in the gutters in Wall street in a hot summer's day.

"*Secundus.*—Burial grounds in large cities are at all times salubrious, and especially in the dog days.

"*Ex gr.*—Although the disagreeable and hurtful odors exhaled from burial grounds in the hot season may be noxious to those people who reside in the

neighborhood, yet the more people are sick the better for us doctors, who depend on the sickness of others for a livelihood; and that is as plain as the nose on my face, Q. E. D." King John in reply was stopped by the court.

Having consulted together, Jacky Sheet delivered the opinion of the bench. "The city is infested with a certain set of pestilent, piratical, privateering Pythagoreans, who most falsely and wickedly spread about the highly dangerous and plaguey doctrines, that if the quarantine laws were all enforced, dirty gutters and odorous grave yards can do no harm. We take Doctor Ajax to be one of these competitors. These dangerous logicians endeavor, by a curious jargon, to face the people of this city out of their wit. Their bibble babble begins with the first thaw, and lasts till Jack Frost stops their nonsense. In yellow fever time, instead of administering health to the sick, and consolation to the healthy; they quarrel with each other about the most ridiculous phrases, and thereby greatly alarm and distract the goodly inhabitants of this right prosperous and most simple city. We therefore highly approve of the honest indignation of King John; we think that Dr. Ajax, and every fellow who preaches his system of philosophy, ought to be condemned to skull cap and thin potations for forty days; and if any dissatisfied, rebellious litigant, says a word against this our judgment, we doom him to stand in the mud at the junction of Pine and William streets all day, and to sleep all night in the most odorous and healthy burial ground south of the city hall."

Hereupon the court was adjourned *sine nocte*. The Genius bade me give an account of these proceedings, and as he vanished unto thin air, he laughed and said, "other people than the Egyptians may be lost in a fog." D.

NUMBER VIII.

The bridegroom may forget the bride
Was made his wedded wife yestreen;
The monarch may forget the crown
That on his head an hour has been;
The mother may forget the child,
That smiles sae sweetly on her knee;
But I'll remember thee, Glencairne,
And all that thou hast done for me.—*Burns.*

"There is in some minds," said the Genius, "a fine principle of fidelity, which perpetuates the existence of impressions. In others, incidents, unless connected with their progressive plans and interests, pass lightly away, and are forgotten. Feelings of admiration or of gratitude are preserved by many, of which the object may be totally unconscious; and buried under a multiplicity of other thoughts, they would go down into the oblivion of the grave, unless some accidental occurrence, to which they are linked by association, call them forth from the depths of the character like precious and beautiful relics found in the neglected corner of a modern mansion."

"But," observed I, "one animated with gratitude or love for another would always seek his society."

"Not so," replied my companion. "Many causes may arise to separate them. True, every man seems to act from his own free will, but the course of each is, nevertheless, guided by the current, gentle and invisible, perchance, but nevertheless irresistible. Thus individuals are brought in contact, and compelled to toil together through existence, totally unadapted to make each other either happy or contented, while in other instances, they whose society would be productive of mutual gratification, never meet in life's wanderings, or only meet to part. You resemble ships at sea bound to different ports, and wafted by opposing winds. It would be agreeable for you to sail together, but it would be inconsistent with the object for which you are formed. But see—the mirror has spread itself out before us. A moment's silence and you will discover my meaning."

As a ruffled stream settles again into stillness when the breeze dies away, and the shapes and colors before confusedly reflected in its waters, fall at length into the soft and living picture of surrounding nature, so the agitated mists in the mirror arranged themselves in quiet order and vivid distinctness.

A rural scene appeared, evidently situated at a distance from the elegance, fashion, and restless action of a city. A low and humble house stood at the end of a wide grassy lane. Moss was on the roof. Pleasant orchards were near, and tall elm trees. On a branch, a robin was trimming his wings, and his warble ever and anon was heard. In the distance, and softened by the haze, stood a village and a white church, whose spire was gilded with the rays of the setting sun.

I gazed a few moments in silence. I had just left the busy streets, whitened with banks of snow; my ears were filled with the ringing of sleigh bells and the voices of fashionable gaiety—and this tranquil summer scene struck me with a fairy contrast, and reminded me of years and years gone by, when in early boyhood I had moved in such a place and at such an hour.

"You behold," said my companion, "one of those secluded dwellings where the treasures of learning are served without ostentation to the lowly youth of your happy country. Beneath that unaspiring roof, and clothed in the garments of the poor, many a young heart beats with germs of genius and virtue. But the period of their thraldom is over, and the elastic mind, bent down with the labor of study, is prepared to rise again to mirth and pleasure."

As he spoke, a burst of noisy merriment told that the toils of the day were done; and with faces of eager joy, natural enough on the occasion, the crowd burst forth to freedom sweetened by restraint. But among the joyful multitude who dispersed themselves over the green and pursued their various sports, I noted one upon whose features appeared the marks of sorrow; for many as are the deep regrets with which the scarred and worn heart of man yearns for the peace, the innocence, the ignorance of boyhood, yet its sky, even as every other, is shaken by the mimic tempest, or overshadowed with infant gloom. The boy was poor. No affluent friends

waited to lead him by the hand to the high and glorious places of the world. Scarcely one kind heart was crossed by recollections of his image, sympathy with his loneliness, or interest in his welfare. A remote relation had placed him at the academy, partly from a cold sense of duty, and partly from the pomp of ostentatious charity, which so long as it shone forth conspicuously to admiring thousands, never listed whether the object was wounded or benefited by the manner of its application. The master of the establishment was a pedant, in whose rude and unfeeling bosom he found no refuge either from his own thoughts or the neglect of others. The same fate which had thus sent the boy adrift without friend, or money, or hope, had also cast his person in a repulsive mould, had formed his tongue awkward to express, and his understanding slow to comprehend. No beautiful face attracted to him the gaze of admiration, and of the spurious pity of which it sometimes is the foundation. His voice had no sweet tones—his mouth no expressive smile—his manner no winning grace. He was rough, ungainly, unattractive, and the tears which now came up from his very heart, did not moisten beautiful eyes or tremble upon long lashes, but rolled down his cheeks in the homely language of ordinary grief.

"Poor, little, solitary, wretched boy!" said the Genius; "although denied the outward charms of person, he has a human heart, and what heart will not bleed when wounded? The pedagogue, his tyrant, has lost his patience and beaten him, because he has not accomplished all that has been effected by those who had naturally stronger faculties and quicker perceptions."

While he was speaking, the unhappy outcast, with a book containing a lesson as opaque to the eyes of his understanding as the rock was to his physical vision, wandered away from the rest, whose happy shouts were heard, as the ball rose in the air, or the rapid top hummed itself to sleep upon the smooth and much worn ground. He sat down on a stone and turned his face toward the sky, where the sun had just gone down, and the tears were almost dried from his eyes as he gazed, and then, as a companion approached him and saluted him with an unfeeling remark or a heartless joke, the tears flowed again.

Presently a boy, gifted with all the grace of manner and beauty of person in which the other was deficient, and endowed with the superadded blessings of affectionate and wealthy parents, wit, capacity, and genius, left the play and came softly and sat down beside him, put his arm around his neck, soothed him in a low tone, and persuaded him to strive again at the repulsive task, which had been so long and closely associated with misery and mortification that his very soul loathed it. He pointed out the easy parts and explained the dark, and by the aid of his kind and soothing manner the irritated mind of the dull boy was calmed, and his swelling feelings were hushed, and a light broke in upon him of knowledge, and gratitude, and happiness. Then the scene vanished.

"And now" said I, smiling through a sort of moisture which had gathered in my own eyes, for even so simple an instance of pure generous feeling and unimportant misfortune is touching, "I suppose our poor little friend is to appear a great man, and to rescue his noble patron from some awful calamity."

"No," said the Genius, "human scenes are not always performed in so dramatic a style. Though life is full of changes, you must not suppose every poor youth will rise to eminence, nor every promising one suffer ruin. Time has gone on with them in its usual routine. The rich boy grew up into a rich man. The promises of his early days have all been realized. He has lived a life of pleasure and virtue, and never again met the abandoned object of his infant pity. Genius has hallowed his name, and triumph followed his undertakings. The other never overcame the obstacles with which accident opposed his progress. Beauty never invested his form, happiness never warmed his heart. He has been always poor, always humble—but look once more into the mirror."

It was one of the gloomiest pictures of life. A crowd were assembled in a lofty apartment. They consisted of the great and powerful of the land. A lovely female, arrayed in deep mourning, was there, with two children. At one end of the chamber stood a coffin. Death's awful seal was stamped on the altered features of the tenant, but a glance told me that the sad faces, which appeared

one after another, and gazed with awe struck rivetted look, as if they could never cease gazing upon the white tranquil forehead, the closed eyes, the cold, serious, stiff features, came to take their farewell of him—the once gentle and lovely boy. Then all the thrilling ceremonials were finished—the solemn prayer was said—the wife and children had paused before the noble prostrate form with feelings sacred and deep. And one was in the act of drawing over the features the snowy gauze and closing the coffin lid, when he, a poor laborer, entered with hasty step among his superiors, and fixed his eyes on that face, which had never met him since. A paleness came over him, and a tremor was at his heart. It was the once unhappy boy.

"True, living, faithful gratitude," said the Genius, "has existed in his bosom unchanged. The circumstances of their respective situations in life have hitherto kept them asunder. They have passed in the streets as strangers to each other. No opportunity has occurred even for the acknowledgment of the debt of kindness contracted in that quiet spot, when the sun was slowly sinking. But although unpaid, unspoken, it has not been forgotten, and it is good for you to know that these qualities belong to human nature, to see true generous feeling exhibited, although in a shape entirely unconnected with the important events of life. They afford at once a model for your own actions, and a support on which you may rest your confidence in the high nature and destiny of man."

NUMBER IX.

I AM fond of a walk through the woods in autumn. The time and scene arouse a throng of unworldly, pleasant thoughts, which never visit the mind without strengthening and refreshing it. I make it a point to take a ramble of this kind just after the first frost, when the dying branches begin to change color, and the leaves to fall. The delights of the scene are so univer-

sally acknowledged, that scarcely an essayist or poet has ever existed without composing something upon the subject. Indeed, falling leaves and fading forests have been so much handled by scribblers, both good and bad, that, like the moon and some other objects I could name, one is almost ashamed to have any thing to say about them. The other day, while reading the works of a great poet, I found so many recurrences to them and similar images, that I inwardly resolved never to resort to them for any assistance, in the course of my humble writings, however hard pushed I may be for a comparison, and to beware of stars, breezes, brooks, and birds, as if they were so many basilisks. If my lady's cheeks are ever so red, and her lips ever so ripe and pouting, I will not hint a word about roses or cherries; and I shall disclaim all acquaintance with alabaster, swans and new fallen snow, in attempting to give the reader an idea of the beauty of her neck. These refinements in language must have been exceedingly interesting when discovered by the first writers, for they present resemblances between the moral and material world wonderfully striking and beautiful; but all their changes, in every imaginable combination, have been rung in the ears of readers for so many thousand years, that I have at times thought literature nearly at an end, the regions of thought and poetry exhausted, and that an original writer would be an absolute miracle. Not only have we to complain that language itself has been utterly used up, but that all the realms of imagination have been explored and appropriated by millions of *literati*, swarming like locusts. I have no doubt the very subject which I am now bewailing has been bewailed by some disconsolate person hundreds of years ago. I do not see how mankind are to be rescued from this dilemma but by a general deluge, or an inroad from some savage hordes, who shall burn our libraries as they did that of Rome.

There is a friend of mine, who, somehow or other, detected me in the act of inclosing one of my letters to the editors of the Mirror; and knowing my habits and modes of thinking, accused me so violently of the authorship of these numbers, that I was at length obliged to plead guilty. He, however, complimented

me very highly upon their merit; and, that I might be convinced of the sincerity of this praise, handed me several manuscripts of his own, requesting me to correct and criticize just as I pleased. He has read enough to catch the slang of poetry without getting sick of it, and he has no idea but that every body relishes a good round simile as well as himself; although, in fact, it resembles the cast off clothes of a gentleman, worn only by the lower orders. When I tell him such a sentiment is very fine, but he had better erase it, he lays me down such a host of noble writers who have used the same thought, that I dare not say any thing further against it. It is the easiest thing in the world, consequently, for him to compose. He has all his materials ready made, and only troubles himself to put them together on the particular subject which engages his attention. All his heroes' eyes flash fire, and his heroines are formed like sylphs, nymphs, and angels. Their voices are like music, except some are silken and some silver. When any young girl loses her lover, his treachery strikes her with lightning, of course; and if she does not recover soon she turns into a flower, with a worm in the bud, or a dove shot under the wing. Every hope that is not realized scatters his pages with withered leaves. A star is a *jewel* on night's brow; the everlasting spring comes *blushing*, her brow covered with *flowers*, and gives a light hearted *laugh;* and the blue wave springs also with a *laugh;* and summer has a *carpet green*, and autumn also comes bounding with a mirthful *laugh*, and dies of a *consumption;* and the moon hangs like a *silver urn.* I must say by the way, that poor Cynthia is a sadly abused personage. No wonder she has such a melancholy look; compelled to admit of familiarities which poets, good and bad, are forever taking with her. Sometimes she is, as in the present instance, an urn; then she grows into a lamp, then a lovely queen, then a modest maiden. We have scarcely time to fall in love with her in that capacity, when, presto, she is a hypocritical jade, unworthy an honest man's affections.

"The devil's in the moon for mischief."

I have known a poet launch her off in the commencement of the evening as a boat, by midnight change her into an island of pearl, and drive her down the western heavens a stylish chariot and four.

I had a warm discussion with my friend respecting a rainbow, with which he persisted in ornamenting one of his communications, and I only succeeded in taking it down by promising to let in a little frozen brook, and a bird with a broken pinion to represent a youth whose mistress had rejected him. He had no sooner established them in their places than he astounded me by the introduction of a thunderbolt, by means of which he informed the reader what an effect the news of her subsequent marriage had on her lover. This latter article, indeed, is a peculiar favorite, and flies about his compositions at such a rate that one would think him *Jupiter Omnipotens* himself.

The other afternoon, he left me just as the sun was setting. I had been slashing one of his essays all to pieces. He writes a remarkably graceful hand, and it really seems a waste to run the pen through his regular round letters, and to let all his fine flourishes go for nothing. It made my heart bleed to see the neatly written pages scarred over as if one of his favorite bolts had fallen on it. I had demolished whole gardens of flowers, and taken down two or three temples, handed out several painters and sculptors, and extinguished an incredible quantity of moonlight, which breaks in upon him at all hours of the day and night. He was hurt. I saw his face darken, and he spoke in an under tone. It is a cruel pain to a youthful writer to see his fine gifts broken to pieces and swept off as trash. He went out and shut the door. I pitied him from my soul.

I still live in complete solitude amid the noises of the town, almost as much alone as if I were in a desert. The evening came on gradually, and the light from the window grew fainter, and the distinct glow of the coals in the grate filled the room with grotesque shapes and shadows. I heard the carts thundering homeward, far beneath my window, and a burst of music from a company of soldiers, and the voices of the idle thoughtless boys mingled with the din. There is a fine gratification in this consciousness of being in the midst of a mighty

city, and yet perfectly withdrawn, like Robinson Crusoe in his cave, revelling in his utter solitude, yet within reach of so many invaluable blessings which he had not. Firelight reveries for me, over the thoughts of all other seasons. I hate lamps and candles. Beside, the glare and the smoke, and making my eyes ache; they put to flight pleasant reflections. I leaned back in my chair with an indolent ease, and fixed my eyes on the magnified outlines of a table reflected on the white wall. Presently it seemed to change shape, till in its stead gleamed a lucid brightness, which spread out into the mirror, by the side of which stood the Genius, with his finger on his lips. He motioned me to look in the glass in silence. It showed Broadway full of belles and beaux, and crowds of all kinds, which passed before me like the scene of a moving panorama. At first I recognised many familiar faces, but gradually they became less frequent, till at length every thing assumed a new aspect. New countenances and forms, new buildings, new dresses, new vehicles; the last relic of the present time which I could distinguish was the city hall, a mere mass of ruins, which soon gave place to a temple so lofty and magnificent, that I started back with wonder and delight. At length we seemed to stand before this superb palace, and by one more change we discovered the interior. It was decorated with a splendor of which before I had never even conceived, and a description of which to the present generation would appear swollen and absurd. Every surrounding person and object corresponded with the idea that I was indulged with a sight of some future period in the history of our country. The walls displayed tablets, a few of which I could read. One was erected to the memory of a war-like president, who had beaten back the king of Oregon; another to a mighty statesman who in the year two thousand had cut a canal through the isthmus of Darien; a third to a philosopher, who in the year two thousand three hundred and thirty one had ascertained the cause of magnetic attraction, and established a communication with the inhabitants of the moon; and another to celebrate the science of the chemist who discovered the machine by which an army of twelve millions of men may be destroyed in a moment; how storms might be

raised or quelled, and the ocean navigated at all times with perfect safety. After glancing over these inscriptions, I proceeded to examine the vast assembly of sages convened around me, and was interrupted in observing the extreme singularity of their garments, by the voice of an aged man, whose words seemed so exactly to fall in with the subject which had that evening engaged my attention, that I listened with admiration. I perceived that this was a meeting of learned men and philosophers, and the speaker was addressing them on the subject of literature. It was with the greatest difficulty that I could understand him, and I concluded at first that he was actually uttering some language to me unknown; but my companion set me right, stating that it was English, only corrected in its pronunciation and forms of speech by the lexicographers who had preceded him. With the aid of the Genius, I understood the substance of the oration to be this:

"I have to communicate a plan for the redemption of our literature from utter destruction. The faults and difficulties that surround young writers have induced me to this step, and I have drawn up a list of words, similes, sentences, and sentiments, which have been so utterly worn out that they have ceased to convey their original meaning. This complaint began several hundred years ago; and in a periodical work entitled the New York Mirror, the only copy extant of which is preserved as a curiosity in the museum of antiquities, some writer favored its readers with an ingenious essay upon the subject, which exactly pointed out the danger to which we are exposed, of seeing all the finest sentiments of the poets in the possession of the vulgar for the emergencies of common life. Real poets, and other authors of excellence now, are no longer distinguished for their embellishments, but for their total destitution of them. All the similes that nature affords are occupied." He here went on to read a long list of those, which, in his time, were to be recorded as common place. The turns of the expressions were different, but the meaning was much the same as those of our own day. Among them were all those hacknied figures which many of the rhymsters and scribblers of our time drag into their descriptions. There was a

great quantity of ivy, with the tendrils twining around oaks and old ruins, shipwrecks, volcanoes, earthquakes, torrents, streams overflowing their banks, and lions roaring in the woods; lips made of rubies, eyes full of April showers, whirlpools, falling leaves, naked branches, gloomy clouds, deserts, and the like. "Is it possible," I thought, "that authors can have gone on so long in the old way?" He then proceeded to read a composition of a popular author, and afterward to take it to pieces, tracing the expressions to some one who had flourished before, and he proposed that the academy of which he was a member should fix upon measures to exclude all such tiresome efforts of imagination from the poet's aid.

"The world, master student," said the Genius, "will be going on in pretty much the same manner after the rolling away of a thousand years as at present. There will always be a large number of candidates for the honors of literature, who but circulate the sentiments and phrases of others, like merchants, that instead of cultivating the earth themselves, only carry about its fruits from one country to another. The idea of the academician to whom you have just listened, that the evil may be partially rectified by fixing a stigma upon the style of common authors, is not without its worth. And you yourself, my friend, may take the hint, and strike out from your lucubrations all those superfluous and silly attempts at imagery, which fatigue and disgust every intelligent reader. Think what an ordeal your productions would go through in the year three thousand, in the hands of the academy who should undertake to seek in them for images which had ever been appropriated by those who have gone before you."

As I was shuddering at the thoughts of all the rosy cheeks and pearly teeth of which I had been guilty, the scene suddenly changed, and I appeared haunted with the ghosts of my old essays, which, with the indistinctness of a dream, seemed to have been metamorphosed into persons, and to torment me with the repetition of numerous shameful common places, and instances of carelessness, in consequence of which they told me they were doomed to much unpleasant treatment, and, in the end, to be drowned in the river Lethe. I had produced nothing but what here flitted before me with its phantom

form and uttered its complaint. One told me it was near the most delicious reward which a composition could aspire to, in the tear of a hardened worldly man, but that in consequence of a pair of wings suddenly appearing, the sinner fell a laughing. Another informed me that a beautiful girl had been in the act of cherishing it as her favorite, but was prevented by a line which she had heard the day before from the lips of a footman. And a third declared, with tears in his eyes, that he had been admitted into the first of company, and had even sat side by side with Washington Irving, Walter Scott, and Lord Byron, but had been ejected by the master, who found upon him certain ornaments which he himself had flung away in his early youth. I begged them to inform me if any of them had ever succeeded better, but they all shook their heads in a mournful way, pointed to the sluggish, heavy stream, whose muddy waters could scarcely be discerned through the murky shadows, then glided toward it with considerable speed, and disappeared one after another in its waves. I reached out my arms to hold the last, when a sudden noise caused the whole scene to vanish. I found myself alone. The twilight had deepened into a stronger gloom, the stars were glimmering through the window, and a large dictionary, which I always keep by me on the table, had just fallen upon the floor. I was not sure whether the whole had not been a silly dream; but I shall, nevertheless, be careful hereafter how I deal in figures of speech.

NUMBER X.

Oh, woman! lovely woman! nature made you
To temper man; we had been brutes without you.

Among the many arts in which it is confessed that females excel the rougher sex, the art of letter writing has long been admitted to be one.

Whether it is because this art requires more of

imagination and refinement, or because it is nearly allied to conversation, and is therefore only a substitute for that superior weapon called the tongue, is a question which philosophers have not yet determined. It is said that Pope, instigated by envy, on account of the fame which lady Montague acquired by her letters from the east, attacked her publicly with a most insulting epigram; but she diverted his assault, and rolled back the town laugh upon him by calling him "the wasp of Twittenham." When the grand Prieur de V—— undertook, from motives of chagrin, to kill madame De L'Enclos with a poetic attack, in which he asserted that "he renounced for ever her feeble allurements, and that his love had lent her charms which in fact she possessed not;" she overwhelmed him and turned against him the laugh of the French wits by her memorable reply—"I see you renounce my feeble allurements, but if love *lends* charms, why don't you *borrow* some?" Thus it is that women always get the better of us whenever we compel them, in self defence, to draw upon us the weapon of their wit.

The following high spirited letter was written by the countess of Dorset to an English secretary of state, on his venturing to dictate to her what member of parliament she should aid in electing to represent an English borough:

"I have been bullied by a usurper; I have been neglected by a court; but I will not be dictated to by a subject. Your man shan't stand.

"Anne Dorset,
"Pembroke and Montgomery."

If nobility could soar so high, we need not be surprised to find that royalty has surpassed it in the epistolary art. It is said that bishop Helton obtained his place by a promise to exchange some part of his church lands, and that after he had entered on his office he refused to comply with his promise. Upon this refusal, Queen Elizabeth wrote him as follows:

"Proude prelate! I understand you are backward in complying with your agreement; but I would have you know, that I who made you what you are, can unmake you; and if you do not forthwith fulfil your engagement,

by G—! I will immediately unfrock you. Your's, as you demean yourself. ELIZABETH."

I have been reminded of the preceding letters, and indeed to make the preceding reflections, by a letter* which I recently received from a female in this city, who is, as I shrewdly suspect, in some way connected with some alderman of our corporation; and considering the learning and even wit which it evidently betrays, I am half inclined to believe that the alderman himself, whoever he is, must have lent the writer a portion of his genius. The letter seems to be an answer to some ideas which I lately suggested on the propriety of introducing a little wisdom into the common council of our city, an article which the whole town admits is very much wanted in that body. I give it verbatim et literatim:—

"Mister Little Genius, Promenade Broadway—correct the *pasing folies*—turn aside the *asasin's dager*—let no european manures take precedence off our owne, due all these—i more—but let us elect tailors, and shoemakers, and men off all trades to due our city bisiness—larning and potry is not a nasasary requisite for an alder man—; equality is the sole of liberty—and wherever English manures prevails it is but a name—by heavens! i would rather a lamlighter would rub his gresy kittle against my white pantiletts than see him cringe like a miniel—i no you—you have cride against free born election but let all trades be made aldermen to set a conspicuous example of equality—so take are.

"MORGIANA."

I was quite alarmed when I first read this extraordinary epistle, because the latter part of it seemed to contain a serious threat. Who knows, said I, but this "Morgiana" may be some great general in disguise?—but this cannot be; Morgiana is a sweet, romantic name, connected in association with every idea of tenderness, elegance and refinement. The most alarming threat in the world, coming from the beautiful lips of a "Morgiana," ought not to terrify even the peaceful student, however much his intense and sedentary pursuits may have affected his nerves.

I was ruminating on this subject in the evening of the

* This letter was actually received.

last snow storm. The snow beat against the windows of my study, and the winds whistled around the casements fearfully; the fire cast forth a busy, flickering flame; and there was a kind of pleasing and most striking contrast between the quiet stillness of my room, and the turbulent roaring of the tempest without. I turned my eyes around the apartment; Bacon, and Coke, and Viner, and Comyn, slept quietly in their places; the shadows of the chairs—the very shadow of my quill resting on its stand—even my own shadow on the wall seemed fixed, calm and immoveable. All at once the room trembled—the candles flashed a brilliant flame—the fire emitted ten thousand sparks, and a light mist shot up from the centre of the floor. It rose gradually to the height of five or six feet, and expanding as it rose, I saw first, in the mist, the eyes, then the laughing teeth and sparkling diamonds, and finally the full, swelling figure, of my merry Little Genius.

"I come," said he, "through the mingling darkness and storms of the night, to request you to correct an error into which not only Morgiana but many others have fallen, as to the word "*equality!*" In your republic you are all equal; you are born equal—you have equal rights, and are equally entitled, not only to the protection of law, but to esteem and respect, in proportion to your merit, whether you are a tailor, or a judge—an oysterman, or an alderman. But you are not all equally entitled to manage state affairs—for your right to that depends on your education—your experience—your ability and virtue. And here is the error of Morgiana. It is as absurd and ruinous to the common weal to entrust tailors and shoemakers with the duties of legislation, as it would be to compel scholars and lawyers to make boots and pantaloons. Do not apprehend that Morgiana's threat intends any violence to your person; it is natural for woman to defend the law makers, because the law makers defend and protect women, although her presence and her mind are both excluded from the privilege of making laws. She is excluded from courts, and yet there she is defended with particular indulgence; she has no share in our army or navy, and yet who defends her with so much chivalry as the followers of Mars—as the sons of Neptune? She is every

way our equal—yet we do not expect her to be a Homer—an Ajax—a Shakspeare, or a Hamilton. We look to her for grace and tenderness; we lean on her delicacy, and feel ourselves improved and made happier by her purity and truth; and it would be as wrong to take her out of the sphere for which nature has designed her, as it is to put an ignorant man in a station for which neither his education nor his habits have fitted him; and, if I were to give your citizens, master student, any particular aphorism by which you should be governed in your selection of representatives and magistrates, it should be the old adage of "every one to his trade and God for you all." D.

NUMBER XI.

I WAS sitting the other evening alone in my little room. The chill wind of autumn whistled around the windows. The rich and sparkling sky, now shrouded with dark masses of clouds, sent not a solitary ray upon the earth, and a few large heavy drops of rain struck against the glass, awakening those pleasant feelings with which he who is comfortably sheltered in his home hears the wild sounds of the tempest at night. There was no lamp in the apartment; but the fire had filled the grate with pieces of red coal, which flung forth a soft and mellow light, casting indistinct and magnified shadows upon the floor and walls.

There is a pleasure in such a moment. The shadowy light, the half seen familiar objects, the silence and solitude, cause us to linger, and indulge in dreamy reveries. "The very time," said I to myself, "for the Little Genius," and, as if conjured up by the operation of my inaudible thoughts, a chord of music, like that of a sweet band in the night upon the distant water, fell on my ear so softly, that at first it seemed only my own imagination. By faint and almost imperceptible degrees, it approached; a white cloud became visible by the sparkles which it emitted, and the Genius stood before me.

"Among your idle speculations upon human affairs," he said, "some few arrive at truth. When you deem all things created for man's unhappiness, that there is nothing abroad in the world worthy of his affection or his notice, or that there is no refuge from anguish but in the grave, you err; but when you wonder at the thoughtlessness with which he overlooks many real blessings, when you perceive that many of his accusations against fate should be more justly directed against himself, and that most of his complaints either originate in his own ignorance, or are wholly without foundation, there is more reason in your conclusion."

"Poor man," exclaimed I, "he is destined ever to be in the wrong. Whirled about by the fortune of his little planet, he is abused by all the moralists of his own race, and is the mockery of superior spirits. Created with evil propensities, he is censured for doing evil. With headlong passions you wonder that he is not ever tranquil. Flung into a world where every thing is deceitful, you would compel him to discern the true road, hidden in mists, and to turn away from the false ones, although surrounded with allurements. He is to suffer the keenest stings of fate without a murmur. The delights of boyhood melt away like the morning dew; misfortune overtakes him; disease falls upon him, and he verges to the brink of the awful grave; still marked in all his actions for scorn, the perpetual theme of satire and condemnation. Yet behold the frail tenure upon which life is held; how frequently the victim of every passing event; how many human beings have been swept away by flood; how many have gone down in the sea; what numbers have perished in fire; and what countless crowds have fallen by battle, famine, and plague? Yet you call upon him to be ever cheerful and contented. He is to amuse himself with wise sayings, and receive experience too late to be of use as a substitute for all that he hoped.

"There is abroad a too general spirit of condemnation. Writers imagine they display a knowledge of human nature, by holding up exaggerated representations of its unhappiness and depravity. I do not mean that guilt should roam through society with impunity, nor that a sickly sensibility should rescue criminals from

the grasp of justice, but there should be a sympathy with the wretch who has fallen into the snares of vice. It is more than probable that powerful feelings, or weakness of mind, or the spell of some temptation has been his misfortune, and he who, triumphant in the purity of his character, and the prosperity of his circumstances, frowningly mutters, as he passes the malefactor, "I am holier than thou," should look for the causes of the distinction between them; not in his own inward reason, not in the virtue of his intrinsic habits, not in the superiority or abundance of his own natural passions or affections, but in the influences of his education, the blessings of parents and friends, the absence of tempting allurements, or those accidental events, which have brought him in contact with them when his reason was strong and his passions unexcited. If it is a man's doom to be guilty, it is also his doom to be punished. The arm of the law, or the scorn of the world, or the stings of conscience pursue him, and it is just that the great mass of human beings should brand him with shame, and stand aloof from his society; but still, as we ponder upon the causes of his downfall, we cannot shut our hearts wholly against pity. There will come across us an imagination of what he might have been."

"But," interrupted my companion, "these are unprofitable conjectures, for they extend beyond the regions of human investigation. Why pain has been introduced into life, has been a theme of controversy from time immemorial, and they who speak wisely upon other subjects, utter absurdities upon this. No one can explain what he does not comprehend, and nature has in no way discovered an intention of enlightening you upon this subject. As vice is productive of the worst of evils, it is justly opposed by the fear of punishment; and he who would efface the distinction between it and virtue, who would bestow upon it the sympathies due only to suffering innocence, encourages in the same proportion the progress of sin, and checks the ardor of virtue. Yet this is a world in which vice must ever exist. It springs out of your very virtues, as shadows are caused by light. They who deem it possible so to refine your nature, as to make the great mass of man-

kind reasonable, intelligent and virtuous, look for that which can never be. Education can do much to soften the asperities of manners, and civilization banishes many of the cruel and bloody ceremonies of barbarous superstition; but as the rude crimes of savage nations disappear, others are substituted in their stead, of a more invisible but equally dangerous description. The quiet wearing away of unbending passions, the gradual moulding of character in conformity to the dictates of interest, the languid effeminacy of society, where all are virtuous, however they may shine in the pages of the poet, are inconsistent with the practical happiness of life. There is a certain medium wherein the national interests are properly balanced, when the opposition of iniquity elicits the energy of honest feeling, and when the evil consequences of one give value and sweetness to the other. Look into the mirror, you will perceive a virtuous people. They have been educated until all their passions are conquered. This is your own country, as it would have been had all the world been wise."

It was a broad scene. The rapid rivers of North America were pouring their waters into the sea, and the wide lakes were gleaming in the sun. Crowds of our countrymen wandered idly about, like flocks of sheep tired of pasture. They did not appear to have any thing to do, except to sleep beneath the shade, or dance upon the green.

"But where," said I, "are the cities."

"Oh," answered my companion, "there are no cities. They are contented to live in yonder rude huts; beside, if they were not, they could not have found men willing to labor. Where all are temperate and virtuous, all have enough. The rich share their possessions with the poor, without asking a return. It would be vile to take advantage of the caprices of fate, which denied one that which has been bestowed upon another."

"But I can scarcely recognize the United States," said I, "in yonder uncultivated country. The tangled forests cover the land; the rivers do not roll their waters through smiling villages. Where are the canals, the roads; the busy hum of labor—the bustle of varied and animated occupation?"

"These," said the Genius, "are all unnecssary.

They are incidental to a society of avaricious and ambitious beings."

"But, surely," said I, "if they are all virtuous they need not abandon taste. There are no artists, poets, or orators. I behold no distinction among the people. They herd together without order, and apparently without affection. A continual smile brightens every face, and the ties of domestic love are lost in a general complacency."

"Why should they love one more than another?" inquired the Genius—"Or what necessity is there for an unusual connection between parents and children, when there is no danger but the latter will every where meet respect and maintenance?"

At this moment a face struck my view. It was that of Washington. He passed unnoticed among his fellow men, and spent his time principally in digging potatoes and turnips. Jefferson was yawning upon a neighboring bank, and Hancock sat upon the branch of a tree, twirling his thumbs, with a most indolent expression of face.

In a moment the scene was changed, and the good old order of things returned. Cities rose, forests melted away, temples and palaces peered up above the foliage of well cultivated gardens, and roads and canals were crowded with bustling passengers. Hancock sprang from his lazy couch, and with words of fire roused up the spirits of men; Jefferson unrolled his immortal Declaration of Independence amid the shouts of millions, and Washington unsheathed his bright blade, his face radiant with awakened hope and feeling, and was about addressing the multitudes who turned their flashing eyes upon him, when the whole picture passed away. The Genius also had disappeared, and I was still sitting alone by the soft light of the fire, with the rain beating against the window.

NUMBER XII.

The moon was streaming down through the trees, silvering the distant river with her trembling beams, and casting long and strongly marked shadows from the houses. The constellations, which have been the theme of man's wonder and admiration for thousands of years, were yet lending their quiet lustre to the lovely night; and the scene that was spread around me as I stood upon a gentle hill just in the suburbs of the town, seemed like a surpassing picture, it was so silent, motionless, and beautiful. I thought of these lines of Moore:

"A spirit there is whose fragrant sigh
Is breathing now through earth and air:
Where cheeks are blushing the spirit is nigh,
Where lips are meeting the spirit is there.

"Hail to thee, hail to thee, kindling power,
Spirit of love, spirit of bliss;
Thy holiest time is the moonlight hour,
And there never was moonlight so sweet as this."

The night is a theme for poetry as well as painting. I admired in my secret soul the arrangement by which nature had provided for us this beautiful blessing, with its grateful companions sleep and dreams. Although the evil passions of man have stalked forth beneath its shadows, and the cruel and degraded pervert its gentle influences to their own designs; yet to me it comes with the welcome step of a good angel, unravelling the web of day, and cheering me after toil and disappointment. It is a medicine to the weak and feverish spirit. It is a truce to the war of life. It is a dew to the flower of mind, reviving its invisible and drooping leaves. Its wide silence and the brilliant secrets which it reveals from the bosom of the sky, call up in the heart attributes which have been all day slumbering.

"Who can tell," thought I, as the quiet witchery of the hour fell into the recesses of my nature, like light penetrating the depths of a stream, and each star in the

heavens, and every broad stream of light upon the earth roused up its own quiet feeling; "who knows what other undiscovered capacities have been bestowed on us? or what new senses may hereafter grow up by which our pleasures may be multiplied, and their spheres enlarged? In what various and delightful ways do the surrounding objects already address themselves to our comprehension! What vast designs the human mind has compassed! What hidden qualities it has detected! Who shall interrupt its progress? What shall limit its wanderings?"

While indulging in these proud and lofty meditations, I had lengthened my walk toward the church, whose white steeple rises above the foliage of the trees in graceful simplicity. With eager step, and perhaps glowing cheeks, I pursued my way, when the little churchyard with its silent grove and speaking, but melancholy monuments, came up to my view. In a few moments I stood within the narrow enclosure, with nothing around me but the out spreading trees, and recorded marble, and the ashes of the great and the gay—youth—beauty—worth—mouldering beneath. There is a deep and strange feeling in standing thus in the solitary night, with no companions but the beings of a past world. We realize with extraordinary force, the unknown void toward which time's lapsing current bears us, and the impotent imagination that has ranged all regions of created things, recoils aghast from the blackness of the prospect. Such a scene presents, too, a singular contrast between the living and the dead. Sweet flowers are springing from the rounded grave, with as much beauty as if they decorated a garden of pleasure: the sounds of the distant crowd: the laugh of the careless: the bark of the dog: and perhaps a burst of music, float above the unheeding tombs; and the same moonlight that streams upon the fair lady's bower, tinges the neighboring river, and lends the wanton clouds their robes of silver, smiles, as if in ignorance, on the white slabs, the emblems of life's ruin, and the last display of its pride. I thought nature had forgotten them.

There repose the bodies of many whom I had known and loved. Manly talent and faithful affection are there:

youth's wild mirth, and woman's soft beauty. Here poor Graham rests from his weary being. Haines was cut off from a career of honor, to become the tenant of this dark abode; and Emmet, whose words I had so often caught with rapture: whose glowing sentiments and venerable form yet lingered in my memory, there sleeps in silence with the rest.

As I stood by the grave of one whom I had known, lost in sad reflections upon hours gone by, I was a little startled by a step upon the grass, and a form glided toward me. I at once recognized the Genius, and welcomed him with a hope that he could dispel the sadness which had taken possession of my mind.

"Thanks, fair spirit," said I, "for this timely visit, although I fear your censure for frequenting this melancholy spot, and indulging in these vain regret."

"Far from it," said he, "you are where the living should be no stranger; whether he come to mourn over those who are gone, or to reflect upon the great surviving world."

"But do not these dark places promote the discontent which is our greatest foe?"

"If you come here to lament idly over the past, or to exaggerate the fears of the future, you are only wandering from your own duty, and consequently from your interest; but you cannot be better engaged than in retiring here for a time from the confusion and error which prevail abroad, to canvass impartially the value of things."

"But here," said I, "I can read only painful truths. They chill warm hope; they prostrate proud and lofty ambition; they cause me to neglect the affections which reach their coiling tendrils toward every floating object around. And this stern, foul doom stands before me like a monster, in whose awful presence the beautiful erect spirit is abased."

"There," said the Genius, "you are in error. The terror of death is created more by imagination than reason. It is a phantom necessary in itself, which, however you have clothed it with the drapery of fear, gloom, and anguish, contributes as much to the perfection of your earthly system of things, as any of the

instruments of heaven's will that come in pleasing shapes, and bestow absolute and immediate joy."

"If death is no absolute evil," replied I, "why do all men fear it? There is no principle more deeply rooted in our nature. I have often wondered why the creative hand which has woven together so many charms, which has made the very elements lavish of joy, which has given the wild bird its gorgeous plumage and untaught music, and the modest flower its blended hues and fragrant breath, could not have presented death also in a form less terrible."

"If," said my companion, "the process by which the spirit is disentangled from the flesh, were one of ease or luxury, the race upon earth would soon come to an end. Every idle sorrow would waft away multitudes. It is therefore wisely ordered, that the way from the present limited state lies through a dark, repulsive, and painful passage; but strip it of the exaggerated hideousness in which fancy and ignorance have arrayed it, and it loses much of its horrid character."

"But," said I, "it teems with bodily anguish; the senses are wrenched from their duties; the healthy blood loses its warm impulses, and the pure intellect wanders from its course, as light refracted into broken and distorted images. Is not this an evil?"

"A partial and immediate evil," he answered, "and made so for a just purpose; but not the peculiar, undefinable, and complete misfortune which you have imagined it to be. It is a part of the same system of necessary and productive pain which pervades all life, sustains its various branches, and accomplishes its intelligent and happy designs. The infant feels it in the feebleness of its helpless frame; it acquires strength with cries and fears. Through sickness and anguish, its white teeth bud forth, the mother's joy; and the weary hours of its primitive being are as fraught with sorrow as those which mark the decline of age; yet you trace these to strength, health, intellect, all the attributes of mind and body. Why may not the pangs of dissolution be the preparatory stages of a higher state?"

"But they who remain behind," said I, "have the strongest claim upon our sympathy. The feeling with

which I stand by a new grave consists not alone of compassion for the poor ashes of the dead, unconscious of the idle ceremonies which it has conjured up around it; but oh, the hearts that are swelling and breaking in the circle of spectators! The father—the son—the mother—brothers—sisters—the fond husband—the bereaved wife—these are the objects for which my eyes moisten and my heart bleeds."

"Grief for the dead," said the Genius, "is truly an anguish; but it elevates and inspires the soul. It loosens the hold with which it has grasped the earth; it prepares it for its own destiny, and to one who has no unkind word to retract, no treachery to repent, it is not destitute of a sweetness purifying and ennobling. Beside, it is a misfortune which must necessarily overtake you; the world would otherwise be crowded with a multitude of helpless and useless beings. Its soil would no longer answer their labors with the golden harvest; the earth would not even afford them room to tread, and life would degenerate into an evil, from which death would be a welcome refuge. Beside, time has been gifted with healing powers. The swelling anguish of the bereaved at length subsides, and the population of the globe are sensibly benefited by the arrangement over which you mourn. It is the grand privilege of virtue and knowledge to meet death with courage, and to support the loss of others with resignation. Despair is unworthy a noble and intelligent being; only the ignorant and the guilty yield to its influence. To live wisely and die with dignity, are within the compass of all men's endeavors. He who has read nature with wisdom, cherishes confidence in the decrees of Providence, and rests upon his mercy."

I lost his soft accents upon the breeze of the evening; and as I looked around, I found myself alone among the rustling trees, with the hushed moonlight sleeping upon the still graves and pale monuments.

NUMBER XIII.

THE shadow rolled away from the glass, and I beheld Jupiter, seated upon his throne of clouds, surrounded by a conclave of the gods and goddesses. In the distance below, as from the earth, there was a sudden noise, and voices in loud exclamation. The father of men and gods bade Mercury seek out the cause of the clamor. The winged messenger returned with speed, and said,

"Sire, it is a dispute between a great poverty stricken poet and an ignorant wealthy grocer. The grocer spurns the poet for his misery, and the latter curses thy decree."

"Bring them before us," said Jove. "By the Styx, Mercury, but thy bargain driving children should have nothing to do with the favored of the muses."

In an instant the mortals stood before him. One of them was tall and palefaced, with flashing eye and hollow cheek. His apparel was scanty and threadbare. The other was fat, and clothed with goodly garments. The combatants regarded each other in silence.

"My sons," said Jupiter, "what difference is between you?"

"He cursed thy decree," said the grocer, "and I rebuked him."

"Slave and fool," said the other, "*thou* rebuke me? Thou art unworthy to breathe upon the same globe, and I wonder that Jupiter endows thee with blessings, while I, thy superior, am an outcast from peace and pleasure."

"I will decide between you, my children," said Jove; "speak, poet, what hast thou done, that thy bearing is so lofty?"

"*Done*," said the poet; "I have *done* nothing; but I have taught others to do every thing that is noble. I have worn myself out with the labor of mind. I have painted nature and virtue. I have expanded great

sentiments in the hearts of my fellow beings, awakened the soft wish, and called forth the gentle tear. I influence all the world, and posterity shall know and honor me."

"And thou grocer, what hast *thou* done to mankind?"

"Given them the means whereby to live," said the grocer; "sold them pork, bread, and figs. Of me they obtain the beverage which sooths their care and cheers their spirits."

"And hopest thou for everlasting fame for thy industry?" asked Jove.

"Tush, your worship," said the grocer. "What care I for such foolish reward, which, if useless while we live, must be particularly so when dead. I work for gold—the clothes I wear—the house I live in—the food which has made me thus good humored and capacious—these are my objects."

"Enough," said Jupiter to the poet, his face slightly shaded with displeasure. "Get thee back to earth and complain no more at what thy own folly has caused; or if thou must yearn for gross bodily comforts, hie thee to the grocer and let him teach thee a thriving trade. Men may admire thy genius, but they would rather purchase thy corn and butter. We can do nothing to aid thee. Begone—and disturb us no more."

NOTES BY A TRAVELLER.

VIRGINIA.

September, 1830.—Travelled this day on horseback —had been fortunate in obtaining a fine, high spirited animal. He arched his neck, champed the bit, and pranced along, playing off as many airs as if he had borne some mailed knight onward to battle. There is something exciting in this species of exercise. When I vault into the saddle my thoughts are all noble. I am a hero—an emperor. * * *

The extreme loneliness of this route is occasionally relieved by the miserable log huts of the negro slaves, and the scarcely more inviting domicils of their white masters. These inhabitants of the backwoods, although sometimes so poor in money as to be stinted in their meals by a short crop, are yet always attended by several slaves, whose obsequious services would better fit the indolence of a Turkish sultan. I put up last night at a dilapidated building, which resembled a neglected barn. The chimney, built as they generally are here, on the outside of the house, had nearly taken leave of the dwelling. The walls were full of apertures. The farmer, or rather planter, was stretched at full length on a sort of bed, with a giantess of a negro girl fanning him to sleep. The family were at supper. Two or three negroes attended the table; one little, half naked creature waved a brush over the group to guard it against the intrusion of flies, cats, musquitoes, and chickens. By my bed stood a clock, which, after divers noises from within, announced the hours of the night with an energy that, in my mind, entitled it to a place in a town steeple; and a dingy looking piece of antique drapery, which passed current for a musquito net, was hung about my bed, with holes in it large enough to admit a flock of wild geese.

Numerous huts, desolate and deserted, meet the eye of the passenger, and every object would impress a

stranger with the idea that the most wretched degree of poverty pervades the whole state; a short deviation from the main road, however, would undeceive him. The wealthy have studiously located their mansions at a distance from the highway, to avoid the importunities of benighted travellers, and enjoy the other advantages of seclusion. Here are vast plantations, where abound all the comforts of life. * * * *

I inquired my road this afternoon of a negro, whose athletic and giant proportions almost startled me. His appearance was perfectly noble. His shoulders were of an atlantean breadth—his open collar discovered a chest before which Hercules might have paused—his limbs were all powerfully formed and well shaped—and I never beheld any thing more unequivocally black than his complexion. I was not sufficiently accustomed to a slave country to pass by without observation the sight of such a fellow, as he uncovered his head, cringing down and saluting me as "master."

A few moments afterward I saw one of an opposite description. His beast like and monstrous visage was deformed almost beyond any resemblance to the form of humanity. He seemed under the ban of some fiend. He was lame, half blind, and bent down with age. You wondered by what invisible agency his ragged clothes were kept together. He was crawling up a hill with a pail of brick clay upon his head, and stopped a moment to breathe at the foot of an immense and superb oak, which rose above him like a giant, and sent abroad its magnificent branches with an air of haughty grandeur, as if it felt its superiority over the petty reptile at its root. Of what extraordinary extremes of hideousness and beauty the human form is capable! From this coarse, repulsive, and disgusting countenance, my mind recurred to others softly stamped by nature with the opposite extreme of intelligence, sweetness, and youthful beauty. Doubly charming from the force of so strong a contrast, or some other mystery in philosophy, they appeared to my mind with such a vivid loveliness, that for a moment I closed my eyes to shut out those grim and uncouth features from the rich groupings of memory.

AT A VILLAGE IN THE BACK WOODS OF GEORGIA.

During a week's rest at this retired village, I casually mentioned that I had never seen a deer hunt. A party was immediately formed, and the next morning, after an early breakfast, we set out under a perfectly cloudless sky, and through these immense woods, whose dying leaves, betraying the touch of the autumn frosts, covered the whole face of nature as with a mantle of the most brilliant and opposite colours. Here a tree, with foliage of the brightest orange, mingled its branches with one of the deepest gory red, while among the oaks, which displayed all the various shades of the rainbow, here and there towered the erect and lofty pine, with its deep, dark, and unfading green. This tract of land was but a few years ago owned and occupied by the Indians, who, in order to facilitate their hunting by clearing the ground, were accustomed to set on fire what they term the *under brush*. The pine trees frequently suffered in the operation; and their burnt and blasted stumps are often discerned by the solitary traveller, like the frowning ghosts of that high spirited and ruined race, lingering among the places, hallowed by habit and tradition, where the ashes of their heroic fathers sleep. In the summer they contrast strangely with the bright and tender green, the delicate sweet flowers which spring up around their root, and the fresh and feminine loveliness of the vines, which sometimes cling with living tendrils to their scathed, dead trunks.

At a large and commodious dwelling, although constructed of logs, and by its appearance fully entitled to the appellation of hut, we found a good natured, hospitable old gentleman, with horns, guns, and hounds. A dozen of the latter were assembled in the road, before the house, fully prepared to enter into the spirit of the sport. No one could comprehend what was going on more clearly than these worthy, impatient gentlemen. They were fine animals, with fine names, and in their eagerness and joy frequently drew upon them the rebuke of the old man. Scarcely any brute creature expresses his sensations with more manifest meaning than a dog. Mark some timid, half starved, and hungry wretch, stealing through the kitchen, and casting wistful

looks toward the frying pan. In a moment of solitude, when the temptation is too powerful for those virtuous principles, which all well educated, decent dogs should practice, he steals toward some luscious, fragrant morsel, his eyes dilate, and he licks his lips with a kind of timid courage.

"I'll cross it, though it blast me;"

but Dinah enters, and marks the startled cur; and if you wish to see not only expression in countenance, but in every line of the form, just look at him as he describes a circular line of retreat, for certain reasons best known to himself, the cook, and the broomstick handle. Then behold the same creature animated and fearless, when he is where he knows he has a right to be. Music seemed inspired with an irresistible feeling of joy, which fairly overflowed his soul; Azure was chasing Beauty in circles, yet with every mark of affection; Silver lay by resting his noble head upon his two fore feet, in the dignity of grave and pleasing contemplation, occasionally wagging his tail, and brightening up as his longing gaze of gratitude won a word or look from his master; while others rolled, leaped, ran, and at length gave vent to their feelings in a loud, prolonged yelp of delight.

It is necessary that a hunting party should consist of at least six or seven. One or two, termed drivers, with horns, horses, and hounds, ride to the grounds frequented by the deer, and the dogs soon catch the scent. There are certain known passages of the forest through which the timid animals, when affrighted, generally attempt to escape. One individual of the party is stationed at each of these, and in such an opening I found myself on that bright morning, alone in the midst of these hushed and pathless forests, lurking, I almost thought, like a murderer, with my loaded piece, till the defenceless flying creature should spring upon his death. The silence around me was perfectly delightful. I could hear nothing —not even the warbling of a bird—not the murmuring of a rill, for the stream by my side instead of brawling and bubbling over its channel, had spread itself out into unbroken transparency. Across its bank, and accidentally answering the purposes of a bridge, a fallen tree was

lying. Sometimes a playful fish leaped up from the brook, or glistened near the surface, as it turned its silver side to the sun; and sometimes a leaf, loosened from its branch, fell, and floated slowly to the ground in silence. I was thinking how many millions of my fellow creatures drop off even thus in the shadowy places of life, and go down to the church yard with as little notice or interruption to the general business and joy and beauty of nature, when the barking and yelping of the hounds came faintly through the distance, then nearer and nearer, till the whole chorus swelled on the breeze, and rung through the quiet wood, breaking strangely in upon its impressive stillness with discordant sounds of riot and death. You cannot conceive, unless you have experienced a similar moment, the almost painful eagerness and anxiety with which I watched to behold the victim appear through the trees. I heard a rustling among the dried leaves, and with desperate speed, and the whole bloody pack close at her heels, a large doe broke from the thicket, and passed near the place where I stood. Fleet as the wind she was springing by when I gave a low whistle; on a sudden she stopped, and the fatal ball lodged in her shoulder; another and another stretched her on the ground. She was a most lovely and feminine creature. Nothing could exceed the grace, cleanliness, and beauty of her form and limbs. The dark silky brown of her back, the snowy whiteness of her neck, throat, and chest, and the almost human intelligence of her face, struck me with a strange feeling, of which they, more familiar with the sight, can form no idea. I confess, however unmanly it may have been, that a momentary horror ran through my frame as the lids, with their long lashes, fell over those large, dark, and beautiful eyes, while the swarthy huntsmen, with rough grasp and merry jokes, bound together her slender, tapering limbs, and one drew his long and glittering knife across her throat.

AT SEA.

December 3, 1829.—It is evening. Every thing is calm and tranquil. A voyage at sea has been aptly said to cut one off for a time from all plans of life. There

is nothing around to awaken recollection but the stars, which strew the broad and lofty pavement of heaven with the same shapes, whether the gazer be wandering through the pleasant places of the earth, or tossed on the lonely ocean—whether he be wretched or happy, there the imperishable records of Almighty power are shining silently for ever.

The ship goes along lazily through the water, creaking and rolling. The dark heavy waves are tumbling around, and their curling tops show dimly white through the shadow. Last night at the same moment I was in the full flash of merriment, light, and music. Gentle friends were around me. I shall probably never see them again. We pass through the world as we ramble along the winding paths of some forest; where bright birds light near us, or sweep by on outspread wings, but are lost among the thickening branches, even while we gaze on the richness of their plumage, or hush our breath to drink in the music of their song.

These reflections passed in my mind this morning as the ship won its way out of the offing, and I dwelt deliberately, one after another, upon the pleasant scenes which I had witnessed in the streak of blue land fast receding in the west. One gets scandalously sentimental at such a moment. A little man in a white hat called for a glass of toddy—pretty girl gone down the cabin sick—steward ringing the supper bell in the companion way. Partly from the pressure of tender recollections, and partly from the motion of the vessel, I experienced an indefinite sort of a suspicion that I was not very hungry—was soon, however, dreaming in my berth.

December 4.—A fresh breeze. Sky overclouded—cold and rainy. Reading till dinner time. Dispatched a reasonable quantity of apple pudding. Nothing can can be more grateful to the palate at sea than fruit in all the forms of its preparations. Stretched myself on a settee, and sleep and dreams came over me. Suddenly with a shock, I was dashed from my slumbers and found myself in the opposite side of the cabin, amid chairs upside down, trunks rolled over, and various other symptoms of a general revolution. A heavy gale had arisen. The sea was running in mountain waves, and our good ship was pitching violently. With the aid of

hands and feet I succeeded in crossing the floor, sometimes climbing, sometimes descending, and sometimes bringing my head in contact with divers objects with a *momentum*, not at all in accordance with my ideas of personal comfort. After having been wandering through hushed forests and reclining on the banks of sleepy brooks, I was desirous of beholding this same nature, that we *poetize* so much, in one of her angry moods; but a total darkness had overspread the scene, only cheered by the light in the binnacle, and the flashing of the heavy billows as they lifted their fiery heads above the lofty stern. During the night the wind increased to a tremendous gale. It seemed scarcely possible for the ship to ride it out. The rolling rendered walking a perilous enterprise, and occasionally as the vessel lurched, the crockery crashed, the women screamed, chests, chairs, boots, and all the moveable articles not absolutely lashed, were rolling to and fro across the floor as "life were in them." Whatever were the thoughts of the men, they kept them to themselves, but the agreeable anticipations of the ladies were confided so freely, and in such an elevated tone to whomsoever might be pleased to listen, that, although no eaves dropper, it was impossible for me to misunderstand that they were rather discontented with the prospect. Divers questions were put to the stewards, both principal and deputies, as when the storm would end—did he think the ship would overset or go down—and did he ever know of such a gale before. The worthy individual not being himself exactly satisfied with existing circumstances, afforded them but very vague and contradictory information, from which no more could be gathered than that we were undoubtedly at sea, and in a gale of wind. His natural humanity did once so nearly conquer his fears as to induce him to offer some consolation to a charming little woman, whose beauty was quite improved by her terror. He assured her upon his honor, that the waves were subsiding, the winds abating, the moon and stars coming out as fast as possible; but he had not yet finished his veracious statements, when another lurch laid the vessel on her beam ends—a gigantic wave swept and thundered over the deck and into the cabin—the crockery again

crashed—the fair females raised their voices—and as the groaning and laboring ship righted, the gale grew more fiercely violent and blew a hurricane, screaming and whistling through the rigging, and so the steward lost his character as a man of integrity. I never heard any sounds before which I could exactly compare to the shrill, constant, *shrieking* of the whirlwind through the shrouds. After a sleepless night, varied with crying, crashing, and splashing, the trampling of rapid feet on deck, the shouts of the captain through the trumpet, the noise of the vessel rushing through the water, and the awful tumult and thundering of the wind and billows, morning at length dawned. Most of the passengers clung to their berths. No breakfast was served. The cabin was too dark to read. I resolved to see what was to be seen, and, wildly as my imagination may have exaggerated many of the pains and pleasures of life, I never conceived a scene at once so appalling and awful, yet so grand and sublime. The wild element seemed in the uttermost paroxysm of rage and madness. Its broad and mountainous billows were lifted far above the deck, and each seemed inevitably destined to overwhelm the comparatively feeble and petty fabric, in whose frail bosom so many adventurous human beings had trusted themselves to its mercy. The color of the water was entirely changed. Sometimes in the trough of the sea it assumed a deep and inky blackness—then the snow white froth curled and foamed upon the breaking waves, and presently gave way to a bright indigo blue, while far and wide the surface of the ocean *smoked*—that is, gave off the vapor exhaled in consequence of the coldness of the air. Even on the solid earth, the sight of those dark heavy masses of vapor, hiding the face of day, their lowering bosoms fraught with the principles of wreck and ruin, hushes the mind into an emotion of solemnity, if not of fear; but, tossed almost at random upon the ocean, and cut off from the world, when the springing of a plank may overwhelm you, one feels with singular force his perfect helplessness and utter abandonment. It must be with something of a similar sensation that the unarmed and solitary passenger struggles in the very embrace of a ferocious beast; although even in such a situation there is something to do, by

which the attention may be in a measure diverted. But, the victim of shipwreck, in the full and dreadfully clear possession of his intellectual powers, has to sit passively and deliberately down, and amuse himself by considering whether he had better leap off at once into the boiling brine, or lash himself to the deck, and pass some fifteen or twenty days in that posture, not only without any thing to eat, but with the ulterior prospect of becoming himself food for fishes. In the midst of this din of contending elements, while I was clinging to a rope to keep from being washed overboard by the waves, a beautiful little land bird, drenched with the rain and almost frozen, came tremblingly and alighted upon the vessel's deck.

OLD LETTERS.

That they have seemed to be together, though absent; shook hands, as over a vast; and embraced, as it were, from the ends of opposed winds.—*Winter's Tale.*

When the tired boy at his school desk, and under the watchful eye of his master, is awkwardly toiling to acquire the mystery of pot hooks and trammels, how little he dreams of the exhaustless source which he is opening for the interest and happiness of future years. Nature has imprisoned the soul of man in a narrow tenement, and denied him the power of omnipresence, and even those facilities of motion by which some of the inferior creation pass safely and swiftly between distant places; but how ingeniously he has broadened his field of operation and enjoyment? I am more than a thousand weary miles from my friend, yet I sit down in the lonely silence of my chamber, and chat to him in a kind of illusion, which, to my imagination, recalls his image, his peculiar ways, and the tones of his voice, with almost the vividness of reality; and here upon my table lies the sheet which has just reached me, freighted with his secret thoughts.

Have you ever, dear reader, been banished by fate from the home where were concentrated all your hopes, attach-

ments, and associations—away off in some secluded, solitary, tedious, country village—where no one cares for you, nothing interests you, and where the mails come only once a week? Your body, indeed, may wander listlessly along, prying into the secrets of winding brooks, or rustling above the fallen leaves in the silent passages of the woods, but your thoughts fly back and hover around the distant scene, to the incidents of which you are tremblingly alive, yet over which distance has drawn a pall, dark and impenetrable, to your piercing wishes. Your imagination shapes out all sorts of fantastic accidents, (for remarkable events seem always to occur in your absence,) till wearied with vain conjectures of the present, the tired mind reposes on the past, and lives over again all its vanished pleasures. Then comes the letter. The simple superscription in its familiar characters swarms with the most lively associations. You cannot yet call them delicious, for sometimes floats across you the fear of some vague evil, darkening your sunny anticipations, as the shadow of a cloud passes over the bosom of a grassy hill. With what eager anxiety you break the seal! and, as the thirsty traveller on a desert, when at last he reaches the spring, gushing and bubbling up in its beautiful and tempting coolness, kneels down and quenches the thirst he has suffered so long, so you drink in sentence after sentence, and allay the fever of your soul.

I never behold a friend receive a letter at a distance from his home, especially if he have a family, without experiencing a kind of reflected anxiety that it may contain nothing to alarm his affections or wound his feelings. No lovely wife sick—no favorite child gone for ever from his once happy household—no lightning bolt fallen from any quarter upon the verdant spot where all his cherished hopes and feelings have their home. I read his countenance almost as anxiously as he peruses the page, and when his eyes gradually emit brighter sparkles, a glow as of remembered pleasure suffuses his cheeks, and that kind of smile lurks about his lips which marks inward satisfaction, unshared by those around him, I know the hovering hawk has not pounced upon his sheltered nest, and a mountain of heavy fears roll away from my mind.

There is something sacred about a letter. Every scrap which I receive is packed regularly away as a treasure to which each succeeding year will add a value; and I have consequently under lock and key little mementos of many a friend by whom the trifling offspring of his pen has been forgotten. In early youth I was charmed with this plan, and have imperceptibly accumulated a mass of heterogeneous materials, some of which are closely interwoven with the pleasantest scenes of my life. If I should long enough avoid the unceremonious attack of the grim tyrant which hurls so many various weapons, and lays so many different snares for the poor shrinking mortal who is sure to be his victim at last, I can picture myself, in the loneliness of idle age, with a few silver hairs clothing a brow perhaps doubly seamed with the ravages of time and sorrow, amid the scenes, characters, and events of a new and strange generation, peering silently through my spectacles, with many a sad reverie and pensive smile, upon these little invaluable relics of by gone years. Why even now I cannot turn over their worn and faded pages without raking up the embers of forgotton passions, and forcing from their lonely and neglected graves many a merry school mate, once dearly loved, yet now growing more and more dim in the mists of memory; and who, but for these relics of our brief adventures, (for even so selfish and changeable a thing is that mystery of nature the human heart,) might have scarcely ever recurred to my thought.

Sometimes during a rainy, idle day, or when I am at a distance from home, I untie a bundle of these papers. Let us see of what this is composed. What have we here? A decent looking superscription—hand unknown. "Sir—I shall proceed to examine the witnesses in the case of—" bah, business—but signed, E. B. He died ten minutes after in an apoplectic fit.

The next is a modest epistle, expressing great confidence in my abilities and inclination, (two materials, by the way, very much at war in my destiny,) and winding up with a modest request of five dollars as a loan. The writer married a lady a short time after worth a hundred and eighty thousand dollars, and passes me in the street, the rascal, without a nod.

The next, although of recent date, is the only remnant of a friendship which once promised me much gratification. It is connected with a history which, alas, for life, although perfectly true, is so common as to be devoid of interest, except in the bosoms of those acquainted with the parties. It bore the signature of C. T., who had intended to enter the Colombian army under Bolivar. He received his education in this city, where I became intimately acquainted with him. His temperament, like that of most from Spanish America, was warm, sanguine, and impetuous. Keenly susceptible to the charms of female beauty, every pair of expressive eyes lighted in him the flame of a lively but transient attachment. He loved poetry and music, in which he displayed both taste and genius. Every accomplishment which could render him a dangerous companion for young and kindred spirits of the other sex, was added to a person of marked elegance and grace; nor was he deficient in those qualities which command the respect of men, and promise success in life. His fault was a too passionate admiration of every thing beautiful—a too open and decisive hatred and contempt for every thing mean or contracted, or which interrupted his designs. He was too generous, too confident, too untrammelled in his opinions. He was one of those kind of persons whom every one praises and loves, yet of whom, when in adversity, especially adversity arising from their own errors, people shrug up their shoulders and say—"I always knew he would turn out so."

He became attached to a young girl, very lovely in her person, and full of romance and affection. The preliminary affairs were soon arranged between themselves. Young folks of such disposition are not long in discovering each other's minds, and Charles embarked for South America, with the intention of settling his affairs there, seeing his parents, obtaining their sanction to his union, and establishing himself in business here. I saw him step into the little boat, to be conveyed on board the ship which lay off in the bay. The song of the sailors, as they hoisted the sails, came softened to us over the water. The vessel stirred like some stupendous creature, slowly unfurling its giant wings for a

long and perilous flight. He spoke no word as he grasped me by the hand, but turned away his face—

> "And even then, his eye being big with tears,
> Turning his face he put his hand behind him,
> And, with affection wondrous sensible,
> He wrung Bassanio's hand, and so they parted."

Several months elapsed and no tidings. Then came vague reports of his having been seen at a ball, dancing with a Spanish girl, of great wealth and dazzling beauty —of his serenades—his poetry to her—the gratification of his parents at an alliance so splendid—his attachment —courtship—and, at length, from what every one termed an authentic source, though I could find no one to trace the report to its origin, we heard he was married. There was something so probable in the whole story, something so akin to the frailties of human nature, particularly as displayed in such a character, that gained it universal credit. Even I wrote him a letter, in which I wished him happiness, without upbraiding him with the cruel treachery which was lavished upon him from the lips of all around me. What confirmed my credit in the accounts received of him was his silence toward me and her. Not a line had reached us. He has yielded, I thought, to ambition, to wealth, to beauty, to parental wishes; he has been enervated by all the pleasures of which he was most fond; he has struggled feebly without a single adviser, against a current too powerful for him to resist; he will spend his life in South America or Europe, and is ashamed or afraid to think of the friends of his youth, or the consequences of an attachment cherished without the knowledge of his family, in the ardor and thoughtlessness of boyhood and inexperience. Many an older head has turned giddy without half the temptation. I mourned over the weakness of human nature, but my letter was full of kindness and friendship. The unfortunate object of his former attachment was not so philosophical in her feelings. Ah! how much more coolly we can reason and moralize about the distresses of others than our own! She died. I may not say of a broken heart, for sickness was upon her; but, in the delirium which preceded her dissolution, her secret disappointment and shame crossed her

dreams, and her lips murmured wildly the weary and dark thoughts which had long been cherished in her bosom. That beautiful head—the rich hair parted upon that lovely forehead, and falling in bright ringlets over her neck—those crimson lips, whose smile was like a stream of sunshine from her soul, are all laid low, dark and silent in the dust, and here is the first letter from Charles. He has been sick, and nearly to death; but he says his disease at length yields to the careful treatment of his physician, and he is on the eve of embarking for this country, to fulfil the engagement with her whom he has never ceased to love. He says he has written frequently to her and myself, and wonders at our silence, but adds—the country is so unsettled that there is no security for the safe transportation of letters, and does not suffer himself to doubt for a moment her fidelity. He grows gradually warm with anticipations of the meeting, and draws a picture of happiness which, when I reflect on his sensitiveness, his proneness to feel all these terrible bereavements, and even to exaggerate them, makes me tremble.

EATING.

Pars in frustra secant, verubusque tremantia figunt.
Litore ahena locant alii, flammasque ministrant,
Tum victu revocant vires; fusique per herbam
Implentur veteris Bacchi, pinguisque ferenæ.—VIRGIL.

The limbs, yet trembling, in the cauldron boil;
Some on the fire the reeking entrails broil:
Stretched on the grassy turf at ease they dine,
Restore their strength with meat, and cheer their souls with wine.

WE all understand that eating and drinking are very ancient and general practices. Cookery has become a trade. Like the rest of the simple pleasures which nature has bestowed on man, civilization has elevated it to new importance. It has been cultivated with great assiduity by all enlightened nations. It has been moulded into extraordinary shapes, and hunted down into subtle refinements. Earth, air, and sea, are ran-

sacked for discoveries, by which new combinations may be effected. The sciences descend from their wildest flights to minister to its wants and vary its perfection, and it branches out into such innumerable ramifications as, in many instances, to seem the sole, and often the fatal, object of man's existence. The suppers of Heliogabalus, the Roman emperor, were said to have cost six thousand pounds every night, and Mark Antony expended sixty thousand pounds in an entertainment given to Cleopatra. Æsop, the famous Roman tragedian, had upon his table a single dish valued at eight hundred pounds, filled, we are told, with speaking and singing birds, some of which cost fifty pounds. His son dissolved pearls for his guests to drink, a piece of silly extravagance not uncommon among the ancients; and the king of Wurtemburg, who preceded the present monarch, is reported to have glutted his brutal appetite with a hash composed of the tongues of nightingales.

It is asserted by physicians, that a great share of the diseases which have come into the world with its improvements, and which are unknown to nations in a barbarous state, result from immoderate eating and drinking; and it is probable that most of us have sufficiently experienced its evil consequences to acknowledge how it stupifies the spirits, and clogs the operations of the mind. Well said poor Cæsar,

> "Let me have men around me that are fat,
> Sleek headed men, and such as sleep o'nights.
> Yon Cassius has a lean and hungry look.
> He *thinks* too much—such men are dangerous."

I remember one of my school mates who was distinguished only for eating and drinking. Whether it was that a vulgar nature led him to seek gratification only in sensual enjoyments, or whether the excesses in which he indulged degraded a character, not naturally bad, to the level which it then occupied, might have been a question with some; yet it always seemed to me that he had not been created without many excellent qualities both of head and heart; but that the habits of gluttony into which he had fallen, led him away from all lofty feelings and noble pursuits. He was the veriest young epicure I ever knew. To eat and drink seemed his only joy—

to carve his only ambition. He adopted system about nothing except his victuals. He was enraged if he could not get his favorite slice of beef or part of chicken, and he measured out the pepper, salt, mustard, and vinegar, with the precision of an apothecary weighing drugs. When the meal was concluded, grace pronounced, and his companions were in their ranks and marching out to their sports, I have often laughed to behold Peter sneaking back toward the dining room, stealing affectionate glances at the relics which strewed the table, like the confused wrecks of a hard fought field of battle, and peeping into the hollow bone of the abandoned beef to disengage the luscious marrow with the handle of a tea spoon. The same taste pervaded all his hours. He was never satisfied with the ordinary meals; but at frequent intervals would draw forth from some secret and seemingly inexhaustible source his little tit bits, and you might catch him often with his back turned, swallowing, in solitary delight, the last of some nameless and particular piece of confectionary, which had probably haunted his imagination for the previous hour, until the temptation to despatch it admitted of no longer delay. His desk and his pockets were generally full of crumbs, and the leaves of half his books were stained with tarts, or glued together with little pieces of molasses candy. To feel an interest in his education was out of the question. He loathed his lesson as a labor, and hated his teacher as a tyrant. Fear of disgrace would not drive, nor the hope of approbation influence him.

We were all one day much amused by a scene between him and his instructer. It seems poor Peter had committed one of those heinous offences which swell the criminal records of such literary institutions, and it was necessary to address him before his class.

The venerable man upon whom this duty devolved was of a mild and insinuating disposition, and from the variety and extent of his information, and the unfeigned kindness of his manners, admirably calculated to acquire influence over his pupils. He possessed a kind of simple and natural eloquence, by which he could generally touch the heart as well as enlighten the understanding, and when he flung his hand across the strings of their feelings, the whole system thrilled. But friend

Peter's strings were not fashioned of an over delicate material, and as for the thrilling—heaven save the mark! you might as well have speechified to a rock. Peter's cause came on at the proper time. He was brought out in form, after the invariable fashion of seminaries of learning, and stood in the middle of the floor, in awful and conspicuous solitude. Around was a circle of some eighty or ninety faces, of all kinds, shapes and dimensions, full of enquiry and expectation—some slightly faded into unwonted paleness, from the mischievous representations of their own conscience, some distended with pity, and others wrinkled with mirth.

The master took his seat. The various noises of the eager crowd died entirely away. There stood Peter with his toes in; his hands—by no means "whiter than monumental alabaster"—twirling the corner of his pocket flap into divers shapes—his head down, and his under lip out. The judge proceeded to the necessary preliminaries, and explained, in a clear style, the nature of his crime. This had little effect. He next appealed to his reason in a forcible manner, and demonstrated, from the intimate connexion which existed between wickedness and misery, that Peter was in a very bad way. Still the offender remained quiet, and appeared thinking about something else. The kind moniter then instituted a comparison between him and his more innocent and happy school fellows. No change yet in the subject. His feelings were next attacked. He had a father, mother, and sister. The disgrace of the transaction was not confined to himself: it extended to them; and, although he did not seem to suffer from remorse, what must be their sorrow? Peter stood all the while as if he had been hewn out of granite; not a feature of his face relaxed from the stupified firmness into which his dull and contented countenance had settled. But when, at length, he heard pronounced against him the awful sentence of bread and water for one or two days, his composure fled. The nerve was touched. His eyes filled with tears. His wide mouth was screwed up into wrinkles of anguish, and as the fragrant dishes, upon which his affections were now vainly placed, rose up in fancy before him, he seemed suffering under a pain as violent, if not as tender, as

that of the lover who bids farewell to the object of all his thoughts.

I should probably have forgotten this little incident, had I not accidentally met friend Peter the other day in the street, and found, that although time has matured him from the boy into manhood, he yet preserves the same character, and has become exactly the kind of man which I had anticipated. I followed him before he recognized me, for some distance, and observed the old peculiarities of his dress and manner. He still walks with his toes in and his head down. His face retains all its ancient stupidity triumphant over the efforts of experience, and his hands, as they hung dangling down by his pocket flaps, looked as if they had scarcely been thoroughly washed since the bread and water tragedy in which he was the principal actor. Some alterations, however, were obvious. The soft complexion and boyish form of youth had disappeared, and in their place, he had a shape resembling Falstaff's, and a nose not unlike that of Bardolph. He knew me after a moment's vacant stare, and invited me, before we had walked the distance of five blocks, to slip into a confectioner's and take a lunch. I was too polite to refuse, or else too curious to discover how much of his old appetite yet remained, so in we went. He drew largely on the long necked cordial bottle, whose oily sweets seemed rather to excite than quench his thirst; and the good woman's eyes sparkled to behold with what rapidity her cream tarts, pound cakes, and other nicknacks disappeared from before him.

I complimented him upon his good health.

"How do you know I am in good health?" he asked, with a bluntness which brought back upon my memory a throng of half faded associations.

"I perceive it by your appetite," answered I, "which is generally an excellent criterion."

"Pshaw, nonsense!" he exclaimed, munching a delicate tart with the energy of a steam mill, and wiping off from his mouth the crumbs and apple with the sleeve of his coat. "Nonsense, I have been out of health these ten years. The doctors have almost given me up. The gout, dyspepsy, and two or three other complaints, allow me no peace. They have prescribed

a course of diet; but that is worse than all the rest. I tried it a little while, however. They gave me thin chicken broth, bread and milk, and roasted apples." Here he uttered a horse laugh, and tossed into his mouth a couple of gingernuts with the motion of a cartman heaving coal into a cellar. "Bread and milk and roasted apples! But it would not do. I got along tolerably well for a day or two; but then I went to see a friend of mine about dinner time. There was a strong smell of roast turkey and onions in the room. I am very fond of onions. Up they came. Down I sat. I had eaten a hearty meal, rounded it off with a piece of mince pie, and a couple glasses of brandy and water, before the doctor came into my head at all. I never could go back to bread and milk and roasted apples. I know they would be the death of me."

I parted from him soon, and never saw him again.—He fell down, a short time afterward, in a fit of apoplexy, as he was returning from an ordinary where he had been partaking of a luncheon of mock turtle soup.

MUSICAL MANIA.

"Viva la musica!"

ALTHOUGH fortune has blessed me with most of the comforts and luxuries of life, I have been rendered wretched for the last several months, by a circumstance in which you, Messrs. Editors, are in some degree implicated. There can be no egotism in the assertion that I am a plain, honest, industrious man, taught from my earliest years to consider business as a matter of prime importance, and equally well skilled in the arts of making and of keeping money. In my counting house lies all my enjoyment. My reveries are generally upon matters of trade; and, in my opinion, there is no more useless, insignificant, and crazy person, than one who does not seek his principal gratification in the transactions of some sort of profession. I associated with me in the

firm, a few years ago, a young man, for whom I entertained a sincere regard; and who, beside my esteem for him, possessed an additional claim upon my attention, viz. a handsome capital, which proved useful in the concern. You must understand that (as my friends say) one of the peculiarities of my character is a strong dislike to music. Nature has formed me so destitute of "ear," that I can scarcely distinguish one tune from another. It is a mystery to me what pleasure people find in listening to a set of fellows (who ought to be cultivating the earth, or occupied in some other decent employment,) scraping and blowing all sorts of ridiculous noises on all sorts of absurd instruments. A party of friends, the other night, fairly entrapped me into an engagement to accompany them to the theatre, for the purpose of seeing, or rather hearing, Cinderella. For some time I sat with "sad civility," and endured the din, thinking of Pope's lines,

> "The dog star rages, nay 'tis past a doubt,
> All bedlam or Parnassus are let out."

I do not know whether I should not have soon disappeared, as I was anxious to see that the cash was properly balanced at the store; but, luckily, foreseeing that I should need some rational means of passing away the time, I had wisely filled my coat pockets with pea-nuts and apples, which I ate with great satisfaction, notwithstanding divers incomprehensible frowns from my neighbors. Indeed, one little gentleman, who, I had been informed, was Count Flippertiflap, after writhing and twisting for some time in apparent agonies, turned suddenly and fiercely upon me, and said in broken English,

"Sair, begair, you shall be turned out of every teatre Francais, wis your dem pig nuts."

"I tell you what, neighbor Flippertiflap, if that's your name," said I, cracking a large nut, "I should like to know what *law* you can show for preventing a man from eating pea nuts in a free country? You'd better attend to the music, and leave me to my pea nuts 'Every one to his own taste, as the old woman said when she kissed the cow.'"

Muttering something between his teeth, which I could not understand, and casting upon me a look like that of a cur when he shows his teeth, and growls just before he bites, he left the box and slammed the door after him, with a violence that showed I had got the better of him in the argument. A little while afterward I saw him in a box opposite, bobbing his head up and down, and beating the cushion with his hand, while somebody on the stage was cutting up some demi-semi-quaver or other flourish without any name.

My partner Charles and I are both unmarried men, and dwell at the same house; and now I am coming to the difficulty, which induced me to depart so far from my usual business habits as to compose a communication for a public journal. In proportion as I hate music, Charles loves it. He possesses a mischievous facility in catching every air, and in remembering it; and, although I could never perceive any difference between his voice and mine, his musical friends say that his tones are firm, sweet, and round beyond comparison. It's all darkness to me this talk about a sweet round voice. Be that as it may, he has been seized with the Cinderella *mania*, at present prevalent in this city; and ever since this abominable opera was produced, his senses have been evidently a little wandering. He knows it, I am sure, from beginning to end, and makes no secret of his vocal ability. Indeed, so thoroughly is he imbued with the melodies of this popular production, that he reminds me of a powder magazine: you cannot touch him with any note or allusion calculated to remind him of the opera, but he goes off in a musical explosion.

"Charles," said I, the other day, "I am going to call on Hanford & Co. in relation to Grant's note. It's a very pleasant morning, and"—

Charles elevated his right arm, cast his eyes toward the ceiling, and exclaimed,

"Morning its sweets is flinging
Over each bower and spray,
Flowers to life are springing
To greet the op'ning day.
Soft floats around
The water's"——

"Confound your nonsense; listen to me one word"—"Listen," said Charles, "to be sure I will listen.

'From the lips of men of wisdom
Counsel, they say, comes ever wiser.'"

"Mr. Wiley," said I, "will you have the goodness to tell me where is the porter?"

"He is yonder in the office,
He is yonder in the office,
Soon he'll come—then hope farewell!"

In this way, Messrs. Editors, am I wearied from morning till night. He asks for his breakfast in a *recitative*, and tells one how late it is to the tune of "Mildly beaming, brightly gleaming."

We were once detained very late in the evening at the store, in consequence of a press of business. I became absorbed in overlooking some important letters, and unwarily bent my head so near the candle that my hair took fire.

Instead of informing me of this event, as any rational creature would have done, my musical friend laid his hand on his heart, and commenced "Whence this soft and pleasing flame," and before he had finished the graces of the first line I was tolerably well singed.

The other day, being the Sabbath, we were returning from church in the midst of a crowd, when he struck up the *quintette*,

"Midst doubts confusing,
Uncertain musing,"

The people stared, and looked round after us as we walked; but he grew every moment more and more animated. Provoked and ashamed to be seen in the society of a person committing such a flagrant outrage on decency and public opinion, I quickened my pace to outwalk him, if possible; from a brisk step I proceeded to a stride, from a stride to a trot, and from a trot to a full run; in all of which I was accompanied by my mad companion, who fairly chased me a great distance through the astonished multitude, until he had finished,

"Midst doubts confusing," and brought me up breathless, with "Softly, softly, in a whisper," which might have been heard across the street.

We had a business transaction, of much importance, some time ago with an old gentleman, who piques himself upon the nobility of his family. He is pompous—which he thinks dignified—and grave, which he supposes wise; a troublesome, stiff, wrong headed old fellow as ever wore a wig, and the only good thing about him is, that he hates music as he does the screaming of the animal which philosophers say it is not judicious to cast pearls before. Charles had run through some accounts, and was standing by the window with his back turned to us.

"Only that column remains," said Mr. Vertigo. "Five thousand dollars, ten thousand dollars. There is only one way, Mr. Ward, for a merchant to settle these affairs, and I learned that from my father. My father, Mr. Ward, was one of the"——

"And the jackass was your father;
Yes, the jackass was your father;"

hummed Charles.

I suppose Mr. Vertigo never heard of the opera. I have not been able to explain this matter to his satisfaction. He looks upon Charles as a very rude young man.

Driven to desperation by this *disease* in my friend, I one day accidentally hit upon a method which I hope will tend toward a cure. He accompanied me upon a visit to a respectable quaker family, who have no more idea of music than so many blocks of wood. The household consisted of the father, mother, six pretty spruce maidens, and six staid demure youths, who were so impressed with the importance of behaving themselves even in their own home, that they scarcely ever spoke above a whisper, and stole about the house like cats. As I, myself was very familiar with the whole of them, upon being shown into the front parlor I left Charles to amuse himself as well as he could, while I went into the sitting room, where, as it was but a little after the dinner hour, the whole family happened to be assembled

together. After a few grave observations from the old gentleman, I was about observing to them, that I had a friend in the front room to be introduced, when our ears were struck with a voice from the adjoining apartment, shouting forth, "Swift as the flash," with the most voluminous display of vocal powers, and a desperate, and to me irresistibly ludicrous, attempt to run through all the very difficult and complicated variations.

"What's that?" said Mr. Palmer.

The family regarded each other for some moments in silence, but with glances of astonishment. Lucy looked very much inclined to smile; her rosy mouth just betrayed a mischievous lurking dimple, and the little ones giggled aloud.

At that moment, while Charles was winding up the last variation with a little extemporaneous flourish of his own, an idea struck me, which I immediately put in execution.

"Why what in the name of wonder is that?" said the old lady.

"Hush!" said I, assuming a melancholy look, and putting my finger on my lip, "This is a poor unfortunate youth, whom I am about conveying to the lunatic asylum."

"Bless my soul!" said Mr. Palmer, while all exhibited symptoms of alarm, "why what a terrible thing this is. Is he docile?"

"Perfectly so, sir. You need be under no apprehension from any of his depredations."

"He is much to be pitied," said Mrs. Palmer; "only hear the poor unhappy young man."

Charles was now pretty deep in the comic duet, "Sir, a secret most important."

"He is, notwithstanding," said I, "a very interesting youth."

"What drove him to this desperate extremity?" asked one of the sons.

"Love, sir," said I, with a melancholy shake of the head.

"Poor, *poor* fellow," said Lucy, with much feeling.

"Perhaps you would like to look at him," said I.

"If there is no danger, I should," said Mrs. Palmer.

I opened the folding doors softly, and discovered Charles at the very crisis of a grand flourish.

There were fifteen of us, beside a servant and two cats, all gazing eagerly at him. As he turned suddenly, his eye fell upon the group, and he stopped short, with such a wild expression of astonishment visible in his countenance, that he passed very well for what I had represented him.

"Are you sure he wont bite?" said Lucy.

"He is very good looking," said the old lady, "for one in such a situation."

"Unhappy wretch," said Mr. Palmer, "what a horrid expression of face!"

"Mr. Ward——Mr. Palmer——ladies," stammered Charles, "I beg pardon—what's the meaning of all this?"

"Quite bewildered," said Lucy, drawing back fearfully as he approached. "What a pity he has no brains."

The embarrassment of poor Charles at length grew so apparent, that I feared he would actually become what his friends thought him. Finding, however, that he could obtain no explanation of the facts, he started suddenly out of the room, and ran into the street, since which period I have never heard him hum a tune.

DRAMATIC IMPROBABILITIES.

I HAPPENED some time ago to attend a theatrical representation, by a company of itinerant performers, who had been quite importunate in their demands on the patronage of the public. The play advertised in the bills being Richard the Third, the gentleman who personated the Duke of Gloster delivered his opening speech,

"'Now is the winter of our discontent,
Made glorious summer by the son of' *New York.*"

A voice from the audience interrupted him, pointing out the error. The duke came forward, with a low bow, and explained. He was "perfectly aware," he said, "that, by Shakspeare, the line was written

"'Made glorious summer by the son of *York*,'

but," he added, "when he played it here, he always said *New York*, to compliment the country."

His odd ideas of civility occasioned a general smile, which the deformed usurper took in very ill part; but I could not help thinking he was not more ludicrous than many of his brethren further advanced in the profession. The incident insensibly led my mind on to a recollection of the innumerable little inconsistencies and impossibilities which I have seen pass on the stage, without exciting any attention in the audience, who, from long habit, I suppose, have become familiarized with their occurrence, and thus completely overlook their folly. This strikes me more forcibly from the circumstance that I am not a frequenter of the theatres, and look upon the violations of common sense, (as well as of decency, which I have occasionally remarked there,) as complete novelties.

The other night, in a spirit stirring opera, one young man was stabbed to the heart in the early part of the evening, under aggravated circumstances, while performing his duty. As I was pitying his sad calamity, and entering (as my custom is) into several apposite and sentimental reflections on the subject, I was rather puzzled by the sight of the dead man in a new uniform, marching in high spirits at the head of the enemy's army! "Why, the cunning rascal!" thought I to myself, "he only feigned to die, and has deserted for a commission! That is the way of the world."

I cannot say I pitied him in the least when he received the contents of at least a dozen muskets in his bosom, beside more wounds than Cesar, from the daggers of the enemy; for I thought it no more than his treachery merited; but, I must say, that I was greatly astonished in the next scene to behold my friend officiating at a banquet, and very effectually, too, considering he had been twice murdered in the last hour. He was

killed again toward the end of the piece; but I saw his face afterward through a hole in one of the columns, giving a brother actor the *cue*. I think they called him *Durey*, a clever little fellow, highly appreciated as a prompter.

I do not know any thing more amusing than to see a regular stage hero or heroine read or write a letter. When they open one, purporting to contain a long story, they peruse the whole three pages at half a glance, gaining by intuition a knowledge of all the details before any other human being could get further than "dear sir." Nothing can exceed their rapidity in reading except their despatch in answering it. Such people would be invaluable in a counting house.

Beside these useful faculties, stage players possess numerous others, which seem the peculiar gifts of fortune. They can hear footsteps, for instance, long before they approach; and that, too, by cataracts and in tempests; and I have known a sharp eyed fellow make no ceremony of seeing through a wall, with a distinctness that cannot be too highly commended. There is one gentleman who, in this particular, really deserves well of the audience. He was the other evening enjoying himself with the idea that his uncle was in a foreign country, when he suddenly started up, looked at a closed door, clasping his hands together, and exclaiming, "Gracious heavens, my uncle!" after which the door opened, and his uncle made his appearance. The person who sustained the same part on a subsequent occasion, however, rather outdid him. When he clasped his hands together, and cried, "Gracious heavens, my uncle!" he looked steadily to the right side of the room, while his uncle was coming on from the left. By this means he had an opportunity of giving a second start, much more natural than the first, and thereby got a round of applause.

The characters on the stage are different, in a great many other respects, from those every day people whom we meet with in real life. A gentleman in the outer world, when he is really intent on glory, and resolved to contribute all in his power toward gaining a battle, generally falls to work forthwith, and stands his chance with the rest of being knocked on the head, run through

the body, or shot down. Theatrical warriors are not always in such a hurry. It has often struck mé, that Richard the Third was rather getting out of the scrape, in the last scene of that play, when he leaves the noise of the battle at a distance, and comes in alone, notwithstanding his bragging that there must be six Richmonds in the field, five of whom he has just slain. But in this he merely follows the fashion of his companions, as I have several times remarked a prodigiously valorous hero, on the eve of an engagement, shouting out "victory or death!" so fiercely, that I thought the enemy had better keep an eye on their own affairs; but, instead of following his soldiers into the midst of the conflict, according to their expectation as well as mine, he would stay behind and sing a song, sometimes with an *encore*, leaving his army to get along by themselves. It is astonishing, too, what respect a general often receives in the very fury and clash of a fight. You shall hear at one moment all the horrid din of war; but, in the next, when he begins to speak, the drummers and trumpeters on both sides instantly drop their instruments; the parties remain silent; the dying cease to groan, till the speech is spoken, after which the awful confusion is renewed more dreadfully than ever. This example in good breeding is very properly adopted by the elements; as you may observe the sky always thunders in the right place, and stops until the hero before the audience has finished delivering his opinions upon any subject. I must confess here, however, that I have heard the thunder come before the lightning, and, notwithstanding the usual praise the wind gets for swiftness, I have known it to be a little after its time; as, for example, a short period since, as a lady in an old castle was sitting up very late for her lover, she broke in upon a dead silence with the exclamation, "Bless my soul, how the wind blows!" or something more elegantly expressed, but to the same effect, whereupon the wind, as if it had forgotten its part before, and intended then to make up in energy for its want of punctuality, commenced blowing such a sudden and boisterous blast, accompanied by the washing of rain, as drew from the house several manifestations of delight.

There is a young gentleman in one of the theatres

often set to personate robbers, who, I think, deserves the thanks of the human race for having greatly improved upon and mollified the manners of that wicked profession. They used to be extremely rough and brutal in their address; but, in his hands, they have a mildness of demeanor, and a general grace, very interesting. It never fails to soften me with an agreeable surprise when he comes on as that one of the murderers in Macbeth who tells the tyrant,

> "I am one, my liege,
> Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world
> Have so incensed, that I am reckless what
> I do, to spite the world."

While delivering this amiable confession, he is so careful to turn his toes out, and step like a gentleman, that you cannot help thinking the poor cut throat was brought up in good society, and could dance very prettily, if he only had a mind. The same original taste which metamorphoses his assassins into decent fellows, makes him play servants like heroes. I am certain if my footman should enter to announce company with his majesty of stride, or hand me a letter, or a cup of coffee, with such an elegant flourish, I should set him down for some great nobleman in disguise, and if I had a daughter, she should be looked to.

There is one point for which the subordinate members of our dramatic companies in this city have never been sufficiently appreciated. I mean the wonderful success with which they have disciplined themselves in the practice of the stoical philosophy. We have numerous anecdotes of ancient worthies, who met the most appalling reverses of fortune with composure; but my opinion is, that our supernumeraries could, as the saying is, beat them and give them ten. With what a noble tranquility they pass through a revolution, or an earthquake; and how some of the ladies hold up their dress from the dust, while flying from the eruption of Mount Vesuvius. The assassination of a man, the falling of a castle, or even the rising of a ghost or two, has no more effect on their even nerves than if they were so many statues. So careless, indeed, are they of those influences which affect other men, that when the French

army, in a late spectacle, were climbing Mount St. Bernard, where, if there is any truth in appearances, the thermometer must have been ten degrees below zero, the guide, after having stamped his feet and breathed on his finger ends, sat down on a piece of ice, and took off his hat while he ate his dinner. But this is nothing to the boldness of a thief, who crept one night into the house of a rich burgher; and, when once fairly in, instead of taking what he came for, stopped to make a speech, in which he regretted exceedingly that he had not been able to hit upon some better expedient for raising the wind, in a tone of voice loud enough to awaken even a New York watchman.

THOMAS ADDIS EMMET.

We remember to have once heard this gifted advocate under very interesting and imposing circumstances. A pure hearted and excellent old man had been ruined in all his prospects by slander of the blackest die. His family were rendered wretched and degraded. He had been himself expelled from the Church with dishonor. His aged mother had actually died of grief and shame, and his own gray hairs were nearly brought down in sorrow to the grave. The inventor and circulator of all these calumnies was a powerfully formed immense dark-looking man, who had sworn his destruction, and came near accomplishing his oath. His victim had shrunk from a public exposure, as it involved family secrets of a sacred nature, and had gone to his persecutor with streaming eyes and tremulous voice, and besought him to recall the dreadful assertions, and spare him the necessity, the anguish, of appealing to a public tribunal of justice. These solicitations were repulsed with bitter scorn, and the unhappy old man saw himself, although sinking into the very shadow of the grave, compelled to plunge into the whirl and clash of an exciting law suit. He was the more led on to this from the idea that the defendant, when convinced of his resolution to resort to

a legal examination of the affair, would yield him an apology. So far from doing so, however, was he, that he placed upon record, as the phrase is, all his charges, and announced his determination and power to prove their truth. The old man was struck with horror, and his friends with amazement and doubt. What might not be accomplished by so desperate a foe? What dark and fatal scheme must he not have engendered, that he thus confidently advanced to the conflict? What might not hatred, backed by gold, have effected? What bad and licentious men, ever to be found in populous cities, might not have been summoned—for there are such who would commit perjury for hire as carelessly as look in the face of the blue heaven? We were witness to the fear and agony of the plaintiff when the day of trial arrived. He was amiable and sensitive, and recoiled from the approaching developments. He entreated that the action might be withdrawn. He said he was a wretched and a ruined man. He would fly to some distant country, and spend the brief remnant of his life in obscurity and shame. We heard also the calm, encouraging voice of his counsel, cheering up his drooping hopes, and breathing balm into his wounded soul. The testimony was a mass of chaos. At the close of it the court appeared embarrassed and the jury bewildered. Only a powerful, gigantic, and practical mind could grasp it in all its ramifications, separate the improbable and inconsistent from the rest, and so arrange it as to demonstrate the simple truth. It was twelve at night when, after several days' investigation, it became the duty of Mr. Emmet to sum up. The trial had excited a general sensation. The very hall before the court room was crowded, and in the apartment itself such a throng had gained entrance that the long windows, the embrasures, the columns, and indeed every object where a human foot could brace itself or a hand cling, was occupied. It was a thrilling picture in the depth of that night within the walls of the high chamber. The judges on their benches—the jury—the lawyers ranged around in various attitudes, all expressive of interest and anxiety—the dense mass of beings among whom ran the murmur of anxious expectation, the despairing and half broken hearted form of the plaintiff,

his care worn forehead and few white hairs, the calm figure of the orator rising in the midst, with his time stricken head; and, with his elbow leaning on the table and his chin upon his clenched fist, the defendant—his mouth half curled into a triumphant and audacious smile—his eyes lighted up under their black brows—and his savage countenance turned boldly upon the face of that fine old man, as if striving to abash or intimidate him from the performance of his duty. The presumptuous traitor little dreamed of the thunders that slept in his peaceful breast, or thought how near was the moment when that mild voice, whose gentleness had made him bold, should fall on his ear and his soul like burning fire, and make him writhe as if beneath the lash of a fury.

After a moment's pause, during which the lowest breath seemed to have been hushed, so unbroken was the silence, the object of our remarks entered upon the examination of the evidence. It was his way to first review the testimony dispassionately and logically, without any appeal to the feelings of the jury, till, by an ingenious course of reasoning he had demonstrated his point. As he reached this crisis the scornful self possession of the defendant gradually deepened into a scowl of bitter and desperate hate and defiance—he fixed his eyes steadily on the being who was with the hand of a Titan hurling back upon his head the mountains of obloquy he had heaped on the plaintiff. When the speaker had made the innocence of his client—not only his innocence, but his benevolence and his virtue, shine out to the understanding of all present with a noonday clearness, he turned to the savage face which was fiercely glaring upon him, and, changing his course, like a hawk when he leaves the clouds to dart upon his prey, he seized upon his character and conduct, and held them up to the public deprecation in all the naked hideousness of cruelty, treachery, and guilt. We never have beheld the splendid triumph of intellect over physical ferocity so illustrated. The nerve appeared to desert the features of the conquered slanderer. He seemed struggling to escape from the lightnings that were falling upon him like "death shots thick and fast," and, after a futile attempt to rise, as if to revenge himself by personal violence, he sank back into his

seat, and, bending down his head, hid his abashed and blighted forehead in darkness and shame. The effect was tremendous. The damages of the jury were only limited by the pecuniary means of the defendant, and the plaintiff, who had entered the room in the evening a shunned being, sinking beneath a blackened fame, went forth with the halo of innocence beaming around his brow.

THE CARELESS MAN.

"It's dreadful! it's wonderful! there is no reliance to be placed on any thing he says or does. If you lend him a book, you might as well fling it into the fire. Whatever he touches he destroys; and if you call his aid in any matter of importance, you may set it down as a failure of course. There is a fatality about him which brings trouble and confusion wherever he goes. He is the best hearted fellow you ever saw; would not do any one an injury for the world, if he could help it, and would sooner die than be guilty of a deliberate falsehood; yet he is, as matters stand, a most untrustworthy and unfortunate reprobate of a gentleman, and wastes his whole life in awkward blunders."

This eulogy was intended, fair reader, for your humble servant, the unhappy author of this very discourse. Yes! alas that it should be so, I am that wretch; shunned by all—a careless man. I am not afflicted with that which essayists denominate absence of mind. That is generally excused, as it seems pardon is more easily procured for the greatest crimes. I do not swallow my dice and fling my wine into the back gammon board; nor inquire for letters at the post office without being able to recollect my name; but my disease occupies the middle point between that, and what, it seems, ought to be the character of a gentleman and man of the world. Now concerning the reason of this crack in my brain, I am most lamentably in the dark. Is it organization, or is it habit? If the former, why should I be

censured; if the latter, why have not I been successful in my long and repeated efforts to remedy the error? You will suggest, perhaps, that I have not been sufficiently persevering in my endeavors; or that my parents and instructers have not superintended my education with proper care. No; I assure you in confidence, if scolding and browbeating could have done it—if hearing my fault rung into my wearied ears, from my earliest boyhood to the present moment—if the consciousness that I am regarded with a suspicious eye by all my friends, in matters of moment—if mortification, ridicule, disappointment, and many a schoolboy beating could have ground this stain from my character, I should now be a pattern of punctuality and prudence. Alas! the more they bullied and beat, and the more in after life I have writhed under the unpleasant consequences of my provoking propensity, the more confirmed it seems to be; the more miserable, the more intolerable.

At school I was noted, and bore the blame for every accident which occurred, whether in reality I was guilty or not.

"Take care, Peter," said my master to me one day as I was just completing a copy, with more than ordinary neatness; "take care, Peter! My son, that's very well; that's the best thing you have done this week."

I was very proud of his approbation, and before his eyes were off the book I executed a little flourish with my pen; the demon that presides over my destiny brought my elbow in contact with the inkstand, and, how I know not, swept the full contents exactly across the page, and liberally sprinkled the white dress of my rash admirer.

Innumerable were the accidents which I suffered from this woful lack of presence of mind and attention. If we walked abroad for pleasure, and any one stepped into a ditch, it was I; if we went to skait, and one fell into the awfully cold water, (oh! the breathless sensation of a sudden sowse into a wintry pond—the surprise and horror as the crackling and slippery cakes of ice splinter and shiver, and give way beneath your feet—the convulsive struggles to avoid your fate—the desperate

conviction that you are *in*, and the reckless exertions to get out again,) I was sure to be the one. It seemed that even in cases which could not possibly have been influenced by any carelessness of mine, I was sure to be the victim. The bees all stung me; the snakes chased me; thunder showers waited for me to go out, and then poured down their unexpected floods, when I was exactly at a point the farthest from home; and if by chance any one gave me an umbrella, or, resolved to escape without a ducking, I ran my breath fairly out of my body, I could no sooner get safely ensconced under some protecting shed, than the whole heavens would be sure to brighten up, and the clouds break away. You may smile, if you please, incredulous reader, but, as Jack Falstaff says, "is not the truth—the truth?" Why, I was once chased round the corner by a sky rocket! I am a much abused man. I never poke the fire without (not a polite but an expressive word) *bumping* my head; and if there is a barrel with a nail sticking out from it in all New York, or a newly painted entry, or a ship just *tarred*, circumstances occur so that I am mysteriously led into contact with them. In conversation I am the same; and am equally certain to run my boat upon every rock and quicksand which lurk under the surface of society, visible to all but myself. We were talking of a famous beauty, who had just left the room.

"She is certainly a fine looking woman," said a lady, who herself made pretensions to elegance of person.

"Yes, but," added I, "she has red hair. I can't endure red hair. A woman might be as beautiful as Venus, and if she had red hair I could never—"

"Never what?" said my companion, in a voice so snappish and changed, that it arrested my discourse at once.

I looked up. Her hair was beautiful, fine, and silky, but the tinge which I was deprecating preponderated in a most unequivocal manner.

I trembled to reflect upon the number of albums I have spoiled; of illegible letters I have written; of choice dresses I have ruined by spattering gravy to the right and left, when elected by the suffrages of my companions to fill the distinguished office of carver. I

lately spent a week at a celebrated place of summer resort, where I accompanied several ladies and gentlemen, whose acquaintance I had there made, upon a fishing excursion. To rig out such a medley of nautical inexperience and timid beauty for action is a job about as intricate and difficult as to fit a man of war for sea; at length, however, all arrangements were completed, the boat was laden, pushed off, rowed out to a spot famous as the haunt of the finest fish. Sleeves were tucked up, seats selected, jokes passed, and divers important preliminaries settled. The ladies admired the *blueness* of the distant shore, the gentlemen pronounced the day auspicious for the sport, as the brightness of the heavens was softened by a few light clouds, which spread themselves out like a gauze over its azure bosom. Our wit had made a pun, (there is always sure to be wit on such occasions,) and our poet had given vent to his anticipations in divers quotations, and particularly those exquisite lines of Thompson:

> "If yet too young, and easily deceived,
> A worthless prey scarce bends your pliant rod,
> Him, piteous of his youth, and the short time
> He has enjoyed the vital light of heaven,
> Soft disengage, and back into the stream
> The speckled captive throw."

"But come," said the wit, who also in this instance happened to be a thorough bred sportsman, and had rather catch a bass than hear that the Poles had beaten the Russians, "come," said he, "in my opinion you had better catch your fish before you dispose of them." 'To cook a dolphin,' you know, '*catch* a dolphin'—eh —ha, ha, ha! Tom, sit in the stern—we shall make a glorious day of it. Harry, where are the lines?"

"I put them all together in a little basket," said Harry, "and gave them to Tom."

"Where are they, Tom?"

"I gave them to Peter."

He turned to me—my heart sunk—I had brought no basket. I recollected some one's having handed me something at the hotel—and there I had left it.

A general expression of disappointment burst forth. I had to stand the reproachful glances of three or four

pair of brilliant eyes, beside the woful hammerings of my own conscience.

I was subpœned some time ago to give my testimony in a cause of importance, in which I could have served a valued friend if I had attended to my duty. It seems the whole trial turned upon the point which it was supposed I was about to elucidate.

"Now, gentlemen of the jury," said the counsellor, with a sly, triumphant air, passing the palm of his hand across his chin, "I'll call one more witness. He was present during the whole time, gentlemen; and as my learned friend and opponent has demanded, if the words were said, where are our witnesses, we answer confidently, here; and will abide by his testimony. Officer, call Mr. Peter N."

I had just arrived in court, in obedience to the subpœna, and with as little knowledge of the matter as any one present.

I responded with due deliberation to the prefatory interrogations, as—"Is your name Peter N.?" "Do you know the parties?" &c. &c.

"And now, Mr. N., do you remember having been requested by the defendant in this case to accompany him to the house of the plaintiff, in order to hear what passed between them?"

"I do, sir."

"And you went?"

"I did, sir."

"Now, please to tell the jury what you heard upon that occasion. Mr. N., gentlemen of the jury, is a respectable citizen. His statement is to be depended on."

There was a situation. I recollected having gone to the house, but while the parties were discussing matters together, my attention had been attracted by a beautiful tortoise shell kitten. I brought forth my pocket handkerchief, and proceeded to provoke the gambols of the pretty pet, without the slightest regard to what was passing around.

I stammered. The lawyer looked surprised, displeased, and whispered to his client; the gentlemen of the jury put their heads together, and a titter ran through the crowd, while the calm, encouraging voice of

the judge—"Go on, Mr. N., speak up," sounded to me like a knell. And thus my friend lost his cause for a kitten.

I have confined myself in this communication exclusively to the consequences of my fault in trifles. The task of illustrating its effects in more important matters would be too laborious at present; but, as far as trifles can tend to ruffle the tranquility of life, they disturb mine. Among the thousand by which I am continually injured, I have at this moment painful recollections of gloves and umbrellas left—no one knows where; sallies made into the street, with a pen behind my ear; mysterious separations from keys, pencil cases, and pen knives; blotting letters, or writing over the place intended for the superscription; running against lamp posts, and treading into mud puddles; leaving open private letters and journals in mixed companies, and amusing myself during an unavoidably protracted absence, with exaggerated fancies respecting the number of "good natured friends" who might while away a leisure hour, by peeping into the same; and, after hurrying through the fiercely glaring heat of a summer day, to meet a party for an excursion of pleasure, arriving just as the steam boat has separated three yards from the dock, with all your friends' faces, and some two or three hundred strangers, gazing at your fruitless exhaustion without taking any particular pains to disguise their amusement. I could enlarge, Messrs. Editors, upon these miseries; I could work them up, till they would bring tears into your eyes; but I have dropped a fine new pen, and put my foot on it, my penknife I lent to somebody last night, and I write these last few lines with a pencil, which is just worn down to the end.

CONSUMPTION.

If the reader of this paper has ever chanced to cast his eyes through a medical book, he must have been struck with the appalling variety of diseases to which

he is exposed. There is something hideous in the contemplation of these hidden dangers—these terrible things suspended over our heads in the midst of festivity, like the sword of Damocles by a single hair. We blame youth for its thoughtlessness. Ah, it is its joy and its shield, bestowed upon it by the same benevolent nature which has folded up the tender bud in its green mantle before it has itself sufficient strength to bear the fierce heat of noon or the damp coldness of the evening. If the young possessed the dreadful faculty of perceiving all the dark repulsive passages through which the path of life may lead, they would shrink back, amazed and affrighted, from such numberless perils.

If, as some of the superstitious nations of the east have taught, the affairs of the earth sometimes fall under the control of a mighty spirit of evil, we should mark the monstrous and loathsome shapes which disease assumes in its attacks upon our helpless fellow creatures, as striking manifestations of his unrelenting malice and of his wonderful power.

There is one kind of death which we mourn with feelings unmingled with bitterness. It is the gradual decay of the decrepid and aged. Indeed, when we consider the situation to which the weight of years reduces a human being, we cannot but confess that the portals of the grave exclude such a time stricken and feeble creature from little worth regretting. In him disease appears in its most friendly aspect. It has waited until he has run through all life's pleasures, tested its hopes, acknowledged the emptiness of its grandeur, and exhausted all its sources of mirth and joy. I cannot mourn keenly when the remains of such an one are laid in the ground. I reflect—the ship has arrived at its port; the flower has budded and bloomed, and is giving place to another; the oil of the lamp is burnt out, and the flame expires. But oh! when youth and vigor and hope are summoned! When death comes to them arrayed in its hideousness—breaking in upon the happiness of a cheerful scene—racking the bones—wasting the flesh—sending fever through the blood, and wrenching the brain to madness—playing its tremendous experiments of torture upon the fragile form of loveliness, which the tenderness of parents and friends had hitherto scarcely permit-

ted "the winds of summer to visit too roughly," tearing it from gay prospects of bliss and the convulsive grasp of affection—then must the weak mortal cover up his face and shudder in silence, and wonder at the inscrutable decrees of Providence.

In this respect fate seems to have been kinder to the brute creation than to man. The voracity with which they prey upon each other renders the number which die by a natural death but small, and we have no reason to suppose that their diseases in variety and pain at all equal our own.

Can there be a more melancholy spectacle than a man, in the prime of life, gradually yielding to some fatal malady? Every day he feels himself growing more passive in its embrace. If sickness chain him to his weary couch, week after week, month after month, glides away. He watches the progress of the shadows as they note the passing hours upon the walls of his darkened and gloomy chamber. Perhaps he remains in this dreadful state during the revolution of all the seasons. He hears them shovelling off the heavy heaps of snow from the pavement beneath his window—and he sees its white and flaky masses piled up on the sill, and freezing in sparkling crystal upon the frosted glass. Then it passes away and the spring sun gleams in upon his hollow cheeks and wasted system—and perhaps he hears the voice of a bird, venting the gushing fulness of its heart in music, as if there were no panting invalid creeping forth from the chill shadows of death to breathe in the scented air, and feel its "invisible fingers" play with the locks upon his skeleton forehead, and warm his dying heart with recollections of youth and hope and love. What reflections must pass through the mind of such a creature!

I once spent several weeks in the town of ——, and became there acquainted with a young gentleman, who was wasting away with a slow consumption. He resided in the hotel where I lodged. His person, I was told, had been remarkably handsome, and his face still bore the traces of a high order of beauty. His well formed mouth still expressed with force the various moods of his mind; and his eyes, which were very large, and of a deep black, were full of power and meaning. His

prospects had been of a most agreeable kind before the disease attacked him. He was rapidly rising in his profession, and was about to be united to a young girl who has since married another. I felt deeply for him; and my sympathy, which he was not long in perceiving, was the foundation of an attachment which strengthened till he died. His heart, which seemed to have been absolutely frozen to all the rest of the world, enjoyed delight in pouring out all its feelings to me. He found a strange fascination in dwelling upon the incidents of his early life—his proud hopes—his haughty hatred of cowardice and oppression—his love of women and children—his enjoyment of music—and the eagerness with which he had once prepared to participate in the beautiful things of the world.

We sat together one afternoon in his chamber. The sun was setting, and shed a crimson light. Masses of illumined clouds were thronging around the departing orb of day, some burnished with fiery red, some bound with a dazzling fringe of gold, and others melting and sinking into a sea of rich orange, which flooded the whole heavens with its radiant waves.

The glory of the sky had also fallen upon the earth, which presented a little landscape to the eyes of the short breathing invalid, of most perfect loveliness. There was a valley, a meadow of the deepest green, a wood within whose shadowy recesses the gaze strove to pierce in vain, and a grove of tall oaks, upon a lawn which was beautifully marked with their lengthened and gigantic shadows, as the level beams streamed through the unmoving branches. A river sometimes disclosed its silver bosom, winding with a graceful sweep by its fringed banks, and stealing silently off into the quiet of the forest. A holy repose hushed all nature. The very cattle which reclined around looked like paintings, and the tinkle of the sheep's bell, heard in the distance at intervals, was the only sound which told that the scene was more than an enchanting vision.

My poor friend gazed in silence. His eyes passed over the glowing ocean of splendor above, and the picture scene which lay in tranquil beauty around. At first his face beamed only awakened rapture at the triumph of nature. Then a shadow passed over it, as

if a thought of his own contrasted fate were stirring at his heart, till at length, he closed the heavy lids of his sick looking eyes, and I saw them swollen gradually with large tears, which stole silently out from the long lashes, and rolled down his haggard cheeks.

He extended his hand for mine, and pressed it to his lips, and then spoke in a low voice, and without opening his eyes.

"It is an awful thing to die—to go down from this brightness, this gorgeous beauty of nature, into the cold dark grave. To know never again the warm raptures which were but now thrilling across my heart strings. To be withdrawn from the living; to moulder away into worthless dust; to have the worm at my bosom; to forget; to be forgotten!"

His lips quivered, his frame trembled; he leant down his head; he buried it in my bosom and wept. I knew that tears would relieve him, and after a pause, attempted to offer religious consolation. He remained in this situation for some time in silence. At length he said, "You are right. I am ashamed of this weakness. I thought I could fall with as much dignity as Cesar; and so I could under any *sudden* blow; but this protracted and weary disease unmans me, and gives me too much time for reflection; and reflection paints the world in such colors that I cannot but leave it with regret. Oh! knew you but the visions which have thronged through my imagination while imprisoned within this narrow apartment. I have busied myself during the slowly dragging hours of midnight in remembering and in fancying. I have been a warrior in the field; I have been a traveller, musing on the wonders of foreign lands; I have been a husband, and a father. I have shaken the senate with eloquence; have roused the public with poetry; I have been an actor, wielding all the passions of nature; and a wealthy man, purchasing all happiness that earth can know. These are the shadows which have enlivened my solitude, and beguiled my tedious time, with an amusement which, after all, was wretchedness. And oh! could I but tell you, in the deep watches of the night how the bright scenes of nature have come up to my mind. When the wintry storm was beating against the house, and shrieking and

sighing and groaning through the deserted halls; when the fierce angry wind coursed through the air like a very demon, and shook the rattling windows in their casements, with what a wonderful vividness the summer luxuriance of this fair earth has flowed up to my fancy; the calm old woods, the glad streams, the buds and flowers. I have seen the proud ship, her snowy sails set, rising and falling upon the blue ocean billows; and then a bright and sunny green bank, scented with clover, and thronged with the faces of those I had loved; music breathing, eyes flashing, lips smiling, sweet voices mingling, waters, birds, and branches gleaming around deliciously, till it grew to be a perfect reality, on which I gazed with an excess of trembling pleasure: then, with a loathsome change, that ran with shuddering horror through every nerve of my body, awful images of death crowded upon me; coffins, and the drapery of black palls glided with a ghostly silence about the room; and figures in white, with ghastly faces, beckoning me; and once a newly dug grave, with sods and spades lying beside it; and a procession, with a gloomy, dead, stiff form, stretched out, which I knew to be myself; living, but unable to move or speak—a monstrous nightmare—till the whole vision melted into a general horror, and I awoke screaming, struggling, trembling, and felt my wasted and shrivelled limbs, and gasped for the breath which I knew would soon pass for ever away."

A few days after this interview I was called suddenly from the village, and on my return, after the expiration of a few weeks, I left my horse at a neighboring stable, and walked toward the hotel. It was just such a radiant afternoon as that which I have endeavored to describe.

"My poor friend!" I thought, "perhaps he is even now sitting by the window, and brooding over his unhappy doom."

As I passed by the little church, and the few simple graves gleamed with their white monuments, through the palings of the fence, I perceived one newly erected. It bore the name of him who then was uppermost in my thoughts. I looked over into the peaceful yard, and on the grassy mound.

There is no philosophy like the contemplation of a new grave, while the voice of its tenant is yet ringing in your ear. The sun had gone down from the darkened heavens, and the dimmest of the stars sent its trembling beams through the dewy shadows before I shook off my reverie and turned my steps homeward.

GLANCES AT THE DRAMA.

In a paper headed "Dramatic Improbabilities," and published not long since in the Mirror, there are remarks which I learn some persons, who suppose themselves alluded to, take very much to heart. The young gentleman who personates robbers, on perusing the allusions to his style of playing them, I am told, looked and acted more naturally like a desperate fellow behind the scenes than he had ever done on the stage. Indeed, a friend of his was heard to observe that if he would put on the same expression and attitude before the audience which he assumed on that occasion, he might go to Brooklyn as a *star*, and instead of playing the robber, even appear as Macbeth himself I should, however, sincerely regret to see him lay aside that genteel address which marks every part he is put in. If there must be throats cut and people poisoned, why not have it done in a gracious and quiet way? It must greatly diminish the horror of assassination in the eyes of the unfortunate victim, to have the deed perpetrated with a proper attention to those little elegancies of manner which add so much to the enjoyment of life. It is well known that a man who had been rescued from drowning by the exertions of a passenger, once brought an action against his deliverer, in consequence of the injuries which he had inflicted on his person while taking him from the stream. If, then, saving one's life roughly be a cause of anger, why may not destroying it in a polite way, induce a species of gratitude? For my part, I think the young man is right. So far from wishing him to pay the slightest attention to those critics who sneer

at all improvement, and are unable to keep pace with the march of intellect, the next time he is cast in a murderer, instead of blacking his face with burnt cork, and gluing on the usual ferocity, in the shape of beard and mustachios, I advise him to wear small clothes, silk stockings, and a powdered wig, and never to end any mortal's existence without first giving a satisfactory reason and apologizing for the liberty he takes. If he will do this, I here pledge myself to stand by him against the critics, as the Scottish tyrant observes, "come what, come may."

My informant also adds that the ladies who, I said, held up their dresses from the dust, while flying from the eruption of Mount Vesuvius, discover considerable triumph at a species of anachronism in which they have detected me, and wish me to explain how they could hold up their garments when every one knows that the prevailing fashion of female attire renders such a proceeding altogether unnecessary and highly improper.

Beside these, the man that manages the wind and thunder, says his feelings are much hurt at the notice I took of one of his tempests, which happened to be a little behind hand. He declares that on that occasion the individual who works the moon sent it up ten minutes before the time, which compelled him to wait.

Notwithstanding these discouraging circumstances, I am resolved to go on with my design of exposing to view what ever I can detect contrary to reason or modesty. Even last night I noticed a girl so completely ruined both in innocence, happiness, and reputation, that my heart bled for her; and, although I think suicide a dreadful crime, I almost pardoned her when she ran off the stage, declaring her intention to fling herself into the sea. When she proceeded to carry her design into execution, the waves washed her ashore, whereupon she stepped forward with an inimitable archness and grace, and danced a merry hornpipe to such lively music, that I could scarcely sit still in my seat. By the way, while touching upon the impropriety of being so extremely cheerful while one is so exceedingly unhappy, I must take the audience a little to task for the palpable want of sympathy which they sometimes betray, with the most affecting accidents and agonies of all sorts going on

before their eyes. I have seen them take snuff in the midst of a battle, and make fun of an excellent gentleman who was about to be broken on the wheel. They button up their coats and prepare to go out for beer while a hero is dying; and I have known a brace of strapping citizens eat peanuts with an unfeeling avidity, while even female virtue and beauty were in distress. I cannot judge of the feelings of the characters most concerned, but as for myself, if any thing could heighten the pain of misfortune, or make the stings of remorse more intolerable, it would be seeing or hearing a bystander eat peanuts.

There is a gentleman at one of the theatres who often wears his hat in a drawing room with ladies. This, although not well bred, would appear less remarkable if he did not so frequently come bareheaded into the woods. Indeed, the hat is an article not sufficiently considered on the stage, which is never owing to necessity, but always to carelessness. It has struck me, too, as very odd, when pretty young women are met rambling in pathless forests in spotless white muslin, and without any bonnets. Though my readers may smile, I cannot but think a stricter attention to these and similar circumstances, trifling as they are, would add to the illusion of the scene. When the stage presents an ocean, sometimes so agitated by a tempest as to shipwreck a large merchantman, I have seen occasionally a supernumerary walk through it as unconcernedly as if he had been a mermaid. The extraordinary delight which the audience invariably manifest on the occurrence of these mistakes, must be gratifying to the performer, who is perhaps in the middle of a sentimental soliloquy, or relating his woes to them. If I did not fear to be set down as presuming in thus lecturing the public, I should here again remind them of the numerous instances where they break into merriment at some common place trifle, which has nothing to do with the play, and thereby destroy the spell. I have heard a dying man utter his last request amid shouts of laughter. A mistake happening on the stage is likely at all times to excite more notice than a humorous expression; and when a fellow coming on to hand a letter hits his foot and stumbles, from the general pleasure visible in the

countenances of the spectators, you would think it one of the wittiest things possible.

I have been troubled with the guns used by persons on the stage, which, in an emergency, nearly bring the whole company to a stand by refusing to go off; yet the person who is to die knows his part is to fall, without inquiring whether the piece is regularly discharged or not. Many a clever fellow is shot in this way with an amiable understanding between him and his murderer, not often met with among the best of friends.

I was much edified lately by a scene, where a person fired two pistols, each of which killed its man. The scene was changed, but as one of the bodies in the agonies of death had fallen too far out, it was knocked by the half of a handsome palace, which was just then making its appearance. The poor dead man, seeing no one near to take him away, concluded he had best do it himself, and actually jumped up with great agility, and scrambled out on all fours, upon which the audience were manifestly delighted, and gave him three rounds of applause, accompanied with many gratified smiles in token of their pleasure at his unexpected recovery.

I have seen a large rock shake at the touch of a careless actor, and beheld trees which stood unmoved during all the horrors of a dramatic storm, tremble if any one perchance laid a hand upon them. I have known days, nights, and years to pass away while the musicians were playing yankee doodle; and I remember to have once been sadly puzzled upon beholding a charming girl make her appearance, who gave me to understand that she was the person I had half an hour ago beheld carried out in a bundle not much larger than my hat.

I shall conclude this article with a word to the managers on the subject of *double entendres*, or indelicacies of any description. Custom has, in a degree, sanctioned the admission of incidents and language in a play, the mention of which would be intolerable in private circles. An allusion made by a great author like Shakspeare, from the force of the moral which it inculcates, may, perhaps, not be without its excuse; but when one of these falls to the part of a performer, who, despairing of the approbation of the wise, is satisfied with the coarse applause of the vulgar, he gives it so

much emphasis, and makes it stare every one so broadly in the face, that fathers who have daughters in the boxes secretly resolve they will not for the future expose themselves to so much obscenity. He who on such occasions were to boldly hiss, would certainly find others to join him, and must render a service to every modest female accustomed to attend the exhibition, and in the end to the theatre itself. The delivering these vulgarities is, I acknowledge, not the actor's fault, who must, by the rules of the establishment, speak what is set down for him. It is the manager's duty to purify the pieces from all allusions from which an innocent girl must shrink. But when this is not done, the actor, by passing it over lightly and carelessly, shows a kind of noble generosity in sacrificing a round of acclamation from the pit, for the sake of a few whose feelings he is unwilling to wound. I have detected several actors in doing this silent act of goodness. It shows not only a praiseworthy confidence in their own powers, which persuades them to violate no decency for the sake of applause, but also it discovers a clear head and sound heart, and I commend them as models to the attention of the rest of the company.

THE NEAT MAN.

It was really delightful to look at him. Such teeth, such hands, such a foot. His boots shone like mirrors even in the muddiest season, and his cravat and collar had a grace, easy, uniform and natural, like the bend of the autumn forest boughs, or the half curl of rose leaves in June. I never strained harder to grasp a problem in Euclid than I have teazed my imagination to conjecture, "how in the name of all the gods at once," he kept his hat in such a state of everlasting and inexpressible *brushed-up-ness;* and as for his garments—by Apollo! I believe there was some chemistry about them—some inherent principle of repulsion, by which all the specks and atoms which congregate so familiarly

upon the habiliments of other people, were repelled from the magic circle of Mr. John Jackson.

I have spent whole hours before the looking glass absorbed in experiments upon cravat knots, vests, &c. I have wasted incredible amounts of the circulating medium upon whisks, whisker curlers, patent stocks, and other auxiliaries, by which the uninitiated strive to appear like gentlemen; and I have brushed my hat, at the particular request of some of my friends, till the rims and edges afford the most melancholy presages of a premature end. Fruitless labors, vain hopes! The distance between myself and the neat gentleman continues still immeasurable. Mr. Jackson is held up before me as a model; and the agreeable insinuation "only see how Mr. Jackson looks," has been dinned in my ears till I conceived an utter hatred for the man. I was tired of hearing Aristides for ever called the just.

Notwithstanding many bereavements, fate has left me a pair of sisters, who themselves are addicted to neatness. It is an incurable complaint, indeed, in every member of our family except my unfortunate self. As for me, I am guiltless of any such habits. I have indistinct recollections from my earliest boyhood of divers rebukes and horror struck examinations by parents, sisters, nurses, schoolmasters and friends. My shoe strings were dangling about my feet—my hat band hung down over my shoulders. I bit off the fingers of my gloves, and clambered into trees in my new clothes. Early habits are faithful friends. They stick to you through good and evil.

"Oh, Tom," said one of my sisters to me the other day, as I came in to accompany them to a little merry making among their young friends, "are you going in this style to Mrs. B's?"

"Dear me," exclaimed Mary, with an expression of despair, "where in the world have you been? Only look at your coat." And she took hold of the flap daintily with her thumb and finger.

I had been down in South steeet, leaning against a flour barrel.

"And I should like to know, Tom," said Julia, "when you brushed your hat?"

"Last Wednesday," said I.

"Dear me, your cravat is all awry; and let me comb the hair from your forehead—and let me put on this clean cravat—and do fling away that great ugly silk handkerchief and take this white one."

With these, and a few dozen other gratifying marks of approbation, they proceeded to fix me up so as to be "fit to be seen."

"Oh!" exclaimed Mary, casting her beautiful blue eyes pathetically toward heaven, "oh, if Tom were only as neat as Mr. Jackson."

It so happened that in the little vicissitudes of city life, I was some time after a lodger in a boarding house, and the very first evening which I spent under the roof, the conversation at tea table turned upon one of the boarders, a Mr. Somebody, whose name I did not hear.

"He was the neatest man they ever saw; he walked through mud and was not soiled; was caught in a shower and not wet; he could go out when the wind was blowing a gale, and not a hair of his head or his hat would be out of order."

"And he is just so in his room," said the respectable fat old female head of the family, "his little arrangements are as nice and regular as clock work."

My heart sunk within me. "It must be Jackson," thought I. The door opened, and the identical subject of my ruminations came forward gracefully, and proceeded forthwith to take his tea. He was perfect wax work. "My sisters are right," thought I. "I wish I was as neat as Mr. Jackson."

A short residence in the family made me more familiarly acquainted with him. I found him a man of business, a merchant, rich, intelligent, and amiable. Our friendship increased to such an intimacy that I had an opportunity of examining the construction of his mind. This threw a new light upon the subject. I congratulated him one day upon the great apparent convenience of his present situation.

"Fine house this, Mr. Jackson," said I; "well furnished, neat, clean and handsome; good table, good attendance, and—"

He shook his head, one of those melancholy shakes by which a man means to say, "Ah, if you knew what I do, how different would be your opinion."

"The fact is, my dear fellow," said he, and he gazed around to ascertain that no one was within hearing, and drew up his face into one of those expressions with which an invalid looks into the cup of medicine about to be presented to his own loathing palate, "the fact is, they are very good people here, but they are slovenly; there's no niceness in their arrangements. I have tried fifty places, and the truth is this is the best of them all; but I am not satisfied by any means. I can't bear to think of it. It makes me wretched."

"Oh, ho!" thought I. "Now we have it. So much for Mr. Jackson's neatness."

I came home one evening. Voices were on the stairs; one a man's in a high key; the other a female's, low, diffident, and respectful. The gentleman was Jackson. He was scolding his washerwoman. I was astounded. He had appeared the meekest creature that ever curled his hair. He seemed a little confused, but apologised.

"I don't get into a passion often, sir; but these detestable, infernal, careless, washerwomen—they are perfectly reckless. This woman has sent home my linen in such a state, ironed abominably, plaited villainously, and with several specks on it. It's awful. I pay double price to have my washing well done, and yet"—he stamped his foot, "it's enough to drive one mad."

So, so, I thought; Mr. Jackson's neatness doesn't come for nothing.

We walked together one morning in spring, near the suburbs of the town. A gleam of the river shone like silver in the distance, grassy undulating hills spread beautifully around us, and the houses were surrounded with trees, flowers, and shrubbery. The lilac was breathing the delicious scent of its clustering flower; cattle were reposing in groups, as you have seen them in rich pictures; not a breeze stirred the drops that hung from the bushes in sparkling gems, and the exuberant loveliness of spring was everywhere visible.

I was remarking on the fairest features of the scene, when he stopped suddenly. His face assumed an expression of horror, and he pointed to an object, which turned out to be a very plump, pretty chambermaid sweeping, with one of those quiet, sweet faces, which

young unmarried gentlemen, of warm dispositions, love to fold in their arms, and gaze on.

"Let us pass near her," said I. "Look at those eyes."

"Let us cross over," said Jackson. "Look at that broom."

"Why did fate make such a creature as that a chambermaid?" said I.

"Why the devil dont she sprinkle before she sweeps?" said he.

I am told he was quite attached to a charming young lady, and that he took her out one day to pop the question, when they were overtaken by a high wind. His companion was a novel reading, piano playing, devotee to modern fashion. She had Moore and Bulwer at her fingers' ends, and was as romantic as he was neat.

"How beautifully the clouds are dispersed above the blue vault of heaven," said the lady languishingly, and by way of introducing the tender conversation, for she knew what he was at, as well as he did himself.

"What a devil of a dust!" said Jackson, in a passion.

"We had better forget the evils of our earthly existence," said the lady.

"I think we had better go home," said Jackson.

"Hoity, toity!" thought the lady; "what a spitfire I'm to have for my husband!"

"Horrible!" thought Jackson; "make love to a woman covered with dust!"

In short, I discovered that the glorious reputation for neatness which my friend had established on so firm a basis, was purchased at an incalculable sacrifice of simple ease and pleasure. A windy day gives him the blues. He will not eat a loaf of bread of doubtful origin; children, dogs, cats, and brooms are his abhorrence. Chimney sweeps, bakers' shops, stages, and steam boats make him nervous. He is wretched if he has to sleep in a strange bed; and thus he goes on, shuddering and trembling through life, suspicious of every thing, and often unhappy. What an effort it must be to him to go through the ordinary routine of business. I cannot conceive of any situation wherein he would be perfectly happy, unless he were dressed to his mind, hermetically sealed in a glass case, and put up in the museum for people to look at.

SAD RECOLLECTIONS.

NATURE formed us for happiness. My bosom is yearning for it always. I would still believe bright things to be what they seem. I had rather live in a pleasant hope, or cherish the joy of a secret affection, dreams though they may be, than wake to truth and gloom. I wish I might be always so. I wish the influences of the world might spare to me some of youth's confiding hope, some of its sanguine trust in persons and events, and its ignorance how joy and anguish, virtue and vice are linked together indissolubly in the chains which fasten down the desires of man to earth. My soul sinks within me sometimes, to think that this can never be, that the lost spell which cast a radiance around the child's forehead cannot be regained, and the shadow of a darker influence falls on me often. I tremble ever for the spirit of a young boy that rises, like a graceful tree, with all its bursting blossoms, to think how fearfully it may be scathed with the lightnings which are ever falling on our race; how the gnawing worm may prey upon its blooming honors; how the sleet and wintry wind will one day sigh through its naked branches. Do not look upon me, reader fair, as a dark dispositioned intruder; mine is not a curdled spirit. I tell you not of these things to mar your mirth. He who wantonly checks a smile is an enemy to nature. I will go out with you to the scented woods and meadows, and startle the silent places with laughter; or press through the dazzling throng of fashion, and forget myself in the revel till you shall think me a very boy for irrepressible merriment. There is no sunshine so delightful as that which streams through the rift of a parting cloud; but, even in the midst of pleasure's dominions, will ever and anon steal in the memory of some new grave, the tone of a dying voice, or the image of a gentle head absent from the group; and then gaunt, cold reflection stalks in with her overshadowed glass, and dim future years break upon the startled vision; when the silver words of every light

hearted young girl are hushed, and instead of the glowing groups of sweet happy belles, I shudder over the serious faces of the dead, and hear the fall of the shovelled pebbly earth over those gently heaving bosoms. When the mood is on me, I wonder how beings with eyes can yield themselves so recklessly to calm enjoyment, while sleepless death is for ever launching his bolt into some bosom; when they see every day some one struck down, like warriors in a battle. I admire the frivolous sources from which the crowds draw their delight. If the tyrant could be rendered palpable; if I could conjure his ghastly and gigantic apparition in its grisly terror, that he could be seen by all, selecting each victim, and hurling each bolt with a crash of thunder upon the theatre, the brilliant ball, or the party, how would it blanch the cheek of beauty, and appal the heart of manhood; how the undaunted spirit of the ambitious would be quelled; into what a universal silence and deep awe would be hushed the merry habitants of this thronged city, all shrinking, and trembling, and gazing aghast at the grim spectre. Benevolent nature has shrouded his form in a cloud, and his weapon glides silently to its mark; but still he strides among us, triumphant over every feeble attempt to oppose his progress. I behold his victims fall: I feel the presence of the dreadful monster. Perhaps even now his malignant eye has singled me out, and his unerring hand grasps the fatal dart.

Yet, after all, the fear of death to myself is less hideous than the agony of losing others. It has been my lot to suffer much from this cause. I have rivetted my very soul upon glazed eyes, while the curious mystery of life was leaving the chamber within tenantless. I have writhed with an agony of intense feeling to accompany the beloved to the awful gates of eternity; felt the convulsive grasp of the wasted hand, and thrilled with the deep parting look cast upon me from its threshold, as the portals closed, leaving the dead to pursue onward his lonely flight, and shutting me back, for a little longer period, into this poor earthly dungeon.

I remember how the first shock of this kind chilled my soul. I was in the habit of visiting with my father the splendid seat of a friend, a day's ride from the city.

The gentleman was wont to receive us with a welcome truly hospitable. He was of a right merry disposition himself, loved all kinds of sport, would take a bird on the wing with unerring precision, kept a superb fishing boat, in which whole parties of us were wont to scud over the ample Sound, to the great dissatisfaction of our finny friends below. His horses also were princely; his carriages seemed to go on wings rather than wheels; and lastly, (I was a mere boy, eleven, or twelve, or thirteen, it might be,) there was a girl, his daughter, fifteen years of age, and in my eyes a vision of beauty so enchanting that—need I explain? She had one of those kind of faces which makes every object bright in its presence, every thing dim and insipid when it vanishes. A perfect soft complexioned creature, with a fine forehead, a mouth like ripe fruit, and such eyes—blue, like the depths of the summer heavens. When she looked suddenly up, they went through you like an arrow. The whole contour of her head was perfectly classical. She wore her hair short behind, a new fashion which Clara Fisher has since confirmed; it was parted on her forehead, and brushed around her temples like a boy's. A glowing Narcissus—who would not be the stream! But mere beauty, however striking and exquisite, is nothing to me without other graces. She had them all, with a kind of voice which belongs to the highest quality of female character, and generally to the most perfectly moulded person, modulated to express every shade of thought and feeling. Her image glitters through my memory like sunshine through the clouds and tears of after times. I bade her good bye one day, with a more than ordinary delight. We had been with the good people on a fishing excursion. We started together, and sat together all day beneath the ample awning. The rest were soon fully engaged in baiting hooks, watching dobbers, and drawing up the trembling creatures with their gorgeous hues. They were all unusually successful but Anna and myself. Few fish we caught. I did nothing in the way but help her to drag up a single bass, which had swallowed the hook, and pulled the cork a foot under water before either of us saw it. On our walk home the exercise and air had excited us both. I trod over the grassy fields with a

firm and fearless step. The blood was bubbling in my veins. I never had been so completely and exquisitely happy since nature formed me; and the very melancholy tenderness with which, in a tremulous tone, I spoke of the necessity of leaving her on the morrow, with her reply, had a dreamy delight in it I have never since experienced. We lingered behind the rest. I knelt at her feet to pick flowers ; I fixed them in her hair with my own fingers, trembling at my audacious temerity in touching the brow I had hitherto scarcely dared to dream of. I took her hand in mine as we walked, to help her over a fence, and resigned it not when the occasion no longer required my assistance ; till at length, under the pretence of smelling a wild rose, which I had just fastened beneath her bonnet, our mouths accidentally came so near each other, that her breath fell on my cheek like the fragrance of honeysuckles, and the touch of her lips was softer than rose leaves, dewy rose leaves, in the gentlest morning of June.

It was many weeks before I visited her father's house again, and in the meantime I had heard that she was sick. It gave me little uneasiness. I had never seen death, and knew or thought little of his inexorable power. The idea of losing her; of that happy and radiant creature, so full of joy and mirth, at the close of her existence; the enchantment of those azure eyes shrouded beneath stiffening lids; that mouth, that honey mouth, stilled in icy death; that beautiful, bright, young head in a *coffin*, was too absolutely hideous to be within the reach of fancy.

My father proposed suddenly to visit his friend, and expressed some fears about the girl; but I heeded them so little that I had even purchased a neat volume of poetry and a set of merry plates, and had arranged a thousand things for her information and pleasure.

When we reached the spacious mansion the servant came out with inflamed eyes, and took the horse in silence.

"How is she, John?" said my father, who had been unusually gloomy during the whole ride.

"Gone, sir," answered the man.

I have frequently since wondered at the obtuseness, I

might call it absolute stupidity, with which I overlooked the truth among all these dark and ominous presages. But I positively wondered to myself "*where*" she could have gone; and why all this extraordinary stillness everywhere? It was not till we entered the large hall, were shown up stairs by the maid, and I caught a glimpse of a group in the darkened chamber, that the truth burst on me like a thunder bolt. The whole family and servants were standing in a circle, gazing on a motionless object upon the bed. Nothing was heard, but ever and anon a long drawn breath, or a broken, half smothered sigh. I was thrilling with horror in every nerve of my body. I gazed till all human things else were as nothing. There was not the slightest approach to moisture in my eyes. I was chilled, frozen, petrified into marble; with no thought, no recollection, no hope; nothing but a benumbed consciousness, a leaden, despairing, nightmare conviction that the exquisitely beautiful, cold, fixed, sleeping creature before me was the dead body of Anna. The silence of all as we looked was absolutely terrific. The father gazed and gazed on the features, the pale forehead, the closed eyes, the mouth—where the smile of an ever joyous soul had left its impress—and the deathly white of the linen which bound up the chin. The sluices of my soul were not unlocked till he burst forth into an agony of uncontrollable grief. Tears gushed from his eyes in very torrents; his quivering lips betrayed the heavy workings of memory, of grief, of despair in his laboring heart; and he exclaimed, in a voice that made me drop my head and bury my face in the clothing of the bed.

"I cannot bear it, I cannot bear it; my child, my child!"

He took the unconscious image to his bosom; he grasped the waxen unanswering hands; he kissed the cold dead lips; and as their icy chill struck upon his heart, he fell like a lump of clay at full length upon the floor.

I would keep children of vivid imagination away from such scenes. They leave a shadow that never grows bright. They startle the young soul with a premature knowledge of horrors too monstrous even for the hacknied breast of age. The sight of death, and

the consequent distress, are always prostrating, melancholy, and awful. The passions ebb from their channels; ambition, hope, industry, love, all are palsied with the electric shock, and man turns to his earthly duties with a dimmed and humbled spirit; abashed, frightened, bewildered. It may be well enough to fling these influences over the stubborn interests, the up-rearing passions, the towering matured ambition of manhood; but youth is too tender for the blast. It is like letting loose the bitterest wind of winter upon early buds and tender blossoms. I have seen dispositions so cowed down by these sights that they were old at twenty. Mother, who bendest over thy bright boy's slumber, wish that death itself may rather clasp the cherished sleeper, than that the terror of it shall enter his living bosom.

GLANCES AT THE DRAMA.

You must name his name, and half his face must be seen through the lion's neck; and he himself must speak through, saying thus, or to the same defect—Ladies, or fair ladies, I would wish you, or I would request you, or I would entreat you, not to fear, not to tremble: my life for yours. If you think I came hither as a lion, it were pity of my life; no, I am no such thing; I am a man as other men are;—and there, indeed, let him name his name; and tell them plainly that he is Snug the joiner.—*Shakspeare.*

I ASSURE the public, upon my honor, when I undertook to write about the theatres, I had no idea what a nest of hornets I was thrusting my hand into. I am a quiet old gentleman, and do not fight. My courage, as well as my skill, lies altogether in my pen; and I am withal a sincere patriot, and anxious to improve the drama, which I look upon as one of the most important engines for the diffusion of knowledge, as well as of pleasure, which can influence a people; plays having been often proscribed by governments, and sometimes revolutions having been traced to an opera. But the postman this morning brings me in such a load of letters

from persons conceiving themselves alluded to in my remarks, or their friends, that I almost despair of carrying my design into execution. Some of these epistles are very brief and waspish, and some appeal to my feelings; putting me into a very awkward position, as, nothwithstanding all my faults, I am really tender hearted. One is from a noted murderer, who, although his language is polite and gentle, I fear will some day assassinate me; and another from a French marshal, who threatens one of Sir William Draper's "Gothic appeals to cold iron;" and if he fights as well as he talks English, I am little better than a dead man.

Letter from the Marshal.

"Mr. Sedley—Sir: This is to warn you that your strictures on the stage are severe, unjust, abusive, and (without meaning any especial reference to myself,) blind to modest merit. That which ought to be praised, you blame, that which ought to be blamed, you praise; and many things which you attribute to us injured people as faults, let me inform your ignorance, sir, are perfections. You notice points which are unworthy of notice, and pass silently over fine incidents which every good critic would designate as such. For example, I am constantly in the habit of appearing in a glorious struggle for fame while living, and after my death I come on as one of my *aids-de-camp*, and follow my own body to the grave. You might perceive, if you had any discernment, my sorrowful expression of face as I mourn over my departed worth, and see myself committed to my mother earth without a tear.

French Marshal."

The letter from the Thunder is rather alarming, as its resentment might be serious.

Letter from the Thunder.

"Mr. Sedley—You may think yourself exceedingly witty, sir, on me; as if it were not my duty to stop bellowing when any body on the stage is speaking. And if I have ever happened to peal before the Lightning, you ought to know, since you pretend to an

acquaintance with the affairs behind the scenes, that I have to hail and rain as well as thunder, which is more than the managers ought to put upon me, it being as much against justice as against nature. When a man of authority lately visited this establishment from London, on a pecuniary expedition, he retrenched the company so greatly, as to set at total defiance all Adam Smith's ideas on "the division of labor." He annihilated, without any ceremony, a whole host of venerable kings, dukes, lords and commons. He cut down our standing army, thinned the navy list sadly, turned several nymphs, sylphs, and fairy queens out of doors, wands and all; put the Lightning on half salary, and frightened me, the Thunder, out of my wits. Since that period I have been driven to do double duty, and therefore am much hurt at your animadversions. My friend, the Wind, is also sadly discomforted. Although he blusters a good deal officially, like many other worthies, and now and then wrecks a ship, or heaves up an oak or two by the roots, yet I assure you, he is very amiable and meek hearted in reality, and was really out of spirits the other night, when he had finished blowing, on the perusal of your attack on him. He desires his respects to you, and says if he did not break out at the proper moment, it is the fault of the *call boy*, and not his own. He invariably rises as soon as he receives his notice, and endeavors always to frighten the audience according to his ability. I have the honor to be, sir, your obedient servant, THE THUNDER."

Letter from a Devil.

"MY DEAR FRIEND—From a long personal acquaintance with you I am desirous not to be uncivil, or to say any thing to alter the terms we stand on with each other. Let me however express my surprise that you have neglected writing something about me, and the favor I enjoy in the theatre. I am one of those who come on in Der Freischutz, and wish thus publicly to thank the managers for their liberality in allowing me my abundant quantity of fire and smoke in the grand incantation scene. You know, sir, that on that occa sion, we roll forth such an ocean of sulphureous smoke

and white fire, as to set all the audience coughing. The box doors are flung open; the ladies cover their faces with their handkerchiefs, turning their backs; and it is rumored that an apoplectic fat gentleman, in the pit, was strangled, and a young woman with the asthma, in the boxes, died of sneezing, no one being able to discover the mournful catastrophe for half an hour, till after the smoke had disappeared. My advantages in this particular I esteem highly, and fearlessly assert that nobody will refuse to receive them as a substitute for the weak choruses which sometimes mar this famous opera. Yours, affectionately, FIRST DEVIL."

Letter from the Young Assassin who turns his toes out.

"I am, Mr. Critic, by education a dancer, and ought to be put only in light characters, wherein I promise you, I am not below mediocrity. It is against my will that I am a cut throat, and therefore my toes will turn out, in spite of all I can do to the contrary. If I am cast in parts which ought to be filled by rough unmannerly fellows, you must not expect me to speak big and look fierce, as it goes against my nature, and my attempts would only make the audience laugh. Beside, after I have murdered three or four gentlemen in the tragedy, I am sent on to dance a hornpipe between the play and farce, which detracts much from my reputation as a ruffian, and keeps me from terrifying the spectators. Since your papers were printed about me I have also observed myself narrowly, and made a grand discovery. My dancing master has drilled me so effectually, that I believe I go through his motions in my sleep, and when I have any address to make before the audience, I involuntarily commence in the first position; as I grow warm I change to the second, and, if the sentiment is tragic, I gradually move into the third, and so end. I so far forgot myself the other night, in an interesting drama, that I came forward with a *sachez* to inform a deserter the moment was arrived for him to be shot; and being left to deliver a melancholy speech over the body of a young lady who had drowned herself for the loss of her lover, I had

nearly sprung up and cut a *pigeon wing*, when the scene changed and prevented me.

"Hoping hereafter that you will treat me with more indulgence, I remain,

"THE YOUNG GENTLEMAN THAT PLAYS THE ROBBERS."

Letter from a Supernumerary.

"SIR: I am one of that class of respectable personages whom you deal with most unjustly. I am, sir, a leader of supernumeraries in the theatre, and although we do not receive the high sounding praises which your star tragedians have heaped upon lady stars—particularly vocalists—although we do not get credit for deep feeling, pathos, bursts of passion, high wrought delineation, and have not bodies inhabited by the spirit of Shakspeare, nor do we warble, and trill, and execute difficult divisions with the facility of a nightingale, nor deport ourselves as if we 'always remembered of what sex we are of;' nevertheless, for numbers of prisoners correctly taken, and treated with either gross inhumanity or laudable magnanimity, according as the author has determined, no man ever arrived at greater perfection than myself. It is on the valuable efforts of such men as myself that the drama depends for support, and when we are sent on in a pair of pantaloons, the cast off of such a man as Richings or Foot, we, having persons of moderate dimensions, it is shameful to turn us into ridicule. Why, sir, I have served my apprenticeship in London, and for five years played the White Bear in La Perouse, with great eclat. At length the manager insisted, as I was killed early in the piece, that I should go on for a savage man in the last scene; this I refused to do. Well, sir, after having often taken Macready, Kean and Warde by the collar, and conducted them to prison with much propriety, in divers plays, beside having acted all kinds of beasts most naturally, I thought myself entitled to appear with effect in this country; but here, sir, I find it quite another thing; my talents are doubly taxed, and I am bullied on all sides. Why, sir, I never remember having a word from the Times, Morning Post, or Chronicle in my life, while I acted in London; but here, if one misses the least thing, 'You'll be in the Mirror, my boy,' says one friend; 'You'll be in the

American,' says another—and then, sir, we catch it just as bad from the stage managers—for instance, in the piece of Napoleon, for which the managers advertised that they needed two hundred able bodied soldiers, I and my friends, in number about forty, do the business of that multitude of men; yet, we get no better pay nor more credit for it. The other night, after I had ascended Mount St. Bernard three times, as a corporal of the old guard, wheeled up the same cannon six times, and passed muster, as a pioneer with a long beard, twice, I was running down the back way to be ready to go up and catch Mr. Placide's horse at the proper time, as an orderly dragoon, and I only just stopt to pull the hair of my beard out of my mouth, which was choking me, when up comes one of those gentlemen, either Barry-*more* or Barry-*less*, I forget which—'You skulking rascal,' says he, 'what are you doing there? Don't you know that you have got to bring up the flank company of four regiments more? You will throw the army into confusion, and we shall be put in that infernal Mirror. I'll fine you a shilling, you villain.' 'Sir,' says I, with much and justly offended dignity, 'do as you please; but I go on no more; for what between you and these editors, an actor's life is worse than that of a hackney coach horse.' Yours, &c.

"A Super."

A number of other similar communications have come to hand, which convince me, that although the errors I mentioned really exist, I have sometimes ascribed them to the wrong source. Nothing can be farther from my thought than to offend any one. Indeed, rather than do it, I would discontinue these essays, although I learn they are a good deal read and commented on behind the scenes, and among theatrical people in general. I give notice, however, to all concerned, that I mean to go on, and I particularly invite any one who has a complaint to make, like the Wind and the Thunder, as well as any one who may hit upon a just theme of praise, to write me forthwith, taking care to exclude all private malice, and also to pay the post if they live at a distance.

SPRING AND THE FIRST OF MAY.

It is truly a season to melt the heart of a sinner. The pale faces which have been wasting, for so many weary months, by the heat of all kinds of coals, from Rhode Island to Liverpool, turn to the lifted window with a new feeling. Already the thought of distant shades is stirring at the heart of the worn citizen. The peach blossoms have unfolded their tender crimson leaves, and the willow droops more languidly beneath its fresh foliage. In the suburbs of the city the signs are more palpable. The frog croaks in the late frozen pool, the birds warble from bursting flowers, the poultry lie clustered on the sunny bank, the cattle stand lazily in the brook lashing themselves with their tails, and half an hour in the wood or by the river side passes delightfully. Every thing is calm, serene and lovely. Every thing betrays the absolute overthrow of the tyrant Winter. Thank heaven, he has at length departed, and the grateful air, which now blows in so softly on my forehead, assures me——

I had written thus far last evening, lulled in redolent visions of summer beauty. The window was open. The fire was out. It was so warm that I laid aside the paper and went forth to walk. But who shall say when a New York winter is ended? The whole scene is totally changed. It is tempestuous, desolate, cold, and altogether wintry. The omnibusses thunder splashing along the sloppy streets, full of shuddering, wet citizens, with dripping cloaks, coats, overshoes and umbrellas. A keen, cold air pierces to the bones. They who have fuel build fires—they who, trusting to the deceitful smiles of this false month, have not, (heaven help them) go without. Neighbor Dobson, who keeps his office opposite, took down his stove yesterday afternoon. Nothing like decision of character! *Mem.*—Never take down a stove till June. As for me, I have not had a more cheerful fire this winter than at present. Bursting leaves and blossoms, indeed! Nature's velvet

carpet! Morning dew! Very pretty things—excellent in their way. (John, hand me the poker.) Half an hour by the river side! I think I see myself standing on a wet rock, with some of that slippery green weed beneath my feet. (Another scuttle of coal, John.) I pity editors of weeklies on these occasions. If they do sometimes say queer things touching the weather, poor fellows, we should not draw conclusions unfavorable to their integrity. They mean well, but it is the climate which deceives their expectations. I have known their carriers, positively blue with cold, trudging round the dreary looking city to serve trembling subscribers with printed congratulations on the unusual mildness of the season. At other times we are gravely recommended to lay in coal, and list the doors well, and not venture out in thin shoes, while we are, in fact, choosing the shady side of the street to enjoy the air and taste a cream.

It is indeed a sad season, and the caprices of nature are rendered more intolerable by those of man. This is May, and on the first day of the month as all my readers know, every body changes his residence. It is an idle and useless custom, and a correspondent below has complained in a very sensible manner of its disadvantages.

"Sir—I am a quiet man—one, although attentive to business, not destitute of sensibilities. Among my peculiarities is a great proneness to fall into attachments. I get to love certain people most ardently before I have known them a week; and, what is remarkable also, my likings, although sudden, are firm and durable. This overflowing of the heart I attribute to good health and a naturally cheerful and benevolent disposition, which I inherit from my parents. You will not deem me a jester when I add, that my love is not confined to my fellow creatures. I imbibe partialities, which are almost always reciprocal, for dogs, parrots, and monkeys. When I return home in the evening, our cat is ready to leap out of her skin for joy. She brushes up to me with longing and grateful eyes; lifts her back and rubs herself against my feet, at the same time expressing, by a continual *purr*, how glad she is of my

presence. Nay, my susceptibilities are not even satisfied to be struck with such intelligent animals, although of the dumb kind, as can, in some degree, appreciate my attentions; but I become familiar with places and inanimate objects. I conceive tender sentiments for a river, or fall in love with a tree; and, if I have dwelt long and happily in a house, I am conscious of entertaining toward it a kind of affection, which makes me regret to leave it.

"Such being my character, the fashion of *moving* (is it not a wretched New Yorkism?) has all my life given me a great annual disturbance. I have never lived two years in one place. I am now going on toward thirty, and I keep date by the names of the streets where I have lived, which I find a decided assistance to my memory. My birth took place in Pearl street; my second year fled in Wall; I passed my third in Cherry, and my fourth in Orange. My notes of occurrences interesting to myself, are dated thus: was at school in Broome, Franklin, Madison, and Washington. I entered college in Maiden lane, and came out in Green street. Spent a month at Philadelphia, in Hanover square; courted my wife in Cedar, and married in Pine. Even she has fallen into my way, and convinced me the other day that my eldest child was four years of age, by counting on her fingers Chatham, Third Avenue, State street, and Washington square. Yet, in all these revolutions, I have never once met a dwelling to my satisfaction. In avoiding a smoking chimney we have got next a burying ground, which we exchanged the succeeding year for a disreputable neighborhood. The landlord raised fifty dollars on us once, whereupon we told him to let his house, which he did; but the additional rent of our next residence, instead of fifty was a hundred. We have moved up town, for the sake of pure air and good water, and down again to be near business. Our last house had no yard; our present is without closets, which my wife thinks, with some justice, one of the most indispensable of all requisites for a dwelling. Beside the trouble, which has been enormous, and the expense of carting the things, which would also make a tolerable item, (as cartmen charge on the first of May

four times as much as they do on any other,) when I consider the furniture which has been broken and wasted; the carpets cut up, because they did not fit the new parlors; and the general cost in many different ways which I have thus been at for the last ten years, I fully agree with Franklin, who thought three *movings* equal to a fire! Yours, &c.

"A. T. JONES."

RURAL TRANQUILLITY.

THE ROCK MOUNTAIN.

IN the interior of the state of Georgia is a mountain composed entirely of naked granite, which on the map is set down as the Rock mountain. Finding myself once, in the course of my wanderings, within a day's ride of this curiosity, I exerted my influence to obtain a waggon, a horse, and a friend, and was soon jogging along a road which wound through almost endless forests, over leaves, into deep valleys, across rugged hills, and through the branches of streams which, although at this spot easily fordable with the aid of a horse, broaden gradually into wide rivers, and empty their waters into the Atlantic. At the foot of this extraordinary rock is a log hut, which the folks thereabout call a house of entertainment. Here we arrived some time after dusk. A long ride through these forests, where driving required considerable skill and constant attention, had overcome me with a feeling of drowsy fatigue. A cup of melancholy beverage, which passed under the appellation of coffee, was swallowed, without any material injury, and after basking a little time in the red light of a blazing fire, which they make here of light dry pine knots, nearly as combustible as powder, and caressing two or three fine large dogs, which rested in the capacious fire place, we retired to rest. My chamber was fashioned of logs, several inches from each other, and various openings appeared in the roof.

I was soon deposited in a bed, rude but scrupulously clean, and began to lose myself in that delicious dreaminess, which makes sleep so welcome to the weary, when the sudden bark of a dog startled me. He was answered by about ten or fifteen others, in all the notes of the gamut. They growled, barked, howled, yelped, and uttered all the sounds of which dog's language is capable. Then came the tramping of horses' feet, the crack of whips, the report of a gun, and the footsteps of hounds patting across the entry, which was almost entirely exposed to the air. I started up, and putting my head through an aperture in the wall, where neither glass nor shutter offered any opposition, I perceived that a party of hunters had arrived, fully equipped for the pursuit of deer, and intended to rest at the "house of entertainment" till day break enabled them to resume their sports. It was now late; a starry sky stretched broad and clear over head, but the air was chilly, and I was feign to bid good night even to the yellow moon, just rising above the forest trees. Casting, therefore, a hasty glance at her spotted disk, her shadowy vales, her bright deserts and lofty mountains, and another at the quiet night scene, the dim dark woods, the old fences and rude log huts, faintly silvered over with the pale moonlight, and the glorious track of vast blue distance which canopied that silent solitude with its flashing gems, I left poetry and prose to take care of themselves, and murmuring a sleepy "beautiful!" once more laid down to rest. Again the world of reality faded into indistinctness, a thought of my distant home crossed my mind, and pleasant faces appeared floating around me in the darkness; then I remember catching the flash of a star through the roof, and gravely debating to myself by what mismanagement among the heavenly bodies it had descended into my chamber. Yet although eleven or twelve hundred miles distant from the thundering of carts and the shuffling of feet which had so often broken my meditations in the city of Manahatta, I discovered that rural felicity had its own characteristic tumults. My slumber was destined to be again broken. The dogs growled and snapped as if in sudden fight; then, after a brief silence, during which I closed my leaden lids, a little

scoundrel of a puppy set up a scream, and a deep mouthed bay from some old veteran of a bull dog struck in like a line on the bass viol. The whole pack were roused. Their feet patted briskly across the entry floor, then suddenly stopped with a snarl and a snap; I could almost see their lips curl, their tails and ears start up erect; then they patted off again. I might, however, have slumbered after a little time, even had the whole canine pack opened the cry at my ear, for one becomes accustomed to any particular and uniform confusion. A sailor's rest is not broken by the stormy violence which thunders upon deck, and it is said that many soldiers under Sir John Moore enjoyed the benefit of sleep while actually engaged in marching. I was about following their example when my enemies received a reinforcement from all the awakened population of the plantation. The horse neighed, the oxen bellowed, the geese scudded across the road, flapping their clumsy wings, and improving the concert with a general gabble, chickens cackled, a guinea hen and a peacock exclaimed aloud, and a rooster joined the chorus with a crow, so triumphantly impertinent that I leaped upon the floor, entirely out of patience. Almost giddy with the want of sleep, I looked from the window; the dogs were all collected beneath it, yelling most furiously. By the light of the moon, which shone into the room, I descried a large horsewhip in the corner. With a sudden exertion of my strength and skill, I proceeded to an immediate application, which struck the assembly of industrious quadrupeds with considerable astonishment, and, bating a few expressive yelps, as an acknowledgment of some of my most judiciously aimed strokes, a general silence ensued. The dogs sneaked off to nameless holes and corners; the cows, with their serious countenances, stood looking on, with grave and silent approbation; the horse poked his head through a hole in his delapidated log stable, and gazed quietly around to see what was going on; the geese formed a small platoon in the farthermost corner of the yard, with faces expressive of conscious guilt; and the saucy rooster, strutting off with a vain effort to preserve his importance, fairly yielded fame to safety, and like a prudent politician after the defeat of his party, awaited

beneath the shadow of an old waggon, till the vicissitudes of fortune should again call him into action. Having thus routed my numerous foes, I indulged myself with a sleepy glance through one eye upon their discomfited forces, and once more stretched myself on the downy couch.

Again my lids closed, with the sweet feeling which nature has caused to spring as a necessary consequence out of toil and privation ; and again the fairy wonders of imagination began to displace the homliness of reality. But ah! as the moralists say, "the fallacy of human hopes ;" the hunters came into my room, and occupied the bedstead which stood in the other corner, and their hoarse heavy snores soon announced their situation. My previous proceedings had also disturbed the slumbers of a child, who had been reposing in the next room with its mother. Its cries reduced the affectionate author of its being to the necessity of putting in practice the various conciliatory arts usual on such occasions, and, these proving unsuccessful, she proceeded forthwith to execute a brief process, often resorted to for the benefit of young travellers over the flowery path of youth, and which, such is the unhappy destiny of human nature, few, alas ! have altogether escaped. This raised matters to a climax. The child screamed till the house rung. The hunters turned in their creaking bed, and grumbled hoarse fragments of angry oaths ; again the shrill impudent voice of the puppy set the tune, and the broad faced bull dog bayed in answer ; again the geese flapped across the road, the chickens cackled, and the guinea hen screamed, and, "to crown the enchantment of the scene," in the midst of all the noises elicited upon the occasion, the persevering rooster, perched upon the wheel of the cart, beneath which before he had slunk in disgrace, beat his sides with his wings, and gave a crow, which in my sleepiness I positively thought was intended as an insult. I ruminated a moment upon the proper course to be pursued, when nature, overcoming all opposition, asserted her rights, and I was awakened by the glorious beams of the rising sun shining through a wall, which might have enacted a part in "Pyramus and Thisbe." Eager to gain a morning view, we equipped ourselves with goodly oaken

sticks, partly to defend us from improper familiarity with the rattle snakes, which are said to abound there, and partly to assist us in climbing the steep. A sudden change of the weather, however, enveloped us in a fog, as we reached the foot of the Rock, or Stone mountain. It is a bare mass of granite, between two and three thousand feet high. The appearance of similar elevations, composed of ordinary earth, and clothed with verdure, fails to impress the mind with the idea of solidity and durability, which it conceives from the contemplation of this gigantic rock heaved upward in the form of a stupendous billow. A gradual descent of the surrounding country toward its base forms a circular basin of several miles in circumference, of which it is the centre; and the apparently interminable forests, which wave around it, strike the eye in a strong contrast with its bleak and desolate nakedness. From the gradual ascent of one side the curious passenger approaches the brink of an immense and almost perpendicular precipice. On reaching the "perilous edge" of this abrupt declivity, the giddy view broke suddenly upon me. Mere description conveys but feebly any idea of the effect of such a scene upon the imagination. I had so limited a knowledge of the localities of the place, that I advanced much nearer the precipice than was necessary or agreeable. As I tremblingly measured the depths of the distance, I felt that the least breath of air, almost the agitation of my own thoughts, might precipitate me down the abyss. Yet a fearful fascination riveted my eyes upon the scene, till I became conscious of a sensation of giddiness; scarcely I dared make the motion necessary for turning; instinctively I stooped, although the broad slab afforded nothing for me to grasp, and my readers had nearly escaped much injudicious scribbling, when I recollected an anecdote, headed, "Look aloft, you lubber," and cast my eyes toward the summit. There stood my companion, rather surprised at my quadruped propensities, and I hastened to follow his example in admiring the sublime productions of nature from a safer position.

A hermit, disgusted with the world, and anxious to try the experiment of solitude upon his disposition,

should choose this very spot. Nothing can be farther separated from all the associations of human life. Neither gloomy cave, nor uninhabited island, nor secluded forest, could so perfectly assure him a dreary and dismal loneliness. On earth some object would remind him of home or friends; some warbling bird would awaken a softened feeling; some opening flower or clinging vine would call up thoughts of beauty and love. The common goings on of nature's sweet operations would send gleamings of human joys and wishes through the dark and broken passages of the most ruined heart. But this grand and silent mountain, striking its foundations, fancy cannot conjecture how deep, into the bosom of our planet, would conjure up in his mind only thoughts of other ages—of the primitive convulsions which gave it birth—of the ephemeral nature of all human events, when compared with this durable monument of nature's caprices—of the limitless time during which it may thus defy the storms of heaven, or of the awful shock by which its adamantean bosom may be rent assunder.

LETTER TO AN EDITOR.

ON THE MANNER OF ADDRESSING FEMALE READERS.

Sir—This is to let you know, that I am one of a numerous class of young women who have not the most distant pretensions to beauty. It has pleased heaven to make me plain looking, and also to endue me with too much good sense to be ashamed of a circumstance so purely accidental. But while I am frank to confess I am homely, I must be bold to assure you, that I consider myself possessed of intelligence, education, and an amiable disposition, becoming a lady, and which I would not barter for the countenance of Mary of Scotland, or the far famed Grecian Helen. I shall pass over the poor estimation in which I have been compelled to hold many a reputed gentleman of talents, on

observing him waste an evening by the side of some pretty simpleton, in the most nonsensical discourse, to the neglect of others who could have entertained him with rational conversation, or at least who would not have treated him to such unmeaning absurdities as must afford the most contemptuous opinion of our sex. Nor do I write this to complain that no street coxcomb looks under my bonnet twice, nor that I am certain not to be asked to dance at a party till all the pretty countenances in the room are taken possession of. These are trivial evils, to which I have long since become accustomed. But there is an evil of a more general nature, into which you literary gentlemen have fallen. You write as if our sex were all cast in the mould of a Hebe or a Venus. You never address yourselves to one of us particularly, but we are your "fair" or "pretty reader." One would think, by your discourses, that all the females who honor themselves by perusing your miscellany, were the most beautiful creatures in the universe, that one who was not especially handsome you did not consider a woman, or at least you did not desire to meddle with your paper. Pray inform us what degree of loveliness we must possess before we may presume to class ourselves among your readers, whom you never speak to but to compliment them for their "radiant eyes," their "ripe, pouting, and perfect mouths," their "long lashes," and their "pretty feet?" Now this is to inform you, that I for one am not handsome. My eyes are not "radiant." My mouth may be "*ripe*" enough, to be sure, as the mouths of women ought to be who have seen both sides of five and twenty; but it is not particularly "pouting," and by no means "perfect," especially since I have lost one of my conspicuous teeth. And my foot is of such liberal dimensions, that, although I scorn to be ashamed of it, I am not so strongly tempted as some to curtail my wearing apparel; and you will not find me sticking it out on an ottoman for any male admirer of symmetry to look at. I am settled in the opinion that my eyes could never do serious injury to any susceptible youth, let me look up at him ever so suddenly from my reading or my sewing; and though divers promising personages with whiskers have done me the honor to take my hand in

the dance, I could never perceive that they were "thrilled," though the inexperienced might conclude, from your descriptions of the secret pressures on such occasions, that every boarding school miss was a full charged electrifying machine. I was some time since reading a communication aloud to several of my family and one or two visiters, when the allusions to the beautiful reader's tender eyes and pouting lips put the hearers to some trouble to suppress a smile, and, till I called reflection to my aid, overcame me with confusion.

Pray, Mr. Editor, use your influence with authors to abandon this silly style. I have known a modest girl thus beguiled into reading praises of her golden locks, when she had red hair; and another uttering compliments to her unshadowed forehead, who in reality had no forehead at all. Writers should learn to address themselves rather to women of warm hearts and clear understandings, than to sylphs and nymphs with pouting lips and dangerous eyes. Certainly intellect will be of more assistance to them in unravelling the meaning of an abstruse argument, and in appreciating a piece of elegant sentiment or a sly turn of humor, than all the graces of appearance; though one would suppose, from your constant appeals to the various parts of a girl's face and figure, that a little foot must amazingly help her through an elaborate essay, or a pair of long dark lashes assist her in seeing into a pathetic description. I am with great respect, yours, &c., POLLY PLAINWAY.

MATRIMONIAL FELICITY.

I REALLY do not know any thing more serious than getting married, unless it be getting hanged, and yet, many pretend to consider it as an excellent joke, which, merely to mention, is enough to set a whole company into a titter. This, it is true, is more peculiar to the younger portion of humanity, and those who have not put their free condition "into circumscription and confine," as I have observed, that the married people laugh

much less, when the subject is started, than the rest. As for the young single ladies and gentlemen, matrimony is quite a standing theme of ridicule with them, and when they behold an individual on the eve of entering into that happy state, they take credit to themselves if they don't laugh in his face. The two sexes also, I have observed, have different methods of expressing their interest on these occasions; the female rather blushing and smirking when the discourse turns toward it, the male letting their feelings escape in little brisk repartees, and popping opinions which have got to be common property, and indispensable at a wedding. Their usual flashes of wit are apt to be replied to by the fairer portion of the company; so that there are many "keen encounters," very agreeable for a quiet lover of humor like myself to listen to. I happened, but a few days ago, to be present at a charming connubial festivity, where, when the impressive ceremony was over, the general sombre cast began to give place to lively bursts of mirth, and a great deal was said by the *bridesmaids*, and the *groomsmen*, which I should be pleased to lay before the faithful readers of the Mirror, if it were possible to arrest the shifting scene, and fix it on the page. I could not help laughing, however, at the discomfiture of a beau, in an attempt to get the upper hand of a sweet young girl, whom, from her modest downcast eyes, and unpresuming demeanor, he doubtless thought a fair butt for his shafts of wit.

"Do you know what I was thinking of all the time during the ceremony?" asked he.

"No, sir—what?"

"Why, I was blessing my stars that I was not the bridegroom."

"And I suppose the bride was doing the same thing," rejoined his fair antagonist.

I am a great admirer of wit in women, when, as in the present instance, it is only used to repel aggressions.

It has been my fate to witness a large number of marriages, and to have officiated at many, in the capacity of groomsman, a station I must add very awkward for a warm hearted man. It is but holding the torch for our happy friends to enter into the heavenly tenement of hymen, the gates of which close immediately, leaving

us on the outside; but whether or not this is a misfortune, people may not all agree. Surgeons, in medical colleges, find dissecting a body to be one of the most efficacious modes of instruction; and by exhibiting the organization of the human frame, and the various circumstances which cause disease and death, fling a valuable light upon the minds of those whose business it is to effect a cure. I think much good might be wrought, on the same principle, by any one who would trace the history of two hearts, from the glow and agitation of early love, to the coolness and quiet into which that portion of the man and woman is apt to sink after marriage.

I was talking with a friend of mine, who has been fortunate enough to live in a state of wedded bliss for about fifteen years. Fifteen years!—that's a very long time. A man might change much in *fifteen years*. He told me he had kept a little journal, from the first moment he saw Juliana until a year after they were indissolubly united in the tenderest bonds, when, from some cause, which he did not state, he stopped it, and has never had time to resume it.

He handed me the manuscript, one afternoon, in a hurried manner, when the companion of his prosperity and sharer of all his woes had quitted the room for a moment.

"For heaven's sake," said he, in a whisper, and looking round him in a hurried manner, with some appearance of alarm—"for heaven's sake, don't let my wife see it, or there'll be the devil to pay."

She entered at the moment, and I could not help smiling at the suddenness with which the doating husband changed his attitude and expression, from those of alarm and haste, to perfect placidity and innocent indifference. It must have required a vast practice to reduce his nerves to such a pliability; and if it had not been for the meek and submissive deportment of Mrs. ——, I should almost have concluded that her husband was in the dilemma which Byron ascribed to the mates of all intellectual wives.

"Say, oh ye lords of ladies intellectual,
And answer truly—have they not hen-pecked you all?"

I have drawn upon the diary of the husband and lover pretty freely, but if not too copiously for the wish of the reader, my friend, I am assured, will excuse me.

June, Wednesday, 1817.—Every body is talking to me about Juliana—telling me to beware of her eyes; that there is death in her smile, and all that. I should like to see this proud beauty.

Saturday.—Well, I *have* seen Juliana, and she is infinitely more beautiful and bewitching than I had conceived. What a head for a picture!—what thrilling eyes! Did you ever see such lips?—and, heavens, her voice, like the Æolian harp, which—but I am interrupted.

July, Tuesday.—Rode with Juliana.

Wednesday.—Walked in the morning before breakfast with Juliana.

Thursday.—Walked in the evening through the grove with Juliana—moonlight. *Mem*—remember the little turn in the lane as long as I live.

Friday.—Spent the afternoon reading to Juliana, afterward took a walk; need I say with whom?

Saturday.—Dreamed all night of Juliana.

Sunday.—Went to church with Juliana. Walked on the Battery—a spot which from this time shall be ever sacred to the purest and sweetest recollections.

Wednesday.—I was too much agitated yesterday to write—too excited—too exquisitely happy. On Monday evening we sat together on the sofa, and to my surprise and delight *alone*. *Alone*, oh, word sweet to lover's ears. Oh, could we be *for ever* alone! Oh, could we have "some dear little isle of our own," and there spend existence in wandering about together. I squeezed her hand; I reminded her of the little turn in the lane—and —we are to be married. What fools men are for living single. Why, I could be happy only conversing with her. "With thee, conversing, I forget all time," as John Milton says. By the way, one thing for which I love Milton so is his pure pictures of connubial happiness. And yet they say, Mrs. Milton cut up some capers, and that they actually separated. I'll not believe it.

August, Monday.—We have been married two weeks. I have not spent an evening from home—how

charming! domestic peace! All we want now is a cat. I wish Juliana loved music though.

September, Monday.—I never knew business so dull as it is at present. L. & M. have failed, and the Communipaw Granite Rock Bank has broke. Alas, what are the hopes of man!

October, Tuesday.—Mrs. B— is really a charming woman; but it's devilish dull at home. Yet I dare not go out for fear of her displeasure. I caught it last night, I think, for staying over my time. "By the Lord Hal," she made me open my eyes. I believe in that story about Mrs. Milton. I should like to know what John did to bring him into trouble. How he must have laughed when he wrote that *stuff* about "wedded bliss." Poor fellow!

June, 1817. *Wednesday.*—There is something very ludicrous in the common hum drum, matrimonial conversations. Fancy me ready to go to the counting room soon after breakfast, wife says—

"What will you have for dinner to day, my dear? I want some money for marketing."

"Well, dear, I don't know. Suppose we have steak and onions?"

"We had steak and onions yesterday, my dear."

"Well, then, my dear, a leg of mutton."

"Shall we have a pudding, my dear?"

"Yes, my dear."

Then there are other subjects which do not terminate so amicably.

"My dear."

"Well, my dear."

"I have taken board for you at Communipaw. I wish you to stay a month there with little Bob."

"My dear—"

"Yes, my dear, it's so much cheaper."

"But, my dear—"

"But, my dear, I have already taken board, so there is no use in saying any thing about it."

Monday.—She's gone, and I have had a week's peace. Poor John Milton!

I received two letters this morning so appropriate to this subject, that I shall lay them at once before my readers. The first runs thus:

SIR—I am a married man, and that I am "'tis true 'tis pity, and pity 'tis 'tis true." Please to let my wife Dorothea know thus publicly what I have too tender a heart to tell her myself at present, but from this time henceforward, I shall do my best to extinguish every spark of affection toward her remaining in my bosom. Conceive what a tedious thing it is (to say nothing of wounded feelings) to be united to one who lets you see every moment of the twenty four hours which you spend in her society, that she is totally cool and indifferent toward you. Even so is my once loving Dorothea. To prevent her doing any thing, it is sufficient for me to request her to do it. She has no desire to accompany me in my visits abroad, and discovers no gratification when I stay with her at home. She never allows that I do any thing well. She continually accuses me of blunders and stupidity, and, if you take her word, I cannot close a blind, or poke the fire as it should be done. She never quarrels with me, but uniformly expresses herself toward me in short contemptuous exclamations or cool silence, by which I am at length convinced that she loves me not. Let her be informed by this, that we shall hereafter be equal. Love can only be kept alive by a reciprocation of sentiment. By itself it dies away, like an unreplenished fire, and once extinguished, can seldom be revived. Yours,

R.

Here is another of so opposite a character to the above, that I look upon them as quite a singular coincidence:

DEAR SIR—The complaint I am about to make is, I know, of a very odd nature. Some of your readers may take a hint from it; therefore I trust you will not refuse it admission. It relates to my wife Susan, in whom I can only discover one blemish: yet that one is of such serious importance, as often to give us many unhappy moments. Perhaps you will smile when I assure you, that what I have to charge her with is loving me too much. She doats upon me with an unreasonable strength and ardor of affection. She is never satisfied when I am out of her sight. She must

perpetually monopolize all my words, looks and actions. My absence, no matter how necessary to my business, she regards as a heavy calamity, the annunciation of which never fails to overcloud her face with shadows, and sometimes to fill her eyes with tears. When I am going to spend the evening out, under circumstances which must prevent her being my companion, I am compelled to use as much tender artifice in breaking to her the event, as if I had to tell her of the loss of my fortune, or the death of a dear friend. At dinner I have to stop eating, to give her a kiss; and if I accidentally sit down with my back toward her a minute, she pouts, says my affection is cooling, and wishes for the times that are past! She turns pale when I receive a letter directed in a small hand; and almost fainted yesterday morning on finding in my drawer a piece of blue riband, which she thought I cherished for the sake of some other object of affection. Pray, what is to be done in such a dilemma? If you cannot tell, please print this, that newly married wives may be more careful. Your obedient servant, R. D.

Here is a letter which has nothing whatever to do with the subject, but as it fills a corner I print it.

Sir—Let me beg you to say something excessively severe against a class of fellows who, just as you are in the *acme* of that equivocal agony preceding a sneeze, or abandoned almost irrevocably to the luxury of a gape, shout forth *boo!* or slap your shoulders, or place their hand across your mouth, and then burst forth into a horse laugh at the sight of your distress and disappointment; and there be those who will exclaim, "Thank you, sir," or after a sneeze, "God bless you, sir," and several similar trifling allusions to you, which make you conspicuous to the company, and turn the laugh against you without any real fault on your part. Pray satirize these fellows, and oblige your obedient servant and constant reader,

Sam Sleepy.

CURIOSITY.

Although habits of impertinent curiosity are not of so black a kind as to bring the offenders under the jurisdiction of a court of justice, yet they may render them disagreeable companions, and go far to interrupt the peace and happiness of the social circle. Just in proportion as modesty and ingenuousness are attractive and graceful qualities in woman, this petty, mean, prying spirit is contemptible and disgusting. It outweighs all accomplishments, and neutralizes a thousand virtues. However susceptible a man may be to female charms, one such degrading exhibition of weakness would entirely freeze his heart; at least I am certain it would mine; and if I were a young, likely fellow, and were even engaged to marry the girl of my choice, I am afraid my passion could not outlive the discovery of such a fault. I have heard somewhere of a gentleman who broke off a match which promised very profitable, as well as agreeable results to all parties, because on suddenly opening the parlor door he caught the lady on her knees with he rear to the key hole. For my part I am naturally prone to confidence in all the world. I cannot look a lady or gentleman in the face and deliberately believe them capable of exploring other people's drawers, stealing an examination of letters or papers, or striving to overhear private conversations. I consider it to be fully equivalent to robbing. Indeed, I rather prefer that such an officious meddler should take money from my pocket than acquire knowledge of the contents of my papers. Yet I conceive the crime, for it perfectly merits the appellation, to be so totally incompatible with the feelings and character of a lady or gentleman, that I frequently leave my books and desk exposed, and scarcely admit in my most secret thoughts that any of my acquaintances could take advantage of a generous confidence in their integrity, and disgrace themselves by this moral petit larceny.

I recollect a pretty incident which may not be unin-

teresting to the reader. A wild young fellow married a lovely girl, and having been long addicted to habits of dissipation, even the sincere attachment which he entertained toward his wife could not entirely disentangle him from its snares. His occasional irregular hours would have given any but one of so pure and sweet a disposition every reason to suspect that she did not hold that place in his affection which was her right; but this reflection scarcely ever intruded upon her spirits. The husband was far from being cruel, and really loved her, but his disposition was weak and his companions eloquent, and he seemed rather to grow worse than better in his habits. It happened once that he was called out of town, and in his haste left behind him a letter, in which, to please an unprincipled friend, he had spoken of his wife in terms of carelessness, if not of derision, and dilated freely upon his general course of life. Imagine the anxiety and suspense of the startled profligate when he found himself borne by a rapid steamboat upon a journey which must necessarily be of several days duration, yet remembered distinctly that the fatal letter was left exposed and unsealed upon his wife's table. He recollected also with a pang, that he had wantonly, in answer to her inquiries, boasted that it contained a profound secret, which he would not have revealed for the world. He paced the deck in an agony of disappointment and shame. He pictured her opening the letter, turning pale with horror and indignation—perhaps fainting with anguish—alarming the servants—flying to her father—renouncing him for ever. As soon as possible he returned, but with a sinking heart, to his dwelling, bracing himself up to meet the fury of an enraged and wretched woman. He opened the door softly. She was bending over her table busily writing. A placid smile sealed her mouth with a perfect beauty, and spread over her glowing features the mild expression of peace and joy; and even as she wrote, the fragment of a sweet ballad fell from her lips in a low music that flows only from a heart entirely at rest. The husband stole noislessly around, and read as her pen traced her gentle thoughts.

"Your letter is lying by me. The *very, very* letter

containing the 'profound secret.' Now could I punish you for your carelessness; but, my dearest Charles, how could I look you in the face on your return after having basely violated your trust in my integrity, and meanly sought to gratify a silly curiosity at the expense of honesty, delicacy, and confidence. No. The letter is unopened, and lest you should feel uneasy, I inclose it to you, with the sincere love of your affectionate wife," &c.

"What an angel!" muttered the conscience stricken husband.

She started up with a cry of pleasure—and as Charles met the light of her clear, unshrinking eyes, he was humbled that he should have suspected her, and deeply struck with repentance at his own conduct. He thenceforth severed all ties that drew him abroad; and if the pure and happy being whose influence had thus allured him to the path of right had perused all his subsequent letters, she would have found nothing concerning herself save bursts of the sincerest admiration and the warmest love.

THE WHIPPED SCHOOL BOY.

There is a charming litttle boy who comes in and out of my room just when he pleases, tumbles over the new damp octavos, peeps into the papers, examines the engravings, and makes fun of my editorial articles with a very pretty impudence and familiarity. He is a sweet tempered, sunshiny, affectionate creature. I could write off a column with him hanging on my knee, when the whisper of another would fling me into a fever. I am so accustomed to his boyish, winning ways, that I love to have him near me. The sight of him fills me with cheerful thoughts, and affects me as pleasantly as a stream of afternoon sunshine on the wall, or the rustling of the low wind among the leaves in summer, or any thing that chimes in with my feelings, and enlivens the mind with agreeable associations. In

this little fellow are the germs of a great character. He sometimes melts with the tenderness of a true poet, and, again, betrays the fire and rage which, properly cherished and disciplined, might make him a hero. His very faults are those of a noble soul, unable yet to manage its own energies. By a proper course of education, to develope his good qualities and temper his impetuosity, he might be trained up to a career of splendid virtue and honor. He came into my room the other evening just as twilight had induced me to close my book. Instead of his usual delightful countenance, and rapid, eager step, his face was pale and disturbed, and his little feet were lifted slowly. I took his hand, and drawing him gently toward my lap, asked what was the matter; but his eyes immediately filled with tears, his tender heart heaved and throbbed, and hiding his face in my bosom, he wept bitterly. He had been *whipped* at school because he did not know his dictionary lesson. I asked him a few questions from the book, and found that he was not only utterly ignorant respecting the task, but that he had not ever been taught, except in the most absurd and mechanical way. He informed me that the master had ordered him to learn two pages of words, with their spelling, definitions, parts of speech, number, &c. He could tell the meaning set down in the book for "communication," for instance, and that it is a noun, and in the singular number; but when required to explain what he meant by the term "noun," or to name any other word also a *noun*, or what he meant by its being in the singular number, or to give the plural number, he said those were questions which his master never asked. He only saw that the boys could say off by heart what was written in the book, and never paused to ascertain whether they understood the spirit of a single sentence. I fear that too many of our academies are conducted in the same slovenly manner. Young lads may commit to memory whole chapters of grammar and arithmetic, and yet know literally nothing about them. Indeed they are actually injured by unsuccessful attempts to learn, as they often mistake words for knowledge—an ignorant mind, conscious of its ignorance, will probably improve, but one believing itself sufficiently cultivated,

will remit all future exertions. If the truth could be known, many teachers themselves deserve the censure and penalties they bestow on their pupils. I believe the period will arrive when the profession of instructing the young will be one of the most lucrative and distinguished, as it is one of the most important which can employ the talents of the learned and the virtuous. Now it lies unluckily under a kind of disrepute. Few place it up as the ultimate object of their ambition. It is too often made subservient to every other business—a kind of stepping stone to other professions. If the time, which bad and careless teachers are the means of causing bewildered, oppressed, and helpless children to waste, could be computed, it would be found that several years in the lives of millions of the inhabitants of these state, might have been better passed in sleep. We are tempted to put on paper these few reflections by receiving the following letter, which very clearly shows the terror of the poor school boy.

"Mr. Sedley,—You must know I am a young boy, naturally fond of study, who have been all my life at school, but have quarrelled with my parents, and am very wretched by the tyranny of a master, who is "fitting me for college," as he calls it. I am beaten nearly every day. My master is so impatient and passionate, that he terrifies me at recitation, and I find that all my knowledge is dispersed when I am ordered to take my place and feel a pair of angry eyes glancing over me, and know that as soon as I miss a word I shall receive a brutal blow with a strap, or have my hand blistered with a ruler. The consequence is, that I hate the school and teacher most heartily, and go to my class as a slave or criminal to a dungeon. As for Virgil, I hear you critics talk of his beauties; alas, they are to me only mementos of tears and agonies. I have been flogged worse than the Trojans in the battle of Troy, and am always more frightened in the tempest than Æneas and his friends. I never hear the name of Venus, Æolus, Juno, or Queen Dido, without thinking of the dinners I have lost, and the lashes that have been laid on my shoulders; and am to morrow in expectation of having some of my bones broken at the Trojan sports. The

reading your strictures in favor of what you call your young friends, the school boys, made me feel such a love for you, and such a confidence that you would listen to my complaints, which every body else scoffs at, that I have stolen half an hour from my algebra to compose this. My default will make but little difference, as I am resigned to have my ears boxed immediately after breakfast in the morning, let me study ever so hard. With my best wishes for your welfare, and my cordial congratulations that you have escaped the dangerous and unhappy period of boyhood, I am, gratefully and respectfully, but very sorrowfully, your obedient servant, ROBERT JONES."

RIOT AT THE PARK THEATRE.

"That it should come to this."

NOT many weeks ago, we learned that a vocalist named Anderson, was about soliciting the favor of a New York audience. Next it was mentioned around carelessly that he had arrived, and was presently to appear. Then a rumor that he had quarrelled with somebody came over us, mingled up with items of the negro insurrection, news from Europe, and other shifting topics of conversation. After a few days, a friend observed casually that Mr. Anderson had been beaten in a broil, and then we believe the theatrical advertisements announced that his *debut* was postponed. One of the papers ascribed it to *indisposition*, printing the word thus in italics. By and by Mr. Anderson's *indisposition* was so far overcome that he was announced. It was whispered that he had been expressing himself on board the ship, even before he had seen our shores, very freely against this *nation*, and that he would probably be hissed. The opera of Guy Mannering, selected for the occasion, was commenced to a house consisting mostly of males. Although no adept in these matters, we could perceive pretty decisive symp-

toms of—to use the favorite phrase of the day—*a row.* We hate rows. There is an inconvenience, especially to a sedentary, peaceable, quiet person, in being tumbled head over heels out of the second tier, or in having a few large bottles, relieved by occasional sprinklings of turnips, potatoes, and eggs, which have seen their best days, directed by facetious gentlemen at a distance against that part of the system upon which we editors place a great dependence as one of our principal means of support, *id est*—the head. Beside, on such occasions, there is "no hand on high to shield the brave," and as for verbal remonstrances, they do not always meet that respectful attention, or produce those immediate consequences which, we moralists feel, a smart, sensible observation deserves. It was not, therefore, without certain misgivings, that we found ourselves in a conspicuous situation in the "Old Drury," amid sundry whoops, yells, whistles, and other rational expressions of sentiment known by the name of *cat calls*, which might be construed into harbingers of a tolerably tempestuous entertainment. "Coming events cast their shadows before." We perceived that a kind of subterranean fire had been slowly burning under the smooth surface of our community, and that then a few flashes gleamed out as precursors of a volcanic eruption. After the sweet duet of "Now hope, now fear," in which Bertram sings behind the scenes, a neat looking little gentle man sprang on the stage—and that was Anderson,

> "At which the universal host up sent
> A shout"

that shook the building to its base. This was persevered in, the opera was finished in *pantomime*, and there was much vociferous talking in the oyster cellars, bar rooms, and other public places adjacent to the theatre.

Many were indignant that the first theatre in the United States should be violated for the sake of a private brawl, while others swore they had rather see

> "The frame of things disjoint, both the worlds suffer,"

than bear the insolence of a bullying foreigner, or suffer him to be crammed down the throat of the public. On

Friday the rejected player appealed to their generosity in a manner which we must say we deemed sufficient to atone for his fault. We will go, we thought, on his next appearance, to witness the grateful sight of reconciliation. We did go. Multitudes filled the house and blocked up all the avenues and the streets, and collected in the Park. Shouts "rent heaven's conclave." From a simple subject of jesting the matter began to assume a very serious and interesting aspect. We were quietly seated where we could take a survey of the proceedings. The first thing we saw was a man stepping from the pit into the boxes—the second, a large and heavy bottle of water hurled with startling violence from the third tier upon the stage. At this crisis Mr. Anderson's popularity was below par. Had we been his thirty seventh cousin, we should have disclaimed the relationship. Several gentlemen who raised their voices in his favor were the next moment observed making their way in a pretty straight line out of the front door, apparently in some haste, not even stopping to receive checks. Every shout in the interior was echoed by acclamations from the throng without, and a bulletin was established in the second story window to report progress to those in the streets. He who has stood beneath a heavily laden apple tree when some lusty swain above was shaking the branches, can comprehend the unpleasant situation of the performers at this period, except that the fruit hailed down on them consisted of oranges, pen knives, turnips, keys, potatoes, and eggs. Their dilemma was partially increased by the evident impropriety of coming before the audience with their heads covered. We remarked in particular that our inestimable actor, Mr. Placide, was for some time greatly perplexed between the contradictory suggestions of politeness and prudence. The sudden visitation, however, of an overgrown turnip turned the scale in favor of the latter. He took the liberty, therefore, to respectfully appropriate his "bonnet to its right use." Mr. Simpson came forward, and after standing for some fifteen or twenty minutes, as one would pause almost deafened at the foot of Niagara Falls, listening to the din and discord, the roar and thunder of the clashing torrent, the noise subsided for a moment like a brief interval in the howling of the

storm, as if the very winds and waves were exhausted with their paroxysms of fury. He seized the opportunity to announce that Mr. Anderson should be withdrawn, which few words again lashed the tumult to such a tremendous height, that we were reminded of an anecdote related by Plutarch, of a shout so loud by the Romans on some occasion of triumph, that a flock of crows, which happened to be flying over at the time, fell dead to the earth. As for us, we felt ourselves before the omnipotence of the people. And this is the *public*, to whom we indite essays and paragraphs—whom we call "dear," "good," and "gentle." Henceforth shall we be respectful in our periods. Our blood runs cold to think how often we have been familiar with so powerful and gigantic a creature, without knowing what we were about. How we have played with its beard, and like the keeper in the tower of London, put our head into its mouth. Think, reader, in confidence, what we have escaped.

The audience having denied a hearing to Mr. Anderson, we were in doubt whether he can legitimately come under our notice. We have certainly nothing to say respecting his professional merit, for although we attended the theatre in order to judge of his vocal abilities, he was the only one of many thousands whose vocal abilities we did not hear. He might almost as well, therefore, come under the head of horrible accidents, or obituary notices as under that of the drama. Among so many clashing opinions and reports, it is difficult to see our way clearly through. Many believe that he has not had fair play, and that blasting the interests of a stranger in our land, without affording him any opportunity to confess, contradict, apologize, or explain, is not consistent with the spirit of our laws, nor our boastings of the freedom of opinion among us. Others declare that the people are their own masters, and may refuse to receive an actor without being held responsible to any one; that there are influences about the theatre unfriendly to the country, and defying the wishes of the audience, and that the present crisis is only an opportunity for expressing a previously existing feeling upon the subject which should convey a useful lesson to all concerned. One party imagine that

nothing can be more absurd than the notice taken of a play actor's private opinions or quarrels, and are sarcastic upon their sovereign majesties, the people, for driving away a poor devil of a foreigner for speaking his mind; for, say they, such exercises of inquisitorial power sink the character of the country more than all the idle talk of ignorant travellers; their opponents reply that a becoming civility in one who lives on public favor is at least to be expected, and that as we did not invite the gentleman here, and have not inflicted upon him any personal injury, we have the same right to send him from the stage, as that possessed by each one of us to hand an intrusive and disagreeable visiter out of our own house. To debate this question at present would have a tendency to prolong an excitement, extraordinary in the highest degree, when we consider the insignificance of its origin, and which all must wish subdued. That a paltry broil between two persons should fling the city into an uproar, seems almost incredible; but thus the merest casual occurrences sometimes swell up into monstrous events, and the destinies of kingdoms, like those of theatres, are swayed by "trifles light as air." Charles the First lost his head in consequence of an order to prevent the flight, to America, of the then obscure Oliver Cromwell, and it is said that the revolution of the Romish Church was produced by the denial of the privilege to sell indulgences to Martin Luther.

READING ALOUD.

Sir—My wife and sisters play with great taste on the piano, and sing sweetly; and to vary the charms of music and conversation, they sometimes apply themselves to needle work, while I read to them aloud some interesting novel, poem, or other work of fancy. I can assure you, the evening hours pass away with delightful rapidity in the exercise of these agreeable occupa-

tions. Yet as there is no heaven without a cloud, so there is no situation without care. I need not tell you how sincerely I love every member of my family, for that is sufficiently proven by the eagerness with which I fly to their society as soon as the toils of the day are over; but they are, the whole set of them, Lucy and all, addicted to one fault, which, although trifling, has been to me an exceeding annoyance. They are such affectionate and cheerful creatures that I cannot bear to scold, or show any other signs of dissatisfaction before them; but I apply to you, as the sovereign redresser of all that class of wrongs which do not fall under the jurisdiction of the courts of justice, that they, and all others like them, of whom I shrewdly suspect among your fair readers there is a great number, may look to it.

The girls are, or pretend to be, amazingly fond of poetry; think Byron must have been a heavenly fellow; would give any thing in the world to get one peep at Washington Irving; and declare continually, and with much enthusiasm, that Walter Scott is the greatest man that ever lived, except Shakspeare. I have experienced great pleasure in reading to them in this way the Sketch Book, Bracebridge Hall, many of the Waverly novels, and other productions of merit. They seem to enjoy it very much, and are quite vociferous in their expressions of disappointment when the exigencies of my business occasionally detain me until a late hour in the evening; yet, (mark me, reader, for this is my charge against the whole sex, with very few exceptions,) I scarcely ever can get through twenty pages, no matter what it may be, poetry, prose, Shakspeare, Irving, or Scott, but some one of them will exclaim aloud, make the most trivial and unnecessary observations, or enter into a brisk dialogue, aside, in a whisper, to the total disregard of the subject matter, and the destruction of the effect upon the whole circle of my hearers.

There are certain pieces of composition so refined and beautiful, that it seems almost sacrilege to read them to any who are not competent to appreciate them, or who are so differently engaged as to have their attention repeatedly diverted by other objects.

The other evening one of them had found an old volume, containing the "Essays of Howard" upon the subject of imprisonment for debt, first printed about twenty years ago in the New York Columbian, and said to contain the most touching and interesting pictures of human misery which ever took place within the gloomy walls of our detestable jail. The author of these charming sketches has passed away from the earth; but I retain a recollection of him sufficiently distinct to give a strong additional interest to his stories. When I recalled the ardent and glowing enthusiasm with which he was wont to advocate the cause of humanity, his deep earnestness respecting every thing connected with the subject upon which these essays were composed, and the indignation with which he used to speak of those who behold with indifference the horrors which actually disgraced our country and human nature within those damp and wretched walls, I was more than usually impatient under any unnecessary interruption. Imagine us, if you please, now all comfortably seated around a cheerful fire; my "bonny wee wife," and her dear sister Maria on one side, gradually giving some shapeless pieces of silk the form of a dress, while Eliza on the other is also plying her needle to the completion of some one of those nameless pieces of wearing apparel of which ladies find themselves in need. I proceeded to my pleasing task, and we shall now, as usual, have a specimen of the grievance complained of. The story ran as follows:

"I have had a pretty good opportunity to know something of that class of people, (debtors,) having myself been more than sixteen years a prisoner for debt! I had the misfortune to have a wild and very extravagant brother; but he was such a liberal and generous fellow, that I could not help loving him dearly. When he was in distress I gave him money; and if I could not readily raise it for him, (as my credit was good,) I lent him my notes. My brother was one of the greatest speculators that ever lived in America, and more than once made an immense fortune, on paper. Several times he would really have made himself rich as Crœsus, and me also, (for I always shared with him,) if it had not happened, most unluckily, that

just at the moment he was about to realize all his ardent hopes, he wanted more money to perfect the scheme than could possibly be obtained. It was one of these glorious speculations that ruined my brother and me. He died of a broken heart. Heaven bless him, I say. But the *usurer* who bought of him my lent notes at thirty per cent. discount, by combining with others, has kept me sixteen years a prisoner in the jail of the city and county of New York It is a horrid place—and many a time when, through the grates of my prison window, I have watched the last rays of the setting sun, as they gilded some neighboring spire——"

"Bless my soul," said Maria, "where in the world did I leave my thimble?"

"You put it in my box," said Lucy.

"Here it is."

I finished the sentence, and it was a beautiful one—but no one heard me.

I soon came to another fine passage. It was the interesting account of Brown, who was also cast into prison for debt.

"Nothing gave Brown pleasure but the daily visits of his amiable wife. By the help of a kind relation she was enabled to give him sometimes soup, wine, and fruit; and every day, whether clear or stormy, she visited the prison to cheer the drooping spirits of her husband. She was uncommonly pretty. She seemed an angel, administering consolation to a man about to converse with angels. One day the hour of one o'clock passed, and she came not. Brown was uneasy. Two—three, and four o'clock passed, and she did not appear. Brown was distracted. A messenger arrived. Mrs. Brown was very dangerously ill, and supposed to be dying in a convulsive fit. As soon as he received this information, he darted to the door with the rapidity of lightning. The inner door was open, and the jailer, who had just let some one in, knocked him down with the massive iron key which he held in his hand, and——"

I looked up to catch the expression of anxiety which I presumed was glowing on every face. Eliza's countenance was indeed lighted up with the most intense interest, but her eyes were intently fixed upon a cape, which Lucy was slily holding up to her admiration.

"It's too long," said Lucy, softly.

"I made it so on purpose," said Eliza.

"Is that the twilled Levantine silk?" said Maria.

"No, it's Florence," said Eliza.

I laid down the book. They all begged my pardon. They looked very sorry—I said nothing, but continued the story.

It seems to me that my fair hearers always break in upon the most interesting passage with their interruptions. I accomplished a number of pages very quietly, and was becoming myself quite absorbed with the subject. The history of Danvers I thought could not fail to command their attention. I read on:

"It was winter, and as Danvers, peeping through the grate of the prison, saw his cheerful and amiable wife trudging through the snow to carry his blessing to the 'darling Eliza,' 'Now, Howard,' said he, 'by the goddess of mercy! (and I think her the best goddess in the catalogue,) I feel at this moment that I am gay in spite of oppression. My wife there is an angel, and the daughter whose fourth birth day now makes me so happy, is worth more in my estimation than all the wealth in the world. Dearly as I love my liberty, I would sooner remain a slave than part with this little darling of my heart. Come, Howard, here's to many returns of Eliza's birth day.' So saying he took the cup, and was just applying it to his lips, when suddenly the door of his room flew open and in rushed his eldest child, covered with snow, her hands and face purple with cold, her eyes wild, and the tears frozen on her cheeks. It was some moments before her excessive grief would permit her to speak. At length she exclaimed——"

"Plush bonnet and gaiter boots," said Lucy, in a loud whisper to Maria.

"Yes, and book muslin collar," interrupted Eliza.

"No," said Maria, "Swiss muslin."

"No," said Lucy, "bobbinet."

They had been talking together by signs for half an hour, until the debate grew too warm to be carried on any longer in an inaudible manner.

Now, my dear sir, if I were a young lady, and any gentleman had the kindness to read to me, I should

either yield him attention, or frankly request him to suspend operations until I was fully prepared to do so. I should take care to have my thimble, needles, scissors, thread, &c. &c., all ready before he commenced; if I had any thing to say about bobbinet or Swiss muslin collars, I should at least wait till he had reached some passage not particularly remarkable for beauty. I fear I shall have to read hereafter to myself, as I do not know any thing more calculated to vex me and make me feel like a fool, than to find, after I have been perusing with fine emphasis some admirable passage, of pathos sufficient to bring tears into the eyes of any intelligent listener, that my auditory, instead of appreciating it, have been whispering to each other about bobbinet and Swiss muslin.

GREAT COATS AND HATS.

THERE is much to be gathered from a great coat. Here! stand by the window, and look down into the street. See that elderly gentleman talking to his friend on the corner, with the snuff colored surtout. Nothing could be more plain in its make; yet you may observe it is cut exactly to fit, and the cloth is of the finest. It is buttoned with three buttons around his body, that can scarcely yet be termed capacious. No show, but comfort. His hat is not new. I detest a staring new hat. It's so conceited! I always feel inclined to quarrel with a fellow who has a palpably new hat. But this one betrays neatness without ostentation, and care without pride. It has been brushed, but the servant did it. Then the nap is short. There is something so gentlemanly in a short napped hat; and the rim has such a modest breadth. There's dignity in a wide rim. It's out of the fashion; but then it's *above* it. It's retiring and respectable, and casts a shadow over the eyes, as if the wearer were thinking. I have a contempt for a man whose hat has a narrow rim. It tells of flippancy and a whalebone cane! You may depend

upon it the old gentleman is rich. You don't feel assured of it? It's as clear as daylight. Look at those boots—they are mirrors—and the over shoes as bright; the snowy white cravat. Take my word for it, that gentleman dines at four, and sips a wine after dinner that glides down the throat like oil.

Here comes a bird of a different feather. There's a cloak now; with its ample drapery of superfine blue cloth, flung over the shoulder, the broad collar and facing in front of black velvet; and the hat a little one side. That man likes Pelham better than Waverly. He's a fine fellow, with good blood in his veins. He does not take oysters often, but when he does it is at Windust's. Edgerton makes his clothes; and if you were to tell him of any other hatter than St. John, he would stare, and say nothing. You see those cloaks in the box doors of the theatres! I have heard voices coming out of them late at night, mixed with segar smoke, in catches of "Behold, how brightly breaks the morning," and "Your barcarole merrily singing."

After him comes a broad shouldered man, with a shaggy double breasted overcoat, buttoned across his chest, and close up to the chin. Rough, but comfortable! He has a pair of thick gloves, lined on the back with fur. He too is a blood, but in his own way. He scorns a fop, and seeks distinction only among his own set; drives fast horses, and is a leading man at a frolic. He is careless about his apparel. His hat is unbrushed, and boots unclean; but he swaggers with a sort of good natured savage bravado. His gang now will call him, "prime bang-up." He himself is full of slang and deviltry; knocks a man down, and says he has "fixed his flint for him;" and after staring a modest girl out of countenance, laughs aloud, and tells Dick, she's "not so slow;" who answers, that "she's real *bunkum*."

There is a kind of surtout people call a "wrapper." It is a blending of the two orders of a cloak and great-coat, stuffed with cotton, and lined inside with silk. It has a wide collar, generally of some kind of soft fur, which runs down far in the front, and the cuffs of the sleeves are also of fur. It is sometimes fastened tight round the body with a belt. I have never yet been

mistaken in a wrapper; it belongs to your true gentleman. None other *dare* wear it, for it is the most awkward looking thing ever cut by shears, only for the associations connected with it. It leans toward literature, and has a pretty tinge of aristocracy. The wearer will swear "truth out of England" that he is not any one of consequence, but dont believe him. He thinks he is not, but he deceives himself. There is the true pride of a gentleman lurking in his veins, which bursts out thus in his wrapper. He feels he is not exactly as other men are, else he would never dream of mounting such a solecism in the science of personal economy. Of all the forms and qualities of "those troublesome disguises that we wear," as dear old John Milton says, a practical and meditative mind can gain most information from this. I have despised people for bedizening and bedaubing their coats with lace, and afterward found them fine fellows. I have felt a disposition to horsewhip a man for his mustachios; have detested a slender youth, in consequence of the exorbitant magnitude of his whiskers; and once conceived a rankling enmity against a stranger, for wearing an uncommonly low crowned hat; and I have lived to respect and love each and all of these; but, in your genuine wrapper, there's "no mistake." I only know five, which really come under that class, (for they have been sometimes badly imitated by a few of "nature's ordinary sale work,") and I traced each of them to their source, which clearly confirmed my theory. The first two I was well acquainted with; they were editors; one an old veteran, who had weathered more political and literary gales than he could count, and is now rather an oracle in his party—the other a young, ardent, and promising writer, who has advocated his claims to the wrapper by many elegant compositions. The third (you may see it to this day—the identical one, in his pictures,) was an author of genius in the humorous, pathetic, and historical, sufficient for ever to consecrate that remarkable garment in my imagination. The fourth I had seen several times when a boy, and one day asked my father who he was?

"Why, is it possible," said my father, "that you do not know who *that* is? You will be delighted that you have seen him. That is **** ****."

The fifth and last resembles a comet which has but lately visited our sphere. It rose upon me one day in the street. I was afraid of betraying my ignorance by asking who it was, and it passed away. I consoled myself by the hope of meeting it some other time. "Perchance 'twill walk again," thought I. I met it frequently afterward. It gave me an immense deal of trouble. The conflict in my mind between the desire to know and the shame of betraying that I did not know, was awful. Hats went off to it in the street, pretty faces lighted up with smiles as they passed it; sometimes the great play actors uncovered themselves in its honor; the great publishers stopped it, and whispered in its ear sometimes. My curiosity at length grew too strong for restraint. It crossed my path one day, with one of the other wrappers by its side. There was no bearing that.

"For heaven's sake," exclaimed I, seizing hold of a passing friend, "who is that yonder?"

"What? that gentleman with a double breasted great coat?"

"Fire and fury! no! there—*that* one."

"What? *that* gentleman there, with the books under his arm, in a wrapper?"

"Yes, yes! If you love me, tell me! quick! who is it?"

"Why! Is it possible!" said he, with an incredulous smile, "is it possible you don't know who *that* is? Why that's *****."

I slapped my hand down on my knee. I have lived many years. I knew it then—I know it now. I never can be mistaken in a wrapper.

POETRY.

I am an admirer of good poetry, such as we find in the best English writers; and I have read the productions of a number of our own bards with a powerful interest, but I esteem a third or fourth rate poet a very ordinary sort of affair, and would recommend such at

least to leave off publishing if they cannot overcome the *cacoethes scribendi.* The facilities afforded by our reading rooms at Washington Hall, the Parthenon Library, the Exchange, &c., &c., enable me to examine a vast number of newspapers, and I am of opinion that if all the stanzas, sonnets, love sick complaints, and stale imitations in metre and rhyme could be collected together, and Hercules, that immortal bully, could be called down from his constellation, he would rather once more cleanse the Augean stable or slay the Nemæan lion, than undertake to wade through such a slough of despondency and nonsense. It is mortifying to reflect how much paper and ink are wasted in this business, and also how much time on the part of the reader as well as scribblers. Our youngsters fall into a mistake in supposing that admiration for good poetry is a genius for producing it, and after having skimmed through the fashionable authors of the day, they sit down, and drawing upon their memory instead of their imagination, bring forth such a sad medley of agonizing despair in bad grammar, or of passionate love in most noble contempt of rhyme, as, one would suppose, would be sufficient to drive sleep from their pillows for the rest of the night, and elicit a sincere pity on the part of their friends, beside wasting an indefinite quantity of lamp oil.

I have a little servant boy in my family who blacks boots, cleans knives, runs of errands, and does other odd jobs for every body in the house. Even he has caught the epidemic, and I have actually detected him engaged in "making poetry," which he thinks, with many much older than himself, is as easily done as making butter or pudding.

I found this sticking out of his vest pocket the other afternoon, and after some stammering and excuses, he confessed that he had written it, and added, that it came "out of him very hard."*

"My friends alas my friends you are
A calm repose twas often yours
Impressed from virtue and from care
Among the shady bowers.

* These lines were seriously composed as above stated, and are printed verbatim.

Flying indeed my thoughts have flew
From every care they thus have flown
Strayed far away from the evening dew
Must I then stay alone."

This little fellow doubtless believes his lines are very clear and beautiful; and I will venture to surmise, that many who smile while they peruse them, have the same opinion of some bantling of their own, which, perhaps, in reality is little better. Hundreds imagine that any thought which passes through their mind can be cut down into measure and rhyme, so as to be manufactured into poetry; and thus we have innumerable fledgelings, who think themselves gifted by nature with precious genius, and that they are born poets, without the aid of other exertions, as Minerva came fully armed from the head of Jove, or the mother of love rose from the deep in perfect loveliness, and "conscious of her charms." Out of a hundred who write verses, perhaps there may be one or two capable of producing poetry; and still fewer of writing a long poem. Let the rhymers of the day measure themselves with Robert Burns, who, without education or books, striding through the fields, could compose such a complete production as the "Cotter's Saturday Night," unassisted even by pen and paper. Let them compare the pure original material of which it consists with the borrowed patches of their own pieces, and they may in some degree feel the respect due to a true poet, and the folly of their attempts to appear to be what nature has not made them. As for me I have about me a kind of modesty, which keeps me from entering the lists against so many wonderful antagonists, and a shame at being among the inferior ranks. There is something, too, so useless in the character of a bad poet, that my duty to society would scarcely permit me to devote my time to verse. Indeed, such aspirants are not only morally injuring themselves, but are a pest to the whole community in which they live; for where they abound, nothing unusual can occur but it is straightway woven into verse as coarse as the likenesses of Washington, Jackson, and Lafayette on the signs of taverns. If a beautiful belle appear in the fashionable circles, she is straightway embalmed in a very discreditable manner,

and made a theme of universal ridicule by apostrophes in her praise, to her flame darting eyes and snowy bosom. Indeed, there is no restraint upon the liberties which these gentlemen take, and they handle the lips and hands of each fair lady so freely, and assume such imaginary familiarities with her person, as render it obvious to all that either she has been rather kind, or they very impertinent. When revolutionary heroes die, they have to stand a fire from these little poetic discharges more dangerous to their fame than any they have encountered in battle, and I have on my table a sonnet to John Paulding, which is enough to make the bones of that inflexible patriot unquiet in his grave.

Shakspeare, who, like the wife of honest Dennis Bulgruddery, seems to have known "every thing and a great deal more," has cunningly introduced a fellow of this kind in order to turn him into ridicule. He comes in after the celebrated and beautiful quarrel and reconciliation between Brutus and Cassius. These would-be poets are the noisiest and most confident varlets in the universe, and our author brings him on in a characteristic manner.

(*Noise within.*)

Poet. (*Within.*) Let me go in to see the generals;
There is some grudge between them; 'tis not meet
They be alone.
Luc. (*Within.*) You shall not come to them.
Poet. (*Within.*) Nothing but death shall stay me.

(*Enter Poet.*)

Cas. How now! what's the matter?
Poet. For shame, you generals; what do you mean?
Love, and be friends, as two such men should be;
For I have seen more years, I am sure, than ye.
Cas. Ha, ha! how vilely doth this cynic rhyme!
Bru. Get you hence, sirrah! saucy fellow, hence!
Cas. Bear with him, Brutus; 'tis his fashion.
Bru. I'll know his humor when he knows his time.
What should the wars do with these jiggling fools?
Companion, hence.
Cas. Away, away, begone. [*Exit Poet.*

ONE OF THE COGNOSCENTI.

The reader has, probably, often met the name of this class of individuals in the daily journals; for when any one wishes to impress the public mind with an opinion, they invariably give them as authority. Every body respects them. It is they who give a tone to fashion, who permit an actor to pass to fame and fortune, or strip from him the patronage of all but the rabble, who pronounce decisive opinions on an opera long before it is produced, say what a picture will be before it is painted, and carry in their minds the immutable standard of perfection upon every possible subject. They are alluded to by editors and authors, under various denominations. They are those correspondents, upon whose taste and judgement "the most implicit confidence may be reposed;" the gentlemen "well known to the literary world;" the writer "whose genius has long been established on both sides of the Atlantic;" the "persons who *know*;" the "*literati*," the "*dilettanti*," or the "*cognoscenti*."

The world must, however, be warned against a set of pretenders who pass under their name without their knowledge and experience. Although these are the most ignorant and audacious varlets that ever imposed on the credulity of the unsuspecting, yet they frequently succeed in gaining credit from those who are as ignorant, without being as immodest, as themselves. They are clearly the most disagreeable, pernicious, troublesome, impertinent, and disgusting of all creatures. Real genius is often timid, sensitive and doubtful about its own creations. It puts them forth with fear and hesitation—it writhes beneath a word of ridicule, and perhaps never ventures again to trust its powers. A blundering dunce may thus deride the effort of one infinitely his superior, and gain the laugh on his side. Yet society is full of these annoyances, as nothing is easier than to pass for a critic and a judge with the

general mass of mankind who have no time to examine for themselves. A few cant phrases, on various subjects, an assumption of the manner of true critics—these used properly, and with a sufficient degree of impudence, which often passes current for knowledge, are stock enough to set one up in this mean and disgraceful character.

These foolish persons, who, with the aid of a little paltry slang, undertake to settle questions which they are utterly incompetent to comprehend, may generally be detected as impostors, by the insolence with which they lay down their opinions, and their loud unmeaning jangle of a few sounding terms; while, in a man of true knowledge and taste, there will be marked a modesty and reserve, even upon subjects with which every one allows him to be peculiarly acquainted. There are large numbers of these ridiculous imitators about town, who are unconsciously exposing their shoulders to the lash of the satirist. They are men who fall into raptures about certain pieces of music, or other specimen of art which some great person has executed or admired; while the most exquisite evidence of power from an obscure artist, of which, perhaps, some one from whom they generally take their opinions has disapproved, is regarded with a "bah," which is the grossest of all affectation. Every age and country has abounded with these cheats on a small scale, whose assumption of superior acumen is so disgusting, and so often betrayed, that persons of unquestionable ability are ashamed to speak before a stranger. One of these conceited gentry was once walking with Handel, when a band of music began playing an air. The fellow, thinking to pass himself off as a critic upon the great composer, covered his ears with his hands, and exclaimed, "That music is horrible stuff." "It may be horrible stuff," replied Handel, "but it is *mine!*"

One of the most ludicrous artifices by which the persons I have described attempt to attract notice, and distinguish themselves from the vulgar crowd, is selecting something—an old picture, for example, which has not the slightest value, and placing it somewhere (perhaps in the exact position least calculated to enhance whatever appearance of merit it may really possess)

and thus being nearly overcome by their feelings of wonder and admiration. People who stand by are as much struck with admiration of the man as he is with the picture, and with just as little reason.

For my own part, dear reader, let me warn you not only against these smattering acquirements in any art; but as you regard the simple pleasures of life and your general cheerfulness, beware how you become even one of the real *cognoscenti.* I was once in great danger of setting up in that character, but was prevented by the deliberate conviction that however I might increase my fame, I should proportionably mar my happiness. I made this discovery by closely observing a friend, who happened to be one of the *cognoscenti,* of the most unequivocal attainments and sagacity. I was originally led to watch the operations of his mind, from a desire of being initiated into the mysteries of his superiority over all others, that I might in time become like him. One day I attended an exhibition of the academy of arts, where, among the paintings, all of which had imparted to me the most sincere and delightful feelings of admiration, I selected one as the most charming and strikingly beautiful. It was a lovely cottage scene, with trees and a lake, and a sweet careless girl, with a pretty child, looking down into the water.

The examination of this piece threw me into a gentle and agreeable excitement. I called my friend, anxious that he should participate in my pleasure.

"Oh!" exclaimed I, "if you will be charmed, look at that. Is it not delicious?"

As he gazed at it, his face was drawn up into an expression of disgust, instead of admiration.

"What *that?*" he exclaimed, in a tone of surprise; "why that's not pretty!"

"Is'nt it?"

"Why, bless your simple soul, no. It's dreadful—it's shameful."

"Is it?"

"Yes, it's atrocious. It sets my teeth on edge."

"Does it?"

"Certainly. Why, my dear fellow, only look at that shadow—that cloud: the perspective is bad—the draw-

ing is bad—the colors are not laid on well—there is no relief—it is not finished. But come here, I'll show you a picture that you may admire without fear."

I followed him. He pointed out a dark, dingy looking daub, which seemed to be a bunch of grapes and some flowers. I might have gone there forty thousand times and never dreamed it was so beautiful. I began thenceforward to be careful how I admired pictures. At last I perfected my judgement to such a degree that I could pass through the room of an artist with an even pulse and a cold heart. One day I leaned against a pillar, regarding a new painting: a number of ladies and gentlemen gathered around it also. They appeared animated with the most lively pleasure. Bursts of admiration and delight continually came from their lips. Indeed they formed a group of perfect happiness. I alone was silent and contemptuous—disgusted with the painting, disgusted with them for praising it. "Look at that shadow," thought I, "look at that perspective. It is painted by a New Yorker. It is most probable that some of the rules of the art are violated. Who would consent to receive gratification from a piece where the rules of the art are perhaps violated in the most gross manner? It is a grand thing to be a critic."

We went one evening to see a new opera. The music inspired me. I forgot to criticize—I forgot my friend—I forgot I was one of the *cognoscenti*—I gave myself up to the enchantment of the admirable exhibition.

In the paroxysm of my rapture I felt a hand on my shoulder. It belonged to my friend the critic. He seemed horror struck at something.

"For heaven's sake," whispered he, "let us go."

I complied, thinking he had met with some accident.

"What is the matter?" asked I.

"Let us escape from this stuff," said he. "They are making dreadful work with this opera. I have seen it in Paris, in Italy, in London. Mrs. —— left out a cadence which I came on purpose to hear. I would not expose myself to a similar disappointment for the world. It makes me nervous. It sets my teeth on edge."

We rode out together one summer morning. I never saw the country look so fresh and lovely. I remarked it.

"Ah, my dear fellow," said he, with a melancholy air, "it may do for you, but it's wretched stuff for me. I have been in Switzerland. I have seen the blue peaks and green valleys of Germany. I have rode on the banks of the Rhine, and sailed by moonlight through Venice. Every thing here appears dim and repulsive. It sets my teeth on edge."

I found the latter expression was frequently used by my friend. Every thing he saw in his own country—every thing he heard set his "teeth on edge"—he never derived amusement from any thing, except now and then a rare old relic which no one else cared to look at. He was always moping and pining and wishing. Nothing pleased him. He could not meet any thing good, but it was infinitely excelled by something he had seen before, and would probably never meet again. I was thoroughly cured of my ambition to become one of the *cognoscenti.*

FAMILY GOVERNMENT.

It is a question very frequently and warmly discussed by young unmarried folks, whether the wife has a right to govern the husband or the husband the wife. I heard a charming girl, on the point of becoming a bride, holding forth the other evening, half in jest and half in earnest, upon this subject; and telling how she should do this and how she should do that, and she should expect, and she would never consent to have, &c. &c. A warm tempered young gentleman, who is just cultivating a pair of whiskers, started up, and declared that when he married, which, heaven forbid he ever should, he would make his wife do whatever he ordered. "A pretty thing, indeed," said he, passing the palm of his hand across his cheek, "a pretty thing, indeed, for a man to be under the influence of a woman; a *man* who has to support his family, to transact important business,

to—to—to—When he comes home he ought to be the *lord* of the house; and his wife should not lay the slightest restraint upon him; she should not know where he goes, nor what he does; and, if he chooses to stay out till three o'clock in the morning, it's none of her business."

"And suppose," inquired the young lady, setting her head a little one side, as women will some times when they are getting interested in a debate, "suppose you were a rough, brutal man, without any delicacy or feeling or principle, and you should bring people to the house whom she did not think fit to associate with, what then?"

"Why, then, she *should* associate with them, whether she thought fit or not; she is not to be the judge of such things, but the husband."

"And is she to have no will of her own?"

"No, not contrary to her husband's."

"Well then, let me tell you, that if my husband were to treat me in that way, I should just tell his friends that if they wanted supper, they might go where they were welcome, and not come to *my* house."

"And if my wife were to behave so," said the young gentleman, rising again in a passion, "I would—I would—"

"Well," interrupted his fair opponent, crossing her arms composedly, and pressing her lips together closely, as she had finished the interrogation, "well, and *what* would you do? Come, tell us now?"

The conversation here drew to a crisis, as perplexing and serious as if they were man and wife indeed; when some one entered unexpectedly and broke off the controversy.

This little incident, however, gave me many new thoughts on the subject, which I had intended to fling into a treatise for the Mirror, when, in conversing about it with a friend, he offered me the use of two letters, that he said had been received, one by himself and the other by his wife, when they were on the eve of marriage. On further inquiry I discovered that the writers were, one an old bachelor; and the other an old maid. He further informed me that both he and his wife commenced with a determination to act up to the

precepts contained in their respective epistles, which produced so much disturbance between them that they each agreed, instead of racking their brains for devices how to rule the other, that they would thereafter devote the same care in attempting to govern themselves, so that neither should be master, but both go along smoothly and affectionately together, contributing whatever they could toward each other's comfort and happiness. I accompanied him that very evening to his house, and found his wife waiting tea for him. Her face brightened up at his approach; she ran for his slippers while he was asking the servant to bring them, and telling him that she had received a letter from a distant friend, full of pleasant intelligence, darted out of the room to get it, with as much eagerness to serve him as if they were in the happiest days of courtship.

"There she goes, heaven bless her," exclaimed my friend, "as kind hearted and sweet a woman as ever breathed. It is all because we neither of us aspire to be the governor. When I married her I was full of plans to rule her, and in a week after the ceremony I commanded her to get my slippers. She told me promptly she would not. There was an insult. We did not speak for a week; we were near a separation. And so we went on for a year, and all in consequence of these detestable letters. Now, here they are," he continued, opening a drawer, "take them, read them, and print them if you like; and inform your readers, that if they wish to live in peace with their wives and husbands, they had better in all cases follow the bent of their own good feelings and discretion, and turn their backs on advisers."

I read the letters with some interest, and present them according to permission. In them may be found a good deal of truth, mixed with some specious sophistry. The first is to the lady.

"My dear girl—So you are going to get married! and to Mr. N——. He is certainly a very fine man, excellent disposition, and very much respected; but, my dear Julia, there is one thing which my love for you induces me to observe. Mr. N—— is a despotic man. I would not see you a *slave* to any one. I wish you to

be ever the mistress of your house; a woman owes it to herself not to be browbeaten. If she yields to the first extortions of her husband, there is no limit to his tyranny. All men are so. They may be good or bad; there is little difference between them in this respect. They all would make their wives lead a dog's life if they could, and it is only to be prevented in her by a firm resistance to the very first encroachment on her rights. These will commence in trifles, and there they must be met; if not, you are lost. It is true, my dear, you are not physically so strong as your husband, but you are morally, and the law prevents him from using his physical strength. You can worry and teaze him to death. You can thwart him perpetually in little things; not from revenge, heaven forbid! but in order to convince him that you are not one of those weak, tame, inanimate creatures, who can be treated any how. Take your own part, and he will respect you more, eventually, depend upon it. Husbands are easily managed, if you would but think so. You may not be able to run as fast as he at first, but you can *tire him out.* He'll come down at last, and be your slave, instead of making you his. Don't be afraid. When you are fairly married, you know he can't get away, he must yield; hundreds of husbands are tamed in that way. I have no more room at present, but remember, don't yield. Don't let him get the better of you in trifles, and after a little splashing and trouble together at first, you shall see how smoothly you will go along. Your sincere friend, SALLY TOMPKINS."

The other, to the gentleman, is equally entitled to attention:

"MY DEAR FRANK—On this important occasion let me give you a little advice. Take great care on starting not to suffer the wife to get the upper hand of you. Assume the reins yourself, and keep them with a firm hand. You know the English law allows, or did allow, a gentle flagellation on certain emergencies, although Sir William Blackstone doth recommend the husband not to resort to this method of government on slight provocation. I would suggest a regular system of dis-

cipline. Very soon after you are *irrevocably*, (that's a big word to swallow, Master Frank,) irrevocably united, begin to resist every thing on your wife's part which looks like command. For example, if she orders you to open the door, request her to do it herself, and if she does not, make her. This may be done by refusing her whatever she asks till she complies. If she insists on beefsteaks for dinner, buy veal cutlets. If she shows signs of rebellion, open your eyes and stare awhile, then give a low long whistle, looking at her all the time, and laugh at last as if you were partly amused and partly astonished. One thing, my dear boy, never get into a passion. By getting into a passion I mean into a rage, a fury, saying things that you must afterward repent, starting up suddenly out of your chair, walking backward and forward across the floor, flinging a cup or plate, or any other article which you may have handy, into the fire, and then bouncing out of the room without your dinner. All these are very fine, to be sure, and will make the lady frightened, *pro tem.*, but they are the devil when they come to be told of, and put the poor man in such a light that he is ashamed to show his face when he becomes cool. There is no one so easily governed as your full blooded, passionate persons. I do not exactly mean high tempered. This is a different thing; a high temper, when allied to a strong intellect, is altogether another affair. I have seen such, who would take an injury coolly, but never forget it. But your furious persons are of a less formidable nature. They always overstep decency; and though they would commit any folly in a paroxysm, yet their passion and their courage ooze away together, and leave them passive and exhausted, conscious of weakness, and ashamed to look at any person who beheld their madness. You would be amused to see my friend Dick H—— in the hands of his wife. She is a clear headed, firm nerved woman, whose equal temper has given her such an advantage over him, that she has no difficulty at all in making him do whatever she pleases. When he is enraged, he walks out in a storm without an umbrella, or hits his head against the mantle piece. Once, to revenge himself on her for some imaginary injury, he threw down his watch, and trod it to

pieces with his heel. It was several months afterward before he could muster sufficient resolution to purchase a new one; and in the meantime I have seen her in the presence of one or two friends, and scarcely moving a muscle of her face, so discompose him by asking the time of day, or some other question that had an oblique bearing on the catastrophe above mentioned, that I scarcely knew whether to laugh at him or pity him.

"I hope, then, my dear fellow, you will always keep cool on matrimonial subjects, and never enter into any altercation with your wife. She will certainly out talk you. The tongue is her legitimate weapon; and I scarcely ever knew a woman who, on points of domestic debate, could not talk her husband dumb before he knew what he was about. What you mean to do, *do*, firmly, gently, effectually. If she mounts into a passion, then you have the advantage. When she comes to herself she will cry, and perhaps be sick, and go to bed without her supper. That's a critical moment when tears spring into the eyes of a pretty woman, but women can weep when they please. Tell her so, and if she cuts up any capers, put on your hat, (a little over your eyes, nothing makes a man look more determined than that,) tell the servant she need not sit up for you, as you have a key, and go forth with a slow, cool, resolute step. If possible, hum an air, in a low tone, as you pass through the hall. Do not return till three o'clock the next morning. Rise early, and go to your business cheerfully, as if nothing had happened. Dine out that day. The next time you are alone with her, she will sob perhaps, and turn slightly pale, tears again, and one or two attempts to speak about last night. Draw yourself a little up, (I am glad you are rather tall,) and change the subject instantly. Never *talk* about these things. There is nothing at once so contemptible and dangerous as talking. It is the ruin of whole families. I do not, of course, mean cheerful, merry, and friendly conversation; that's delightful; but I allude to the expression in mere words of any fretful, discontented feeling; discussing peevishly what you have done or are going to do. About the past say nothing, and *hear* nothing, unless in the way of explanation. Touching the present or the future, if she can

tell you any fact in a gentle way, with which you were unacquainted, listen, but don't debate, don't wrangle. A dispute between a man and wife flings damp and shadow over a whole family. If the lady has any soul, and really loves you, the failure of her first attempt to rule you will almost break her heart. Let it. Never fear that it will quite. A new view of the subject will gradually rise upon her. If she is a woman of sense, she will reason with herself, and convince herself that she had better let you have your own way than always live in a whirlpool, and all her angry emotions will soften down into an engaging sort of melancholy. Then is your time to confirm her submission without injuring her love. You will come in sometime softly and unexpectedly, and find the dear little object of your stratagems sitting alone and pensive by the fire. Your heart will rise at the sight, for she is thinking of *you*. Her hand hangs down languidly—her foot half exposed on the fender—her eyes are fixed on the mass of bright coals; a half suppressed sigh heaves her bosom. Ah, my dear Frank, go to her then, kiss her—tell her you love her—that her happiness is your great aim, but that you are a wild, proud man, and cannot be ruled except by gentleness and affection. Your words will then sink into her soul; as the tears come up in her eyes, her head will gradually recline on your bosom. A thousand vain plans of womanhood and mastery will melt away in the instant. She will feel it grateful as well as delightful for her tender and pliable mind to bend when in contact with your harder and loftier nature. There, my dear boy, is all of domestic felicity you must ever expect to attain. As for any pure and permanent harmony, never dream of such a thing. Little dark misunderstandings and showery passions are generated in the connubial sky by the mere ordinary warmth and revolutions of the atmosphere, precisely as clouds and tempests are formed in the natural heaven. The difference between a loving and a hating couple is, that in the one they hang continually brooding, like the heavy vapors and mists of a bad climate, while in the other they form and break away with a fine rapidity, admitting long gleams of sunshine, and disclosing the azure serenity above. Yours, &c. Jo. Adams."

I do not know whether to look upon the last epistle as serious or not. The hint, in the commencement, about flagellation, and Sir William Blackstone, must be only a sly turn of humor; but I am certain there is a deal of good sense toward the end. Perhaps the ladies will not like it; but that, you know, is no affair of mine.

READING.

A YOUNG lady of fashion complained to me the other evening that she had "nothing to read." I was somewhat startled at this, as there was a spacious and well filled book case in the apartment, and I fell into a silence of several minutes, during which, as the rest of the company were lively, and my fair companion seemed disposed to join them, I stole a sly glance at the ample library. Among other authors I noticed Swift, Sterne, Goldsmith, Shakspeare, Scott, Wordsworth, Irving, Paulding, and Bryant. There were also the "Spectator," the "Rambler," Pope, Dryden, and Milton, beside a large number of others, with the best histories and books of travel, some of which I had never yet found time to peruse. At first I was rather startled at being so far surpassed by a girl in the study of English literature, and felt my estimation considerably heightened for one who, amid the allurements of city pleasure, had possessed herself of all the knowledge which she must have derived from the perusal of such a noble collection of works. The conversation of one, so learned I thought, must be edifying indeed, and I seized the earliest opportunity of renewing my interview. Imagine my surprise on finding that she was totally uninformed as to the value of the works in question. She had endeavored, she said, once or twice to read Ossian and Milton, but without success; the Spectator was dull, and of all things she hated histories and travels. It was only the other day, she added, that she suffered low spirits all the morning from not being

able to get any thing new with which to beguile the time.

Of the females whom it is my good fortune to know, nearly all are fond of reading; and I have no reason to doubt that the same taste is general among our fair fellow citizens. It often happens that my opinion is asked by them of a new work, or I am begged to bring them one. Both of these matters could be easily settled if I were well acquainted with the different shades and passions of their minds; but these are so various, and sometimes so opposite to my previous conjectures, that I not unfrequently commit strange errors. I gave the "Life of Sir Isaac Newton" to a giddy creature, who, I afterward discovered, expected to find it similar to "Sir Charles Grandison," and handed the "Dutchman's Fireside" to a lady whose jaded taste and unhealthy imagination could not be goaded into excitement by a stimulus less powerful than the "Monk," the "Mysteries of Udolpho," or the "Three Spaniards." I have given "Locke on the Human Understanding" to a coquette, and "Moore's Poems" to a prude, and were so soundly rated one day by the maiden aunt of a warm hearted and enthusiastic girl to whom I had innocently recommended "Thomson's Seasons," that I began to find, what I at first esteemed an agreeable privilege, gradually metamorphosed into a service attended with vexation, if not with danger. But my experience has not always been uninteresting. I love to hear people's off hand, unguarded opinions of books. It is by far a better standard of character and talent than physiognomy. Let us know what you read, and a year's common acquaintance would be nothing to it. I remember having once run over a passage of the "Sketch Book" to a wild young girl, whose high spirits were excited by a merry scene. It was an experiment to see whether a page of perfectly sweet eloquence and tenderness would have any effect upon her, and what, in the midst of her seemingly irrepressible merriment; and so I watched to behold the change which her features underwent; how her attention was gradually arrested, fastened, and aroused—how gently she yielded to the mastery of the writer, whose thoughts met answering thoughts in her bosom, sleeping there with a kindred beauty, and

awakened suddenly by his tender art. I reverence involuntarily a clear spirit, when I find it thus susceptible to all the noble impressions which greater minds produce. I love to send the fine thought like an arrow to the heart, and to feel that it is quivering there as it did in my own.

One of the particular conditions imposed upon me by borrowers of a book is that it must be new, or at least some romance which they have never seen. To find new and interesting novels for a whole circle of industrious readers, is rather more than our presses, although themselves very industrious, enable me to do, and I therefore suggest a plan, which I sincerely hope will be considered a satisfactory substitute. Instead of a sickly thirst for lack-a-daisical novels, suppose my fair friends should endeavor to cultivate a healthy appetite for compositions more nutritious and substantial, which must enlarge their minds, improve their hearts, and extend, to an incalculable degree, their sources of enjoyment. I purpose that, instead of being so over anxious to study the fashionable authors of the present day, they shall learn a little of those who have gone before. If they think they have no taste for Addison, Johnson, and Goldsmith, they, in most cases, mistake themselves; although it may be true that their taste has never been properly cultivated. But what then? Because sixteen or even thirty precious irrevocable years have vanished without their discovering wherein consists the true value and beauty of reading, shall they still close their eyes to it? I would not make young girls critics and philosophers, but it would add wonderfully to their characters and happiness if they were competent to form just opinions of books; and were sufficiently intimate with the general principles of natural philosophy to derive gratification from the perusal of rational knowledge, and to look abroad upon the universe with intelligent eyes, the better to appreciate it and its Creator. The reader will remember Addison's humorous list, in the thirty-seventh number of the Spectator, of Leonora's library, in which he found "the classic authors in wood," and by their side "Clelia: which opened of itself in the place that describes two lovers in a bower." Dare I express a

fear that the taste of Leonora is not yet extinct, and that many a capable mind at the present day suffers itself to be narrowed down by the perpetual contemplation of trifles? Our Humes and Miltons do not *open of themselves.* There is also a strange idea prevalent concerning literary women; and I have heard very honest fellows "pray to be delivered from them," as if they were something odd and troublesome. It is true, there have been females whose zeal for literature outran their discretion; but these are no more specimens of well bred women than the miser who saved his candle and died in the dark, is a fair representative of prudent and economical men. It is not to be expected that every young lady will be well read; other avocations may employ too much of her time. But when she does read, I would suggest higher themes than can be found in an exclusive partiality for modern novels. It may be difficult to change the taste immediately; for, in a mind that is already enervated with marvellous fiction and sickly sentiment, the finest and simplest treatise on natural philosophy or history, will not immediately produce an excitement. But persevere, and to an intellect of ordinary intelligence, the great truths of time and nature will soon begin to unfold themselves with a powerful interest. I cannot conceive why a young girl, who is delighted with The Young Duke, should not be delighted with Plutarch. There is more romantic incidents, more displays of attractive character, more variety and good writing in the latter. A servant maid, without exactly knowing what she is reading, will be fascinated with the noble old historian; and so, as the story goes, was the mistress, till she found out that his lives were true. Indeed she who languishes for the next new novel with such a mine of unexplored eloquence and wit about her, resembles a youth pining to death for the love of a statue, though wooed on every side by the most brilliant of living beauties.

MODERN DICTIONARY.

Distant relations—People who imagine they have a claim to rob you if you are rich, and to insult you if you are poor.

Belle—A beautiful, but useless insect without wings, whose colors fade on being removed from the sunshine.

Heart—A rare article, sometimes found in human beings. It is soon, however, destroyed by commerce with the world, or else becomes fatal to its possessor.

Housewifery—An ancient art, said to have been fashionable among young girls and wives; now entirely out of use, or practised only by the lower orders.

Editor—A poor wretch, who every day empties his brain in order to fill his stomach.

Wealth—The most respectable quality of man.

Virtue—An awkward habit of acting differently from other people. A vulgar word. It creates great mirth in fashionable circles.

Honor—Shooting a friend through the head whom you love, in order to gain the praise of a few others whom you despise and hate.

Laughter—An agreeable and contagious convulsion of the human countenance on receiving a tailor's bill, or being asked to return an umbrella.

Managers of lotteries—Men who pay the legislature handsomely for the privilege of cheating the people.

Law proceedings—Unbrushed cobwebs of the dark ages.

Opera—A species of dramatic entertainment to which the audience bring apples and peanuts.

Dunstable bonnet—A female head dress for the front seats of the theatre.

Cigar—A slender yellow speckled tube, formed of the dried and folded leaves of a wonderful plant, discovered by Raleigh. When women turn false, and men selfish—when your creditor duns you like a fiend, and your debtor takes the act—when the future looks dark, and the present dreary, by the fragrance of this little

instrument, extracted by means of fire, you are for a brief period rendered insensible to every sorrow, and lulled into dreams more entertaining than those of sleep.

Satirical poems—Harmless impertinence in verse.

Marriage—The gate through which the happy lover leaves his enchanted regions and returns to earth.

Death—An ill bred fellow, who visits people at all seasons, and insists upon their immediately returning his call.

Author—A dealer in words, who gets paid in his own coin.

Friend—A person who will not assist you because he knows your love will excuse him.

Wedded bliss—A term used by Milton.

Bargain—A ludicrous transaction, in which each party thinks he has cheated the other.

Doctor—A man who kills you today to save you from dying tomorrow.

Lunatic asylum—A kind of hospital, where detected lunatics are sent by those who have had the adroitness to conceal their own infirmity.

Jail—The penalty of misfortune, and often the reward of virtue.

Water—A clear fluid, once used as a drink.

Tragedian—A fellow with a tin pot on his head, who stalks about the stage, and gets into a violent passion for so much a night.

Critic—A large dog, that goes unchained, and barks at every thing he does not comprehend.

Impossibility—Breakfast on board a steam boat without sausages.

Esquire—Every body, yet nobody; equal to General.

Jury—Twelve prisoners in a box to try one or more at the bar.

Young attorney—A useless member of society, who often goes where he has no business to be, because he has no business where he ought to be.

State's evidence—A wretch who is pardoned for being baser than his comrades.

Public abuse—The mud with which every traveller is spattered on his road to distinction.

Political honesty—Previous lexicographers have not noticed this word, treating it, I presume, altogether as fabulous—for definition, *vide self interest.*

The grave—An ugly hole in the ground, which lovers and poets wish they were in, but take uncommon pains to keep out of.

Modesty—A beautiful flower that flourishes only in secret places.

Sensibility—A quality by which its possessor in attempting to promote the happiness of other people loses his own.

A young man of talents—An impertinent scoundrel who thrusts himself forward; a writer of execrable poetry; a person without modesty; a noisy fellow; a speech maker.

Lawyer—A learned gentleman, who rescues your estate from your enemy and keeps it himself.

My dear—An expression used by man and wife at the commencement of a quarrel.

Watchman—A man employed by the corporation to sleep in the open air.

Office of street inspector—A sinecure.

Honesty—An excellent joke.

Dentist—A person who finds work for his own teeth by taking out those of other people.

Fear—The shadow of hope.

Rural felicity—Potatoes and turnips.

Tongue—A little horse which is continually running away.

SKETCHES BY AN EDITOR.

Our reveries were broken not long since by the clerk's suddenly introducing a lady before us. Scribbling always unfits us for female society; we get stiff and moody; we have not the faculty of unbending in a moment, which we have so much admired and envied in others, and beside (we like to be particular) we often write with our hat on. Upon raising our eyes, we found

ourself face to face with a young creature, of a most prepossessing appearance, and attired with great neatness and taste, but very plainly. There is something extremely odd in meeting thus a pretty female in the haunts of business. We looked at her as at a flower bursting up from the pavements of a thronged street. Our hat almost came off itself, and we bowed her to a seat, in a state of peculiar suspense. She apologized—we told her "not at all." "Oh yes, she had taken a great liberty, but under the peculiar circumstances—" "We were (as in duty bound) grateful for any circumstances which had favored us with an opportunity of serving her." "She knew," she added, "Mr. B. had told her—every body had told her—there could be no impropriety in her taking the liberty," &c., &c., &c. She drew from under her cloak a small parcel. No—it could not be—yes, it *was* a manuscript! We looked it over, to afford her time to recover from a slight embarrassment. It was a novel, entitled the "Three Spectres of St. Dennis." Scraps of the chapters caught our notice—"The youth knelt and kissed her hand"—"Lady Amelia sat gazing at the moon"—"Traitor! cried the knight," &c. We complimented the penmanship. She blushed, and curtsied almost imperceptibly. "Indeed!" asked we, "have we the pleasure of a production from your own hand?" And a right pretty hand it was; ungloved, and graceful, with no other decoration than a plain gold ring.

"Oh! no! no! sir," she replied.

"And may we inquire whose it *is* then?"

"It is written by my husband, sir."

"And where is he, and why does he not come himself?"

"Do not ask me, I beg of you; it is quite immaterial."—She appeared greatly distressed.

No dew ever came more gently to the evening flower than the moisture to the blue eyes that looked up at us a moment, half reproachfully, that we had rudely probed a painful wound, and then closed, ashamed of having betrayed so much feeling before a stranger. Although we are an editor, and talk wisdom, we are (why should we conceal it?) a mere simpleton on such occasions, and as easily melted as any gentle

shepherd of them all. Our situation was growing uncommonly interesting, when a fellow (broken bones be his lot!) thrust his huge head in suddenly, and inquired for the stereotype foundry of Mr. James Conner. We heartily wished Mr. Conner and his stereotype foundry in Egypt; while the fair incognito, hastily gathering up her cloak, and letting the hood fall over her face, withdrew, leaving the manuscript on the table. An hour afterward a boy brought a note. We recognised the hand instantly. The messenger could answer no questions; a lady had requested him to leave it, but he did not know who she was. It was brief, and merely stated that if we would either purchase the story for our journal, and publish it by chapters, or read and correct it, and recommend it to the brothers Harper or Carey and Lea, or indeed to any one from whom the author could derive a reasonable pecuniary recompense, we should confer a favor, a deep and lasting obligation, on one who would never forget. She could not have said more had we been the hero of a romance. There was something in the whole affair that awakened curiosity, and fanned the little dim spark of romantic sensibility that lay, far beneath the thoughts and feelings of later years, half buried among the relics of our boyish dreams. Who could she be? Her address was entirely that of a lady. Her soft white hand betrayed a life enjoyed without labor; and a glance at her modest face satisfied us that she was a timid, artless, and innocent being, unused to misery, but by some rough chance, destitute, and overcoming the natural sensitiveness of her character and sex for the sake of a husband evidently in great distress. By her accent she seemed a foreigner. Perhaps some enthusiastic girl, fled from her home to marry a youth "of low family," who was now sick, or in jail, yet toiling to support her by his pen. If this piece, now, should prove a good one, what a lot would be ours! To follow with unceasing interest the events of a spirit stirring romance; to usher it into fame. No obsequious courtier ever exerted himself more anxiously to laugh at the jokes of his patron than we strove to weep over the astounding facts related in the "Three Spectres of St. Dennis." We followed the heroine through dungeons and sepulchres, and the hero into

scenes which might have quailed the heart of a lion. We trudged on through massacres and misery. We saw people plunged into despair by the dozen. Provoking spirit of criticism! unjustifiable hardness of heart! Not a tear sprang, not a nerve thrilled. It was bad—it was trash; we could not deny it; we laid it by; it was totally out of the question. It would be dishonest in us to recommend it to another, and mere folly to purchase it ourself; and to offer *charity* to the mysterious bearer of it, we durst not. After a few days she came again. The same clear girlish countenance, the same beseeching, timid look, yet not so fearful as before, for a kind of hope shone in her face, and a—a—sort of—confidence—we may say. She was no longer coming to visit, she knew not whom; to meet perchance superciliousness and neglect, but one who, she had undoubtedly already seen, sympathized with her, whether or not he admired her husband's novel. Her embarrassment, too, had disappeared, and her first salutation betrayed that the manuscript was the sole object of her thoughts, and had probably been since our last interview.

"Have you read it?"

"I have, madam."

We were silent—she was silent. We wished for the man after Conner's type foundry, but no one came. "I perceive, sir," she at length said, with something of an air, "that either you have not formed any opinion of the work, or else an unfavorable one."

"I confess"—(there's a cold beginning for you!) "I confess, madam, that although several passages are fine, *really* fine; indeed, I may say beautiful, yet the plot is——"

She turned absolutely pale. We began to fear more tears. Criticism could not stand it. The volume seemed to rise in our estimation. Here was the loveliest little creature in the world in an agony of distress, from which we could rescue her with a word. No, the days of chivalry are *not* gone forever. We commenced praising the "Three Spectres," and at every breath the shadows fled away from her face until we were fairly bewitched into writing a note to a certain publisher, who, she said, had promised a tolerable sum for the MS. if it

came recommended by our approbation. She extended her hand. A youth of the olden times would have knelt down and kissed it. What we did is nobody's business. The lady departed, and, as we soon after heard, received the money. Now mark the result: the book was published, and fell dead from the press. The publisher called on us to puff it—we refused. That we had deceived him was no reason why we should cheat our readers. The consequence was, a serious difference between us, which, we trust, may be adjusted by our narrating the above circumstances frankly, and by way of apology.

For the future, we shall come to an agreement, that when we are reduced to a similar dilemma, we will furnish him with a private mark by which he is to know whether our approbation is to be ascribed to the author's book, or his wife. We shall, therefore, hereafter yield to the importunity of literary aspirants, or their friends, and favor them with as many flaming recommendatory epistles as they please, and be sure of their doing no more harm than theatrical thunder!

THE TOOTHACHE.

It had been raining all day. The eye could no longer read the poetry of the blue heavens. A most monotonous vapor obscured the beauty of nature, and the air was filled with watery particles, which did not seem to come from any place in particular, but went in all sorts of oblique directions into people's doors and under their umbrellas. Men strided along in the dim distance indistinctly, with huge shapeless overshoes and melancholy countenances; and chimneys and steeples loomed up through the fog with something of the dignity of "misty mountain tops." There is nothing extraordinary in the fact, that after having paraded for some time through the streets, I was rather wet. From a smart shower, when the big drops come

dashing and spattering down in straight lines, there is a refuge; and when the umbrella becomes saturated, and discharges its little rivers from the ends of the whalebone, you are content to step for a few moments under a shed, or on a door sill, till it is over; but from such drizzling weather there is no refuge; it defeats all calculation; the whole city is soaked; the banisters are damp, and one may often write his name with his finger upon the entry wall.

Hour after hour dragged heavily on. The sun, it was presumed, had descended, and *nox atra incubuit mare*. I went home through the mud, splashing on by the obscure lamp light, so completely undone in regard to dress, that I had scarcely the ambition to turn aside for a mud puddle, but trudged on alike through wet and dry with a kind of miniature despair. Well, I reached the house, flung aside my dripping cloak, shook the drops from my forlorn hat, and laid my unfortunate looking gloves upon the table, hoping to lose the uncomfortable feeling of the day in the cheerful warmth of a blazing fire; but mortals are seldom blest with a freedom from trouble; as one vanishes others come on like waves of the sea, and so we are not often at rest. A dull pain, which I had for sometime suffered in my face, excited some suspicions of a visit from a bitter enemy of mine; until increasing gradually it assumed a character more distinct than agreeable, and I was compelled reluctantly to acknowledge that I had the toothache. I will not linger to remind the reader what an insufferable torment this is; how it goes on aching, aching, aching, hour after hour; how nobody sympathizes with you, but some poor wretch who has recently been himself excruciated in a similar way, with the long train of sable recollections which throng upon the mind with the gloom of a funeral, at the mention of that unhappy and inexorable disease; but hasten to the conclusion of my history. The imperturbable gravity which overshadowed my visage excited some attention. Yielding with apparent patience, because I knew it could not be avoided, I drew forth from my pocket one of your long red silk handkerchiefs, and bound it around my face.

"What's the matter?" said one.

"Oh, nothing, a little toothache. It will go off presently."

"What's the matter?" asked another.

"The toothache," said I.

"Ah, how do you do?" said a third. "What's the matter with your face?"

"The toothache—the toothache—the toothache," said I, pacing backward and forward across the room.

"Hold some brandy in your mouth," said one.

"Put your face in cold water," said another.

"Cover your head up warm," said a third.

"Have you tried opium? Have you taken laudanum?" said one.

"Smoke a cigar," said another.

I allowed myself to be persuaded into several remedies. They put my feet into boiling hot water, enveloped my head in flannel, and sent me to bed in some measure relieved. The tooth, however, continued to ache, ache, ache, as if some fiend were beating and beating upon the nerve with his invisible and tormenting hammer. Sometimes I would sink into a troubled sleep; I lost my hold upon my waking thoughts and the objects around, and floated off among scenes of strange burlesque confusion; familiar faces appeared laughing and talking, and, perchance, I would catch the glance of a bright eye, or the tone of a sweet voice, which I had known before and remembered; for these will occasionally recur to the memory waking or asleep, when, a sudden start would put them all to instantaneous flight, and there I was, the still moonlight stream ing in upon the floor, and the fiend still beating and beating and beating with unrelenting perseverance. I heard the distant clock, through the silence of the night, striking two, three, and four, and despairing at length of winning "death's beautiful brother" to my eyelids, I lay watching with feverish anxiety, the first streaks of gray light that broke in the east.

I had almost resolved to "have it out"; but these "gothic appeals to cold iron" are any thing but agreeable. I have an instinctive horror of a dentist. There is to me something monstrous in his deliberate self-possession. He walks so coolly to his case, chooses you out with so much tranquillity his proper instrument

wraps his buckskin around it with such atrocious *sang froid*—regards your recoiling misery with such palpable unconcern—says he wont hurt you, and as his vile steel rattles against your teeth, talks about the weather—and—oh !—I hate the very name of a dentist.

When I arose in the morning the thoughts of him frightened away the pain; and, still buried in handkerchiefs, I sallied forth with a resolution to hold out the fortress at all events for another day. It was a fine sunshiny morning; all the world were merrily in motion; but my unlucky bandages continued to be the object of notice, and the topic of conversation wherever I went.

"How do you do ?" asked my friend Tom. "What the deuce is the matter? Have you the mumps ?"

"Good morning," replied I, speaking thick through the handkerchiefs so as scarcely to be intelligible. "I have the toothache—had it all night—havn't slept a wink," (a white fib which every body tells when he has been disturbed during a part of the night; it does the hearer no harm, and there is no fear of a discovery;) "havn't slept a wink—cheek all swollen—headache—feel like the deuce."

"Have you tried a hot brick and vinegar ?"

"No," returned I, still struggling for utterance against the obstructions which bound my mouth and nose. "I bathed my feet, held brandy in my mouth, and covered my head with hot flannel."

"Pooh! nonsense! brandy indeed! nothing worse for the teeth than brandy. The others decay too as quick again. I'll tell you how to cure your toothache. My wife had the toothache, just as you have, and I made her wash behind her ears with cold water every morning for a week. Try it. It's a certain cure."

"I will; good morning."

Went into my friend M.'s office. There were Mr. H. the poet, Mr. F. the lawyer, Colonel S., and young doctor P., all fine fellows, and excellent friends of mine; would certainly cure me if they could.

"Ah, how d'ye do? how are you ?"

"Good morning, gentlemen."

"Why, what's the matter ?"

"Got the toothache—face swelled up as large as a

goose's egg. Look here—havn't slept these two nights."

"Have you tried a hot onion applied outwardly? You must squeeze it in a flannel bag, and keep it close to the cheek. It's the only cure, and a certain one. My cousin was relieved of a horrid toothache by it."

"I'll try it," said I.

"Take oil of cloves," said lawyer F.; "that's the only thing in the world."

"I can tell you an infallible remedy for the toothache," observed my friend the colonel. "Take a tablespoonfull of brandy, and four tablespoonsfull of ginger, mix it up well with two teaspoonsfull of mustard; wrap up your head in flannel; go to bed; put a couple of hot bricks to your feet, and keep on the poultice till it takes the skin off. You'll never have the toothache again as long as you live."

A little while afterward—tooth still aching—I sat over my desk in a brown study. My two friends, B. and W., walked in.

"How do you do this morning? What's the matter with your face!"

"The toothache—had it all night—no sleep—look like a fright."

"Hand me that pen," said W., "I'll give you a cure. Take of *nitri. dulcis.* so much, and *alum. pulv.* so much."

"Horrible," said B. "I tried that once, and it screwed my face all out of joint. Have you tried the vapor bath?"

"No."

"Only thing in the world for toothache. Try it."

"I will," said I.

We were interrupted by Mr. L. He is one of your plain common sense sort of people; practical, fixed in his own opinions, a little inclined to stoicism, with a dash of savage philosophy, partly affected to hide tenderer feelings, and about six feet and an inch high without his shoes.

"What's the matter with your face?" inquired he.

"Toothache," said I, "all swelled; keeps me awake —and—"

"Try my *nitri. dulcis.* and *alum. pulv.*" said W

"Curse your *nitri. dulcis.* and *alum. pulv.*" said L., "there is but one cure for the toothache, and that's a sure one."

I looked tremblingly up. He had his great square fist doubled, as if he held something in his hand. He raised it to his mouth, and screwed it around with the motion of a dentist uprooting some huge double grinder with three diverging prongs. My friends were silent. I turned a little pale. He saw what an impression he had made, and with a grin that went to my very soul, added:

"Out with it, you fool; and there's an end. It's worth all the *nitri. dulcis.* and *alum. pulv.* in the universe."

There was a melancholy truth in what he remarked. It sunk into my heart: I made up my mind; and when my worthy advisers left me, I walked around to Mr. Parmly—the prince of dentists. There was an awful silence—a moment of intense fear—a slight struggle—an agony—a cry from the heart's core—I came out the happiest of men.

SKETCH BY A MAN OF FIFTY.

Thirty years ago I was pennyless and without a friend. I had engaged unsuccessfully in two or three forlorn speculations, in the course of which I wandered about the state with a reckless independence, sometimes mourning over the past, and sometimes anticipating the bleak and gloomy future. At length my funds and every invention to increase them were exhausted, and, shunning all society, I spent a week in devising plans by which I was to be rescued from my embarrassments. I was very young, and adversity was a strange thing to me. In the absence of all amusement and occupation, I devoted myself to rambling. I passed hours and whole days in roaming over the lovely scenery of one of the most picturesque countries I ever saw. I would start off in the morning, when the sun first peered above the glowing east, and, with a few

hard biscuits in my pocket, push my journey I knew not and I cared not whither. I cannot describe the sensations with which I have awakened from my feverish slumbers, and gone thus abroad beneath the fair morning sky, when the fragrance was loosened from the thousand surrounding flowers, and every simple object of nature came up to my sight with sweet reality, after a night tinged with the colors of unhappy dreams; and as the sun

> ——————"Sprang gloriously
> And freely up, and hill and river
> Were catching, upon wave and tree,
> The arrows from his subtle quiver."

I have seemed abstracted from the ties of society, and dwelt in the silence that was unbroken by any sound to remind me of man, as if I had been a deer or a bird, or some other free and untamed creature of the forest, gifted with human sense and feeling. Of the scenery around me I was completely enamored. I lost every taste for other occupations. I wished to enjoy for ever this wild existence, in the midst of rocks, and trees, and rivers, watching the occurrences of the inanimate world, in the many capricious shapes in which life has sprung up in its mysterious connexion with matter.

There is every where through the works of Providence an assuasive influence above philosophy, inconsistent with violent emotion. Dear reader, if you are weary of the world—if life has gone with you so that you look upon it as a tedious and a hacknied story—if you have labored long and are yet surrounded with want—if poverty has cut down the best feelings of your soul—if you have hoped and been disappointed—if you have trusted and been betrayed—if some being, around whom your very heart's strings were woven, has been but yesterday returned to the dark earth,—go forth from the rude noise of busy men to the quiet and winning loveliness of a country scene. Look out some dell in the midst of a lonely forest, where the green bank, scented with a few wild flowers, slopes down to a running stream that sometimes dashes through a compressed channel, and sometimes expands into a silvery lake. The bending willow shall overhang its surface,

and a few rocks jut their mossy points here and there into the transparent rippling water. When you lie down upon the cool grass, the birds will alight near you, and warble their notes, and trim their beautiful feathers, with a confidence in you which you would deem it sacrilege to betray. Above your head, through the openings in the branches, pieces of blue sky will gleam upon you with clouds sailing silently, and if it be toward evening, and the red sun is going down to his golden couch, his crimson rays will stream through the trees, and fall upon some venerable oak, or the leaves of a grove, or the side of a high rock, or the bosom of a glassy stream, lending them all a beauty like that of fairy land. Before you have numbered half of these simple and common things in nature's history, though there have been a tempest of wild and gloomy resolutions in your mind, it will all pass away unconsciously; you will be inspired with a resignation to the will of Providence singularly opposite to your former recklessness, and be filled with a softness of grief dearer than the lightest flash of pleasure.

In such scenes, with such sensations, I yielded myself to the current of the world, and resolved again to seek upon its unstable billows for a reputation and a home. I wrote to a friend who was the proprietor of an academy of some renown, and offered my services as an assistant. They were kindly accepted. His answer enclosed advance money to a considerable amount, and, in a few days, as if I were but the image of some changing dream, I found myself away from the wide green hills and shadowy woods of the country, pent up in a small room with a class of boys whom I was to initiate into the mysteries of geography and astronomy.

The first lad was a dull singular looking being, of a most unpromising exterior. Judging from appearances, the probability of teaching his "young idea how to shoot," seemed a matter of considerable doubt. I strove several times for a glimpse of intelligence in his mind in vain. It was like the labor of the Brazillian slave, digging in the sand for diamonds.

"Where is Asia?" asked I.

He reddened, put out his under lip, cast down his eyes, and at length found words to say,

"On the map, sir."

"Point to its *real* situation."

He stuck out his clumsy hand like the fore paw of a dancing bear, and pointed in a direction about twenty degrees above the horizon.

"What causes the day?"

"The sun, sir."

"What causes the night?"

"The moon, sir."

I was quite satisfied as to the extent of his abilities, and passed on.

The next was a clear complexioned, noble looking fellow, with large dark eyes and glossy hair, curled about his high temples; his full lip was red like a girl's, and his voice sweet as music. He had a correct knowledge of what he had gone over, and a facility in learning whatever was placed before him. The few simple interrogations which I put to him were easily replied to, till at length he missed several in succession. Then came a shadow over his morning face, and the tears stole up softly into his eyes, and hung upon their long lashes trembling. I could not but wonder to myself if he had a sister or a cousin who resembled him; but what was that to me? So I went on.

The next had nothing to distinguish him from boys in general. His countenance was one of those common faces which we never notice. He had pins stuck in the sleeve of his coat, and twine hanging out of the corners of his pocket. His stockings had slipped down over his shoes, and the strings trailed along the floor. He fidgetted with his button hole, and put his foot in his lap, and at length got one of his companions laughing at something which he had in his hand. I called him to me, and he thrust it into his pocket, which stuck out from his body as if it contained the whole amount of his personal estate. I desired him to empty it upon the desk, and forth came a medley of school boy treasures; isinglass—slate pencils—a ball—chewed India rubber—paper boats—a top, and among the rest, a fly box, containing a most unfortunate prisoner, who, without judge or jury, had been summarily condemned—his

wings stripped from his back, and he hanged by a hair rope on an appropriate pine wood gallows, which my friend had manufactured for the occasion.

The other was an awkward, lubberly, overgrown creature, with a pair of green eyes that looked like a cat's. His hair stuck out straight on every side like a coat brush; he had a huge nose that occupied a third of his face, and he spoke with a cracked voice that had as little of melody in it as the filing of a saw. He sat upon the bench with as little animation as if he had been made out of putty, and though he did not answer any question, yet he exhibited no other sign of grief than might have been detected in a yawn that opened a mouth of most appalling dimensions.

Now mark the caprices of fortune. Thirty years have gone with the wind. I have taken an interest in watching the progress of my little class. The last mentioned grew up into a poet. He has written some of the most delightful stanzas I ever read. They breathe a soul of the highest nature, and a heart stored with all that ennobles and sweetens life. The dunce whom I first examined, at this instant holds an office in the service of the United States, where his deep knowledge of human nature, and his powerful talents, have made his name familiar to every ear, as his praises will be to future generations. He in whom I found nothing to distinguish him from common boys, but his slovenly appearance, is now one of the neatest and wealthiest merchants in the city, and universally beloved for his intelligence and virtue; and the other, whose sweet face and brilliant mind won my affections immediately and awakened the liveliest hopes of his future eminence, sleeps in the grave.

LETTER FROM A BARBER.

(An extract.)

My dear Peter—As I have followed the business of shaving the chins of my fellow creatures for thirty years, I cannot better repay your affectionate attachment to me than by a few hints, which may be more valuable to you than gold. In the first place, my son, do not let any weak shame touching your present avocation gain entrance into your bosom. Guard against it as a poison, and you may look down with pity upon the numbers who pass beneath your fingers. This is the great secret of felicity, which so occupies the attention of all mankind. Remember, my son, that a barber has committed to him, although but for a few moments at a period, the happiness of a large number of individuals. Some people may smile at the idea of paying any especial attention to impart a tinge of comfort to so small a space of time; but life is made up only of moments, and he who neglects to improve them separately, will not find them pass lightly together. Take, therefore, the greatest pains to consult the feelings of every one of your customers even in the most trifling point, and you will not only insensibly become a general favorite, and thus, in the end, probably amass a decent competency, but you will feel that you have been well fulfilling one of the best duties of human life. You will easily discover several ways of accomplishing this end. In the first place, cleanliness is all important. Never overlook it in the smallest particular. When you have properly made your lather, take care not to daub it all over the chops of the gentleman under consideration. I tremble to reflect how injudiciously some of our profession execute this part of their business. Lay it on so cautiously as not to cover their lips. Gentlemen do not care to eat soap suds. Take care to wait on your customer with the most profound respect, no matter how poor he may be.

When a man takes off his coat, and sits down to be shaved, he undergoes a singular revolution of character. He vows insensibly that for the time being he will disentangle himself from every care. It is something like a warm bath. He is about to enjoy a luxury. He is going to be waited on. He lulls himself with pleasant reveries. He does not care two farthings for any body in the world, except such as he can remember with satisfaction. He is a lord, an emperor. I have sometimes shaved the merest vagabond, a fellow absolutely out at the elbows, with a beard an inch long, and like a shoe brush, and who, I knew, moreover, the moment he quitted my presence, would sneak off with the unequivocal humility of a dog flying from a broomstick handle; yet, in my chair, he would betray the lurking consciousness that rises secretly in the heart of the humblest individual undergoing the agreeable operation of shaving. One of the most important points to be considered, is taking hold of the customer's nose. This is an operation of a delicate nature. The nose is one of the most important parts of the human system. This may at first seem a little strange to you from the fact, that it is neither so good looking nor apparently so useful as the other features, yet, nevertheless, in that single article, it seems, is preserved the essence of a man's honor. There is something sacred about a nose. Never touch it even in shaving, unless absolutely necessary, and then with the greatest tenderness and care. Lay the fingers gently and affectionately, as it were, on the extreme tip. I have seen ordinary barbers take hold of it as if it were a crowbar. You may depend upon it, although the person so treated may say nothing, yet he experiences an inward feeling of dissatisfaction, and secretly resolves that you shall never shave him again.

EXTRACTS FROM A JOURNAL.

NATURE is not only full of beauties but of wonders. She has common charms to strike every eye. Whenever the understanding is sufficiently matured to remark ordinary appearances, the observer finds himself placed in a vast arena, decorated by an invisible hand with sweet, impressive, and sublime splendor. His imagination can frame nothing beyond. But study lends him new faculties. It enlarges his comprehension; it multiplies and expands his capacities, and he is led on from this spacious temple of glory, into others deeper, wider, more magnificent. He penetrates into the inner regions of her system, and becomes acquainted, by means of scientific calculations and instruments, with her forms, causes, and elemental structure. There is a singular satisfaction in the belief that every thing around, being the production of a mighty intelligence, possesses mysteries and value unseen by the common eye. These discoveries render the progress of knowledge a continual series of triumphs. In the shaded light and unbroken quiet of his closet, enterprises are formed by the student, and brought into operation to explore undiscovered worlds in science, labors are endured, arduous struggles continued, and victories at length accomplished.

One accustomed to this species of reflection, finds companionship in the most solitary ramble. The objects and incidents of the country, the trees and various plants of the wood, the animals and insects which cross his way, have all a meaning. He communes with nature in a kind of language in which she continually unfolds to his comprehension some pleasing secret, some cunning and admirable purpose, some soft beauty, or wonderful and perfect machinery. She is full of treasures—beautiful and hidden treasures. The accidental fracture of a stone reveals the pure flashing crystal embodied in the coarse fragment. I remember one mellow summer afternoon, how delighted I was during a long perambulation upon this island. I had become fatigued with exertions, and the bustle and con-

finement of business produced a feverish excitement, which I suddenly resolved to soothe by treating myself to a holiday. In a little time I had left the brawling crowd with its rushing, thundering, and discordant tumults far behind, and my very soul rested in the dear and grateful quiet and freshness of nature. The roar of the great city came sometimes with the breeze, but it was mingled into a drowsy and subdued murmur, which pleased me like music. On I went, over hill and dale, seeking out the loneliest spots; sometimes crossing the shadows of a forest, and again tracing the silvery windings of a brook. A release from hateful restraint had given my mind an impulse verging, perhaps, to the opposite extreme. I was dreamily disposed to put the cold thoughts of the world to sleep, and yield myself to the influence of imagination. I was therefore at no pains to correct the errors of fancy, but believed for the time that the voice of the waters told of careless mirth and purity, that the stirring branches were agitated with an emotion of enjoyment, that the speckled fish, glistening through the stream, darted with the joy of conscious bliss and beauty, and that the motions every where perceptible around, sprang from feelings similar to those of human beings. A large bee swept by me upon murmuring wings. What a beautiful creature! His gorgeous apparel might shame a king; and what a poet's life is his! To extract the distilled and precious juices from the bosom of fresh flowers—to be for ever among purling brooks, velvet leaves, and fragrant places. Then along the water I observed strange plants fringing its borders. Many of them are considered worthless. I recalled the lines of the friar in Romeo and Juliet, which I had read with never tiring pleasure.

"The gray eyed morn smiles on the frowning night,
Checkering the eastern clouds with streaks of light;
And flecked darkness like a drunkard reels
From forth day's path way, made by Titan's wheels:
Now ere the sun advance his burning eye,
The day to cheer, and night's dank dew to dry,
I must fill up this osier cage of ours,
With baleful weeds, and precious juiced flowers.
Many for many virtues excellent;
None but for some, and yet all different.
O, mickle is the powerful grace, that lies
In herbs, plants, stones, and their true qualities;

For naught so vile that on the earth doth live,
But to the earth some special good doth give;
Nor aught so good, but, strained from that fair use,
Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse;
Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied;
And vice sometimes by actions dignified.
Within the infant rind of this small flower
Poison hath residence, and medicine power:
For this being smelt, with that part cheers each part;
Being tasted, slays all senses with the heart.
Two such opposed foes encamp them still
In man as well as herbs, grace and rude will.
And where the worser is predominant,
Full soon the canker death eats up the plant."

These lines passed through my mind as I gazed along the range of various plants with whose properties I was unacquainted, and the rough fragments of rock which had probably lain there uninterruptedly for thousands of years, since they had been thus scattered about by some vast convulsion. As I remembered all the fair essences, the rich sweets, the ripe delicious fruits, which were distilled out of the coarse earth and invisible air by the ordinary operations of nature, I could not but indulge the idea that the time would perhaps arrive when new and more precious juices would be extracted from the materials now trodden carelessly under foot. Fragrance to shame myrrh and frankincense, wines of more exquisite flavor and refined exhiliration, and medicines to diminish the benumbing and awful diseases which prey upon my fellow creatures, and thus to contract the extent of the dominion which anguish now exercises over the world.

The sun was setting. He had been obscured by several dark blue clouds, edged with a line more brilliant than silver. Gradually they changed into fantastic forms and burning tinges, till as his golden orb emerged from the heavy masses, his crimson floods streamed through the trees on the level sward. The sky reddened with his expiring splendor, which touched even the distant east with dashes of rosy painting, then slowly descending, his dazzling disk disappeared calmly as a high immortal spirit bowed in death.

Light is a mystery, as well as a beauty. Whether it is a fluid in itself, or only the vibration of another ethereal matter, has been the subject of discussion among

the learned; yet they have detected many of its extraordinary properties, sufficient to increase their wonder to a very high degree. With its visible and ordinary qualities all are acquainted. They have watched it sleeping on the blue ocean, and filling the great circle of the sky; the rainbow, the leaf of the flower, the unfolding hues of the cataract, the capricious flashes of the diamond, are so common as to be no longer the topics of remark; scarcely of notice. But suppose some being created upon a summer night, with developed faculties, wondering at himself and all around, with what sensations would he witness this beautiful wonder breaking over sky and earth. What an incomprehensible essence; how divine in its shape and attributes. Is it not a gift worthy of a God? It comes upon the heavens like the messenger of a Deity, a sign of his existence, and a token of his nature. It is a language in which the universe is revealed. But a closer examination affords new subjects of astonishment. How delicately are its secret rays interwoven with each other; how they are blended in innumerable and ever varying combinations; how fine must each particle be? A single fact will partially illustrate my meaning. By the aid of the microscope you discover that many atoms of matter are themselves worlds for other living, breathing beings. Millions of them together would not form a point visible to the naked eye. Each one of these is organized as perfectly as an elephant, with the various corporeal members necessary for the common functions of life; a heart beats in his bosom, and veins conduct the blood through the different parts of his body. The blood which circulates through his system is a fluid. Science teaches that a fluid is composed of balls, which must to the creature itself be nearly as a grain of sand to the world. Yet this fluid is transparent, and consequently through the interstices of these particles the rays must pass, each being composed of seven different rays, and each of those subject to different degrees of refraction.

The motion of this singular body is in the opposite extreme, and where the other perplexes the mind with an idea of minuteness difficult to comprehend, this astonishes by its illimitable conception of vastness. Nature works equally with unlimited power upon a

large or small scale, and conceals prodigies as extraordinary in the portion too small for sight, as in that too great and distant. The motion of the earth is startling, and it is difficult to realize the idea that we revolve round her axis at the rate of a thousand miles an hour. Her course around the sun is yet more incomprehensible, as she advances nineteen miles upon her orbit in one second, or sixty-eight thousand miles an hour. But this is the pace of a snail compared with the velocity of light, which traverses one hundred and ninety-two thousand miles in two hours! The reader, unless accustomed to numbers, cannot realize the amount of a billion by the mere mention of the name. If a person were to count one hundred every minute, and to continue at work ten hours each day, he could not reckon a million in less than seventeen days. It would take him forty-five thousand years to count a billion, and mathematicians tell us if we suppose the whole earth to be peopled as Britain, and to have been so from creation, and that the whole race of mankind had constantly been telling from a heap of a quadrillion of dollars, they would have scarcely reckoned the thousandth part of that quantity. Yet light, moving at the rate of more than a billion of miles in two hours, strikes the eye, "the softest and the frailest thing" in nature; for whose sensibility there is no name, and is thus reflected with a touch so delicate as to occasion only a pleasure. A ray of light comes from the nearest fixed star in a year. Nothing can penetrate the immense void beyond but imagination. From these stupendous regions how strange it is for the human being to picture himself "crawling between heaven and earth," moved with anger, hate, envy, and pride. To come back again to the little difficulties, the vain triumphs, the brief small circumstances of life, to converse with a coquette, a fop, a "dog in office," to mingle with the promiscuous crowd of creatures who call themselves lords of creation.

A TRAGICAL STORY.

Charles had been absent two days. Poor Julia had been wishing and wishing for him. His well known step sounded in the entry; the door opened, and she met him with a heightened color in her cheek, and her blue eyes flashing from beneath their long lashes with sparkles of unwonted pleasure. Shall I mention particulars? It is scarcely necessary. He who cannot imagine how a warm hearted young wife, in the honey moon, would meet her idol after an absence of *two whole days*, is no reader for me.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, after the first transport had a little subsided, "I am glad you have returned, dear, *dear* Charles! I was afraid you might not come—that you were sick, or some accident had occurred. But here you are. And now, have you had a pleasant time? and how do they all do? and whom did you see? and——"

Charles stopped her mouth.

"Yes, here I am, safe and sound, and full of news; but you huddle question upon question with such volubility that I shall never get a chance to answer them, and your mouth here wide open to ask I don't know how many more."

"Well, then," answered she, flinging herself into an attitude of attention, and folding her arms like a judge upon a bench, "there—I am dumb, and ready to listen to the news—I wont speak another word till you have done."

And with considerable apparent difficulty she closed her lips.

"Now then," said Charles, "mark me."

"I will," said Julia.

"Well, then," continued her husband laughing, "in the first place, they are all well; in the next, I have had a very pleasant time; and, lastly, I have seen old Mr. Peterson, and aunt Sarah, and Mr. and Mrs. Vanderdyke, and little Bob, Henry, and Maria.

"And this," inquired Julia, "is the news that you are to tell? and these are all you saw?"

"Oh, no!" replied Charles, mysteriously; "far from it, Julia. I have met one more—one most beautiful, bewitching being more—the very counterpart of Venus. Such complexion—such ringlets, long and glossy—and cheeks—roses and lilies are nothing to them! There is nothing in all nature sweeter than her lips, and her eyes are bright dangers no man should rashly encounter. They were soft, melting, liquid, heavenly, blue—full of the light of intellect, and tremulous every beam of them with a tenderness that makes the heart ache."

"You are only jesting with me," said Julia, endeavoring, but in vain, to check the change that came over her face, as the shadow of a cloud flits across a stream. "This is some stupid Dutch beauty, and you can scarcely describe her without laughing. Come, now, tell the truth."

"You may believe it or not, just as you please," said Charles; "but I assure you the whole account is as true as the enjoyment of it was enrapturing, and the memory is delicious,"

Julia was sensitive and artless. She loved her husband with that deep tenderness which knew all the thrills of love's hopes and fears. Her heart was like a goblet filled to the brim, whose contents tremble and overflow when shaken ever so lightly. There was, therefore, in these enthusiastic praises of another, something strange, and even cruel. Still she could not believe that he was serious; and forcing a smile, and struggling to keep down her rising emotion, she listened to him in silence as he rattled on.

"Our meeting was marked with uncommon interest. Old Mr. Peterson introduced me to her, after having previously hinted that, before I was married, she had regarded me with more than common complacency."

"Charles!——"

"Well, we met. I addressed her by name; she said nothing—but, oh! those eyes of hers were fixed on me with a gaze that reached into the innermost recesses of my heart, and seemed to touch all those chords of feeling which nature had strung for joy. Wherever I went, I found her eyes still turned toward me, and an

arch smile just played around her saucy lips, and spoke all the fine fancies and half hidden meanings that woman will often look, but not always trust to the clumsy vehicle of words. I could restrain myself no longer —but, forgetting all but those heavenly lips, I approached and——"

Poor Julia—she thought she heard the knell of her young dreams. The hue of her cheek, and the sparkle of her azure eye, were gone long before; and as he painted in such glowing colors the picture of his feelings, her lip quivered, and tears swelled up and dimmed the blue light of eyes beautiful as day.

"I will never speak to you again, Charles," sobbed she, "if this is true."

"It is true," he exclaimed, "only not half like the reality. It was your own PICTURE, my sweet girl, that I kissed again and again."

She looked at him a moment, and buried her wet eyes in his boson. As she lifted her head, and, shaking back the clustering ringlets that fell around her brow, displayed her face smiling through tears, his arm softly found its way around her waist, and—but I am at the end of my sheet.

PAIN OF LIVING CREATURES.

> "The poor beetle that we tread upon,
> In corporal suffering, feels a pang as great
> As when a giant dies."

THIS opinion of the celebrated poet has been so frequently quoted, as to be familiar to all the reading classes of the community. It evidently sprang from that thoughtful study of nature which is the great parent of benevolence, and does honor to the writer's heart; yet, like many beautiful theories, both in prose and poetry, I do not believe a single word of it. In youth, when the mind is more curious to inquire, and more ready to believe than reason, we receive instruction with a general credulity, and without ever pausing

to examine into its origin. Impressions so made are confirmed by time, which deepens the prejudices which it fails to destroy. I esteem this to be one, among other errors of a more serious kind, which the world fall into, as it were, blind-folded; and in which they are contented to grope, when by merely exercising the senses with which nature has endued them, they might detect the path of truth.

Let my readers reflect for a moment, upon the acknowledgment which they make, by endorsing, with their approbation, the remark of the poet:

> "The poor beetle that we tread upon,
> In corporal suffering, feels a pang as great
> As when a giant dies."

In naming the "poor beetle," I presume the writer means to include all living creatures on the face of the globe, or beneath the ground, or in the deep, or the air. The mass of agony for which this admission makes nature responsible, is shocking, and beyond credit. The death of every creature which supplies our table with food, would, in such case, be a massacre, and we should shrink from an oyster supper with horror unutterable. What appetite should we derive from witnessing a human being placed upon the rack, his limbs torn quivering and bleeding from his body, his eyes wrenched from their sockets, his heart cut out from his panting breast, or his head twisted off before life had left the mangled trunk; and yet, if those forms of life which are evidently intended to serve the purposes of nutrition to human beings,

> "In corporal suffering, feel a pang as great
> As when a giant dies,"

even such is the exquisite torture inflicted upon every oyster that is eaten, upon every fish that is brought up trembling from the depths of the stream, and every bird which falls fluttering and bloody at the fowler's feet.

Beside the creatures which are useful as the food of man, there are myriads of others which swarm about his steps, and die in countless numbers by accident—while others are intentionally destroyed as offensive.

If death be to all these what it is to a human being, it would be no affectation of sensibility to confess that I could not put my foot on a spider, nor witness the struggles of a drowning fly, without a thrill of painful compassion.

I have no doubt that all creatures gifted with life, are, also, endued with a sufficient susceptibility of pain, and instinctive dread of it, to answer the general purpose of self preservation; but, when we behold the difference between the organization of an oyster, a fly, or a beetle and a man, it is impossible to conceive that their systems can admit of an equal degree either of pain or pleasure. Both sensations must be to them something dull and vague; and inasmuch as their sphere of existence is more contracted, and their formation meaner, so their capacities are all dim and small, and their lives comparatively worthless. You may watch a fly upon the table, perambulating briskly in search of food. True, if you catch him, he makes a great noise, although uninjured; but set him free again, and after convincing himself by a few ærial circumvolutions of the fact that so important a personage is actually released without a ransom, he will return to the table and go on with his epicurean researches. Cut off his legs and his wings, and sometimes I have seen his body rather unceremoniously divided for the sake of the experiment. The patient was evidently incommoded by the loss, and performed certain involuntary evolutions, but presently, on arriving at a crumb of sugar, he commenced regaling himself as usual, body or no body, and afterward cleansed the remainder of his wings with the fragments of his legs, and hobbled off till he found and partook of some more sugar.

The fisherman takes the worm from the earth, tears its helpless form into pieces; each one of which he fastens upon the barbed hook. Imagination recoils from the idea of such an experiment upon one of our race, yet if similar pain be suffered by the worm, it is equally cruel. Fish taken from the water, remain alive many hours. If we suppose them gifted with a human susceptibility of bodily torture, what agony can be more excruciating than theirs?

The destruction which we necessarily commit among the inferior living creation, although presenting a vast and gloomy picture of suffering, would form but a part of the great system af anguish offered to the contemplation of the naturalist. He beholds the brute creation continually engaged, from their nature, in destroying each other. The lion is tearing his victim; the vulture is pouncing upon his prey; the whale is swallowing shoals of lesser fish—altogether, the earth would afford a prospect painful to dwell upon, and inconsistent with the principles of benevolence which form leading features in the creation and government of the world. I am, therefore, compelled to believe, that although the creatures over which man is lord, are capable of sufferings to a certain degree, yet, that their pain is very different from the torture of human beings. The essence, which we call life, might have been breathed into matter much finer and purer, and more capable of every species of emotion, than that of which we are at present constructed. The nerves of the tooth, for example, how exquisitely delicate, and with what a refined agony do they resent the softest touch? The same power that spread these fibres through the teeth, might have created us *all nerve*, so that the breathing of the air upon our uncovered bodies would have thus afflicted us, or perhaps overcome us with an equal consciousness of delight. The nerves which in us are productive of such acute sensation, are wanting in the fly, the oyster, the *beetle*, &c., or are composed of a different material, and we may, therefore, justly conclude are governed by different rules. The more nature is studied the more the harsh and gloomy features in her aspect are softened down into kindness and beauty; and, however painful insects may find the act by which their lives are extinguished, I must differ in opinion from the author of the lines at the head of this article. Beasts and insects are as incapable of our sufferings as they are of our enjoyments.

CHOOSING A SUBJECT.

I CAME into my room the other evening to write you an article. It was a quiet moonlight night, and the stars—but Milton has described them better than I can. I had resolved to cover two or three sheets of paper with my thoughts, put together I did not know how, in the form of letter, essay, or story. I had been too busy all day to reflect upon a subject, and when I entered the room, there was little in my imagination but the faces in passionate talk which had been long before me, broken business expressions, and fragments of law difficult to be remembered, and which, now that I turned from duty to fancy, felt themselves released, and seemed flying like a balloon swaying in the air, when it feels the loosening of the chords by which it had been fastened to the earth. To sweep the hearth, get out my paper, pour fresh ink into my inkstand, mend three pens, with elegant long points and the feathers cut off square at the top—for I protracted these little ceremonies in order to cheat myself out of time for reflection —was the work of several minutes. Still I was unable to fix upon any single subject. My brain seemed destitute of ideas, as the sheet of white paper lying before me. I thought of all that I had seen and felt; but of those, some I could not describe, and some were not worth description. Various objects of nature and art passed in hurried and confused disorder before me, and my fancy presented a whimsical medley of mountains, girls, cities, heroes, woods, battles, palaces, ships, cataracts, moonlight skies, and scenes of sorrow and death; as the ruffled stream reflects the fragments of the surrounding landscape. From all these I could select nothing which I deemed sufficiently interesting to make it the subject of my comment. Placing my pen behind my ear, therefore, folding my arms and stretching my legs out straight upon the chair which happened to stand at my side, I set my brow for something sublime, and looked fiercely into the fire to gain bright

ideas. But it was all in vain. The coals were piled upon each other in brilliant masses, which ever and anon, with the falling of an ember, changed into glowing images of mountains, houses, faces, &c., and before I was aware, I had forgotten my essay, and found myself tracing a singular representation of president Jackson's *entre* into our chief city, with crowds of eager faces thronging around him—a great piece of reddening carbon peering up for the capitol, and a heap of white ashes in the distance metamorphosed into the president's house. I started and changed my position, with a vague hope that it might change the current of my mind, and introduce something therein to relieve me in my present emergency. With my legs crossed, therefore, and my eyes firmly shut, my elbow resting upon the table, and my finger placed contemplatively upon my nose, I determined so to remain until I had hit upon something fine. You may be sure, Mr. Editor, I now had a great variety of charming objects passing before me; and several highly sensible remarks, and some very swelling sentences occurred; but they came by like birds around the head of a traveller by night, and I could not catch them for my life. Suddenly I started up with a thought. It was an original view of human nature—something which I had not seen in any author. "I'll give it," said I to myself, "in the style of Dr. Johnson. It shall flow on regularly, like the graceful and heaving billows of a gently agitated sea. I will commence with some general remarks upon the character of mankind, introduce an anecdote of ancient time, point the moral with keen satire, and round it off with a dignified quotation from Sophocles or Euripides."

Inspired with new hope, down I sat, dipped my pen in the ink, and began:

"That man is a creature of interest and the sport of fortune, that he desires to day what he will forget to morrow, and that his whole life is but a series of accidentally formed wants and beautifully contrived gratifications, no one, we presume, will deny. His mind is constructed of so subtle a material—if that which thinks can be called matter—that, like the air, whose elasticity occasions its perpetual changes, it is continually undergoing the most extraordinary revolu-

tions. By a long concatenation of circumstances, he"——I paused a moment, drew my pen across what I had written, and made a different commencement.

"Æschines, the disciple of Socrates, informs us that Callias, the torch bearer, having been accused of amassing immense wealth, while Aristides, his near relation, who had rendered important services to the republic, was left in poverty, proved that he had frequently offered that great man large sums, which he had invariably refused in such terms as these:

"'It better becomes Aristides to glory in his poverty, than Callias in his riches; for we see, every day, people make a good as well as a bad use of their riches; but it is hard to find one who bears poverty with a noble spirit, and they only are ashamed of it, who are poor against their will.'

"Mathematicians have asserted that——"

But here I stopped again. I could not help picturing to myself—for yours, you know, Mr. Morris, is a paper intended for the parlor—some sweet, careless, glowing girl, fresh in the ardor and innocence of her new feelings, running her beaming eyes over my dull and labored page, and repeating with her half smiling, half pouting lips, "Æschines—Callias—Socrates—Aristides—mathematicians, &c."

"Will she not," thought I, half in love with the image which my own mischievous fancy had conjured up, "will she not fling my learned nonsense away, and turn to some author whose sprightly style and sentimental images are better adapted to the brightness and tenderness of her own hopes and imagination?"

"Something for the ladies," said I, "will be a thousand times better." So I went to work once more.

"It was a soft moonlight night in summer. The radiant stars were silently shedding down their influence upon the world, soothing the feelings which had been all the preceding day agitated in the bustle of life. The noise of a distant torrent was just heard upon the air, which mingled harmoniously with the rustling of the breeze and the plaintive notes of the nightingale."

"But," said I to myself, "we have no nightingales here."

"Well," I answered, "I'll lay the scene in England."

I wrote on—

"The fragrant flowers were gradually bending down beneath the dew which had gathered upon their crimson bosoms, when a young stranger was observed riding gracefully down a hill with an aspect of"——

Again I paused, and again folded my arms. I hummed a tune, got up, walked three times across the room, and at length flung down the pen in utter despair. I felt myself falling into the same old, beaten, tiresome track which bears the foot prints of all would-be geniuses and newspaper scribblers since Adam. I had entered upon the old arena of love and valor. My hero had been introduced in the summer eve, covered with graces and surrounded with mystery. I had washed the roses with dew, and loaded the air with fragrance. I had set the breeze at work to rustle the leaves; poured the distant torrent down the hill and scattered the vault of heaven with twinkling stars. Now he must meet his mistress, and the moon must shine; they must swear by the stars, and—"No; I will have no more love sick stories—no lack-a-daisical rodomontade. Mr. Morris had better print a chronological table, or extracts from the almanac."

The clock struck ten while I was thus giving vent to my chagrin, and the watchman under my window heaved his cry that all was well. The labor of the day had rendered me fatigued, and the warmth of my cheerful fire overcame me with a feeling of drowsy pleasure. My eyelids drooped, and my pen fell upon the floor. Aristides, Callias, and Johnson faded back into the shadows of their quiet graves, and I sunk sweetly into a slumber, faintly lighted with agreeable dreams, and prophetic perhaps of the effect which, fair reader, my lucubratory productions also have on you.

PRIDE OF PROFESSION.

We are very apt to be fond of that which we excel in ourselves, and to underrate the acquirements and powers of others in a different sphere, without reflecting that the field of human thought and occupation is broad, and that a man may carefully cultivate one part without being in the least acquainted with the products of another. With what contempt a skillful musician sometimes regards one who cannot turn a tune, but who, perhaps, is an excellent book-keeper or an adroit ship builder. What a conscious pride and pomp of erudition a profound linguist betrays while quoting familiarly from Homer and Horace, Dante, or Lopez de Vega, before a simple student, only master of his mother tongue, and who in turn sneers at the mistakes made by others in speaking of natural philosophy and astronomy. I never suffer myself to be led away thus by a man's accidental accomplishments or attainments. If I find a sensible good hearted fellow, (as I frequently do,) who has never even read Milton and Shakspeare, or the Waverly novels, I respect him notwithstanding; for I say to myself, it is probable he is an adept at something beside literature, where perhaps I should require a similar indulgence from him. I heard the other day a good anecdote, related by one who was an ear witness, of Gauss. I do not think it was ever before printed. This celebrated German mathematician was born in Brunswick. His father was a poor butcher, and he himself grew up, to all appearance, a mere vagabond, with ragged clothes, and a great head of hair which scarcely felt the comb till he reached the age of sixteen. At that period, and to the no small amusement of his fellow pupils, he produced a manuscript composition of his own, entitled "an Inquiry into the Nature of Numbers." The treatise was honored with a cursory review, and being so different from the generally received essays, so entirely original in its manner of treating the subject, and so completely above the sphere of the learned pro-

fessor's mind, that it was returned with a smiling suggestion that he "had better study considerably more, and wait a number of years before he offered any of his productions to the public." Gauss, greatly disappointed and irritated, immediately transmitted it to Kastner, then at Gottingen, and one of the most eminent mathematicians of the day. He never before having heard the name of Gauss, sent him a prompt answer, expressing surprise that he had not been sooner acquainted with so able a writer, and lavished upon the treatise praise at once so warm and respectful as made the whole country round ring with the young tyro's fame. His subsequent rise was rapid. Augustus Ferdinand, Duke of Brunswick, afterward shot through the eyes at the battle of Jena, took him immediately under his protection, and La Place, in quoting his work, calls him "the divine Gauss." He is, however, a fair instance of the propensity mentioned in the opening of the remarks. His love of mathematics takes precedence of all his passions, and almost occupies all his thoughts. Long habits of severe investigation have rendered its abstruse truths, invisible to inferior capacities, so familiar, palpable, and self evident to him, that, it is said, he scarcely respects the acquirements, or tolerates the acquaintance of any not initiated into the secrets of his favorite science. A good natured theologian once asked him if he really believed the moon to be inhabited.

"Certainly, sir," answered Gauss, "although we can only reason analogically upon the subject, yet I am led confidently to the conclusion that it contains a race of beings, probably intelligent like those of earth."

"And do you think," inquired the other, "that it is possible to establish the fact by having any communication with them?"

"Yes," replied the mathematician, "I conceive it to be quite probable. If we were to sow a large extent of country with plants, which, in their growth, would produce a *triangle* or any other regular figure, of certain colors which reflect the rays of the sun most forcibly, the inhabitants of the moon would perceive that we were intelligent beings from the fact that we had drawn a mathematical figure; and they might reply in the same manner."

"Aye," replied the theologian, "but suppose they do not understand mathematics?"

"Why, then," said Gauss, slapping his hand angrily on the table, "let them go to the d—l."

PRONUNCIATION.

We question whether any people in the world can boast a more uniformly correct pronunciation than the inhabitants of the United States. Although our country comprehends such a vast space, the traveller will distinguish by no means the same diversity of speech which may be discerned in passing through other nations, yet there are, notwithstanding, several instances, even in the first circles, of inelegant exceptions. Some arise from a want of proper familiarity with standard authorities, others from the desire to exhibit superior grace and accuracy in their elocution. One delivers his words with a too deliberate execution of each particular syllable, which, however it may enhance the distinctness, greatly diminishes the grace and ease of conversation. There is a difference to be observed between an orator addressing a crowded assembly, and a gentleman speaking to his friend or a private company. Some in a parlor, and treating upon trifles, ape the profound gravity of a tragedian. We have heard a person of this kind declare "I will thank you, madam, for another cup of tea," with as much effort at theatrical elegance, as if he were about to swallow poison instead of hyson; and another observe he was "fond of tripe," with a solemn dignity of expression, rolling the *r* off his tongue in such a manner, that a foreigner, unacquainted with our language, might naturally conclude something very serious was going on. But this, although a fault among colloquists, is preferable to the practice which we must allow to be prevalent here, of giving words, however properly accentuated, a certain turn of an ungraceful character. There is a class of words to which this observation particularly applies, but we are

scarcely able to make the reader understand by letters those precise distinctions of sound which we would here illustrate. In the proper manner of giving such words as *ensue*, *suit*, &c., there will be audible to an attentive ear a slight softening of the *u*, bringing it nearer to the same letter in *unite*. Our mother tongue contains many words of the same character, wherein there is room for one to discriminate nicely between the two extremes. We have now in our recollection a highly accomplished lady, whose remarks are generally so full of intelligence and wit, that it is strange to hear them marred by so trivial a defect. She tells you that the *doos* of evening had scarcely fallen from the *skoi* when the *koind gurl*, at whose *soote* she had undertaken the journey, began to grow afraid of being *pursood;* but *knoo* nobody was there, although she was *pooty* well prepared to *endoore* every thing that could *ensoo*, from a principle of *dooty*. She says she cannot abide a *dooelist*, although last *Toosday* she saw one in the street for the *fust* time.

Our fair friend is not at all singular in this way of speaking. It may be here remarked continually in the most polished individuals of both sexes.

We are acquainted with another of equal attainments, who, a short period since had her attention directed to this point, and consequently has fallen into the opposite extreme, which, of the two, we think more offensive. The one seems the result of carelessness, but the other of affectation. She tells her friends that *Se-usan* is a sensible *ge-irl*, and a *se-uperlative* singer; that there is extraordinary *ne-use* from England arrived last *Choosday*, but of a *jubious* character. She thinks one who fights a *jewel* is more to be pitied than blamed, as no gentleman can *enjure* an insult. She was one day at dinner going on in these displays of her newly acquired colloquial graces, when she created a general smile, which even courtesy could not disguise, by asking the servant to help her to "a little *se-uop*." We must also protest against those innovations on settled points of orthoepy, which occasionally appear among fashionable people, as if to make the barrier between them and the *profanum vulgus* more obvious and impassable. It is to such classes, as well as to the pulpit, the bar, and

the stage, that we look for models in the art of speaking correctly; and they should be especially cautious not to lead astray, from any idle affectation, those who appeal to them as examples. We heard a lawyer in court the other day make *i* in *pirate* rhyme with *y* in *lyric*, and a high bred lady asking for *Bee-ron's* poems.

True elegance of pronunciation, like that of dress, consists in a modest simplicity. This is a safer guide than mere dictionary knowledge. We knew a poor pedant, who never opened his lips without saying something outrageously ludicrous, or pronouncing his words in a way that set every one laughing, yet the fellow could quote a lexicographer for whatever he said. We therefore deem the dictionary not the only thing to be studied, but also the usages of the persons with whom we associate, so that we may not appear, at every sentence, to rebuke their ignorance, or expose our own.

As it is the misfortune of our language that the pronunciation of many words is not regulated by any rule, but is entirely arbitrary, it becomes necessary for him who would speak at once with ease, grace, and correctness, to study in early youth the forms of expressions and modes of pronunciation prevalent in the polite world, as books cannot instruct him concerning those faint lights and shades of speech, to which we have alluded above.

It is certainly much to be regretted that the English tongue is infested with such a variety of authorities on dubious points, and that the construction of many words is so excessively awkward. A schoolboy is punished one day for not speaking according to the orthography, and the next for the contrary error. Such intricate words as *clough*, *trough*, *usquebaugh*, *turkois*, *qualm*, &c., are a disgrace to the vocabulary, and have a vast deal to answer for, touching hasty bursts of disapprobation from young French gentlemen and other foreigners, who undertake to learn our vernacular. We recommend all cavilers at the pronunciations of their friends to examine their dictionaries before they express their opinions, as the contradictions among the learned compilers, from Jameson to Webster, are very palpable and consolatory to ambitious colloquists caught tripping.

We lately heard a horse laugh brought to a very abrupt determination, by a reference to Walker. We may add, in conclusion, that a few words mispronounced weigh but little against the good sense sometimes conveyed by them, and that he who watches, for the purpose of ridiculing the casual peculiarities of speech, which may be detected more or less in every man, discovers a more intimate acquaintance with Webster than with Chesterfield, and is more learned in words than in politeness.

POLITENESS TO FEMALES.

As there is nothing in which the good breeding of a company of gentlemen is more clearly evinced than in a ready civility to the female sex, which should spring, as it were, from an impulse of nature; so nothing can mark them as low and vulgar more pointedly than a neglect of those observances which the refined of all ages have been eager to pay to woman. I have frequently had occasion to observe the rudeness of mixed companies of well dressed men to females; and have sometimes been disgusted with seeing a lazy fellow, in the apparel of a gentleman, lounging on the seats of the theatre, or perhaps sitting before ladies on the front seat, and disturbing them with their low and frivolous conversation to some other of the same crew.

I undertook the other day to gallant several charming young girls across the river to Hoboken. On entering the boat we found no prospect of seats. Two long benches were crowded with persons in the dress of gentlemen, not one of whom made any move; although three as pretty women, and as amiable too, as you could select from Broadway in an afternoon of spring, were standing, and with the prospect of remaining in the same situation during the whole passage. Around were other gentlemen, on chairs, lounging in various attitudes, and *leaning back*, (which last graceful habit, let me add, is a rank Americanism) while one fellow

had absolutely taken possession, not only of one chair for his body, but an extra one upon which he coolly deposited his legs, and amused himself with looking under the bonnets of my fair companions, at the same time whistling "Yankee Doodle." Although I am naturally an extremely peaceful disposition, I assure you my hand ached to try the strength of a horsewhip upon his shoulders. Equally striking instances of coarseness and bad education, as well as bad disposition, may be every day observed on board any of the steam boats, when the passengers are rung to a meal. It is almost as much as one or two can do to protect our female friends from the outrages and depredations of the hungry surrounding savages. Dishes are cleared while we are in the act of reaching them—waiters commanded from our sides by stentorian lungs from the other end of the table; so that the scene rather resembles a riot than a breakfast; and should any lady by chance be left without a seat, she may pass fifty various dandies, with quizzing glasses and little whalebone canes, before one will abandon the advantage of his physical superiority and rise to give her his place.

This is an evil which calls loudly for a remedy, although I scarcely know how to set about it; for they who are sufficiently vulgar to commit these misdemeanors, are beyond the reach of ridicule or reproof. I have spoken of these offenders against the rules of polite society as badly educated, I will close these brief observations with the remark, that this species of rudeness is frequently found among the better classes. The poor, who have been denied the advantages of learning, are frequently polite from their intrinsic kind and generous feelings, while the native bad heart and mean understanding betray themselves in these trifles, through all the treasures of learning and the gloss of fashion.

END OF VOLUME ONE.