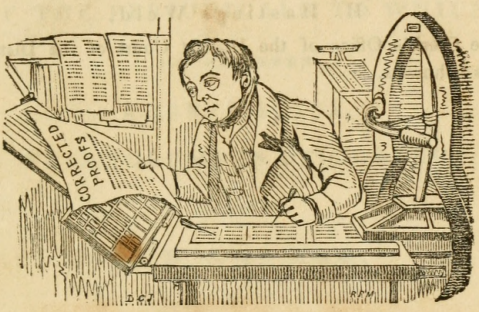
Corrected proofs, by H. Hastings Weld.

Weld, H. Hastings (Horatio Hastings), 1811-1888.
Boston, Russell, Shattuck & Co., 1836.

CORRECTED PROOFS,

BY

H. HASTINGS WELD.



BOSTON:
RUSSELL, SHATTUCK & CO.
1836.

Waverley Press.
Alfred Mudge, Printer.

TO THE

Readers, and Friends

OF THE PERIODICALS TO WHICH

HE HAS BEEN

A CONTRIBUTOR,

THIS VOLUME IS DEDICATED

BY

THE AUTHOR.

PREFACE.

It is a trite saying that the Preface is a book-wright's horror—but its very triteness is proof of its truth—and that truth is excuse for its iteration here. In the body of the work, the Author addresses the world generally—the Preface is particularly inscribed to the reader;—writing it is like going through a set form, in accordance with rules of etiquette—or through a difficult concerted piece, where, to be excellent, is only to be tolerable. Any thing below that is a lamentable failure; any thing above it is seldom attained.

People look to the Preface for an expose of the views of the Author in publishing—but it is not one in a hundred cases that they find it there. Self-esteem generally prompts the perpetration of a book, and the very organ of the mind which induces the act, leads also to a concealment of the motive. But the world all see it—particularly where, as in this case, there is no apparent moral end to be gained—no establishment of a new theory, or refutation of an old one. It is as useless, therefore, for the Author to deny, on his part,

that he holds a pretty good opinion of the contents of this volume, as for a convicted felon to persist in declaring his innocence. He, the Author, avows then, that he thinks the matter hereinafter contained well worthy of preservation. If the judgment of the public support him, well—if not—he will be in a glorious minority. That's all.

The Tales, Sketches, &c. here collected and offered to the public, are selections from the contributions of the Author to different periodicals during the last five years—principally, however, to the Boston Galaxy, and Boston Pearl. A majority of them have received such newspaper sanction, by being noticed and copied, as strengthens the opinion of them which has induced this reprint. There is also mingled with his Self-esteem (to talk Phrenologically,) not a little Acquisitiveness, and some Selfishness. He wishes to try the experiment, whether a transcript of them from the places in which they were originally published, may not benefit himself, as well as others.

CONTENTS.

PARAGRAPHS.

CORRECTED PROOFS.

LOVE AND LAW.

> What benefit can children be
> But charges and disobedience? What's the
> Love they render, at one and twenty years?

"I won't! I won't! I won't! I tell you, and it's no use talking. He's an impudent, obstinate blockhead, and I'll kick him out, just so sure as he darkens my door again!"

"But father!"

"But what?"

"You know it is not a twelvemonth, since he saved your house—"

"No such thing! no such thing! Every thing was doing well enough! every body was running with water, as fast as they could, and I was directing 'em, and up comes Mr Burnet, on a walk. *He* wouldn't run, if the town was a-fire. 'Gentlemen,' says he, as if that was a time for compliments—and they all minded him, without taking any more notice of me, than if I was ravin' mad. He stopped 'em all from running too, as well as himself,

and planted 'em all along in rows, like Indian corn—and—"

"Saved your house by his coolness, method, and regularity."

"Coolness be d—d! Coolness at a fire, to be sure! A pretty pass we have come to, when a man sixty years old, who has been selectman ten years, and representative twice, is to be slighted for a chicken who has not moulted his first coat of feathers! As if a man had no interest in his own affairs, and could not have his say, when his own house was burning!"

"You owe the preservation of your house to the chicken, nevertheless."

"No such thing! no such thing! And if I do, I had rather it had burned down, than that he should have the chance to boast that he has. And you, too, eternally throwing it in my teeth—I'll set fire to it myself—I'll be hanged if I don't!"

"You'll be hanged if you do, father, and that would be very unpleasant to every body except your friend, Mr Giles."

"And you—you'd be glad of it, too. I should be out of the way then, and you might marry the pettifogging scoundrel!"

"You *know* he hates litigation. *Pettifogging* indeed! Did he not settle your mill-stream suit against Giles, without inflicting upon you the irritation, delay, and cost of a trial?"

"There you come again. I wish he had been drowned in the stream, before he made the settlement. I hate Giles—and meant to ruin him. You knew it—and Burnet knew it."

"He recovered the damages you claimed."

"A fig for the damages! I told him to chase Giles—to hunt him to the poor-house,—and what does he do but persuade the scamp to settle, without so much as saying 'sheriff!' to him. If he saved *me* costs, he saved *him* too,—when I would willingly have thrown away five thousand dollars, to see Giles at work on the road."

"Two thousand in hand, is better than seven thrown away."

"I dare say, I dare say. So you think—you expect that you and Mr Burnet will be a thousand better off. But you sha'n't—I'll disinherit you—I'll make my will—I'll make it to-day—I'll make it now."

"Shall I send John for Mr Burnet, father? You must have a lawyer, you know."

This was the climax. Mary Williams had vexed her father to the utmost safe extremity. She left the room, making a provokingly dutiful "curtsy" at the door. The old man paced the floor, in an agony of vexation.

"I'll disown her, and adopt Black Sal, the kitchen girl—I'll disinherit her, and give my property to the Colonization Society—I'll never speak to her again—I'll turn her out of doors—I'll go this very instant and tell her—"

"To roast that pair of chickens, or boil them, papa?"

Mary *was* pretty—and the old man was partially disarmed by the smiling phiz she thrust in at the door;—appeased in spite of himself, for he was proud of his daughter.

"Boil them, Mary. I won't, till after dinner."

"Won't what, father?"

"Begone! you undutiful hussy."

If the reader is a daughter, I need not tell her that Mary had overheard every word of her father's angry

soliloquy,—if he be a father, I need not tell him, that, although the old gentleman tried to persuade himself he was in earnest, his threats were quite as likely to be put into execution, as the comet is to brush away this world of ours. And Mary knew it. Such skirmishes between the father and daughter were diurnally repeated—things of course, like the encounters between Commodore Trunnion and Tom Pipes. There was, however, this difference,—the ex-nautical belligerents sparred in public—Old Williams and his daughter held their discussions in private. We cannot commend the conduct of Mary in thus harassing her father,—but if good ever came out of evil, it certainly did in these domestic differences. As a thunder-storm clears and purifies the atmosphere, so the air of their afternoon and evening fire-sides was materially improved by the storms of the morning. The old gentleman sallied out, after giving Mary the last word, which, unlike a majority of her sex, she always allowed him, and was invariably in good humor at dinner-time. The motto of the afternoon, in reference to the altercation of the morning, was

Oh no! we never mention it—

And Father Williams suffered himself to be read peaceably to sleep in his arm-chair. If, upon waking, he should even discover Burnet in the room—a thing, by the way, of no unfrequent occurrence—the placid feelings which wait upon temperance and a good digestion had hitherto made him civil to his daughter's guest,—or at least reserve his wrath, to be poured upon Mary's head the next day. And, like a dutiful daughter, we have seen how she endured her parent's wayward humors. Her mother had been dead for years, and,

but for the manner in which Mary filled her place in vexing her father, she would, long before, have been an orphan. True it was, she was more than a daughter to him, compelling him to forget, while she tormented him, that the old butt of his caprices, his wife, *was silent.*

* * * * * *

With subtle cobweb cheats,
They've stepped in the law like nets,
In which, when once they are embrangled,
The more they stir, the more they're tangled.

We have seen how religiously Mr Williams hated a certain person with whom he had had some law embranglements; and, sooth to say, his aversion had good and sufficient grounds. Giles was one of those detestable animals to be met with in almost every community, who are never happy but when in litigation. Every thought had some connexion with what Blackstone terms the "perfection of human reason," but it was only upon the *imperfections* of that *perfection* that he studied to perfect himself—or rather, in which he liked to dabble. Observe it when you will, those whose names are oftenest found with a "*vs.*" added, are those who are least acquainted with the wholesome and necessary enactments of the law. Every window which looked upon any part of Giles's estate was darkened with a dead wall,—the branches of every fruit tree which overhung his ground, from his neighbors' enclosures, were plucked of their produce, or sawed off even with the fence. To look upon his land was almost a trespass—to step upon it quite one. He knew the path to the pound better than that to the church—as his neighbors' cattle could witness. No contract was binding with him, unless it was duly signed, witnessed and acknowledged.

For such a man, our friend Williams, quick and strong in his passions, and frank to bluntness, could entertain no feelings but disgust in the abstract,—when he found himself actually entangled in the toils of the wily knave, he was furious.

It is unnecessary to go into the details of the dispute —it is sufficient to say that Williams was clearly in the right, and Giles as clearly in the wrong; as the reader will surmise from their respective characters. The latter had presumed upon the known dislike of the former for litigation—but his bold attempt at villany was foiled by the anger of Williams, who immediately, and for the first time in his life, appealed to the law. To avoid, as much as possible, a business for which he had an unconquerable loathing, he committed the whole affair to Burnet, with full power to manage it at his discretion, —only signifying his wish that not a point should be yielded, but that Giles should be wrung out of his last dollar, if possible, by appeal, continuation, or any other means. Burnet chose the more direct way of adjusting the matter, by compromise, to which Giles, who found he had caught a Tartar, readily assented; but Burnet was astonished to find his services so ill appreciated, that, upon hearing the result, Williams transferred his dislike from his opponent to his attorney. The old gentleman had made a sort of merit of his intention to beggar his antagonist, and, in his rage at being disappointed, flatly and directly charged the lawyer with having been the accomplice of Giles, in an attempt to impose upon him. We cannot tell how Burnet would have received such a charge, had it not been for the interference of a certain blind god, who imparts a portion of his own indistinctness of vision to lovers, when the faults and

impertinence of fathers are apparent enough to every body else.

Reasoning him out of so preposterous an idea was only hunting him to another cover. He insisted upon it that Burnet was only careful of his interest, because he expected one day to inherit the property he preserved. His conduct upon this conviction was less violent, but more determined than before. Such were the effects of *one* lawsuit upon a naturally frank and open disposition! Williams had learned to suspect the motives of all about him. He had also learned concealment, for he hugged his suspicions to himself, and inwardly, but firmly resolved, that the young man, from whom, twenty-four hours before, he would have concealed nothing, and to whom he would have denied nothing, should be forbidden the house. We have seen how this determination was received by Mary, and how, despite the old gentleman's threats, the visits of Burnet were still continued. To do the young man justice, however, it is fair to state, that he was an innocent trespasser. Had he caught an inkling of the old gentleman's suspicions, he was too high-spirited to give them a color, by persevering in his suit to the daughter.

* * * * * *

"She sha'n't!"

"He talks in his sleep, Mary."

"I won't—I won't, never will—it's no—"(indistinct.)

"What does he mean?"

"He is fighting over his battles with Giles."

Mary knew that was a—fib—when she uttered it; and fearful that her father's treacherous tongue would betray her, rose to waken him.

"Stop, Mary, there he goes again."

"He hates Giles *so* devoutly," said Mary, trembling. "Let me wake him."

"No, no, sit still."

"Comes here--(indistinct)—kick him out!"

"*Mr Giles* does not come here, Mary!"

The tone in which that short sentence was uttered, spoke all the wounded pride of Burnet, at discovering the deceit which had been practised upon him. The whole truth flashed upon his mind,—she had been receiving his addresses in her father's house, in his very presence, against that parent's positive wish and command. How startling is the distinct, slow enunciation of mingled reproof and biting sarcasm! Although pronounced in an under-tone, it disturbed the old gentleman, and he started from his chair, completely awake.

"Hey! what! ah, Burnet," said he, coldly, "good evening. But what the devil does all this mean? Mary there is as red as her shawl,—and you look like a convicted felon." Poor Burnet did indeed betray that he felt the awkwardness of his situation. As if he had discovered a gunpowder plot, the old man suddenly resumed—"Pretty well—p-r-e-t-t-y well—d——d well, Mr Burnet! What have you been doing—what have you been saying, sir, to my daughter, in my own house, and under my very nose, sir?"

"Mr Williams!"

"Mr Burnet!" And the old gentleman made a very low bow.

"Mr Williams, I have accidentally discovered, by your murmurings in your slumbers, that you propose to *kick* me out of your house."

"Sir!"

"No more concealment, Mr Williams; it sits ill upon

you. If, with your accustomed frankness, you had told me that my visits to your daughter were disagreeable to you, I never would have intruded them."

"Stay away, and wish me dead—eh?"

"Sir!"

"Yes, just as I say. I know I can't wear two faces, like a lawyer, (between his teeth,) and since I've got a part of the load off my stomach in my sleep, I'll be hanged if the whole sha'n't come. I believe you don't care a d—n for my daughter—but want to marry my money. There! you have got all now, that you could fish out of what I shall say in my sleep for a year to come—or as long as I live."

"Well, Mr Williams, I shall not undertake, by talking, to defend myself, as I can do that best by a course which will not only save words, but time, and not a few steps between my office and your house. I wish you a good evening, sir, and a night's sleep where I shall not be a listener—and to you, Mary, I wish a portion of your father's honest frankness. Had you possessed a tithe of it, I should not now be so ridiculously situated. Allow me sir, before I go, as a particular favor, to inquire what *friend* possessed you with so good an opinion of me."

"Your best friend, sir—*yourself!* You need not try to eye *me* out of countenance; if I am a witness against you, I am not to be brow-beaten, I promise you. I told you to keep the ball a-rolling with that scoundrel Giles, till you had barked him clean. I told you that I would throw away two dollars for his one, till he had not a sixpence left—I wanted to rid the county of him. Instead of that, you compromise, and bring me a couple of thousand dollars of his money. You thought me an

old fool, in my dotage,—but I'm hale yet! I'll live, a scare-crow, to keep you out of this house, this ten years! You thought you was husbanding your own property—but I'll give it to the Board of Foreign Missions first—to the Esquimaux Indians—throw it to the devil, before you shall have it. Good night, Mr Burnet."

"Good night, sir."

Mary, as in duty bound, waited upon Burnet to the door. Many a time and oft had that door been a witness to the fact, that the last five minutes of a visit, (oftentimes unaccountably stretched to sixty,) are, like the postscript of a letter, appropriated to the real business—as if the parties forgot it, till about the close of the interview. Her face, as plain as looks could speak, said "One kind word before we part:" Burnet obstinately refused to understand—and did not even repeat his "good night" at the door. It was fairly closed, and the key turned, before Mary felt that she was really alone—that *he* had taken his leave—perhaps his final leave.

"A passionate, hard-hearted brute, to leave me thus!" she exclaimed. "I'll never speak to him again!"

"That's right!" cried her father, who caught only the last sentence. "That's right, my daughter!"

"I wish I could hate him!" said Mary, as she closed her chamber-door. Oh! a single tear would have been to her a pearl of great price—but not one could be persuaded from her eye-lids.

She threw herself upon the bed and instituted a self-examination. Judgment on the bench,—present, Burnet, appellant, by his attorney, Dan Cupid; and Mary Williams, respondent. Cupid argued like an adept, for his absent client—Mary made but a feeble defence—and admitted that she might have been partially in fault.

The case was submitted to Conscience, who returned a verdict of GUILTY against the maiden. Mercy, who is always ready to temper the severity of Justice, brought a shower of tears to her relief, and Mary wept herself to sleep.

* * * * * *

Cupid is a knavish lad,
Thus to make poor lawyers mad.

"Morning her sweets was flinging,"—but in the distribution she certainly forgot to be impartial. The vinegar aspect of Timothy Burnet, Esq. as he sat in his office, on the morning succeeding his ejectment from Old Williams's premises, was proof positive, that he, at least, had been neglected by Madam Aurora, in her dispensation of "sweets."

"A heartless old reprobate,—but his daughter—Mary! —there's the unkindest cut of all! To think she should have concealed the true state of things, and let me get into such a confoundedly awkward scrape. 'Kick him out!'—that's the thanks I get, for serving another at my own cost—for compromising a suit, which, properly nursed, would have bought me a house. Williams *vs.* Giles—but I've done with him. I'll send old Hunks this package, and think no more of him or his daughter. Here, Peter! (His Mercury, who was improving the advantages of the situation of a lawyer's boy, by playing in the street, pocketed his marbles, and shuffled into the office.) Take this packet over to Mr Williams's."

"Ask for Miss Mary, and wait for an answer, sir?"

"No, you fool, can't you read the direction? Lucky that these things don't disturb my philosophy. They would completely unhinge some men for business; but give me as much to do every day, as I have had this

morning, and I won't think of Moll Williams, or any other she, twice in a twelvemonth. Well, Tipstaff, have you served it?"

"If you'd just take the trouble to look it over," said the sheriff's deputy, as he entered, looking more than usually pleased, and handing the attorney a paper. "I'm thinking this won't do to arrest Joe Barnes upon, any how."

"'——*Sheriff*——*either of his Deputies*——*often requested—never paid the same—neglects and refuses so to do*————*goods*,——*default thereof*—*body of the said*—MARY WILLIAMS!' Pshaw! I never gave you this!"

"You certainly did."

* * * * * *

"Glad to hear you so decided, Mary. Glad to hear what you said last night. I knew you'd come to your senses after a while, and see through that rogue of an attorney."

Mary spilled the coffee, and scalded her fingers—looked white—then red—then white again.

"Mean to stick to it, don't you?"

"No—ah—yes."

"That's right—never speak to him again—eh?"

"Yes—that is—"

"Eh?"

"No, father."

"See that you don't—never speak to a fortune-hunter—never look at one!"

"I don't think Mr Burnet a fortune-hunter."

"No! you hate him for something else then? A scoundrel! If Mr Burnet *has* presumed—if—if, I'll shoot him! What *do* you hate him for?"

"I don't."

"What! No and yes—yes and no—you do hate him, and you don't! Law puzzles me, but woman is worse. If law is the devil, woman is legion!"

The old gentleman commenced pacing the room in a paroxysm. Burnet's package came in; as Williams opened it, a note fell to the floor.

"For me, father?"

"Yes—if your name is Tobias Williams."

If there is anything in this world particularly and vexatiously provoking, it is, to be obliged to keep one's hands off a newspaper, till some a-b-c-denarian has spelled out all the advertisements,—or to wait a week for the contents of a note, in which you are equally interested with the man who is proceeding to inform himself of them, as deliberately as if his life were to end with the pronunciation of the last word. While Father Williams placed his arm-chair at the window, drew forth his spectacles, wiped and adjusted them, held the paper now near, now farther from his nose, till he ascertained the exact focus, Mary could hardly forbear snatching the paper from his hand.

"Let me read it first, papa." No answer.

"*Do* let me see it, father."

"After me madam, if at all."

"Oh dear!" And she fidgetted in her chair, and looked *so* vexed. "Well, if I am not going to see it to-day, read it aloud, will you, father?"

"Eh-em. 'When you instructed me to commence a suit against Giles, the prosecution of your claim for damages involved the title of your estate. I found, when you purchased of Bangs, that he gave you only a quit-claim. He bought of John Bradley, whose wife

never relinquished her right; and she being dead, it is now on her son.' What, *on* her son,—what does that mean, Mary?"

"Let me see. It's *in*, father—*in* her son."

"*In* her son. Well, what does *that* mean?"

"Never mind, father, read on."

"'In her son. If Giles had been put to a legal defence, his lawyer would have discovered the flaw in your title, and have purchased the claim, or bid for it, which would have compelled us to make a great sacrifice of money and trouble to obtain a clear deed. I was afraid to let the case lay open a day, lest he should discover, and take advantage of the fact,—and therefore settled with Giles, to your great dissatisfaction. I was afraid to trust even you with the secret, until I had obtained a quit-claim of young Bradley—in which I have just succeeded. For the expenses—you may reimburse me, whenever you can spare the money from your benevolent purposes to the'—What!"

"Esquimaux Indians."

"What the devil does *that* mean?"

"Why, my dear, gentle papa, you swore roundly, last night, to Mr Burnet, that you would give your money to the Esquimaux, before, as your son-in-law, he should touch a dollar of it."

"Did I? I'd forgotten it. Mary!"

"Sir!"

"Look me directly in the face. Now tell me, did you ever tell Tim Burnet what I thought of him in that Giles business?"

"Never."

"Are you sure?—no evasion now."

"I certainly never did."

"Then I think better of him than if he had visited the house, knowing what I thought and said. We acted like fools, last night."

"*We* indeed!"

"Give me my hat and cane, Mary."

"Where are you going, father?"

"Don't ask so many questions, girl."

* * * * * *

"Time flies."

"Oh, gran'pa! Let me look at the pictures in the big Bible. What's that, gran'pa?"

"That's writing."

"What does it say?"

"'Timothy Burnet to Mary Williams.'"

"Who is Mary Williams, gran'pa?"

"Go ask your mother, you young blockhead."

ENNUI

Was never better defined, than when Bulwer called it "The Ghost of Time murdered." We believe, however, that it is not a ghost of frequent appearance in New England. The characteristic trait of a Yankee is his activity and wish for constant employment. So much is this an universal trait, that an idler among the descendants of the puritans is out of his latitude. A mark is set upon him—the fact of living without visible means of subsistence is considered a suspicious circumstance. Among the questions for which New Englanders are proverbial, "What *does* he *do?*" is the one above others peculiar to them, both for its phraseology and import.

THE BUSTLING MAN.

YONDER he comes, the Bustling Man,
How stately fast he stalks,
His two arms pendant, to and fro
Are swinging as he walks ;
By weight of business on his hands
Those arms have stiff become—
As lines are to their tension stretched,
By weight of leaden plumb.

At nine and ninety Fahrenheit
The subtile mercury stands ;
Yet still he plies his busy feet,
And still he swings his hands ;
Big drops of sweat coagulate
Upon his rosy front,
Yet doth he not his speed abate—
A world depends upon't!

Down State Street now he locomotes—
They open him a road ;
To stand in such a walker's way
Would sudden death forebode ;
The broker and the monied man
Forget the fall of stocks,
To dodge the swinging of those arms,
Like pendula of clocks.

The pillars of the "Monster Bank"
Are granite-cold with fright ;
For should with them in contact come
That awful walking wight,
The "Hero's" labor were half done,
And half his fame bereft—
There would not be a single stone
Upon another left!

Of wind there's not a particle,
The air is still as death—
Yet still he walks, that bustling man,
And is not out of breath!
Sol's rays are perpendicular,
His arid heat intense;
Our walking biped's motions yet
Are in the present tense;—

He walks! will he forever walk
In geometric pace,
Just like a pair of compasses
Accomplishing a race?
Now dexter, ambidexter now,
His pedal props move on—
God save th' eternal walking one!
Will he have never done?

Thank God! The capsill of Long Wharf
Has stopped him with a shock;
He walks upon the pavement, but
He cannot walk the dock!
His arms are swinging still, but he
Is letting off his steam;
I'll speak to him, before again
He starts his magic team.

"Say, stranger of the lengthy leg,
What is your cause of haste?
Do you from Biddle come, express,
That thus the streets you've raced?
Or, is your father very sick?
Or mother next to dead?"
"*No sir, I'm trying to digest*
A loaf of Graham Bread!"

THE PARTNERS.

NEW STORE. Smith & Brown respectfully inform the public of Cedarville and vicinity, and their friends generally, that they have taken the Store on Main Street, a few doors from the Meeting-House, where they have on hand and for sale, every description of goods, at prices as low as at any other place, in city or country.

THE above, with the customary abundant sprinkling of italics, capitals, and full-faced type, was the only new advertisement in the columns of the Cedarville Universal Advertiser, on the morning of the 5th of May, 18—. "Who *is* Smith & Brown?" inquired the old ladies of the village, as their eyes wandered from the record of the deaths to the advertisement below; and "Who *is* Smith & Brown?" echoed the young ladies, who, after studying the Hymeneal Register, glanced also at the advertisement. Methinks the reader is inquiring too —who are the Smith and Brown, introduced by you so abruptly? Patience, gentle sir,—if sir you be,—if madam, it is of no use to preach patience,—patience, and you will, in proper time, become acquainted with THE PARTNERS.

Smith and Brown had decided to connect themselves in business, and astonish the natives of some country town, with a store a touch above any thing of the kind out of the limits of the metropolis. Cedarville happened to be the place pitched upon, and so rapidly was their migration effected, and the business of opening performed, that, until they were ready for customers, not more than half the women within ten miles of their

store knew that such a thing was in contemplation. The Cedarville Universal Advertiser had the merit, for once, of containing something of which the universe was not previously advised; and the gossips of Cedarville were nearly distracted—such a march had been stolen upon them! They fell in readily with the opinion of Old Pimento, at the old stand, that, as the new store "sprung up like a mushroom, in a night, it would disappear too, between two days." Commence business without making six months preparatory talk! the thing was preposterous and unprecedented. But they succeeded, nevertheless. The young women had become tired of shop-worn commodities, especially when sold by a crusty old Benedict, and the temptations of new goods and the new faces of two young bachelors were irresistible. All the influence of the editor of the Universal Advertiser was on the side of the new store, for the "trader" at the old one never could be persuaded, that in a town where there was but one store, there was any need of advertising. Even now, that there were two, he would not be provoked into a paper war with the new comers, whose advertisements added some ten dollars to the annual income of the Advertiser—no inconsiderable item, by the way, in the receipts of a village editor. For this sum they were allowed a *square*, which, in the country, means a page of the paper.

Awful was the schism created in Cedarville by the new store! Old Mr Pimento stopped his paper, because he liked an independent press, and the Advertiser had had the impudence to publish Smith & Brown's advertisements, to his manifest injury. Such is the general idea of newspaper independence—subscribers wish to see an editor untrammelled, and therefore

relieve him of the encumbrance of their names, upon less grievous causes than that which induced Pimento to discontinue the Cedarville Universal Advertiser. The old ladies sided with Mr Pimento, the young ones belonged to the other faction, and the men stood neutral, or moved as driven by wife, daughter, or wife intended. Such was the posture of things in the town of Cedarville, the parties alternately going up and down, as Old Pimento sold the best molasses, or the other house the best bargains, when affairs began to come upon the carpet, more directly interesting to Smith and Brown, and therefore to the readers of our veritable history. The star of the young firm had been some days on the ascendant. After a good day's work, both partners waited in the store, as if each had something to tell the other, with which it would not answer to trust any walls but their own.

Each made awkward work of his communication; but we shall omit the stammering preface, and state only the substance of both their confessions, which was that each had come to the conclusion, that when it was said "it is not good for man to be alone," partnerships in business were not the associations deemed necessary. Though Satan is ever fond of rebuking sin, yet neither party could condemn the other for the intended crime of matrimony, in the abstract; but each thought his disapprobation of the taste of the other, in the choice of an accomplice.

"Humph!" said Smith to himself; "Brown is determined, then, to throw himself away upon that low-bred dowdy. She is as poor as she is avaricious."

"Well," said Brown, with a shrug; "Mr Smith may yoke himself for life to purse-pride and *expectations*, if

he chooses. It is no business of mine." And so they parted for the night.

* * * * * *

MARRIED. In B——, by Rev. Mr Thumpcushion, Mr John Smith, of Cedarville, of the firm of Smith & Brown, to Miss Ann Matilda, only daughter of the Hon. Crœsus Ingot, of B——.

In E———, Mr David Brown, of Cedarville, of the firm of Smith & Brown, to Miss Mary Tidd.

Another feather floated in the cap of the editor of the Cedarville Universal Advertiser,—for the above interesting item of intelligence beamed first upon Cedarville through its columns, so silently had every thing been conducted. In dilating upon the square inch of cake which backed the request for insertion, Mr Editor ground out the only original article which had appeared in his columns, since, six weeks before, Mr Allen's boy supplied a "Narrow Escape," by cutting his finger with a case-knife.

The effect of the announcement upon the inhabitants of Cedarville was the breaking up, in a great measure, of the party divisions. The old ladies were indignant that this news had burst upon the community, without their having had so much as a nibble of it in advance of the general promulgation; the unengaged young ladies, each of whom had, secretly and in her own mind, appropriated one of the firm to herself, began to have a manifest leaning to the Pimento party; and the married and engaged young ladies, who stuck to the firm in hopes of being invited to their parties, were in the minority. Things began to look squally, when, as is often the case in emergencies, a something was found to stem the current, and save the falling fortunes of the house of Smith & Brown. Faster than the slow heels of the carrier boy circulated the Cedarville Universal

Advertiser about the village, the intelligence flew orally, that Smith & Brown were "giving a treat." This at once formed a new accession to the new store party, as every man in a New England village, in 18—, would drink, where liquor ran without money and without price; and every boy would be on hand, to eat the sugar from the bottom of the tumblers, suck the toddy-sticks and long to be men—that being as near drinking as boys were permitted to go—their elders sagely backing their own examples, by warning *boys* not to drink spirit. They manage these things better now-a-days. The editor gained great credit by an *impromptu* toast, concocted during all the night before, in which he hoped the "house of Smith & Brown would fare none the worse for having taken sleeping partners." Pimento, who found his way into the store for the first time, went home growling that they "would spoil the trade, if they did not reduce their spirit more." Upon reaching his own store, he put another gallon of alcohol into each of his bar-casks of water and alcohol, swept a peck of flies from his windows, and some of the dust off his shelves.

"Will they give a party, I wonder?" Here the Cedarville Universal Advertiser could not forestall the women, who are the exclusive venders of this sort of news; and the women soon got hold of circumstantial evidence, that at Smith's house something was in preparation. Mrs Smith had sent to one neighbor for eight quarts of milk, and her "help" had borrowed another's hearts and rounds. "Shall *I* get an invite?" was the next question—but the worthy folk were kept but little while in suspense. The shop-boy of Smith & Brown soon left printed "invites" at every house in the village, not excepting those of the Pimento-ites, and that of

Old Pimento himself. Business-like, these invitations were issued in the name of the firm.

* * * * * *

It was over. Old Pimento, who had lingered, the last of the guests, as if determined to do his full share in eating out the substance of the young men, had at last taken his hat. Mr and Mrs Smith sat alone.

"My dear," said the lady, "I do not see why you would invite all that *canaille* to our house."

"Policy, Matilda. I wish to become popular with the Cedarville people."

"Well, I don't like to be bored to death. I hope you have not so soon forgotten my feelings and my standing in society. My father, Mr Ingot, was never so anxious to please the rabble."

"Mrs Smith, I hope you have not so far forgotten my interest as to stand in the way of my business. The distant jingle of your father's gold will not support *us*."

Mrs Ann Matilda Smith sobbed hysterically.

* * * * * *

"David," said Mrs Brown to her husband, as they walked home, "I am afraid I have done you no credit to-night—I always told you I was unused to society."

"Why, Mary, I thought you succeeded to admiration with the villagers—mothers and daughters."

"Oh yes, and I have many pressing invitations to visit them. But I am dreadfully afraid of Mrs Smith. She came and sat by me to-night, and said something about the Great Unknown. I didn't make any answer, and then she said that Waverley alone is enough to set him up. What did she mean, David? Is there to be another store in the village? I'm sure I'm sorry if there is. I told her I did not know Mr Waverley."

Brown gently explained her mistake to her. It was a bitter evening, in conclusion, for both partners—one had to drive away his wife's hysterics with volatile salts and promises of indulgence—the other to console an intelligent, though uncultivated mind, for the lack of that information which one evening had convinced her was all-essential to her creditable appearance.

On the morrow, Mrs Ann Matilda Smith went back to the house of her father, to recover, as she said, from the effects of an excessive infliction of rusticity. She was not missed, except by her husband, for, truth to tell, she did not win many hearts at "the party." Weeks passed, and simple Mary Brown grew daily in the good graces of the dwellers in Cedarville. The parson's wife "thought it a pity she had been neglected," but deemed her an intelligent, lady-like young woman, nevertheless. Some others might have made the same remark—but all loved her; and through her popularity, added to pre-existing circumstances, the tide set sadly against the store of Mr Pimento. At the end of a few weeks, Mrs Ann Matilda Smith returned.

"My dear, I have brought you a present."

"Thank you for returning yourself, Matilda, before I open the package, lest you should accuse me of selfishness, in thanking you afterward." The direction was in the compting-house hand of Mr Ingot. Smith broke the seal, and found instruments possessing him of a large landed property, and a check for several thousands. "Matilda, after the unthinking and cruel taunt I gave you a few weeks since, I cannot accept this."

"Mr Smith!—Mr Smith!"

There was something hysterical in her tone,—and

Smith hastily interrupted, "allow me at least to secure this to you, I—"

"No! no! take it as I offer it, or—"

Poor Smith! He plied his wife alternately with volatile and sugared words;—the latter of the two remedies brought her to, because they imported an acceptance of her father's present. It is said of his Satanic Majesty and the wight who accepts his favors, that the latter becomes bound to him. I do not intend to compare Mrs Smith to the devil,—but her present was the purchase-money of the—inexpressibles. Smith was sold to her from that day.

* * * * * *

"These people pay a great deal of attention to your partner's wife, Mr Smith."

"They would pay you the same, my dear, if you would accept it."

"But I shall not. Who can endure to drink yopon tea, out of earthen cups—and hear disquisitions upon sage-cheese, stocking-yarn, the price of eggs, and the raising of poultry,—I cannot, Mr Smith."

"Mrs Brown does."

"Mrs Brown! It is her element—the hateful, ignorant creature. I desire you will not ask her or her husband to the house again."

"He is my partner, my dear."

"I don't see why you need such a partner. You don't want his capital, certainly."

"His capital is experience. He owns nothing, but receives a share of the profits for his services."

"Indeed! Well, I'm sure you can hire a good clerk cheaper, and not be obliged to court Brown or his ignorant wife. I wish you would dissolve, Mr Smith. *I* do

not like the idea of finding Mr Brown capital to trade upon." Poor Smith!

* * * * * *

DISSOLUTION. The connexion in business, heretofore existing under the firm of Smith & Brown, is this day, by mutual consent, dissolved.

Mutual—Yes, that is the word, when a strong man kicks a weaker out of doors; and the above is a literal transcript from the Cedarville Universal Advertiser.

One of the *sleeping partners* had upset the house, thus making our editorial friend's toast as *mal a-pro-pos* as were his editorials. Mr Brown and his poor ignorant wife made their round of calls—stepped into the stage with light hearts, and a purse which honest gains had pretty well ballasted, and bade adieu to Cedarville. Nothing worthy of note occurred at their departure, except that the editor of the Cedarville Advertiser stopped the stage before his door, to ask Brown if he might not send him the paper—to which he, the said Brown, maliciously answered, that he would pay him the price of it, if he would keep it away. Mr Editor, as a guardian of public morals, was not profanely inclined, but, upon this occasion, he could not refrain from giving his opinion, that Brown "was a d——d uncivil fellow, and as illiterate as his wife." Every body in the village regretted their departure except Mrs Smith, Mr Editor, and Old Pimento. The latter had reason to be pleased, for Brown's withdrawal would, he knew, essentially weaken the new store faction.

The tide turned into its old channel, and Pimento soon saw all the old faces back to his counter,—except, perhaps, a few whose wives trimmed their bonnets and caps like Mrs Smith, and esteemed it an honor to get a

nod from her. In proportion as business lessened, she, thinking the portion she brought inexhaustible, increased her expenses. She figured in the streets of Cedarville, in dresses which would have attracted notice for their expensive quality, in Washington Street or Broadway. Clouds of the family connexions, and the family connexions' connexions of the Ingots, settled on Smith to rusticate, devouring his substance like a swarm of locusts. And every city carriage which rolled to his door, rolled away the patronage of some villager who preferred purchasing sugar of Old Pimento, to being hurriedly served by the now exclusive and genteel Mr Smith.

* * * * * *

As Pimento was spelling out the Cedarville Advertiser,—for, since the editor had returned to his allegiance, he had again subscribed,—he chuckled over the following notice:—"All persons indebted to John Smith are notified that his books and accounts are assigned to Crœsus Ingot, to whom immediate payment must be made. Creditors may become parties, by signing the assignment." "Holloa! neighbor," he shouted to a passer-by, who had been one of the new store party, "why can't you tell me how Smith & Wife sell London and French Prints!" "Smith & Wife's Store" had become the cant term.

* * * * * *

Years had passed. Two persons accidentally met on 'Change. There was a look of uncertain recognition.

"Brown?"

"Smith?"

A hearty shaking of hands followed.

"How is your lady, Brown?"

"Well. She is now acquainted with *Mr Waverley*."

" And mine has forgotten her hysterics. "

The four met at the city residence of Mr Brown, who had, by industry, become possessed of a handsome property. Smith, also, taught wisdom by his reverses, had retrieved his pecuniary affairs. The husbands came from the library together.

" Ladies," said Smith, " we have again entered into copartnership. Matilda, do you think you can now invite that hateful Mrs Brown to our house ? "

" Mary," said Brown, " are you now afraid of Mrs Smith ? "

It is unnecessary to say that explanations had taken place. Mrs Smith was not naturally vain, nor was Mrs Brown ever *dowdy*, though once ignorant. Both were placed, by marriage, in situations for which they were unfit, and each had learned to adapt herself to her situation. Mrs Smith learned the thrift and pleasant manners of Mary Brown—and if the latter did not acquire all the shining accomplishments of Mrs Smith, she at least became deeply read enough to make her an agreeable companion for her husband, and to place her above the danger of appearing to ridiculous disadvantage. Of the two, Mrs Smith had, in her education, cost her husband the most. One partner married above, the other below, his station in life.

In the last connexion in business, the *sleeping partners* have proved such valuable auxiliaries, that their husbands' paper is quite as good as that of any Ingot on 'Change. Old Pimento buys his goods of the importing house of Smith & Brown, who advertise to country traders in the columns of the Cedarville Universal Advertiser ; and the editor of that respectable paper carries his head higher than ever.

DEGREES OF DRUNKENNESS.

"First, *Fresh;* second, *Emphatic;* third, *Glorious;* fourth, *Uproarious;* lastly, *Insensible.*"—FROLICS OF PUCK.

FRESH.

That rosy cheek and sparkling e'e
  Prove jolly Bacchus in possession ;—
Premonitory of a *spree*,
  They mark the aspect of a *Fresh'un.*
He fills the goblet to the brim,
    Drinks, and refills,
Until his happy senses swim,
    And his head reels ;
Then thinks his every thought is attic,
And soon from *fresh*, becomes

EMPHATIC.

As in a crowded house, the throng
Fast to the door are borne along,
  Shoulder to shoulder, hip to hip—
All the ideas by liquor wrought
Are in a chaos, sudden brought
  Upon the burdened lip ;—
      Justling, pushing,
      Outward rushing,
The crowd each others' steps embarrass ;
So one word o'er another trips,
Upon the *emphatic* bibber's lips ;
Though pressed, not half *ex*-pressed, in vain
You strive his meaning to attain ;
His words but put himself in pain,
And serve the listener to harrass ;—
Forthwith he rises to the *squall*-ics,
As if each word were in *italics ;*

With gestures odd, and upraised hand,
He emphasizes *if* and *and*;—
Till to all present, 'tis notorious,
That he has reached the order

GLORIOUS.

As difficulties but incite
Th' impetuous mind to farther daring,—
His swollen tongue though oft he bite,
Yet will he still continue swearing;—
While deeper his potations grow,
His patriotism 'gins to flow;—
He damns the fool who does not think
A man to drunkenness should drink;—
In politics, the op'site party
Is visited with curses hearty;—
Till his noise shews he has from *glorious*,
Gone a step farther, to

UPROARIOUS.

Wake snakes! Huzza! waste and confusion,
By-words, and shouts, and noisy revel,—
Wassail and wine in sad profusion
Have with his senses played the devil!
Windows are smashed, and glasses broken;
Too drunk to speak, no longer spoken,
His oaths are bellowed, such a rate on
As to astonish even Satan,—
Until, with liquor gorged full,
He drops him down

INSENSIBLE.

Here, *Bacchi plenus*, full of wine,
Behold the 'human form divine!'
Like leathern bag of ages back,
His hide is but a liquor sack!

A WINTER IN CEDARVILLE.

"Is he handsome?" "Old?" "Young?" "Married?" "Single?" "Is he a Collegian?" "A Doctor?" "A Lawyer?" "A Student of Divinity?" "Is he tall?" "Short?" "Stout-built?" "Slender?" "Genteel?" "Is he—"

Here the querists talked so fast and so confusedly, that it is impossible to transfer their questions to paper. Mr Pimento, who had just stalked into the room, in all the dignity—or perhaps we should say, in all the dignities, of Chairman of the Selectmen, Chairman of the School-Committee, of the Board of Health, of the Overseers of the Poor, and of the Assessors, was dumbfounded. Ever since the Roman matrons bored the senate of the city of the seven hills, women have been curious upon the proceedings of deliberative assemblies. We say *ever since*—not that women were not curious before Romulus killed Remus for jumping over a mud wall, but because the instance above cited is one of the first authentic ones on record. It was known in the quiet village of Cedarville, that a committee meeting was to be held on the afternoon of the 25th of October, 18—, for the selection and engagement of a schoolmaster. On the same afternoon, the fates so ordered it, that Mrs Pimento invited some score of her female friends, married and unmarried, to make way with her husband's Young Hyson. When that Caleb Quotem came from the meeting, he was assailed, as we have seen, by the women, who, whatever be their usual developement of

the organ of veneration, certainly venture upon more liberties with public dignitaries, than the other sex dare indulge in. We shall here leave Mr Pimento, to answer the questions of his wife's friends as best he may, and go back to the meeting of the committee.

Each of the Boards for the management of the municipal affairs of Cedarville, acted essentially as "an unit." As we have nothing to do with any branch of the government but the school-committee, our readers may take that as an example. *Imprimis*, then, there was the chairman, Mr Pimento, elected to the school-committee on the strength of his white hairs, and his comfortable property; the latter being proof conclusive that he was excellent at a bargain, and would, of course, provide economically for the education of the youth of Cedarville. He was farther sure of a majority of votes for any office in the gift of the people, because he had either mortgages on half the estates in the village, or running accounts against their proprietors. Their suffrages were *free* certainly, for the editor of the Cedarville Universal Advertiser maintained so, in an editorial article a column long, which contained only that one idea. And who shall gainsay the assertions of a newspaper editor? Editors are infallible—therefore it is plain, that although the presentation of an inconvenient account, or the immediate and inevitable foreclosing of a mortgage, was the consequence of a vote against Mr Pimento, the suffrages of the voters of Cedarville were *free* nevertheless.

Second on the board was the Rev. Mr Monotonous. Mr Monotonous was in the daily habit of receiving little presents from, and in the weekly habit of dining with, Mr Pimento. The third was our old friend the editor

of the Advertiser. Mr Pimento took his paper, and gave store pay therefor, which brought the editor aforesaid one hundred and ninety-eight dollars in debt on the first day of January, annually; the price of the paper being deducted from the account. The fourth on the board was mortgaged to Pimento, house and land. It is easy to see why the board was an unit, and its votes unanimous. The first candidate on the list for the vacant birth of schoolmaster, was Mr Dilworth Accidence, who passed the ordeal of Mr Pimento's examination as follows:—

"You're a young man, Mr Accidence?"

"Twenty-five."

"Born in New England, I take it?"

"Yes sir."

"College larnt?"

"Yes sir."

"What persuasion?"

Persuasion, in New England, means religious belief. Accidence knew that his fate depended upon his answer, but he knew nothing of the religious sentiments of his examiner. Fortune, however, helped him at a pinch, and his reply would not have disgraced the Delphic oracle, being capable of any interpretation.

"The religion of our fathers."

"Hem-em. You say you are college larnt. Be you practical?—good at cipherin'?"

"Yes sir."

"What books do you use?" (Pimento had a pile of school-books on hand.)

"What the committee direct."

"Hem—what'll you teach for?"

"What the town has been in the habit of paying."

"Hope you pretty generally enjoy good health."

"Yes sir, I always *enjoy* good health."

"Got a recommend?"

"Yes sir."

"Very well. Mr. Accidence, you may go out a few minutes."

Mr. Pimento wiped and adjusted his spectacles, and spelled out a certificate of three lines, in the incredibly short space of five minutes. "Ahem-em-em, (and he took off his spectacles,) Gentlemen, (here he rose,) I think the master went through his examination with a great deal of despatch and satisfaction. It appears to me, ahem—it appears to your cheerman, that he is every way quawlified, and I conceit we can't do better than to hire him to once. He is orthodox in religion, and will be a great addition to the singin' seats, Sundays. Then he ain't got no new-fangled notions about books, to run folks into debt, and we sha'n't lose no time by his bein' sick. He answered very correctly—as well as I could have done myself,—so I'm ready to hire him. Eh-em-em. What do you say, gentlemen, shall we take him without lookin' further?"

The vote was unanimous, of course, and Mr Accidence was called in and engaged (we dare not say upon what terms, lest it should cause a shade of doubt to rest on our veracity). Mr Editor, then, in the hope of securing a correspondent to the Advertiser, volunteered to shew the schoolmaster about town, and Mr Pimento invited the two men of letters to call at his house in the evening.

Now, if you please, reader, we will slip back to Mr Pimento's. The party had just began to renew their attacks upon their host, when, to the infinite relief of that worthy, the door opened, and Mr Editor announced

Mr Dilworth Accidence, introducing him to each person present, in succession. Oh! there is no describing the sensation that is created in a country village by the arrival of a young—tolerably pretty—unmarried pedagogue. The village belles draw odious comparisons between the elegant exotic and the rustics indigenous to the soil; and the village beaux silently swear horribly jealous oaths at the new comer. The ceremony of introduction being over, Mr Editor, who officiated as stir-him-up-with-a-long-pole-exhibitor of the lion, seated him, and then himself took a seat by his side; and the ladies composed themselves in their chairs again. One who had a pretty foot, managed to protrude it a little beyond her gown,—another with a swan-like neck, sat a model for a goose,—the back of another who had a delightfully taper waist, seemed to have cut all acquaintance with the back of her chair,—a tremendous India carved comb, which had strayed to Cedarville, came near putting out Dilworth's eyes, by the anxiety of its wearer to compel the pedagogue to look at it,—Miss A's beautiful hand was exhibited in a thousand ways,—Miss B's beautiful new reticule was continually in requisition,—Miss C's cambric kerchief scattered the odors of otto of rose incessantly,—Miss D's—but we have got far enough in the alphabet of the preliminary preparations of the "fishers of men," whose baits were preparing to capture the heart of Mr Dilworth Accidence. The beaux, whose arrival had occurred just before that of the schoolmaster, eyed the fire as if they were solving the question, how much ashes can be produced from a given quantity of wood. Mr Pimento proudly regarded the wonderful schoolmaster as almost a being of his own creation; and, as they sat in silence

all, debated with himself how far the presence of the man who kept a room full of women silent, would have the same desirable effect upon Mrs Pimento, if he engaged him as a boarder. The ice was not broken till just at the moment the party broke up, when Messrs the Editor and Schoolmaster shewed signs of vitality, and commenced a critical discussion upon the merits of Perry's Spelling-book. Nothing remarkable occurred at the cloaking and hooding, except that Mr Accidence offered his services to see no damsel home, thereby offending just one more unmarried lady than he would have done by being gallant. And so they separated, the beaux relieved of a portion of their jealous fears, and assisting the belles, as they walked home, to expatiate upon the merits of the stranger; and the married couples consulting how long they could in decency procrastinate a reciprocation of Mr and Mrs Pimento's civility.

A volume would not contain the history of all the manœuvres of all the fishers of men in Cedarville, to entrap Mr Dilworth Accidence. Miss Judith Primrose,

"Thin, spare and forty-three,"

president-ess of the Dorcas Society, proposed and carried a resolve, that gentlemen should be admitted as honorary members, and Mr Accidence was accordingly voted in. Miss Nightingale, leader of the female singers in the village-choir, screamed herself hoarse in the Ode to Science, on the first occasion that the schoolmaster was present at *a sing;* and Miss Seraphine Hugg, a young lady who at fifteen had read every novel within her reach, suddenly discovered that her education was lamentably deficient, and put herself under

the tuition of Mr Accidence. The devout were unusually devout, when it was ascertained that the pedagogue was a constant attendant at church and conventicle. A Reading Society was set on foot, because "the master" happened to drop a hint of the plan of one with which he had been formerly connected. Albums were piled upon his table by the dozen, and deep were the studies of the owners to torture his offerings into something tender, or to discover a hidden meaning.

All this worked admirably well for the comfort of Mr Dilworth, who was no contemner of the good things of this life, as it gave him an *entree* to all houses where there were marriageable daughters, or daughters who longed to be thought so. But, with an enviable tact at "dodging the question," he kept all his admirers in suspense. No story of his devotedness to one particular star could obtain among the women, as each was slow to believe he could be otherwise appropriated than to herself. So waned the winter. The boys improved wonderfully (so said the sisters,) under Dilworth's tuition —the girls, as girls in a district school always do, improved as they pleased. Examination-day came, and passed. The opinion of the generous public of Cedarville was unanimous in favor of our hero, and serious thoughts were entertained of getting up a subscription school, to be taught during the summer months. At any rate, the women were decided in opinion, that the least which could be done for so excellent an instructor, was to engage him to teach the school for the next winter. The Cedarville Universal Advertiser was grandiloquent in its praises. The school had not appeared so well "at any time within the memory of the

oldest inhabitants." A "sonnet" upon education in general, and Mr Dilworth's school in particular, appeared in the columns of the same paper, and was attributed to the pen of Miss Seraphine Hugg, who, by the way, we should have before stated, was the sister of our editorial friend.

As a wind-up to the winter campaign against the obdurate heart of Accidence, Mr Pimento gave the closing party for the season. All the elite of the village fishers were there, desperately intent upon improving the last opportunity of angling for Mr Dilworth Accidence. Generally punctual though he had hitherto been, at all such meetings, all the company were fully assembled on this occasion, and still the pedagogue came not. As a matter of course, the conversation turned altogether upon the expected guest.

"He is a delightful man," said Miss Seraphine Hugg; "so sentimental!"

"An excellent teacher," said Mr Pimento; "so reasonable in his price!"

"A beautiful writer," said Mr Editor Hugg; "you have undoubtedly noticed his articles in the Universal Advertiser, over the initials D. A."

"Oh yes," cried all in chorus; "an elegant writer!"

"A writer of the first chop," said Mr Pimento. "He bought a whole *rim* of paper at my store."

"And so charitable!" said Miss Judith Primrose, president-ess of the Dorcas Society.

"And so devout!" said Miss Bunyan. "I really wish there were more such young men in town."

"Amen!" said Parson Monotonous, who recollected that Dilworth had on many occasions resolutely kept awake, when all the other males in the house had

sunk to sleep, under the soporific influence of his sermons.

"And such a singer!" said Miss Nightingale.

"He walks so gracefully!" said Miss with the pretty foot.

"And has such an idea of symmetry!" said she of the taper waist.

"And such a taste for dress!" said the lady of the India comb.

"Such genteel manners; he hands one over a stile so gallantly!" said Miss A. of the beautiful hand.

"He picks up a handkerchief or a bag so politely!" said she of the elegant reticule.

"And he uses such splendid cologne!" said Miss of the scented kerchief.

"And reads with such an accent and emphasis!" said Miss Indigo, who founded the Reading Society.

"And wrote so delightfully in my album!"—"and in mine!"—"and mine!"—"and mine!"—they all cried, to the end of the chapter.

It was unanimously resolved that the subscription school for the summer months should be got up, and Mr Editor Hugg had commenced to prepare a paper for signatures, when Mr Pimento's "help" made her appearance, with a note addressed to "Long-Primer Hugg, Esquire, Editor of the Cedarville Universal Advertiser," who, after running it over, stated that it was an apology for non-appearance from Mr Accidence, and read as follows:—

"'Mr Dilworth Accidence's compliments to Mr Hugg, and begs he will do him the favor to apologize to the ladies and gentlemen at Mr Pimento's this even-

ing. His WIFE and FAMILY having just arrived in town—' " &c. &c.

There was a dead pause. The mouths of the belles started agape with astonishment, the heads of the beaux rose with a simultaneous movement, and the smiles that irradiated their countenances, contrasted, oddly enough, with the lugubrious aspects of the fair half of the assembly. Silence at length was broken—conversation became animated—and how the deuce it took such a turn as it did, we cannot say, but the following, among other things, were certainly uttered.

" *I'm* not so sure about his charity," said Miss Judith Primrose. " He never gave the Dorcas Society any thing but a pair of cast-off pantaloons."

" *I* don't think his writing so *very* finished and elegant," said Miss Seraphine Hugg. " Do you, brother?"

" Why—ah—really—no," said Long-Primer Hugg, Esquire, who vacillated between the fear of offending his sister, and the hope of obtaining something more from Mr Accidence, in the shape of " original matter."

And all present nodded assent to the denunciation!

" He ha'n't *paid* for that *rim* of paper yet," said Pimento, with a thought for his unmarried daughters.

" I must acknowledge I have suspected his piety," said Miss Bunyan.

" ' There is none that doeth good; no, not one!' " said Parson Monotonous, with a long-drawn sigh, as he thought upon the two Misses Monotonous.

" He always puts me out when I sing with him," said Miss Nightingale.

" Such an awkward foot as he has!" said Cinderella.

" Such a clumsy form!" said the Taper Waist.

"Such a home-spun dress!" said the India Comb.

"He almost broke my neck yesterday, in twitching me over the stile," said Little Hands.

"He broke the clasp of my indispensable," said Miss Reticule.

"I should think his cologne was New England rum," said Scented Handkerchief."

"He does so abuse the King's English!" said Miss Indigo.

"I am so sorry I let him scrawl in my album!" —"and I!"—"and I!"—"and I!"—and they were all sorry.

"I don't know about his teachin' so reasonable," said Pimento. "Guess we paid him all he was worth."

And so they all guessed, and Mr Editor Hugg's "Prospectus for a subscription school, to be taught by Mr Dilworth Accidence," was thrown under the table.

* * * * * *

Mr Dilworth Accidence was not long in finding which way the wind lay. The subscription school, in the hope of which he had invited his wife to Cedarville, was blown over, and he received not even an invitation to teach the next winter school,—and decamped. He did not get away, however, before Mr Pimento made him pay for the *rim* of paper, and Long-Primer Hugg, Esq. took care to get fifty cents for Dilworth's three month's subscription to the Cedarville Universal Advertiser, notwithstanding it had been always understood, that the editor was very much obliged to Mr Accidence, for *accepting* his paper.

The next Cedarville Advertiser contained a second article upon Dilworth's school. It was the antipodes of the first one, and commencing with "In what we

said last week, we did not mean to be understood," &c., went on to place Mr Accidence as much below par, as the first had placed him above. Miss Judith Primrose suddenly discovered that it was unconstitutional to admit male members to the privileges and immunities of the Dorcas Society; the vote to admit them was reconsidered, and Mr Accidence was expelled. The Reading Society was abandoned. The albums in which Dilworth practised joining-hand, were mutilated by the abstraction of the leaves upon which he wrote—and thus were effaced the last traces of the honors paid in Cedarville to Mr Dilworth Accidence.

A PET IN A PET.

Tap, tap, tap—a very pretty foot, cased in a very pretty shoe, strikes the carpet. The mate to it rests on an ottoman, buried in its thick nap, like a tiny jet sunk in chased gold. Her chin is supported by the taper forefinger of her left hand—a beautiful animate paradox—for while the chin seems of no weight at all, the finger is bent back under it. The loose sleeve of a morning dress falling back to the elbow, half reveals the prettiest arm in the world. The right hand hangs over the edge of a dressing-table as the arm lays along upon it, and in the mirror at her side her pretty profile is reflected. We wished to say *Grecian* profile—but our credit as an historian! Her nose is a most decided pug, and seems placed upon her face only to play second to her lips,

when, as at the moment we are speaking of, they pout displeasure. Her complexion is a brunette, her eyebrows black, and as beautifully arched as Hogarth could have conceived, when he described the line of beauty. Beneath them, a pair of black eyes are more than half concealed by the envious lids, and over the moiety visible, the long black lashes drop as a veil.

Softly, softly. Those lids are trembling—and now a pearly drop is slowly coursing down over that bit of a nose. Another, and another! Alas! that with the disrepute which has fallen upon the ancient polytheism, the gods in revenge have forgotten their vocation! No little invisible Cupids save those tears to dip their arrows' points withal, but they are "wasted on the desert air" of a lady's chamber. Hark! she speaks!

"Ruined!"

Indeed, poor girl! Another item to be added to the account-current, which has long been accumulating against faithless man—another tale of a broken heart, vouched and certificated—another draft on his affections dishonored! No wonder she weeps.

"I never will again trust a man"—

"No more I would, Bell!" said her sister, who had slipped in unperceived.

Bell jumped up, and dashed away her tears right and left, with a grace which Mrs Ternan might have studied. "Allow me to finish the word you have bitten off——tua-maker and dress-maker."

"Oh, is that all? I thought you had had another flurry with Harry."

"Harry—odious! it is quite enough to think of him, when, as is the case daily, he presents his beautiful face, all radiant with smiles and simpers—a 'shining morning

face' on all occasions, morning, noon and night—like an everlasting painting of a Spring scene, the same at all seasons, though ten months in the year out of season. Always uniform—always alike—I *hate* him. But to talk of business. My dress is spoiled."

"And therefore fell those salt, salt tears! Well I'm glad to see that you are a reasonable little piece of womanhood, for nothing less than such a misfortune should cause such an extravagant waste of woman's artillery. But I've a delightful piece of gossip for you."

"Indeed!"

"Yes—and I'm so sorry."

"Pleased and sorrowful in a breath! Well sister of mine—why?—how? Read me the riddle."

"I'm sorry you've discarded Harry."

"Thank you, or rather let him thank you. But take care, Clara. 'Pity for man is sister to love.'"

"Don't murder a quotation to warn me—it is unnecessary, because too late. Harry has found a new divinity—that's the delightful bit of gossip,—and it won't vex you, now 'that bygones are bygones'—that's what I'm sorry for. It is a shame."

"What?" said Bell, lifting her little form, till it appeared as majestic as Titania, spurning a pert grasshopper. "What!" again, her swan-like neck moving with all the grace of ill suppressed ire.

"Why, that Miss —— should spoil your dress."

"Oh!" and Arabella faced her glass, and schooled her pretty features to indifference—at least so she imagined. Clara read, first, deep thought and uneasy, in her sister's countenance, then abstraction.

"She is an odious creature."

"I dare say—if to his taste."

"*His* taste! What has *he* to do with a fashionable milliner?" And Clara rubbed her hands, in unaffected glee. "I say, that in proportion as a *modiste* becomes fashionable, she grows awkward."

"True."

"You need not sigh assent from the bottom of your heart, though. The injury is not irreparable."

"No! I thank Heaven, too, I have friends who will see me atoned. John shall demand an explanation."

"Ha! ha! Brother John will appear to good advantage scolding a milliner!"

Arabella took her sister by the shoulder, led her to the door, half in jest and half in anger, and locked it after her.

"I could tell you something,—but I won't!" the incorrigible tormentor screamed through the key-hole.

* * * * * *

Clara and Arabella were listening to the opera of the Maid of Judah.

"A beautiful woman!" said Clara.

"Do you think so?"

"Rebecca"—

"Is that her name?"

"Have you forgotten Scott's Ivanhoe, the Jew of York, and his fair daughter? I declare, Arabella, I'm ashamed of you."

At this moment, another lady was handed down beside them. Arabella saw she was pretty, and instituted a silent comparison between herself and the stranger. Do not think it was vanity, it was mere absence. The opera she did not care a fig for—Rebecca failed as entirely of attracting her attention, as of diverting Brian de Bois Guilbert from his purpose of detaining her.

The "wood notes wild" of Robin Hood and his merry men all, might quite as well have been indeed

All by the shady greenwood tree,

as under the proscenium. Presently, she lost thought of all—even of the lady at her side. She was thinking of her spoiled dress no doubt—it was so provoking.

"Mary!"

The stranger turned, and so did Arabella—both knew the voice. Henry Walton assisted her father to take the fainting Arabella to the saloon, and called a coach. She saw nothing of him that night, after the glimpse she had of his features, as he put his head over her shoulder to speak to her RIVAL.

* * * * * *

"I am happy to find you so well recovered from your indisposition, Arabella—I feared, last night, it was something serious."

"Thank you, Mr Walton," said Bell, bridling.

Silence five minutes.

"A beautiful day—I think, Arabella, this Indian Summer more than half atones for the coquetry of our changeful climate."

"Beautiful."

Another silence. That coquetry was an unlucky word, and Bell was wrapped in self-accusation, perhaps? Do not believe it. A lady never pleads guilty to that elegant fault till she is no longer a coquette.

"How did you like the young lady who sat next to you last evening?"

Now was not this the summit of assurance? But Arabella was too proud to take offence at it. She liked her appearance very much.

Henry promised her an introduction—engaged that the two should be dear friends—he hoped so—for he trusted they would be thrown together a great deal!

Worse and worse! Arabella was puzzled. In bounded her merciless sister, Clara.

"Now do you know, Henry, what ails Bell? I am going to tell you"—Arabella turned pale—"it is all about a spoiled dress."

"Impossible!" said Henry, astonished.

"Yes, but it is though. Yesterday morning I left her, to run into Washington Street, where I met you and Mary, and when I came back, don't you think"—

Arabella was staggering to the bell—her finger just touched the pull—and Henry caught her in time to save her a fall. Clara, frightened, gave the bell a jerk that brought the pull about her ears, and then, without waiting an answer to the summons, darted out of the room. When she returned, at the head of all the domestic forces, Bell was quite recovered. Henry had just finished saying something of which the last word was "sister"—Bell's lips were parted to answer—her eye caught Clara's—fell again—the blood forsook her face—

"Now don't faint again, Bell, don't!"

And she did not.

Into a clear carnation sudden dyed—
Her cheeks put their first paleness to the blush.

* * * * * *

A ring's put on—a prayer or two is said,
You're man and wife, and—nothing more.

Henry Walton came from Trinity Church with a lady on either arm, his wife and his sister. He handed the mischief-loving Clara into the coach after them,

and then stepped in himself. Thus was filled the first coach of a merry three, which drove out to Hingham to rusticate for a day and a half—as if somebody had done something, of which some one felt ashamed, and wished to drive somewhere to conceal it.

THE POSTSCRIPT.

I WROTE her a billet-doux anxious,
On a gilt sheet of Gilpin's hot-pressed ;
The device on the seal was a Cupid,
With a wreath of heart's-ease for a crest :
I begged, that if not for her own sake,
And if not for love's sake, or for mine,
That for *conscience* sake, she would her dollars
And herself, to my keeping resign.

I swore I was raving distracted,
And declared I was dying—was dead—
That the lamp of my life in the socket
Would go out with my life, if not fed.
And then, if your conscience should render
A true verdict, 'manslaughter,' I pray
Could you, heartless maiden, ever hope for
One unclouded, or one happy day ?

No lady has ever resisted
Such a fervent and heart-searching tone ;
At all events ne'er when of lovers
She can muster but one—single one !
The penny-post ne'er was intended
To transport flames and darts and such things ;

So she answered with proper discretion,
By a Cupid, with bishop-sleeve wings.

Page first was a volume of scandal :
Ditto, ditto was page number two—
Interspersed with scraps French and Italian—
Bah ! *bas*—Oh ! indeed 'twas *bas bleu !*
Page third was in raptures—ecstatics,
With the opera and sweet Mrs Wood—
As, like thousands of others, she'd pass for
A critique, amateur,—if she could !

My suit not replied to ! "you cruel !"—
I began in my anguish to roar,
When a few lines by chance I detected
On the corner of page number four.
P. S. "I'd forgotten your letter,
Though perhaps I should speak thereanent ;
I have spoken to father and mother,
And they say that we have their consent."

RETROSPECTION.

THE apparent shortness of time past has been commented upon by prose-writer and poet, in all languages, and in all styles in every language. But nobody ever happened to express himself better upon the subject than Franklin. Plain, brief, and poetical,—the poetry of method, like his life. "In looking back, how short the time seems ! I suppose that all the passages of our lives that we have forgotten, being so many links taken out of the chain, give the more distant parts leave, as it were, to come apparently nearer together."

THE OLD SOLDIER.

He had been to the Pension Office. The generosity—if generosity consists in deferring a benefit until the recipient is past the enjoyment of it,—or the justice—if justice consists in withholding the veteran's due till he is ready to go down to the grave, (generosity or justice—call it what you will, we can call it neither,) had, at last, awarded him his pension. An infirm old man!—The burden of old age and hope deferred had made him sick at heart, and sick of life. The death film was even now measurably drawn over the eye, once sparkling; the pace which was once firm and confident in the strength of youth, and the pride of patriotism, had become irregular and tottering; and the manly form, once erect and commanding, was bowed down—age and suffering had done it. He was a stranger in the metropolis; infirmity and neglect had broken down his *body*, but his spirit could better sustain itself; and a bitter sense of the neglect he had suffered from those who should have remembered him, had kept him in solitude. He would not offer a living comparison between the men who achieved, and the men who have profited by the achievement, without exertion of their own. The conscious victim of cruel neglect and ingratitude, he considered the tardy justice of his country a mockery, and nought but his abject poverty, and a wish to die "square with the world," had induced him to apply for it. "And now," said he, "I will pay my debts—and die." The change of objects in the city bewildered him. He

gazed upon the spacious and elegant edifices which had in his absence superseded old and familiar objects,—but he gazed with hurried and uncertain glances, as if doubting his senses. The bustling forms of a generation who have forgotten the Revolution, flitted past him without heeding him,—the pensioner was alone in the city! Amazed that the lapse of time had wrought such wonders, he felt like a stranger in a strange land, and that, too, on the very soil he had defended.

His venerable appearance attracted the notice of a passer-by, who, perceiving the old man was bewildered, tendered his services to conduct him home. "Home! I have no home. I was at home *here* in '76, but I am forgotten now!" A transient gleam of anger flashed in the veteran's eye—but in a moment it passed away, and the vacancy of his countenance returned. "Where am I? Oh! I have been to take the *gift* of Congress—let me go pay my debts before I die." The *gift!*—here again his eye was lighted—and his bearing spoke the proud and wounded spirit—broken, but not subdued. An honest feeling of indignation mastered him; striving, as if strong in the pride of youth, to avoid the unfeeling and impertinent curiosity of the crowd who surrounded him, he sank exhausted to the pavement.

"Take him to the *police-office, for a vagrant!*" said one of the crowd.

"Take yourself off, for an unfeeling brute!" said the honest fellow who had first addressed the veteran. "But,"—catching him by the collar as he essayed to walk away,—"stop first, and give me the old man's pocket-book! I saw you take it—hand over, or I'll tear you limb from limb!" "Throttle him," cried one of the crowd—"a scoundrel! rob a pensioner!" "Down

with him!" "Strip him!" "Take *him* to the police!" and the old man's wallet fell from the culprit in the scuffle.

The pensioner was recognised by some one in the crowd, and he passively suffered himself to be put into a coach. He was conveyed to a shelter, and having happily fallen into good hands, attention for a couple of days partially restored his exhausted energies. An indistinct remembrance of the events we have narrated flitted occasionally across his mind, but he remembered the events of '76 better than those of yesterday, and the countenances of those who had been his companions in arms were more distinctly marked in his memory, than the new ones he had seen the day before. When about to be put on board the stage to be conveyed home, the old man's mind again wandered. "That's right—carry me to Congress—give me my due, I have fought for it! Congress said I should have it!" The old man's wallet was put into his hand. "Oh, yes, I knew I should get it; they could not so soon forget the old soldier; but so late—let me pay my debts and die! I can live no longer! But somebody stole it—they got it away from me; they couldn't do it fifty years ago! but I've got it now, hav'n't I? No, they didn't keep it—they would steal the old man's money! They could not keep it—the God of battles would blast them for it. God have mercy on them—they didn't fight for it!—Let me pay my debts and die! My children are all dead—my wife died in—in—the—poor-house—and me—I don't want to live any longer—nobody knows me now—let me die!"

The stage stopped at ——. Hitherto during the ride the old man had been silent. Forgetful of the present,

inattentive to things about him, his mind was back among other scenes. A long, long reverie,—and one from which he was never to awaken! His lips moved rapidly, though no sound was audible; involuntary and spasmodic emotions evinced the activity of his mind. He was busily communing with the friends, and reviewing the events of his youth. Poor old man! fifty years since seemed to him but as yesterday. One of the lone isolated survivors of another and a better race, he had no communion with those about him. Dwelling upon the hardships, the privations, the dangers, the escapes, the victories of another age, his frame, infirm and old, could not support the *recollection*, as once, in the day of his strength, he withstood the *reality!*

"Hark!" murmured the old man. All eyes turned towards him. He raised himself on his staff and leaned forward. His eyes beamed with supernatural animation, and contrasted fearfully with his shrunken countenance; his hat had fallen, and his silver locks moved on the light air—his lips compressed—his posture firm! Oh God! was it his death-struggle? The roll of a distant drum fell on his ear—he grasped his staff firmly as once he had held his firelock. A bugle sounded clear and full beside the coach—"For Congress and the People, cha—!" His voice ceased, he fell back to his seat, a husky rattling in his throat succeeded——

The spirit of the Revolutionary Patriot had departed.

BACCHANALIAN SONG.

Where shall the anxious mind
A respite find from sorrow?
Oh, where forgetfulness seek,
Of the woes in reserve for to-morrow?
Lethe! Lethe!
Thou wert wont to be found in a river's roll;
We find thee now in the flowing, flowing bowl.
Lethe! Lethe!

Lethe! thy floods of yore,
Denied to weary mortals,
Were only drank by those
Who had passed th' Elysian portals;
Lethe! Lethe!
Thou wert wont to be found in a river's roll;
We find thee now in a flowing, flowing bowl.
Lethe! Lethe!

Our modern Lethe is
For mortals sad, who need it;
Though sorrow come to-day,
To-night we will not heed it!
Lethe! Lethe!
For Oblivion's wave shall over it roll;
We 'll drown all grief in a flowing, flowing bowl.
Lethe! Lethe!

Here shall the anxious mind
A respite find from sorrow!
Drink, fellows! drink to-night!
We may not drink to-morrow.
Lethe! Lethe!
Thou wert wont to be found in a river's roll;
We find thee now in a flowing, flowing bowl.
Lethe! Lethe!

THE MARTYR TO SCIENCE.

The toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his *head*.

How the following fell into my hands is nobody's business. Let that be as it will, a combination of the organs of Love of Approbation and Benevolence induces me to offer it to the reader; Love of Approbation makes me hope that some persons may give me the credit of the authorship,—the merit of revision I claim,—and Benevolence leads me to trust that my readers will all be vastly edified by the perusal of the pleasant tragedy hereinafter set forth. The hero of the sketch is not living *now*. Query, was he ever?

* * * * * *

I had been absent from Boston several years—long enough for the inhabitants of that good city to create and ride to death hobbies innumerable, and leave surviving the usual large proportion, to the trash, of really praiseworthy and excellent institutions. Among those of late years, the establishment of the cemetery at Mount Auburn is not the least. I was proud of my native city, when, in a distant land, I heard of it,—proving, as it does, what with *us* needs no proof,—adding another to the numberless evidences extant, that Yankees are not *all* sordid. Among my first pilgrimages after my landing, was one to this spot. I did not stop at the entrance, with F. A. B., to complain of the gateway. If there be happiness beyond death, what matter how we reach it, so that the transit be quick, or

not too painful, and the gentle whispers of a conscience void of offence lull the sinking body to its long, last sleep? If the grave be peaceful and holy, and the spot betoken the respect of the living for the dead, what matters it whether the approach he beneath wood or marble?

It was the still noon of an Autumn day. The gentle waving of the zephyr among the foliage, just detached here and there a "sere and yellow leaf," which went floating, sinking, almost imperceptible in its motion, to the earth,—escaping like the half-breathed sigh from a death-bed,—and intimating, by the very peace of the scene—death's sweetest attribute—the death of the year. The sun rode the heavens in all the clear, dry brightness of October,—myself and one person else were the only beings visible in this garden of death,—and the solitude was undisturbed by the voice of living thing. The stranger was standing near a marble monument—I approached it. Upon it was inscribed the single word—

SPURZHEIM.

I *do* reverence the great dead—and such, this simply majestic inscription bespoke him who reposed beneath. I uncovered, and knelt to his memory. I beg pardon for my then utter ignorance upon a subject which it is now unpardonable not to know; I had not even a guess at the character or opinions of the apostle of the new science. I crave indulgence for my idolatry, too, and submit to casuists whether my worship of the unknown, or the devotion of deep disciples, be the more criminal. But the scene and its features, its breathless stillness, its associations, awed and mastered me. I knelt. I confess that my devotion was, in a measure, fashiona-

ble—an outward seeming only; and, after the first feeling of awe, curiosity was paramount. But I dared put no questions to the solemn-looking gentleman in black, who stood near me—I could not interrupt *him* with queries, which would at once proclaim my ignorance and lack of veneration,—that solemn gentleman in black! Sidelong glances at him showed me that he was even then apparently impatient. His feet were involuntarily caught up alternately—his eyes were intently rivetted upon me—he stretched out his arms, and withdrew them—moved his lips, muttered to himself,—and altogether conducted so like one beside himself at my presence, that I began inwardly to reproach myself with having intruded upon the sanctity of private grief, in the place, of all places sacred to its indulgence. Presently he was, at one stride, beside me, and placed both hands upon my head. He is blessing me for my sympathy, thought I. He passed his hands hurriedly beneath my hair, and all about my cranium. It is the very nervous intensity of sorrow!—I dared not speak, or look up.

"Veneration small," he began to utter, in the tone of soliloquy—I would have given a world, almost, to have changed places with the tenant of the tomb before us. "How can it be? Oh!" passing both hands to my forehead, "Benevolence and Imitation large;" true, thought I, that is the stuff mourners are too often made of—but how the deuce does he read *me?* "A hypocrite?"—the perspiration started—"No, not exactly, not Secretiveness enough:"—what new Boston notion is all this? "A phenomenon!" he cried aloud, "a phenomenon! Really, sir, you have a very remarkable head!"

"Sir!" exclaimed I, rising astonished at what appeared to me incoherent trifling for any place, and particularly irreverent in such an one.

"A very remarkable head! I wish you would give it me, to report to the society upon."

"Sir!" said I again, eyeing him in terrified suspicion, and starting back, with both hands about my neck.

"Your head, sir, your head; Spurzheim would have paid thousands for it"—I looked at the grave of the purchaser of heads with a shudder—a modern Herod! "Do give it me, or," advancing, "I'll get it in spite of you."

"In the name of God," said I, in the low, husky voice of horror, "have the resurrectionists in *this* country become Burkers? In broad daylight, too, with so much deliberate cruelty, and satanic method and civility?"

"A very good actor—very facetious—large Imitation—can't support it long, however—no Secretiveness. To be serious, an enthusiast like you must have had a phrenological estimate made. Let me see it."

"No!" cried I, retreating, and catching up a stone.

"Let me take a cast."

"No!"

"Let me at least thoroughly examine."

"No!"

"Well, this is really carrying the joke too far."

"So I think," still retreating.

"You are an oddity, and your head must be invaluable."

"So I have always found it, and will keep it myself, with your permission."

"Oh, certainly, ha! ha!—you are very amusing, ha! ha!—Mirthfulness large. But do answer one question —very fine head—do you approve of Combe's—"

"Combs or brushes—how is it your business?" said I, not a little piqued; and I walked off at a round pace. (N. B. My barber always tells me I do not know how to take care of my hair.) I left the strange mortal laughing, and stole behind a clump of trees to take his dimensions and survey his dress, almost resolved to advertise him through the prints, that his friends might consign him to the place provided for the insane, at Worcester. At any rate, I was determined to recollect his person, that I might give information, should the crier or the newspapers ask the humane to confer a favor on his anxious friends, by information of his probable whereabouts.

The morning's adventure did not impair my appetite. Brown soup—I like soup,—boiled goose with oyster-sauce, boiled lamb with capers—I like boiled,—a bit of roast fowl, roast pork—I like roast,—apple pie—I like pastry,—disappeared before me with more than their wonted celerity.

"Alimentiveness large!"

I dropped my knife and fork; the last bit of the outside crust almost choked me. Opposite, but unobserved before, sat my friend of Mount Auburn. My nether jaw fell, and I stared full in his face.

"Language large, indicated by prominence of the eyes."

I jumped from the table. "Landlord!" said I, taking him by the arm, and leading him to the dining-room door, "Landlord!" said I, in a whisper, "who is that gentleman alone at the table?"

"Oh, that's Mr ———, the Phrenologist."

"Oh!" said I, as if perfectly understanding—though it was unexplained Greek to me.

"Gentlemen," said a man, entering the sitting-room with a paper in his hand, "I am a member of the Polish Relief Committee. I have here a subscription paper—I am unacquainted with you all, but I shall ask the gentleman to head it, who I think will subscribe the largest sum."

All laughed at the conceit—it was fashionable to befriend the Poles—so nobody took offence. He walked about the room to each gentleman in turn, and pitched upon me. I wrote my name, thrust my hand in my pocket for my wallet, half cajoled by flattery, as many other fools have been, to give away what I could ill afford.

"But first," said I, "you must tell me why you selected me?"

"Your Benevolence is large."

"You know me, then," blushing—extremely flattered—and not hesitating to appropriate the compliment.

"Oh, no sir, but your head, sir, it is fully developed—very," patting my forehead with the familiarity of an uncle.

"Take the developement for the deed, then—not a mill do you get!" And I bounced out of the room, called for my bill, and ordered my baggage after me to the —— House. The house I left used to be one of the best in the city—but alas! a worse than the worst plagues of Egypt had come up into the eating-rooms and the parlor. I did not try the sleeping chambers.

At the ——— House, I supped magnificently, smoked like a Spanish grandee, slept like a sultan of Persia,

and rose the next morning with no more Phrenology in my head, than if the head had nothing to do with that science. I did indeed hear a thin sallow-looking dyspeptic say at the breakfast table, that an egg he was trying to crack had Firmness full, and another said Adhesiveness was astonishingly developed in the steak —but I could swallow a few of the technicals with my breakfast, as long as there was no attempt at practical application on myself.

When Sambo brought my boots, he dropped them on my feet, almost to the extinction of my toes, started back, threw up his paws, and ejaculated between a whistle and a shout—

"Wor-r-r-r-a-a-a!"

"What's the matter, Sambo?"

"Why, it's nex to noffin, massa."

"What's next to nothing?"

"I lose de skyentific bet I made wid Cuffee."

"What do you mean?"

"Don't see how you 'buse you boots, massa!"

"Why, you snowball, I walked about in them."

"No, no, massa; dat's unpossible!"

"You infernal Ethiopian, do you tell me I lie? Hav'n't I a pair of legs, and feet to match?"

"Yes, massa, but you got no 'cality."

"WHAT!"

"You got no devil-opement of 'cality, none at all!"

There was no question of the power of my foot to overcome Sambo's *vis inertia*, whatever might have been his disposition to travel. I paid my bill and left the ——— House—but not without getting a phrenological dab from the clerk, who declared I lacked Acquisitiveness, because I neglected to take my change

from the counter. I bit through my under lip to stifle an oath, dashed the change at his head, seized my portmanteau and cloak, knocked down three porters, who offered service, and walked half a mile before dinner to the house of an aunt. She was glad to see me. Here, at least, said I, mentally, there is no danger from Phrenology, for the old lady has read nothing this thirty years, but the Bible and Fox's Book of Martyrs.

"Now dear John, I'm so glad you've come; you shall go to the lecture with me to-night."

"Certainly, aunt." I thought it might be the preparatory for the Sabbath—or a lecture against Catholicism—against slavery—any thing, even abolition, rather than Phrenology.

"I attended two courses last Winter," she continued, "but I can't this. I must, however, go one night with you, just to see Mr Fowle, and ask him one question."

I began to be frightened.

"What is it, aunt? perhaps I can tell you."

"Well, perhaps you can; I never thought. I want to know if the beast spoken of, Revelations xiii. 1, you know it means the enemy, John,"—I breathed again, as I found she was upon scripture,—"I want to know if that ain't a figurative type to be explained, the seven heads by the science?"

"What science, aunt?" said I, startled again.

"Why, Phrenology, John."

"Oh Lord!"

"I thought you'd be astonished; but hear me, and then say if 'tain't reasonable."

I shut my eyes, closed my teeth hard together, and sat in mute despair.

"First, there's Combativeness, Revelations xi. 7, the beast shall make war against the witnesses; the second is Destructiveness, he goeth about like a roaring lion, seeking whom he may destroy; the third is Imitation, he can appear like an angel of light; the fourth—but you are not well, John?"

"No, I must go into the air."

"Leave your cloak and trunk?"

"No!"

* * * * * *

"Take a hack for the Providence Rail-Road?"

"Yes."

In the cars I was only doomed to hear of a man, whose forehead, by comparing two charts, grew out like a horned unicorn's. On board of the boat the discourse was upon Fulton's Constructiveness. In New York I gained flesh on two paragraphs, one in the Star and the other in the Courier, which spoke of Phrenology as an imposture, as it deserves. But alas! there is no peace for a "remarkable head!" I caught a fellow one morning eyeing me suspiciously, and seeing an advertisement for a course of phrenological lectures in the day's papers, I took boat the same night for Albany. Thence I have been driven to Troy, Rochester, Utica and Buffalo, New York, to Columbus and Cincinnati, Ohio, down the river, and to Little Rock, Arkansas. There I hoped for quiet,—but no! a restless unit of the universal Yankee nation, a Mr A. Pike, looked suspiciously and inquisitively at me, and I was off again. Now I am at—but no matter! Wheresoever a "remarkable head" is, there will the Phrenologists be gathered together. I will buy the postmaster's secrecy with twice his annual salary and perquisites, and nobody

shall hunt me out, to go birds' nesting among my hair, for the eggs of this new science;—*science!* 'tis profanation thus to misapply the word!

P. S. *C'en est fait*—my jig is up! While under the barber's hands this morning, a boy posted up in the shop the programme of a course of PHRENOLOGICAL LECTURES! Verily the science should be applied to the driving of locomotives on rail-roads, for it outtravels steam. I have seen the lecturer—the same scoundrel who frightened me at Mount Auburn—he is even now coming up the yard with two attendants bearing a bucket and a parcel—there is no back door and no escape!

* * * * * *

I regret to say that the following extract from the World's-end-ville Herald of Freedom, received per last mail, can refer to nobody but J. Shun Manipulation, Esquire.

"The body of an Eastern man, who has been but a few days in this village, was found, yesterday morning, suspended by a brass machine, something resembling a pair of callipers, hooked into a timber in an unfinished room in the Columbian Hotel. Death must have been very painful, and caused by strangulation undoubtedly. About the hair of the deceased were bits of lime. Verdict, suicide.

"Since the above was put in type, we learn that the brass machine belongs to Dr Bump, the Phrenologist, and is used for looking into heads. We learn, farther, that the lime on the hair is plaster of Paris, and was stolen by the deceased from the doctor, while that gentleman was taking a cast of his head. We seize with pleasure the present opportunity to recommend to the

citizens of World's-end-ville to attend the lectures of Dr Bump, who will trace a similarity between the head of this stranger and that of Murel the great land-pirate —elucidated by anecdotes of the peculiarities of each."

AUTOBIOGRAPHIES

Should generally be deemed rather *apologies* than strictly impartial narratives. Few persons are indifferent to posthumous fame,—even the most humble cherish a hope to be remembered beyond the term of their lives. Among the indifferent, those who take care to be their own historians are certainly not to be classed. They will, therefore, place their own conduct in the best possible light, and while the good sense of those who deserve to be remembered will prevent their wilfully misrepresenting facts, still it is "human natur," as Old Stapleton says, to give one's own acts a favorable color. A man will do this without being himself aware of it—and with the most honest intentions in the world. The autobiographer sees in his journal a second self, which, he confidently hopes, is to be the companion of succeeding generations; and whatever other attributes of the original this representative may lack, it is never deficient in—*self*.

THE VAUDOIS HARVEST HYMN.

The following is a liberal translation—almost a paraphrase. In the original French, the words are adapted to an air so much resembling the English National Anthem "God save the King," that some of the curious in such matters have supposed it the model upon which the English Anthem was formed.

Father of Mercies! God of Peace!
Being whose bounties never cease!
While to the Heavens, in grateful tones,
Ascend our mingled orisons,
Listen to these, the notes of praise,
Which we, a happy people, raise!

Our hamlets, sheltered by Thy care,
Abodes of peace and plenty are;
Our tillage by Thy blessing yields
An hundred fold—the ripened fields
Of flowing grain—the burthened vine—
Are tokens of Thy Love Divine.

The cradled head of infancy
Oweth its tranquil rest to Thee—
Youth's doubting step, and firmer tread
In years mature, by Thee are led—
Secure may trembling age, Oh Lord!
Lean on its staff, Thy Holy Word.

Teach us these blessings to improve,
Teach us to serve thee, teach to love—
Exalt our hearts, that we may see
The Giver of all Good, in Thee;
And be Thy Word our daily food,
Thy service, God, our greatest good.

Whether in youth, like early fruit,
Or in the sere and solemn suit
Of our autumnal age, like wheat
Ripened and for the reaper fit,
Thou cut us off, Oh God, may we
Gathered into Thy garner be!

SIR HUGH EVANS,

Who figures in the Merry Wives of Windsor, as a Welsh parson, was curate of the priory of Brecon, Wales, in the time of Queen Elizabeth. Shakspeare was a visiter in the family of the patron of the parson, and there is no question that the whimsicalities of old Sir Hugh are drawn from the original Welsh curate. Campbell, in his life of Mrs Siddons, quotes this origin of the character from a "Cambrian friend," and farther supposes the fairy machinery of the Midsummer Night's Dream to be drawn from this part of Wales. The traditionary history of Puck and his companions is still preserved there. Favorites, as Shakspeare's plays are now, what must they have been when the knowing ones could read the traces of the originals, in the stage copies! Allusions, the points of which are now lost, could then be understood and enjoyed, and the poet, who was "verie good company, and of a verie ready, and pleasant, and smooth wit," no doubt improved the peculiarities of all who were drawn about him, by his conversational talents.

EASY JOE BRUCE.

"THE devil!" exclaimed Mr Joseph Bruce, or perhaps we should rather say Joe Bruce, for, as he was a noble, easy fellow, nobody thought of allowing him more than half of his name, or of any thing else which belonged to him,—"The devil! I see by the paper that Hawk & Harpy have assigned. I meant to have secured my debt yesterday!" He left his coffee half drank, stumbled over the threshold, and went almost at a run to the compting-room of Hawk & Harpy. One half that speed on the day before would have saved his debt,—as it was, he was just in season to put on his name at the bottom of a dozen and a half preferred ones, to receive ten per cent. He went back to his unfinished breakfast with what appetite he might.

"Why did you neglect this so long, Mr Bruce?" said his helpmeet and *comforter*.

"I meant to have attended to it yesterday, my dear."

"*You meant!* That is always your way, Mr Bruce. You carelessly neglect your business to the last moment, and then put yourself in a haste and a heat for nothing, my dear."

"Really, Mrs Bruce—"

But Mrs Bruce did not allow him a chance to defend himself. On she went, in the most approved conjugal manner, to berate him for his carelessness and inattention.

"Really, Mrs Bruce—"

And it was really *Mrs* Bruce, for few of the feminine,

and none of the masculine gender, could have kept pace with her. Certainly Easy Joe could not. The clatter of a cotton-mill would not have been a circumstance to the din she raised—nay, we doubt whether a philippic against one of those said mills, from the lungs of Benton *Tonans*, could have been heard above her voice. Easy Joe pulled a cigar-case out of his pocket —clapped his feet on the fender—and it almost seemed that the smoke rendered his ears impervious to the bleatings of that gentle lamb, his spouse, so placid was his countenance, as the vapor escaped in graceful volumes from his mouth. People overshoot the mark sometimes—Mrs Bruce did. Had she spared her oration, the morning's loss would have induced her husband to have been punctual to his business, for one day at least. As it was, he took the same sort of pride in neglecting it under her lecture, that the Grande Nation will probably take, in refusing to pay the claims of our citizens.

"Breeze away, Mrs Bruce."

"Breeze away, sir! Breeze away! I wish I could impart one tittle of my energy to you, Mr Bruce—I—I—"

Bruce sprang to his feet, and crash! came an elegant mantel clock down upon the hearth.

"There, Mr Bruce! That clock has stood there three months without fastening—a single screw would have saved it—but—"

"Well, I meant to—"

"*You meant!* Mr Bruce—*You meant* won't pay the damage, nor Hawk & Harpy's note! *You meant*, indeed!"

Bruce seized his hat and cloak. In a few minutes he

was on 'Change. Nobody could read in his face any traces of the late matrimonial breeze, and nobody would have suspected from his countenance that Hawk & Harpy failed in his debt. Easy Joe Bruce.

"Well, Mr Bruce, they've routed him."

"Who?"

"Our friend Check. Pingree was chosen president of the —— Bank, this morning. One vote would have stopped him."

"How deucedly unlucky. *I meant* to have been present to vote for Check myself."

"Never mind, Bruce," said another. "You are a lucky man. The news of the great fire in Speederville has just reached town by express, and I congratulate you that you was fully insured."

"The devil! My policy expired last week, and I meant to have got it renewed this morning."

Joe posted home in no very happy humor. When an easy man is fairly up, he is the most uneasy and unreasonable man in creation.

"Mrs Bruce, by staying at home to hear you scold, I have lost thousands. I meant to have got insured this morning—I did not—Speederville is burned down, and I am a beggar."

"Why did you not do it yesterday, Mr Bruce?"

"I was thinking of Hawk & Harpy."

"*Thinking!* Why did you not secure yourself?"

"*I meant* to, but—"

"But—me no buts."

"You are in excellent spirits, Mrs Bruce."

"Never in better."

"Vastly fine, madam. We are beggars."

Mrs Bruce sat down, clapped her feet on the fender, after her husband's manner in the morning.

"We are beggars, madam," Bruce repeated.

"Very good—I will take my guitar, and you shall shoulder the three children. We'll play under Mr Hawk's window first, then under Mr Harpy's, and then beg our way to Speederville, to play to the ashes of what was once your factory,—which *you meant* to have insured. I should like begging of all things."

"You abominable woman, I shall go mad."

"Don't, I beseech you, Mr Bruce. They put mad beggars in Bedlam."

Bruce sprung for the door. His wife intercepted him. "Here, Joseph, is a paper *I meant* to have shewed you this morning."

"A policy! And dated yesterday!"

"Yes. *You meant* to get it renewed to-day—*I meant* it should be done yesterday—so I told your clerk, from you, to do it. Am I not an abominable woman?"

"When I said so, I was in a pet. *I meant*—"

"No more of that, Joseph. Now tell me who is first on Hawk & Harpy's assignment."

"Your brother."

"His claim covers you both."

"You are an angel!"

Easy Joe became an altered man, and his wife was released from her watch over his out-door business. She died some years before him—but we are half inclined to suspect, that after her death Joe partially relapsed into his old habits—so true it is, that habit is a second nature. Both were buried in the grave-yard at Speederville, and our suspicions are founded on some-

thing like the following conversation, which took place between the grave-digger and his assistant :—

"Where are we to dig Mr Bruce's grave?"

"I don't know exactly. His will says, next his wife."

"Where was she laid?"

"That I don't know. Easy Joe always said *he meant* to place an obelisk over her, but it was never done."

THE OMNIBUS.

A DEAL may be learned in the world, by keeping the eyes open; they are the main avenues to the brain, and should be unlimitedly indulged—permitted to look at all descriptions of persons, and into all sorts of places. In Allan Cunningham's Lives of Sculptors and Painters, an artist—no matter what artist, it is sufficient that he was debased with the too common alloy of genius—an artist is described as fond of low society. He was one evening surprised carousing, "hail fellow well met," with a group of drunken fishermen. In extenuation, he held up an exquisite pencil sketch of the scene, and pleaded the pursuit of his avocation as an excuse for his debauchery. Somebody, with a literary appetite resembling the *natural* appetite of a man who would eat a kersey over-coat, for the nourishment contained in the wax on the tailor's thread, says there is no book, however vile or trashy, from

which some good may not be gleaned. The like remark may be applied to the observation of men and things. Artists, novelists, editors, and magazine writers, must, like Leigh Hunt's pigs, "run up all manner of streets," in pursuit of subject matter for pencil and pen. But by no means think that it follows, that to sketch the Coliseum, it is necessary to do *all* that Romans do; or that to understand the whale and smaller miscellanies of the deep, it is necessary to carouse with fishermen. I wash my hands of *that* conclusion, Allan Cunningham's artist to the contrary notwithstanding. Still, to be noticed or read, artists and scribblers must be of, and among men. If they live altogether for the past, they will live as if they were not, among the matter-of-fact people of this "working-day world." Nine readers in ten prefer an account of what has passed under their noses, to an elaborate history of the court intrigues of the Celestial Empire, and would rather read the history of yesterday, than a statement of the grounds of quarrel among the operatives of Babel, who "turned out" for a new grammar. Hence the rage for newspapers. Now for the omnibus.

"Omnibuster" is the London name, the legitimate title of the vehicle in the classic dialect of Alsatia. The same "coves" call the attendant boy a "Cad." Why thus called, linguists must determine; but certain I am, that to commence the word with a *b* or an *s* would be better orthography, and make a fitter title; for, among the numerous freshmen and graduates of the stable, a "worse" or a "sadder" set of saucy little incarnate outrages never dodged horses' heels. An omnibus is a miniature world,—a Noah's ark, in which representatives of every class of society are wont to

congregate—in a word, a place where it is pleasant, profitable, and necessary to keep the eyes open. When an observing man takes a seat in it, there

> *Is* speculation in the eyes,
> Which he doth glare withal.

His fellow passengers are his property, and play, in his imagination, the parts he assigns to them. Maelzel manages figures of wood and metal, with leathern articulation to their limbs, and leathern lungs; your omnibus Prometheus has a new set of puppets at every ride—bona fide breathing ones.

I often ride in an omnibus—as much for ninepence worth of acting without previous rehearsal, as for economy in time.

> All the *coach* is a stage,
> And all the passengers are merely players.
> They have their exits and their entrances—

And, to preserve the likeness, little Cad jingles his bell —very like the signal to the scene-shifters. I found myself, upon an evening sometime since, among no common-place set of *materiel* for the fancy. At my left was a comfortable old gentleman, comfortably settled in the world—at least I set him down as such. Opposite him was an uncomfortable little young lady, uncomfortably unsettled—unmarried, possibly, and waiting for a husband. She might have been the old gentleman's daughter—perhaps his ward only; but, at any rate, he had the nominal charge of her. Easy old gentlemen seldom have more than the *name* of guardians over uneasy young ladies; if they are fathers, they have not even that. Opposite me, in the other corner, was a young lady with two bundles, one of which was an infant. We four had the end of the

omnibus next the horses. Of the rest of the passengers I saw nothing, except when a jolt of the carriage threw their noses forward, out of the shadow. They might have been quite as remarkable personages as *we* were, but, like thousands in the great world, went without notice, not because they were inherently unworthy of it, but because they were not in the light!

The Cad touched the bell. "Lady what stops at ———?" Miss—beg your pardon—Mrs made demonstrations of an intention to disembark. "Shall I take your bundle?" She did not so much as answer me. My comfortable friend offered service with as bad success, while his uncomfortable little ward thrust both feet across the coach. This obliging manœuvre convinced me that, though the two ladies had evinced an evident desire to become "better strangers," they were, nevertheless, acquainted. No lady of true good breeding insults one with whom she is unacquainted; such liberties can only be taken with those who are or have been intimates. They were once rivals—I was positive of it. "Thank ye for nothing," the lady with the bundles did not say; but her looks spake it, as she run the gauntlet to the door, with a parcel under each arm —the breathing bundle on the side where sat her uncomfortable little quondam friend.

"Go ahead!" shouted Cad. The coach went ahead, and so did the lady—a head and whole length into the mud! There was a "bubbling cry"—not like that of

Some strong swimmer in his agony,

but like a weak infant in a state of—smothering to death.

"Stop!" cried out the comfortable old gentleman, as he heard the splash.

"Stop!" echoed your humble servant.

"Pugh!" said the uncomfortable little lady, as she turned up her nose expressively; "let her *husband* pick her up."

She might have spared her breath. Omnibusses and seventy-fours are not stopped for trifles; and the lady was left to pick up herself and bundles as she might.

"No wonder she fell," said the old man.

"No," said the young woman.

And "No," said I. "These infernal omnibus drivers and boys—"

"The omnibus is well enough," said the old man.

"Yes," said the young woman.

I was puzzled.

"You see," said the old gentleman, "that young lady—"

"Not so very young, uncle."

"No—no more she is; but she's younger than she looks. Let's see—she was born in the Fall of 18—, the Spring of the same year—"

"Oh!"

"What's the matter?"

"Such a dreadful jolt! I declare, an omnibus *is* a nuisance."

"Exactly," said I; "still it is well enough."

The comfortable old man laughed, and the uncomfortable young woman looked daggers at me. The old gentleman continued—

"She always *would* carry her own bundles. I've known her since she was that high. She'd have her own way, 'spite of father and mother, and she would

marry whom she pleased. So she was always getting into trouble—"

"Yes," said the young lady.

"And she always manages to get out again."

"Umph!" and a toss of the head and curl of the lip. There was effect!—light and shade—for the upper lip cast a shadow in the lamplight, like a pair of black moustaches.

"She married a likely young fellow enough—poor—but she did not care for that, you know. Others would have been glad to have supplanted her." Here he looked quizzingly at the uncomfortable little lady, and I looked where he did; but she was trying to make something out of the palpable pitch darkness, through the coach door.

"She *would* carry her own bundles, and now she *must*, whether she will or no. Family of children—husband poor and proud—young ladies that—"

Ting-ting-ting—"The gentleman what stops at ——." I left the coach, and lost the moral. But I have become acquainted with the heroine of the omnibus and her history since; and, whatever temporary difficulties "carrying her own bundle" may have led her into, I am convinced that she has, in the end, lost nothing by her independence and decision.

THE INDEPENDENT BEGGAR.

PAINTED BY S. WALDO.

A plague upon such impudence ;
  Why, how the fellow stares!
As if we were his tenants, all
  A twelvemonth in arrears.
I owe you nothing—prithee why
  That saucy look at me ?
Nor is my friend Bob in your debt—
  You can't *a tailor* be!

Blockhead ! with aspect unabashed,
  You eye the *ladies* too!
Dost think they'll brook such impudence
  From such a thing as you?
They like assurance, it is said,
  (And nothing can be truer,)
But hang it, yours is quite *too* bad—
  "Assurance doubly sure !"

Why there is—dash—and—dash—and—dash—
  (See Fanny Kemble's book,)
Would pledge you all their *ready cash*,
  If you'd but teach *that* look!
That is—they'll show you where the hat,
  The coat, the vest, the breek,
The boot, the spur, the saddle-horse,
  May all be had—*on tick*.

Don't want 'em, hey? Egad, you're right,—
  Diogenes himself
Had lost his independence, if
  He'd found the tailor's shelf.

Your goods and chattels none may steal,
Nor officer attach ;—
The grievous rents in your attire
Will longer last than patch.

Adieu, adieu, my hearty one ;
Adieu my bully rough ;—
I will not bid a "fare-you-well,"
For you *fare well enough!*
That bone denuded of its meat,
That porridge dish quite dry—
Are tokens plain, that you have dined
Better, by far, than I.

DOUBLE SENSE.

"MINE eyes *smell* onions, I shall weep anon," was put by the Bard of Avon into the mouth of one of his characters. Should luckless poet or poetaster of our day give utterance to such a line, the whole pack of critics, little dogs and all, would be after him in a hurry ; that is to say, if he were worth barking at. Byron "sometimes thought that eyes have *ears;*"—that is better. Among all the properties attributed to the "eyelets of the soul," *hearing* is not the least poetical. But *smelling*, faugh! the idea is "*odorous.*"

AN EXQUISITE EPISTLE

TO MR DURANT, THE AERONAUT.

Dear sir, I was extatical-
  Ly pleased and amazed,
When on your car ærial,
  Agape I stood and gazed.
Do tell us your sensations, when
  Above our heads you flew ;—
Was not your toilet disarranged
  By every breath that blew ?

Oh, it must be excessively
  August to sail alone ;—
Do you use Eau de Florida,
  Or Farina's Cologne ?
To leave the world so far below,
  Above the clouds to soar !
Does claret color look as well
  Above the clouds, as lower ?

The prospect, too, from such a height,
  Without doubt glorious is ;—
Have you a pocket op'ra glass,
  Or do you wear a quiz ?
Ma conscience ! what a splendid view
  You had of all the ton !
Saquezs's annual reports
  Can't furnish such an one.

How well above the city I
  Should like to sail alone !
I then might safely, loudly swear
  That I was *du haut ton !*

Where in the city do you buy
Your fits, and drapery?
Do you wear one of Kimball's stocks,
Or neckcloth *negligee*?

How happy, sir, you must have felt,
While on the wing so high!
To know you was the staring point
Of every body's eye!
A thousand ladies that I know,
Your dangers loud deplored;—
I don't believe that *one* would cry
If *I* fell overboard!

'Pon honor, any sacrifice
I could in conscience make,
I would, if only like yourself,
I thought that I could *take*.
Your style of dress I want to know,
To hear from you I pant;
I wish at least, if nothing more,
To dress *a la Durant!*

TAR BRUSH SKETCHES.

BY BENJAMIN FIFERAIL.

AT SEA.

"No, I swear—"

"Then I'll not believe you—"

"You won't believe my word, and if you will not my oath—"

"Benjamin, the name of our Maker should not be lightly appealed to. Such irreverent allusions are not only profane, but indecorous and unbecoming."

As she talked, I was aghast at the alteration working in Ellen's face. The dimples on her cheeks became wrinkles—her beautifully rounded chin grew sharp, and luxuriated in a beard of a week's growth—her black ringlets disappeared, and in their stead, silver bristles frowned the ten commandments at me. Her two lips could no longer be punned into tulips, for their fragrance betokened much nearer affinity to the Virginia weed, and her voice rumbled like the wind in a passion. The whole figure favored that of a reverend admonitor of my youth. Before I had time to be astonished at this metamorphosis, there was another—my *mother* threw her *hands* about my neck, and such a hug as she gave me! I felt it a week—the balls of her thumbs made a bullet-mould, each side of my thorax.

"Murdther an ouns! will ye turn out at all, Ben?"

"Oh, curse your brogue! you've frightened away my mother."

"Yer modther! is it awake you are, whin yer siven sinses are playin Isaac an Josh wid you this way? Turn out Ben! an see if yer modther will go out to the wedther earrin wid you. All hands!"

Heigho! so it was, sure enough—as I undertook to creep out of my berth, the old brig Neptune gave a jerk, with as much hearty good will, as if the water-god who stood her sponsor, had thrust the whole three prongs of his toasting-fork into her, by way of a hint to be lively. I picked myself up from the deck, thoroughly convinced of two or three facts—the most important of which was, that the forecastle of the Neptune was as little like a lady's bower, or my mother's sitting-room, as possible. When I got up the hatch, I found Boreas at it in earnest, playing one of his most chromatic voluntaries on the wind-harp. Don't, after this, say I'm no poet, reader.

A busy two hours' work we had of it, and at the end of that time we were snug enough—laying to, under a balance-reefed trisail. We stowed ourselves away under the weather quarter-rail, and Dennis beguiled the remaining two hours of the watch, with the following yarn.

"You never was up the Sthraits, Ben Fiferail?"

"Never, Dennis."

"Won't I spin ye a twister thin, about the King o' the Turks?"

"*King* of the Turks! I thought it was the Sultan."

"The Sultin? Well, it's all one in Greek, Ben Fiferail. Where's the differ, I'd like to know, if a felly has the dosh, an the sojers, an his say in every thing, wed-

ther you call him King, or Presidint, or Sultin, or Skipper? Well, the King o' the Turks, he had four lawful wedded wives, an a raft more, that he couldn't spake so well iv. A mighty fine hullabaloo they'd kick up about his ears, to be sure; it was murdther an ouns, wake in an wake out, an divil an hour's pace Sundays. If he'd a noggin o' the raal brought in till him, sorrer a drap he'd git, bekase why? It's perlite he was, an whin he'd be givin the women the dthrink first, an the can kem back till him, it 'ud be dthry as a judge's eye whin a murdtherin tief blubbers for mercy."

"You know something about that?"

"Hould yer tongue. It wasn't a child he had in his cabin at all, this King o' the Turks, barrin one. He was well-lookin enough, the b'y, but whin his fadther tould him he must git him a wife, sis he, 'Dad, I'll not do that thing. It's wives enough that there is intil the house, widout my fetchin anodther to quarrel over the drap liquor.' Wid that, the ould man was up direc'ly, an the b'y he was up too, an a braze there was blowed up betwane 'em, you may swear. Sis the ould one, sis he,—he call't the b'y his Christian name, but it's out iv my head now—"

"His *Christian* name?"

"Ay, so it's Jack I'll call him, for shortness, 'Jack,' sis he, 'ye block'id, if ye don't make twain from one flesh, it's a dirrty, dape dungeon I'll put ye intil, an there ye'll stay, till ye've rason in ye.' Wid that, he sung out bloody murdther, for his horse, fut an dhraghoons, an they walked Jack down intil the cellar, an seein it was the mont of July, maybe, whin the ould praties was gone, an the new ones not gadthered, it's a roomy place was the praty-bin. They walloped Jack

intil it, bodily, an the King locked the door, an put the kay intil his pocket, an wint up the ladder agen. It was darrk an dirrty enough that the place was, an Jack all alone, but bein in a tundtherin passion, he hullabaloo'd himself to slape, while the ould King kicked all his wives out iv his room up stairs, an had a nice paceable dhrunk to himself, all alone. By an by, Jack snores —'Is that tundther?' sis the ould King, an he paped down through the cracks iv the flure, upon Jack,—'no, he's aslape, the unduthiful b'y, while his fadther's heart is breakin, an I'll be doin the same.' So, what wid the liquor, an the way he was in, the ould King shut his dead-lights down—an the wives were all so mighty quiet for fear they'd be shut up too, that they wint to slape for want iv betther empl'yment. Thin, sis the sojers, horse, fut, an dhraghoons, 'won't we slape, as well as our betthers?' So they stretched themselves out, an the slapy god Vulkin clapped a blinker on the deck-lights of every modther's son an da'ter iv 'em."

"What sleepy god was it?"

"Oh, shut yer mout, Ben, don't I undherstan logarithms? Well, while it was aslape they all were, a giant as lived next door, an owed the King a grudge, tought, by rason there was no noise, they were mighty quiet in the cabin—"

"A reasonable conclusion."

"To be sure it was. 'Well,' sis he, 'that dirrty spalpeen iv a King chated me last fall, like a heathen Turk as he is, an if I'd find 'em all aslape now'—You must know, Ben, that the King an the giant took a praty field at the halves, an whin they came to divide the beautiful fruit, it was the biggest half that the King took,—'If I'd find him aslape now! Here, Norah girl—'"

"Who was Norah?"

"His da'ter, to be sure."

"The Turkish giant's daughter?"

"Oh, the giant was no Turk at all—paple iv that big bastely stature belong to no nation under the sun."

"True, Dennis."

"An is'n't the troot I spake every day in the wake? 'Norah!' sis he—"

"How came her name to be Norah? That's Irish."

"How came it? Now is'n't that a question for a scholard like you, Ben Fiferail? How came it? Why, that's what she was christened, to be sure. 'Norah,' sis he, 'come wid me, an if we find that dirrty snipe iv a King aslape, won't we stale some iv his murphies?—for all we have in the house for the bit dinner, the morrow, ye might put intil yer eye, an see none the worse for, an I'd like a thrifle, a bushel or so, roasted for my lunch, the night.' An Norah, she was plazed, roguish little witch that she was—"

"Ha! ha! ha!"

"What 'ud ye be clafferin at, Ben?"

"At the giant's *little* daughter."

"Ah, but ye'd laugh louder, could ye see her, Ben—she was fit to be laughed at, a quean. She clapped on her cloak an hood, an thripped afther her fadther, an they paped intil the windy, an there they was, all aslape, sound enough—the King, an his wives, an his bloody sojers, horse, fut an dhraghoons."

"But I thought he drove his wives out of the room."

"Could'n't they come back agen, ye booby, whin the King was sound aslape? The giant slips in, an like a blackguard as he was, threads on the curls iv one iv the women. 'Let go me hair!' sis she, for it was a cap-

pullin-fight wid one iv the odther fifty-nine wives, she was dramin iv—an the giant stood still a bit. Thin he goes along agen, aisy, an Norah takes down a bit rushlight as was stuck in the wall wid a wooden skewer, an follys him down cellar. 'Now hould yer apurn, Norah,' sis he, 'an I'll pull out the boult, for it's fast the door is.' Wid that, he pulls it out, as aisy as you'd sprout a murphy, an opens the door. It was faint the light was, an the giant fumbled about upon the ground —'musha, good luck!' sis he, 'here's a praty big enough for a moutful!' an he tuck up Jack's head—'but it's a tundtherin long heavy sprout, the lazy baste iv a King has let grow till it—hould the light, Norah dear, while I twist it off.' Wid that, his murdtherin fingers was roun Jack's neck, an it's unaisy the poor lad's weason 'ud a felt, but sis Norah, sis she, 'bloody murdther, fadther!' an sis Jack in his troat, 'Ug-a-ug-a-rok-ok!' If it 'ud been a hot praty, he couldn't drop it quicker, an Norah, the tinder sowl, took Jack's head in her lap, and waked him to slape,—but not before she'd let him take a pape at her own swate face, the slut. Grumpy enough the giant wint home, an Norah follay'd, but its full o' Jack's beautiful praty head, that her head was, an the narry chance he 'ad stood for it. Divil a bit did the racket rouse the ould King at all, or his sixty wives or his sojers.

In the mornin, sis the ould King, 'Kathleen!'—that was Jack's mother. An she kem till him in a divil iv a fit o' shakin—for the King iv the Turks has an ugly way iv his own, o' tyin up his wives in a bag, an trowin them intil the Liffey—"

"Why that's a river in Ireland!"

"Oh, it's not the Liffey I mane—it's the—"

"Never mind Dennis."

"Niver mind 'tis thin—but he trows them intil some unhealthy strame or odther. Well, Kathleen she kem till him in a stew, an sis he, 'Go down an tell that ribbilyious son o' yer own, that he must make up his mind forenint breakfast, for divil a moutful he gits till he does.' Wid that, down goes Kathleen, and sis to Jack, spakin betwane the cracks till him—'Will ye be married Jack?' 'To be sure I will, modther dear,' sis he, 'an if fadther had a let me sane the beauthiful crature afore he shut me up, it isn't Jack Delany 'ud—'"

"Delany? was that the King's name?"

"It'll do, for lack iv a betther—an why not? Isn't it a purtier name nor Guelph, any day in the wake? 'What do ye mane?' sis Jack's modther, sis she. 'I mane,' sis Jack, 'that I was throubled wid a cramp in my neck, last night that iver was, an my fadther, Saint Patrick's blessin on him, for that good dade, sint Misthriss Jack Delany that is to be, intil this place to comfort me, an take out the kinks an cable-tier pinches.' 'Och hone! och hone! it's crazed ye are, me darrlin b'y!' sis his modther. 'The divil a bit,' sis Jack, 'for I'll take my bodily oath on the four Evangels—'"

"Ha! ha! ha! Did the *Turkish* prince swear on the Evangelists?"

"To be sure he did, an it's only yer own want of grace, that makes you laugh at houly things, Ben Fiferail. Jack stuck to it tight that there was a woman in his room the night, an that he'd marry her wid his whole heart. By an by, sis his modther, to humor his madness like, as she tought, 'well Jack, to be sure there was a woman in the cellar, but it was one iv yer fadther's own wives, Jack, darlint.' 'The divil a bit,' sis Jack, 'for niver a wife o' my fadther's was half the

leddy, or the beauty, as visited Jack Delany last night.' 'Do you say that to me?' sis his modther, 'yer fadther's wife, an yer modther?' 'To be sure I do,' sis Jack, 'troot is troot.' 'Stay here an rot thin,' sis she. 'An go to the divil, modther, *if ye plaze*,' sis he, for he was in a murdtherin passion. An up the ladder she wint."

"An excellent son, Dennis."

"Thrue for you, all Ir—all Mahometan, Pagan, I mane—but hould yer tongue Ben. 'Och hone! yer majesty,' sis Kathleen to the King, 'it's crazed that Jack is, intirely. He sis, the poor b'y, that there was a woman intil the dungeon wid him.' 'Oh,' sis the King, he's dramin only, an not crazy.' 'But he trated me like a brute baste,' sis she. 'That's natural,' sis his majesty. 'An he tould me to go to the divil if I plazed.' Wid that the King jumped up—'he is crazed for a troot,' sis he, 'it's out iv his head he is, for no man in his mind 'ud give a woman that liberthy.' Thin the docther was sint for direc'ly, an Jack was brought out iv the dirrty hole into day-light agen, an he tould the same story over. Whin the King, his royal fadther, clapt his two good lookin eyes upon the big black spots on his son's neck, he looked mighty hard at a wife of his, that was hopin one day to see a son of her own on the trone of Turkey."

"I thought the King had but one child."

"Oh shut yer mout Ben. He looked hard at her, thinkin, maybe, that she'd be jealous of Kathleen, an would put Jack out iv the way, to make place for her own offspring—"

"But I thought none of his wives but Kathleen had any children."

"Oh be aisy, Ben! What 'ud I do wid yez now if there was women hearin you bodther? He looked

hard at her, an the offisher that had the bag in his hand, began to untie the sthrings—"

"What bag?"

"Why didn't I tell ye, Ben, that the King of Turkey has a way wid him of trowin his wives intil the wather, tied up in a bag? The King looked hard at her, and thin he bethought himself how good she was about the pigs an the rist iv the poulthry, an made up his mind not to dhrown her till afther Christmas."

"A careful King, Dennis."

"Why shouldn't he be? Now we'll lave the King, an step over intil the giant's house. Miss Norah was in a takin to be sure, all in the suds as she was, whin she saw the King comin across a bog there was back iv the house, an steppin intil the back door. 'The top iv the morning till ye, Miss Norah,' sis his majesty. Wid that she dhropped a curchey; 'Ye'll tak a dhrop iv the dew the morn?' 'To be sure I will,' sis he; an while the King was dhrinkin the dhrap, she twitches off her washin apurn, an puts back her hair, the proud hizzy. 'Ye're purty to look at,' sis he. 'Tank yer majesty kindly,' sis Norah. Wid that he wint from one thing to anodther, till he put his arrums roun her neck—"

"Did he have to get on a stool?"

"Oh hould yer tongue, Ben. He put his arrums roun her neck, an at the blessed momint who should come in but the giant her fadther, with a big arrmful of turrf for the pot bilin. 'Tear an ouns,' sis he, an he trowed the whole on the heads iv em. 'Murdther,' sis Norah, 'ye've spilt the wash intirely.'"

"What did the King say?"

"Divil a word, for a minit, by rason he was floored an astonished with the load of turrf laid on him. Di-

rec'ly the King come to his sinses he sprung to his fate, an sung out bloody murdther for his sogers, horse, fut an dhragoons, an they made a pris'ner iv the big blackguard iv a giant."

"Why didn't he knock 'em down by the dozen?"

"Troth, Ben, I niver asked him. Thin the King, wid his head all blood, where it shtruck the corner iv the wash-tub, marched off the giant to his cabin for thrial, and Norah wint wid em, takin on. Whin they got to the house, there was Jack wid a pipe in his mout, sittin in the doorway. 'Praised be Allah!' sis he—"

"Is that *Irish*, Dennis?"

"Was Jack Irish, Ben? Wasn't he a Pagan Mahometan heretic? 'Praise be to Allah!' sis he, 'Ye dirrty blackguard,' sis his fadther, 'is it glad ye are that my head's broke?' 'Oh, St Pathrick's currse on yer head,' sis Jack—"

"Is that a *Turkish* curse?"

"I'll shtop direc'ly, Ben, if you keep bodtherin. 'Bad luck to yer head,' sis Jack, 'it's the self same leddy that,' pointing to Norah, 'that cured me of the broken neck the night.' Thin the giant shivered in his brogues, for fear the praty stalin 'ud come out, an down he drapped on his marry-bones, an tould the whole story. An Norah thrembled, by rason she was modest, and Jack for joy he'd found her, an Kathleen for the drap usquebaugh she'd put in her praties and milk to comfort her the morn, and the King bekase he was in a divil iv a passion—an a divil of a shakin there was, to be sure, all round. Just at that minit along comes the King's confeshor, an by rason they were all quakin, a beautiful set of pinitents he tought he had, so he shpread his

hands in a fadtherly way, aud gev 'em all absolution all togedther, widout askin any questions, to save time."

"A Catholic priest?"

"Who else 'ud gev absolution, I'd like to know? Thin whin they all found they were in a nice way, an falin plazed too, that they'd chated his riverance out iv what they wouldn't had so aisy if he'd taken the throuble to confess 'em, they made it all square over a pot iv liquor, an Norah an Jack were jined in the houly bands iv matrimony. An that's the whole story, Ben Fiferail."

"But I don't understand what business a Catholic priest had in Turkey."

"It's a wicked heretic you are, God forgive you, for callin their houly duthy in question at all. You never were up the Sthraits?"

"I told you no, once."

"Thin what do you know about it?"

"Why, I've read—"

"Oh, to the divil I pitch yer books—they're a pack of lies altogedther. I've been in Turkey meself."

IN CALLAO HARBOR.

"All hands ahoy!"

"Aiu-aiugh!" yawned Old Jack. "Wonder what day of the week it is."

"You'll find out quick enough," said Bill British. "The second mate's riggin the 'ead pump—and means to begin divine sarvice with the comandament, 'Remember the sabbath-day and keep it 'oly; six days shalt you labor and do all thy work, and on the seventh 'oly-stone your decks, and hunder-run your cables.'"

"What's that you're growling about, Bill British?" shouted the second mate through the hatch.

"Nothink, sir."

In a few minutes we were fairly at it—water, "holy-stones" and "big bibles" (as the sailors have christened large blocks of stone used for scouring decks, particularly on the Sabbath,) were the order of the morning. The second mate, a long, slab-sided Yankee, who had the birth of second officer, on his second trip, by virtue of being ship's cousin, seemed desirous to emulate Hercules on a small scale, and turn all the water of Callao harbor through our scuppers. He had thrown fifteen buckets of water at a single rope-yarn which had effected a lodgement under the long-boat. Tired of handing water for his amusement, I dropped upon my knees, and, thrusting my head and shoulders under the boat, reached after the obstinate yarn. Just as I touched it with the end of my finger, zip! came bucket number sixteen. Such a blow under the counter of the old brig would have thrown her bows under. I chose to consider myself *hors du combat*, and crawled toward the forecastle.

"Who sprinkled you that a-way?" inquired Bill British.

"The second mate."

"What a go, ha! ha! well, was it a haccident, or done for fun?"

"He did'n't say, but I suppose it was for the reason *a posteriori*." My Yankee shipmates did not laugh till I perpetrated the joke—no bad one, by the way, for a half-drowned boy—but Bill's mouth, which had opened with a half-uttered laugh, when he first saw my wo-begone appearance, closed hermetically when I an-

swered his question; he "couldn't see nothink to laugh at in it." I dropped down the forecastle hatch; hearing no inquiry for me, and concluding that Aquarius had come to the same conclusion as myself, viz. that I had done and suffered my share, proceeded to rig myself in my "go-ashores."

Stepped on deck just as the steward was getting the boat alongside, to go to market for the captain's breakfast—slipped into it, and took the bow oar. Cuff, who but for me would have been compelled to navigate with one oar, was too wise to stop to ask questions, and we were out of hail of the brig in a minute. Looked at the blade of my oar, as if I was afraid it would break without watching—thought I saw, under my hat rim, somebody beckoning on board the brig—but the yard and a half ribbon bothered me, and I dared not lose sight of my oar to look up.

"Dere—dere—de secon mate's swingin his arms like de telegraf board, or a Dutch windmill."

"Never mind, steward—he wants to bother you with some errand; we can't stop now. Let him send the boat ashore himself, if he wants anything."

Touched the quay, and I was ashore in no time. "Here, stop, take care de boat, while I go for market."

"Let the boat take care of itself."

"Take a horse, Jack?" said a Yankee negro who is established at Callao, for the praiseworthy purpose of fleecing Jack out of his loose change, giving him, in exchange, the privilege of abusing a wind-broken horse.

"Can't stop."

And I did not stop till I was out of Callao, and under the town walls—as I was afraid that walking bundle of

midnight, the steward, might make a troublesome outcry if he overtook me. Sat down and pulled off my stockings—long stockings, (sailors have an aversion for socks,) rolled them up and put them into my pocket. Saw steward looking intently up the road; kept close—communing with myself, as I lay beneath the mud wall, how many notes a blind fiddler need to lose while jumping over it. Just as I had come to the conclusion that such a leap need not interrupt his tune at all, my black friend gave up looking, and turned back into the town. And now, my trowsers rolled half way up my legs to keep out of the dust, my tarpaulin hat set jauntily on three hairs, and my stockings in my jacket pocket, behold me, with my land-tacks aboard, standing for the renowned city of Lima. There was no chance for mistake, any way—a straight road and only one lay before me. As I walked I busied myself in anticipations of the splendors of the Golden City, and jumbled all the feats of Pizarro and Fernando Cortez; thought of ingots of gold, of Rolla and Cora, &c. &c. I was overtaking a sort of a nondescript vehicle, and, as I neared it, began to hear indistinctly what seemed the howling of man or beast in horrid pain. All my Yankee blood rose within me, and Quixotte like, I crowded sail to overtake and relieve the sufferer. As I overhauled the chase, the sound became to my ears singularly regular, and rather too monotonous for howls of pain, unless the miserable object were groaning by gamut—with a bar rest between each note. Nevertheless I pulled foot.

Poor *axles!* they had never felt grease, and all my tugging and sweating was to get the first intimation of the fact, that custom-house regulations forbade the use

of oil upon the few carriages of burden which have crept into use, for the relief of the poor mules. If I run again, said I, as I walked by the driver, may I find good cause for it! An odd looking genius, that driver, and worth describing. His slender nether limbs, cased, as low as the knee, in trunk breeches, looked like two plump pears inverted, and yoked together at the base, perambulating on their stems. About his middle was a sash—above, I can't remember, except that on his head was a large straw hat or sombrero. "Anda! Anda! (then an indescribable noise with the lips,) Anda, bestia!" and ever and anon, as he bellowed to his skinny cattle, he punched their raw flanks with his goad. Yes, *raw!* for on the hips of the poor beasts were places as large as the crown of a hat, where the hide was goaded through—the raw flesh festering and broiling in the sun. I felt my fingers close, and my arm bend—and—that was all, except that my teeth grated. The opportune thought occurred to me that the cattle would fare no better, and that I should fare worse, for interfering.

I had reached the half way house. "Key whorah is?" inquired I.

The fellow looked at my sailor rig, and handed down a decanter, of course.

"No! no!"

He changed it.

"Blast your liquor!"

"Que dice vmd?" (What do you say?)

"K-e-y w-h-o-r-a-h i-s?"

"No lo entienden."

"Don't understand? Confound a book of conversa-

tions that won't learn a fellow to ask what o'clock it is."

"Ah! watty clock! Que hora es? Le entiendo; son las once y cuarto." As I had studied Spanish the evening before, with a particular reference to learning the time of day, I understood the answer—a quarter past eleven—better than the Spaniard did the question, pronounced "*Key whorah is?*"—and satisfied with learning the hour, I was about budging again, when my friend of the bar stopped me, and made me understand that I was to pay for the liquor a moustachioed soldier had drunk, while I was murdering King Ferdinand's Spanish. I made wry faces at this proposition, but there was no get away—so I lugged out my solitary half dollar, and let him deduct the price therefrom. I pocketed the change, and marched on, but found that my money, small as it was in amount, had secured me a friend, who seemed disposed to stick closer than a brother. I slackened my pace—he was in no hurry. I walked fast—and he cracked on. I crossed the road—and he was seized with a like impression, that the other side was pleasantest. Slow or fast, cross or re-cross, it was all one to my *amigo*. My shadow could not have followed my motions more faithfully. When I found that shaking him off was altogether out of the question, I submitted to the infliction with the best grace I could.

My friend began trying to converse in broken English—interspersed with an occasional Spanish word—to which I attempted to reply in broken Spanish, with a sprinkling of English. But as the conversation could not be understood without the gestures—and as it is utterly impossible to place them upon paper without the

assistance of Johnston, I shall not undertake it. I began to grow sadly leg-weary—not all the novelty of my situation and the peculiarly pleasant circumstances under which I was travelling, could persuade my limbs that they were bound to forget their sea-trim, on so unreasonable an errand as their master was upon. Taking advantage of the shade afforded by trees which are planted on each side of the road for a couple of miles from the city, under which are placed seats at regular intervals, I brought myself to an anchor. Perceiving my rascally shadow about to seat himself with me, I threw myself at whole length upon the beach. Just escaped from the broiling sun, and still, stifling, bone-dry air of the road, which to this point was straight, uniform, shadeless, and, with the exception of one half-ruined village, and the half-way house, monotonous, my present situation was a perfect paradise—or would have been but for the infernal soldier, who still hovered over me like a turkey-buzzard over a prize, the possession of which has been disputed with him. Gradually my vision became indistinct—objects faded before me—and in a trice I was on board the brig—the waters made a clean breach over her, and knocked me under the long-boat—I seized a spar to stop drifting about deck, and it changed in my hands to a tall Yankee, with the features and form of the second mate, who seized me by the throat—I struck at him, and—knocked down my dusky amigo, the soldier. "Oh you picaroon!" said I, fairly awake. The fellow had been trying to relieve my neck of the kerchief, in which, finding the soldier determined to stick to me, I had taken the precaution to knot my money.

Senor Soldado gathered himself up, and as he came

toward me, I could perceive that he was no model for a picture of Moses, if, as we read, that worthy was the meekest of men. I sprang to my feet; fortunately enough a mounted soldier rode up. Don't mistake him for a horse-soldier, gentle reader,—he was mounted on an ass. Attracted by our position he reined in—no,—he stopped beating his animal, directly abreast where we stood; and the beast, who seemed to have learned that one step was expected for every blow, but no steps on any other condition, stopped short. My soldier immediately commenced a palaver with the stranger—and finding the tide setting against me, I appealed to him also—"Romper," said I, catching hold of my throat, "romper me handkerchiefo—Bur-r-r," another gesture as if strangling—"Bur-r-r,—caro, murdero—muerty—steala—en—paysoce—bur-r-r-r, dollars," and here another grand flourish. I thought I had explained to a miracle, that the soldier had tried to strangle and rob me, and looked up for a sheepish, guilty face on the one part, and protection on the other—but both blockheads laughed as if they had the cachinations of a life-time to exhibit within the half hour,—and the mounted one was for making off, when I made him understand that I should like to ride. I had better success in this, than in complaining of the robbery, and was soon placed on the little beast behind his master.

Thus mounted, I gained nothing in time, for the two heroic defenders of their country's liberty commenced a conversation—to accommodate which, the pace of the donkey was regulated to a slow walk. I could not sufficiently admire the materials of which the army of the Patriots of which we had heard so much, was composed—as I had ample opportunity to observe—the

number of idle soldiers increasing as we drew nearer the city. Coal black, and all the intermediates to white, or as near white as the climate will permit, Indians, and all the varieties occasioned by intermarriages between Spaniard and Indian, and Indian and Negro. Their dress was abominably coarse—blue, and faded blue cloth, with slashes of red flannel variously put on. Our arrival at the gate of the city caused no small merriment among the loungers about the guard-house. In the heat of their merry discussion upon their comrades' protege, myself, I slid down unperceived, from behind my obliging conductor, and, without stopping even to thank him, turned the first corner.

The first person I met after doubling the corner, was my ship-mate, old Jack Kellum—and most gloriously corned he was too—so much so, that I don't believe he would have seen me, if in my hurry I had not plumped my head into his bread-basket. The encounter which brought me up *standing*, would have carried him down *falling*, had it not so happened that I pushed him bodily against the dead-wall of a court, shaking the plastered bamboo so roughly, that it is a wonder the crazy concern did not go by the board. The whole family, who were dozing a sort of a half siesta in the court, sprang to the door; the father, with a hopeful son at each wing, in the van, vociferating all sorts of Spanish oaths, supported by the mother and daughters, an uncertain number, in the rear. These latter peeped most maliciously from under their long black eyelashes, over the shoulders of the male creatures, and I expected nothing short of being cut up and stuffed into paper cigars, like pig's meat into sausages; when a new danger appeared from another

quarter. A body of soldiers, headed by my old friends of the road, made their appearance, and I, Ben Fiferail, seemed to occupy the situation of the ass between two stacks of hay, *reversed;* for, inasmuch as that sapient beast did not know which stack to begin upon, and came near being starved, in consequence, I did not exactly know which of my heaps of friends would eat me with the best appetite, and in that delicate situation came as near dying of fright as my four-footed prototype did of starvation. All at once, my pursuers came to a dead stand—doffed their hats, and commenced making the sign of the cross industriously—my amigos of the gate-way ceased chattering their imprecations, and assumed devotional attitudes. I looked in the direction to which their eyes were turned, and saw a procession, which, upon its first heaving in sight, at a long distance, had caused the sudden suspension of hostilities. It was headed by priests, bearing the graven, or rather waxen image, of some adorable saint or saint-ess, flanked on each side by a bare-headed canaille, and followed by devotees. "Here was a group for a painter," is a common expression with scribblers, but I can tell thrice as good a story. I have three groups to exhibit, gentle reader. There—to the left, see a dozen soldiers, as still and mute as if Medusa's ugly mug had been popped into their faces; their heads, uncovered, give one species of the entomologist's particular favorites a rare opportunity to sun themselves. Here, a few steps to the right, are the amiable family whose slumbers Jack's shock disturbed—their scarcely stifled rage shining through the thin veil of outward devotion, like a lamp through gauze, or a ground-glass shade. They have made up their minds to give us a threshing, or

send us to the calaboza, as soon as the procession has passed—but religion before every thing—even before a knock-down. Group three consists of two figures—old Jack Kellum, pressed up as firmly against the wall as Old Hickory's effigy is against the cut-water of the Constitution, and making a figure of nearly the same altitude. Old Jack will keep his hat on, saint or no saint. I took it off just now, but he jammed it on again, with a blow from his top maul fist; so that it sets as snug to his eyebrows as if those same were made to fit it, as the cheeks of the top-mast head support the cross-trees. Braced against, and in front of him, to hold him up, behold me, Ben Fiferail, my hat off, legs extended, and body leaning forward against him, in about the same angle with the ground that a derrick makes with the deck. Having thus traced my figures, I shall do what no painter can, put them in motion. The plot thickens. The procession approaches, and the soldiers have edged close to us. The sign of the cross is made by the pious family, with increased rapidity of fingers—and the manipular zeal seems to have been caught also by our soldier friends, who have now worked up close to us. Obliged to relax my hold upon Jack—I am crowded from him by the multitude,—but one of the soldiers has seized me by the collar with the left hand, while he crosses himself with his right. Casting an eye back to the spot where I left my comrade, I see his tall form, hat and all, notwithstanding the uncovered crowd, swaying to and fro like a lofty poppy in a bed of more diminutive companions. A shout of maledictions rises among the angry multitude against the heretic, who obstinately persists in keeping his head covered, in presence of his or her saintship,—I never learnt the

sex of this particular divinity. There! somebody aims a blow at his head—the tap which was intended to take his hat off, has taken his body off—its legs. Tottering, staggering to his fall, down he goes! there is a rush to the spot—the melee thickens—*my* soldier loosens his grasp—and I am—missing. Jack soon rose, and, as I left the field, I caught one glimpse at his arms—not his coat-of-arms exactly, but his *arm-orial* bearings notwithstanding—two *arms rampant*, one big stone *couchant*, and, according to appearances, soon to be *hurlant*,—to the great and manifest bodily danger of the divinity, and the attendant black gowns and bare heads. I did not wait the issue, but improved the hubbub to make myself scarce.

Old Jack came off the next morning, minus money, hat, shoes, kerchiefs, and shirt! The latter he gave the boatman for bringing him off. We never could understand exactly how he got clear of the enraged Catholics—nor could he, I believe—though he swore he drove the whole gang, and was left in possession of the street, and that he marched fore and aft in it with a Yankee flag spread, till dusk—*alone;* "and," he added, giving a significant glance at me, "I didn't want no chicken-hearted run-a-ways to come within hail of me."

"'From Saccarap to Portland pier
I drag-ged lumber many a year;
And when I couldn't no longer draw,
That was the reason they killed me for'—"

"Avast there! Jack. You don't mean to say that this horse can draw no longer. Why, he's drawn half the teeth from my head."

"'Orse?"

"Yes, Bill."

"But this 'ere beef isn't 'orse meat!"

"To be sure it is."

Bill dropped the bone he had hitherto held on upon with devouring affection, and thrust his knife back in the sheath—muttering, as he did so, a curse on the bloody country that victuals her ships with 'orse-flesh. If he had only known how to write, what a glorious statistical chapter upon the food of American seamen, the incident would have furnished; the number of horses killed annually, the age at which they become super-annuated, and the number of houses in the trade! What a pity that Bill had not been an author! I shall not say who slipped into his place, and played knife to the junk he deserted, lest the reader should uncharitably impeach the the truth of the genealogy of the food which Bill "greatly gulped at."

"Turn to there!"

"Ay, ay, sir!"—from half a dozen. But what were we to turn to upon? Not a rope-yarn was out of place from the deck to the truck. The junk on board (not salt junk) was worked up, every strand, and we had neither to discharge, or take in cargo. Ah, there we have it—Snowball is passing the muskets and cutlasses from the cabin, the two blunderbusses, and an odd horse-pistol.

Perhaps a little the hardest work in the world is to do nothing—or, what is next to nothing, to be employed upon something which you are sensible can be of no possible utility. Here we were, wearing out our knives upon rusty muskets, to give the mate an opportunity to enter in his log, "overhauled and cleaned fire-arms." The monotony was, however, relieved by a voluntary,

performed by the ship's dog, upon the body of the black soldier, who was stationed on board as an officer of the customs. Tiger was a large, noble fellow, possessed of more just and accurate notions of *meum* and *tuum* than many bipeds. When, therefore, he saw the black soldier, after finishing his dinner, deposite in his cap some four or five pounds of ship-bread, he, the dog, being decidedly of opinion that such an appropriation of ship's stores was never contemplated by the owners, resolved upon recovering the spoils. Like a sensible beast he went to work, not rudely and noisily, but silently deputed himself a spy upon the motions of the soldier, who had composed himself for a siesta, in a shady nook on deck, with the cap containing the plunder at his head. Tiger went toward him in a lazy sort of a way, as if with no particular business in view—stopped at an unsuspicious distance from the cap—cast half an eye at it, and then looked up in my face inquiringly.

"Certainly, Tiger. He has no more business with the bread, than you have with Bolivar's moustaches."

A hearty laugh from all hands roused the soldier, to see the dog trot aft and deposite one recovered biscuit at the cook's feet. Upon his return, he found the cap empty, as the soldier, who disapproved altogether of this species of military foray, had taken the bread from his cap, placed it under his head, and covered his head with his cloak. Ascertaining its location, Tiger planted both feet on the head of the soldier, and commenced digging industriously. The soldier was glad to purchase peace by the surrender of another biscuit, which the dog disposed of as before, cheered by the boisterous mirth of the whole crew, who could hardly restrain themselves within any bounds. Even the grim soldier

began to enjoy the fun of the thing, though it was entirely at his expense. Again Tiger returned, but in the mean time, the provision had again changed its stowage, and was placed under the soldier's body. Tiger's nose guided him exactly to the spot, and he commenced operations directly over the hidden treasure, greatly to the injury of the uniform of the Peruvian Republic. Another biscuit purchased a temporary ransom. On the part of the soldier, the plan of the campaign was now altered; he replaced the bread in his cap, and upon Tiger's next approach, gave him a pointed intimation of his intention to defend to the death, the remainder of his plunder. "Oh, well," said Tiger, that is, he seemed to say it, "it's not worth making so much fuss about, so I'll sleep on it,"—and down he dropped, his head on deck between his fore-paws, and his body comfortably disposed for a canine nap.

"Ha! dam a nigger tief!" cried the steward, who now showed his ebony face on the forecastle. "Seize 'um, Tiger!"

But Tiger evidently had no inclination to "seek the bubble reputation" at the bayonet's point, and it was voted unanimously that he was an arrant coward. So goes the world. Messieurs the people have no mercy for their servants, but goad them on, beyond their strength—and hunt them for cowards, whenever they show any signs of fatigue, or love of life. Every body can remember when it was preferred as a serious charge against a naval officer, that he stooped to dodge a chain-shot!

"Hello!" continued the steward, "where dat blood for, on dog's nose? Guess you Bill British been 'noculate him for coward."

"Get out, you Hethiopian, or I'll shoot you!"

"Oh don't, now; who sarve a de grog, nigger gone to he wooden jacket?

'When de cap'un go ashore,
An de mate he hab de key,
You want a nigger steward
When it's grog time o' day.
Grog time o' day!'"

A sharp, angry bark from the dog, and he had the soldier by the neck. He had watched him, till he saw him off his guard, and then pounced on him, like a Tiger, as he was. Immediate interference was necessary, to save the soldier's life, for the dog would most assuredly have finished him, had he been let alone. The steward was in the very ecstacy of delight—he hugged Tiger, and jumped round the forecastle, like a baboon. "Hee! choke a dam Cholo nigger! Top his weason, a brack sojer—good feller, Tiger!" The gambols of the dog and his friend had become too annoying—it was evident that it had been grog time with the steward. His eyes protruded from his head, and were, at the same time, dim with the mist with which alcohol smothers the vision.

"I tell ye, you Hethiopian, I'll shoot you, if you don't quit your monkey shines!"

"'When a buckra man come,
Hol 'um gun up higher,
Tell a nigger shoot him,
Nigger he tan fire!'

'pecially when a gun hab no powder in him! Hee!" And Ebony turned a somerset over the heel of the bowsprit.

"'Possum up a gum tree,
Racoon in de holler,'—

Hee! good feller, Tiger. Nigger gib you manaverlins, chickenny leg, an piece o' pork? Choke a nigger sojer, hey?—Hab a pension for it!

'I git up in de mornin
At de break o' day,
Look out de windy
Canoe gone away—
Den I tell my Dinah
Who de debble steal it,
Can't catch him fish now—

Looky you, Bill British, you take aim wid a gun? Wha for no do dat on Bunker Hill? Wha for let a Yankee pick him off like squerrel, hey?

'Jackson he a fightin man,
So dey say, so dey say!
Jackson good at *packin ham*,
So dey say, so dey say!'

Wha for you no like 'um cotton bag, Bill British? Hooh!

'Massa, missy no like-a me
Cause I no eat a brack eye pea,
All day—all day!' "

Bill cocked a gun.

" Hab bucket a water fix-a de primin?

'In-a San Domingo
Buckra run away,
Leff 'um in a hurry,
'Cause him couldn' tay—'

Make ready! Took aim!"

Bill, laughing, followed the steward's orders.

" Now Bill, fire an be dam—I can stand——"

The steward did not spring from the deck—he staggered three steps forward—and fell. His head struck directly in the face of the patriot soldier—there was a

twitch—a convulsive movement, and it rolled on deck. The soldier sprang to his feet—his head and face besmeared with blood. Soldier though he was, he had never before seen an actual specimen of his trade. He brushed the blood from his eyes—threw his bayonet over the side—then his musket—and would have launched the whole of the ship's arms, had he not been prevented —so frantic was he in his horror.

The captain was on shore. The mate, who was in the cabin, hearing the report, ran on deck. When he reached the forecastle, Bill stood on the very spot where he had discharged the musket, which he still held in his hand, the muzzle within two inches of the deck, and his finger still on the trigger. The big blue veins on his hands were strongly marked through the livid olive hue of his skin—the nearest approach to paleness which his sunburnt complexion would admit. His eyes, though fixed upon the spot where the dead man lay, evidently took cognizance of no object. Motionless as he stood —scarcely breathing—a few straggling hairs giving additional wildness to his haggard countenance, as his head almost reclined on his breast—for the corpse was scarce a musket's length from him—he could hardly be likened to a *living* statue.

"Sad work! sad work this!" said the mate.

The voice restored the unfortunate homicide to consciousness—but not to recollection. He dropped the musket—stared wildly about him, as if unacquainted with the events of the few preceding moments, and desirous of reading them in the faces of the bystanders. All was silence. Presently his eye caught the prostrate form of the steward, imbedded in its gore;—a howl of agony—a bound—a splash—he was overboard.

Half the crew were in the boats in an instant. While they were fishing for the poor fellow who had thus accidentally sped the steward to his long home, I examined the body. The ball entered directly over the upper lip —the face was filled with grains of powder, and the skin burnt, so near had the murdered man stood to the muzzle of the musket. His eyes were untouched, and stood out in glassy deadness. Oh, it was horrible! though not a muscle of his face was distorted. The body was still warm, but pulsation must have ceased on the instant that the ball struck. The flow of blood was immense—owing, in a measure, to the alcohol, which had emboldened the poor devil to face what, when sober, he always had a childish dread of—a musket.

The gun which was the instrument of his death was different from the rest, and was left on board by a soldier, on the previous voyage, when the brig had been used as a transport—*charged*. We examined the foremast, and every object in the range of the shot, to find where it struck, after killing the steward, but could find no traces of it. On the next day, the surgeon and mates of the frigate United States, then laying in Callao, dissected the head. The ball was found lodged in the vertebræ of the neck, flattened. Much speculation, had among the crew, why the ball did not pass *through* the head, was settled by Dennis, who insisted that "it was parfickly plain. Why man, (says he,) the lead didn't get head-way on at all, seein it was close to the muzzle that the steward stood."

Bill was soon taken from the water, more dead than alive. After recovering him he was perfectly quiet, although we had expected violence from him. Indeed, prostrated as his strength was by his mental sufferings,

and his forced escape from drowning, he could not but be weak. The soldier, a raw recruit, after he was made to understand that the unfortunate occurrence was purely accidental, was less uneasy—but the specimen he had seen sickened him of his trade; and when we were collected enough to notice him, it was discovered that he had removed from his clothing every thread of the red facings and slashes. He was relieved the next morning, and went ashore minus musket and cap —how he fared at the barracks for such unsoldierlike conduct we never knew, but it is to be presumed that he certainly did not get promoted—farther than the whipping-post.

A mist, thick as the boasted English fog, settles every night on Callao, with any thing but "healing on its wings." It is redolent of fever and ague—ay, *redolent* —for one can snuff up the miasma. As the vessels lay at anchor, head to the wind, the white paint on the bows gathers a nasty yellow tinge, like the cheeks of a poor fellow with the jaundice. It is a capital school for painters, beginners I mean, who are just learning to shade—for the dirty yellow on the bows melts away to the clean white streak on the quarters, with a diminution of shade almost imperceptible, and as regular as if an artist had laid it on. The ends of the jib-booms look as if a charge of powder had been blown on each, smoking it a short distance, and leaving the rest white. Stand on the heel of the bowsprit and look aloft, and you are almost ready to swear that the masts and yards are bronzed—step aft and look from the quarter-deck, and they are white. The days are dry after ten

o'clock, arid, till night comes, with the palpable fog I have attempted to describe.

"Faugh!" said I, as I poked my head above the hatch; "I wish Callao and its fogs, St Lorenzo and its sand-banks, at the——"

"Whist, Benjamin Fiferail! don't be talking that way iv the ould one. They say he is always convanient to yer elbow when you spake iv him. Suppose, my dear, he should clap his hand on yer shoulder now, an whisper, in the softest way in the worrld, 'Benjamin, honey, what 'ud ye have o' me?'"

"Does the devil talk with a brogue, Dennis?"

"To be sure he does. He can take his choice, ye undherstan, an isn't he cunning enough, the ould sarpint, to know that a tip iv the brogue jist puts the finish on to any man's spache?"

"But how shall we find out—I never heard him speak, did you?"

"No, but a fourteent cousin o' mine—a rollockin blade—he was by me modther's side, an she was an O'Donahoe—"

"Never mind the relationship—did your cousin hear the devil speak?"

"Exac'ly, an more nor that, he seed him too. He's a jontale, nice-lookin body, altogedther—barrin, maybe, that he is not so well shod, an is careful regardin lettin one see his feet—oh! it's an ugly cloven foot he has."

"Tell as all about it, Dennis."

"To be sure I will; won't it give the watch a lift, a bit talk? Well ye see, I knew Phelim O'Donahoe, bein he was my fourteent cousin, or somewhere about that lay, I can't say exac'ly—"

"Never mind, never mind; come to the devil as quick as possible."

"Oh, shut yer mout now, Ben Fiferail—if ye've a mind to come that way, do it widout luggin me in at all. But I'll tell ye the yarn, an thin ye'll find it's no such thrifle to chate the divil, Benjamin. Phelim was a rollockin blade, if he was a cousin iv mine—"

"That's three times you've said it, Dennis."

"Oh, get out now, will ye be quiet at all? Cousin Phelim was a rollockin blade, an he stood one day in Modther McGraws's potheen shop—two odther blades there was wid him. Sis they, 'Phelim, it is you must pay the drap liquor.' 'To be sure it is,' sis Phelim, for he was not the chap at all to refuse to spind money, pertic'ly when he hadn't a farden about him, which was pretty much his case every day in the wake. 'Come here, Modther McGraw, an gev us a moutful iv the crathure.' 'Is it you that want it, Phelim O'Donahoe? Thin divil a drap do ye get at all, till ye've ped the ould score.' 'Oh, come now, Modther McGraw.' 'Get out, for an imperdent dog!' '*Misthriss* McGraw!' 'No blarney now, Phelim.' 'Blarney, blarney, Misthriss McGraw, it's no blarney at all to be sayin you're purty an young lookin—it's Misthriss they should call ye, an not Modther, let who will be spakin to ye.' 'It's an insinervatin way ye have, Phelim O'Donahoe,' sis Modther McGraw, as she looked in the bit lookin-glass, stuck wid a nail to the wall, 'an if I let you have the usquebaugh, whin will I get my pay, Phelim?' 'Oh Modther, *Misthriss* McGraw, I mane, ye'll wait while I go to the odther strate, an get *my* pay for a small job, jist.' 'Well, Phelim, ye'll lave yer jacket wid me the while?' 'To be sure I will,' sis Phelim, for the whiskey was before him.

an he wouldn't stan upon thrifles. So they drank the drap usquebaugh, till they made it a half pint apiece they had intil them, and Modther McGraw tould them that divil the drap more they'd get."

"Well Dennis, I don't see what all this has to do with the devil, except that you take his name in vain every five minutes."

"Oh, you put me out now; where was I?"

"In Mother McGraw's poteen shop. It is lucky I did put you out, for you never got out of a grog shop alone, in your life."

"Don't be talkin that blackguardin way, Benjie, but jist tell us where I left off."

"Where Mother McGraw refused the liquor."

"Ah, thrue for you. Modther McGraw tould that rollockin blade, Phelim O'Donahoe, my modther's fourteent cousin, that divil a drap more he'd get, an wid that Phelim got in a wild murdtherin passion; 'Modther McGraw,' sis he, 'you ugly ould'—but it wouldn't be fair, Benjie, to tell what Phelim called her in his cups, bekase, whin he was himself, he was respec'ful an perlite—he had the O'Donahoe blood in him, like meself, seein he was me modther's fourteent cousin. Modther McGraw she tould him he'd betther get his pay for that job, an that started Phelim, bekase, if the troot must come, he'd no money to resave at all, an only tould her the story to get the drap liquor. 'Modther McGraw,' sis he, 'gev me my coat, if ye plaze.' 'Phelim O'Donahoe,' sis she, 'ye don't get it till ye pay me my bit bill iv tree shillins an four pince.' Wid that Phelim makes a grab at the jacket, but Modther McGraw, to kape it safe, she stuck her purty arms through the slaves, an away she wint to dale out a hap'worth iv farden-candles

to a gossoon as spake for them. Whin Modther McGraw had put on the coat, she tought she had floored Phelim intirely, but what does he do, the spalpeen, but make a dirty grab at a sailor jacket as laid on the table, an boult direc'ly. Modther McGraw she springs to the door, but a respecthable lady, an kaper iv a potheen shop, wouldn't be sane in the strate wid a man's coat on, an whin she'd pull it off, it stuck to her shoulders, like St. Patrick's currse to the toads. 'Pat Donelly,' sis she, (that was one iv Phelim's friends,) 'help me off wid this garmint.' 'Divil burn my fingers if I do,' sis he. An seein she was a big woman, Benjie, an Phelim but a withe of a man, the coat wouldn't come off for the askin. So while she was tryin to lug off the garmint, Phelim made a pair of legs do the clane thing for him—"

"But Dennis, how could that be, when he had drank whiskey enough to put his legs in irons?"

"You belave it? A half pint is a drap in the say, to a stout Irishman."

"But you said Phelim was slender as a withe."

"By the powers, Ben, if you mane I should talk, you must hould yer tongue. Phelim walked down to the quay, an wint to houldin a post up. Along comes the skipper iv a brig that lay convanient to the wharf; 'my man,' sis he, 'are you an able sayman?' At that, sis Phelim, 'able! I'd like to try the shillaleh wid him that 'ud dispute it.' 'You're the fine fellow I want, jist,' sis the skipper, 'an you shall take the place iv a runaway, for I'll be goin to say wid the tide.' So betwane palaverin an drivin, he gets Phelim, who knowed as much of saymanship as our jintleman passenger, aboard

iv his brig, an to say they wint, to be sure, that avenin. The name iv the brig has gone from me altogedther."

"Never mind the name, Dennis."

"Niver mind 'tis, thin. Well, Phelim, as you may suppose, didn't know the fore-topsil halliards from the bucket-rope, an he behaved like—"

"A blundering Paddy."

"Get out, you blackguardin tief o' the world. Phelim did tumble round the deck to be sure, like a pig in a coach. Whin he'd lift up his leg to step, he couldn't somehow put down his fut where he meant to, at all. The brig on the wind as she was, an a short choppin say runnin, she jerked round, like a pace of limon in a punch bowl, wid two or tree good chaps exercisin the ladle."

"You're an unfeeling son of a gun, Dennis."

"What for, I'd like to know?"

"Why, for mentioning punch—it makes my tongue as dry as a powder magazine."

"What's the differ whedther yours be dhry or wet, an it's mine must do the talkin, if ye'd let me? I wish it 'ud dhry stiff, an thin ye'd kape it still a bit."

"It's too dry now, Dennis."

"Rig it out intil the fog thin, and that'll take out the kinks; hould it still, any way, or I'll lash a pump-boult athwart your muzzle, and sling a spritsail-yard for you, my darlin. Will ye be aisy wid yer nonsense? Well, as I was a sayin, Phelim couldn't find his say legs, and the ould brig—"

"Was she an old brig?"

Dennis took no other notice of this interruption than to shake his fist in my face.

"The ould brig knocked him about wickedly. A

pitch, an Phelim 'ud fetch up agen the windlass—a send aft, an you might find his carcass somewhere on deck by the main hatch—a lee lurch, an he'd be stoppin the scupper, an a wedther roll 'ud tumble him upon the spars alongside the long-boat. And thin the whiskey he'd drunk—he was always shy o' reckonin wid Modther McGraw, but Ould Niptin made him begin to cast up accounts direc'ly. 'Augh! murdther,' sis he, 'augh—augh—I'll die suddinly—augh—by inches!—if Father O'Rourke were here to gev me absouloution jist—not for the whiskey—I've not kep a drap iv it—augh—but for the jacket I stowle, any how—augh—urruck—augh!—murdther!—augh—ur—urruck—murdther!—murdther!' 'Here!' sis the skipper, 'catch hoult here b'ys, an get a pull o' this fore shate!' Phelim couldn't see anything that looked like a shate, poor divil—but a bit o' somethin white in the long boat—so hoult he grabbed iv it, and the cook sung out bloody war to him—'Stop, stop,' sis the nagur, 'what do you mane at all, by twitchin the kiver from the fresh bafe?'"

"Did the *nagur* talk Irish?"

"Oh, hould your tongue: now I think iv it, he wasn't a nagur. The captin heard the row, an belavin it was the liquor in him, an not his ignorance, intirely, he tould Phelim to go below in a minnit—"

"He didn't disobey orders *then*."

"You're right he didn't; when he was tould to go below, he wasn't long a doin that thing. Down he wint and staid a wake—what are you laughin at, you divil?"

"To hear your circumstantial detail."

"My what!"

"You seem to know all the particulars."

"And why not? Wasn't Phelim my own cousin,

fourteent cousin by my modther's side? Wasn't she an O'Donahoe, and—"

"Oh thunder, yes; don't get into your family tree again, Dennis."

"It's as good a tree as yours, I'm thinkin, and bears a sprig of shillaleh for him that's blackguardin it."

"Certainly, Dennis, true as the gospel—I'll hear about it some other time; now I want to hear of Phelim."

"Don't bodther me thin. Phelim stuck to the bunk till it was a bucket of wather they began to talk about, and thin one fine day he crawled out and kem on deck. 'Ah Phelim, lad,' said the skipper, 'glad to see you look betther.' 'Thank yer honor,' said Phelim, but he tought it was ungintlemanly, any way, that the skipper didn't axe him intil the cabin, to take somethin comfortin. 'Here, Phelim, its wake you are now, take the hellum, and let Jack go to work—she steers aisy.' Well Phelim he took hoult, and the skipper went forrud. 'Full an by,' sis Jack, sis he—'ay, ay,' sis Phelim, but divil a bit did he know what that mint at all. Phelim let the craft do her own steerin, and direc'ly she was clane off before it. 'Kape her up four pints more,' bellered the skipper; 'where the divil are you goin wid her?—Let the wedther lache of the topsil lift a bit.' Phelim down wid the hellum, but it was hit altogedther, and no good wit wid him, as you'll find shortly."

"Oh, I'd swear it, Dennis. No countryman of yours ever got into the right course, except by accident. He must run into it."

"If you run your swate face agen a bunch of bones tied up ugly, it'll be no blundher of mine, Ben Fiferail, but your own fault altogedther. As I tould ye, Phelim

clapped the hellum down, and the ould brig kem up direc'ly. Purty soon there was a divil of a shakin among the canvass—Phelim didn't like the looks of it at all, but he thought what was sarce for goose was sarce for gandther, an if puttin the hellum down 'ud put the ould craft right one time, by the same token it would anodther. So the more he shook the wind out, the harder he clapped the hellum down, the captin singin out 'what do ye mane, ye bloody blackguard—its all aback ye'll be direc'ly; up, up!'—Wid that Phelim looked up. 'Up wid yer hellum,' sis the skipper. Then Phelim laid hoult of the thiller head, and thried to jerrk it up, as ye'd draw a pump-boult wid a handspike—an not doin much that way, down he dhropped on his marrer bones, and claps his shoulder under it. 'Oh, you big Irish fool,' sis the skipper, an he run aft—"

"Let me ask one question, Dennis."

"Where'd be the use of denyin, when you'd axe, wedther or no!"

"Why the deuce didn't the skipper come sooner, when he saw Phelim cutting such qualms? He might have slapped her flat aback, and took out some of her light sticks."

"Don't be such a gossoon now, as to think all this took as long as it does me to tell it. The skipper kem as quick as he could, an laid hoult of the thiller, an—"

"What became of Phelim?"

"Oh, the next thing the b'y remimbers at all, is that he found himself in the lee scuppers—he couldn't exac'ly tell how 'twas he kem there, but the sate of his trowsis was lame for a mont aftherwards. All hands

set to bodtherin Phelim, an a stout b'y like him wouldn't stan that you see. The blood of the O'Donahoes, I'm that blood meself, by my modther's side—"

"Oh, blast your mother!"

"Its too bad that, Benjie—if it was a man had said that same, I'd raise a mousin over his eye 'ud be a beauty spot for a twalmont."

"I didn't mean so, Dennis—your mother is the best woman in the four divisions of Ireland, no doubt."

"Och hone! Och hone! It's dead she is, but she was all that an more too. Well, if you didn't mane it, you didn't, an no more said. Phelim's blood was up, an he gev it to them betther than they sint; a nice gift of spache he had, an no wondther, seein he was an O'Donahoe, and they have always been remarkable for spaches—"

"Dying speeches?"

"To be sure—dyin or livin, livin or dead. What are ye laughin at, Benjie?"

"It would be a *hanging* matter to tell, Dennis."

"Kape it to yourself, thin. Phelim kicked up such a hullabaloo on the forekassel wid his red rag, that the captin kem forrud an tould him to be aisy. Wid that Phelim up an shook his two fists so near the captin's face that they stirred his whiskers—and thin they fell upon Phelim, the gang o' them, and put a pair of lace ruffles on his wrists, an stowed him away in the cable tier, betwane decks. He laid there four days, and thin the skipper knocked off his wristers, an tould him to go on deck an be quiet—an so he did. Well, that night, the skipper tould him he was a good-for-nothing booby, an sis he, 'I'll horrse ye, ye dirthy block'id, an worrk ye up.' Thin Phelim begun to show a bit o' the blood

iv an O'Donahoe agen, but the skipper sings out, 'steward, my irons!' and Phelim's Irish fell in a minnit. 'Now Phelim,' sis the skipper, sis he, 'I minded an Irish pinnant on the wedther clue of the maintopsil, jist you go up an bring it down, will ye?' It was darrk an—"

"How could the skipper see a rope-yarn aloft, in the dark?"

"Are you a fool intirely, Ben? Couldn't the skipper have sane it forenint the night kem? An barrin that, could'nt he see the eye iv a murphy, on the ryal thruck, in the night, if he wanted to sind a b'y up to cut it out, to worrk him? Well, Phelim crawled up the riggin, an it's careful he was to stick to it like a barnacle to a foul bottom. Divil a bit did he know where to look for the clue iv the topsil, in a darrk night; he'd a paped intil the captin's chist for it, soon as any way. He got to the futtock shrouds an there he stopped—till the skippers's mout opened agen, wid all sorts iv hard names for him. 'Oh murdther, Phelim O'Donahoe,' sis he to himself—"

"Who heard him?"

"'Oh murdther, where'll I findt he pinnant, wid Erin go Bragh, an a beautiful harp on it? Its not in this dirthy ship at all.' Jist then he felt a warrm breath at his ear, an a v'ice said—'go on the yard, Phelim, my son.' Wid that it was afeard he was. Ja!—Jasus he mint to holler, but a hand wid a glove to it stopped his mout, an it's hot that hand was, through the glove, an a nasty smell wid it, that took Phelim's breath away. 'Get out on the yard, you lubberly baste,' sis the skipper. 'An go on, my son,' sis the v'ice agin. 'O murdther,' sis Phelim, 'I can't holler, any way, for I'm struck spacheless—an I can't go out on that big ugly stick, for if I'd fall and dhrown, how would they wake Phelim

O'Donahoe?' Wid that he was lifted bodily, an divil a sowl could he see all the while, but his arrm felt like it had a hot sthring round it. The v'ice tould him where to find the clue iv the topsil, an out he crawled, bekase iv the fear he was in. 'An now,' sis Phelim, 'I'd like that pinnant they tould about.' The v'ice told him it was the ropeyarn. 'Have ye found the pinnant?' sis the skipper. The blood o' the O'Donahoes was up, an Phelim was makin up his mout to call the skipper a dirthy blackguard, for callin a sthray ropeyarn an Irish pinnant, whin the v'ice answers, 'Ay, ay, sirr!' 'Am I spakin or not?' sis Phelim to himself, for the v'ice sounded so much like his own beauthiful tongue, that he couldn't be sure. 'Come down wid yerself, thin,' sis the skipper, an 'ay, ay, sirr!' sis the v'ice again. 'Ah, well,' thought Phelim, 'Father Murrphy tould me iv the wondhers iv the dape, and this must be one o' those same; but whedther I sid ay or not, I'll be kapin my word, an go down.' Wid that he gets in, but whin he got to the bunt, what should he see but somebody settin there on his heels, wid a coil o' rope undher him, an a long black coat. 'It's a hurry ye're in,' sis black coat. 'Divil a word o' lie in that,' sis Phelim. 'Oh, but there is, though,' sis black coat. An sure enough there was, for Phelim found himself in no hurry at all, by rason that his legs wouldn't move undher him. 'Now, Phelim,' sis the v'ice, for that an the black coat was the same, 'ye tould the skipper a big lie ye did, whin ye passed yerself for a sayman wid Modther McGraw's jacket on. Ye're mine intirely, for its no absouloution ye'll get, an no priest widin a tousan mile o' ye.' Thin Phelim thried to say his prayers, but not an ave 'ud come to him; he'd left his bades in pawn wid

Modther McGraw, for a drap. whiskey, the wicked sowl. 'Come down!' sis the skipper. 'Ay, ay, sirr,' sis the v'ice agin. 'Will ye lit me spake at all?' sis Phelim. 'To me, as much as ye plaze,' sis the v'ice. 'I'll not do that thing,' sis Phelim. 'As ye plaze,' sis black coat; 'I'll wait as long as you;' an wid that he dhrew a pipe from his pouch, sthruck fire wid his knuckles, and wint to smokin. By an by, sis he, 'it's not your skin I'd like to be in, Phelim O'Donahoe; the skipper will bate you into moutfuls for a midge.' 'Let me go, thin,' sis Phelim; an the skipper hollered agin. Phelim thried to say, 'I can't,' but the words kem out of his mout, 'ay, ay, sir, direc'ly.' Thin the black coat coughed, an sid, 'bad luck to ye, Phelim, for makin me laugh; I got the smoke in my troat. Jis don't bodther yerrself an me too; I'll have ye any way, —will ye go wid me or no?' Wid that Phelim tought no, but it was yes whin it kem out iv his mout, an the ould un laughed agen. 'Now Phelim, I'll tell ye, ye shall go for this wunst, but I'll call for ye a year from this night—it's eight bells that's jist sthruck, an ye'll want to kape yer watch below sure—for it's that watch ye like bist. At eight bells a year hence, ye'll be ready?' Phelim sis 'yis,' for divil anodther word could he spake, an the ould un got up—an wid the coil iv rope that Phelim saw, he took tree turns round his body. 'You'll lave that?' sis Phelim. 'If ye'll want it,' sis the divil. Wid that he tossed him the ind, but Phelim dhropped it like a hot praty. 'Now,' sis the divil, 'I'll know you in a tousan; it's my mark you've got on yer fingers.'"

"But didn't he make a sailor of him?"

"To be sure; 'ud the ould un have Phelim no sailor,

wid his mark on him? Wid a very dacent bow, he bid Phelim good avenin, an put his pipe in his pouch. 'Stop,' sis Phelim, for he was a very perlite body, seein, like meself he was an O'Donahoe, 'stop,' sis he, 'you'll burrn yer pocket!' 'Oh,' sis the ould un, 'I don't mind thrifles,' an thin he was missin. Phelim kem down and the skipper had his mout made up for a jaw wid him—but instid, sis he,—'get out, Phelim O'Donahoe, for a scabby blackguard; if it's brimstone you rub yerself wid, kape away from me.' The next day Phelim took hoult like an ould hand—"

"Better than his master, I suppose."

"Altogedther. The divil can't be a complate sailor, by rason he daren't look aloft, but Phelim—"

"Got along nicely of course. Did the devil call for him?"

"To be sure—whin did the divil, or any odther credithor miss pay-day? Phelim bate all hands in saymanship for the year, and whin the time was nigh up, he stood at the hellum. He had turned the last glass, an all at wunst he let the vessel knock about like a crazy one. 'The divil is in her!' sis the skipper. 'Sure enough,' sis Phelim, an gev a big groan. 'It's at yer ould thricks ye are,' sis the skipper. 'I can't help that, sirr,' sis Phelim. 'Well thin, the divil fly away wid you, for a big booby as ye are,' sis the skipper. 'Oh, murdther! murdther! don't wish that,' sis Phelim, 'for it's jist the thing I'm afeard iv.' Jist thin there was a clattherin undther the top; the divil was shakin himself for a fly away wid Phelim—it was out that the sand was jist, an wid his pipe in his mout, the divil rested his elbows on his knees, an his chin on his hands, an waited for the minnit. 'Look there!' sis Phelim; an whin the skipper looked he saw the divil's

two burnin eyes, glaring at Phelim, like big balls of fire. 'Murdther! murdther! the glass is almost out intirely!' 'An thin what!' sis the skipper. 'The divil will fly away with Phelim O'Donahoe!' 'Is that the bargain? thin he don't fly wid you at all!'—an thin the skipper jerrked the glass out o' the binnacle, an broke it in two paces, an he gev one half a toss due Nort, an the odther Sout,—an sis he to the ould un, 'oh, you big black blackguard, off wid you! to h–ll wid you!'"

"Don't swear, Dennis."

"Well I won't, but that's what the skipper said. He tould him to go home agen—an where's the harrm in that? He gave a big howl, an flew away direc'ly, wid his pipe out intirely."

"Is that all, Dennis!"

"Every word—barrin that the backstays on bote sides were sthranded where his wings sthruck, an Phelim had a job iv the saymanship the divil larnt him, to mend his mischief afther him; an the paint on the top was smoked wid a nasty yeller, like the way Callao paints ship for us."

IN BOSTON HARBOR.

"We'll not get up the night, Ben, for I heard the pilot tell the captin he'd come to an anchor."

"I know it—too bad, ain't it, Dennis?"

"Kape cool, Benjamin darlint—yer modther'll do as well widout ye one night more, as she's done the twalmont an over."

"Yes, to be sure, but—"

The bustle of coming to, handing sails, &c. cut off our conversation. We lay at anchor, in sight of Boston,

and, by a little stretch of fancy, almost within hearing of the buzz and din of the city. It is the very dullest and most anxious hour of absence from home, the last one before communicating with friends on shore. All the hopes which have buoyed up the mind during the passage, become, particularly when tantalized as we were, "hopes deferred," and indeed "make the heart sick." One dreams of friends and happiness at home with a relish, and hugs the phantoms to his heart, while he knows the next hour cannot bring a "change o'er the spirit of his dream," and substitute unwelcome intelligence for happy anticipation. But when he is aware that a few hours, at the extent, will bring to him the substance of the shadows which have hung around, and almost conversed with him—or blight his dreams, with the information that one or more, perchance the dearest of his visions, are but visions of the departed—the possibility of the latter event is a bar to all happiness in contemplation of the immediate future. He is miserable—feverish with anxiety—hope an instant lulls—nay, excites him—and anon, he thrusts her smiling promises aside, contemning them as but aggravating and illusive precursors of the grief which awaits him. Who knows what friends have gone down to the grave, or with what countenance living friends will receive him? Who can anticipate the character of the welcome? Will it be warm? cold? or no welcome at all? Is she, the dearest, still the affectionate, confiding, or has she—

"'Oh, whack! Judy O'Flanagan!'"

Bah! Why, Mr Benjamin Fiferail, that is a pretty exclamation, after such an affecting strain as you played us. I verily began to look for my pocket-handkerchief.

I know it, my dear reader, (you are a lady, for a dozen,) but it's just the exclamation Dennis uttered, as he clapped me on the shoulder, and I could forgive it easier than the blow. I was leaning over the rail, soliloquizing "just that way," when his fist came down upon me, like a blow from a pile-driver.

"What do you mean?"

"To scatther the blue divils, jist. Divil a bit nearer ye'll get to the shore, for stannin an countin the staples."

We adjourned to the forecastle.

"Well," said Bill, "I'm glad we're 'ome agen."

"No you ain't to home, by a darned sight," said our Greenhorn, a regular-built Yankee. A year's salt-water washing had not eradicated the marks of his origin, —but the bits of salt which adhered to him only made his Yankee peculiarities stand out in better relief. "No you ain't to home, by a darned sight. I guess there's as much odds as difference between our city of Boston, and your tarnal smoky towns of London and Liverpool."

"Oh, shut yer mout, bote iv yez, an no lip about counthries, at all. London an Liverpool, an Boston, bote iv 'em, isn't to be mentioned in the same day wid our beauthiful Dublin."

"Talkin about cities, guess you never *was* up where I come from. Sich a place—growin town—don't see one like it in every day's ride, by as much as tew chalks."

"Some bit iv a bog, wid a matin-house on the edge iv it—murdther! what a name for a church!"

"Get aout! America *is* like Ireland I don't think. Tell you what 'tis, Dennis, we don't have no bogs here—they are all mill-privileges—miles of gals—fine as silk —speculation—hurra-a! Let Aminadab Sawyer show

his face in that neighborhood, an if he don't cut a swathe, I calk'late 'taint many fellers that can."

"What'll ye be afther doin in the bush?"

"Dewin? Why, fust go off, on goes my claw-hammer jacket—"

"Hould on, Amminy, what's that?"

"My long-taile l l lue.

"Oh, yer coat—it's too salt for me you are, altogedther. Well?"

"'Mister Pimento,' ses I, 'jest put the tacklin on that old critter o' yourn.' An then, ses I, 'C-e-e-iup yer long tail! or you'll git a taste o' the long-tailed oats, I'm thinkin.'"

"Long hoats? That's the corn Cobbet told 'em 'ow to plant."

"Cobbett? Is he British?"

"Yes."

"Don know him. Guess he never was up our way, cause I never hearn tell of a man o' that name gittin a lickin there."

"Getting a whippin! I don't see 'ow that proves hany think."

"You don't! Well, jest look here a brace of shakes. As Squire Jones used to say, the case lays in a nut-shell. If Cobbin, or any other tarnal foreign Englishman, was to undertake to show aour folks how to plant their corn, I reckon they wouldn't call a meetin to take the sense o' the town, afore they gin him an almighty thrashin. So, seein nobody o' that name has been licked, I take it that nobody never undertook to teach nobody how to plant their corn."

"Oh, your hignorance excuses you."

"*Hignorance!* Well, now look here, Bill British. If

you'd a ever seen Noah Webster's Dictionary, you wouldn't a called ignorance, hignorance. Oh, git aout!"

"Hignorant, or hignorant, it's hall the same hany way, an it's just what spells your name."

"Now none o' your darned insinivations—right here under the guns of Fort Independence, tew! If I was President Jackson, I'd make a law that there shouldn't no more Englishmen come over. Ignorant! Why, 'od rot an darn ye to darnation, look here!"

Here Aminadab Sawyer twiched up the cover of his chest, dove under his clothes and "curiosities," hauled out a tin box, opened it with the triumphant air of an advocate who has discovered a poser for his antagonist, and handed it to Bill.

"There!" said he, poking his finger at it, as if he feared it would bite, "jest you take partic'lar notice of what's on that piece of paper, an then say I'm ignorant if you think it's wholesome. Right side up, if *you* please. Why, can't you read without spellin it aout?"

"I don't see what I'm to do with your protection."

"Protection! Well, if Parson Monotonous, and Squire Jones, and Reuben Pimento, Abijah Speedwell, Rehoboth Hunt, and Jeroboam Hough, Selackmen of the town of Cedarville, wouldn't a haw-haw-ed to hear that, I miss my guess. Protection! why, you darned etarnal fool, that's my character!"

"Ho, ay, from your last place of sarvice."

"Sarvice! a free-born American citizen of these United States go to sarvice!—it's enough to make a minister swear, an I *will* swear—damn it!"

"Take care, boy—take care—don't damn me."

"I didn't—I didn't—I damned *it*—don't you know grammar?"

"Oh, jist stop yer blather," said Dennis, interposing, "hould yer brawlin, an be paceable, jist at home, as we are. Rade that paper, Aminydab, an thin tell us about Sayderville."

"Yes; 'Mr Pimento,' ses I, 'put yer tacklin on the hoss—'"

"Botheration, b'y, don't be tuckin away that paper. If indade an indade you are not ignorant, as Bill here sis, let's know it. It's meself that have doubts—you must rade the paper, wedther or no."

"Why, a feller don't really like altogether, to read a paper out loud, that ses right out, pint blank, that he's ony one notch below the master," stammered Aminadab, with a sort of a do-coax-me-to look. Dennis understood it.

"Niver mind, thin, Aminydab, we'll not hurt yer falins that way—lave alone radin it, an tell us what ye'll do at home."

But Aminadab, with his voice pitched an octave above his usual tone, had already commenced with a nasal twang, and without regard to such trifles as punctuation and inflections of the voice, he sang through the following certificate :—

"This is to certify, that Aminadab Sawyer is a lad of good moral walk and conversation, and has deported himself in such wise, by attention to his studies, as to merit the approbation of his instructor. DILWORTH ACCIDENCE."

"I certify, that to the best of my knowledge and belief, the above is the character of Mr Sawyer.

SAVED-BY-GRACE MONOTONOUS,
Minister of the Gospel."

"We conquer in the above.

REUBEN PIMENTO,
ABIJAH SPEEDWELL,
REHOBOTH HUNT,
JEROBOAM HOUGH,
} *Selectmen of Cedarville*."

"Whereas, the respectable gentlemen whose names are above signed and affixed, have seen fit to give the young man, Aminadab Sawyer, their endorsement and approval, I have no hesitation in affixing my own: Provided always, that my signature, so signed, affixed and appended, shall not be construed into any warranty for reparation of any mischief, damage, or breach of trust, which he, the said Aminadab, may commit after the date of these presents, or which he may have committed prior hereto.

ARTEMAS JONES,
Counsellor and Attorney at Law."

"Cedarville, December 1st, 18—."

"What d'ye think o' that for a recommend—guess it'll carry me a'most any where, hey?"

"It strikes me that Squire Jones is rather apocryphal."

"Guess he is, faith—rather goes ahead of the minister in most things—sich a recommend as his'n isn't to be had every day. Worth a trifle to me, isn't it?"

"You'll take it in your pocket, and apply for a mate's berth next voyage, won't you, Aminadab?"

"Shouldn't wonder if I did—don't tell every body what I mean to dew. One voyage is enough to learn a feller like me seamanship—know the craft all fore an aft. Wouldn't give a feller a certificate on that pint, would ye Mister Fiferail?"

"I think you had better ask the captain."

"You don't! Why, do you know he's a *leetle* mite too much stuck up for my money? Feels his oats—amazin'ly."

"As how?"

"Had a cegar one night, real Spanish, not half smoked. Six bells, second mate sung out, 'hold the reel!'—run aft—"

"Smoking?"

"Sartin—wa'n't a goin to throw away a cegar't I paid a cent for. Says the captain, says he, 'throw that

nasty thing overboard.' An so I did—couldn't disobey orders, you know. But that wa'n't all. Says he, 'ef ever you come aft smokin agin, I'll smoke you.' Then agin, t'other mornin, stood at the hellum—old man come up, peeped all round at the weather,—'pleasant day, captain,' says I. 'Who told you to speak?' says he. Oh no, Mister Fiferail, couldn't think o' askin *him* for a recommend."

"Who told you to Mister me to-night? Never heard you do it before?"

"Didn't? Well, I allers thought I did."

"An so, me darlint, you mane to come Paddy over him, do ye? Hould on a bit, an I'll give ye a caracther; an if Ben here'll put it on the paper, it'll be the makin iv ye."

"'Greed."

"In the first place, say his protection is iv no use till him at all, by rason there's no disputin he's a regular Yankee."

"Good, stop a minit. I say, *you* Bill British, can't we trade?—sell the protection out an out for fifty cents, an take an order on the cap'n. Good as new—never used it—cost me more, a darned sight, considerin time an all. What next?"

"Say he's like a grane dhry stick, cut off iv the bush an dhried wid the barrk on, so he's not so grane as he looks, an a dale betther man than his modther."

"Oh git aout! You're makin a fool of a feller."

"Divil a bit, my b'y wid a hard name, the Lord has saved us that throuble. Say he's always first on the topsil yarrd, an sticks to the bunt like a sailor; an that he's a capithal hand a-boarrd—"

"That's the thing!"

"To kape bread from mouldin."

"I'll be darned if I stand that; it's no kind of a recommend at all."

"Well, thin, it's the bist we can do for ye; an seein you don't like it, you must do as Benjie tould ye—go to the skipper."

"'Spose you think I'm 'fraid tew. Aint by a long ways. I'm as good as he, an my father was as good a man as his'n. Free country—guess I aint beholden to him."

"Bravo! ye're a lad of spirit, to be sure, but don't let it be all talk. I'd like to see you in yer own town, I would, cuttin a swell an astonishin yer modther. But ye niver was to say afore?"

"No."

"I tought as much, an I shouldn't think you'd been at all, if I didn't know it—don't get mad, it's only bekase it sits aisy on you. Will ye know how to carry sail whin ye get ashore?"

"Guess I shall."

"Oh, but you won't though. Harrk while we tell ye."

"You must clap a patch o' tar on your helbows and on your trowsers."

"Thrue, that's better nor a recommind. Whin you see yer modther, you must say—'damn it, my ould un, how d'ye wedther it?'"

"Yes, and if a breeze comes up, sing hout, 'ello, hold lady, hunreeve your bed-cords, and let's send down the chimblies.'"

"An harkee, don't forget what I'll tell ye, now. Remimber, no thrue sailor will slape widout the roar iv the ocean is in his ears—"

"Gorry, but they hain't got no sign of an ocean up to Cedarville."

"Niver mind, put yer modther out doors wid a quart pot an a bucket iv wather, an tell her to trow it on the windy."

"Now look here, you tuke me for a nateral fool—jist git your land-tacks aboard—"

"That's it," and Dennis lent him a slap on the back as he spoke; "that's it, me darlin—you spake like somebody now—"

"Well, you needn't pound a feller to death—aint a chokin. You come up to Cedarville, and I'll show you the lay of the land, I guess."

"Bravo! again. We'll do that thing, I and Ben Fiferail."

"All hands! up anchor, ahoy!"

LAND TACKS ABOARD.

"Now, Benjie, lay us alongside o' that shop door, han'somely."

"Whoa!"

"Misther Amini—Am—spake it, Benjie—divil burrn me if I can."

"Do you know a Mr Aminadab Saywer in this town?"

"Why, do you want to see him?"

"Now what 'ud he ask the question for if he didn't? Why don't ye say yes or no, an done wid it?"

"'Cause I thought if he did want to see him, might find him up to Squire Jones's, where he's gone to fix his bucket rope."

"No, he aint there, Mr Pimento," said another; "told me he'd done the bucket-rope, an was gwine up

to the meetin'us to *overhaul* the bell-rope, as he calls it. Says 'taint safe."

"Oh it isn't!" said Dennis, giving me a punch; "did he tell the razon?"

"Yes—said it might carry away the sax'n if 'twant looked arter, an he wonders 'tasn't afore now."

Dennis threw himself back and his open mouth paralleled the chaise top—a front view of the mouth inside the chaise would have suggested, to a man with large comparison, the idea of a nest of measures. The horse started at the sudden jerk of the shafts, but when a loud and indescribable laugh issued from the open portal of Dennis's head, the poor beast was astonished—he pricked one ear, then the other, then found his legs—and the way he dashed down Main Street, Cedarville, was a "caution to parents"—at least so said the next Cedarville Universal Advertiser.

The gang about the store, and the people who started out on either side of the road, made all sorts of noises, charitably intended to stop the horse, no doubt, but serving the usual purpose of frightening him, and doubling his speed. The reins we had lost, as they lay lightly over the dasher at the time of starting, and went overboard before I could clutch them. On he went—

> "Faster and faster *went*,
> Faster and faster—"

till, just as I was about laying out on his back to get him by the head, his speed slackened, and his pace began to resemble that of a—*wheelbarrow following* a man—two legs before and but one rest behind—or a dog lame of one hind leg—a step and a hop. At length he stopped short, and all of his body abaft the fore shoulders began to reel starboard and larboard, short

and quick, like a boat in the short sea in the wake of a steamboat's wheels. I never saw a horse cut such qualms before, and never hope to again.

"Oh, d—n the baste!" said Dennis; a purty dance he's led us, to be sure; but he's tired of pigin wings, an now he's takin the rockin step!" Here Dennis knelt down in the bottom of the chaise, and peeped over the dasher. "Oh murdther, Ben, it's no wondther he stopped; his hawse is foul—there's two turns and a half hitch round his legs wid the reins."

At this moment Aminadab Sawyer ran up, and undertook to seize our horse by the bitts. Bucephalus shook his head, threw up his heels—sent a piece of the dasher flying into the air, taking Dennis's face as it ascended—and then down we went, Dennis O'Dogherty, Benjamin Fiferail, horse, chaise and all, in a heap, as the devil found six pence.

The crowd who gathered about us soon raised the horse—Dennis and I picked ourselves up; and the wreck inspected, two shafts and the dasher carried away, I had time to look after my shipmate, who stood at a short distance, his head down, and operating upon both eyes at once, with his hands. "My God!" cried I, as I looked up in his face, "how much *are* you hurt? Your face is all blood and dirt; are your teeth knocked down your throat?"

"My eye! my eye!"

"If his eye is injured," said the village doctor, bustling up, "immediate and skilful treatment is necessary—a—"

"Got the hoss made fast," said Aminadab; "guess you'd better walk right into aour house."

And accordingly the doctor and I walked Dennis into Mrs Sawyer's best room, set him in a chair in the middle of it, and kept out all but twenty of the crowd, which number were admitted to assist. At each of the open windows were three tiers of heads, piled one above another, gaping with open mouths at Dennis, as he sat with both hands up as at first; or responding in low groans, and such cheering prophecies as "he'll never see again!" or "he won't live through it!" to the poor devil's constant exclamation, "Och, murdther! my eye! my eye!"

The doctor opened his case of instruments, and spread them upon the table. "Mrs Sawyer, a bowl of water. Injuries to the eye (here he raised himself, and assumed a declamatory attitude,) should only be approached by regular physicians. (An awful squint at a Thomsonian, whose head hung in at the window.) Now some linen, for compresses and bandages, if you please, Mrs Sawyer. If the Cornea should be so injured, ('hear! hear!' from several, and 'how does he know it's the corner?' from the steam doctor,) if the Cornea should be injured, and the Vitrous Humor have escaped—"

"Och, murdther! my eye! my eye!"

"Don't be frightened, my friend;—if the Vitrous Humor have escaped, the sight is gone, and the Chrystalline Lens will have dropped so as to appear only half visible above the lower lid, or at one corner. (Wipes his probe, and examines the eye of the instrument.) In that case, there will be tremendous pain in the optic nerve, extending back to the brain;—does your head ache? My good woman, why don't you prepare the compresses?"

"Want a compass?—got one here to my watch-chain," said Aminadab.

"No, no. (Lays down probe and takes up scalpel.) It may be a mere injury of the lid, and it will only be necessary to remove a bit of the flesh, (wipes and lays down scalpel and takes up forceps,) or possibly a splinter may have entered the flesh, or possibly the Cornea, or—"

"My eye! my eye!"

"We will first treat it with *aqua pura*,—have you it here, good woman?"

"No, but I'll send 'Minadab right to the 'pothecaries, if you'll set it down."

"Send him to the pump—oh, here it is, all ready. ('Gorry,' said the Steamite, 'why didn't the consumed fool say water, an done with it?') Now take down your hands, Mr—eh—"

"O'Dogherty," said I.

"Mr O'Dogherty. Take away your hands."

"Och, murdther! the way I'm in!"

Dennis had kept his hands tight to his eyes during the whole scene, and the strength of two or three of us was necessary to remove them. We held his arms out by main strength, the spectators breathing audibly the while, and the Steamite, unable longer to keep himself at a distance, jumped in at the window, and took the bowl of water out of Mrs Sawyer's hands.

The doctor wiped the face just under the eyes, which Dennis kept closed so tight that his head trembled. Then he waited to see if there was a flow from them, just as I had seen Dennis himself wipe a quart pot suspected of leaking. There was no fresh flow, not even

of tears. The doctor looked disappointed, but the disciple of Thomson smiled maliciously.

"Go over the whole face wid yer swab," said Dennis; and I thought I began to see something like a smile in *his* face.

The washing away of the dust, now caked on, revealed two slight bruises, one on the nether jaw, the other on the bridge of the nose. "*Bad case*, I guess, doctor," said Steamite. The doctor looked more awfully important.

"It may be an internal injury; regular practitioners never are in haste to pronounce a patient out of danger."

"Guess they ain't, faith!" said Steamite. There was the same watching the corners of the mouth that the eyes had undergone. The doctor scratched his head.

"Is my face clane now?" said Dennis.

"Yes; and if you'll open your eyes, and let us see—"

"Oh, they've done smartin, an I'll do that thing—" and he disengaged his hands, sprung to his feet, placed his arms akimbo, and leered into the two doctors' faces. "Ain't I a good lookin felly, any way?"

"Eh-em!" said Steamy, "none but regular-bred physicians should approach such delicate operations—so I'm off." The women gazed in astonishment that Dennis's eyeballs did not fall out, and he improved the opportunity thus afforded, to take an accurate survey of all their faces. The doctor disappeared, and the only intelligence direct or indirect (he did not send his bill,) that I ever had of him afterward, was from seeing the village watch-maker straightening the probe which was bent by being packed in a hurry.

The recovery of Dennis's eye-sight was no sooner announced, and the guard taken from the door, than there was a rush into the room from the outside. "Where's the sailor feller?" "*Is* his eyes good?" "Where's Dr Bolus?" "Why, I take it," said the Steamite, "Dr Bolus is *non est inventus* as the mineral doctors say—he'll be scarce hereabouts for a while, I reckon." Here he led off, in a horse laugh at the discomfiture of his rival, and all present joined in the chorus. Dennis tried in vain to make his escape—a little embarrassed, at first, in being thus lionized in spite of himself. Soon recovering, he mounted a chair, and made demonstrations of an intention to speak.

"Stan' back, men," said he; "aisy if you plaze—jist gev us fair play. Now, what'll ye be afther, shipmates? Is it because ye niver saw a man before? Oh, shame on yez now—'ud ye have a felly kilt first, and smodthered to death aftherward?"

But, like Haydn's undertaking to play a congregation out of church, the more Dennis begged them to be off, the more and more they crowded up to him—and the crowd increased rather than diminished, as the news was on the fly, that a sailor had both eyes kicked out by a horse, and was lying at the point of death at Mrs Sawyer's, attended by three doctors and two ministers. The broken chaise at the door arrested all who had by any chance not heard the news, and in they turned to Mother Sawyer's—all charitably bent on rendering the assistance usual in such cases of bruises or wounds—viz. finishing the sufferer, by shutting off all air from him. It began to be uncomfortable.

"Benjie," said Dennis, in a whisper, (I stood at his elbow,) "how'll I scatther 'em? We'll be screwed here

direc'ly, like a bale iv cotthon. Ah! I have it. Misther Sawyer! (aloud) Misther Sawyer! If ye're near the door, jist stip down cellar, an clap a shore undher the deck. *Be aisy jontlemin, the floor won't fall this tree minnits*—clap up two shores, Misther Sawyer! *Don't bodther yerselves bein in a hurry now*—Misther Sawyer, pass the word along for the docthor an his loblolly b'ys —*don't be flusthered now, jontlemin*—there'll be broken bones here direc'ly—*don't be frightened, men, don't be goin off in a huff! stop, an I'll tell ye all about my wouns an bruises!* Oh, but it's no use—divil a one'll stop now I coax 'em to, but whin I tould 'em to be off, they were for stayin a wake. Och, but I'm tired."

"How are your eyes, Dennis?"

"Nicely, Benjamin; it's a bit dust was in 'em."

"Why the deuce didn't you say so?"

"Bekase I tought I'd let the blundherin fool iv a docthor operate." Here Aminadab entered.

"Well, shipmates, got the rack o' your craft inter dock."

"Ye have, have ye?—well, Aminy, jist tell us how the sax'n is."

"Well enough, I guess, why—aint got a job for him?"

"I'll tell ye, me darlin. Whin Benjie here asked for ye at the store, they tould him you said the bell-rope 'ad carried away the sax'n, an—"

"Darned fools! I didn't—ony said the bell-rope might git carried away, if 'twan't overhauled. Say, mother, ha'n't got no cold grub in the locker, have ye?"

"Any what?"

"Any grub in the closet?"

"Do you mean to insult me, right afore strangers?

Closets swept three times a day, and washed out once a week! 'Taint likely there's grubs in 'em—"

"Oh don't get into a puncheon, mother—guess a flour-barrel would hold you—"

"*Grubs* in my closet!"

"Ony want somethin to eat—"

"Well, ef you want to eat grubs, better go where you can find 'em—aint none here, I promus you." And out of the room she bounced.

While the old lady was getting over her pet in the kitchen, there was a tap at the door, and a gentleman, inquiring for Mr O'Dogherty, was shown into the room. "Mr O'Dogherty?"

"Barrin the handle, O'Dogherty is my name—Dennis O'Dogherty."

The visiter took a piece of paper from his hat, looked in Dennis's face, then at the paper, then at my friend's arms, and again at the paper. "Beg your pardon, sir, you can't be Mr O'Dogherty,—a—"

"Is it my name ye'd swear me out iv?"

"Why, your eyes are both there!"

"To be sure."

"Are none of your limbs broken."

"Divil a one, to me knowledge."

"Are you sure that you are not internally injured?"

"I can't swear to that, as I hav'n't turned meself inside out."

"And you are perfectly well, then?"

"Divil a word o' lie in that—but what'll be makin ye look so sorry about it? Oho, my dear, I smoke it—ye're the healt officer, an 'ud like to know wedther to sind us to quarantine or not—I'll show ye I'm sound direc'ly."

I threw myself on a chair in an agony of laughter, while Dennis fell to practising some of the strangest gymnastics I ever witnessed. He beat his sides with both hands, jumped from the floor to a chair, and back again, and twisted himself into all manner of shapes. "An now," said he, "will ye gev me a clane bill iv healt? What are ye laughin at, Ben?"

"What have *you* been kicking about in this style for, Dennis?"

"I niver was quarantined but once, an that was in the ship Mentor, and the docthor made me knock about jist that way."

"But he's no doctor—there's no quarantine here, fifty miles in the bush!"

"Is it true that Ben sis?"

"Oh yes sir, that is, I'm no doctor."

"Well thin, bad luck to yer imperdence, for quizzin me that way—who are ye at all?"

"I'm editor—"

"Edithur?"

"Yes, of the Cedarville Universal Advertiser, and hearing of your accident, was anxious to obtain a correct account, for, as has been well remarked, a lie will travel leagues, sir, while truth is putting on his boots, and I always like to be careful not to abuse the public mind—publish a large weekly impression, and daily increasing—"

"What does all this mane?"

"He's a printer, Dennis,—prints a newspaper."

"Well, thin, he's a right, no doubt, to ivery body's business. Jist say in your next paper, that I'm kilt entirely. Now be off wid yerself."

During all this conversation there had been a constant passing under the windows. "Never," as the editor would say, "within the memory of the oldest inhabitant" had the excitement been paralleled, of which Widow Sawyer's house was now the focus. I noticed one man who passed and repassed fourteen times, looking into the window, each way. At length Mrs Sawyer called us into the kitchen, where she had provided, better than the "cold grub" Aminadab bespoke.

"Tried to coax the old lady to make some lob-skous," said Aminadab, "but she wouldn't, nor tech to. Don't know whether you can eat this, or not."

"Wait a bit, Aminy, an afther supper, we'll tell ye."

A tap at the door. The conversation was audible where we sat.

"Won't want a watcher to night, *Miss* Sawyer? I heerd the sailor man was out of his head, an took three men to hold him."

Dennis's lower jaw fell.

"Oh no, Mr Hough, he's quite well."

"Got a lewcid interval, hey? He'll be tearin mad, when he comes tew."

"Will he, by J——s! Thin it's yer own d——d imperdint tongue he'll tear out!"

Jeroboam Hough, Selectman of Cedarville, did not wait to see how Dennis looked in a passion. "What kind of a bloody plaish is this at all?" said Dennis, as he came back from the door. "First they're for pickin out a felly's eyes, thin for puttin him in the paper, thin for puttin him in the mad-'us! Oh, to the divil I pitch Sayderville, an all that belongs till it!"

"Be calm, Dennis, be calm. The doctor was moved by kindness for you—"

"So is the ould aigle, that picks out yer eyes for her young, Benjie."

"Then the newspaper-man hasn't had a chance for a paragraph before, for a year, and—"

"Oh, yes he has," interrupted Aminadab. "Guess Mr Pimento's barn burnin down last night 'll give him a chance for a pretty middlin long story. They *do* say 'twas sot a-fire."

"A jintleman, the felly that did it. I like that, but it's betther it 'ud plazed me, if it 'ad burned down the whole parish—a divil's den as it is. We'll look to that barn afther supper, Benjie, an return thanks over it."

Mother Sawyer rolled up her eyes in astonishment. The "tea-things were not cleared away" before all the male and female gossips in Cedarville were in possession of Dennis's table-talk, with notes explanatory and additional.

* * * * * *

"This here court stands 'journed over to the vestry of the meetin'us."

"To what time, your honor?"

"Oh, right away—havn't room enough here, an all my blanks says to my dwellin house, so I ony sot here to adjourn." Dennis and myself were walked to the vestry, in charge of one constable, two or three specials, and the posse, and placed in the elder's seats, which, for the time, were made the bar. We had been called up at daylight, and arrested, the same officer serving subpœnas on Mrs Sawyer and her son. Jeroboam Hough, who, in addition to being a *slackman*, wrote himself "*Gustus Pease*," read the complaint, setting forth that "Benjamin Fiferail and Dennis O'Dogherty, mariners, did, on the night of the 20th instant, against

the peace of God and the Commonwealth, wantonly, maliciously and with evil intent, with fire and combustibles, set fire to, and cause to burn, the barn known as Mr Reuben Pimento's, to the great danger of the good people of the commonwealth, and against the statute in such cases made and provided;" or other words to that amount, which I do not pretend to remember accurately.

"Now, prisoners, hold up your right hands—you severally and solemnly—"

"May it please the honorable Court, I believe it isn't usual to swear the defendants," said Squire Jones, half rising.

"I ha'n't examined the 'thorities, but I thought in a case like this—"

"It is contrary to all usage, sir, and—"

"The Court won't submit to be ruled by its attornies—"

"I was not aware, sir, that petty Justices—"

"I'll commit you, sir, for contempt!"

Jones looked up a moment astonished—then a smile took possession of his features, such a smile as Pygmalion might have sported, if Pandora had proved a fool instead of the bewitching creature she turned out—or, to come down into plain English, he looked as a master shipwright might, who should, upon launching his craft, perceive she had a heel. The Justice's commission was obtained for him, by and through Jones's exertions and influence, and there was no little shame mingled with the anger he felt, at the stupidity of the magistrate of his own creation.

The justice decided to waive the ceremony of swearing us, and proceeded, after swearing, to examine the witnesses, the first two or three of whom testified with

much hesitation and solemnity, that the prisoners came into town in a chaise the day before! Mother Sawyer followed their testimony with a relation of Dennis's conversation at the table, with some original additions, and the whole was wound up with the damning evidence, that we certainly were on or about the spot, on the night *after* the fire. Dennis and I could hardly keep our countenances during the farce—he indeed did not, or his tongue either, but continually interrupted the proceedings with such exclamations as—"a tundherin lie!" "Is it fools ye all are?" "Oh, murdther!" —but we declined putting any questions to the witnesses. At the conclusion of the testimony, Mr Jones inquired, in an under-tone, of Dennis, "can't you prove an alibi?"

"To be sure I can prove it a lie, ivery word iv it!"

"But can't you show where you was on the night of the fire?"

"Faith an I can, the very house, if any body wil. go there wid me."

"No, no! you don't understand—can't you bring witnesses here to prove you were not in Cedarville?"

"Benjie, here a bit,"—and he whispered.

"No, no!" said I; "don't bring *her* here. There's no need of it."

"Harkee—is it a lawyer ye are?"

"Yes."

"Divil a friend have I but that—an as far as that goes, wid his brodther, if ye like the family—"

"And that," said I, following suit with another *rag*.

"May it please the honorable Court," said Jones, thrusting his hand in his vest pocket as he jumped up—

"Are you for the Commonwealth or the criminals?"

"I am for the defendants, sir—"

"Well, didn't know how you was gwine to jump."

"The law, sir, calls no man a criminal till his guilt is proved; and I am confident, sir, of the innocence of my clients, sir," and away he went, thrashing the witnesses like mad, ripping up their evidence, and poking sundry dry thrusts at the justice. Our battery had touched his pocket nerve. But it all availed nothing—Justice Hough placed his fore-finger on his nose—"guilt wa'n't proved, nor innocence nyther—responsibility of a magistrate—higher court—recognisance—"

"So you bind them over, do you?"

"Yes—eh—"

"You a *Justice?*—a d—d stupid fool!" And Jones slapped his volume of Reports down on the table with a will that added a report to the volume of documents, more like that of a six-pounder, than a "Commonwealth *vs.* ———."

"Yes, in the several sums—"

"Will your *honor* suspend proceedings a moment?"

An animated *sotto voce* conversation between the sprig of law and the withered branch of justice, was followed by the annunciation from the bench, that, no sufficient proof having been found against us, we were *discharged* without bail! Knowing, from circumstances, the relative position of magistrate and attorney, this sudden turn did not surprise me at all—and the villagers, good honest souls, only thought that the attorney had made the case clearer to his honor.

"Is it all through now?"

"Yes."

"An Benjie, is the vahecle at the door?"

"Yes."

"We are innoshent, you say?"

"Oh yes, sartinly."

"Well, I wish I could say as much for yerself—ye bloody ould Turk, an wayfarin tief an highwayman! Ar'n't ye ashamed o' yerself, to bodther a dacint man this way? May the sharks get yer dirty body, an the divil yer sowl!—that's my blessin. Good afthernoon, Misther Sawyer, an if I throuble yer town agen, cut me up for junk, an lay me up in tumb-line. I'll stay at home, an get dhrunk wid Bill British first."

Paying for the repairs of our chaise, we rode off—leaving the lawyer and justice in a consultation, whether Dennis could be arrested for contempt of court, in insulting the magistrate after the court had adjourned, and whether, in case of the illegality of that measure, an action for assault could not be made to lie.

A LAMENT.

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO THE WRITERS AND READERS OF "SONNETS," "LINES," ETC.

I.

In memory enshrined
  PAULINA, still thou art;
For thee, a nameless fluttering
  Bedevils my poor heart—
At the mention of thy name,
  I think I'm with thee still,
Till the monster, cold Reality
  Throws o'er my dreams a chill.

II.

Alas! that there should be
  Such a cruel thing as space!
And twice alas! that it should find
  'Twixt you and me a place,
A continent in length,
  And as the sea profound!
E'en as the waters of that sea,
  My tears for thee abound!

III.

Alas! that Father Time
  Is always in such haste—
He would not wait for you and me,
  But like the devil raced!
Says he, "the time has come
  PAULINE and you must part!"
Says I, "we must!" and oh! it went
  Ill nigh to break my heart!

IV.

In ancient Lima, where
The River Rimac flows ;
Where the turkey-buzzard lives on what
PAULINE to the gutter throws ;
Where the palace and the church
Are glittering in gold—
My heart's ador-ed kept a bar,
And *agua diente* sold.

V.

The compound that I taught
Her fairy hands to make,
From any other hands than hers
Alas ! I cannot take !
No ! punch no more for me !
Ah rather let me freeze,
Than warm with glass for which her hands
Did not the lemons squeeze !

VI.

I've come to the intent,
In agony of soul,
Forthwith to let the Temp'rance folks
My name as theirs enrol.
Spirit of sweet PAULINE,
As thou dost o'er me hover,
Be witness that no punch but thine,
Is tasted by thy lover.

DIRECTIONS

TO ENABLE A MAN TO PRACTISE MEDICINE SUCCESSFULLY.

A FAIR understanding of the end to be gained by a direction, is always to be attained before it is followed. To an unenlightened man, one upon whom no corner of the mantle of Hygeia has fallen, the object of this essay may seem, at first sight, obvious enough—"to teach the successful practice of medicine." But the candidate for the honors of the lancet and gallipot, should learn that successful practice, as applied to the doctor and to the patient, has two widely different acceptations. With the patient, it means successful deliverance from such portion of the "ills which flesh is heir to," as may afflict him—with the doctor, it means a successful removal of the deposites, from the purse of the unfortunate wight whose lot it is to be bled by him, to his own pocket. With the patient we have not to do, but, consigning him to the students of *our* school, with a hope that he is blessed with a constitution fit to repel the effects of all the contents of Pandora's box—to the would-be doctor we address ourself.

If you have been unfortunate enough to get an acquaintance with the classics, or as much as a smattering of Latin, conceal it. Abjure all knowledge of such heathenish palaver, and do not, as you value your prospect of success, presume to utter a word of it. You might as well talk treason, or preach heresy, as quote

Latin. It is a vile language, fit only for book-doctors and mineral prescribers.

Contrive in some way to shock the good sense of the regular faculty, and get denounced as a quack. Such disapproval is a sure passport to fame. If you can make it appear that you are persecuted, sick people will call upon you from sympathy.

Never be tender about interfering with another physician's practice. Nobody observes such matters of punctilio but the regular faculty, from whom you must be as dissimilar as possible. Use no minerals—or, if you should, swear that all the articles in your *Materia Med*—tut! we are breaking our own rule—all your *doctor's stuffs*, we mean, are herbs, notwithstanding. When you are called in to another's patient, condemn his practice, at all events. If you should find a prescription in the room, roll up your eyes, and wonder, aloud, that what the patient has already taken of such p'ison, has not killed him! If it should be "Syrup Scillæ," swear it is a mineral, throw it out at the window, and administer a dose of Squills. So in other cases.

Profess "Natural Knowledge" of medicine. You will thus gain, on the part of your victims, the reputation of having taken the art the *natural* way, and as an epidemic thus taken is more virulent than when given by vaccination, you will be deemed the more skilful physician. If the faculty denounce you as a *natural*, so much the better.

If you ride, drive as if fleeing the gallows. If you walk, stride over the ground, like Peter Schemil in his seven league boots. "Haste makes waste" of nothing but your patients' health and dollars.

Never cite medical books as authority. If you wish to appeal to precedent, or to electrify a nurse with your wisdom, relate cases in your previous practice. You may do this the first week.

Advertise largely. This answers a double purpose. To the printer it is hush-money, preventing an exposure of your quackery. The gullible part of the public swallow your advertisements even easier than your medicines —the former cost them nothing.

If a patient should happen to survive your treatment, get a certificate of a cure from him, with leave to use it. If poor, charge him nothing, if wealthy, be very reasonable. You will not often be called upon to exhibit such generosity, and the estates of those who unfortunately die under your hands, will make you amends. Dead men dispute no charges.

Lay all deaths at the door of the mineral doctors. This you can generally do with safety, as most of your calls will be to give the *coup de grace* to those who dismiss a regular practitioner to call you in. If you have charge of the patient from the beginning, to the end which will usually follow your practice, give out that his blood was as full of minerals as a geologist's cabinet, when you first saw him. Say that his death is the effect of medicine administered in former fits of illness.

If your advertisements, certificates, etc. make a large bill, persuade the printer he is sick, as he will be, undoubtedly, before you have done with him, and induce him to take his pay in nostrums.

Don't forget to caress children—"children govern mothers, and mothers fathers." Carry your pockets full of confectionary, and make every mother's booby son and daughter your favorites.

MY FRIEND'S STORY.

A FRIEND of mine, a foreigner, one of the better order of Refugees, who fled to this country to avoid political persecution, has often entertained me with accounts of his hair-breadth escapes. Political persecution in his case was no joke—no reform out of office, or loss of patronage on account of political opinions. A price was set on his head, a reward offered for him as a traitor. After foiling his pursuers for many months, seeking concealment in the dens and holes of the earth, he was fortunate enough to get on board an American vessel. While there concealed, he had the inexpressible gratification of looking from his hiding place upon the movements of a file of soldiers who had traced him. He saw them pass their swords under the bed-clothing in the berths, into all visible cracks and openings—in a word, into every possible hiding-place, except that in which he happened to be! Providentially, he escaped, and our business with him is after his arrival at New York—a part of his life, the history of which has less of thrilling interest, than that of fleeing before files of soldiers—but his suffering was perhaps quite as intense in New York, as on the Island of Cuba. A *hereditary gentleman*, he was unused to labor—of handsome property, he had, indeed, been educated to consider occupation with a view to the acquisition of money, beneath him; and, of high and honorable feelings, the petty tricks and expedients of those who live by their wits, he had the utmost disgust for—he was incapable of them.

"When I arrived at New York," said he, "having no acquaintance with your language, except a slight smattering picked up on the passage, I let the porters and hackmen do with me as they pleased. I was sent to the —— Hotel, and following my baggage to my room, took out and sealed my letters—they were *sealed* to me, before;—wrote "—— Hotel," under my name on the direction, and sent them to the post. My friends in Matanzas had assured me they contained all that was necessary, credit and introduction. I dined on the first day alone, not caring to sit down at the table with strangers. The dinner was well—the wine, its name to the contrary notwithstanding, never, I'll be sworn, never saw the "sunny realms of France." Dinner finished, I examined my funds, and found myself the possessor of ten Spanish dollars and five rials in cash; but the empty state of my treasury gave me no uneasiness, as I had been assured by my friend that ample provision was made for me. On the morrow, in answer to my letters, I received two notes of invitation (I never heeded them) and a call from Mr R——, an American gentleman, whose kindness to me I shall never forget. He was a perfect master of my native language, and his two daughters, as I afterward found, were also well acquainted with it.

"He spent an hour with me, listened to my history, expressed sincere commiseration for my misfortunes, and offered me his house. This, with many thanks, I declined. He then advised me to change my quarters to a private boarding-house, and offered me an immediate introduction to one. He rang for my bill, and after paying it, I had remaining only three dollars, of my ten.

"At my new place I found a countryman, and though overjoyed at the opportunity of conversing, my pleasure was not a little dashed by the fact, that whoever had received my letter of credit had not yet notified me of his acceptance, and I began to fear a mistake, or a miscarriage. Days passed—and I heard nothing, and was, beside, almost starved! Not that there was deficiency in my landlady's provision—that was abundant—but the courses followed each other so rapidly, that I had bare time to taste them, and hardly that, as meal-times were almost my only opportunities of meeting my countryman. The end of the dinner half-hour, it is an error to call it an hour, invariably found me alone at the table, hungry as when I sat down; but compelled to leave it, or see it spirited away from before me, as the viands disappeared from beneath the nose of Sancho Panza.

"Weeks passed, and Winter approached—or what to me was Winter, the last bleak months of Autumn. Mr R—— continued his visits, the others to whom I had sent letters, seemed to think their duty done, when they had answered them. Perhaps my failure to return their calls, or answer their invitations, did exonerate them, according to the code of strict politeness. Mr R—— was above politeness.

"'My dear P——,' said he one morning, 'you need a cloak.'

"'Oh no, I can do very well without.' A fit of shivering gave me the lie in my teeth, as I said it.

"'But you are unused to the climate, and when you go out, must positively be uncomfortable. Permit me to send my tailor to you?'

"'No sir—you are very kind, but must allow me

to be master of my own wardrobe. I do *not* need any article of clothing at present.'

"He looked at me astonished—he did not know that I had but a dollar and a half, cash, in the world. In the evening, my countryman and fellow boarder attacked me. 'Take a turn with me to-morrow, and make some purchases. I will be your interpreter.' I thanked him, but declined. 'Then let me send you a boot-maker.' 'No.' (My shoes were undressed deer-skin, white.) 'Let me at least send up the tailor's lad for orders—you need hose.' 'No.' (Mine were white silk.) He hesitated a few moments, as if he had something which he wished to say, but dared not. 'P——, countrymen should not be strangers to each other in a strange land.' I understood him perfectly, but looked all innocent of comprehending his drift. 'If—if—if you have need, my purse is at your service.' I thanked him, but denied my need so haughtily, that he never renewed his tenders of service of that description. I felt mortified—mortified that I had been reduced to the necessity of prevarication, and upon so sore a subject. I saw, beside, that he did not half believe me.

"My situation became daily more unpleasant, and many and ridiculous were the expedients to which I was reduced, to escape freezing. I wore three pairs of silk hose, one over another, and other warm climate habiliments in like proportion. I shaved myself, trimmed my own hair, and stuck to my room—afraid to meet the landlady. The servant brought me my food, and I have since found that I was designated, from landlady to boot-black, as the crazy foreign gentleman. I *was* crazy. Where was the money to come from, to pay my board? And why was not the bill presented? I wrote to my

correspondent at Matanzas, complaining in no gentle terms of his neglect—put the residue of the ink on my shoes, buttoned my light coat up to my chin, and prepared to sally out and find conveyance for my letter. Some one knocked at the door. 'She has brought my bill!' said I, and screwed my face down to what it had never worn before—a begging expression. The door opened—it was Mr R——. He took a bundle from a boy who followed, and dismissed him.

"'Good morning, Senor P——. As your friend, and as the friend of the gentleman from whom you came recommended to me, I feel the interest of a father for you, and shall assume a father's authority. I insist upon your making use of the clothing I have here ordered for you. If you do not, I shall attribute your refusal to mean economy, a trait unusual in your countrymen. As you value my friendship, act.'

"What could I do? Refuse without assigning a reason, and forfeit Mr R——'s friendship? Assign the true reason, and mortify my pride? Accept, and trust to Providence for an escape from the dilemma? 'Where—is—the—bill?' I stammered.

"'Never mind the bill, till you return. I come to invite you to spend two or three weeks with my wife and daughters in the country. I will not take no for an answer; you have been hardly civil to them, and *must* go out. Come, prepare, my coach waits for you.'

"In a few moments, I joined him at the door. As I passed down the hall, I hid my face in the ample folds of my new cloak, expecting, at every step, that my landlady would thrust her bill into my hand. The coach gained, I felt as if I had obtained a reprieve from execution. How guilty a poor devil *is*, without a dollar in

the world! I said I felt like a reprieved criminal. I felt much worse. He may hope for ultimate pardon—I was sure of ultimate punishment. Did I not deserve it? I was deceiving my generous friend R——. He was responsible for the goods he had ordered for me—a hundred and fifty dollars; for my board, as much more—for he had introduced me, and I had not a dollar in the world! I had half a mind to confess all, and throw myself upon his mercy, but he did not give me time. During the ride he talked incessantly, alternately chiding me for my despondency, and trying to reason me into spirits. The very means he took to relieve my depression increased it. I was affected to tears.

"Arrived at his country-seat, I found his intelligent wife and accomplished daughters, all that he had promised. I verily believe their stay at the country-seat was protracted solely for my comfort, as I had repeatedly, civilly, but positively declined calling at their house in town. For a time, they did beguile me of my unpleasant feelings—till they became acquainted and familiar. Their thoughtless rallying then caused me many a pang—many a sally intended for a joke was as bitter to me, as the stones to the frogs. I have forgiven the gypsies long since—but I can never forget them. At length, upon a day, I was completely cornered. Albert, their brother, came up from the city, and the girls arranged a ride. Mrs R—— and daughters were to take the coach—Albert and I were appointed *outriders*. 'But you forget,' said he, 'that the only horses here that are fit for the saddle, you take for the coach.'

"'And you forget, brother of ours, that you have declared, times without number, that you never would back one of mother's span of deacons. Nay, nay, you

must provide your own steeds—you know you are a sad boor, and our friend shall teach you to ride.'

"I had a glimpse of the plan from what I understood of the conversation, and one of the sisters explained it all to me. 'You, Senor P——, fresh from the land of chivalry and romance, must make a cavalier of Albert.' I was thunderstruck—and 'looked it well' too, I suppose, for she continued, 'What! so blank! sure never gallant knight before received token of a lady's favor so thanklessly.'

"'I should be happy indeed, to be of your party, but must go to the city upon business.'

"'Indeed, that is the first we have heard of it. But we will have the ride notwithstanding. We will go to-day.'

"'I am very sorry, very, but I must to New York to-day.'

"'Ah, you are worse than Albert—still, I will arrange it. Our ride shall be to the ferry, and when we return, we will send a servant for your horse.'

"'No, no, ladies, you must excuse me—'

"'*Must!*'

"'Yes—I prefer—that is—I was directed—I must *walk!*'

"'Must *walk!* Well I do believe, Senor P——, you are a strange man. Won't you ride if I will pay the shilling? Take the omnibus, if you are determined not to be gallant. Why, one would think you were a dyspeptic, or a Palmer from Holy Land, and under a vow to travel with scrip and staff, or a wandering beggar. Do shut your eyes, and let me give you Ponto for a guide, with a string to his neck.'

"I bolted from the house, reached the ferry in an in-

credibly short space of time, paid my last rial to the boatman, and in a few moments was pacing Broadway. I trembled at every tailor's shop I passed, shrunk from every accidental touch, as if I expected and dreaded pursuit—and wandered still, irresolute where to turn. I feared to return to my boarding place, and dared not apply at a public house, because I imagined 'guilty of poverty' was stamped on my forehead. Accidentally, I encountered R——. I strove to avoid him, but it was impossible.

"'Hey day! what, i' the dumps again? In the city —alone—on foot—and as wild a looking conspirator, as Cataline himself could have been. Why man, what ails you? Are you afraid there is still a price on your head and a regiment in pursuit?'

"'Mr R——, I cannot endure this. It pains me exceedingly.'

"'Well, I beg pardon—you know I would not intentionally. Come, make me your confidant.'

"'I dare not—but you must know eventually—and —you will despise me.'

"'Nonsense! I don't believe a word of your self-accusation.'

"'Mr R——!' said I, with a tremendous effort.

"'Senor P——!' answered he, with mock gravity.

"'I am indebted to my tailor, one hundred and fifty dollars—'

"'Well.'

"'And to my landlady probably as much more—'

"'Well—'

"'And you are accountable for both sums.'

"'What! You mean to commit suicide, and wish

me to be your executor. What shall I do with the balance?'

"'*Balance?*'

"'Ay, I hold your funds to thrice the amount of your debts, if you have well and truly rendered an account.'

"'God bless you, sir!' I was delirious with pleasure, at this unexpected announcement of good fortune. 'But why did you never tell me of this?'

"'Because I supposed you knew it of course.'

"On the next day I rode with the Misses R——."

QUID PRO QUO.

Oh, what's the use of living, such
A selfish world among?
Yes, "What's the use?" a question is
I meet on every tongue.
Utilitarian policy
Is now-a-days the go;
Nobody thinks of doing aught,
Without a quid pro quo.

My cousin Jehu keeps a horse,
And asks me oft to ride—
But "What's the use?" I have to treat,
And pay the tolls beside!
It's very kind in him to ask,
And very prudent, too—
He knows for every mile I ride,
He gets a quid pro quo

One can't afford to be polite,
Civility's a bam—
"What is the use" to feign it then,
The shadow of a sham?
If one asks me to dine with him,
I know that if I go,
I must invite him home in turn—
He wants a quid pro quo.

I've burned my pocket Chesterfield,
And cut Mrs Chapone—
Arithmetic I'm studying,
And quite an adept grown;
For "What's the use," when barter-trade
Is all one needs to know,
To talk of any thing, beside
"Use," and the quid pro quo?

Prepare you, Mr Coroner,
A verdict to produce—
"This luckless vagrant di-ed of
Excessive 'WHAT'S THE USE!'".
For "What's the use" of living in
A world so full of wo?
I'll hang, and let the coroner
Receive *his* quid pro quo.

MODERN DEGENERACY.

THERE are certain opinions either preserved in conversation, as proverbs, or perpetuated by scribblers, as figures, which are completely at variance with truth—contradicted by experience—and at war with common sense. They are things said *of course*, concessions made for fashion's sake; silently acquiesced in, against conviction, and iterated because they are received without contradiction, and may be made without any mental exertion. Among the most prevalent, and, at the same time, the most ridiculous, is the idea which from time immemorial has been handed from generation to generation, that mankind are daily degenerating from what they were in "good old times," and "in the days of our fathers." With the demise of each successive generation which goes down to the grave, an undefined degree of virtue and worth becomes extinct, and the successors to the places of their fathers, inherit all their vices, and none of their virtues. Every good act, or evidence of a worthy trait in public or private character, is, if noticed at all, depreciated by a comparison with the virtues of an imaginary age of perfection, the precise date of which, nobody pretends to fix. If a public man afford an example of patriotism, or a private one of worth, the newspapers rejoice that there are *yet* left to man *some* public integrity and private worth.

Let us rejoice that our lot is cast to-day, instead of some hundred years hence. It is of no use to wish we had flourished hundreds of years back, but it is highly

proper to be grateful that we live in the age that we do, instead of having been reserved for a period when every attribute which raises men above brutes shall have become obsolete and unknown.

At the fashionable rate of estimating the downward ratio of human worth, it will not require many centuries to bring about such a state of things. The process of deterioration is making the earth less and less worth one's while for an abiding-place, and we must most affectionately pity our successors. If the Pythagorean doctrine of transmigration were true, those, who like Shakspeare's Rosalind, animated the carcasses of Irish rats, in the time of Pythagoras, might inform us of the actual per centage of the depreciation since his day; and we, the present generation, might watch posterity, in the shape of cats and dogs, and mewl our grief at their degeneracy, or growl our disapprobation at their departure from our virtues. But, fortunately for mankind, no such continuity of earthly troubles is in keeping for us, since we cannot expect to move long upon earth, even in a dog's skin; and as no one can recollect his previous metamorphoses, it is fair to conclude, Rosalind to the contrary notwithstanding, that even the testimony of Irish rats is denied to the believers in the degeneracy of mankind. Upon whose testimony is the fact established? What reason has the present generation to lament a falling off from ancient virtue? At what time did all the desirable attributes of man take flight from earth, and leave it a moral wilderness? Was it with the "last of the Romans?" But the moral deterioration of mankind is not all that is claimed by the croakers. If we may believe them, the arts and scien-

ces flourished more luxuriantly, and were in better state in their infancy, than at the present day.

A truce with nonsense. If ever man had a right to indulge in pride, that right is his at the present day. There have been in the history of the world, bright and dark ages immediately and alternately succeeding each other. There has been, and more than once, a time when the sage and virtuous could with reason weep the degeneracy of their cotemporaries. Science has beamed upon the earth, nations become great and glorious—and the besom of destruction wielded by the barbarian, or the seeds of corruption sown by the luxurious and vicious, have destroyed the fair work, and driven mankind back to barbarism. The teachings of inspired and uninspired moral reformers have been rendered of no avail, or prostituted to base and venal purposes by designing men, and what would have been blessings, if improved, have been perverted to curses. But a new day has opened upon earth. Virtue, morality, science, have a powerful ally in the PRESS, and the written lamentations of ancient worthies in view of revolutions which no power could then avert, should not now be printed in application to present time, when no revolution for the worse can reasonably be anticipated. There may be temporary checks to the progress of improvement, but the march is still onward. Every successive step gained, is retained, and improvement is placed upon too firm a basis to be overturned, as of old. The registers of worth, the lessons of experience, the histories of states and the legacies of the sage, are not collected in two or three places, to be swept away by the will of a barbarian, or the occurrence of accident. Where a single written work once existed, printed copies

innumerable are now extant of all that is worth preserving. The knowledge which was once with difficulty attainable by the few, is now forced upon the many. People must learn, whether they will or not.

The present century, hardly more than one fourth gone, has witnessed a revolution, comparatively silent, and entirely bloodless, more important in its results, and more wonderful in the means by which it is being consummated, than ancient Rome, with all her boasts, ever witnessed. Roman virtue was the resistance of stern natures to the syren voice of luxury and vice, but was overcome at last. We have seen a great nation rise from indulgence in a fashionable and fascinating vice; and public opinion has, "in our degenerate day," gained a victory over sensual indulgence, in the view of which Lycurgus might be astonished, and the eulogists of Roman virtue should be dumb. Ancient virtue, so much lauded, was resistance to vice in its *first* approach—modern reformation is the deliverance from the *last* shackles of a vice sanctioned by fashion, winked at by moralists, and deemed impossible of suppression by all, except the most sanguine. Alluding to the change which has taken place in public opinion respecting indulgence in a luxury around which the poetry and mythology of the ancients, the habits and light literature of the moderns, and the inclination of all men for enjoyment has thrown a charm, we say, that the history of all time since the flood, cannot exhibit a more triumphant instance of national reformation than has been witnessed among the degenerate people of the nineteenth century.

For the arts and sciences, it is hardly necessary to observe that the hut of the peasant of this century contains articles which would have been deemed luxuries

in the ancient temples of the gods. The stupendous public works of the ancients are monuments alike of the folly and tyranny of their rulers. Were such piles useful or beneficial, modern science would erect them, and, without claiming any thing on the score of the miraculous, with facility and comparative rapidity, employing one man where a hundred formerly labored.

BOOTS.

I LIKE handsome feet. That is almost the only reason I could never abide Dunlap's picture, "Venus attired by the Graces," after Guido. Her right foot is like a snow-shovel—and will bother the trio, when they get hold of it, although they have strapped the left into shape with her sandal. Her feet cannot be mates.

The pedal props of the Chinese lady are as outre the other way. In a snow-drift she would travel like a man with wooden legs—in Saco, Bangor, or any of the clayey cities down East, her head-way, after a rain-storm, would be like that of an ignis fatuus hunter in a bog.

"The cobler should not go beyond his last." I should not wish to—so far, in disposition at least, am I cordwainer. Not quite so devoted as those who kissed the great toe of His Holiness, and perfectly willing that part of the ceremony should be waived, I could worship his feet, or the man for the sake of his feet, if they were in good and beautiful proportion, and need were that I

worshipped at all. "Show me a man's companions," says the adage, "and I will tell you his character." Show *me* his boots. I like handsome boots hugely, and as a consequence, respect the artists who furnish, the taste of those who purchase, and the labor of those who make the polished leather mirror forth the gentlemanly character of the wearer. Day & Martin, Knapp, Bell, Lewis, Fisher, and last though not least, by name euphoneous known, Gosling! Living statues to your art are upon 'change, and upon the carpet, in the saloon, and in the hall. To the tones of music, the low-quartered pump, burnished to dazzling brightness, sliding down the dance, repeats enhanced, the brilliance of the many branched chandelier. In the street, the lustre of the sun is mocked by reflection, and his impudent rays are thrown back in his face, from that perfection of art —the boot. Don't say a word of the ancients. What were the art of embalming, and the pyramids of Egypt, the poetry of Homer and Virgil, the eloquence of Cicero and Demosthenes, the statuary and painting of the garden of Europe? Monarchs in Tyrian purple, and blind beggar poets, orators, painters and sculptors, *all wore sandals!* They deserve oblivion—and the labors of antiquaries and scholars, from endeavors to perpetuate their memories, should be turned to cunningly devising improvements in the economy of the art of gracefully encasing the human foot divine.

I never knew but one man entirely after my heart in this matter, and he—but I will not anticipate my story.

There was nothing particular in the cut or fit of his coat. His hat was well enough—the Jehu fashion, his pants, so so,—all indicated a careless conformity with custom. But the white straps, over a brilliant black

boot, were whiter by contrast. I felt that I would have given the world for an introduction, as we stood together before the wheel-house—he some four feet in front of me. As his body swayed to and fro, to keep its balance, there was an alternate fulness and flatness in either boot, as his weight came first upon one leg, then the other. The edges of the soles were as perfect in finish, as the nose of the Medician Venus—the heels, tapered down to the circumference of a levy, sat as true upon deck, as if they had been made with guage and square, for the very spot upon which he was standing.

"Beautiful!" I exclaimed. I could not help it.

He took the Principe from his mouth, let the fourth column of smoke for the last five minutes escape, turned half round, and—cast an eye down to his boots. There certainly is such a thing as sympathy. According minds need no language to strike a common chord, and I felt more than acquainted.

Still, I did not care to speak. There was too much in the awe-inspiring majesty of those boots to permit such familiarity, without a pretext. Fortunately the opportunity soon offered itself—his segar went out—I tendered him one from my own case, and the acceptance of it on his part was an acknowledgment of his condescending willingness to speak and be spoken to. We went through the usual laborious discussion upon the weather, the wind, the sea, the boat,—but I could not, by any easy turn, give the conversation the slant upon leather, that I wished it to take. I mustered all my impudence for a question categorical.

"Excuse me, sir, for my apparently impertinent curiosity, but—"

"Gemmen please-a move? I want'er sweep-a fore-kissle."

Confound that darkey! The man of the boots rolled his full black orbs upon him, wheeled as leisurely as an elephant would go in stays, tossed the scarce lighted Yara over the side, and walked leisurely aft. There was

Pride in his port, defiance in his eye—

And more than that in his boots. I could not follow. The ice, but a moment before broken, was refrozen.

Presently, I sought him again. I had done hoping for an acquaintance, and longed but to bask at a distance in the brilliance of Day & Martin. Happy fellow! He was seated on the promenade deck, his legs extended, one over the other, and crossed at the ancles. On either side of him were seated ladies—for a miracle, they were silent. Listening to him, perhaps? No, he was not talking. They were looking at his boots. An extinguished cinder from the flue, fell upon his left foot—striking the instep just two inches and a half from his toe. He drew a grass-cloth kerchief from his right coat-pocket—I am positive it was grass-cloth—held the extreme corner of it between the thumb and finger of the right hand, and struck off the cinder with such an air! Brummel, or Nash would have died of envy, had either been a witness of it. The elements are malicious to distinguished men—else had not fire driven Napoleon from Moscow in the midst of a Russian Winter—nor had Boreas played the traitor with him of the elegant boots. As he finished the cinder-reforming flourish, the delicate grass-cloth besom was rudely snatched from him by the wind; but I had the happiness to intercept the fugitive, even after Davy Jones had made so sure of

it, that his wife had opened the draw, to pack it with other miscellanies. As I handed it, his acknowledgments again opened a door for conversation.

"My dear sir," said I, "you would confer a great favor upon me, if you would tell me the maker of—"

"All those gentlemen what hav'n't paid their fare, will please walk up to the cap'n's office and settle it!"

"That's me!" said Boots, and went down the companion-way. I now began to despair of ever finding an opportunity to pop the question.

There was a noise on the main-deck, swearing and hearty anathemas. I knew the voice of the man of the elegant instep, and running down below, saw him standing erect and motionless, while his lips moved, and as steady a torrent of imprecation rolled forth, as ever heretic was denounced withal. At his feet was a black servant, picking up the fragments of a soup-tureen, and upon his boots, his hitherto spotless boots, were clots of half-congealed grease. The captain essayed the mollification of his wrath—in vain. I tried, with no better success. He might have raved till this time, had it not been for one of those lovely beings "Nature made to temper man."

"My dear ——," (I did not hear the name,) "put on your other pair."

It would seem that, till then, he had forgotten them; on the instant a smile passed over his features, as he ordered the luckless servant to bring his trunk upon the promenade-deck. "Provoking, wasn't it, sir?"

I was enchanted—he had really addressed *me!* With all haste I pressed the advantage thus offered—expatiated upon the beauties of a well-cased foot—discussed the merits of various rival metropolitan boot-makers—

and ended with the question, plump, "who furnishes you, sir?"

The arrival of the trunk upon deck cut off the answer. "I have *here* sir, a pair of boots—elegant boots. Those I have on are quite an ordinary affair, but these, (taking a neatly folded package from the trunk,) these *are* beauties. I have worn them but once—it was when I rode with Miss F**** K*****—"

"Miss F**** K*****!" cried half a dozen ladies at once, as they crowded up at the mention of her name.

"Exactly, ladies. She noted them, as I drew my charger up beside her palfrey, and said a London artist could not have turned out a better pair."

"Indeed! it will be the making of the maker."

"Who is he?" I enquired for the third time. But he had stooped to lock his trunk, and did not hear me. He untied the packthread about the bundle—the ladies, dear curious creatures, crowded round to see the boots which had been endorsed as beautiful, by the reigning toast. I was pushed back—and could just see the edge of envelope after envelope, as each was removed. In a moment more, the boots fell on deck, with a blow like an oak block, and the owner rushed by me, frantic.

"Oh dear!" cried a lady. She fainted.

"A man overboard!" The faint one was the first to scream, and the loudest. Who minds a fainting lady, when a man is drowning?

The wheels were backed, the boat was lowered, and I stepped into it. We pulled for the drowning man—he sank like a whale, flukes uppermost. I am ready to swear, by the marks on the soles, that his boots were V's, and of Spear's make.

* * * * * *

The boots dropped on deck were—*cowhides!* The hostler at the —— Hotel, —— Street, Boston, was observed to wear a remarkably handsome pair, upon the Sunday after the day that Mr —— ——, of the handsome boots, took the steamboat for ——; and the last order from that gentleman recollected by the bar-keeper, was a direction that his boots should be neatly polished, and packed in three newspapers.

I have heard that a man answering the description of Mr —— —— has made his everlasting fortune down East, in the land speculation—but it can hardly be him, though he was a good swimmer—because the speculator is said to wear boots remarkably ungain. It would be monstrous to suppose that even death itself could make a man recreant to good taste in sole-leather,—much more that a narrow escape from drowning should wean him from his devotion to the tutelar saint of the cordwainers.

TO BE WELL BRED,

Never be astonished, except at a prodigy of a child, who mistakes the letter X for a saw-horse, and makes turkey-tracks on paper, for the alphabet. Fabricius, in pants, would be a model for a fine gentleman. He was not moved at first sight of an elephant—though drawing a screen revealed the monster, directly at his back.

THE MOTHER TO HER INFANT,

UPON ITS BIRTH DAY.

SUGGESTED BY AN OLD PAINTING.

LITTLE prattler, whither bent
In thy thoughtless merriment?
Every object pleasure giving—
In the luxury of living
Thou'rt a very epicure.

Bubbles bursting in thy reach
Self-distrust nor caution teach;
Bent the phantoms to pursue,
Still thou turn'st to objects new—
Older children how unlike!

Disappointments wound thee not,
Past in present is forgot—
While thine elders, lacking yet
Infant wisdom, will forget
Pleasure in recalling pain.

Springing from a source innate,
Blisses pure upon thee wait—
Pure and holy as the hymn
Of seraph and of cherubim:
Thou art joy incarnate, child.

Years give wisdom, infant dear;
Come—thou hast achieved a year—
Look from out thy sparkling eyes
Silly-sad, and worldly-wise:
Mary, be a woman once!

Sit upon thy mother's knee,
While from dim futurity
All a mother's sad delight—
All a woman's second sight
Visions bright and gloomy call.

List thee to the hopes and fears,
Joys and griefs of coming years—
Fading pleasures—hopes deferred—
Child, thou dost not hear a word!
Happy—careless of thy fate!

What! art struggling to be gone?
Take thy way then, pretty one:
Since the future cannot be
Changed for good or ill by thee,
Not to heed it thou art wise.

If I could thy future lot
Spread before thee, I would not;
No such shadow would I cast
O'er life's Spring time:—while it last,
Let it Spring time be indeed.

WANDERINGS OF MR PETER PEREGRINATE

IN SEARCH OF A BOARDING-HOUSE.

"Shall I not take mine ease in mine inn?"—*Falstaff.*

INDEED you may, Mr Reader, if the attainment of such or any other resting place has cost you as much trouble as it has your most obedient servant, Peter Peregrinate, Scrivener by profession, and Esquire by courtesy. Commission me if you will to go in search of Capt. Back—to discover the exact location of Symmes's Hole—to trace on the map of the world the course of the Wandering Jew—to follow the path of the late Lorenzo Dow—or to invent a machine capable of perpetual motion,—but, "an' you love me," deliver me from the necessity of undertaking an expedition to obtain a "boarding-house."

The dove that father Noah despatched in search of dry land, could return to her old quarters when she could not elsewhere find "rest for the sole of her foot." Not so the unlucky wight, who, without thought for the morrow, calls for his board bill "up to this evening," without having provided a place to lay his head, after leaving his present domicil. As the nun, upon taking the black veil, renounces all connexion with the world, and debars herself from return to it; so the boarder, upon notifying his landlady of his intention to quit her premises, becomes *undomesticated*, and has no longer right to her five pound hen-feather down beds; her black

puddings and baked roast beef; her burnt steak, duly besprinkled with ashes; her slate-colored coffee and distilled tea-kettle; or her leaden loaves and nice strong butter. He is an outlaw and a vagrant in her house; and having committed the unpardonable sin of tacitly disputing the excellence of her commons, it is an especial favor, grudgingly granted, if he be permitted to sleep again under her roof. After leaving it, return is out of the question, unless, by mollifying her wrath by apology, he lay himself open to all the penance she may inflict for his error, and to endure all the insolence, which, as a conqueror, she has a right to put upon him.

Full well was I sensible of all this, as, on the morning after having "given my notice," I lay upon Mrs Cater's down bed, my eyes attentively fastened upon the ceiling of the room, just four feet two inches distant from my nasal promontory. "Behold," said I, mentally, "the spiders above me; they toil to be sure, and they spin, but even they, in all their trouble, are not afflicted like Peter Peregrinate, Esquire. If they wish to change their quarters, they need not give Mrs Cater notice, for she takes no notice of them. They have only to travel from place to place about her premises, and their only trouble is, in finding the best and most prominent situations pre-occupied by beings of their own species. They——"

"Mr Peter Peregrinate!" cried my landlady, in her agreeable silver tone, at my door; "Mr Peter Peregrinate! If you be gwine to get up to-day, I wisht you would! Here's a gentleman what wants board is been waiting an hour, to look at this room!"

I sprang from the bed, whose elasticity aided me in my leap as much as a mahogany plank would assist a

voltiger in ground and lofty tumbling; and, hurrying on my clothing, in ten minutes was discussing a bowl of *cafe* at Madame Coiffaird's. I did not care to stop at Mrs Cater's, and take vinegar in my slops, so indulged myself in the luxury of bona fide coffee, and a bit of rusk, at Madame's. While there, I received, accidentally, the agreeable intelligence, that, during the day following, I might expect my dearly beloved help-meet, with her dearly beloved trio of pledges, and her sister and niece. (*Parenthesis*—My wife, God bless her, is very economical, and the thought of a hotel creates a spasmodic contraction of her purse-strings.) Here was a fix. A man without the appenda of wife and little ones, may run and *eat*,—he may breakfast at the Exchange, dine at the Tremont, sup at Fenno's, and sleep—in the *watch-house*, if he likes; but with a wife and the little Peregrinates, such peregrination were out of the question.

I have *shinned* during the last half hour of the last bank hour of the last day of grace,—I have run myself to a shadow, like a tallow candle, at 100 deg. Fahrenheit, to be in time for the steamboat,—I have run away from a footpad, dodged a highwayman, bilked a Charlie, and swam for dear life,—but all the affliction, the perspiration, the provocation and anxiety of all my other trials combined, never equalled in amount of suffering, what I endured while looking for quarters for

> My sister, and my sister's child,
> My wife, and children three.

I took up a daily, and thought myself the most fortunate man in the world, when I found an advertisement in which it was stated that "boarders could be accommodated in a central situation." Fearful lest some one

should slip in between me and my boarding-house, of which I had already in imagination taken possession, I hurried to "enquire of the printer." The accommodations were chambers in the lower part of Milk Street —a delightful situation for a residence, and quiet withal, as loads of Russia iron, rattling of trucks, squeaking of blocks and tackles, the yo-heave-ho of sailors, and the conversation of the "finest pisantry in the world" can make it. I need not tell the reader that I did not trouble the landlady to show me the premises. Other newspaper boarding-houses were equally eligible places. Some required the thread with which Theseus guided Ariadne out of the Cretan Labyrinth, to find them—others were too easily found, as they were in the noisiest thoroughfares in the city—some had no water, and others a cellar full—some had no air, and others an abundance of the worst air in the world. One obliging lady wished me to furnish her parlor, and pay the rent, allowing her the privilege of turning me out of it when her country-cousins visited her, i. e. four days in the week, exclusive of Sundays. One family served up brick-dust and bran, on the Graham principle, and another had eleven children, which, with the little Peregrinates, would have made an aggregate of three fourths of a score.

"Oh Mrs Cater!" I unconsciously exclaimed, "Oh Mrs Cater, would I had borne with you longer! Your worst faults were virtues, and the miseries of your establishment, tender mercies, in comparison with what I have this day seen in other places!" At that moment "Rooms to Let," pasted in the window of a very neat house, caught my eye. To spring to the door was the work of an instant, to pull the bell the work of another. The parlor was spacious—neat; the air of the cham-

bers was close, and I opened a window. "Whew-ew!" I whistled, and abstracted my linen-cambric from my coat-pocket. "It's nothing but a soap and candle factory," said my conductress. When I reached the street, I was in a perspiration. The lower rooms in another house were very well—the upper rooms, upper rooms indeed. I don't like to waste too much of my life upon staircases.

At one place the doors were closed, and the lights out at half past nine—at another it was never shut during the night, longer than fifteen minutes at a time. Fifteen night-keys, in the pockets of fifteen gentlemen-boarders, kept it on the swing from the going down, even unto the rising of the sun. But to discourse longer of my trials would weary the patience of the reader. If any doubt, let him try the rounds. To conclude, I have at length found excellent quarters, and having become domiciled again, no slight cause shall induce me to vacate them.

TO AVOID BOMBAST.

NEVER fancy a subject too lofty for language—and never have two styles of conversation, one for the eye, and another for the ear. Do not attempt to describe what you do not feel—and if you feel what you cannot describe, say nothing about it.

OLD KIT AND HIS DAUGHTERS.

There is no flesh in his obdurate heart.

This quotation, like most quotations, will not bear a literal application. I have no doubt that when Kit Meanwell dies, (Christopher Meanwell, Gentleman, is his title in legal instruments,) if a *post mortem* is had, there will be found a heart of flesh, but of the consistence and impenetrability of jerked beef. He does not intend to be cruel or unfeeling, and does not know that he can be reproached as such a person. Devoid of delicacy and sensibility, he makes no allowance for such weaknesses in the character of others, and the mere mention of them calls from him a damnatory expressio of doubt, and an anathema upon those who enter a plea so effeminate. He can understand a complaint of frozen ears or fingers, when he knows the thermometer ranges ten to fifteen degrees below zero—but laughs at the opinion sometimes expressed, that a cold demeanor to a dependant, or unfortunate, though it accompany a favor, freezes the current of gratitude in the bosom of the recipient.

His wife, good woman, is a descendant of the Puritans, and so, indeed, is Kit himself. Between every man and wife there is a difference, and that which particularly exists between Christopher and his help-meet, consists in this—that she, from her puritan progenitors, inherits all their pious horror of language garnished with profane adjectives, and other parts of speech; while the vernacular tongue of an unmentionable place, set to

music, and performed by a demoniac choir, with an appropriate orchestral accompaniment, would not affect or affright Kit a hair. Therefore, he will not in her presence abate one iota of his hot vocabulary, though she assures him that his profanity is a constant source of poignant grief to her. He does not believe her, because he never felt pain of this description—and it would be as impossible to convince him she is in earnest, as to persuade the emperor of Japan, that, at certain seasons of the year, the waters of our New England rivers will support an elephant on their surface. He is not at all insensible to her corporeal suffering—never strikes her, or plants his boots upon her corns—intentionally. He has been known, like the hero of Sterne's "Good Warm Watchcoat," to travel the village in search of a styptic for his wife's bleeding finger, and return with his pockets full of cobwebs. He has been known to delay his breakfast three quarters of an hour, while the faculty were in consultation on the case of his wife, when she laid at death's door; and he has also put up with cold dinners three days in the week, when the attention of the factotum who officiated as "help," was divided between the kitchen and the sick-chamber. He waits upon his wife on all public occasions, which perhaps occur once in a couple of months, and she waits upon him, upon every other of the three hundred and sixty-five days in the year.

Christopher has a couple of daughters—they are fair to look upon, but are sad vixens, each in her way. As in all families where the man and wife are two, the children are equally divided. Eliza, the romping junior sister, is her father's pet, and Helen, the mathematically precise and correct daughter, sides with her mother.

Helen torments her father so innocently, uprightly, and in a way so perfectly irreproachable, that notwithstanding she has jaded the old man almost to death, the demures who are her friends and associates, mark her as a pattern of a dutiful daughter, and denounce Old Kit, as a very unreasonable, undutiful father. Eliza is the favorite of her father's friends, who admire her as a girl of spirit—a miracle of a girl—and they lament that such an one should be blessed with a mother unable to appreciate her transcendant excellencies.

While the daughters were at home, it is no wonder that the family circle was in a state of civil war. *Civil*, literally, for they tormented each other in the best possible humor. A shower of tears from the mother, seconded and assisted, if necessary, by an appeal to the same *dernier ressort* on the part of Helen, threw cold water on the hostilities. Kit and Eliza beat an honorable retreat, and sunshine succeeded, till Helen and her mother attempted to take advantage of the result of the drawn battle. On the other hand, when Old Kit pealed out his small-shot irregularly and vehemently—after the manner of a company of militia, when their officer gives the command known only in American tactics, "Load'n fire's fast's you can, till you've fired away all your *catridges!*" the wife and elder daughter left him the field.

When one nation declares war against another, all the dependencies are included in the hostile proclamation. Although, in our friend's family, there was no formal declaration, actual hostilities existed—and went of course, against the *dependencies* of either party—the respective danglers of Helen and Eliza. Did a modestly disposed, sedate youth affect Helen's favor? Eliza drove

him off with some merciless joke, or by successive attacks of raillery and railing, her father aiding and abetting. Eliza's flames, on the other hand, were blown out by the cold prudery of the elder sister—sighed, sentimentalized, moralized, and frozen to death. The mother, waiting as a *corps de reserve*, always effectually finished what Helen began, in the way of frustrating the hopes of the younger sister. Each carried on the war offensive, neither acting at all on the defensive, till it began to be apparent to all the young bachelors, that to make demonstrations at the hand of one of the sisters was to expose the adventurer to the fire of the other. Had there been an agreement between them to keep all male animals at a distance, it could not so effectually have answered the purpose. Either of the sisters was a prize worth taking—indeed, had other inducements been wanting, there were certain parchments in the old man's desk, duly recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds, which were altogether recommendatory.

A new "shingle" was one morning nailed above a door in the village of A——, and the name of Henry Capias, Attorney at Law, figured on it, in gilt letters. He brought letters to the magnates of the village, including Christopher Meanwell, Esq. of course. Through the old, he became acquainted with the young, and in a few weeks after his arrival, no party was complete without Henry Capias.

I was sitting with him one night in his office—we had just returned from Meanwell's house, which had been thrown open for the evening, to all the young people in town—being the third of a series of entertainments at that time customarily given by the hospitable dwellers in country towns. First in order came the old married

couples, very old bachelors, widows, and spinsters of an uncertain age. Next, the young married, and on the third evening, the young unmarried. But this is a digression.

"Devilish fine girls, those Meanwells."

"True."

"I will marry one of them."

"You cannot, Capias."

"Why?"

I gave him the sketch that the reader has had—circumstantially and particularly.

"But I will have one of them, nevertheless."

"How?"

"Time will show."

"Which attempt first?"

"Both!"

* * * * * *

A week afterwards, as the Meanwells sat at breakfast, there seemed no topic to quarrel upon. The cat sat demurely at the fireside, pricking first one ear, then the other. Poor Tabby! she was astonished. A dozen years in the family service, had not witnessed so peaceable a breaking of the fast. Even Plague, Old Kit's terrier, who generally shattered the nerves of Mrs Meanwell and her eldest daughter, by a barking accompaniment to the three meals, was silently sitting on his hams.

"I say," roared Old Kit, "he's a whining young hypocrite!"

"Who? father," inquired Eliza.

"That young Capias."

"Why, father!"

"Well, Mr Meanwell, *I* think him a boisterous young scapegrace," said Mrs Meanwell.

"Why mother! how can you?" cried Helen.

Puss got up, and shaking her coat, evidently relieved by the breach of silence, walked up to Mrs Meanwell, for her share of the crumbs. The dog's eyes sparkled, he sprang to his feet, and opened his noisy throat, for his pension from Old Kit.

"That noisy dog, Mr Meanwell!"

"That nasty cat, Mrs Meanwell!"

And like cat and dog, breakfast being finished, they parted. Christopher to scold Eliza for defending Mr Capias, Mrs Meanwell to remonstrate with Helen, do. do. Eliza danced away from her father to the piano, to learn a new song of Capias's presentation, and Helen sighed out her grief at her mother's opposition to Capias, over a beautiful Polyglot Bible, the gift of the young attorney.

* * * * * *

I like to meet people at breakfast. Therefore, reader, we will take coffee again with the Meanwell's. Suppose it on December twenty-ninth,—eighteen-hundred and——any year you please.

"I do think, papa, we ought to improve the sleighing, and take a ride for New Year's," said Eliza.

"And I think so too," cried Mrs Meanwell.

"And I," said Helen.

"And I," said Christopher. "Where shall it be, Eliza?"

"To Providence, pa. It does seem so odd to Mr Capias, that we have lived so long within twenty miles of that city without ever having been there. I never was in Rhode Island."

"D—n Mr Capias!" said the gentle father.

"You shock me, Mr Meanwell—but I dislike Mr

Capias as much as you do. I think we had better go to B—— to attend the ordination."

"No, I won't! *You* may, if you please, go there with Helen. *I* go to Providence, with Eliza."

* * * * * *

January 2d, 18—. "Such a sermon," said Mrs Meanwell.

"Such a prayer," said Helen. "I do wish Mr Capias could have heard it."

"Mr Capias, indeed!" said Eliza.

"And why not Mr Capias?" said Kit. "He is just the canting thing for your sister."

"Mr Meanwell, I am astonished—surprised—grieved at your impiety. Mr Capias is no more of a Christian than yourself!" said Mrs Meanwell.

"What do you mean, madam? Do you take me for a Jew, or a Pagan, or a Hindoo, or—or—or,—at any rate I am not a hypocrite, like Capias."

"He is not a hypocrite, father," said Eliza.

"Well, well, child, we did not need him at Providence to add to *our* enjoyment, did we, Eliza?"

Eliza blushed.

In the country, they read the newspaper *after* breakfast. Mr Christopher Meanwell composed himself in his arm-chair to read the Literary Subaltern. "An odd fish that Southworth, the printer of this paper. I subscribed day before yesterday."

"Who is married, father?" said Helen.

At that moment Eliza glided away from behind her father's chair, and slipped out of the room. The old gentleman wiped and adjusted his spectacles, found the proper reading distance, and—dropped the Literary Subaltern, as if it had been a heated poker. Forth-

with his lips opened, and there issued from his mouth an unusual stream of his usual expletives—ending with "Liz, you slut! Liz! Eliza!" No Eliza answered.

Helen picked up the paper—read—and swooned,—Mrs Meanwell caught it up—looked, and tried to faint. Perceiving, however, that Helen's fit was real, she concluded to postpone hers, till her daughter recovered.

"A canting, hypocritical young scoundrel! If he had been a young man of spirit—"

"I tell you he is!" screamed Mrs Meanwell; "a wild graceless youth—a harum-scarum dog, a—"

"By Heaven, I believe you're right, madam, and it is not so bad after all. I'll go look after him."

He met Mr and Mrs Capias at the door. "Was this your scheme, Eliza?" She looked at Capias. "Was it yours, sir?" He looked at Eliza. "Aha! it was contrived between you. I'll disinherit you, madam."

"We expected it, sir," said Capias.

"You did, did you? Well then, d——n me if I do! I'm determined to disappoint you, at any rate."

The manœuvre by which he foiled the tri-bodied Cerberus which guarded Eliza, the reader has perceived. To Kit, he was a hypocrite, his detestation—to the wife, he appeared a rake, her just abomination—to Helen, he played the hypocrite, but so guardedly that she did not see through the disguise—and to Eliza, he seemed what he was. The *ruse* formed a new division in the Meanwell family, daughters against parents.

Eliza out of the way, Helen soon consoled herself in one of her old loves, for the loss of Capias—and Helen and Eliza, now both married matrons, often make merry over the story of the ride to Providence. The old gentleman repeats it, as often as he can find a victim

upon whom to inflict it. He delights in Capias, and even the old lady has ceased to consider her son-in-law an absolute criminal.

SIR, A SECRET! MOST IMPORTANT!

"I'LL tell you what it is, Burley, I've no business here."

"*I* came for business, you for pleasure."

"True, but it was for a day, and you have made a week of it. Here I am, twenty-five miles from the city—"

"An awful distance, truly, that you may accomplish on the rail-road in forty-five minutes."

"Yes, but I might as well be with the Khan of Tartary, as here, inasmuch as nobody at home knows of my visit to this city of spindles."

"We will back to-day—this hour, if you like."

"This hour we must, if at all;" and in a short time we were shooting over the Boston and Lowell rail-road. It was the last trip for the day, and when we reached the city, it was nearly or quite dark. Baggage I had none, so I refused the importunities of a score of hackney coachmen, and footed it alone up Leverett Street.

"Very mysterious," I overheard one of a knot of men say, at the corner of Barton Street.

"About twenty-five years of age," said one of a group, at the corner of Vernon Street. Just my own

age exactly. "The body was found in the water, yesterday," said another. "Indeed, and do they *know* it was he?" "Yes, by his clothing; the face was so terribly disfigured, that his friends could not recognise it."

Another case of suicide, thought I. Well, I shall know all about it when I get home; but I stopped again, before a store in Green Street, where a man was reading from the evening paper, aloud, a paragraph about the suicide; the name I did not hear. "A young man of respectable connexions—retired and modest to timidity in his manners, and of irreproachable private character. No possible reason except temporary insanity can be assigned for the deed. He has left a wife and two children."

"Poor fellow!" I sighed, and pushed on. Let me see—the tea hour is passed, and my help-meet, though a very good woman in her way, will not fail to give me a pretty affectionate bit of a lecture for my week's indulgence of a truant disposition. Bitter though such a visitation may be, it is no provocative of appetite—and I took the precaution to drop into an eating-house, thus to take my wife's lecture upon a full stomach. The curtain drawn upon me, I was too busy for a few moments to notice any thing out of the four feet square box in which I was discussing a pretty substantial supper. Presently, appetite somewhat appeased, I became less occupied in creature comfort, and listened to the conversation of two persons from whom I was divided by the low partition.

"He must have been intemperate."

"No, he was not."

"In debt, then."

"No, I was well acquainted with him."

And I knew that voice, but I could not immediately recollect whose it was. He proceeded.

"I was well acquainted with him. He was remarkably economical—prudent to a fault, yet very benevolent—acutely sensible to the sufferings of the unfortunate about him—very sensitive—yearning for sympathy in his sombre moods, and always anxious to impart his pleasure to those about him. He would deny a friend, or even a mere acquaintance, nothing."

My picture to the life, thought I, as I nibbled at the last fragment of flesh on a drumstick. Hope *my* good feelings will never lead me to suicide. Paid my scot and exit, just as the eulogist of the dead emerged from his cell.

When I reached ——— Street, a crowd were turning into it. I joined the tail of the throng, and hearing discourse upon the universal topic, the suicide, wondered which of my neighbors it was, and wished I had staid at Lowell until, at least, "seven of the nine days of wonder" had passed over. But, thought I, out of evil good may come—and, upon the whole, I am glad he lived in this street. My wife, from the circumstance, may be acquainted with his family, and there will, of course, be a diversion of her attention from my delinquencies. Wonder if she has heard of it? If not, such a delightfully interesting and authentic piece of news will be an excellent peace-offering. So thinking, I turned down a court—scaled two or three fences, and my shins to boot—made a circuit, and reached my door before the crowd. Took out my key, entered the hall, and put my hand upon the sitting-room door, which

stood an inch ajar. Unusual noises there, made me hesitate.

"Will they bring him home to-night?" sobbed my rib—and then she burst into a fit of outrageous weeping, which would have prevented the possibility of her hearing, had a reply been attempted—and all the women, of whom I supposed, by the sound, there must have been a dozen at least, accompanied her, but in more of a dutiful, regulated, and complaisant pitch.

Her old hysterics again, thought I. Hang it, but she's too compassionate—she could hardly weep with a better relish for myself. A tap on the outer door—and as I looked out at the side-lights, I saw the whole posse of charitable neighbors, idlers, and others, who upon any mournful occasion crowd themselves forward, solely because they presume that nobody at such a time will have the nerve to kick them back. One of the women brushed by me to open the door—in walked a clergyman as pioneer—then there was a rush of some half dozen of the crowd—then came a coffin. I stopped for no more, but bolted for the kitchen stairs. At the head stood the only member of my kitchen cabinet—a dusky wench, who, the moment I came near enough for the light of the lamp she held to fall on my features, set up a howl, and rolled down the flight backward. She hardly touched the floor, but bounded up again, and made her escape at a back window, taking the sash with her, to be sure of an aperture to creep in at, on her return.

I began to have my misgivings, and sat down in the kitchen to consult with myself how to act in the dilemma. A man descended the stairs.

"Can you tell me, sir, whose body they have brought to the house?"

"Yes—it will kill his wife—takes on shockingly."

"But who was he?"

"Who?"

"Yes!—who?"

"Beautiful family—pity it was so broken up—"

"Will you tell me who is the drowned man, or not?"

"Why, don't you know?"

I caught up the tongs.

"It's Mr Albert Easy—and I expect I'll have to make a coffin for his wife too—poor woman."

"Upon my honor, my friends have done well, to drown and make preparations to bury me, without my knowledge!"

Through the Reverend Pastor, my wife was apprised of my actual existence, the coffin and the corpse to the contrary notwithstanding—through the care of the family physician, she escaped death from the surprise—and through the grief I had given her, and the joy sequent upon its removal, I escaped upbraiding. The clothes the defunct wore were once mine—that was a fact; but I had made him a present of them but a week before, without my wife's knowledge—for, in all such disposals of property, I have found it safe to consider her my left hand, and to obey the scripture injunction, not to let the left hand know what the right hand doeth. The corpse removed to a city building, I hasted to find Burley; detailed the whole affair, and ended by telling him I held him guilty.

"How?"

"You persuaded me off, and would not even hear of my notifying my family of the journey."

"I expected to return the same day; but, young man, I shall, for what you have suffered, in your own person and in that of your wife, you twain being one flesh, amply compensate you."

"I won't hear of such a thing."

"Yes, but you will; it costs me nothing, and will vastly benefit you. I shall impart you a secret."

I stood all attent, thinking I was about to hear of an anticipated rise or fall of some stock, or of some other mode of making money, known only to the knowing ones.

"During my acquaintance with you, I have discovered your entire ignorance of one of the most simple but useful things in the world; nay, it is indispensable to prosperity, and would have saved you the whole of your late vexation, if put in exercise when I asked you to leave the city unprepared."

"Well, and what is it?"

"The monosyllable NO, oftener necessary for your friends than your enemies. The latter, knowing and suspecting that you know the relation in which you mutually stand, seldom give you opportunity to deny them any thing; but friends do, every day. Stop and sup with me, and——"

"*NO!*"

A LEAF FROM THE LIFE OF A PEDAGOGUE.

That Thomson's view of the duty of a teacher is not corroborated by *all* experience, any unfortunate usher to the Temple of Science, who may chance to read this, will bear me witness. *Delightful* indeed! to teach that "young idea how to shoot," whose first shot, after the filial disobedience to parents, which comes of course, is a shot at the preceptor! Delightful, indeed, to combat the wayward wickedness of the child, and the thousand and one whims of the mother—to bear with the troublesome and impertinent interference of friends and parents, or, as is sometimes the case, to know that they, the natural guardians of a child, do not trouble themselves to remember even the name of him upon whom they have shifted, from their own shoulders, nine tenths of the trouble of managing their refractory sons and daughters! To travel, day and day over, the same dull road, every feature of which is uninteresting, and doubly dull by repetition—your path cheered by the reflection, that the young rebels you are striving to induct into the mysteries of orthography, etymology, syntax, and prosody, are as undisguisedly indifferent to your teachings as you are, at your heart, in bestowing them. You affect an interest—they are at no pains to do it; for children are never hypocrites, except in view of a flogging. And if there be in the intellectual waste a patch or two of ground upon which the seed is not

thrown away, so much the worse for the luckless instructor. What is the merit of the industrious scholar, is, in the eyes of the mothers of dolts, the *fault* of the teacher. He is *partial*—else there could possibly be no difference in his pupils; application, natural aptness to learn, are nothing.

A schoolmaster may be detected in five minutes' conversation. While silent he may be mistaken for a poet,—either looking stark mad, "his eyes in a fine phrenzy rolling,"—tripping alone in childish glee, as if glad as his scholars of an escape from confinement—or lounging along, all wan and wo-begone, as if just left at loose ends by the flight of a fit of inspiration. Speak to him, and you recal him from his abstraction; he assumes a magisterial air, and in the tone of his answer there is a savor of the dignity with which he is wont to preside in his little kingdom. This, to be sure, soon wears off, if he is not a mere machine for drilling a-b-abs into obtuse pates—the man shines through the formal exterior of the pedagogue. Glorious men, too, are often to be met under that mask. It is worth lifting, though nine in ten never see any thing but "the master."

John Philpot Curran, when war was first waged against the big wigs of the barristers, declared he was a non-entity without his wig. So would be schoolmasters, were it possible to strip them of the little peculiarities which have been theirs ever since, and long before Dr Parr taught the rising generations under the reigns of three kings.—(Was it longer?)—Who would strip them? Divested of all the little incidentals which go to constitute their insignia, and mark them pedagogues, they were pedagogues no longer. Men of

America—women are all Conservatives—men of America, if you are not all Reformers, if there be any conservative spirit left among you, protect the prerogative of the schoolmasters. Let not one inch of the ferule be abated—one iota of their dignity be called in question.

Honor the teacher, for his office is thankless and profitless enough to deserve at least the reward of empty respect. "Poor, paltry ten dollar note!" soliloquized a worthy member of the fraternity; "poor paltry ten dollar note! thou art the saving of a twelvemonth—the remnant of four quarterly stipends, redeemed with anxious and penurious care from the usurious grasp of the tradesman; shall I sentence thee to solitary confinement, till another annual round shall provide thee a fellow-prisoner? Poor, paltry ten dollars!"

"A bundle for the master! a bundle for the master!" and two of his daily torments, proud of a commission which sent them into the very sanctum of their awe-inspiring instructor, burst into the room. With the intuitive capacity for reading faces, which children possess, they saw their intrusion was unwelcome, and decamped.

Our hero's name was—no matter. He did not always move in the useful, but obscure sphere of a teacher of youth, and although

He is dead, and buried, and embalmed,

yet, as the latter process is done in octavo, with boards, and an outer covering of kid, or cambric, or green baize, for a sarcophagus, many a pair of old ladies' spectacles would rise with horror at the irreverent anecdote of one, who, if he is not canonized, is the subject

of a volume of biography ; and that amounts to the same thing in our part of the world.

The urchins had scarce left the chamber, ere their teacher followed. He probably owed the stairs no grudge ; though the iron-shod heels of his multipatched boots struck each step fiercely. Now he is hurrying up the street, and across the common, which, in all country towns, surrounds the " meetinghouse." His tap at the pastor's door is more than a double knock ; he has called out the grey-haired preacher, and while his bow legs tremble under him, and his arms furiously fly to elucidate his enunciation, he delivers a message. Now he is off again, and at the door of each of the school-committee a similar scene is enacted. He returns, but the phrenzy of passion which nerved and invigorated him a moment since has left him ; his pace is more sedate, and in his care-worn countenance are visible, the traces of more than one tear. The whole man is exhausted ; he drags the weary weight of his boots up stairs, locks his door after him, and the house jars with the shock with which he throws his weight into his big arm-chair. What can be the matter ?

The minister and the school-committee, one, two, three, are coming across the green, to answer the summons. Upon entering the chamber, even the gravity of the pastor is insufficient for the occasion, and the others, less scrupulous, laugh outright. There lay a pair of cast—pantaloons had not become common in those days —here a broad-flapped waistcoat, mended like Pat's jackknife, till scarce a thread remains of the original garment—with divers other articles of men's attire, consorted, and kept in countenance, by the corresponding articles of woman's apparel ; and—horror of horrors !—

there are not lacking in the melee even garments of juvenile proportions. To fill up the collection, papers of snuff, of tea, of tobacco, two pipes carefully wrapped in an infant's pin-afore, a jug of treacle, another of New England nectar, a paper of sugar, and an ounce of pins are interspersed among the pieces of raiment which lay about the room, in admirable disorder.

The preacher is first to break silence. "What means this medley?"

"This," said the Dominie, his speech interrupted by sobs, "is a trick of the children of this wicked and perverse generation, upon their instructor."

"Who are the offenders?"

"I cannot say. As many of the studious are wont, I was lost in abstraction when the turbulents entered, and I took no note of their countenances. But I will put the whole school to the rack—I will administer the torture to them till they confess; yea, I will visit them with condign punishment."

"No, no, Mr——!"

"What then? Shall I be insulted with impunity, and my authority become a by-word? Shall—"

"Wait patiently; wait, and the culprits will reveal themselves. Meanwhile, the garments will make an acceptable present to some poor family."

"Never, never!" roared the Dominie, his paroxysm returning. "Never shall my shame minister even to the comfort of the destitute!" and he sprang to his feet, seized the first article from the luckless parcel, which came to hand, and rent it to tatters, stamping furiously the while, and gnashing his teeth. His visiters sat in ill-subdued laughter at his frantic gestures and incoherent expressions. At length he got hold of the buckskin

pantaloons, and tugged away upon them in his impotent wrath.

"Thou lackest not the activity of Sampson, but thou hast not the strength with which he rent the young lion."

Awful sacrilege! The obdurate garment was despatched direct at the preacher's head! The jug of treacle was next immolated upon the hearth, the nectar followed, the tea was scattered about the floor, the sugar and tobacco were alike distributed, the pipes he broke into inch pieces, and tore the pin-afore to shreds with his teeth. His visiters had by this time retreated to the entry. One package alone remained—looking about him, like another Alexander, for another world to conquer, he saw and seized it—grasped it in both hands, and, twisting it, a howl of pain announced the escape of the subtle contents—his eyes were filled with snuff!

He sank back in his chair, exhausted with the ebullitions of his rage, and in an agony of torture. His friends hastened with water, and other appliances, to relieve him of his misery. When he opened his eyes, another figure was added to the group, a poor woman, his laundress, who with many tears, was bemoaning the wreck.

"What ails thee woman?" said the Dominie.

"Why," said the preacher, "the bundle upon which you have disgraced and unmanned yourself was hers, a present to her from her daughter at service—it was brought you by mistake, your name happening to be like her goodman's."

The pedagogue's head was bowed down in sorrow, repentance, and contrition of spirit. But his repentance brought forth good fruit. "There," said he, tendering

her the *poor, paltry ten dollars,* "let that be the reparation and purchase thy secresy."

It was an ample atonement, and the evident grief and self-abasement of the teacher induced the other witnesses to silence. During his abode in ——, the adventure of the bundle never was reported against him; and when, in after years, he became less sensitive upon it, though he often told the story as a warning against the indulgence of anger, he was careful to speak of the hero of it as of a particular friend, whose name he concealed from motives of delicacy.

DREAMS.

One of the most curious features of life asleep, is the utter disregard of the measure of time. Abercrombie quotes some instances. A person dreamed he came to America from England, spent a fortnight here, and narrowly escaped drowning on his return passage. The fright awoke him, and he found he had been asleep—*ten minutes.* Dreams in which an actual noise bears a part, take place after the alarm, though that is, apparently, the end of the dream—as thus: if a person dream of an earthquake, and, upon waking, find the noise has actually occurred, as is always the case, it is satisfactorily proved that the whole *story* of the earthquake takes place in the mind *after* hearing the noise, though that appears the catastrophe of the dream, and is the last thing remembered in reviewing it.

THE MAIDEN AUNT.

It is not in large cities, in the filthy streets which are the chosen residences of sailor-landlords, and on crowded and noisy quays, that the American sailor on shore is to be seen in his true character. In cities, the neglect of the better portion of the community has led Jack to turn away from the respectable, as from people who slight him; and has induced him to embrace the ready and rapacious *friendship* of landlords, shipping-masters, and people of an equivocal character. But go to the nurseries of seamen, to the small towns which dot our coast—where Jack has parents, brothers, sisters, and acquaintances, among whom his arduous calling is esteemed almost the only occupation worthy of manhood, there, "Richard is himself." As in other times the soldier was the only successful applicant for the hand of fair ladye, in these small maratime towns, it is the sailor—"none but the tar deserves the fair!" A tarpaulin hat purchases more respect than a plumed helmet —and the two-inch ribbon upon it is a better passport to favor, than are the decorations of any order of nobility. Jack at home is not the noisy roystering dog—indifferent to good or ill opinion, that you see him in the city, but feeling his dignity, the respected and the courted, he carries a high head and an independent.

Now for the principal personages in our tale. As all a sailor's ideas of comfort on shore are associated with motion—on foot, on horse-back, or in a tandem, we shall introduce you to them in the street. Jack's hat describes

forty-five degrees of a circle, as it touches the cottage-bonnet of the lady on his arm, and then is carried away, by the sway of his body, to such a distance opposite, that you half imagine the wearer is about to fall prostrate. In person, he is below the middle size—he might have been above—but, as an iron case prevents a Chinese lady's foot from growing to its fair proportion, the stinted accommodations of a ship's forecastle have taught Jack's body to conform in altitude to its ocean home. His dress is the everlasting navy blue, his hat a carefully brushed beaver—for on state occasions like this, the tarpaulin is laid aside—pantaloons, of amplitude sufficient for three fashionable pairs, a frock-coat, and gingerbread worked vest, half concealed by the enormous flying ends of a black silk neck-cloth. Pumps, with a yard of ribbon in each latchet, complete his equipments. His intelligent face has been bronzed by the suns of Ind; in his ears are a pair of plain gold rings, and his fingers are as faithfully hooped as a liquor cask. His present study seems to be, so to demean himself as to appear unconscious of the proximity of any thing feminine—an air assumed in contradistinction to the behavior of a landsman, who, in the same situation, would, by thrusting his head under the lady's bonnet, and making smirks and grimaces, lead an observer to imagine him unconscious of the presence of any save his Dulcinea. Jack affects an indifference which he does not feel—Bucky assumes the appearance of an attachment of which he hardly possesses the shadow.

We would not for our right hand slight the lady—but as we cannot always muster impudence to stare intently enough to be able to describe female beauty, like a painter, if the portrait is not a good one it is not her

fault, but ours. She has too much of the girl, to be styled a woman, and yet there is something in that face, which would seem to convey mute reproof, did you pronounce her a girl. A profusion of jet black curls relieves the shade of a complexion which approaches very near that of a brunette—and when those curls slide too uncomfortably near her "bonnie black eyne," there is something in the toss of her head as she shakes them back, which seems to say she would shake you off as promptly and as decisively, if you put her to the trial. There is a latent roguish leer in her velvet black eye, which attracts and repulses at the same moment—and, with the compressed lip, and other demi-demure features of her face, it altogether forms a riddle, upon which, if one dared, he would delight long to gaze. Her form is neither gross nor ethereal—you cannot swear that she is an angel—and will not aver that she is not. Is the description too romantic? We will dash the romance with a name—her name—it was Achsah Nelson. Of a truth our puritan fathers delighted in saddling Hebrew names upon their children.

They have strolled to the beach—Mackenzie, with his hands in his beckets, is resting his broad back against a high rock. A few feet in front of him, his gypsey, perched upon a ridge of pebbles thrown up by the surf, is, with finger elevated, giving him a taste of matrimony in advance, in the shape of a lecture admonitory. An opinion is entertained by some uncharitable people, that those who give good advice, and then caution the recipient of his liability to neglect it, talk, in part, from experience.

"Now, John, you must never be jealous of me. But I know you will!"

How the deuce should she know that?

* * * * * *

On the morrow, Mackenzie went to sea. It could never be ascertained whether Achsah wept at his departure, or not—for she is one of those persons, who, when they weep, do it for their own sole amusement, and carefully exclude all others from participation in an employment so agreeable. If Mackenzie had broken his chains before leaving her, he never would have known whether or not she cared a copper about it—and nobody knew whether the engagement between our sailor and his ladye love was merely in the stage premonitory, or a settled thing—except themselves. There *are* some few women in the world, who do not make confidants of all their acquaintances. Achsah had read more chapters in the Bible than pages of romance—the more the pity, for the interest of this history—for we never could learn that she went even once alone to the sea-shore, to sit and imagine her true love's course upon the trackless deep—nor that she sat a single hour, by moonlight on a rock, watching the spot where she lost sight of the speck, into which the "majestic vessel dwindled in the distance." We have also sought in vain for some interesting record of the events of Mackenzie's passage, but find only such memoranda as the following:

"6 K. 4 F. Course, S. S. W. Wind, N. Light squalls, with rain."

* * * * * *

The view of Valparaiso from the bay is one of the most beautiful in the world. To the right, it seems as if the Andes had made a stride quite to the sea-shore. Bluff hills, rising in almost artificial uniformity, one above another—the first of the range having only a nar-

row beach between its base and the water—are studded with white cottages with red tiled roofs. At the foot of these hills, stands the fort, under the guns of which the Essex was captured during the second war with Britain, in defiance of the law of nations. To the left, the bases of the hills are farther removed from the water, and here the principal part of the town is built—standing out in beautiful and bold relief, from the dark background formed by the mountains. The semi-circular shore of the bay is entirely free of rocks, except in one place, for the greater part of its extent. The harbor is open to the Northerly storms which visit it in the winter, and it would seem that Nature had, in forming the port, made the level beach, as a comparatively easy pillow, on which to lay the vessels, which, at that season, drift from their moorings. The single ledge of rocks above alluded to, is by sailors called Cape Horn, from a real or fancied resemblance.

As the vessel to which Mackenzie belonged was to lay some weeks at Valparaiso, the master took the opportunity thoroughly to overhaul and repair her rigging. Every spar on board was sent down, and nothing left standing but her naked lower masts. While the ship was thus stripped, the first "Norther," for the Winter of 18— came on. Despite of every exertion to strengthen her moorings, she drifted. The cables were payed out to the last inch, but long scope or short was alike ineffectual to prevent her drifting ashore. To add horror to their danger, Cape Horn, the only spot from which they might not hope to escape alive, was the point to which they were rapidly driven. Had it been possible to hoist a jib or staysail, they might have run her upon the beach—but in less time than is occupied in relating,

the helpless vessel was driven upon the rocks, and in sight of thousands upon shore, but out of the reach of their assistance, all on board perished—dashed to death among the rocks, or drowned on board. Before the danger became imminent, her launch had parted its painter and drifted ashore, and the only two persons who escaped, were absent with the other boat. Of these two, one was Mackenzie. He could, from the shore, see the supplicating attitudes of his friends on board, but to reach them was utterly impossible—though he did not abandon his attempts till the boat was swamped, and himself and his companion dragged insensible from the surf.

On the morning following, Mackenzie stood on the beach. The sun was bright, as if its lustre had never been dimmed by storm—the bay as placid as if its surface had never been ruffled. A busy crowd were picking up the fragments of the vessel and her cargo, which had drifted ashore; and under an awning made of an old sail, the remains of his perished comrades were lying. His little all of property had been destroyed with the ship—he was friendless, in a strange land, and among a strange people. Did he despair?—No. He thought of his home as a refuge he should one day reach, and the one bright particular star of that Heaven on earth, beamed encouragingly and mildly bright upon his heart, in his desolate situation. It whispered *Hope*.

* * * * * *

Mackenzie shipped on board an American vessel, and was "homeward bound." Bright dreams of future happiness flitted before his mental vision, and though he was destitute, he thanked God, with the ready philosophy of a sailor, that life was spared, and entered upon

his duty with as much cheerfulness, as if he had never known adverse fortune. One day a letter was handed him from home, which, addressed to the care of the Consul, had found its way more directly than such messengers usually travel from Maine to Georgia. He glanced at the signature, and bounded into the fore-top, to enjoy it alone.

"'Dear John—I take my pen in hand, to inform you that I am in good health, and hope these few lines find you enjoying the same blessing. My niece is well, but would not write.'"

"An old fashioned beginning, any how. Her niece, let's see—about knee-high to a toad. Who wants her to write?"

"'So I write myself, but she says I may send love.'"

"She's very good, and I hope she'll not miss it."

"'At my age, John, you may think me foolish to talk of marriage—'"

"Don't fret about that. I don't see what ails her age, though—she's old enough."

"'Mr Hartley has long been pressing in his attentions—'"

"An old scoundrel!"

"'And I have at last consented to marry him.'"

"The devil you have!" roared Jack, as he crushed the letter in his hand. After a moment or two, he became partially calmed, and carefully spread the letter open again.

"'I am convinced it will be for the interest of my niece—'"

"D—n your niece!"

"'I shall be married before your return, therefore this is the last from ACHSAH NELSON.'"

Jack crushed the obnoxious letter again, and tossed it into the sea—demanded his discharge—was refused—and ran away. Application was made to the authorities, and the town searched for the fugitive, to no purpose. At length he was overtaken in the mule path to Santiago, brought back, and lodged, till the vessel should be ready to sail, in a comfortable place, called in the vernacular of that region, the Calabozo, Anglice, Jail.

* * * * * *

In a small but tidy room in a house in ——, our friend Jack Mackenzie was seated with two ladies, a few weeks after his return from Valparaiso. The younger is Achsah—the elder, she, who when Jack was last at home, was her MAIDEN AUNT—she to whom Achsah was indebted for her euphoneous appellative. It would be difficult now to confound the names of the two, inasmuch as the one is Mrs Achsah Hartley, widow of the late Mr John Hartley; the other Mrs Achsah Mackenzie. It is but justice to the Maiden Aunt, to state, that not even love for her niece and namesake, would have tempted her into matrimony for money; but between her late husband and herself there had been in early youth some symptoms of marriage—the match was broken off, till in the autumn of their lives, the ancient turtles decided to pair.

Having brought our hero into safe anchorage, we leave him, first explaining to the reader what may appear incongruities. When an opportunity offered to send a letter to Valparaiso, Achsah plumply refused to write. If she could have written, sealed, and despatched the letter, without the knowledge of any living soul, she would have done it; but like many incomprehensible females who cloak real affection under pretended indif-

ference, she would not thus tacitly confess, even to her aunt. That maiden lady, who, at sixty, was on the verge of matrimony, could not bear that true love like Mackenzie's should be slighted altogether, and therefore wrote the letter which put our hero in the Calabozo. She had often seen Mackenzie, and had he been as curious about the ancient spinster, as she was about him, the mistake had never happened. That her letter related more to herself than her niece, we have seen. Can we wonder at that, in a lady's epistle, who, at threescore, was just ready to be married for the first time?

BOOKS.

"WHO kills a man," says Milton, "kills a reasonable creature—God's image; but he who destroys a good book, kills Reason itself." Think of that, confectioners, who bake pastry under stray leaves of Milton, and envelope "*kisses*," in fragments of "A Serious Call." What a load of sin, too, sticks to the fingers of the trunk-maker, who makes Captain Cook's Voyages describe the circuit of a band-box, and the problems in Euclid prove the distance from end to end of a portmanteau.

MUSIC MAD.

[The following, founded on the popular opera "La Sonnambula," it was at first the author's intention to omit—regarding it as having only a temporary interest. Upon second thoughts, however, it appeared to him that if "Corrected Proofs" have a life coeval with La Sonnambula, the book will be read as long as the English opera exists—a period a year or two longer than he dares to predict for it.

The reader will perceive that the lines quoted are from the opera.—While about making explanations, it is proper to acknowledge indebtedness to Mr T. S. Fay, for the suggestion of the following—taken from a paper of his, similar in design, founded upon the opera of Cinderella.]

The Woods are gone—it is over now, the opera and the uproar. One may think in prose, and talk without modulating his voice to a recitative; in a word, be sane without being unfashionable. Some there are still, however, in whose heads the clear notes of Mr and Mrs Wood, and the thorough base of Mr Brough have not yet done reverberating. My friend, Theodore Chromatic, is one of the affected.

I lost sight of him, one day during the theatrical visit of the Woods, at ten o'clock, P. M., pursued all day, without overtaking, and at night caught a glimpse of him going into the Tremont Theatre. I followed, as soon as I could, by pressing in; purchased a ticket, and found the head of Theodore Chromatic framed in one of the apertures in the box doors, affording the audience inside, a living portrait with fixed eyes. I touched him on the shoulder—

"Is it cashed?"

"No, it's Brough."

Dollars and cents—there was an answer! The fact is, he and I are both of this world, and who in the world does not want money? We had made a note; he was to get it negociated between ten and two; two, P. M., is a witching time on 'change. I lost sight of him, as I said before, and looked in vain. At forty-five minutes past one, desperate—furious, I commenced shinning, and saved my credit at the bank by the skin of my conscience—my *nominal* credit, I mean. The tellers and two or three of the directors looked awful hard and inquiringly at the big drops of sweat on my temples in January. The fruits of that sweat, who can guess?

To return to Theodore. I touched him again. He put back his arm, beating time as he deprecated interruption; but I persevered. "About that note?"

"It is certainly as low as E."

Clap—thump—hurra! Theodore Chromatic smashed a pannel of the box-door.

The first act finished, I again pushed up to my friend. "I must say, you're a charming—"

"Charming! delightful!" Taking a cue, away he went—

"'As I view now these scenes so charming,
With dear remembrance my heart warming,
Of days long vanished—O, my heart is filled with pain—'"

"So are my boots," said I; "both my feet ache; I've run—"

"Run! I've run and fought too, like a handcartman. Took me two hours to get a ticket, and now I'm number forty-three."

"But about business—"

"Business! she does it delightfully. Mrs Wood understands stage business—every thing—actress and songstress; there goes the act drop."

Theodore rigged his head in at the window again, and I fell back, determined to watch and catch the first lucid interval.

Such an interval did not occur that evening. I sat out the opera in the slips, made myself as philosophically content as I could; more than content, I was delighted, but not to insanity.

The next morning I was at my friend's store betimes. I had a check to make good at ten.

"Theodore, I should hate to be so crazy as you are. You forget your business—"

"O no—"

"And your debts—"

"O no—

'Still so gently o'er me stealing,
Memory will bring back the feeling,
Spite of all my griefs revealing,
That I owe them—that I owe them still.'"

"Such a medley as your head! Notes, business and musical, mixed—"

"Phoh! fudge!" And he assumed an attitude—

"'Ah! don't mingle one human feeling!'"

"Why, this is worse than—"

"Don't mention it!

'We will form a *heaven* of love;
We will form a he-a-e-a-e—'"

Here my friend got lost among the high notes. Somebody in the street bellowed "Fire!"

"Where is it?" said Theodore, running to the door.

"Why, you cried first," said the man of whom he asked.

"I'll be hanged if I did!"

The evening papers chronicled a false alarm.

* * * * * *

I dined with Theodore by invitation. As I stood at the door, after touching the bell, I heard a racket, a rolling and a tumbling down stairs. Something broke the glass I looked through, in my face. I opened the door, and a heap of mortality at the foot of the flight assumed the likeness, and rose to the altitude, of my friend, Theodore Chromatic. I picked up a dish-cloth; Chromatic snatched it from my hand, and ran up stairs, singing,

"'To whom belonging?—to whom belonging?'"

"In the name of common sense, Theodore, what does this mean?"

"O, nothing; only I've been rehearsing."

"Rehearsing?"

"Yes; the kiss at the end of the first act of La Sonnambula. Mother B——'s cook played Amina to my Elvino, and the old lady was Brough."

"Rough, if I might judge."

"Good! I owe you one. Brough, rough, Count Rodolpho. She parted us."

"So I saw."

During dinner, the presence of some twenty ladies and gentlemen kept Theodore's music *sotto voce*. "Take heed, whisper low," he sang to me from Masaniello, as the landlady sailed into the room behind the last dish, rosy with ire and steam, and fluttering in a dinner dress hastily put on. She looked carving knives at him, as she took her place.

" ' With hair loose streaming, and eyes bright beaming,
O, then it comes upon our fears,' "

sung the incurable, as a potato fell in his lap from a plate she thrust into his hand.

Dinner, and the discussion of its solids, kept him quieter than I had hoped; but all mouths started agape with astonishment, as he rose from the table and struck

" ' If it's permitted, my *sweet* hostess, I would now retire,' "

with a malicious emphasis on the sweet.

" You are certainly drunk!" said I.

" No, but I mean to be doubtfully," said he, as he closed and fastened his room door, and produced glasses and a bottle of wine. A quick, hasty footstep on the stairs, a tap on the door. No answer. She commenced forcing it.

" ' It shakes now, it breaks now!
Ah, Heaven!' "

Away the latch flew.

" Mr Chromatic, I won't put up with such doings in my house, that I won't. You shall make an apology."

" ' Ah! can you doubt me?' "

" Mr Chromatic, I won't be made a scandal of—I won't; I—"

" Now, don't be jealous, Mrs B——, because I kissed the cook—

'Still I can kiss *thee*—but ah! thou art sadly withered!' "

" No I aint withered neither, you insulting puppy; but I'll turn you out of the house, I will! You don't go to bed no night till morning—"

" O yes, I was in last night at eleven."

" Well, you kept a racket and a noise in the chamber all night."

" 'There are persons, who, while sleeping,
Still, like day, their vigils keeping,
Wandering, dreaming, speaking, smiling,
Though in sleep their sense beguiling—
Somnambulists they are named, it seems,
From their walking while in their dreams.' "

" Withered !" muttered Mrs B——, with a hitch of her shoulders, and a peep in the glass.

" Yes," warbled Chromatic—

" 'Yes, for thee time's sad power
Thy beauties have withered, sweet flower ;' "

I dodged involuntarily as the widow approached us, fairly frantic. Hers was no *acting*. Chromatic seized a chair to defend himself.

" 'Go ! guilty traitress !' "

" I'm *not* guilty !" screamed the widow.

" Why, mother, you 're perfect in your part !

'Now avoid me—now away !'

Glorious finale—first rehearsal

'We disdain thee, and with reason !' "

" Better pay your board, then !"

" And increase your hoard, then ! Original ! Capital ! Duetto, Impro—Improvis—give us the Italian !"

" Hear me !" shrieked the landlady.

" More of the author ? why you certainly are perfect ?" said Chromatic, in ecstacy.

" 'Ah ! pray hear her,
She will not, I'm sure, deceive you.' "

said I, laughing.

" You quoting, too ? Well, I will hear her. What have you to say, mother ?"

"Why," sobbed the landlady, "a-bu-busing, heh-eh, heh-eh—it is cruel!"

"More of the author!"

"Chromatic," said I,

"'See there!
By thy treatment she will die—
Forbear!'"

"It *is* too bad, Mrs B——."

"Heh-eh, heh-eh!"

"Any apology I can make—"

"Heh-eh, heh-eh!"

"I will."

We managed to make her understand, and Chromatic was pardoned, on promise of future good behavior. All this, however, did not prevent him from singing in a cracked voice Amina's solo.

"'Ah! embrace me—'"

Mrs B—— gave him a demi-scowl.

"'While thus forgiving,
Each a pardon thus receiving—'"

"On conditions, recollect, Mr Chromatic," said the widow, as she left the room.

"'On the earth while we are living,
We will form a Hea—'"

"Take care, Theodore, you've created one alarm of fire to-day!"

"I am mute."

THE GENIUS.

For he a rope of sand could twist
As tough as learned Sorbonist,
And weave fine cobwebs, fit for skull,
That's empty when the moon is full;
Such as take lodgings in a head,
That's to be let unfurnished.

Didst ever in thy pilgrimage, encounter a Genius? I mean one of those deeply learned bipeds, who have a smattering of every thing but the useful, and are well versed in lore which benefits them not. Who can tell how many wheel-barrow loads of iron made the price of a day's labor in Spartan currency, but not how many dimes there are to an American dollar. Who are able to describe the Egyptian process of manufacturing paper from the reed papyrus, but cannot tell whether the paper now in use is manufactured in North America or New Zealand—or whether it is made of linen rags, or potato tops. Who can discourse learnedly upon King Philip's Macedonian Phalanx, and their weapons—but cannot distinguish a rifle from a fowling piece, or a percussion from a flint lock. Who can revel on black letter, and grow fat on musty manuscripts and relics of antiquity, or on books generally—but hardly know how to dispose of the knife and fork at table. Deeply learned in politics and statistics, such an one can sometimes calculate to a farthing the expenses of government—the interest of the national debt, or the sum requisite for the support of the army and navy, while he cannot readily tell the difference between the price of a week's board and

a single meal. He can tell what use the Carthagenian women made of their hair, when they shaved their heads for the benefit of their country, but does not know the use of a comb in his own, though perchance he can describe the relics of ancient toilet paraphernalia, unearthed at Herculaneum and Pompeii.

Genius will sometimes strike into some particular path, and then it makes the possessor ignorant of every thing else. But an universal genius has some or all of the peculiarities above enumerated—or if not precisely those, others very similar. One trait, however, is the universal attribute of the possessor of genius—contempt for common things—more particularly for pecuniary matters. It is not always essential to drink gin and water, though Lord Byron would swallow that anti-sentimental beverage—but disregard to pecuniary matters is a *sine qua non*. If not actually possessed, it must be affected. Who ever heard of a genius making account of dollars and cents, or husbanding his income? The thought is preposterous. What! descend to matters so commonplace and necessary as taking heed to the acquisition and proper disposal of base coin? A genius is not a genius if he takes care of himself, or keeps an eye to the management of his money—ergo, Sir Walter Scott was no genius at all. Lord Byron, too, has been suspected and accused of hinting that "monies" are worth looking after; those, then, who can soar above such sordid considerations, go a flight beyond Scott and Byron. Oliver Goldsmith cared for no such trash, and although his works cleared vast sums, the author of the "Deserted Village" never was out of debt. He would give away money, and keep his tailor out of his bill. The author of Hudibras died as poor in pocket, as the every-day

doggrel imitations of his style are in poetry. Henry Fielding " was naturally but little formed for economy," and scattered a handsome fortune brought him by his wife, and his own inheritance beside, in three years. Tom Jones himself could not have rattled it away faster. Smollet never could make the bailiff entirely " forget the way to his habitation "—but I could not find space on a ream of foolscap to enumerate half the " illustrious poor " who kept themselves so. To be sure there are many exceptions—but as it is easier to imitate a genius in his extravagance than in his economy, every would-be-genius copies the former. They despise the labor attendant upon economy, and imagine themselves above those irksome duties, which are requisite to obtain necessaries as well as luxuries.

Permit me to introduce you to a female specimen of the species. It came to pass some time ago, that a long, lank being of the feminine gender came to the residence of my father, bringing letters introductory and recommendatory from a friend of my sister. She was travelling for her health, and sooth to say, her appearance did not belie the plea of indisposition, which was her ostensible reason for the journey. Every body in the house was delighted with the idea of being honored with a visit from a genius, for her fame had preceded her. She was urged to make a long visit, and nothing loth, took up her abode for a regular visitation. A room was cleared for her, and to this apartment, her bandboxes and portmanteau were carried. Her apparel appeared rather soiled and dusty—this my sister attributed, and with reason, to her journey. The same excuse however, would not answer for her neglecting to put herself in decent trim after her arrival—or for sitting through the

evening in her dusty and road-worn habilaments. But she was a genius, and of course disregarded trifles.

My sister, who seemed to consider the stranger a consignment to her care, or in other words, her protege, undertook after tea to draw out the genius in conversation, to convince her younger brothers, who could ill suppress their mirth; and her parents, who hardly concealed their disgust, that the beauties of the mind, which our guest had cultivated, more than compensated for her lack of outward adornment. Miss Basbleu, who was used to being exhibited, readily took her cue, and away she went, over every subject into which she had ever dipped—evincing about as much acquaintance with each, as a sparrow who has skimmed over a field of grain, may be supposed to possess of the natural history of it. Nine o'clock P. M. found her still talking—my father beginning to yawn, and my mother knitting vehemently. At ten the old gentleman was asleep in his chair, and the old lady in the fidgets. At eleven, Miss Basbleu was alone with my sister. When at length she did retire, it would seem that she did it with an intention to draw on the morning for her loss of sleep during the evening before—as at the breakfast hour she was not visible. After waiting a reasonable, perhaps I should say an unreasonable time, a messenger was despatched to ascertain whether Miss Basbleu was dead or alive. The little kitchen Mercury returned with a request that my sister would go to the guest's chamber. Caroline hied away to wait upon the genius, and shortly re-appearing, desired from Miss Basbleu, that breakfast should not be delayed on her account. No questions could pump from her the reason of the non-appearance of her protege—and after she had hastily

swallowed her coffee, she returned to the genius, with whom she certainly appeared fascinated.

At dinner Miss Basbleu appeared—and ate most unpoetically. She was in much better guise than on the evening before, and my sister's hand was visible in her toilet. I thought she wore a dress, which I had seen Caroline wear, but upon second thoughts, deemed it impossible that even a genius could travel without taking with her a change of apparel. Notwithstanding her appetite for dinner appeared so imperative, Miss Basbleu soon evinced that her ruling passion was stronger than even her appetite. She gave us, by way of an accompaniment, a dissertation upon the ancient posture at meal-times, discoursed upon Roman luxury, and alluded to the extravagance of the Roman gourmands, who carried the expense of their tables so far, that an imperial edict was issued, forbidding the price of a single entertainment to exceed a certain sum. Thence she danced to Cleopatra's feast, where the Egyptian queen dissolved a pearl of great price, in a cup of vinegar—and while upon the subject of precious stones, she took a trip to Arabia, and recounted the virtues supposed by those people to be inherent in divers jewels. While in Arabia, she condescended to inform us that *Felix* means *Happy*, and that Arabia Felix was so called, to distinguish it from Arabia *Petrea*, or the *Rocky*. At length, perceiving that we were all waiting for her to rise from the table, she stopped short in the midst of a Latin quotation, and bolted the residue of her dinner.

It is more than a fair task for *my* learning to recount even the names of the subjects upon which she lectured—to give the substance of her dissertations would be for me an impossibility. No sentence, however trivial,

could be uttered, but she would hang upon it a treatise on antiquity. Ma Conscience! how the girl talked—talked—talked. Mother's head ached for a week afterward, and father swore that it gave him a distressing fit of English Grammar. Toward evening a walk was proposed, and here, the genius was as much at fault as at her toilet in the morning. Caroline's wardrobe had to suffer again to put the guest in walking trim, as she had unfortunately omitted to bring with her one half the little etceteras indispensable to a lady's equipment. Just as we had reached the door, a tremendous hiatus was discovered in the heel of one of Miss Basbleu's hose; and one of her shoes was a morocco, and the other a prunella. We put back to refit, and having rearranged Miss Basbleu's attire, while she laughed at us for taking so much pains with what she considered nonessentials, the party got again under weigh.

It is one characteristic of a *savante* to consider her own sex too *feminine* for her notice, when there are any he creatures within reach. She regards the received course of female education too narrow, and deems the mind of the gentle sex as capable of grasping what are deemed masculine branches of education, as the lords of the creation themselves. Accordingly when Henry Bliss and sisters, joined our party, Miss Basbleu hardly waited for an introduction before she fell upon him with all her artillery of Mythology, Antiquity and the Dead Languages, flanked by her light-corps of Belles Lettres, and supported with a *corps de reserve* of Logic, Rhetoric, and English Grammar. The poor fellow was thunderstruck and would have retreated, but Miss Basbleu followed him up with Geology, Botany, and Natural History—and made a dead thrust at him under cover of

Platonism. Finding himself fairly *mastered*, Henry surrendered at discretion, not a little pleased at first, at being thus monopolised by a *Genius*. The female part of the party, notwithstanding their respect for the wonderful powers of the eccentric, could ill suppress their merriment, as they saw through all her manœuvres. Caroline however was a little chagrined, as she considered Henry her peculiar property—and taking the arm of a female friend, left the party, to avoid being longer disgusted with Miss Basbleu's advances upon the young gentleman. The Genius's letters of introduction had lost half their weight on my sister. They walked home, and Miss Basbleu sauntered into the room an hour afterward, protesting that she was as much fatigued as Hannibal was after the passage of the Alps, and should seek the rest the Carthagenian hero found at Capua, on her pillow, as Henry Bliss had made her promise to take a long walk with him in the morning.

Henry called in the course of the evening. My sister tauntingly told him that Miss Basbleu had retired. He supposed so, or he would not have called, as he had already endured one dose of *blue-ism*, and had another in perspective on the morrow. "Why then *invite* her to walk?" inquired Caroline. "Invite her!" ejaculated Henry, astonished.

Poor Miss Basbleu! She little dreamed how far the parallel between herself and Hannibal was to be carried. She had told Henry that *she* should not be visible in the evening, and imagined that her absence from the drawing room would render it a place of no attraction for him. She thought she had astonished him with her knowledge, captivated him with her charms, and secured him as her own. Knowing less of *affaires du cœur*

than of the campaigns of Alexander, she imagined she had taken Henry by a *coup de main*. But alas! As Hannibal lost Rome by wintering at Capua, Miss Basbleu, by "retiring to her pillow" permitted a *tete-a-tete* between Henry and Caroline. An explanation took place of course—Henry, whose politeness alone had induced him to *agree* to a walk on the following morning, and to *endure* Miss Basbleu on the afternoon previous, had called to inform my sister in the absence of her guest, of all the little slanders which the *Genius* had whispered in his ear respecting her friend—of her representations of my sister's ignorance, and unfitness for the wife of a gentleman, and of *her engaging him* to walk the next morning. In return, he learned the manner in which the genius had represented the projected walk and the insulting air with which she did it. Between them a plan of operations was devised, which my sister put in execution.

The Genius rose, punctual to the hour, but could find nothing in her chamber wherewith to deck herself, but her own wardrobe. "Parbleu!" exclaimed Miss Basbleu, "this dress will never answer!" as she looked at the dusty, dirty French calico, in which she had ridden two days before, and the only one, by the way, which she had in the world. "Sacre Dieu!" she continued as she ascertained that divers little indispensables to a lady's toilet, with which my sister had supplied her, had been removed from the chamber. "Sacre Dieu!"—for she could swear in French delightfully, and knew, as well as anybody, notwithstanding her affected ignorance, what was necessary to a morning dress—"Diable!"—for she cared as much as any belle how she looked when she had a conquest in view,

notwithstanding her boasted superiority over *trifles*;—"I can never go out with Henry Bliss in this guise."

Henry waited long for the Genius, and at length walked with Caroline in her stead. As they returned to the house, Miss Basbleu was getting into the stage, swearing in English, (for she could swear in English as well as French, and despised *feminine* weakness,) that our whole family were illiterate, uninformed, impolite, and altogether wanting in the courtesy due to a *genius* like herself.

So much for Miss Basbleu. Whether she writeth her name *Miss* still, your deponent is unable to say—but sincerely hopes so. I have no enemy in the world that I know of—and I could wish none but an enemy so hard a lot as a union with such a *genius*. He would be obliged to breakfast on a Greek Lexicon, dine on Sanscrit, and sup on Hebrew or Chaldaic—and to put up with her reflections upon his ignorance by way of *sauce*.

STEALTH.

"THEY obtain their living by stealth," said my friend, speaking of a certain class of people. Tried by the dictionary, perfectly correct—'the act of stealing, theft.' But what a queer idea one has of the sentence, upon first hearing! To do a thing by stealth, in the vernacular, is to do it unperceived, and there are many who get a living thus—nobody knows *how* they do it.

COMPLAINT OF A SMART FELLOW.

SEATED alone in our sanctum, in perfect apparent external quiet, the Phrenological Department of our upper story got into sad commotion. Ideality had been taking a nap, into which fatigue had thrown (him? her? or it?) and Self Esteem and Approbativeness were jogging the sleepy organ aforesaid for something which should everlastingly perpetuate the fame of the reader's very humble servant. Acquisitiveness seconded their efforts, because Hope had whispered that the progeny of Ideality might be worth dollars, and Language stood ready to clothe the bantling with words whenever it should make its appearance. Secretiveness with characteristic craft, concealed whatever interest she took in the discussion; Benevolence, who, like a coachman, is mounted on the front of the craniological machine, looked down in pity to see how near the hubbub would drive the rest of the body to exhaustion—Comparison likened the confusion to that of Babel, and Reverence was sadly vexed that the tenants of the human head should so demean themselves. Combativeness threatened to clear the premises of all the occupants; but Cautiousness strove to molify his wrath, and hinted that a destruction of the whole organization would follow such a proceeding—Destructiveness protested that such was the event of all others that he wished for.

Just in time to prevent so dreadful a consummation, the door opened, and a wan figure glided in, placed a written sheet on the table, and moved out again, without

uttering a word. The contents of that sheet were as follows ;—

My Dear Mr E——,

I am one of those unfortunates who have "had greatness thrust upon them." I have the reputation of being a tremendously smart fellow ; how I came by it is beyond my power to tell, for, since my earliest recollection, the extent of any commendation that I recollect to have received for any particular feat, is "P-r-e-t-t-y w-e-l-l, but he might do better if he would." What that opinion is grounded on, is a mystery ; to me it appears about as reasonable as the stale conundrum, that a glass-blower can make an E *gallop*, because he can make a D *canter*. Oh the misery of having unconsciously perpetrated a crack article !—Oh the *odorousness* of comparisons ;—Dogberry never knew half the extent of it—for Dogberry was not a smart fellow. If he had been, he could not have slept on his watch—or indeed off his watch. And when one is compared with himself, or rather with what himself *might be*, if his friends are not partial judges, comparisons are odious indeed. I will give you one day from my diary.

Rose at nine, on the morning of July fifth. A little headachy—stomach weak—ideas a confused medley of patriotism and wine fumes. Certain that I was in the state which in nautical parlance is designated by the phrase "a little how came you so," but uncertain how I came so. Pulse irregular—face flushed—head hot—tongue furred—a little feverish. Thought of the cholera, and hoped these were not symptoms premonitory. Sat down to coffee—opened the morning paper, filled with accounts of yesterday's celebration. Recollected where I got my head-ache, &c. "Mr —— —— made

a very happy oration, but we feel obliged in justice to him to say, that he was not himself." Hem—So much for what I thought one of my best efforts. "He had not spent labor enough upon it." It cost me a month's work! "Altogether, it was a chaotic mass, sparkling with beauties, and, as a whole, may be regarded but as a brilliant proof of what the gifted orator might accomplish, if he would." Vastly pleasing this, was it not? Coffee finished, my particular friend, Mr Allwork, was announced. He wanted me only to prepare a series of regulars and fourteen volunteer toasts for the members of his club, and a speech to be delivered by the president, *impromptu*, upon his being toasted, at the approaching anniversary. He was followed by another friend, who wished me to write him a series of temperance resolutions;—upon his heels came a third, who wanted a speech for an anti-anti-license-law meeting of grocers;—a fourth came, who wished me to indite him a letter requesting an honorable dismission from a Calvinist church. Each swore me to secrecy, so I could not evade one by pleading my engagements with another—of course I was obliged to promise all.

Noon. "The cry is still, they come." I have been applied to for stanzas for an album, for a *very* particular friend, who wished to transcribe them into it over his initials,—and for a song for an amateur friend, whose excellent voice is to his head as the parchment to a drum, with the difference that while the drum aforesaid acknowledges its emptiness, my friend wishes to stuff his head with my rhyme and carol it as his own. *Evening.* The curators of the Lyceum are entreating me to fill, this evening, a vacuum created by the disappearance of a lecturer on geology—to go into the chair,

and prate of primary, secondary, tertiary and slatose formations; of trap, granite, quartz, mica and pudding-stone—me, who hardly know a beryl from a flint. "But I must—I should oblige them very much—I am a *talented man*," and must therefore be crushed to-night under ten thousand talents of stone!

There is a day—now come a day's consequences. The president of the club takes a seat in the Legislature—won by the laurels earned by *my* speech. "It was an excellent thing," they say, "the production of a man of limited advantages. If Mr —— ——, (meaning myself,) would only be alive enough to improve *his* talents thus, how proud his friends might be of him! But he will do nothing, he is absolutely lazy." The temperance resolutions have stuck an ice-plant in the hat of the cold-water man who read them as his own; the anti-temperance documents have marked the reader of them "prime;" the Universalists have published the letter of request as a refutation of all John Calvin's tenets; the album man is known as *the poet;* and a likeness of my amateur musical friend accompanies the sheet of music to which the words I furnished him are set. My lecture on geology, though a string of quotations, *verbatim,* from Bakewell and Silliman, is denounced as incorrect in its statements, and altogether faulty.

There, Mr E——, you have a small sample of my life—and I put it to you, if my sufferings *is* not intolerable? Let me charm never so wisely for myself, nobody is charmed but myself—and even I, myself, am denied the gratification of being pleased with any thing I do—longer than till I can hear the opinions of others; while, if I am called upon to supply the *original* essays, etc.

of my friends, nobody can commend those friends enough, for my work—and I am denounced as indolent, supine, and wanting in ambition. People suppose me endued with a genius of a forty horse power,—and while I am not permitted to deny it, I cannot pluck the plumes from my strutting friends, and show what I *have* done, to exonerate myself from the imputation of indolence. What shall I do? Tell me, my dear E——, and everlastingly oblige one, who will else soon give some one an opportunity to write in his *hic jacet*—"he might have been A SMART FELLOW."

The unfortunate's proper course may be designated by a very simple rule—let him take as much pains for himself, as he does for his neighbors. One is too apt to regulate the zeal of his labor by the character of his employer, and *self*, in matters where labor is required, is often too easy a master. Let him consider the demands of others upon his time as of secondary importance to his own.

A SAINT ON THE LOOKOUT.

THE natives of some of the Ionian Islands have an opinion that their tutelar saint, Columba, perches himself on the church spires on certain evenings, to count the Islands, and see that none have been destroyed by witchcraft. What will not ignorance and superstition make of men?

A VISION.

"What a jingling there would be, if every fool in our day, as of old, wore the cap and bells of his order."

Recipe for a nap in the evening:—A glass of negus or punch, a good fire, and a cigar. If these fail of their somnolent influence, add a newspaper, and the dose is inevitable. Dozing over one, upon an evening, the sentence above quoted caught my eye. It stood alone, and without comment, a rule above, and one below it. I read and re-read—spoke and repeated it—for it seemed marvellously pert, though a conviction of its truth was irresistible. Divers and curious were the thoughts that single sentence prompted.

The half dozen books that constitute a scribbler's library jostled each other rather uncourteously. Strange that authors cannot forget in their works, the jostlings and jealousies of their private life, but must be thus exemplifying the generous feelings of fellows of a trade. "Le Diable Boiteaux" of Le Sage at length gained the mastery, and it appeared he was the original cause, as well as the ultimate victor. Wriggling itself out of the rank, and standing in advance of the others, the volume opened, and, stepping from the Frontispiece, Asmodeus himself, *in propria persona*, hobbled down from the shelf. Touching the tip of my right ear with the end of his crutch, "listen!" said the demon.

"I hear a faint tinkling, good Asmodeus. What means it?"

"Listen!" said my visiter, and handling his crutch like a veteran, he tipped the other external index of my hearing apparatus.

"Save you—"

"Tut! my dear fellow—that's no aspiration for a Christian. Save *me!*—you are beside yourself."

"That may be, Asmodeus, and I am beside you also—but can neither understand myself nor your Demonship, for the racket. If all the beasts who bore burden at the building of Babel wore each a bell, they could not have jingled in this wise. Clap a stopper in one lug again, if you please, for

Mine ear is pained—

As modest Cowper, whom you jostled aside on the shelf, hath it. Oh, how many fools there are in the world!"

Here one of the crutches approached my head again. Nearly stunned with the music, which the acute sense of hearing, already imparted, had blessed my ears withal, and unwilling to suffer farther by the sharpening of any other of my senses, I dodged incontinently, and—*mirabile dictu!*—my own bell rattled in my ears—loud—deep—abrupt.

"And I too, a fool!"

"To be sure you are, sir. I'll read you some counts of the indictment. You have lived till this time, to be surprised at the number of fools in the world! As an author, you are hoping for emolument!—a precious fool; for fame!—an ambitious fool; for ease!—oh, fool! Nay—start not at the truth, or your bell rattles. I talk in plain terms when I would befriend. If it pleased me to injure you, I would flatter—but I shall be plain with you, and administer coarser food to your vanity, than

that with which the Spartan fool, Lycurgus, dosed his people. Your head aches? Pray Heaven, then, that the noise of other people's folly be aye the only cause which shall disturb you. Now for a walk."

* * * * * *

"That elegantly dressed gentlemen—"

"Wears the bell for imagining that people are admiring him, when it is only his tailor's skill that they are gaping at. And Shears is a fool for selling him the suit on credit. That crack customer driving a span, is establishing his credit by whipping before the doors of his friends and patrons. If he wants a note endorsed tomorrow—and whether he will or not, you know as well as he, and he knows as well as if he had nothing to do with his own business—that equipage will drive him, to whom he applies for a name, a long way from giving it."

"There is one person without the badge—fortunate fellow! I am happy that in the crowd, there is one better than a fool!"

"Not so fast, not so fast! He, like a distinctly and well-drawn picture, needs no label—like a book of one chapter, he needs no index—a title-page suffices. In his, read Brandy in the flushed cheek—Jamaica in the carbuncles, and Intemperance in the *tout ensemble*. Had I bell'd him to shew you he was a fool, I had more richly merited the jingle myself.

"Yonder creeps a mortal whose strength is scarce sufficient to carry him along under his bell. He is a sufferer by empiricism. Steam, lobelia, and red-pepper have wasted a form once robust, to the attenuated thing you see—the effigy of a man. His faith is unshaken in the virtues of the system, and he is even now crawling to receive his *coup de grace* at the hands of his ex-

ecutioner. If there be any thing for which the bell is merited, it is putting one's life into the hands of a pretender, unfit to be trusted with the ails of a pet dog.

"Each of the multitude is, as you see, marked with some characteristic of a fool. Men are not now cannibals, but in some sense, different men and classes of men are relatively placed as the orders of animals stand to each other. The hawk pounces upon the sparrow—so that hawk-eyed man with a silver bell is ready to settle upon the poor devil before him, who is fool enough to imagine he can turn Pluto from his purpose, by any eloquence or entreaty. He might as well expostulate with the bronze statue of the Tzar Peter Alexowitz.

"Monkeys are laughed at as imitators—look at the whole race of fashionables! Nothing is so preposterous that fashionable precedent may not authorise it—nothing so monstrous that fashion may not stamp it elegant.

"You have seen a poor little fluttering bird run into the very jaws of a serpent! See that bewildered wight with a head full of illusive hopes, a mind intent on speculation, gloating upon visions of castles in the air. His contracts have been extended beyond the possibility of his meeting them—mortgages—hypothecation of stock—one per cent per diem—are his last honorable resorts. He trembles on the brink of ruin—hesitates between the Scylla of bankruptcy, and the Charybdis of dishonesty. One or the other must dash his dreams.

"The jackal is fabled to beat the bush for the lion, and the king of beasts is said to make use of him for his menial work. Thus, among men, the great little and the little great are mutually useful, and mutually faithless to each other. As, among beasts, the strong oppress the weak, and the crafty weak betray the strong—even

so among men, each takes advantage of the other's assailable points to serve his own ends, and effect the destruction of those who stand in the way of his ambition or cupidity. "The lion may expire by the puncture of an asp," so the foul breath of slander and the wily spirit of detraction tarnish the fame, destroy the peace, and mar the prospects, of the really meritorious man.

"How aptly is he bell'd, who expects fame to follow *merit*—a fool, indeed, but an *honest* fool. Per contra, how justly does the tinkle mark the man, who, having turned the merits of his cotemporary to his own advancement, and clapped the wreath upon his own head which should have been worn by another, imagines that he can believe his flatterers, and cheat himself into an opinion that he is indeed what they represent him. A knavish fool! He knows better—and he has the glitter without the gold for his pains—the shadow without the substance. He is for a while *distinguished*, but not happy—nor is he long allowed to wear his borrowed plumes. Like the donkey in the fable, who donned the lion's skin—"

Bah! I put the fire end of my cigar to my lips—started—and lost Asmodeus and the rest of the vision. Since that evening, I do not see an egregious fool, but I hear a noise in my ears like a bell tinkle—and I feel tempted, like Pat, to ask him if he too does not hear it.

MR TIMORIS DUMPS

KEEPS a common-place book—and a very uncommon common-place book it is, I assure you. Scraps from country newspapers, pasted in, and manuscript copies of such items as the following:—"Recipe to cure the bite of a mad dog." "To recover a drowned man." A dozen prescriptions for cholera. "Bay rum, infallible for rheumatism." "Mustard, a good emetic, and may be administered in case of poison, before a doctor arrives —dose, five large tea-spoons." "N. B. The apothecary at the next corner has a stomach-pump—to inquire whether it is in order, and if not, to volunteer its repairs from my own pocket." "To complain to the City Marshal, of Mr ——'s cellar." "To inquire of Palmer, of the Tremont Laboratory, the properties of chloride lime and chloride soda, and their comparative strength." "To write a series of essays for the newspapers, recommending the building of shaded side-walks for Winter, to break the fall of snow from the roofs of houses." "To have permanent stagings built for masons and carpenters, with a preventer wall of three inch plank, to save bricks from falling into the street." "N. B. To call and examine Richardson's Patent Fire Alarm." "To suggest the building of steam engines for boats, with a five feet brick, water-tight, Roman cement wall, between them and the cabin." "To get up a petition to the Legislature, to have the speed on railroads restricted by law to six miles the hour." "To buy a specimen of each of the life-preservers manufactured by all the India

Rubber Companies—must be attended to immediately, as I cross a bridge once a week."

I forbear farther extracts, as they cannot be very interesting, save to Mr Dumps, and will give, instead, a sketch of the man himself. In the Winter, he wonders that he has a continual cold—but nobody who knows him has any surprise on the subject, because, if the streets are in particularly bad order, abounding in what is significantly called *splosh*, in the vernacular, he is sure to wade through the worst of it, longitudinally, in the very middle of the street, to avoid the danger of being buried on the side-walks. He wears caoutouches to be sure, but they fill, and only express the snow-water through his boots. The same choice of path causes him as many narrow escapes as there are *sploshy* days —and as much as one knock-down by a carriage, per Winter, as, in sealing his ears against cold, he seals them against sound.

In dog-days, he wears beneath his pants a cow-hide case, strapped to his legs, impenetrable to canine teeth. In the building season, his hat has been stuffed full of waste paper, ever since he heard of an editor's wonderful escape from death by the blow of a brick-bat. All the sugar used in his house has been subjected to a chemical test, since some of the Down-Easters were poisoned by Muscovado. The water used for culinary purposes is all filtered, and when his cook boils a cabbage she cuts it into inch pieces, to be sure of the absence of adders, etc. A rope-ladder is coiled beneath his chamber window, duly fastened to two staples, and all his valuables are nightly packed in a fire-proof chest. His assortment of medicines and preventives has determined an apothecary's apprentice who spends half his

time in putting them up, to wait till he can buy at auction the medicine-chest of the late Mr Dumps, before he sets up in business for himself.

Of newspapers, he patronises those which publish the most horrible accidents, providential escapes, patent medicine advertisements, and obituary notices. His present standing dish of trouble is the French war, and he has purchased the last surgical work, to know how to treat a shot or sabre wound, and provided himself with styptics, tourniquets, splints, and other necessary appliances, in case he should be drafted, and compelled to serve in the militia. The necessary sum for the purchase of a substitute is appropriated, labelled, and kept inviolate in one department of his pocket-book—and he has already singled out the man, who, he is determined, if need be, shall serve as food for powder, instead of Timoris Dumps, Esquire.

A more supremely unhappy man cannot be found in the world. A delightful season of sunshine torments him with the fear that the exterior wood-work of his house may become dry and inflammable—rain affrights him with the danger of miasma from stagnant pools of water after it, and with fear of damps, colds, and rheumatism, during its continuance. Spring has its horrors of unripe fruit and vegetables—Summer has its falling bricks, malignant disorders, and mad dogs—Autumn its peculiar diseases—Winter hard times, avalanches, and consumption. To the appropriate fears of each season, is superadded his anticipation of the critical periods of the next.

All this in confidence, my dear reader—I would not that Mr Dumps should hear of it, for the world—but, *entre nous*, I can't say much for his wisdom. "Suffi-

cient for the day, is the evil thereof," and one might as well meet all his notes for the next six months, to-day, as to borrow all the trouble he can possibly encounter—and more too. "Hang care!" says the old adage, "it killed the cat." The man in trouble is not such a delightful part to enact, that one need constantly be rehearsing it—I warrant we shall all be perfect enough, when the time comes. If you must dream of the future, dream of something worth your while. If you will build castles in the air, don't take Udolpho for a model, but some airy, pleasant, modern structure. Leave physic to the dogs and the doctors—war to General Jackson—the banks and hard times to our six hundred legislators—at any rate, don't trouble trouble, till trouble troubles you.

PARMENIO,

When he was once greeted with an approbative shout from a multitude, turned to a philosopher who stood near him, and said "Pardon me, I fear I have been guilty of some absurdity!" What a good opinion of himself must the Grecian have rejoiced in—and what a craving appetite for adulation that sentence betrays. Note it when you will, those who profess indifference to the opinions of the world, value fame highest.

CONFESSIONS OF A BASHFUL MAN.

[The following, neatly written on pink paper, rolled in an envelope, and fastened with blue ribbon, was picked up in Congress Street. It was supposed the author intended to make one of the newspapers the organ of his confessions—and the article was disposed of accordingly.]

I DON'T know what I was created for—really. Let it be what it will, one thing is certain, I have never brought much to pass. I hate the bustle and crowding necessary to put myself forward—hate it for the exertion necessary to bring about distinction; and because I fear some booby, whose sole recommendation is impudence, will step in before me, just as I am on the eve of reaching the point, and thrust me aside by sheer blustering.

People generally imagine that your bashful man is very *modest*—there never was a greater mistake. Now, in my own humble opinion, there is no man better qualified than myself to shine in court, camp, or pulpit—to edify, enlighten, and astonish the world—but alas! my light has ever been hid under a bushel—and why? Because my cotemporaries never had penetration enough to detect its glimmer, throw aside the veil, and open on the world its lustre. If my talent is hid, it is not because I am unaware of its value—far from it. As I have said before of *bashful* people in general, so I say of myself in particular, I am one of the most self-sufficient mortals in being. *Mauvaise-honte* is only another name for pride. Conscious of my own abilities, and

rating them far above their merit, I am astonished at the lack of judgment betrayed by my fellows in neglecting to bring me out. They know not what they lose by their neglect of my talent. If I do not thrust myself forward, it is because—in addition to the reason laid down at the beginning of my sheet—I conceive it due to myself to wait to be brought forward. The world owes me its notice, and I am determined the debt shall be paid me, without applying for it. What! cannot Archibald Encyclopedia, Esq. be treated as he deserves, without taking upon him the task of showing himself up, as a jockey parades a horse for a market?

Monday. Turned out in tolerable season. Sundays so dull, for a man too bashful to attend church, that between Saturday night and Monday morning, I become too tired of my couch, to sleep late. Looked out at my window. Would have walked, had it been a dull morning—but the sun shone so delightfully, that there were thousands walking. Could not think of exposing myself to the gaze of so many people—know they would all have been gaping at so remarkable a man as myself—too modest to endure all the notice which would have been taken of me—concluded not to go out. (Confoundedly provoked that nobody had asked me to walk on the day before. Recollected that I saw nobody—wondered that nobody had hunted me out. Astonished that people won't run after a man who runs away from them.) Took up the morning paper. Looked over the marriages—came near fainting—nobody in sight—determined not to go to that trouble, for if I fainted without witnesses, the circumstance could not be reported. Wondered how Miss Amanda ——, could have married

that booby, Henry ——, when she must have known I liked her. Never told her so to be sure; but *she* might have made advances herself—she knows I am *very* modest—but very accomplished, and an excellent man for a husband altogether. Heigho! well, if such a remarkable man as Archibald Encyclopedia cannot get a wife without asking—why—he will do without one. Some lady or other will be a tremendous loser, that's a fact. Strange they should be so blind as not to perceive the merit of a man who never displayed any.

Read the advertising page—pretty well, too! That impudent doughface, Peter Superficial, appointed Cashier of the —— Bank! Should have liked the birth myself—but because I did not apply, modest merit was overlooked. Am an excellent accountant—singular that the fact could not have leaked out, without my announcing it. Well, well, Peter has the advantage of me this time, by blowing his own trumpet. I, forsooth, a better penman, accountant, &c. than he is, have lost the birth because nobody knew I wanted it, and nobody took pains to inquire whether I was fit for it or not.

Literary Notices. Let's see. "A dissertation on the materials of which Babel was built, together with incidental remarks upon the different cements in use for building, from the date of the erection of the Chinese Wall to the present time. By Simon Trowel, A. B." Simon Trowel an author! A good one! What fools the publishers are! Why, I am authority upon all matters of antiquity; if a work of this kind was called for, why was I not requested to write it? I can dilate on all subjects, from the natural history of the tenants of Noah's ark, down to the anatomy of a mod-

ern flea, or a dissertation on the social habits and intellectual traits of a lobster or craw fish. I can retail all the court scandal of the days of Queen Semiramis; give you the statistics of the revenue and treasures of King Crœsus, and account chemically and philosophically for the process by which Midas turned all he touched to gold. To be sure, I have no acquaintance with Pica, Minion & Co., the publishers, but they might have known I could write, by my countenance, my habits, general appearance, and extraordinary erudition! If the world wishes me to enlighten it—I must be applied to—that's all. *I* shall not court the favor of those whose duty it is to worship my talents.

Ten o'clock. Saw some callers coming up the avenue. Bolted to my garret—took down Cicero's Orations—could not read—because I was mentally persuaded the call was intended for me. Saw them off—went down—astonished upon learning that my name had not been mentioned. Mother informed me that her brother, a captain, had returned, not "from the wars," but from India, and would dine with us. Tried to beg off from dining with the family—plead sickness—old folks would not listen. Argued that I was not in trim to see company—mother relented—but father protested he would stand no such nonsense. Obliged, per force, to promise attendance.

Dinner. An amphibious monster that captain uncle of mine. Sports tremendous whiskers, and wears a choppa. Wants a supercargo. Wonder he had not offered me a recommendation to his owners. He essayed to open a conversation—answered him in monosyllables. Think this maratime life does not require

such a vast deal of experience to qualify one. Might make a ship-master. A booby, that captain, to direct all his conversation to my brother and not notice me, older and better informed as I am. Sat still and held my tongue from sheer rage. (Heard my mother impute it to *modesty*.)

Evening. Attended the lyceum. Heard Arthur E—— support the affirmative of the question before the meeting. Determined to answer him. Audience apparently very much pleased with his argument—broke out into open applause. Disgusted with their lack of judgment, in applauding what I considered abominable nonsense—resolved not to throw pearls before swine, by addressing so wretchedly ignorant an assemblage. (My silence placed to the score of *modesty* again.)

There is the history of a day of every day occurrences. Upon extraordinary occasions my *modesty* is still more apparent. If, reader, you are not yourself a "Bashful Man," no description of mine can convey to you an adequate conception of the vanity hid under the cloak of "Bashfulness."

KEEP COMFORTABLE.

COUNSEL FOR COLD WEATHER.

Till the commencement of the present century, the head was a sort of *terra incognita*—unexplored by any save messengers with more teeth than tongue. Now that phrenology—

Still harping on *that* theme!

Easy, easy, dear reader; look back to the head line—keep comfortable! The warmth of rage is unnatural, and of no avail to the comfort of the body, even in cold weather. Let your heat be from without, from anthracite, bituminous, Lehigh or Liverpool—but keep cool mentally. If phrenologists *will* make *dura mater*, *cineritious*, and *medullary*, *occiput*, *frontal sinus*, and half a hundred other heathen terms, household words, how can you help it? and how can I?

The Boston Society have discovered a new organ. They call it *associativeness*—and, among other things, it is the spring of fondness for society—large in geese, in sheep, in crows, in men of gregarious habit, and in buffaloes. Cultivate associativeness. Avoid solitude. Misery loves company, therefore do not freeze alone. A group is much more picturesque and interesting than a single figure. Keep warm hearts about you, and a good fire, an easy, animated flow of conversation, that your tongue chatter, and not your teeth. Take in an interesting periodical.

Do not agitate the slave question, or be agitated by it. Have to do with nothing black, but black diamonds from the Schuylkill mines or the Peach Orchard. Conversation about slavery will introduce the subject of warmer climates incidentally, and engender envy of the very class of people the abolitionists would teach you to pity. What do the slaves know of a thermometer fifteen degrees below zero?

Remember the poor. A fire built by you in a hovel, miles away, will warm your heart, and warmth of the body follows—a warmth most agreeable. Be resolved that all the misery you can prevent, you will, and resolving—execute.

Keep your feet dry. Man does not, like other vegetables, flourish by constant irrigation, Summer or Winter. Study health more than comeliness in the adornment of the outer man, but never altogether neglect comeliness. John Neal says—"Dress a man up, and you give him clean and new ideas. His very loll is graceful or imposing; and he *feels* that it *is* so." I iterate Mr Neal's opinion—let the voice reach you, not as from one having experience, but as from a sloven, in warning. Do not forget to keep your feet dry.

Shut the door! At home, for economy of fuel—abroad, to escape apocryphal blessings. There is no excuse for leaving a door open behind you—you may be coming back—so is Summer—but there is a chance to freeze before the return of either.

Keep a clean conscience, and a balance on the credit side of your ledger. Above all, pay the printer. To read a paper paid for in advance, is pleasure unalloyed —your own paper, I mean. Stolen waters are sweet,

but newspapers are not all water, though some are milk and water. There is a consciousness of leisure, and an I-do-not-care-when-I-get-through feeling, necessary to the enjoyment of a newspaper, which a *borrower* never experiences.

Avoid such out-door recreations as sleigh-riding. It is barbarous and Lapland-ish. I never see a party whisked along in sleighs, sitting for frozen feet and ears under Jack Frost's fingers, but I think of a goose whisked through a fire to singe off her pin-feathers. The cases are antipodes, but extremes sometimes meet, and often resemble each other. There is little to choose, for comfort, between freezing and roasting. Skate, if you like; "coast" if you are boy enough; throw snowballs, if you have a friend you can pepper with impunity, but do not condemn yourself to a sleigh-riding punishment, unless you wish to do penance. Think of it. Packed in a box—the feet still enough to stop circulation even in warm weather, the bight of the reins frozen in your hands, and the ends of your fingers insensible. Imagine the sweet nothings which you drop for your adored, freezing before they compass the two inches between your lips and her boa. Think of the voice in which you must bellow the amiable to be heard above the sleigh-bells. Cupid's arrows are fragile, and ill calculated to penetrate half a dozen thicknesses of fur. Think of these things, and do not sleigh-ride and slay comfort.

Do not stand out of doors to cheapen wood. The vender always has the advantage of you, and can stand untouched by frost while you freeze and thaw again. What you gain in the price you will lose in the con-

sumption of fuel necessary to restore yourself. Do not cheapen poultry—cheapen nothing but ice, and never take that unless forced upon you. Keep a quantity by you, on your side-walks—it is charity, inasmuch as it compels sluggish passengers to gymnastics.

Build no fire in your sleeping chambers. Plunge into a cold water bath in the morning. *Parenthesis*—I would have nobody tempted to commence this practice in the Winter.

Have done wishing for Spring, and it will come all the sooner. Take the pleasures of Winter as they present themselves, and do not forget the old organ with a new name, *associativeness*. Now, having, like a skilful composer, brought my strain back to the same note with which I commenced, I have done. Keep comfortable.

ERRATA.

Page 108, twelve lines from top, for *beach* read *bench*.
Page 141, fifth line from bottom, for *six* bells read *four*.