The New Mirror for Travellers, and Guide to the Springs

James Kirke Paulding

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PREFACE.

Ever since the invention of steam engines, steam boats, steam carriages, Liverpool packets, rail roads, and other delightful facilities for travelling, the march of the human body has kept pace with the march of the human mind, so that it is now a moot point which gets on the faster. If the body moves at the rate of fifteen miles an hour, the mind advances in an equal pace, and children of sixteen are in a fair way to become wiser than their grandfathers. While the grown up gentleman goes to Albany in twelve hours, and comes back in forty−eight with a charter in his pocket, the aspiring schoolboy smatters a language, or conquers a science, by the aid of those vast improvements, in the "*machinery*" of the mind, which have immortalized the age. In fact, there seems to be a race between matter and mind, and there is no telling which will come out first in the end.

Legislators and philosophers may flatter themselves as they will, but they have little influence in shaping this world. The inventors of paper money, cotton machinery, steam engines and steam boats, have caused a greater revolution in the habits, opinions and morals of mankind, than all the systems of philosophy, aided by all the efforts of legislation. Machinery and steam engines have had more influence on the Christian world, than Locke's metaphysics, Napoleon's code, or Jeremy Bentham's codification; and we have heard a great advocate for domestic manufactures predict, the time was not far distant, when men and women and children would be of no use but to construct and attend upon machinery—when spinning jennies would become members of congress, and the United States be governed by a steam engine of a hundred and twenty horse power. We confess ourselves not quite so sanguine, but will go so far as to say, we believe the time may come when a long speech will be spun out of a bale of cotton by a spinning jenny; a president of the United States be made by a combination of machinery; and Mynheer Maelzel be beaten at chess by his own automaton.

Without diving deeper into such speculations, or tracing the effects of these vast improvements in the condition of mankind, who will soon have nothing to do but tend upon machinery, we shall content ourselves with observing that the wonderful facilities for locomotion furnished by modern ingenuity have increased the number of travellers to such a degree, that they now constitute a large portion of the human family. All ages and sexes are to be found on the wing, in perpetual motion from place to place. Little babies are seen crying their way in steam boats, whose cabins are like so many nurseries—people who are the most comfortable at home, are now most fond of going abroad—the spruce shopman exclaims "Adieu La Boutique," and leaves the shopboy to cheat the town for him—the young belle, tired of seeing and being seen in Broadway, breaks forth in all her glories in a new place at five hundred miles distance—bedrid age musters its last energies for an expedition to West Point, or the Grand Canal—and even the thrifty housewife of the villages on the banks of the Hudson, who heretofore was "all one as a piece of the house," thinks nothing of risking a blow up, or a break down, in making a voyage to New York to sell a pair of mittens, or buy a paper of pins. We have heard a great political economist assert, that the money spent in travelling between New York and Albany, in the last fifteen years, would go near to maintain all the paupers of the United States in that the purest of all possible states of independence— to wit, a freedom from an ignominious dependence on labour and economy. It is high time, therefore, that the wandering Arabs of the west should have a code of laws, and regulations for their especial government, and the principal design of the present work is to supply this desideratum.

We have accordingly prepared a system of jurisprudence, which, we flatter ourselves, will not suffer in comparison, either with the code Napoleon—the code Bentham—or any other code which the march of mind hath begotten on the progress of public improvement in the present age. The traveller, if we mistake not, will find in it ample instructions, as to his outfits in setting forth for unknown parts—the places and things most worthy of attention in his route—the deportment proper in divers new and untried situations—and above all, critical and minute instructions, concerning those exquisite delights of the palate, which constitute the principal object of all travellers of taste.

In addition to this, we have omitted no opportunity of inculcating a passion for travelling, which from long laborious experience, we pronounce the most exquisite mode of killing time and spending money ever yet devised by lazy ingenuity. It would occupy our whole book—which is restricted to a certain bulk, so as not to interfere

with the ladies' bandboxes and the gentlemen's trunks—were we to indulge in a summary of all the delights and advantages of seeing new and distant parts. Unfortunately for us we write solely for the benefit of the world, holding our own especial emoluments in sovereign contempt; and still more unfortunately, if this were not the case, we belong not to that favoured class of writers, who can take the liberty of publishing in six royal octavos, matter which might be compressed in one. We have only space to observe, that a man who has travelled to good purpose, and made a proper use of his opportunities, may commit as many blunders and tell as many good stories as he pleases, provided he confines himself to places, where he has been, and his hearers have not. Books are of no authority in opposition to an eyewitness; who is, as it were, like so many of our great politicians—*exofficio*, a judge of every thing.

Two persons were once disputing in a large company, about the Venus de Medicis. One maintained that her head inclined a little forward to the right, the other that it inclined to the left. One had read Winckelman, and a hundred other descriptions of the statue. The other had never read a book in his life; but he had been at Florence, and looked at the Venus, for at least five minutes.

"My dear sir—*I ought to know;* for I have read all the books, that were ever written on the Venus de Medicis."

"My dear sir—*I must know;* for I have been at Florence and seen her."

Here was an end of the argument. All the company was perfectly satisfied, that the man who had seen with his own eyes was right—and yet he was wrong. But seeing is believing, and being believed too. You may doubt what a man affirms on the authority of another; but if he says he has seen the sea serpent, to doubt his veracity is to provoke a quarrel. Such are the advantages of seeing with our own eyes! Let us therefore set out without delay on the Grand Northern Tour.

THE NEW MIRROR FOR TRAVELLERS, &c.

In compiling and cogitating this work, we have considered ourselves as having no manner of concern with travellers until they arrive in the city of New York, where we intend to take them under our especial protection. Doubtless, in proceeding from the south, there are various objects worth the attention of the traveller, who may take the opportunity of stopping to change horses, or to dine, to look round him a little, and see what is to be seen. But, generally speaking, all is lost time, until he arrives at New York, of which it may justly be said, that as Paris is France, so New York is—New York. It is here then that we take the fashionable tourist by the hand and commence cicerone.

The city of New York, to which all travellers of taste resort from the remotest corners of the earth, and from whence they set out on what is emphatically called the Great Northern Tour, is situated at the confluence of two noble waters, and about eighteen miles from the Atlantic Ocean. But we have always thought it a singular piece of impertinence in the compilers of road books, itineraries, and guides, to take up the traveller's time in describing things he came expressly to see, and shall therefore confine ourselves to matters more occult and inaccessible to transient sojourners. New York, though a very honest and well intentioned city as times go, (with the exception of Wall Street, which labours under a sort of a shadow of suspicion,) has changed its name almost as often as some graceless rogues, though doubtless not for the same reasons. The Indian name was Manhadoes; the Dutch called it New Orange and New Amsterdam; the English New York, which name all the world knows it still retains. In 1673, it was a small village, and the richest man in it was Frederick Philipse, or *Flypse*, who was rated at 80,000 guilders. Now it is the greatest city of the new world; the third, if not the second, in commerce of all the world, old and new; and there are men in it, who were yesterday worth millions of guilders—in paper money: what they may be worth to−morrow, we cant say, as that will depend on a speculation. In 1660, the salaries of ministers and public officers were paid in beaver skins: now they are paid in bank notes. The beaver skins were always worth the money, which is more than can be said of the bank notes. New York contains one university and two medical colleges; the latter always struggling with each other with a noble spirit of generous, scientific emulation. There are twenty−two banks— good, bad and indifferent; forty−three insurance companies—solvent and insolvent; and one public library: from whence it may be reasonably inferred, that money is plenty as dirt—insurance bonds still more so—and that both are held in greater estimation than learning. There are also one hundred churches, and about as many lottery offices, which accounts for the people of New York being so much better than their neighbours.

In addition to all these, there is an academy of arts, an athenæum, and several other institutions for the discouragement of literature, the arts and sciences. The academy languishes under the patronage of—names. The athenæum is a place where one may always meet with La Belle Assemblee, Ackerman's Magazine, and the last number of Blackwood. In addition to these places of popular amusement and recreation, New York supports six theatres, of various kinds: from whence it may be inferred, the people are almost as fond of theatres as churches. There *was* an Italian opera last year. But *Eheu fugaces Posthume!* The birds are flown to other climes, and left the sweet singers of all other nations, as it were, howling in the wilderness.

Besides these attractions and ten thousand more, New York abounds beyond all other places in the universe, not excepting Paris, in consummate institutions for cultivating the noble science of gastronomy. The soul of Heliogababus presides in the kitchens of our hotels and boarding houses, and inspires the genius of a thousand cooks—not sent by the d—l, as the old proverb infamously asserts, but by some special dispensation. There too will be found canvass backs from the Susquehanna; venison from Jersey, Long Island and Catskill; grouse from Hempstead Plains; snipe from the Newark meadows; and partridges from Bull Hill; which, if the gourmand hath never eaten, let him despair. Then as for fish! O for a mouth to eat, or to utter the names of the fish that flutter in the markets of New York, silently awaiting their customers like so many pupils of Pythagoras. It is a pleasure to keep Lent here. It is impossible to enumerate them all: but we should consider ourselves the most ungrateful of mankind, were we to omit making honourable mention of the inimitable trout from the Fire Place, whose pure waters are alone worthy the gambols of these sportive Undinæ; or the amiable sheep's head, whose teeth project out of his mouth as if to indicate that he longs to be eating up himself; or the black fish, which offers a convincing

proof that nature knows no distinction of colours, and has made the black skin equal to the white— at least among fishes; or the delicious bass—the toothsome shad—and the majestic cod, from the bank of Newfoundland, doubly remarkable, as being almost the only good that ever came of banks. All these, together with countless varieties of smaller fry, offer themselves spontaneously to the experienced connoisseur, a new delicacy for every day in the year. We invoke them all! Thee sea green lobster of the Sound, best beloved of southern invalids, a supper of whom is a sovereign cure for dyspepsia; thee luscious soft crab, the discovery of whose inimitable excellence has made the city of Baltimore immortal; cat fish and flounder, slippery eel and rough shelled muscle; elephant clam, which the mischievous boys of the Sound call by a more inglorious name;—we invoke ye all! And if we forget thee, O most puissant and imperial oyster, whether of Blue Point, York River, Chingoteague or Chingarora, may our palate forget its cunning, and lose the best gift of heaven—the faculty of distinguishing between six different Madeira wines, with our eyes shut! All these and more may be seen of a morning at Fulton and Washington Markets, and the traveller, who shall go away without visiting them, has travelled in vain.

Then for cooking these various and transcendent excellencies, these precious bounties—Thee we invoke—thee of the *Bank Coffee House* , who excellest equally in the sublime sciences of procuring and serving up these immortal dishes, and hast no equal among men, but the great Sykes, with whom thou didst erewhile divide the empire of the world. But *Eheu fugaces Posthume* too! the smoke of his kitchen which bore up incense worthy of the gods is now gone out—he himself is like a shadow long departed, and nothing is left of him but the recollection of his suppers and his debts. Neither must we commit the crying sin of passing unnoticed and unhonoured the utterly famous gastronomium of the great Droze, master of the twelve sciences that go to the composition of a consummate cook; nor the crying injustice of omitting to point the nose of the curious traveller to *Him of the new Masonic Hall*, great in terrapin soup—greater in fricasees and fricandeaux— greatest of all in a calf's head! Neither would we pass over the modest merits of him of the Goose and Gridiron, who like the skilful logician can make the worse appear the better reason, and convert by the magic of his art, the most ordinary material into dishes worthy the palates of the most erudite members of the Turtle Club, whose soup and whose jests are the delight of the universe. But we should never have done, were we to pass in review an hundred, yea, a thousand illustrious worthies to be found in every street and lane of this eating city, who tickle the cunning palate in all the varieties of purse and taste, from a slice of roast beef and a glass of beer, at a shilling, to grouse and canvass backs, and Bingham wine, at just as much as the landlord pleases. Suffice it to say that if, as the best practical philosophers do maintain, the business of man's life is eating, there is no place in the universe where he can live to such exquisite purpose as the renowned city of New York. We have heard it confessed by divers condign Englishmen, who had eaten and grumbled their way through all parts of Europe, where there was any thing to eat, that they no where found such glorious content of the palate, as at this happy emporium of all good things. If any corroborative of this testimony should be thought necessary, we will add the experience of twenty−five years of travel in various countries, during which we have tasted, by actual computation, upwards of five thousand different dishes. Still farther to establish the glories of our favourite city, we will adduce the authority of a young gentleman, who travelled several years on the continent, and approved himself a competent gourmand, by bringing home a confirmed dyspepsia. He has permitted us to insert a letter written originally to a friend at the south, which, besides setting forth the excellent attractions of New York, exemplifies in a most striking manner the benefits derived from travel, which improving divertisement, it is the design of our work to encourage and provoke by all manner of means. Truly did the great philosopher and moralist, Dr. Johnson, who passed all his life in the fear of death, truly did he inculcate the superiority of the knowledge derived from *seeing*, to all other knowledge. Who that hath seen the grand opera at Paris, but will have all his life after a more vivid impression of legs? Who that hath sojourned in the vast eating houses of New York and Paris, but will cherish an increasing sentiment of the primary importance of the noble science of gastronomy? And who, that has once beheld the magnificent contrast between the king and his beggarly subjects in some parts of the old world, but must feel ennobled by the example of what human nature is capable of, if properly cultivated? But to our purpose. The letter alluded to, is one of a series written by the members of a most respectable family from the south, to which we have politely been permitted access, and from which we shall occasionally borrow some others.

STEPHEN GRIFFEN, ESQ. TO FRANK LATHAM. − New York, —. −

Verily Frank, this same New York is a place that may be tolerated for a few weeks, with the assistance of the Signorina, the unequalled cookery, and above all the divine Madame —. Only think of a real, genuine opera

dancer in these parts! Five years ago, I should as soon have expected to see an Indian war dance at the Theatre Francois. It is really a vast comfort to have something one can relish after Paris. I think it bad policy for a young fellow to go abroad, unless he can afford to spend the rest of his life in New York. Coming home to a country life, is like going from high seasoned dishes to ham and chickens. Such polite people as one meets with abroad; they never contradict you so long as you pay them what they ask for every thing; such a variety of dishes to eat; why Frank, a bill of fare at a Paris hotel, is as long as a list of the passengers in Noah's ark or a Liverpool packet; and comprehends as great a variety of animals. Nothing can equal it except New York. And then such a succession of amusements. Nobody ever yawned in Paris, except a real John Bull, some of whom have their mouths always open, either to eat or yawn. To see a fat fellow gaping in the Louvre you would think he came there to catch flies, as the alligators do, by lying with their jaws extended half a yard. How I love to recall the dear delights of the grand tour; and as I write at thee, not to thee, Frank, I will incontinently please myself at this present, by recapitulating, if it be only to refresh my memory, and make thee miserable at thy condign ignorance of the world.

I staid abroad six years; just long enough to cast my skin, or shed my shell, as the snakes and crabs do every once and a while. In France, I threw away my clod−hopping shoes, and learned to dance. I got a new stomach too, for I took vastly to Messrs. the restaurateurs. In Italy, I was drawn up the Appenines by six horses and two pair of oxen, and went to sleep every day for three weeks, at the feet of the Venus de Medicis. There were other Venuses at whose feet I did not go to sleep. I was, moreover, deeply inoculated, or rather as the real genuine phrase is, vaccinated, with a raving taste for music, and opera dancing, which last, in countries where refinement is got to such a pitch that nobody thinks of blushing, is worth, as Mr. Jefferson says of Harper's Ferry, "a voyage across the Atlantic." By the way, they have an excellent custom in Europe, which puts all the women on a par. They paint their faces so that one can't tell whether they blush or not. Impudence and modesty are thus on a level, and all is as it should be.

Italy is indeed a fine place. The women are so *sociable*, and the men so polite. France does pretty well; but even there they sometimes, particularly since the *brutifying* revolution, they sometimes so far forget themselves as to feel dishonour and resent insult. All this is owing to the bad example of that upstart Napoleon, and his upstart officers. Now in Italy, when a gentleman of substance takes an affront, he does not dirty his fingers with the affair; he hires me a fellow whose trade is killing, and there is an end of the matter. Then it is such a cheap country. Every thing is cheap, and women the cheapest of all. Every thing there, except pagan antiques, is for sale; and you can buy heaven of his holiness, for a hundred times less money, than it costs to purchase the torso of a heathen god without legs or arms.

In Germany and especially at Vienna, they are excessively devout—and what I assure you is, in very refined countries not in the least incompatible—exceedingly profligate at the same time. I mean among the higher ranks. This is one of the great secrets a young fellow learns by going abroad. If he makes good use of his time, his talents, and above all his money, he will find the secret of reconciling a breach of the whole decalogue, with the most exemplary piety. When I was first in Vienna they had the Mozart fever, and half the city was dying of it. On my second visit Beethoven was all the vogue. He was as deaf as a post—yet played and composed divinely; a prrof—you being of the pure *Gothic* will say— that music can be no great science, since it requires neither ears nor understanding. Beethoven had a long beard, and a most ferocious countenance; there was no more music in it than in a lion's. He was moreover excessively rude and disobliging, and would not play for the emperor unless he was in the humour. These peculiarities made him irresistible. The Beethoven fever was worse than the Mozart fever a great deal. I returned a third time to Vienna—and Beethoven was starving. They were all running after a great preacher, who from being the editor of a liberal paper, had turned monk, and preached in favour of the divine right of the emperor, notwithstanding the diet and all that sort of trumpery. But music is their passion—it is the source of their national pride.

I once said to a worthy banker who had charge of my purse strings—"Really monsieur—you are very loose in your morals here." "Yes—but we are the most musical people in the world"—replied he triumphantly. "Your married ladies of fashion have such crowds of lovers." "Yes—but then they are so musical." "And then from the prime minister Prince Metternich downwards, every man of the least fashion is an intriguer among women." "True my dear sir—but then Prince Metternich has a private opera house, and you hear the divinest music there." "And then the peasantry are in such a poor condition—so ignorant." "Ignorant sir— you mistake—there is hardly one of them but can read music!" Music covers a multitude of sins at Vienna. It is worth while to go to Vienna

only to see the peasantry— the female peasantry from the country, with bags, picking up manure, and singing perhaps an air of Mozart or Beethoven.

In England I got the last polish—that is to say, I learned to box enough to get a black eye, now and then in a set−to with a hackney coachman, or an insolent child of the night—videlicet, a watchman. Moreover, I learned to give an uncivil answer to a civil question; to contradict without ceremony; to believe that an American mammoth was not half as big as a Teeswater bull; that one canal was worth a dozen rivers; that a rail road was still better than a canal, and a tunnel better than either; that M'Adam was a greater man than the Colossus of Rhodes; that liberty was upon the whole rather a vulgar ill bred minx; and that a nation without a king and nobility, was no better than a human body wanting that indispensable requisite, the seat of honour. Finally, I brought home a great number of clever improvements—to wit, a head enlightened with a hundred conflicting notions of religion, government, morals, music, painting, and what not; and a heart divested of all those vulgarisms concerning love of country, with which young Americans are apt to be impestered at home. Thus I may say, I got rid of all my home bred prejudices; for a man can only truly be said to be without prejudices when he has no decided opinions on any subject whatever. Lastly, I had contracted a habit of liberal curiosity which impelled me to run about and see all the fine sights in the world. I would at any time travel a hundred miles to visit an old castle, ogle a Canova, or a Raphael. In short, I was a gentleman to all intents and purposes, for I could neither read, work, walk, ride, sit still, or devote my self to any one object for an hour at a time.

This was my motive for coming hither:—I came in search of sensation, whether derived from eating lobsters, or seeing opera dancers, is all one to me. But alas, what is there here to see, always excepting the dinners and suppers, worth the trouble of opening one of one's eyes, by a man who has seen the Opera Francois—the Palais Royale—the inside of a French cook shop—the Pantheon—St. Peter's—the carnival—the coronation— and the punch of all puppet−shows, a legitimate king— besides rowing in a Venitian gondola—and crossing Mount St. Bernard on a donkey! Last of all, friend Frank, I brought home with me the genuine patent of modern gentility—a dyspepsy, which I caught at a famous restaurateurs, and helped to mature at the Palais Royale, where they sit up late at nights, eat late suppers, and lie abed till five o'clock in the afternoon.

But this dyspepsy, though excessively high bred, at that time, is now becoming vulgar. I have actually heard brokers and lottery office keepers complain of it since my arrival here. Besides it spoils the pleasure of eating; and a man must have made the grand tour to little purpose, not to know that eating is one of the chief ends of man. I vegetated about for a year or two, sans employment, sans amusement, sans every thing— except dyspepsia. The doctor advised hard work and abstinence—remedies ten times worse than the disease— to a man who has made the grand tour. "Get a wife, and go and live on a farm in the upper country." "Marry and live in the country!—not if it would give me the digestion of an ostrich," exclaimed Signior Stephen Griffen. By the way, this same Christian name of mine is a bore. Griffen will do—it smacks of heraldry; but Stephen puts one in mind of that degenerate potentate, whose breeches only cost him half a crown, a circumstance in itself sufficient to stamp him with ignominy unutterable. Be this as it may, it pleased my doughty god−father, whom I shall never forgive for not giving me a better name, to accede to the wishes of that exceedingly sensible rice−fed young damsel, his pet niece, and my predestined rib, alias better half, to visit the springs at Ballston and Saratoga—the great canal— the great falls—and other great lions of these parts. So here we are established for ten days or a fortnight, for the purpose of taking a preparatory course of lobsters, singers, dancers, dust and ashes. Broadway is a perfect cloud of dust. It has been M'Adamized— for which may dust confound all concerned. Thine,

S. G.

The approach to New York, either through the Narrows, or the Kills as they are called, is conspicuously beautiful, and worthy of the excellent fare to which the fortunate traveller is destined, who visits the city at a proper season. And here we must caution our readers to beware of all those unlucky months, that are without the fortunate letter R, which may be called the tutelary genius of oysters, inasmuch as no oyster can enjoy the pleasure of being eaten in New York, during any of the barren months, which are without this delightful consonant. It is against the law, experience having demonstrated the ill effects of indulging in these delicious dainties in hot weather, in the sudden deaths of divers common councilmen after supper. For this reason most of

the fashionable people go out of town, during those infamous months that intervene between May and August, not one of which contains the fortunate R, there being nothing left worth staying for. This period may justly be called the season of Lent. No canvass backs—no venison—no grouse—no lobsters—no oysters;— nothing but lamb and chicken, and green peas! No wonder all people of taste go out of town, for as a famous prize poet writes: "Without all these, the town's a very curse, Broadway a bore, the Battery still worse; Wall Street the very focus of all evil, Cook shops a h—ll, and every cook the d—l."

New York is not only beautiful in its approach, beautiful in itself, and consummate in eating; its liquors are inimitable—divine. Who has not tasted the "Bingham"— the "Marston"—the "Nabob"—and the "Billy Ludlow!" Above all, who has not tasted of the unparalleled "Resurrection" wine—so called from its having once actually brought a man to life, after he was stone dead under the table. Nobody ever died until they had no more of this wine left; and a famous physician once affirmed in our presence, that every drop was as good as a drop of buoyant, frisky youthful blood added to the body corporate. No wonder then that eating and drinking is the great business of life in New York, among people that can or cannot afford these exquisite dainties, and that they talk of nothing else at dinner; for as the same illustrious prize poet has it,— "Five senses were by ever bounteous heaven, To the thrice lucky son of Adam given. Seeing, that he might drink e'en with his eyes, And catch the promise that taste rarifies; Hearing, that he might list the jingling glass, That were he blind might unsuspected pass; Smelling, that when all other sense is gone, Will for their traitorous absence half atone; And feeling, which, when the dim, shadowy sight, No longer guides the pious pilgrim right, Gropes its slow way unerring to the shop, Where Dolly tosses up her mutton chop, And sacred steams of roasted oysters rise Like incense to the lean and hungry skies."

Of the manner in which the various manoeuvres of gastronomy are got through in New York, at dinners, and evening parties, the following, which we have politely been permitted to copy from the unpublished letters we spoke of, will sufficiently apprize the courteous reader. It is high *ton* throughout we assure him, though there are at present some symptomatic indications of a change for the better—at least according to the notions of Colonel Culpeper—in the evening parties, from whence it is we understand, contemplated to banish late hours, oysters, and champagne. Against this last innovation we protest in the name of posterity and the immortal gods. Banish beauty—banish grace—banish music, dancing, flirtation, ogling, and making love— but spare, O spare us the oysters and champagne! What will become of the brisk gallantry of the beaux, the elegant vivacity of the belles, the pleasures of anticipation, and the ineffable delights of fruition, if you banish oysters and champagne?

The fashionable reader will be tempted to smile at the colonel's antediluvian notions, of style and good breeding; but what can you expect from a man born and brought up among the high hills of Santee? His strictures on waltzing are especially laughable. What do women—we mean fashionable women—dress and undress, wear *bishops*, and wind themselves into the elegantly lascivious motions of the waltz for, but to excite sensation in the gentlemen, who ought to be eternally grateful for the pains they take.

COLONEL CULPEPER TO MAJOR BRANDE. − New York, − *May 6, 1827.*

Dear Major,—I have been so occupied of late in seeing sights, eating huge dinners, and going to evening parties to matronize Lucia, that I had no time to write to you. The people here are very hospitable, thought not exactly after the manner of the high hills of Santee. They give you a great dinner or evening party, and then, as the sage Master Stephen Griffen is pleased to observe, "let you run." These dinners seem to be in the nature of a spasmodic effort, which exhausts the purse or the hospitality of the entertainer, and is followed by a collapse of retrenchment. You recollect—, who staid at my house, during a fit of illness, for six weeks, the year before last. He has a fine house, the inside of which looks like an upholsterer's shop, and lives in style. He gave me an invitation to dinner, at a fortnight's notice, where I ate out of a set of China, my lady assured me cost seven hundred dollars, and drank out of glasses that cost a guinea a piece. In short, there was nothing on the table of which I did not learn the value, most especially the wine, some of which mine entertainer gave the company his word of honour, stood him in eight dollars a bottle, besides the interest, and was half a century old. I observed very gravely, that it bore its age so remarkably well, that I really took it to be in the full vigour of youth. Upon which all the company set me down as a bore.

In place of the pleasant chit−chat and honest jollity of better times, there was nothing talked of but the quality of the gentleman's wines, which I observed were estimated entirely by their age and prices. One boasted of his Bingham, another of his Marston; a third of his Nabob, and a fourth of his Billy Ludlow. All this was Greek to me, who was obliged to sit stupidly silent, having neither Bingham, nor Marston, nor Nabob, nor Billy Ludlow;

nor indeed any other wine of name or pedigree: for the fact is, as you very well know, my wine goes so fast, it has no time to grow old.

But there was one pursy, pompous little man at table, a foreigner, I think, who my lady whispered me was worth a million and a half of dollars, who beat the others all hollow. He actually had in his garret a dozen of wine seventy years old, last grass, that had been in his family fifty years—which by the way, as a sly neighbour on my right assured me, was farther back than he could carry his own pedigree. This seemed to raise him high above all competition, and gave great effect to several of the very worst jokes I ever heard. It occurred to me, however, that his friends had been little the better for the wine thus hoarded to brag about. For my part, I never yet met a real honest, liberal, hospitable fellow that had much old wine. Occasionally the conversation varied into discussions as to who was the best judge of wine, and there was a serious contest about a bottle of Bingham and a bottle of Marston, which I was afraid would end in a duel. All, however, bowed to the supremacy of one particular old gentleman, who made a bet that he would shut his eyes, hold his nose, and distinguish between six different kinds of Madeira. I did not think much of this, as a man dont drink wine either with his eyes or nose; but politely expressed my wonder, and smacked my lips, and cried, "Ah!" in unison with this Winckelman of wine bibbers, like a veritable connoisseur.

There can be no doubt these dinners are genteel and splendid, because every body here says so. But between ourselves, major, I was ennui in spite of Bingham and Marston, and the Nabob. There wanted the zest, the ease, the loose gown and slippers, the elbow room for the buoyant, frisky spirits to curvet and gambol a little; without which your Bingham and canvass backs, are naught. In the midst of all this display, I sighed for bacon and greens and merry faces. As I am a Christian gentleman, there was not the tithe of a good thing said at the table, and to my mind, eating and drinking good things is nothing without a little accompanying wit and humour as sauce. The little pursy, important man of a million, it is true succeeded several times in raising a laugh, by the weight of his purse rather than the point of his joke. The dinner lasted six hours, at the end of which, the company was more silent than at the beginning, a sure sign of something being wanting. For my part, I may truly affirm, I never was at a more splendid dinner, or one more mortally dull. However my friend paid his debt of hospitality by it, for I have not seen the inside of his house since. He apologizes for not paying me any more attention, by saying his house is all topsy−turvy, with new papering and painting, but assures me that by the time we return in autumn madam will be in a condition to give us a little party. I believe he holds me cheap because I have no *dear* wine that stands me in eight dollars a bottle.

'Tis the fashion of the times, so let it pass. But fashion or not, nothing in the range of common sense, can rescue this habit of cumbrous display, and clumsy ostentation, from the reproach of bad taste and vulgarity. This loading of the table with costly finery and challenging our admiration by giving us the price of each article; this boasting of the age, the goodness, and above all the cost of the wine, is little better than telling the guests, they are neither judges of what is valuable in furniture, nor commendable in wines. Why not let them find these things out themselves; or remain in most happy ignorance of the value of a set of China, and the age of a bottle of wine. It is for the tradesman to brag of his wares, and the wine merchant of his wines, because they wish to sell them; but the giver of good things should never overwhelm the receiver with the weight of gratitude by telling him their value.

From the dinner party, which broke up at nine, I accompanied the young people to a tea party, being desirous of shaking off the heaviness of that modern merry making. We arrived about a quarter before ten, and found the servant just lighting the lamps. There was not a soul in the room but him. He assured me the lady would be down to receive us in half an hour, being then under the hands of Monsieur Manuel, the hair dresser, who was engaged till nine o'clock with other ladies. You must know this Manuel is the fashionable hair dresser of the city, and it is not uncommon for ladies to get their heads dressed the day before they are wanted, and sit up all night to preserve them in their proper buckram rigidity. Monsieur Manuel, as I hear, has two dollars per head, besides a dollar for coach hire, it being utterly impossible for monsieur to walk. His time is too precious.

We had plenty of leisure to admire the rooms and decorations, for Monsieur Manuel was in no hurry. I took a nap on the sopha, under a superb lustre which shed a quantity of its honours upon my best merino coat, sprinkling it handsomely with spermaceti. About half past ten the lady entered in all the colours of the rainbow, and all the extravagance of vulgar finery. I took particular notice of her head, which beyond doubt, was the master piece of Monsieur Manuel. It was divested of all its natural features, which I suppose is the perfection of art. There was nothing about it which looked like hair, except it was petrified hair. All the graceful waving lightness of this most

beautiful gift of woman, was lost in curls stiff and ungraceful as deformity could make them, and hair plastered to the head till it glistened like an overheated "gentleman of colour." She made something like an apology for not being ready to receive us, which turned however pretty much on not expecting any company at such an early hour. Between ten and eleven the company began to drop in; but the real fashionables did not arrive till about half past eleven, by which time the room was pretty well filled. It was what they call a conversation party, one at which there was neither cards nor dancing; of course I expected to enjoy some agreeable chit−chat. Old bachelor as I am, and for ladies' love unfit, still I delight in the smiles of beauty, and the music of a sweet voice speaking intelligence is to me sweeter than the harmony of the spheres, or the Italian opera.

Accordingly, I made interest for introductions to two or three of the most promising faces, and attempted a little small talk. The first of these commenced by asking me in a voice that almost made me jump out of my seat, if I had been at Mrs. Somebody's party last week? To the which I replied in the negative. After a moment's pause, she asked me if I was going to Mrs. Somebody's party the next evening? To the which, in like manner, I replied in the negative. Another pause, and another question, whether I was acquainted with another Mrs. Somebody, who was going to give a party? To this I was obliged to give another negation; when the young lady espying a vacant seat in a corner on the opposite side, took flight without ceremony, and by a puss−in−the−corner movement, seated herself beside another young lady, with whom she entered into conversation with a most interesting volubility.

Though somewhat discouraged, I tried my fortune a second time, with a pale, delicate, and interesting looking little girl, who I had fancied to myself was of ethereal race and lived upon air, she looked so light and graceful. By way of entering wedge, I asked her the name of a lady, who, by the bye, had nothing very particular about her, except her dress, which was extravagantly fine. My imaginary sylph began to expatiate upon its beauty and taste in a most eloquent manner, and concluded by saying: "But its a pity she wears it so often." Why so? "O why—because." Is it the worse for wear? "O dear no; but then one sees it so often." But if 'tis handsome, the oftener the better, I should think; beauty cannot be too often contemplated, said I, looking in her face rather significantly. What effect this might have had upon her I cant say, for just then, I observed a mysterious agitation among the company, which was immediately followed by the appearance of a number of little tables wheeled into the room by servants in great force, and covered with splendid services of China, filled with pickled oysters, oyster soup, celery, dressed lobsters, ducks, turkeys, pastry, confectionary, and the Lord knows what besides. My little ethereal upon this started up, and seated herself at a little round marble table, which was placed in the middle of the room, and commenced her supper, by the aid of two obsequious swains, who waited on her with the spoils of the grand table. I never could bear to see a young woman eat when I was a young man, and I have never seen above half a dozen ladies, who knew how to eat with a proper degree of sentimental indifference. It is at the best but a vulgar, earthly, matter of fact business, and brings all people on a level, belles and beaux, refined and not refined. It is in fact, a sheer animal gratification, and a young damsel should never, if possible, let her lover see her eat, until after marriage.

Now, major, let me premise, that I am not going to romance one tittle when I tell you I was astounded at the trencher feats of my little sylph like ethereal. It was not in the spirit of ill natured espionage, I assure you, that I happened to look at her as she took her seat at the little round table; but having once looked, I was fascinated to the spot. Here follows a bill of fare which she discussed, and I am willing to swear to every item.

Imprimis—Pickled oysters.
Item—Oyster soup.
Item—Dressed lobster and celery.
Item—Two jellies.
Item—Macaronies.
Item—Kisses.
Item—Whip syllabub.
Item—Blanc mange.
Item—Ice creams.
Item—Floating island.
Item—Alamode beef.
Item—Cold turkey.

Item—A partridge wing.

Item—Roast duck and onions.

Item—Three glasses of brown stout, &c. &c.

Do you remember the fairy tale where a man eats as much bread in a quarter of an hour as served a whole city? I never believed a word of it till now. But all this is vulgar you will say. Even so; but the vulgarity consists in eating so horrifically, not in noticing it. The thing is intrinsically ill bred, and should this practice continue to gain ground, there is not the least doubt that the number of old bachelors and maidens will continue to increase and multiply in a manner quite contrary to Scripture. To conclude this heart rending subject, I venture to affirm, that assemblages of this kind, ought to be called eating, instead of tea drinking, or conversation parties. Their relative excellence and attraction is always estimated among the really fashionable, refined people, by the quality and quantity of the eatables and drinkables. One great requisite, is plenty of oysters; but the *sine qua non*, is oceans of champagne. Master Stephen, who is high authority in a case of this sort, pronounced this party quite unexceptionable, for there was little conversation, a great deal of eating, and the champagne so plenty, that nine first rate dandies including himself, got so merry, that they fell fast asleep on the benches of the supper table up stairs. I can answer for king Stephen, who was discovered, in this situation at three in the morning when the fashionables began to think of going home.

For my part, major, I honestly confess, I was again ennui, even unto yawning desperately in the very teeth of beauty. But I dont lay it altogether to the charge of the party, being somewhat inclined to suspect the jokes of the little man of a million, and the Bingham wine were partly at the bottom of the business. I wonder how it came into the heads of people of a moderate common sense, that old wine, could ever make people feel young and consequently merry. There is gout, past, present and future—gout personal, real and hereditary, lurking at the bottom of old wine; and nothing can possibly prevent this universal consequence of drinking it, but a natural and incurable vulgarity of constitution, which cannot assimilate itself to a disease of such genteel origin.

I have since been at several of these first rate fashionable conversationes, where there was almost the same company, the same eatables and drinkables, and the same lack of pleasing and vivacious chit−chat. I sidled up to several little groups, whose loud laugh and promising gestures, induced me to believe, there was something pleasant going on. But I assure you nothing could equal the vapid insignificance of their talk. There was nothing in it, but "La, were you at the ball last night?"—and then an obstreperous roar of ill bred, noisy laughter. There is no harm in people talking in this way, but it is a cruel deceit upon the unwary, to allure a man into listening. In making my observations, it struck me, that many of the young ladies looked sleepy, and the elderly ones did certainly yawn most unmercifully. There was at one of these polite stuffings, an elderly lady, between whose jaws and mine a most desperate sympathy grew up and flourished. Our mouths if not our eyes, may truly be said to have met in this accord of inanity, and twenty times in the course of the evening did we involuntarily exchange these tokens of mutual good understanding. The next party we happened to meet at, I determined to practise the most resolute self denial; but it would not do; there was an awful and irresistible attraction about the maelstrom of her mouth, that drew me toward its vortex, and we have continued to yawn at each other whenever we have met since. Wherever I turn my eyes, the cavern opes before me, and my old habit of yawning has become ten times more rife than ever.

But seriously speaking, it is not to be wondered at, that the indefatigable votaries of fashion should look sleepy at these parties. Some of them have sat up all the night before perhaps, in order not to discompose the awful curls of Monsieur Manuel. Others, and I am told the major part of them, have been at parties five nights in the week, for two or three months past. You will recollect, that owing to the absurd and ridiculous aping of foreign whims and fashions, these evening parties do not commence till the evening is past, nor end till the morning is come. Hence it is impossible to go to one of them, without losing a whole night's rest, which is to be made up, by lying in bed the greater part of the next day. Such a course for a whole season, must wither the physical and moral strength, and convert a young woman into a mere machine, to be wound up for a few hours by the artificial excitements of the splendours of wealth, the vain gratification of temporary admiration, or the more substantial stimulus of the bill of fare, of the sylph ethereal aforesaid. It is no wonder their persons are jaded, their eyes sunk, their chests flattened, their sprightliness repressed by midnight revels, night after night, and that they supply the absence of all these, by artificial allurements of dress, and artificial pulmonic vivacity. You will wonder to hear a chivalrous old bachelor rail at this ill natured rate. But the truth is, I admire the last best work so fervently, that I

cant endure to see it spoiled and sophisticated, by a preposterous imitation of what is called the fashion; and so love the native charms of our native beauties, that it grieves my heart and rouses my ire to see them thus blighted, withered and destroyed in the midnight chase of a phantom miscalled pleasure.

Not three years ago, I am told, it was the custom to go to a party at eight, and come away at twelve, or sooner. By this sober and rational arrangement, a young lady might indulge in the very excess of fashionable dissipation, without absolutely withering the roses of her cheeks, and dying at thirty of premature old age. But in an evil hour, some puppy, who, like my Master Stephen, had seen the world, or some silly woman, that had been three months abroad, came home, and turned up the nose at these early vulgarities—told how the fashionable parties began at midnight, and ended at sunrise— and that they all laughed at the vulgar hours of the vulgar parties of the vulgar republicans. This was enough; Mistress Somebody, the wife of Mr. Such a one, who had a fine house in a certain street, "with folding doors and marble mantel pieces," and all that sort of thing, set the fashion, and now the gentility of a party is estimated in no small degree by the hour. If you want to be tolerably genteel, you must not go till half past nine—if very genteel, at ten—if exceedingly genteel, at eleven;—but if you want to be superlatively genteel, you must not make your appearance till twelve.

The crying absurdity of this arrangement, in a society where almost every person at these parties, has business or duties of some kind to attend to by nine o'clock the next day, must be apparent. The whole thing is at war with the state of society here, and incompatible with the system of domestic arrangements, and out door business. It is a pitiful aping of people abroad, whose sole pursuit is pleasure, and who can turn day into night, and night into day, without paying any other penalty but the loss of health, and the abandonment of all pretensions to usefulness. If our travelled gentry cannot bring home something more valuable than these mischievous absurdities, they had better stay at home. They remind me of our good friend Sloper, who spent seven years travelling in the east, and brought nothing home with him but an excellent mode of spoiling rice and chickens, by cooking them after the Arabian fashion.

Among the most disgusting of these importations is, the fashion of waltzing, which is becoming common here of late. It was introduced as I understand, by a party of would be fashionables, that saw it practised at the operas, with such enchanting langour, grace and lasciviousness, that they fell in love with it, and determined to bless their country by transplanting the precious exotic. I would not be understood to censure those nations among whom the waltz is, as it were, indigenous— a national dance. Habit, example and practice from their earliest youth, accustom the women of these countries to the exhibition, and excuse it. But for an American woman, with all her habits and opinions already formed, accustomed to certain restraints, and brought up with certain notions of propriety, to rush at once into a waltz, to brave the just sentiment of the delicate of her own and the other sex, with whom she has been brought up, and continues to associate, is little creditable to her good sense, her delicacy or her morals. Every woman does, or ought to know, that she cannot exhibit herself in the whirling and lascivious windings of a waltz, without calling up in the minds of men, feelings and associations unworthy the dignity and purity of a delicate female. The lascivious motions—the up turned eyes—the die away languors—the dizzy circlings— the twining arms—and projecting front—all combine to waken in the bosom of the spectators analogies, associations, and passions, which no woman, who values the respect of the world, ought ever wilfully challenge or excite.

I must not forget one thing that amused me, amid all this aping and ostentation. I was at first struck with the profusion of servants, lamps, and China, and silver forks at these parties, and could not help admiring the magnificence of the entertainer, as well as his wealth. But by degrees, it began to strike me, that I had seen these things before; and at last I fairly detected a splendid tureen, together with divers elegant chandeliers and lamps, which I had actually admired the night before at a party in another part of the town. As to my old friend Simon, and his squires of the body, he and I are hand and glove. I see him and his people, and the tureen, and the China, and the lamps, every where. They are all hired, in imitation of the fashionable people abroad. They undertake for every thing here, from furnishing a party, to burying a Christian. I cant help thinking it is a paltry attempt at style. But adieu, for the present. I am tired—are not you?

If ever the pure and perfect system of equality was completely exemplified upon earth, it will be found in New York, where it is the fashion to dress without any regard to time, place, or purse. There is no place where the absurd, antiquated maxim of "cutting your coat according to your cloth," is so properly and consummately *cut*, as here, where a full dress is indispensable on all occasions, particularly in walking Broadway or going to church.

Whoever wishes to see beauty in all its glory, must walk Broadway of a morning, or visit a fashionable church—for there is a fashion in churches— on a fine Sunday. On these occasions it is delightfully refreshing to see a fashionable, looking like a ship on a gala day, dressed in the flags of all nations. Many cynical blockheads, who are at least a hundred years behind the march of mind and the progress of public improvements, affect to say this beautiful and florid style of dressing in the streets or at church is vulgar; but we denounce such flagrant fopperies of opinion, maintaining that so far from being reprehensible, it is perfectly natural, and therefore perfectly proper. The love of finery is inherent in our nature; it is appetitus innatus—and all experience indicates that the more ignorant, unsophisticated people are, the more fond are they of finery. The negro, (meaning no offence, as it is an illustration, not a comparison,) the African negro, adores a painted gourd, decked with feathers of all colours; the Nooaheevians affect the splendours of a great whale's tooth; the Esquimaux will starve themselves to purchase a clam shell of red paint; the Indians sell their lands for red leggins and tin medals; and the whites run in debt for birds of Paradise, French hats, travelling chains, and Cashmere shawls. All this is as it should be, and so far from betokening effeminacy or undue refinement, is an infallible indication of an approach to the primitive simplicity of nature.

This barbarous, or more properly natural taste or passion for finery pervades all classes of people in this delightful city, and if there is any superiority of dress observable, it is among the most vulgar and ignorant; in other words those who are nearest to a state of nature. The maid is, if possible, finer than the mistress; displays as many feathers, and flowers, and exhibits the same rigidity of baked curls, so that in walking the streets, were it not for that infallible private mark of a gentlewoman, the foot and ancle, nobody but their friends could tell the difference. There are, as we have been credibly informed, Lombard and Banking Companies incorporated by the legislature, on purpose to maintain this beautiful equality in dress, every article of which from a worked muslin to a lace veil, may be hired "at prices to accommodate customers," and a fine lady fitted out for a cruise, at a minute's warning.

This beautiful exemplification of a perfect equality, extends to the male class also. He that brushes his master's coat, often wears a better coat than his master; and Cuffee himself, the free gentleman of colour, struts up and down Broadway, arm in arm, four abreast, elbowing the fine ladies, clothed from head to foot in regent's cloth of fourteen dollars a yard. All this redounds unutterably to the renown of the city, and causes it to be the delight of sojourners and travellers, who instead of having their eyes offended and their feelings outraged by exhibitions of inglorious linsey woolsey, and vulgar calico, see nothing all around them but a universal diffusion of happiness. What is it to us tourists where the money comes from, or who pays for all this? The records of bankruptcy, and the annals of the police, are not the polite studies of us men of pleasure, nor have we any concern with the insides of houses, or the secrets of domestic life, so long as the streets look gay, and every body in them *seems* happy. What is it to us, if the husband or the father of the gay butterfly we admire, as she flutters along, clothed in the spoils of the four quarters of the globe, is at that very moment shivering in the jaws of bankruptcy, perspiring out his harassed soul in inward anxieties to weather another day of miserable splendours, and resorting to all the mean, degrading expedients of the times to deceive the world a little longer. The city is charming—the theatres and churches full of splendours; the hotels and boarding houses abound in all that can pamper the appetite; the habitations all splendidly furnished; all that we see is delightful; and as to what we dont see, it exists not to us. We travellers belong to the world, and the world with the exception of its cares and troubles, belongs to us.

But as there is a highly meritorious class of travellers, who are almost continually in motion, and never stay long in one place, if they can help it, to whom it may be important to know the secrets of the art of living, as the butterflies do, without toiling or spinning, and tasting all the fruits of the field, without having any fields themselves, we commend them to the records of bankruptcy, the police, and the quarter sessions. It is there they will become adepts in this most important of all branches of human knowledge. Any fool may live by working and saving—but to live, and live well too, by idleness and unthrift—to enjoy the luxuries of taverns, fine clothes, canvass backs, turtle soup, and Bingham wine, without money, and without credit, is the *summum bonum*, and can only be attained by long experience, and a close attendance upon the police. If High Constable Hays, would only give to the world, agreeably to the fashion of the times, his "Reminiscences," what a treasure they would be to the class of tourists we are addressing! There they might behold the grand drama of life behind the scenes, and under the stage; there they might learn how to dress elegantly at the expense of those stupid blockheads who prefer living by the sweat of their own brows, to living by the sweat of those of other people; there they would be taught

by a thousand examples, not how to cut their coats according to their own cloth, but that of their neighbours, and learn how easy it is to be a fine gentleman—that is to say, to live at a hotel, get credit with a tailor, diddle the landlord and the doctor, pick a few pockets and a few locks, by way of furnishing himself with a watch and a diamond breast pin. There too he would learn how a little staining of the whiskers, a new wig, and an *alias*, enables a man to come forth, from the state prison, "redeemed, regenerated, and disenthralled, by the irresistible genius of universal" philanthropy. Seriously therefore do we hope the high constable will employ his otium cum dignitate, in a work of this kind, for the benefit of the inexperienced in the art of raising the wind.

But to return from this digression, which we have indulged in from motives of pure philanthropy. And we shall frequently in the course of this work, encourage these little excursive irregularities of the pen, being firmly of opinion that no person ought to make the grand northern tour who has any better use for his money than buying, or for his time, than in reading this book.

In New York there is an inexhaustible round of amusements, for every hour of the day as well as the night. There is the Academy of Arts, where the amateur of painting may see pictures which *cost* more than Domenichino received for his Communion of St. Jerome, or Raphael for his master piece; and which, strange to say, are not worth above half as much. Nothing is more easy than to kill an hour or two of a dull morning at the academy, from whence we would advise the intelligent tourist, if of the male species, to adjourn to the far famed gastronomium, vernacular, oyster stand of Jerry Duncan, who certainly opens an oyster with more grace and tournure than any man living. But alas! how few—how very few in this degenerate age understand the glorious mysteries of eating. Some fry their oysters in batter—infamous custom! Some sophisticate them with pepper and salt—that ought to be a state prison offence! Some with vinegar and butter— away with them to the tread mill! Others stew, broil, roast, or make them into villanous pies—hard labour for life, or solitary imprisonment, ought to be the lot of these! And others, O murder most foul! cut them in two before they eat them; a practice held in utter abhorrence by all persons of common humanity—this ought to be death by the law. As our reader loves oysters— as he aspires to become an adept in the great science—as he hopes to be saved—let him never cut his oyster in two pieces, or eat it otherwise than raw. If his mouth is not large enough to swallow it whole, let him leave it with a sigh to the lips of some more fortunate being, to whom nature has been more bountiful. A reasonable sojourn at Jerry's, will bring round the hour to one o'clock, when it is proper to take the field in Broadway, or at least to go home and prepare for that solemn occasion. From this till dinner, the intelligent tourist can employ his time to great advantage, in walking back and forth from the Battery to the south corner of Chamber Street. Beyond this he must not stir a step, as all besides is vulgar, terra incognita to the fashionable world. People will think you are going to Cheapside, or Bond Street, or Hudson Square, or some other haberdashery place, to buy bargains, if you are found beyond the north corner of the Park. At three, return to your lodgings to dress for dinner:—these must positively be in Broadway, in one of those majestic old houses, which the piety of young heirs consecrates to the god of eating, in honour of their fathers. We are not ignorant that some ill natured people affirm this is not their motive—but that they are actuated by the filthy lucre of gain, in thus turning their father's home into a den of tourists; but we ourselves are fully convinced they are impelled by sheer public spirit, warmed by the irresistible effervescence of universal philanthropy, the warmth of which pervades this whole city, insomuch that there is scarcely a place extant where people are more cordially taken in. Let no one blame these pious young heirs, since in the east, nobody but kings and saints built caravanseraes for the accommodation of travellers; and in the west, none but people of a pious and royal spirit erect taverns. The only difference is, and it is not very material, the caravanseraes charge nothing for lodging travellers, and the taverns make them pay double.

And now comes the hour—the most important hour, between the cradle and the grave—THE DINNER HOUR! On this head it is necessary to be particular. Look out for the sheep's head, the venison, the canvass backs. Dont let your eyes any more than your mouth be idle a moment; but be careful not to waste your energies on common−place dishes. First eat your soup as quick as possible without burning your mouth. Then your fish—then your venison—then your miscellaneous delights— and conclude with game. At the climax comes the immortal canvass back, whose peculiar location to the south, in our opinion gives a decided superiority to that favoured portion of the universe; and entitles it to furnish the less favoured parts of the United States with presidents, so long as it furnishes us with canvass backs. From our souls, which according to some good authorities are seated in the palate—from our souls we pity the wretched inhabitants of the old world—wretched

in the absence of any tolerable oysters, and wretched beyond all wretchedness in the utter destitution of canvass backs, and Newtown pippins.

Respecting wines there is some diversity of opinion. Some prefer French wines, such as Burgundy, Chateau, Margaux, La Fitte, Latour, Sauterne, and Sillery. Others affect the purple and amber juices of the Rhine, affirming that *in* HOC *signo vinces;* and that the real Johannisberg is inimitable. Others again prefer the more substantial product of Spain, Portugal, and the veritable Hesperides—the group of the Madeiras— maintaining that the existence of the people of this world, before the discovery of these last, is one of those miracles not to be accounted for, like that of a toad in a block of marble. As there is no such thing as accounting for tastes, or reconciling them, we would propose an amicable medium, that of sipping a little of each, in the course of the afternoon, thus reconciling the conflicting claims of these most exquisite competitors. A bottle of each would be rather too much for the head or pocket of a single amateur, wherefore we would recommend some half a dozen to club their wines, by which means this objection would be obviated. By the time these ceremonies are got through, the company will be in a condition to adjourn to the theatres, with a proper zest for the Flying Dutchman, Peter Wilkins, and "I've been roaming." After sitting or sleeping out these elegant spectacles, it is reasonable to suppose our traveller will be hungry, and being hungry, it is reasonable that he should eat. Wherefore it is our serious advice that he adjourn forthwith to the Goose and Gridiron, where after partaking of a good supper, he may go any where he pleases, except home, it being proper that a rational and enlightened traveller should make the most of his time.

To the young female tourist, whose time and papa's money are an incumbrance, New−York affords inexhaustible resources. The mere amusement of dressing for breakfast, for Broadway, and for dinner, and undressing for evening parties, is a never failing refuge from ennui. In the intervals between dressing, shopping, visiting and receiving visits, it is advisable for her, if she is fond of retirement and literary pursuits, to seat herself at one of the front windows, on the ground floor of the hotel, with a Waverley or a Cooper, where she can do as we have seen people do in divers old fashioned pictures, hold her book open, and at the same time complacently contemplate the spectators. The following list of "Resources," is confidently recommended to our female travelling readers.

Lying in bed till ten.

Dressing for breakfast. N. B. If there is nobody in the hotel worth dressing for, any thing will do—or better take breakfast in bed, and another nap.

Breakfast till eleven. N. B. It is not advisable to eat canvass backs, oysters, or lobsters at breakfast. A little smoked salmon, a little frizzled beef, or a little bit of chicken about as big as a bee's wing, is all that can safely be indulged. N. B. Beef steaks and mutton chops are wholly inadmissible except for married ladies.

Twelve to one. Dress for shopping. N. B. The female tourist must put on her best, it being the fashion in New York, for ladies and their maids to dress for walking as if they were going to church or a ball. Care must be taken to guard against damp pavements, by putting on prunelle shoes. If the weather is dry, white satin is preferable.

One till three. Sauntering up and down Broadway, and diversifying the pleasure by a little miscellaneous shopping—looking in at the milliners, the jewellers, &c. N. B. No lady should hesitate to buy any thing because she dont want it, since this dealing in superfluities is the very essence of every thing genteel. Above all, never return home but with an empty purse.

At three, the brokers, who set the fashion in New York, go home to their canvass backs, and Bingham wine, and it becomes vulgar to be seen in Broadway.

Dinner at four, the earliest hour permitted among people of pretensions. Owing to the barbarous practice of banishing ladies from all participation in the learned discussions of wines, the period between dinner, and dressing for the evening party, is the most trying portion of female existence. If they walk in Broadway, they will see nobody worth seeing; of course, there is no use in walking. A nap, or a Waverley, or perhaps both, is the only resource.

It will be expedient to wake up at eight, for the purpose of dressing for a party, else there is no earthly reason why you may not sleep till half past ten or eleven, when it is time to think of going, or you may possibly miss some of the refreshments. N. B. A lady may eat as much as she pleases at a ball, or a conversatione.

Should there be no party for the evening, the theatres are a never failing resource of intellectual enjoyment. The sublime actions of the Flying Dutchman, and Peter Wilkins, and the sublime displays in "I've been roaming,"

cannot fail to enlighten the understanding, refine the taste, and improve the morals of all the rising generation, in an equal if not greater degree, than bridewell or the penitentiary. N. B. The bashful ladies generally shut both their eyes, at "I've been roaming." Those who retain a fragment of the faculty of blushing, only open one eye; but such as are afraid of nothing, use a quizzing glass that nothing may escape them.

But after all there is nobody that can do full justice to the ever changing shadows and lights of fashionable dress, manners and amusements, but a young female, just come out with all her soaring anticipations unclipt by experience, and all her capacities of enjoyment, fresh and unsoiled. We will therefore take occasion to insert in this place two letters, written by a young lady of the party, from whose correspondence, we have already made such liberal selections.

LUCIA CULPEPER TO MARIA MEYNELL. − New York, —. −

My dear Maria,—I could live here forever. We have a charming suit of rooms fronting on Broadway, that would be a perfect Paradise, were it not for the noise which prevents one's hearing oneself speak, and the dust which prevents one's seeing. But still it *is* delightful to sit at the window with a Waverley, and see the moving world forever passing to and fro, with unceasing footsteps. Every body appears to be in motion, and every thing else. The carriages rattle through the streets; the carts dance as if they were running races with them; the ladies trip along in all the colours of the rainbow; and the gentlemen look as though they actually had something to do. They all walk as if they were in a hurry, and on my remarking this to my uncle, he replied in his usual sarcastic manner, "Yes, they all seem as if they were running away from an indictment." I did not comprehend what he meant. Every thing is so different that it does not seem to me possible that I should be in the same world, or that I am the same person I was a month ago.

Sitting at my window on the high hills of Santee, I saw nothing but the repose, the stillness, and the majesty of nature. At a distance, and all around, the world was nothing but a waving outline of blue mountains that seemed almost incorporated with the skies. Nothing moved around me but the mists of morning, rising at the beck of the sun; the passing clouds; the waving foliage of the trees; the little river winding through the valley; and the sun riding athwart the heavens. The silence was only interrupted at intervals by the voice or the whistle of the blacks, about the house or in the fields; the lowing of the cattle wandering in the recesses of the hills; the echo of the hunter's gun, or the crash of the falling tree; the soft murmurings of the river under the window; and sometimes the roaring of the whirlwind through the forest, or the blow of the thunder upon the distant rocks. My uncle was master of all that could be seen without—I mistress of all within. There all was nature— here all is art. Every thing is made with hands, except the living things; and of these the ladies and gentlemen may fairly be set down as the work of the milliners and tailors. Even the horses are sophisticated, as my uncle will have it; and instead of long, flowing tails and manes, amble about with ears, tail and mane cropt, as if they had been under the hands of the barber.

But when I look in the glass, it seems that not all the changes of animate and inanimate nature, equal those I exhibit in my own person. The morning after I came here, I received a circular; dont let your eyes start out of your head, Maria—yes, a circular; and from whom do you think? Why, a milliner! Only think what a person of consequence I must be all at once. It informed me in the politest terms, that Madame — had just received an assortment of the latest Paris fashions, which would be opened for inspection the next day. I was determined to have the first choice of a hat; so I got up early and proceeded with *Henney* to the milliner's rooms, which, to my great surprise, I found full of fine ladies, who I afterwards understood had not been up so early since the last fashionable exhibition of Paris finery. You never saw such a crowd; such tumbling of silks and gauzes; such perplexity of choice; such profound doubts; such hesitating decision; such asking of every body's opinions, and following none; and such lingering, endless examinations. There was one lady that tried on every hat in the place, and went away at last in despair. I dont wonder, for it was the choice of Hercules, not between two, but between hundreds. For my part, I did nothing but wonder. You never saw such curiosities as these Paris hats. It is quite impossible to describe them; I can only give you an idea of the size, by saying that mine, which is very moderate, measures three feet across, and has a suit of embellishments, bows, puffs, points, feathers, flowers, and wheat sheaves, that make it look almost twice as large. The rule is here, for the smallest ladies to wear the largest hats, so that my uncle insists upon it they look like toad stools, with a vast head and a little stem. Mine was the cheapest thing ever offered for sale in New York, as madame assured me; it only cost twenty−eight dollars. It would not go into the bandbox, so Henney paraded it in her hand. A man on horseback met her just as she was

turning a corner, and the horse was so frightened, that he reared backwards and came very near throwing his rider. One of our horses is lame, and my uncle has advertised for one that can stand the encounter of a full dressed fine lady. If he can do that, the old gentleman says he can stand any thing.

The next thing I did, was to bespeak a couple of walking dresses—one of baptiste, the other of silk plaid. They cost me only fifty−six dollars, which was quite moderate, seeing they had, or were said to have in the bill, ninety odd yards of one thing or another in them. I believe I must drop my money in the street, for I am almost ashamed to apply to my uncle so often. He takes it all good humouredly, for he is a generous old soul—only he has his revenge by laughing at me, and comparing me to all sorts of queer things. I was surprised when I first went out to see what beautiful curling hair they all had—ladies, ladies' maids, and little babies, all had the most charming profusion you ever saw. This struck me very much, as you know very few have curling hair to the south except the negroes. And such curls, too! dear me, Maria, it would make your hair stand on end to see them. They look more like sausages than any thing else—and I thought to be sure they must be starched. On expressing my admiration to Stephen, he laughed outrageously, and assured me most solemnly, that every one of these sausages was purchased—not at the sausage makers, but at the curl shops, where you could buy them either of horse hair, mohair, or human hair, and of any size and colour you pleased. He assured me it was impossible to live without them five minutes in New York, and advised me to procure a set without delay. You'd laugh to see mine. They are as stiff as the powder and pomatum of Doctor Brady's wig could make them: they are hollow in the middle, which my uncle assures me is very convenient, now that the ladies wear no pockets. One can put a variety of small matters in them, as we did in our muffs formerly. Do you know they bake them in the oven to make them stiff. My uncle gives another reason for it, which I wont tell you.

My bonnet and curls seem to have almost conquered Stephen, who declares he has seen nothing equal to my "costume," as he calls it, since he left Paris. He has actually offered to walk with me in Broadway, and did us the honour to go with us to the theatre, one stormy night. To be sure, Madame—danced. You never saw such droll capers, Maria: I declare I hardly knew which way to look. But the ladies all applauded; so I suppose I dont know what is proper, not having seen much of the world. Stephen was in ecstacies, and bravoed and encored, till my uncle bade him be quiet, and not make a jackanapes of himself. I was delighted with the theatre; it is lighted with gas; and the play was one of the finest shows I ever beheld;—processions—thunder and lightning, and dancing—fighting—rich dresses—a great deal of fiddling, and very little poetry, wit, or sense. I was a little disappointed at this—but Stephen says, nothing is considered so vulgar as a sensible, well written play. Music and dancing are all in all—and as it is much easier to cut capers, and produce sounds without sense than with it, this is an excellent taste—for it saves a great deal of useless labour in writing plays, as well as acting them properly. I sometimes think Stephen's notions are a little strange; and my heart, as well as my understanding, revolts at some of his decisions. But he has been abroad, and ought to know. Sometimes I think I should like to know Graves' opinion: but he hardly ever speaks unless spoken to; and ever since I got such a great bonnet, and such great curls, he scarcely seems to know me. As for my uncle, he dont make any secret of his opinions. But then he is out of fashion; and as I dont find any body agree with him, I think he must be wrong.

Next week, we think of setting out for the springs. My uncle has foresworn the steam boats, ever since our voyage from Charleston. So we are to go by land up the right bank of the Hudson, and return on the other side, unless we should visit Boston, as my uncle sometimes threatens. Good bye, my dear Maria; I long to see you:—dont you long to see me, in my incomprehensible, indescribable hat, and my baked curls? Not to omit my travelling chain, which is a gold cable of awful dimensions; without which no lady of any pretensions can visit the springs. Alas! poor woman! born to be the slave of a hundred task masters;—first, of the boarding school, where she is put to the torture of the dancing master and the school mistress; next, to fashion, where she is obliged to appear a fool, rather than be singular; and worst of all, to her husband, the very Nero of tyrants. Pray sometimes stop in, and see how my old nurse Hannah gets on. Adieu.

P. S. I wish you could only hear that good natured, pragmatical old soul, my kind, generous uncle, rail at almost every thing he hears and sees. He has called himself an old fool fifty times a day, and says that old people are like old trunks, which will do very well while they are let alone in a corner, but never fail to tumble to pieces if you move them. He pronounced the steam boat a composition of horrors, such as modern ingenuity, stimulated by paper money, stock companies, and I know not what, could alone produce; and congratulates himself continually upon living in a remote part of the country, where there are neither banks nor incorporations, and

where, as he says, indulgent nature, by means of high mountains and other benevolent precautions, has made it actually impossible to intrude either a canal or a rail road. Every time I come to him for money, which indeed is pretty often, for I have found out a hundred new wants since I came here, he affects to scold me, and declares that unless the price of cotton and rice rises, he shall be a pauper before the end of our journey. But what annoys him most of all, and indeed appears strange to me, is to see white men performing the offices of negroes to the south—waiting at table, cleaning boots, brushing clothes, driving carriages, and standing up behind them. He says this is degrading the race of white men in the scale of nature, and has had several hot discussions with an old quaker, with whom he some where scraped acquaintance. Our black man Juba, or gentleman of colour as they call them here, is grown so vain at being sometimes waited on by white men, that he is good for nothing but to parade up and down Broadway. Henney says he is keeping a journal, and talks of making up to the old quaker's daughter; I suppose on the strength of the old gentleman's arguments about equality. In short, my good uncle calls me a baggage and Stephen a puppy, twenty times a day.

L. C.

LUCIA CULPEPER TO MARIA MEYNELL. − New York, —. −

My dear Maria,—How I wish you were here to help me enjoy all the fine things I see from morning till night. You know I have no friends in this place, and among all our party I can find no confidante but Henney, who wonders ten times more than I do. My good uncle, though a kind, generous, old soul, you know has a habit of finding fault with every thing, and always exalting the past at the expense of the present, which to young people, to whom the present time is every thing, is quite odd. Graves is as grave as his name, and is all the time taken up with state prisons, alms houses, houses of refuge, and all sorts of institutions for making people wiser and better; or as my uncle will have it, idle and profligate. As for Stephen, he wont let me admire any thing in peace. The moment I do so, he comes upon me with a comparison with something in Paris, Rome or London, which goes near to accuse me of a total want of taste. If you believe him, there is nothing worth seeing here, but what comes from abroad. I am sure he'll never like me well enough to fulfil my uncle's wishes, and that is my great comfort. For alas! Maria, I fear he has no heart; and judging from what comes out of it, but little head. I dont want a man to be always crying or talking sentiment, or forever acting the sage; but a heartless fool is the bane of womankind. You know Stephen's father saved my uncle's life at the battle of the Eutaw Springs, and that my uncle has long made up his mind to make him my lord and master, and leave us his whole fortune, with the exception of a legacy to poor Graves. The older I grow, the more I dislike this plan. But I would not thwart my dear, kind, generous uncle—father;—if any thing less than my future happiness is at stake. He calls Stephen, puppy, jackanapes and dandy, ten times a day. But I can see his heart is still set upon the match. So true is it, that it is almost impossible for old people to give up a long cherished and favourite plan. But I have made up my mind in the solitude of the mountains to meet what may come—come what will.

My head is now full of finery, and all my senses in a whirl. I wish you could see me. My hat is so large that there is no bandbox on the face of the earth, big enough to accommodate it; and yet you will be surprised to hear that it is neither fit for summer or winter, rain or sunshine. It will neither keep off one or the other, and so plagues me when I go into the street, that I hardly know which way to turn myself. Every puff of wind nearly oversets me. There are forty−two yards of trimmings, and sixty feathers to it. My dress is a full match for my hat. It took twenty three yards of silk, five yards of satin, besides, "bobbin, ben bobbin, and ben bobbinet,"—I dont know what else to call it—beyond all counting. You must think I have grown very much. I am so beflounced, that my uncle laughs at me whenever I come where he is, and declares, that a fine lady, costs more to fit her out now a days, than a ship of the line. What between hat and flounces, &c. a lady has a time of it when the wind blows, and the dust is flying in clouds, as it does in Broadway all day long. I encountered a puff, at the corner of one of the streets, and there I stood, holding my hat with one hand, and my cardinal cloak, which has fifty−six yards of various commodities in it, with the other. I thought I should have gone up like a balloon; and stood stark still until I came near being run over by a great hog, which was scampering away from some mischievous boys. At last a sailor took compassion on me, and set me down at the door of a store. As he went away, I heard him say to his companion: "D—n my eyes, Bill, what a press of canvass the girls carry now a days."

O its delightful to travel, Maria! We had such a delightful sail in the steam boat, though we were all sick; and

such a delightful party, if they only had been well. Only think of sailing without sails, and not caring which way the wind blows; and going eight miles an hour let what would happen. It was quite charming; but for all this I was glad when it was over, and we came into still water. Coming into the Narrows, as they are called, was like entering a Paradise. On one side is Long Island, with its low shores, studded with pretty houses, and foliage of various kinds, mixed up with the dark cedars. On the other, Staten Island, with its high bluff, crowned by the telegraph and signal poles; and beyond, the great fort that put me in mind of the old castles which Stephen talks about. We kept close to the Long Island shore, along which we glided, before wind and tide with the swiftness of wings. Every moment some new beauty opened to our view. The little islands of the bay crowned with castles; the river beyond terminated by the lofty ledge of perpendicular rocks, called the palisades; and lastly, the queen of the west, the beautiful city, with its Battery and hundred spires, all coming one after the other in succession, and at last all combined in one beautiful whole, threw me almost into raptures, and entirely cured my sea sickness. Add to this, the ships, vessels and boats, of all sizes, from the seventy−four to the little thing darting about, like a feather, with a single person in it; and the grand opening of the East River, with Brooklyn and the charming scenery beyond, and you can form some little idea of my surprise and delight. Signior Maccaroni, as my uncle calls him, looked at it with perfect nonchalance. The bay was nothing to the bay of Naples; and the castle, less than nothing, compared with Castel Nuovo. Thank heaven, I had not been abroad to spoil my relish. Even my uncle enjoyed it, and spoke more kindly to me than during the whole passage. He was very sick, and called himself an old fool fifty times a day. I believe half the time he meant "young fool," that is me, for persuading him to the voyage. Graves' eyes sparkled, but as usual he said nothing. He only gave me a look, which said as plainly as a thousand words, "how beautiful!" but whether he meant me or dame nature, is more than I can tell.

The moment we touched the wharf, there was an irruption of the Goths and Vandals, as my uncle called the hackney coachmen, and the porters, who risked their necks in jumping aboard. "Carriage, sir,"—"Baggage, sir,"—"City Hotel sir,"—"Mansion House,"—"Mrs. Mann's,"—were reiterated a thousand times; and I thought half a dozen of them would have fought for our trunks, they disputed and swore so terribly. Stephen declared it was worse than London; and Graves said it put him in mind of the contest between the Greeks and Trojans for the body of poor Patroclus. My uncle called them hard names, and flourished his stick, but it would not do. When we got to the hotel I thought we had mistaken some palace for a public house. Such mirrors—such curtains—such carpets—such sophas— such chairs! I was almost afraid to sit down upon them. Even Stephen looked his approbation, and repeated over and over again: "Upon my soul, clever— quite clever— *very* clever indeed, upon my soul." My uncle says, all this finery comes out of the cotton plantations and rice swamps; and that the negroes of the south, work like horses, that their masters may spend their money like asses in the north.

Poor *Henney* does nothing but stand stock still with her mouth and eyes wide open, and is of no more use to me than a statue. She is in every body's way—and in her own way too I believe. I took her with me the other day to a milliner's, to bring home some of my finery. She stopt at every window, with such evident tokens of delight, that she attracted the attention of the boys, and came very near being mobbed. I missed her, and was obliged to turn back—where I found her in ecstacies with a picture of Madame Hutin dancing before a droll figure, in a fur cap and spectacles. Juba is keeping a journal I believe, for you know that my uncle, while he abuses the practice with his tongue, assents to it in his heart, and humours his slaves more perhaps than a professed philanthropist would do in his situation. I should like to see Juba's lucubrations.

I begin to be weary—so good night, my dear Maria. I will write again soon. Your Lucia. P. S. What do you think, Maria?—whisper it not to the telltale echoes of the high hills of Santee—they say bishops and pads are coming into fashion. I have seen several ladies that looked very suspicious.

Besides eating, and the various other resources for passing the time in New York, there are various intellectual delights of most rare diversity. Exhibitions of fat oxen to charm the liberal minded amateur—Lord Byron's helmet—and Grecian dogs, whose wonderful capacity fully attests to the astonished world, that the march of mind has extended even to the brute creation, insomuch that the difference between instinct and reason, is now scarcely perceptible to the nicest observer, and it is the opinion of many of our learned men, that a dog of the nineteenth century is considerably wiser than a man of the sixteenth. There are also highly amusing methods of drawing teeth, teaching grammar and tachigraphy, as well as all sorts of sciences and languages, by methods and machinery, which are pretended to be original, but which may be found in the famous Captain Lemuel Gulliver's voyage to Laputa. There are moreover an infinite number of highly diverting inventions for improving the

condition of mankind, and teaching them economy and industry, by enabling them to live without either at others' expense. There are taverns, where amateurs may drink and smoke all the morning, without offence to man or beast. There is a famous musician, who can imitate the barking of dogs on his instrument, so as to deceive a dog himself, and whose "lady" screams exactly like a cat; so that they make the divinest harmony that ever was heard. There n old fhe ladies' bonnets and curls, which are worth travelling a hundred miles to see; and their— what shall we call them?—bishops or pads, which are worth a voyage to the moon, to behold in all their majestic rotundity. There is also—no, there will be, as we are enabled to state positively on the best authority— there will be an exhibition, which is better worth the attention of people of real refined taste, than all those just enumerated put together. The gentleman has politely favoured us with a programme of his evening's exhibition, with permission to publish it, and to announce to the world of fashion, that he will be here on or about the first of June.

"You shall either laugh or cry."

THEATRICAL, DESCRIPTIVE, PHILOSOPHICAL, &C.

Mr. Hart, the preacher of natural religion, the play actor, the tin pedlar, the attorney and counsellor at law, a lover of music, and an admirer of the fair sex, respectfully informs the ladies and gentlemen of New York, that on or about the first day of June next, at evening candle light, he will go through an act of his own composition, at some place of fashionable resort, to consist of the following parts, viz.:

First. Music and dancing, and whirling round part of the time on one leg, and part of the time on two legs, like a top, fifty times, without showing the least giddiness.

Second. An address to Hope, in blank verse.

Third. The difference pointed out between happiness above and happiness below.

Fourth. Music.

Fifth. Orlando, an imaginary character, to his sweetheart.

Sixth. Music, dancing, and whirling round fifty times.

Seventh. An address to the departed spirit of George Washington.

Eighth. Music.

Ninth. The lover solus.

Tenth. Music, dancing, and whirling round fifty times.

Eleventh. Orlando in despair marries one he does not love, runs mad, and whirls round fifty times to music.

Twelfth. Description of his contriving to get a divorce by means unprecedented in modern times.

Thirteenth. Music, dancing, and whirling round fifty times.

To conclude with Mr. Hart's acting the natural fool, talking to the departed spirits of General Washington and Thomas Paine, and with his making crooked mouths and wry faces at the audience.

We are much mistaken in the taste of the town, if this exhibition of Mr. Hart will not prove one of the most attractive ever presented to the patronage of the fashionable world, and go near to ruin all the theatres. The bill presents a variety of attraction perfectly irresistible to all refined palates. First there is music, then dancing, then whirling round fifty times, for the lovers of the Italian opera and gymnastics; then an address to Hope, for the lovers of poetry; then a philosophical disquisition, for the lovers of philosophy; then music, to put us in a proper frame to listen to Orlando's love letter; then dancing and whirling, for the amateurs of the grand ballet; then an address to a shade, for the devourers of witch and ghost stories; then a lover talking to himself, for innamoratoes; then running mad, for the amusement of despairing young gentlemen; then the contrivance for getting a divorce, which we prophecy will be received with great applause. But the cream of all will be the playing of the fool, and making wry faces at the audience, which cannot do otherwise than please our theatrical amateurs, unless they should happen to have been surfeited with it already. In short, we think Mr. Hart's bill of fare fairly distances all play bills, not excepting Peter Wilkins, and that Mr. Hart himself must possess a greater versatility of talent, than the gentlemen and ladies who play six characters at a time, or even than the prince of buffoons and imitators, Mr. Mathews himself. We have no doubt the whole town will flock to see him, and that we shall observe, soon after his arrival, a great improvement in the taste of the people, as well as in our theatrical exhibitions, which may borrow a few hints from him with great advantage.

There are various branches of domestic industry, cultivated by the young ladies of New York, the principal of which is the spinning of street yarn, which they generally practise about four hours a day. Whence they are technically termed spinsters. But the great branch of domestic industry among the men, is the trade in politics, in which vast numbers are engaged, some at stated seasons, others all the year round. Of the arts and mysteries of this business we profess to know nothing; but we believe, from the best information, that the whole secret consists in a certain dexterous turning of the coat, which ought always to have two sides, one the exact contrast to the other, in colour and consistency. By the aid of this sort of harlequin jacket, a dexterous trader in politics can, if he possesses the ordinary instinct of a rat, always keep a strong house over his head, a tight vessel under him, and be always in the right, that is to say, always on the strongest side, which, according to fundamental principles, is being always right. Some intolerant persons take upon themselves to denounce such manoeuvring of the outward garment as unprincipled and disgraceful; but for our parts we hold that *necessitas non habet lex* —and it is within

the sphere of our knowledge, that no inconsiderable portion of this abused class of people, if they did not turn their coats pretty often, would very soon have no coats to turn.

Of the other occupations or mysteries, such as spending a great deal of money, without having any; and running in debt, without possessing any credit; our limits will not allow us to dilate so copiously as we could wish. Suffice it to say, that New York is in this respect by no means behind hand with its neighbours, inasmuch as it is not uncommon to see people riding in splendid carriages, living in splendid houses, and owning a whole street, who when they come to settle with death, or their other creditors, pay the former and that is all. For the benefit of all fashionable tourists, we would wish to enter upon a full development of this the most valuable secret of the whole art of living, which may possibly one day stand them in stead. But it would require volumes of illustrations, and a minuteness of detail irreconcilable with the plan of this work. And even then it is doubtful whether the tourist would be able to put the system in practice, since many are of opinion, that nothing but a regular apprenticeship in the arts of stock jobbing, stock companies, hypothecation, blowing bubbles and bursting them, as practised *par excellence* in the *beau monde* of New York, will qualify a person for living upon nothing, unless he has an extraordinary natural genius.

Among the many modes however of raising the wind in New York, that of buying lottery tickets is one of the most infallible. It is amazing what a number of prizes every lottery office keeper has sold either in whole or in shares, and what is yet more extraordinary, as well as altogether out of fashion, paid them too if you will take his word for it. The whole insides and a large portion of the outsides of many houses in Broadway, are covered with the vast sums thus liberally dispensed to the public, and what is very remarkable, among all those who have made their fortunes in this way, we never heard of a single person who was brought to ruin by it! People need have no scruples of conscience about trying their luck in this way, since if it were really gambling, the legislature of New York state, which is a great enemy to horse racing—save in one consecrated spot—and all other kinds of gambling, would certainly never have authorized a series of lotteries, of which some people may recollect the beginning, but nobody can predict the end. Nothing can exceed the philanthropic earnestness with which the dispensers of fortune's favours, in the lotteries, strive to alluld fhe ignorant and unwary, who are not aware of the certainty of making a fortune in this way, into a habit of depending on the blind goddess, instead of always stupidly relying upon the labour of their hands, and the sweat of their brows. Nor ought the unwearied pains of these liberal hearted persons, to coax them into parting with all they have, in the moral certainty of getting back a hundred, yea a thousand fold, pass without due commendation, for certain it is, that if any body in New York is poor, it must be owing to their own obstinate stupidity in refusing these disinterested invitations. N. B. There are very severe laws against gambling in New York.

There are many other ways of living and getting money here, and spending it too, which it is not necessary to enumerate. We have premised sufficient to enable the enlightened tourist, who peradventure may have been left destitute in a strange place, by a run at cards, a failure of remittances or any other untoward accident, to retrieve his fortune, if he possesses an ordinary degree of intrepidity and enterprise. A complete knowledge of the world is the first requisite for living in the world, and the first step to the attainment of this, is to know the difference between catching and being caught, as aptly exemplified in the fable of the fox and the oyster.

Once upon a time—it was long before the foxes had their speech taken from them lest they should get the better of man—as Reynard was fishing for oysters with his tail, he had the good luck to put the end of it into the jaws of a fine *Blue Pointer* that lay gaping with his mouth wide open, by reason of his having drank too much salt water at dinner. "Ah ha!" cried the oyster, shutting his mouth as quickly as his corpulent belly would permit—"Ah ha! have I caught you at last!" Reynard tickled to death at this wise exclamation, forthwith set off full tilt for his hole, the oyster holding on with all his might, though he got most bitterly bethumpt against the rocks, and exclaiming all the while, "Ah ha! my honest friend, dont think to escape me—I've got you safe enough—ah ha!" All which he uttered without opening his mouth, as was the custom of speaking in those days. Reynard who had well nigh killed himself with laughing, at length came safe to his lodgings with the clumsy oyster still fast to his tail. After taking a little breath, he addressed it thus, "Why thou aquatic snail—thou non−descript among animals, that art neither fish, flesh, nor fowl—hadst thou but one single particle of brains in all that fat carcase of thine, I would argue the matter with thee. As it is, I will soon teach thee the difference between catching and being caught." So saying, he broke the shell of the honest oyster, with a stone, and swallowed his contents with great satisfaction.

Having seen every thing worth seeing, and eaten of every thing worth eating, in New York, the traveller may begin to prepare for the ineffable delights of the springs. After the month of April, oysters become unlawful, and canvass backs are out of season. There is then nothing to detain the inquisitive tourist, and there are many things that render his speedy departure highly expedient. As Cæsar was cautioned by the seer to bewold fhe Ides of March, so do we in like manner, seriously and vehemently caution the tourist to bewold of the first of May, in other countries and places the season of May poles, rural dances, and rustic loves; but in New York, the period in which a great portion of the inhabitants, seem to be enjoying a game at puss−in−a−corner, or move all. Woe be to the traveller who happens to sojourn in a house where this game is going on, for he will find no rest to the soles of his feet. His chair, and his bed, his carpet, and his joint stool, will be taken from under him, and he will be left alone as it were like one howling in the wilderness. People seem to be actually deranged, as well as their establishments, insomuch that the prize poet whom we have quoted before, not long since produced the following extempore on the first of May: "Sing, heavenly muse! which is the greatest day, The first of April, or the first of May; Or ye who moot nice points in learned schools, Tell us which breeds the greatest crop of fools!"

For a more particular account of this festival, which particularly distinguishes the city of New York from all others in the known world, we refer our readers to the following letter. There is however some reason to surmise that it prevailed in Herculaneum and Pompeii, and was one of the causes which brought the vengeance of the gods on these unfortunate cities. COLONEL CULPEPER TO MAJOR BRANDE. − New York, − *May 2, 1827.*

My dear Major,—I am sorry to inform you that yesterday morning at daylight, or a little before, a large portion of the inhabitants of this city ran mad, in a most singular, I might say, original manner; for I dont remember to have seen this particular species described in any work on the subject. This infirmity is peculiar to this precise season of the year, and generally manifests itself a day or two previous to the crisis, in a perpetual fidgeting about the house; rummaging up every thing; putting every thing out of place, and making a most ostentatious display of crockery and tin ware. In proof of its not having any affinity to hydrophobia, it is sufficient to observe that the disease invariably manifests itself in a vehement disposition to scrubbing floors, washing windows, and dabbling in water in all possible ways. The great and decisive symptom, and one which is always followed by an almost instantaneous remission of the disorder, is scrambling out of one house as fast as you can, and getting into another, as soon as possible. But as I consider this as one of the most curious cases that ever came under my observation, I will give you a particular account of every prominent symptom accompanying it, with a request you will communicate the whole to Dr. Brady, for his decision on the matter.

It being a fine, bright, mild morning, I got up early, to take a walk on the Battery, the most glorious place for a morning or evening stroll, to be found in the world. It is almost worth coming here, to inhale the exquisite coolness of the saline air, and watch the ever moving scenery of little white sails, majestic displays of snowy canvass that look like fleecy clouds against the hills of Jersey and Staten Island, and all the life of nature, connected with her beautiful repose on the bosom of the still mirror of the expansive bay. Coming down into the entry, I found it cluttered up with a specimen of almost every thing that goes to the composition of house keeping, and three or four sturdy fellows with hand barrows, on which they were piling Ossa upon Pelion. I asked what the matter was, but all I could get out of them was, "First of May, sir—please to stand out of the way—first of May, sir." So I passed on into the street, where I ran the gauntlet, among looking glasses, old pictures, baskets of crockery, and all other matters and things in general. The side walks were infested with processions of this sort, and in the middle of the streets, were innumerable carts loaded with a general jail delivery of all the trumpery, good, bad and indifferent, that the carelessness of servants had broken, or the economy of the housewives preserved. If I stopt to contemplate this inexplicable scene, some male monster was suld fo bounce against me out of a street door, with a feather bed, or assault me in the breach with the corner of a looking glass, or some projection still more belligerent; while all the apology I got, was "First of May—take care, sir—first of May." Sometimes I was beleaguered between two hand barrows, coming different ways, and giving each other just enough room to squeeze me half to death. At others, I was run foul of by a basket of crockery or cut glass, with a woman under it, to the imminent risk of demolishing these precious articles so dear to the heart of the sex, and got not only sour looks but words, while my bones were aching with bumps and bruises.

Finding there was no peace in Israel, I determined to get home without farther delay, and ensconce myself snugly, until this fearful irruption of the household gods, and their paraphernalia, had passed away. But I forgot that "returning were as tedious as go o'er." There was not an old chair, or a looking glass, or a picture, or any

article cursed with sharp angles, that did not appear to have an irresistible attraction towards some part of my body, especially that portion which oftenest comes in contact with other bodies. In attempting to steer clear of a hand barrow, I encountered a looking glass, which the lady owner was following with pious care, and shattered it into a thousand pieces. The lady fainted; in my zeal to apologize and assist her, I unfortunately grazed a glass lustre, which caught in my button hole, and drew after it a little French woman, who luckily lighted on a feather bed which an Irishman had set down to rest himself: "Mon Dieu!" cried the little woman: "Jasus!" exclaimed the Irishman; the lady of the looking glass wept; the little demoiselle laughed; the Irishman stole a kiss of her; and the valiant Colonel Culpeper, sagely surmising that the better part of valour was discretion, made a masterly retreat into the entry of his domicil, where by the same token he ran full against my landlady, who in a paroxysm of the disorder was sallying forth with both hands full, and demolished her spectacles irrevocably.

Finding myself thus environed with perils on all sides, I retreated to my bed chamber, but here I found the madness raging with equal violence. A servant maid was pulling up the carpet, and pulling down the curtains, and making the dust fly in all directions, with a feverish activity that could only have been produced by a degree of excitement altogether unnatural. There was no living here, so I retreated to the dining room, where every thing was out of its place and the dust thicker, than in the bed room; mops going in one corner, brooms flourishing in another, sideboards standing in the middle of the room, and dining tables flapping their wings, as if partaking in that irresistible propensity to motion which seemed to pervade every thing animate and inanimate.

"Pray, sir," said I to a grave old gentleman, who sat reading a newspaper, apparently unmoved amid the general confusion. "Pray, sir, can you tell me what all this confusion means?" "O its only the first of May," he replied, without taking his eyes off the newspaper. Alas! he too is mad, thought I. But I'll try him again.

"The first of May, what of the first of May?"

"'Tis moving time."

"Moving time! what is that?"

"The time when every body moves."

"But why does every body move just at this time?"

"I cant tell except it be because it is the first of May. But," added he, looking up at last with a droll smile, "you seem to be a stranger, and perhaps dont know that the first of May, is the day of all others in the year, when the good people of this town, have one and all agreed to play at the game of move all. They are now at it with all their might. But to−morrow, all will be quiet, and we shall be settled in a different part of the street."

"O then the people are not mad," said I.

"By no means, they are only complying with an old custom."

"'Tis an odd custom."

"It is so, but not more odd than many others in all parts of the world."

"Will you be so obliging as to tell me its origin, and the reason for it?"

"Why as to the reason, half the old customs we blindly follow are just as difficult to account for, and apparently as little founded in reason as this. It would be too much to make people give reasons for every thing they do. This custom of moving in a body on May day, is said however to have originated at a very early period in the history of New York, when there were but two houses in it. The tenants of these taking it into their heads to change their domicil, and having no others to remove to, agreed to start fair at one and the same time with bag and baggage, and thus step into each other's shoes. They did so, and the arrangement was found so convenient that it has passed into general practice ever since."

"And so the good people take it for granted that a custom which necessity forced upon them when there were but two houses in the city, is calculated for a city with thirty thousand. A capital pedigree for an old custom."

"'Tis as good as one half the old customs of the world can boast of," replied the philosopher, and resumed his studies. "But," said I, "how can you possibly read in all this hub−bub?" "O," replied he, "I've moved every May day for the last forty years."

Inquiring wheld fhe house was situated, into which the family was moving, I made for it with all convenient speed, hoping to find there a resting place for my wearied and bruised body. But I fell out of the frying pan into the fire. The spirit of moving was here more rampant than at my other home, and between moving in and moving out, there was no chance of escaping a jostle or a jog, from some moving moveable, in its arrival or departure. Despairing of a resting place here, I determined to drop in upon an old friend, and proceeded to his house. But he

too was moving. From thence I went to a hotel in hopes of a quiet hour in the reading room; but the hotel was moving too. I jumped into a hack, bidding the man drive out of town as fast as possible. "I'm moving a family, sir, and cant serve you," cried he; and just then somebody thrust the corner of a looking glass into my side, and almost broke one of my ribs. At this critical moment, seeing the door of a church invitingly open, I sought refuge in its peaceful aisles. But alas! major, every thing was in confusion here; the floors in a puddle, the pews wet, the prayer books piled in heaps, and women splashing the windows furiously with basins of water. "Zounds!" said I to one of them, "are *you* moving too?" and without waiting for an answer, walked into the church yard, in hopes I should find them quiet there. Here I sauntered about, reading the records of mortality, and moralizing on the contrast between the ever moving scene without and the undisturbed repose within. There was but a wooden fence to mark the separation between the region of life and that of death. In a few minutes my perturbation subsided, the little rubs and vexations I had undergone during the day faded into insignificance before the solemn meditations on that everlasting remove to which we all are destined. I went home, dined at my old house, slept in my new lodgings, on a wet floor, and caught a rheumatism in my left shoulder.

Adieu, major. If you ever visit New York bewold of the first of May.

From this letter, which we assuld our readers is of the first authority, it will appear sufficiently apparent that the elegant tourist should so arrange his pleasures, for business he ought not to have any, as either to arrive at New York after, or quit it before the first day of May. Previous to his departure, it will be proper for the traveller, if a gentleman, to furnish himself with the following indispensable conveniences, viz.:

The New Mirror for Travellers, and Guide to the Springs. N. B. Be careful to ask for the New Mirror.

Two shirts. N. B. Dickies, or collars, with ruffles, will answer.

Plenty of cravats, which are the best apologies for shirts in the world, except ruffles.

Six coats, including a surtout and box coat. N. B. If you cant afford to pay for these, the tailor must suffer—there is no help for him.

Forty pair of pantaloons, of all sorts. Ditto waistcoats.

Twelve pair of white kid gloves.

Twelve pair of boots. N. B. If you wear boots altogether, stockings are unnecessary, except at balls— economy is a blessed thing.

Twelve tooth brushes.

Twelve hair brushes.

Six clothes brushes—one for each coat.

A percussion gun and a pointer dog. N. B. No matter whether you are a sportsman or not—it looks well.

A pair of pistols, to shoot a friend now and then.

An umbrella, which you can borrow of a friend and forget to return.

A portmanteau without any name or initials, so that if you should happen to take some one's else, it may pass for a mistake. N. B. Never make such mistakes, unless there is some special reason for it.

A pocket book, well filled with bank notes. If you cant raise the wind, with the genuine, you may buy a few counterfeits cheap. Any money is good enough for travelling, and if one wont take it another will. Dont be discouraged at one refusal—try it again. If you are well dressed, and have a gun and a pointer dog, no one will suspect you. N. B. There are no police officers in the steam boats.

There is one class of travellers deserving a whole book by themselves, could we afford to write one for their especial benefit. We mean the gentlemen who, as the African negro said, "walk big way—write big book;"—tourists by profession, who explore this country for the pleasure of their readers, and their own profit, and travel at the expense of the reputation of one country, and the pockets of another; who pay for a dinner by libelling their entertainer, and their passage in a steam boat, by retailing the information of the steward or coxswain; to whom the sight of a porpoise at sea affords matter for profitable speculation; who make more out of a flying fish than a market woman does out of a sheep's head; and dispose of a tolerable storm at the price of a week's board. These are the travellers for our money, being the only ones on record, except the pedlars, who unite the profits of business with the pleasures of travelling—a consummation which authors have laboured at in vain, until the present happy age of improvements, when sentimental young ladies wear spatter−dashes, and stout young gentlemen white kid gloves; when an opera singer receives a higher salary than an archbishop, and travels about with letters of introduction from kings!

Of all countries in the world, Old England, our kind, gentle, considerate old mamma, sends forth the largest portion of this species of literary "*riders*," who sweep up the materials for a book by the road side. They are held of so much consequence as to be patronized by the government, which expends large sums in sending them to the North Pole, only to tell us in a "big book," how cold it is there; or to Africa, to distribute glass beads, and repeat over and over the same things, through a score of huge quartos. With these we do not concern ourselves; but inasmuch as it hath been alleged, however unjustly, that those who have from time to time honoured this country with their notice, have been guilty of divers sins of ignorance, prejudice, and malignity, we here offer them a compendium of regulations, by the due observance of which, they may in future avoid these offences, and construct a "big book," which shall give universal satisfaction.

Rules for gentlemen who "walk big way—make big book."

Never fail to seize every opportunity to lament, with tears in your eyes, the deplorable state of religion among "these republicans." People will take it for granted you are a very pious man.

Never lose an opportunity of canting about the sad state of morals among these republicans. People will give you credit for being very moral yourself.

Whenever you have occasion to mention the fourth of July, the birth day of Washington, or any other great national anniversary, dont forget to adduce it as proof of the bitter hostility felt by these republicans towards the English, and to lament these practices, as tending to keep up the memory of the revolution, as well as to foster national antipathies.

Be very particular in noticing stage drivers, waiters, tavern keepers, and persons of importance, who, as it were, represent the character of the people. Whenever you want any deep and profound information, always apply to them:—they are the best authority you can have.

If you happen to fall in company with a public man in the stage or steam boat, take the first opportunity of *pumping* the driver or waiter. These fellows know every thing, and can tell you all the lies that have ever been uttered against him.

If you dine with a hospitable gentleman, dont fail to repay him by dishing up himself, his wife, daughters, and dinner in your book. If the little boys dont behave respectfully towards you, and sneak into a corner with their fingers in their mouths, cut them up handsomely— father, mother, and all. Be sure you give their names at full length; be particular in noting every dish on the table, and dont forget pumping the waiter.

Tell all the old stories which the Yankees repeat of their southern and western neighbours, and which the latter have retorted upon them. Be sure not to forget the gouging of the judge, the roasting of the negro, the wooden nutmegs, the indigo coal; and above all, the excellent story of the wooden bowls. Never inquire whether they are true or not; they will make John Bull twice as happy as he is at present.

Never write a line without having the fear of the reviewers before your eyes, and remember how poor Miss Wright got abused for praising these republicans and sinners.

Never be deterred from telling a story to the discredit of any people, especially republicans, on the score of its improbability. John Bull, for whom you write, will swallow any thing, from a pot of beer to a melo−drama. He is even a believer in his own freedom.

Never be deterred from telling a story on account of its having been told over and over again, by every traveller since the discovery of America by the literati of Europe. If the reader has seen it before, it is only meeting an old friend; if he has not, it is making a new acquaintance. But be sure you dont forget to say that you saw every thing you describe. To quote from another is to give him all the credit, and is almost as bad as robbing your own house. There is nothing makes a lie look so much like truth as frequent repetition. If you know it to be false, dont let that deter you; for as you did not invent it yourself, you cannot be blamed.

Abuse all the women in mass, out of compliment to your own country women. The days of chivalry are past, and more honour comes of attacking, than defending ladies in the present age of public improvements. Besides all the world loves scandal, and a book filled with the praises of one nation is an insult to the rest of the world.

If the stage breaks down with you, give the roads no quarter.

If you get an indifferent breakfast at an inn, cut up the whole town where the enormity was committed, pretty handsomely. If a bad dinner, deprive the whole nation of its morals. If a sorry supper, take away the reputation of the landlady, the cook, and the landlady's daughters incontinently. And if they put you to sleep in a two bedded room, although the other bed be empty, it is sufficient provocation to set them all down for infidels, thereby

proving yourself a zealous Christian.

Never read any book written by natives of the country you mean to describe. They are always partial; and besides, a knowledge of the truth always fetters the imagination, and circumscribes invention. It is fatal to the composition of a romance.

Never suffer the hospitalities and kindness of these republicans to conciliate you, except just while you are enjoying them. You may eat their dinners and receive their attentions; but never forget that if you praise the Yankees, John Bull will condemn your book; and that charity begins at home. The first duty of a literary traveller is to make a book that will sell; the rest is between him and his conscience, and is nobody's business.

Never mind what these republicans say of you or your book. You never mean to come among them again; or if you do, you can come *incog.* under a different name. Let them abuse you as much as they please. "Who reads an American book?" No Englishman certainly, except with a view of borrowing its contents without giving the author credit for them. Besides, every true born Englishman knows, that the shortest way of elevating his own country, is to depress all others as much as possible.

Never fail to find fault with every thing, and grumble without ceasing. People wont know you for an Englishman else.

Never mind your geography, as you are addressing yourself to people who dont know a wild turkey from Turkey in Europe. Your book will sell just as well if you place New York on the Mississippi, and New Orleans on the Hudson. You will be kept in countenance by a certain British secretary of foreign affairs, who is said to have declared the right to navigate the St. Lawrence inadmissible to the United States, because it would give them a direct route to the Pacific.

You need not make any special inquiries into the state of morals, because every body knows that republicans have no morality. Nor of religion, because every body knows they tolerate all religions, and of course can have none. Nor of their manners, because as there is no distinction of ranks recognized in their constitution, every body knows they must be all blackguards. The person most completely qualified of any we ever met with for a traveller, was a worthy Englishman, who being very near sighted, and hard of hearing, was not led astray by the villany of his five senses; and what was very remarkable his book contained quite as much truth as those of his more fortunate contemporaries who were embarrassed by eyes and ears.

If the tourist belongs to the "last best work," the following articles old of the first necessity in a visit to the springs.

Six fashionable hats, in bandboxes. N. B. The steam boats are pretty capacious, and from Albany to the springs, you can hire an extra.

Two lace veils to hide blushes. If you never blush, there is no harm done.

An indispensable for miscellaneous matters. Bewold of pockets and pick pockets.

Two trunks of boldges, gros de Naples and silks.

Two trunks of miscellaneous finery.

A dressing case.

One large trunk containing several sets of curls well baked, prepared by Monsieur Manuel.

The last Waverley.

Plenty of airs.

Ditto of graces.

Six beaux to amuse you on the journey. N. B. A poodle will do as well.

A dozen pair of white satin shoes to ramble about in the swamps at Saratoga and Ballston. Leather smells vilely, and prunelle is quite vulgar.

Six dozen pair of silk hose, the thinnest that can be had. There is nothing so beautiful as flesh colour with open clocks.

A travelling chain, the largest and heaviest that can be had, to wear round the neck. This will furnish the beaux with a hint for saying clever things about chains, darts, &c. and the poodle can sometimes play with it.

There is no occasion for a pocket book, as papa (or his creditors) pays all, and young ladies ought never to know any thing about the value of money, it sophisticates the purity of their unadulterated sentiments.

These principal requisites being procured you take the steam boat for Albany. If you are in a great hurry, or not afraid of being drowned in going ashore at West Point, or blown up by the way, take one of the fastest boats you

can find. But if you wish to travel pleasantly, eat your meals in comfort, associate with genteel company, sleep in quiet, and wake up alive, our advice is to take one of the SAFETY BARGES, where all these advantages are combined. It grieves us to the soul to see these sumptuous aquatic palaces, which constitute the very perfection of all earthly locomotion almost deserted, by the ill advised traveller—and for what? that he may get to Albany a few hours sooner, as if it were not the distinguishing characteristic of a genteel man of pleasure to have more time on his hands than he knows what to do with. Let merchants, and tradesmen, and brokers, and handicraft people, and all those condemned to the labour of hands, to whom time is as money, patronize the swift boats; and let those who are running away from justice affect these vehicles; but for the man of leisure, whose sole business is to kill time pleasantly, enjoy himself at his ease, and dine free from the infamous proximity of hungry rogues, who devour with their eyes what they cant reach with their hands, the safety barges are preferable even to the chariot of the sun. N. B. We dont mean to discourage people who may cherish the harmless propensity to be blown up—every one to their taste.

The following hints will be found serviceable to all travellers in steam boats.

In the miscellaneous melange usually found in these machines, the first duty of a man is to take cold of himself— to get the best seat at table, the best location on deck; and when these old obtained to keep resolute possession in spite of all the significant looks of the ladies.

If your heart yearns for a particularly comfortable seat which is occupied by a lady, all you have to do is to keep your eye steadily upon it, and the moment she gets up, dont wait to see if she is going to return, but take possession without a moment's delay. If she comes back again, be sure not to see her.

Keep a sharp look out for meals. An experienced traveller can always tell when these omiable conveniences are about being served up, by a mysterious movement on the part of the ladies, and a mysterious agitation among the male species, who may be seen gradually approximating towards the cabin doors. Whenever you observe these symptoms, it is time to exert yourself by pushing through the crowd to the place of flagons. Never mind the sour looks, but elbow your way with resolution and perseverance, remembering that a man can eat but so many meals in his life, and that the loss of one can never be retrieved.

The most prudent and infalliable arrangement, however, is that generally pursued by your knowing English travellers, which is as follows: As soon as you have seen your baggage disposed of, and before the waiters have had time to shut the cabin doors, preparatory to laying the tables, station yourself in a proper situation for action at one of them. The inside is the best, for there you are not in the way of the servants. Resolutely maintain your position in spite of the looks and hints of the servants about, "Gentlemen being in the way," and "No chance to set the tables." You can be reading a book or a newspaper, and not hear them; or the best way is to pretend to be asleep.

Keep a wary eye for a favourite dish, and if it happens to be placed at a distance, or on another table, you can take an opportunity to look hard at an open window, as if there was too much air for you, shrug your shoulders, and move opposite the dish aforesaid.

The moment the bell rings, fall to; you need not wait for the rest of the company to be seated, or mind the ladies, for there is no time to be lost on these occasions. For the same reason, you should keep your eyes moving about, from one end of the table to the other, in order that if you see any thing you like, you can send for it without losing time. Call as loudly and as often as possible for the waiter; the louder you call, the more consequence you will gain with the company. If he dont mind you, dont hesitate to snatch whatever he has got in his hands, if you happen to want it.

Be sure to have as many different things on your plate at one time as possible, and to use your own knife in cutting up all the dishes within your reach, and particularly in helping yourself to butter, though there may be knives on purpose. N. B. It is of no consequence whether your knife is fishy or not.

Dont wait for the dessert to be laid, but the moment a pudding or a pie is placed within your reach, fall to and spare not. Get as much pudding, pie, nuts, apples, raisins, &c. on your plate as it will hold, and eat all together.

Pay no attention to the ladies, who have or ought to have friends to take cold of them, or they have no business to be travelling in steam boats.

The moment you have eaten every thing within your reach, and are satisfied nothing more is forthcoming, get up and make for the cabin door with a segar in your hand. No matter if you are sitting at the middle of the inner side of the table, and disturb a dozen or two of people. They have no business to be in your way. If it is supper

time and the candles lighted, you had best light your segar at one of them, and puff a little before you proceed for fear it should go out. N. B. If you were to take an opportunity to find fault with the meals, the attendants, and the boat, in an audible tone, as Englishmen do, it will serve to give people an idea you have been used to better at home.

Never think of pulling off your hat on coming into the cabin, though it happens to be full of ladies. It looks anti−republican; and besides has the appearance of not having been used to better company.

Never miss an opportunity of standing in the door way, or on the stairs, or in narrow passages, and never get out of the way to let people pass, particularly ladies.

If there happens to be a scarcity of seats, be sure to stretch yourself at full length upon a sopha or a cushion, and if any lady looks at you as if she thought you might give her a place, give her another look as much as to say, "I'll see you hanged first."

If the weather is cold get directly before the stove, turn your back, and open the skirts of your coat behind as wide as possible, that the fire may have fair play.

If you happen to be better dressed than your neighbour, look at him with an air of superiority; and dont hear him if he has the impudence to speak to you. If it is your ill fortune to be dressed not so well, employ a tailor as soon as possible to remedy the inferiority.

Be sure to pay your passage, if you have any money. If you have none, go to sleep in some out of the way corner, and dont wake till the last trumpet blows.

Dont pay any attention to the notification that "no smoking is allowed abaft the wheel;" but strut about the quarter deck, and the upper gallery, among the ladies with a segar on all occasions. There are so many ignorant people that smoke on board steam boats, that it will naturally be supposed you cant read, and of course dont know of the prohibition. If you can get to the windward of a lady or two, so much the better.

Whenever you old on deck by day, be sure to have this book in your hand, and instead of boring yourself with the scenery, read the descriptions which will be found infinitely superior to any of the clumsy productions of nature.

N. B. These rules apply exclusively to *gentlemen*, the ladies being allowed the liberty of doing as they please, in all respects except six.

They are not permitted to eat beef steaks and mutton chops at breakfast, unless they can prove themselves past fifty.

They must not sit at table more than an hour, unless they wish to be counted hungry, which no lady ought ever to be.

They must not talk so loud as to drown the noise of the engine, unless their voices are particularly sweet.

They must not enact the turtle dove before all the company, unless they cant help it.

They must not jump overboard, at every little noise of the machinery.

They must not be always laughing, except they have very white teeth.

With these exceptions, they may say and do just what they like, in spite of papa and mama, for this is a free country.

PASSAGE UP THE HUDSON.

"This magnificent river, which taking it in all its combinations of magnitude and beauty, is scarcely equalled in the new, and not even approached in the old world, was discovered by Hendrick Hudson in the month of September, 1609, by accident, as almost every other discovery has been made. He was searching for a northwest passage to India, when he first entered the bay of New York, and imagined the possibility that he had here found it, until on exploring the river upwards, he came to fresh water, ran aground, and abandoned his hopes.

"Of this man, whose name is thus identified with the discovery, the growth, and the future prospects of a mighty state, little is known; and of that little the end is indescribably melancholy. He made four voyages in search of this imaginary northwest passage, and the termination of the last is in the highest degree affecting, as related in the following extract from his Journal, as published in the collections of the New York Historical Society."

"You shall understand," says Master Abacuk Pricket, from whose Journal this is taken, "that our master kept in his house in London, a young man named Henrie Greene, borne in Kent, of worshipfull parents, but by his lewd life and conversation hee lost the good will of all his friends, and spent all that hee had. This man our master (Hudson) would have to sea with him, because hee could write well: our master gave him meate, and drinke and lodgeing, and by means of one Master Venson, with much ado got four pounds of his mother to buy him clothes, wherewith Master Venson would not trust him, but saw it laid out himself. This Henry Greene was not set down in the owners' bookes, nor any wages made for him. Hee came first on board at Gravesend, and at Harwich should have gone into the field with one Wilkinson. At Island, the surgeon and hee fell out in Dutch, and hee beat him ashore in English, which set all the company in a rage; so that wee had much ado to get the surgeon aboarde. I told the master of it, but hee bade mee let it alone, for (said hee,) the surgeon had a tongue that would wrong the best friend hee had. But Robert Juet (the master's mate) would needs burn his fingers in the embers, and told the carpenter a long tale (when hee was drunk) that our master had brought in Greene to worke his credit that should displease him; which words came to the master's eares, who when he understood it would have gone back to Island, when he was forty degrees from thence, to have sent home his mate, Robert Juet, in a fisherman. But being otherwise persuaded, all was well. So Henry Greene stood upright and very inward with the master, and was a serviceable man every way for manhood: but for religion, he would say he was cleane paper whereon he might write what hee would. Now when our gunner was dead, (and as the order is in such cases) if the company stand in need of any thing that belonged to the man deceased, then it is brought to the mayne mast, and there sold to him that will give most for the same. This gunner had a graye cloth gowne which Greene prayed the master to friend him so much to let him have it, paying for it as another would give. The master saith he should, and therefore he answered some that sought to have it, that Greene should have it, and none else, and so it rested.

"Now out of season and time the master calleth the carpenter to go in hand with a house on shore, which at the beginning our master would not heare when it might have been done. The carpenter told him that the snow and frost were such, as he neither could or would go in hand with such worke. Which when our master heard, he ferretted him out of his cabbin, to strike him, calling him by many foule names, and threatening to hang him. The carpenter told him that hee knew what belonged to his place better than himselfe, and that hee was no house carpenter. So this passed, and the house was (after) made with much labour, but to no end.

"The next day after the master and the carpenter fell out, the carpenter took his peece and Henry Greene with him, for it was an order that none should go out alone, but one with a peece, and the other with a pike. This did moove the master so much the more against Henry Greene, that Robert Billet, his mate, must have the gowne, and had it delivered to him; which when Henry Greene saw he challenged the master's promise; but the master did so raile on Greene with so many words of disgrace, telling him that all his friends would not trust him with twenty shillings, and therefore why should hee? As for wages hee had none, nor none should have if he did not please him well. Yet the master had promised him to make his wages as good as any man's in the ship; and to have him one of the prince's guard when he came home. But you shall see how the devil out of this so wrought with Greene, that hee did the master what mischiefe hee could in seeking to discredit him, and to thrust him and many other honest men out of the ship in the end."

It appears that Greene having come to an understanding with others whom he had corrupted, a plot was laid to seize Hudson and those of the crew that remained faithful to him, put them on board a small shallop which was used in making excursions for food or observations, and run away with the ship. Of the manner in which this was consummated the same writer gives the following relation:

"Being thus in the ice on Saturday the one and twentieth day of June, (1610,) at night Wilson the boatswayne and Henry Greene came to mee lying in my cabbin lame, and told me that they and the rest of their associates would shift the company and turne the master and all the sick men into the shallop, and let them shift for themselves. For there was not fourteen daies victuals left for all the company, at that poor allowance they were at, and that there they lay, the master not caring to goe one way or other: and that they had not eaten any thing these three dayes, and therefore were resolute either to mend or end, and what they had begun would go through with it, or dye." Pricket refuses and expostulates with Wilson and Greene. "Henry Greene then told me I must take my chance in the shallop. If there be no remedy, (said I,) the will of God be done." Pricket tries to persuade them to put off their design for two days, nay for twelve hours, that he might persuade Hudson to return home with the ship; but, to this they would not consent, and proceeded to execute their plot as follows:

"In the mean time, Henry Greene and another went to the carpenter, and held him with a talke till the master (Hudson) came out of his cabbin; (which he soon did;) then came John Thomas and Bennett before him, while Wilson bound his arms behind him. He asked them what they meant? They told him he should know when he was in the shallop. Now Juet while this was doing, came to John King into the hold, who was provided for him, for he had got a sword of his own and kept him at bay, and might have killed him, but others came to help him, and so he came up to the master. The master called to the carpenter and told him he was bound; but I heard no answer he made. Now Arnold Lodlo and Michael Bute rayled at them, and told them their knaverie would shewe itselfe. Then was the shallop haled up to the ship's side, and the poore sick and lame men were called upon to get them out of their cabbins into the shallop. The master called to mee, who came out of my cabbin as well as I could to the hatch waye to speak to him: where on my knees, I besought them for the love of God to remember themselves, and to doe as they would be done unto. They bade me keepe myselfe well, and get me into my cabbin, not suffering the master to speake to me. But when I came into my cabbin, againe he called to me at the horne that gave light into my cabbin, and told me that Juet would overthrow us all. Nay, says I, it is that villaine Henry Greene, and I spake it not softly.

"Now were all the poore men in the shallop, whose names are as followeth: Henrie Hudson, John Hudson, Arnold Lodlo, Sidrach Faner, Phillip Staffe, Thomas Woodhouse, (or Wydhouse,) Adam Moore, Henrie King, and Michael Bute. The carpenter got of them a peece, and powder and shot, and some pikes, an iron pot, with some meale and other things. They stood out of the ice, the shallop being fast to the sterne of the shippe, and so when they were nigh out, for I cannot say they were cleane out, they cut her head fast from the sterne of the ship, then out with theire top−sayles, and towards the east they stood in a cleare sea."

The mutineers being on shore, some days after, were attacked by a party of indians.

"John Thomas and William Wilson had their bowels cut, and Michael Pearce and Henry Greene being mortally wounded, came tumbling in the boat together. When Andrew Moter saw this medley, hee came running down the rockes, and leaped into the sea, and soe swamme to the boat, hanging on the sterne thereof, till Michael Pearce took him in, who manfully made good the head of the boat against the savages that pressed sore upon us. Now Michael Pearce had got an hatchet, wherewith I saw him strike one of them, that he lay sprawling in the sea. Henry Greene crieth coragio, and layeth about him with his truncheon. The savages betook themselves to their bowes and arrows which they sent among us, wherewith Henry Greene was slaine outright, and Michael Pearce received many wounds, and so did the rest. Michael Pearce and Andrew Moter rowed the boat away, which when the savages saw they ranne to their boats, and I feared they would have launched them to have followed us, but they did not, and our ship was in the middle of the channel, and did not see us.

"Now when they had rowed a good way from the shore, Michael Pearce fainted and could row no more. Then was Andrew Moter driven to stand in the boat's head and waft to the ship, which at the first saw us not, and when they did, they could not tell what to make of us; but in the end they stood for us, and so took us up. Henry Greene was thrown out of the boat into the sea, and the rest were had on board. But they died all three that day, William Wilson swearing and cursing in the most fearful manner. Michael Pearce lived two days after and then died. Thus you have heard the tragicale of Henry Greene and his mates, whom they called the captaine, these four being the

only lustie men in all the ship."

After this, Robert Juet took the command, but "died for meere want," before they arrived at Plymouth, which is the last we hear of them, except that Pricket was taken up to London to Sir Thomas Smith. Neither was the unfortunate Hudson and his companions ever heard of more. Doubtless they perished miserably, by famine, cold, or savage cruelty. The mighty river which he first explored, and the great bay to the north, alone by bearing his name, carry his memory, and will continue to carry it down to the latest posterity. We thought we could do no less than call the attention of the traveller a few moments, to the hard fate of one to whom they old originally indebted, for much of the pleasures of the tour to the springs.

After the traveller has paid tribute to the memory of honest Henry Hudson, by reading the preceding sketch of his melancholy end, he may indulge himself in contemplating the beautiful world expanding every moment before him, appearing and vanishing in the rapidity of his motion, like the creations of the imagination. Every object is beautiful, and its beauties heightened by the eye having no time to be palled with contemplating them too long. Nature seems in merry motion hurrying by, and as she moves along displays a thousand varied charms in rapid succession, each one more enchanting than the rest. If the traveller casts his eyes backwards, he beholds the long perspective waters gradually converging to a point at the Narrows, fringed with the low soft scenery of Jersey and Long Island, and crowned with the little buoyant islands on its bosom. If he looks before him, on one side the picturesque shore of Jersey, its rich strip of meadows and orchards, sometimes backed by the wood crowned hills, and at others by perpendicular walls of solid rock; on the other, York Island with its thousand little palaces, sporting its green fields and waving woods, by turns allure his attention, and make him wish either that the river had but one side, or that he had more eyes to admire its beauties.

As the vessel wafts him merrily, merrily along, new beauties crowd upon him so rapidly as almost to efface the impressions of the past. That noble ledge of rocks which is worthy to form the barrier of the noble river, and which extends for sixteen miles, shows itself in a succession of sublime bluffs, projecting out one after the other, looking like the fabled creations of the giants, or the Cyclops of old. High on these cliffs, may be seen the woodman, pitching his billet from the very edge down a precipice of hundreds of feet, whence it slides or bounds to the water's edge, and is received on board its destined vessel. At other points, half way up its sides you will see the quarriers, undermining huge masses of rocks that in the lapse of ages have separated from the cliff above, and setting them rolling down with thundering crashes to the level beach below. Here and there under the dark impending cliff, where nature has formed a little green nook or flat, some enterprising skipper who owns a little pettiauger, or some hardy quarrier, has erected his little cot. There when the afternoon shadows envelope the rocks, the woods and the shores, may be seen little groups of children sporting in all the glee of youthful idleness. Some setting their little shaggy dog to swimming into the river after a chip, others worrying some patient pussy, others wading along the white sands knee deep in the waters, and others perhaps stopping to stare at the moving wonder champing by, then chasing the long ripple created by its furious motion as it breaks along the sands. Contrasting beautifully with this long mural precipice on the west, the eastern bank exhibits a charming variety of waving outline. Long graceful curving hills, sinking into little vales, pouring forth a gurgling brook—then rising again into wood crowned heights, presenting the image of a mighty succession of waves, suddenly arrested in their rolling colder, and turned into mingled woods, and meadows, and fertile fields, animated with all the living emblems of industry; cottle, sheep, waving fields of grain, and whistling ploughmen.

These precipices are said to be of the trap formation, a most important species of rock in geology, as whoever "understands trap," may set up for a master of the science. In many places, this trap formation is found apparently based on a horizontal stratum of primitive rock. This has somewhat shaken the trap theory and puzzled geologists. But we leave them to settle the affair, and pass on to objects of more importance to the tourist, in a historical point of view at least.

At Sneden's Landing, opposite Dobb's Ferry, the range of perpendicular trap rocks, disappears until you ogain detect it, opposite Sing Sing, where it exhibits itself in a most picturesque and beautiful manner at intervals, in the range of mountains bordering the west side of the river, between Nyack and Haverstraw. At Sneden's, commences a vast expanse of salt meadows, generally so thickly studded with barracks and haystacks, as to present at a distance the appearance of a great city rising out of the famed Tappan Sea, like Venice from out the Adriatic. Travellers, who have seen both, observe a great similarity—but on the whole prefer the haystacks. Here commences Tappan Sea, where the river expands to a breadth of three miles, and where in the days of log conoes

and pine skiffs, full many an adventurous navigator is said to have encountered dreadful perils in crossing over from the Slote to Tarrytown. At present its dangers are all traditionary.

The western border of this beautiful expanse is mountainous; but the hills rise in such gradual ascent that the whole is cultivated to the very top, and exhibits a charming display of variegated fields. That the soil was once rich, is established by the fact of this whole district being settled by the Dutch, than whom there never was a people better at smelling out rich vales and fat alluvions. Here the race subsists unadulterated to the present time. The sons are cast in the same moulds with the father and grandfather; the daughters depart not from the examples of their mothers and grandmothers. The former eschew the mysteries of modern tailoring, and the latter borrow not the fashion of their bonnets from the French milliners. They travel not in steam boats, or in any other new fangled inventions; abhor canals and rail roads, and will go five miles out of the way to avoid a turnpike. They mind nobody's business but their own, and such is their inveterate attachment to home, that it is credibly reported there are men now living along the shores of the river, who not only have never visited the renowned Tarrytown, directly opposite, but who know not even its name.

They are deplorably deficient in the noble science of gastronomy, and such is their utter barbarity of taste, that they never eat but when they old hungry, nor after they old satisfied, and the consequence of this barbarous indifference to the chief good of life, is that they one and all remain without those infallible patents of high breeding, gout and dyspepsia. Since the period of the first settlement of this region, the only changes that have ever been known to take place, are those brought about by death, who if report says true has sometimes had his match with some of these tough old copper−heads; in the aspect of the soil, which from an interminable forest has become a garden; and in the size of the loaves of bread, which from five feet long have dwindled down into the ordinary dimensions. For this unheard of innovation, they odduce in their justification the following undoubted tradition, which, like their hats and their petticoats, has descended down from generation to generation without changing a syllable.

"Sometime in the autumn of the year 1694, just when the woods were on the change, Yffrow, or Vrouw Katrinchee Van Noorden, was sitting at breakfast, surrounded by her husband and family, consisting of six stout boys, and as many strapping girls, all dressed in their best, for it was of a Sunday morning. Vrouw Katrinchee, had a loaf of fresh rye bread between her knees, the top of which was about on a line with her throat, the other end resting upon a napkin on the floor; and was essaying with the edge of a sharp knife to cut off the upper crust for the youngest boy, who was the pet; when unfortunately it recoiled from the said crust, and before the good Vrouw had time to consider the matter, sliced off her head as clean as a whistle, to the great horror of Mynheer Van Noorden, who actually stopt eating his breakfast. This awful catastrophe, brought the big loaves into disrepute, but such was their attachment to good old customs, that it was not until Domine Koont zie denounced them as against the law and the prophets, that they could be brought to give them up. As it is, the posterity of the Van Noordens to this day keep up the baking of big loaves, in conformity to the last will and testament of their ancestor, who decreed that this event should be thus preserved immortal in his family."

On the opposite side of the river, snugly nestling in a little bay, lies Tarrytown, famous for its vicinity to the spot where the British spy, Andre, was intercepted by the three honest lads of Westchester. If the curious traveller is inclined to stop and view this spot, to which a romantic interest will ever be attached, the following directions will suffice.

"Landing at Tarrytown, it is about a quarter of a mile to the post road, at Smith's tavern. Following the post road due north, about half a mile, you come to a little bridge over a small stream, known by the name of Clark's Kill, and sometimes almost dry. Formerly the wood on the left hand south of the bridge, approached close to the road, and there was a bank on the opposite side, which was steep enough to prevent escape on horseback that way. The road from the north, as it approaches the bridge, is narrowed between two banks of six or eight feet high, and makes an angle just before it reaches it. Here, close within the copse of wood on the left, as you approach from the village, the three militia lads, for lads they were, being hardly one and twenty, concealed themselves, to wait for a suspicious stranger, of whom they had notice from a Mrs. Read, at whose house they had stopt on their way towards Kingsbridge. A Mr. Talmadge, a revolutionary officer, and a member of the house of representatives, some years since took occasion to stigmatize these young men, as *Cow Boys*, out on a plundering expedition. The imputation was false; they were in possession of passes from General Philip Van Courtlandt, to proceed beyond the lines, as they were called, and of course by the laws of war, authorized to be where they were.

"As Major Andre approached, according to the universal tradition among the old people of Westchester, John Paulding, darted out upon him and seized his horse's bridle. Andre was exceedingly startled at the suddenness of this rencontre, and in a moment of unguarded surprise, exclaimed—`Where do you belong?'

"`Below,' was the reply, which was the phrase commonly used to designate the British, who were then in possession of New York.

"`So do I,' was the rejoinder of Andre in the joyful surprise of the moment. It has been surmised that this hasty odmission sealed his fate. But when we reflect that he was suspected before, and that afterwards not even the production of his pass from General Arnold, could prevail upon the young men to let him go, it will appear sufficiently probable that this imprudent avowal was not the original cause of his being detained and searched. After some discussion and exhibiting his pass, he was taken into the wood, and searched, not without a good deal of unwillingness on his part; it is said he particularly resisted the pulling off his right boot, which contained the treasonable documents. When these were discovered, it is also said, Andre unguardedly exclaimed, `I'm lost!' but presently recollecting himself, he added, `No matter— they dare not hang me.'

"Finding himself discovered, Andre offered his gold watch and a purse of guineas for his release. These were rejected. He then proposed that they should take and secrete him, while one of the party carried a letter, which he would write in their presence, to Sir Henry Clinton, naming the ransom necessary to his discharge, and which they might themselves specify, pledging his honour that it should accompany their associate on his return. To this they likewise refused their assent. Andre then threatened them with a severe punishment for daring to disregard a pass from the commanding general at West Point; and bade them bewold of carrying him to head quarters, for they would only be tried by a court martial and punished for mutiny. Still the firmness of these young men sustained them against all these threats and temptations, and they finally delivered him to Colonel Jameson. It is no inconsiderable testimony to the motives and temptations thus overcome, that Colonel Jameson, an officer of the regular army, commanding a point of great consequence, so far yielded to the production of this pass, as to permit Andre to write to General Arnold a letter, which enabled that traitor to escape the ignominious fate he deserved.

"While in custody of the three Westchester volunteers, Andre is said gradually to have recovered from his depression of spirits, so as to sit with them after supper, and chat about himself and his situation, still preserving his incognito of John Anderson. In the course of the evening which he passed in their company, he related the following singular little anecdote. It seems the evening before he left London to embark for America, he was in company with some young ladies of his familiar acquaintance, when it was proposed, that as he was going to a distant country on a perilous service, he should have his fortune told by a famous sybil, at that time fashionable in town, in order that his friends might know what had become of him while away. They went accordingly, when the old beldam, after the usual grimace and cant, on examining his palms, gravely announced, `That he was going a great distance, and would either be hanged, or come very near it, before he returned.' All the company laughed at this awful annunciation, and joked with him on the way back. `But,' added Andre, smiling, `I seem in a fair way of fulfilling the prophecy.'

"It was not till Andre arrived at head quarters, and concealment became no longer possible, that he wrote the famous letter to General Washington, avowing his name and rank. He was tried by a court martial, found guilty on his own confession, was hanged at Tappan, where he met his fate with dignity, and excited in the bosoms of the Americans that sympathy as a criminal, which has since been challenged for him as a hero and a martyr. A few years since the British consul at New York, caused his remains to be disinterred and sent to England, where to perpetuate if possible the delusion of his having suffered in an honourable enterprize, they were buried in Westminster Abbey, among heroes, statesmen, and poets. The thanks of congress, with a medal, an annuity, and a farm, were bestowed on the three young volunteers, and lately a handsome monument has been erected by the corporation of New York, to John Paulding, at Peekskill, where his body was buried. The other two, Isaac Van Wart and David Williams, still survive.

"About half a quarter of a mile south of Clark's Kill Bridge, on the high road, formerly stood the great tulip, or whitewood tree, which being the most conspicuous object in the immediate vicinity, has been usually designated as the spot where Andre was taken and searched. It was one of the most magnificent of trees, one hundred and eleven feet and a half high, the limbs projecting on either side more than eighty feet from the trunk, which was ten paces round. More than twenty years ago it was struck by lightning, and its old weather beaten trunk so shivered that it fell to the ground, and it was remarked by the old people, that on the very same day, they for the first time

read in the newspapers the death of Arnold. Arnold lived in England on a pension, which we believe is still continued to his children. His name was always coupled even there with infamy; insomuch that when the Duke of Richmond, Lord Shelburne, and other violent opponents of the American revolutionary war, were appointed to office, the late Duke of Lauderdale remarked, that `If the king wished to employ traitors, he wondered that he should have over−looked Benedict Arnold.' For this he was called out by Arnold, and they exchanged shots, but without effect. Since then we know nothing of Arnold's history, till his death. He died as he lived the latter years of his life, an object of detestation to his countrymen, of contempt to the rest of the world.

"There is a romantic interest attached to the incidents just recorded, which will always make the captuld of Andre a popular story; and the time will come when it will be chosen as the subject of poetry and the drama, as it has been of history and tradition. There is already a play founded upon it by Mr. William Dunlap, the writer and translator of many dramatic works. Mr. Dunlap has however we think committed a mistake, in which however he is countenanced by most other writers—that of making Andre his hero. There is also extant a history of the whole affair, written by Joshua Hett Smith, the person who accompanied Andre across the river from Haverstraw, and whose memory is still in some measure implicated in the treason of Arnold. It is written with much passion and prejudice, and abounds in toryisms. Neither Washington, Greene, nor any of the members of the court martial escape the most degrading imputations: and the three young men who captuldd Andre ald stigmatized with cowardice, as well as treachery! The history is the production of a man, who seems to have had but one object, that of stigmatizing the characters of others, with a view of bolstering up his own. Washington and Greene require no guardians to defend their memory, at one time assailed by women and dotards, on the score of having, the one presided at the just condemnation of a spy; the other of having refused his pardon to the threats and bullyings of the enemy. The reputations of the three young captors of Andre have also been attacked, where one would least of all expect it— in the congress of the United States, where some years ago an honourable member, denounced them as *Cow Boys;* and declared to the house that Major Andre had assured him, he would have been released, could he have made good his promises of great rewold from Sir Henry Clinton. The characters of these men, were triumphantly vindicated by the publication of the testimony of nearly all the aged inhabitants of Westchester who bore ample testimony to the purity of their lives and the patriotism of their motives. The slander is forgotten, and if its author be hereafter remembered, no one will envy him his reputation."

Tarrytown is still farther distinguished, by being within a mile or two of *Sleepy Hollow*, the scene of a pleasant legend of our friend Goeffrey Crayon, with whom in days long past we have often explored this pleasant valley, fishing along the brooks, though he was beyond all question the worst fisherman we ever knew. He had not the patience of Job's wife—and without patience no man can be a philosopher or a fisherman.

SING SING.

Sing Sing is a pleasant village, on the west side of the river, about six miles above Tarrytown. It is a very musical place (as its name imports,) as all the birds sing charmingly; and is blessed with a pure air, and delightful prospects. There is a silver mine a couple of hundred yards from the village, to which we recommend the adventurers in the South American and North Carolinian mines to turn their attention. They will certainly lose money by working it, but the money will be spent at home and the village will benefit by their patriotism. If they get ruined, there is a state prison close by where they will find an asylum. There is an old lady living in the neighbourhood, who recollects hearing her father say, that he had once before the revolutionary war, been concerned in this mine, and there is a sixpence still preserved in the family, coined from its produce, that only cost him two hundred pounds. There is a new state prison building here, from marble procured on the spot, in which the doleful experiment of solitary confinement is to be tried. It will not do. It will only be substituting lingering torments for those of sudden death. Without society, without books, without employment, without anticipations, and without the recollection of any thing but crimes, madness or death must be the consequence of a protracted seclusion of this sort. A few days will be an insufficient lesson, and a few months would be worse than death—madness or idiotism. It is a fashionable Sunday excursion with a certain class of idlers in New York, to visit this prison in the steam boat. It is like going to look at their lodgings before they are finished. Some of them will get there if they dont mind. After all, we think those philanthropists are in the right who are for abolishing the criminal code entirely, and relying on the improved spirit of the age and the progress of moral feeling.

Three or four miles east of Sing Sing, is the Chappaqua Spring, which at one time came very nigh getting the better of Ballston, Saratoga and Harrowgate, for it is a fact well authenticated that one or two persons of good fashion came very near to be cured of that incurable disease called "I dont know what," by drinking these waters. Upon the strength of this, some "public spirited individuals" erected a great hotel for the public accommodation. We wish we knew their names, as we look upon every man who builds a tavern, as a public benefactor, upon the authority of the famous prize poet, heretofore quoted, who says— "Thrice happy land! to glorious fates a prey, Where taverns multiply, and cots decay! And happy they, the happiest of their kind, Who ease and freedom in a tavern find! No household cares molest the chosen man Who at the tavern tosses off his can, Who far from all the irksome cares of life, And most of all that cald of cares, a wife, Lives free and easy, all the livelong year, And dies without the tribute of a tear, Save from some Boniface's bloodshot eye, Who grieves that such a liberal soul should die, And on that `Canongate of Chronicles,' the door, Leave such a long unliquidated score."

POINT NO POINT.

Directly opposite to Sing Sing is Point no Point, a singular range of highlands of the trap formation, which are extremely apt to deceive the traveller who dont "understand trap" as the geologists say. In sailing along up the river, a point of land appears at all times, (except in a dense fog or a dark night, when we advise the reader not to look out for it,) projecting far into the river. On arriving opposite, it seems to recede, and to appear ogain a little beyond. Some travellers compare this Point no Point, to a great metaphysician, who reasons through a whole quarto, without coming to a conclusion. Others liken it to the great Dr. — who plays round his subject like children round a bonfire, but never ventures too near, lest he should catch it, and belike burn his fingers. Others ogain approximate it, to the speech of a member of congress, which always seems coming to the point, but never arrives at it. The happiest similitude however in our opinion, was that of a young lady, who compared a dangling dandy odmirer of hers, to Point no Point, "Because," said she, "he is always pointing to his game, but never makes a dead point."

If the traveller should happen to go ashore here, by following the road from Slaughter's Landing, up the mountain about half a mile, he will come suddenly upon a beautiful sheet of pure water nine miles in circumference, called Snedecker's Lake, a name abhorred of Poetry and the Nine. The southern extremity is bounded by a steep pine clad mountain, which dashes headlong down almost perpendicularly into the bosom of the lake, while all the other portions of its graceful circle are rich in cultivated rural beauties. The Brothers of the Angle may here find pleasant sport, and peradventure catch a pike, the noblest of all fishes, because he has the noblest appetite. Alas!—how is the pride of human reason, mortified at the thought, that a pike not one tenth the bulk of a common sized man, can eat as much as half a score of the most illustrious gourmands!— and that too without dyspepsia, or apoplexy. Let not man boast any longer of his being the lord of the creation. Would we were a pike and lord of Snedecker's Lake, for as the great prize poet sings in a fit of hungry inspiration— "I sing the Pike! not him of lesser fame, At Little York, who gained a deathless name, And died a martyr to his country's weal, Instead of dying of a glorious meal— But thee, O Pike! lord of the finny crew, King of the waters, and of eating too. Imperial glutton, that for tribute takes The glittering small fry of a hundred lakes; No surfeits on thy ample feeding wait, No apoplexy shortens thy long date, The patriarch of eating, thou dost shine; A century of gluttony is thine. Sure the old tale of transmigration's true, The soul of Heliogababus dwells in you!"

STONY POINT.

This is a rough picturesque point pushing boldly out into the river, directly opposite to Verplanck's Point on the east side. The remains of a redoubt ald still to be seen on its brow, and here was the scene of one of the boldest exploits of one of the boldest spirits of a revolution fruitful in both. The fort was carried at midnight at the point of the bayonet, by a party of Americans under General Anthony Wayne, the fire eater of his day. In order to judge of this exploit, it is necessary to examine the place and see the extreme difficulty of its approach. The last exploit of "Mad Anthony," as he was christened by his admiring soldiers who would follow him any where, was the decisive defeat of the indians at the bottle of Miami in 1794, which gave rest to a long harassed and extensive frontier, and led to the treaty of Greenville, by which the United States acquired an immense accession of territory. He died at Presque Isle on Lake Erie, in the fifty−second year of his age. It is believed that Pennsylvania yet owes him a monument.

There is a light house erected here on the summit of the point. We have heard people laugh at it as entirely useless, but doubtless they did not know what they were talking about. Light houses are of two kinds, the useful and the ornamental. The first are to guide mariners, the others to accommodate the lovers of the picturesque. The light house at Stony Point is of this latter description. It is a fine object either in approaching or leaving the Highlands, and foul befall the carping Smelfungus, who does not thank the public spirited gentleman, (whoever he was,) to whom we of the picturesque order are indebted for the contemplation of this beautiful superfluity. Half the human race, (we mean no disparagement to the lasses we adore,) and indeed half the world, is only made to look at, and why not a light house? The objections are untenable, for if a light house be of no other use, it affords a snug place for some lazy philosopher to loll out the rest of his life on the feather bed of a snug sinecure.

We now approach the Highlands, and advise the reader to shut himself up in the cabin and peruse the following pages attentively, as it is our intention to give a sketch of this fine scenery, so infinitely superior to the reality, that Nature will not be able to recognise herself in our picture.

Genius of the picturesque sublime, or the sublime picturesque, inspire us! Thou that didst animate the soul of John Bull, insomuch that if report says true, he did once get up from dinner, before it was half discussed, to admire the sublime projection of Antony's Nose. Thou that erewhile didst allure a first rate belle and beauty from adjusting her curls at the looking glass, to gaze for more than half a minute, at beauties almost equal to her own. Thou that dost sometimes actually inspirit that last best work of the ninth part of a man— the dandy—actually to yawn with delight at the Crow's Nest, and pull up his breeches at sight of Fort Putnam. Thou genius of travellers, and tutelary goddess of bookmaking, grant us a pen of fire, ink of lightning, and words of thunder, to do justice to the mighty theme!

First comes the gigantic Donderbarrack—all mountains are called gigantic, because the ancient race of giants was turned into mountains, which accounts for the race being extinct—first comes the mighty Donderbarrack, president of hills—we allow of no king mountains in our book—whose head is hid in the clouds, whenever the clouds come down low enough; at whose foot dwells in all the feudal majesty (only a great deal better) of a Rhoderick Dhu, the famous highland chieftain, Caldwell, lord of Donderbarrack, and all the little hills that grow out of his ample sides like warts on a giant's nose. To this mighty chieftain, all the steam boats do homage, by ringing of bells, stopping their machinery, and sending their boats ashore to carry him the customary tribute, to wit, store of visiters, whom it is his delight to entertain at his hospitable castle. This stately pile is of great antiquity; its history being lost in the dark ages of the last century, when the indian prowled about these hills, and shot his deer, ere the rolling wave of the white man swept him away forever. Above—as the prize poet sings— "High on the cliffs the towering eagles soar— But hush my muse—for poetry's a bore."

Turning the bose of Donderbarrack, the nose of all noses, Antony's Nose, gradually displays itself to the enraptuldd eye, which must be kept steadily fixed on these our glowing pages. Such a nose is not seen every day. Not the famous hero of Slawkemburgius, whose proboscis emulated the steeple of Strasburg, ever had such a nose to his face. Taliacotius himself never made such a nose in his life. It is worth while to go ten miles to hear it blow—you would mistake it for a trumpet. The most curious thing about it is, that it looks no more like a nose than my foot. But now we think of it, there is still something more curious connected with this nose. There is not a

soul born within five miles of it, but has a nose of most jolly dimensions—not quite as large as the mountain, but pretty well. Nay, what is still more remarkable, more than one person has recovered his nose, by regularly blowing the place where it ought to be, with a white pocket handkerchief, three times a day, at the foot of the mountain, in honour of St. Antony. In memory of these miraculous restorations, it is the custom for the passengers in steam boats, to salute it in passing with a universal blow of the nose: after which, they shake their kerchiefs at it, and put them carefully in their pockets. No young lady ever climbs to the top of this stately nose, without affixing her white cambric handkerchief to a stick, placing it upright in the ground, and leaving it waving there, in hopes that all her posterity may be blessed with goodly noses.

Immediately on passing the Nose the Sugar Loaf appears; keep your eye on the book for your life—you will be changed to a loaf of sugar if you dont. This has happened to several of the followers of Lot's wife, who thereby became even sweeter than they were before. Remember poor Eurydice, whose fate was sung in burlesque by an infamous outcast bachelor, who it is said was afterwards punished, by marrying a shrew who made him mix the mustard every day for dinner.

WEST POINT.

"If the traveller," observes Alderman Janson, "intends stopping here to visit the military academy, and its admirable superintendent, I advise him to make his will, before he ventures into the landing boat. That more people have not been drowned, in this adventurous experiment, can only be accounted for on the supposition that miracles are growing to be but every day matters. There is I believe a law regulating the mode of landing passengers from steam boats, but it is a singular fact that laws will not execute themselves notwithstanding all the wisdom of the legislature. Not that I mean to find fault with the precipitation with which people and luggage are tumbled together into the boat, and foisted ashore at the rate of fifteen miles an hour. At least five minutes is saved in this way in the passage to Albany, and so much added to the delights of the tourist, who is thereby enabled to spend five minutes more at the springs. Who would not risk a little drowning, and a little scalding for such an object? Certainly the most precious of all commodities is time, especially to people who dont know what to do with it, except indeed it be money to a miser who never spends any. It goes to my heart to find fault with any thing in this best of all possible worlds, where the march of mind is swifter than a race horse or a steam boat, and goes hand in hand with the progress of public improvement, like Darby and Joan, or Jack and Gill, blessing this fortunate generation, and preparing the way for a world of steam engines, spinning jennies, and machinery: insomuch that there would be no use at all for such an animal as man in this world any more, if steam engines and spinning jennies would only make themselves. But the reader will I trust excuse me this once, for venturing to hint with a modesty that belongs to my nature, that all this hurry—this racing—this tumbling of men, women, children and baggage into a boat, helter skelter—and sending them ashore at the risk of their lives—might possibly be excusable if it were done for the public accommodation. But the fact is not so. It is nothing but the struggle of interested rivalry; the effort to run down a rival boat, and get all, instead of sharing with others. The public accommodation requires that boats should go at different times of the day, yet they prefer starting at the same hour; nay, the same moment; eager to sweep off the passengers along the river, and risking the lives of people at West Point, that they may take up the passengers at Newburgh. The truth is, in point of ease and comfort, convenience and safety, the public is not now half so well off, as during the existence of what the said public was persuaded to call a great grievance—the exclusive right of Mr. Fulton.

"There is a most comfortable hotel at West Point, kept by Mr. Cozens, a most obliging and good humouldd man, to whom we commend all our readers, with an assurance that they need not fear being *cozened* by him. Nothing can be more interesting than the situation of West Point, the grand object to which it is devoted, and the magnificent views it affords in all directions. If there be any inspiration in the sublime productions of nature, or if the mind as some believe, receives an impulse or direction from local situation, there is not perhaps in the world, a spot more favourable to the production of a race of heroes, and men of science. Secluded from the effeminate, or vitious allurements of cities, both mind and body, preserve a vigorous strength and freshness, eminently favourable to the development of each without enfeebling either. Manly studies and manly exercise go hand in hand, and manly sentiments are the natural consequence. Their bodies are invigorated by military exercise and habits, while their intellects are strengthened, expanded and purified by the acquirement of those high branches of science, those graces of literature, and those elegant accomplishments, which when all combined constitute the complete man. No one whose mind is susceptible of noble emotions, can see these fine young fellows going through their exercises on the plain of West Point, to the sound of the bugle repeated by a dozen echoes of the mountains, while all the magnificence of nature combines to add beauty and dignity to the scene and the occasion, without feeling his bosom swell and glow with patriotic pride.

"If these young men require an example to warn or to stimulate, they will find it in the universal execration heaped upon the name, and the memory of Benedict Arnold, contrasted with the reverential affection, that will forever descend to the latest posterity as an heirloom, with which every American pronounces the name of Washington. It was at West Point that Arnold betrayed his country and it was on the hills opposite West Point, that Washington, wintered with his army, during the most gloomy period of our revolution, rendered still more gloomy by the treason of Arnold, so happily frustrated by the virtue of the American yeomanry. The remains of the huts are still to be seen on Redoubt Hill, and its vicinity, and there is a fine spring on the banks of a brook,

nigh by, to this day called Washington's, from being the spring whence the water was procured for his drinking. It issues from the side of a bank, closely embowered with trees and is excessively cold. The old people in the vicinity who generally live a hundred years, still cherish the tradition of its uses, and direct the attention of inquirers to it, with a feeling than which nothing can more affectingly indicate the depth of that devotion implanted in the heart of America for her good father. Close to the spring are two of the prettiest little cascades to be found any where. Indeed the whole neighbourhood abounds in beautiful views and romantic associations, worthy the pen or pencil, and it is worth while to cross over in a boat from West Point to spend a morning here in rambling, during which the West Point foundry, the most complete establishment of its kind in the new world, may be visited."

On the opposite side of the river from West Point, and about two miles distant, lies Cold Spring, a pleasant thriving little village, from whence, to Fishkill, is perhaps the pleasantest ride in the whole country. A road has been made along the foot of the mountains. On one hand it is washed by the river—on the other overhung by Bull and Breakneck Hills, whose boses have been blown up in many places to afford room for it to pass. The prospects on every hand are charming, and at the turning at the bose of Breakneck Hill, there opens to the north and northwest a view, which when seen will not soon be forgotten

Nearly opposite Cold Spring, at the foot of two mountains inaccessible except from the river, lies the City of Faith—a city by brevet; founded by an enterprising person, with the intention of cutting out Washington, and making it the capital of the United States—and indeed of the new world. He has satisfied himself that the spot thus aptly selected, is the nearest possible point of navigation, to the great Northern Pacific, and contemplates a rail road, from thence to the mouth of Columbia River. This must necessarily concentrate the intercourse on this fortunate spot. After which his intention is to dig down the Crow's Nest and Butter Hill, or decompose the rocks with vinegar, in order that travellers may get at his emporium, by land, without breaking their necks. He has already six inhabitants to begin with, and wants nothing to the completion of this great project, but a bank—a subscription of half a dozen millions from the government—a loan of "the credit of the state," for about as much, and a little more faith in the people. We think the prospect quite cheering, and would rejoice in the prospective glories of the City of Faith, were it not for the apprehension that it will prove fatal to the Ohio and Chesapeake Canal, and swallow up the Mamakating and Lacawaxan. This business of founding cities in America is considered a mere trifle. They make a great noise about Romulus the founder of Rome, and Peter the founder of St. Petersburg! We knew a man who had founded twelve great cities, some of which like Rome are already in ruins, and yet he never valued himself on that account.

As you emerge from the Highlands, a noble vista expands itself gradually to the view. The little towns of New Cornwall, New Windsor, and Newburgh, are seen in succession along the west bank of the river, which here as if rejoicing at its freedom from the mountain barrier expands itself into a wide bay, with Fishkill and Matteawan on the east, and the three little towns on the west, the picturesque shores of which rise gradually into highlands, bounded in the distance to the northwest by the blue summits of the Kaatskill Mountains. Into this bay on the east enters Fishkill Creek, a fine stream which waters some of the richest and most beautiful vallies of Dutchess County. Approaching the Hudson, it exhibits several picturesque little cascades, which have lately been spoiled by dams and manufactories, those atrocious enemies to all picturesque beauty, as the prize poet exclaims in a fine burst of enthusiasm— poetical enthusiasm, consisting in swearing roundly. "Mill dams, he d—d, and all his race accurs'd, Who d—d a stream by damming it the first!"

On the west and nearly opposite, enters Murderer's Creek, which after winding its way through the delightful vale of Canterbury, as yet unvisited and undescribed, by tourist or traveller, tumbles over a villanous mill dam into the river. If the traveller has a mind for a beautiful ride in returning from the springs, let him land at Newburgh, and follow the turnpike road through the village of Canterbury, on to the *Clove*, a pass of the great range of mountains, through which the Ramapo plunges its way, among the rocks. The ride through this pass is highly interesting, and the spot where the Ramapo emerges from the southern side of the mountains and joining the Mauwy, courses its way through a narrow vale of exquisite beauty, till it is lost in the Pompton Plains in the river of that name, is highly worthy of attention. The roads are as good as usual, but the accommodations are not the best in the world, and those who love good eating and good beds, better than nature's beauties, (among which we profess ourselves,) may go some other way. Those who choose this route by way of variety, must by no means forget the good house of Mynheer Roome at Pompton village, famed in song, where they will meet with mortal

store of good things; sweetmeats of divers sorts, cakes innumerable and unutterable, and hear the Dutch language spoken in all its original purity, with the true Florentine accent.

But let the traveller bewold of talking to him about turnpikes, rail ways or canals, all which he abhorreth. In particular avoid the subject of the Morris Canal, at the very name of which Mynheer's pipe will be seen to pour forth increasing volumes of angry smoke, and like another Vesuvius, he will disgorge whole torrents of red hot Dutch lava. In truth Mynheer Roome has an utter contempt for modern improvements, and we dont know but he is half right—"Dey always cost more dan dey come to," he says, and those who contemplate the sober primitive independence of the good Mynheer, and see his fat cattle, his fat negroes, and his fat self, encompassed by rich meadows, and smiling fields, all unaided by the magic of modern improvements, will be apt to think with Mynheer "dat one half dese tings dey call improvements," add little if any, to human happiness, or domestic independence.

Within a couple of hundred yards of Mynheer Roome's door, the Pompton, Ramapo and Ringwood, three little rivers, in whose very bottoms you can see your face unite their waters, gathered from the hills to the north and west, and assuming the name of the first, wind through the extensive plain in many playful meanders, almost out of character for Dutch rivers, till they finally disappear, through a break in the hills towards the south. From Pompton there is a good road to Hoboken, by diverging a little from which, the traveller may visit the falls of Passaic, which were once the pride of nature, who has lately resigned them to her rival art and almost disowns them now. But it is high time to return to Murderer's Creek and Canterbury Vale, which hath been sung by the prize poet so often quoted, in the following strains, which partake of the true mystical metaphysical sublime. "As I was going to Canterbury, I met twelve hay cocks in a fury, When as I gaz'd a hieroglyphic bot Skimm'd o'er the zenith in a slip shod hat." From which the intelligent traveller will derive as clear on idea of the singular charms of this vale, as from most descriptions in prose or verse.

The name of Murderer's Creek is said to be derived from the following incidents.

Little more than a century ago, the beautiful region watered by this stream, was possessed by a small tribe of indians, which has long since become extinct or been incorporated with some other savage nation of the west. Three or four hundred yards from where the stream discharges itself into the Hudson, a white family of the name of Stacey, had established itself, in a log house, by tacit permission of the tribe, to whom Stacey had made himself useful by his skill in a variety of little arts highly estimated by the savages. In particular a friendship subsisted between him and an old indian called Naoman, who often came to his house and partook of his hospitality. The indians never forgive injuries or forget benefits. The family consisted of Stacey, his wife, and two children, a boy and girl, the former five, the latter three years old.

One day Naoman, came to Stacey's log hut, in his absence, lighted his pipe and sat down. He looked very serious, sometimes sighed deeply, but said not a word. Stacey's wife asked him what was the matter, and if he was sick. He shook his head, sighed, but said nothing, and soon went away. The next day he came ogain, and behaved in the same manner. Stacey's wife began to think strange of this, and related it to her husband, who advised her to urge the old man to an explanation the next time he came. Accordingly when he repeated his visit the day after, she was more importunate than usual. At last the old indian said, "I am a red man, and the pale faces are our enemies—why should I speak?" But my husband and I are your friends; you have eaten salt with us a thousand times, and my children have sat on your knee as often. If you have any thing on your mind tell it me. "It will cost me my life if it is known, and the white−faced women are not good at keeping secrets," replied Naoman. Try me, and see. "Will you swear by your Great Spirit, you will tell none but your husband?" I have none else to tell. "But will you swear?" I do swear by our Great Spirit, I will tell none but my husband. "Not if my tribe should kill you for not telling?" Not if your tribe should kill me for not telling.

Naoman then proceeded to tell her that, owing to some encroachments of the white people below the mountains, his tribe had become irritated, and were resolved that night to massacre all the white settlers within their reach. That she must send for her husband, inform him of the danger, and as secretly and speedily as possible take their canoe, and paddle with all haste over the river to Fishkill for safety. "Be quick, and do nothing that may excite suspicion," said Naoman as he departed. The good wife sought her husband, who was down on the river fishing, told him the story, and as no time was to be lost, they proceeded to their boat, which was unluckily filled with water. It took some time to clear it out, and meanwhile Stacey recollected his gun which had been left behind. He proceeded to the house and returned with it. All this took up considerable time, and precious time it

proved to this poor family.

The daily visits of old Naoman, and his more than ordinary gravity, had excited suspicion in some of the tribe, who had accordingly paid particular attention to the movements of Stacey. One of the young indians who had been kept on the watch, seeing the whole family about to take their boat, ran to the little indian village, about a mile off, and gave the alarm. Five indians collected, ran down to the river side where their canoes were moored, jumped in, and paddled after Stacey, who by this time had got some distance out into the stream. They gained on him so fast, that twice he dropt his paddle and took up his gun. But his wife prevented his shooting, by telling him, that if he fired, and they were afterwards overtaken, they would meet no mercy from the indians. He accordingly refrained, and plied his paddle, till the sweat rolled in big drops down his forehead. All would not do; they were overtaken within a hundred yards of the shore, and carried back with shouts of yelling triumph.

When they got ashore, the indians set fire to Stacey's house, and dragged himself, his wife and children, to their village. Here the principal old men, and Naoman among the rest, assembled to deliberate on the affair. The chief among them, stated that some one of the tribe had undoubtedly been guilty of treason, in apprising Stacey the white man of the designs of the tribe, whereby they took the alarm, and had well nigh escaped. He proposed to examine the prisoners, as to who gave the information. The old men assented to this; and Naoman among the rest. Stacey was first interrogated by one of the old men, who spoke English, and interpreted to the others. Stacey refused to betray his informant. His wife was then questioned, while at the same moment, two indians stood threatening the two children with tomahawks in cose she did not confess. She attempted to evade the truth, by declaring that she had a dream the night before which had alarmed her, and that she had persuaded her husband to fly. "The Great Spirit never deigns to talk in dreams to a white face," said the old indian: "Woman, thou hast two tongues and two faces. Speak the truth, or thy children shall surely die." The little boy and girl were then brought close to her, and the two savages stood over them, ready to execute their bloody orders.

"Wilt thou name," said the old indian, "the red man who betrayed his tribe. I will ask thee three times." The mother answered not. "Wilt thou name the traitor? This is the second time." The poor mother looked at her husband, and then at her children, and stole a glance at Naoman, who sat smoking his pipe with invincible gravity. She wrung her hands and wept; but remained silent. "Wilt thou name the traitor? 'tis the third and last time." The agony of the mother waxed more bitter; ogain she sought the eye of Naoman, but it was cold and motionless; a pause of a moment awaited her reply, and the next moment the tomahawks were raised over the heads of the children, who besought their mother not to let them be murdered.

"Stop," cried Naoman. All eyes were turned upon him. "Stop," repeated he, in a tone of authority. "White woman, thou hast kept thy word with me to the last moment. I am the traitor. I have eaten of the salt, warmed myself at the fire, shared the kindness of these Christian white people, and it was I that told them of their danger. I am a withered, leafless, branchless trunk; cut me down if you will. I am ready." A yell of indignation sounded on all sides. Naoman descended from the little bank where he sat, shrouded his face with his mantle of skins and submitted to his fate. He fell dead at the feet of the white woman by a blow of the tomahawk.

But the sacrifice of Naoman, and the firmness of the Christian white woman, did not suffice to save the lives of the other victims. They perished—how it is needless to say; and the memory of their fate has been preserved in the name of the pleasant stream on whose banks they lived and died, which to this day is called Murderer's Creek.

NEW CORNWALL, AND NEW WINDSOR.

It is bad policy to call places new. The name will do very well for a set out, but when they begin to assume an air of antiquity, it becomes quite unsuitable. It is too much the cose with those who stand godfathers to towns in our country. They seem to think because we live in a new world, every thing must be christened accordingly. The most flagrant instance of this enormity is New York, which although ten times as large, and ten times as handsome as York in England, is destined by this infamous cognomen of "new," to play second to that old worn out town, which has nothing in it worth seeing except its great minister. The least people can do after condemning a town to be called *new*, is to paint their houses every now and then, that the place may do honour to its christening. But between ourselves, Monsieur Traveller, the whole thing is absurd. Some score of centuries hence, we shall have a dozen clutterheaded antiquaries, disputing whether New York and old York, were not one and the same city; and it is just as likely as not, that the latter will run away with all the glories of the queen of the new world. Why not call our cities by a name utterly new to human ears, Conecocheague, Amoonoosuck, Chabaquidick, Ompompanoosuck, or Kathtippakamuck; there would then be no danger of their being confounded with those of the old world, and they would stand by themselves in sesquipedalian dignity, till the end of time, or till people had not breath to utter their names.

"New Cornwall," as Alderman Janson truly observes, "is assuredly not one of the largest towns on the river; but it might be so, and it is not its fault that it is not six times as large as Pekin, London, Paris or Constantinople, as it can be clearly proved that it might have extended half a dozen leagues towards any of the four quarters of the world without stumbling over any thing of consequence except a river and a mountain. If its illustrious founders (whose names are unknown) instead of confining their energies to building a few wooden houses, which they forgot to paint even with Spanish brown, had cut a canal to the Pacific Ocean, made a rail road to Passamaquoddy, and a tunnel under the Atlantic, and erected three hundred thousand handsome brick houses with folding doors, and marble mantel pieces, without doubt it might have been at this moment the greatest city in the known world. I know that a certain ignoramus of a critic denies all this, inasmuch as the river is in the way towards the east and therefore it cannot extend that way. But I suppose this blockhead never heard of turning the course of the Hudson into the channel of Fishkill Creek, and so at the same time improving the navigation of both, and affording ample space for the growth of the city by digging down Fishkill Mountains. Nay, we dare affirm he is totally ignorant of the mode of sucking a river, or even a sea dry by means of sponges, whereby it may be easily passed over dry shod, a method still pursued by the people of Terra Incognita, and those that carry their heads below their necks, mentioned by Herodotus. We therefore affirm that the only reason why this is not the greatest city in the universe, is because the founders did not do as I have just said. If the aforesaid blockhead of a critic denies this, may he never be the founder of a great city, or even a great book. He ought to know, blockhead as he is, that in this age of improvement, every thing is possible; and that the foundations of a great city may be laid any where in despite of that old superannuated baggage `Nature,' whom nobody minds now a days. Only give me a bank, and the liberty of issuing as much paper as I please, without the disagreeable necessity of redeeming it; or only let the state of New York `*loan me its credit*' for a million or so, and I will engage to turn Nature topsy−turvy, or commit any other enormity in the way of conferring benefits on the community. If Archimedes had known any thing about banks, he would have required no other basis for the lever with which he was to raise the world. But unfortunately for the march of mind and the progress of public improvements, the banking capital of this portion of the republic was diverted to one of the most singular objects, by one of the most singular conspiracies on record.

"It seems" continues the alderman, "the people of New York, with rather more discretion than they have since displayed in similar cases, became at one time rather shy of the paper money of certain country banks, and among others the bank in question. Whereupon the directors, as fame loudly reported at that time, did incontinently get together and determine to starve the good citizens of New York into swallowing their notes by cutting off their supplies of Goshen butter. Accordingly as the aforesaid goddess did loudly trumpet forth to the world, divers agents, directors, clerks and cashiers, were sent into the rich bottoms of Orange County, to contract for all the butter made or to be made, during that remarkable year. The consequence was that a horrible scarcity took place

in New York, the burghers whereof had for a long time nothing to butter their parsnips with but fair words. But the good people of the metropolis held out manfully, refusing for a long time to swallow the aforesaid bank notes, until being at length actually reduced to the necessity of substituting Philadelphia butter, they gave in at last and agreed to swallow any thing rather than the said butter. Hereupon the butter and the notes came to market in great quantities, and such was the sympathy which grew up between them, that the latter actually turned yellow, and assumed the exact colour of the former. In memory of this renowned victory over the New Yorkers, the county was called Orange, in honour of the butter, which is exactly of that colour, and all the milk maids to this day wear orange coloured ribbons, as they sit milking their cows and singing Dutch songs."

This is not the place for dilating on the manifold advantages of banks and paper money, which last we look upon as the greatest discovery of modern times, or indeed of all times whatever. But we hope the enlightened traveller, will for a few moment's withdraw his eyes from the beauties of the scenery, to attend to a few of the most prominent blessings of paper money and banks.

In the first place, the institution of paper money has called forth the talents of divers persons in the fine arts, as is exemplified in the numerous attempts at imitation, which is the bosis of the fine arts. Before the sublime invention of paper money, it was not worth while for a man to risk his neck or his liberty, for the paltry purpose of counterfeiting a silver dollar; but now since the forgery of a single note, and the successful passing it away, may put a thousand dollars in the pocket, there is some stimulus to the exercise of genius. Besides, a man can carry in his pocket book forged notes, to the amount of hundreds of thousands of dollars, without exciting attention; whereas the same amount in counterfeit specie, would require a dozen wagons or a steam boat, and inevitably excite suspicion.

Thus it will be found, that this branch of the fine arts has improved and extended prodigiously under the institution of paper money; insomuch that the works of our best artists have been frequently imitated so successfully as to impose upon the most experienced eye. In addition to this singular advantage, it cannot be denied, that every dollar thus created by this spirit of emulation in the fine arts, adds so much to the public wealth, and forms an accession to the circulating medium. When at last its circulation is stopt, by a discovery, it will generally be found in the hands of some ignorant labourer, so poor that the loss of a few dollars, is a matter of little consequence, as he would at all events be poor, either with or without them. Besides, he deserves to suffer for his ignorance, like every body else in the world.

Another great blessing of paper money is, that it makes every body believe themselves richer than they really are, as is exemplified in the following authentic story of a Connecticut farmer, which we extract from the annals of that state.

The farmer had a sow and pigs, just at the time a little bank was set up in a village hard by, which by making money plenty raised the price of his sow and pigs, some fifty per cent. This tempted him to sell them, which he did, for a high price, as much as fifty dollars. The next spring he wanted another sow and pigs for his winter pork. In the meanwhile, the paper of the little bank having been issued with too great liberality, had depreciated very considerably, and he was obliged to give seventy−five dollars for a sow and pigs. Very well—the sow and pigs were now worth seventy−five dollars. About this time, the legislative wisdom chartered another bank, in another neighbouring town, having a church and a blacksmith's shop—but no whipping posts, they being abolished for the benefit of honest people. This made money still more plenty than before, and our honest farmer was again tempted to sell his sow and pigs, for a hundred dollars. He was now worth fifty dollars more than when he commenced speculating, but then the mischief was, that he wanted a sow and pigs. Very well. The multiplication of paper had its usual effect in depreciating its value, and it so happened, that he was obliged to buy a sow and pigs, for a hundred and fifty dollars. He calculated he had now made a hundred dollars by his speculation, but still he had nothing to show for it, but his sow and pigs. To make an end of our story; our honest farmer was once more tempted to speculate, by an offer of two hundred dollars for his sow and pigs, and began to talk of buying an addition to his farm, when unluckily the bank failed, and the good man's speculation ended in having exchanged his sow and pigs for nothing. But he had enjoyed the delight of imaginary wealth all this time, which every body knows is far better than the reality, as it brings all the pleasures without any of the cares of riches. How often do we see men, rolling in actual wealth, suffering more than the pangs of poverty, by the anticipation of it; but who ever saw one who imagined himself rich haunted by a similar bugbear.

Banking capital is in truth a capital thing. All other capital is real; this is imaginary, and every body knows the

pleasures of imagination far transcend those of reality. It is better than the music of Amphion or Orpheus, for the former only whistled up the walls of a city, and the latter set the trees and bears dancing; while your banking capital can build houses and furnish them too; and not only put the *bulls* and *bears* on tiptoe, but make an ass as wise as Solomon. In short, not to delay the traveller too long, from the beauties of nature, had the old philosophers, known any thing of paper money, they would no longer have disputed about the *magnum bonum* , which is neither a vile Brummagem razor, nor a clear conscience, but an abundance of paper currency.

Newburgh is the capital of Orange County, so called, according to Alderman Janson, from the fine yellow butter made there in great quantities. It is the colour of an orange. It is a thriving village, and a great place for holding conventions. The steam boats stop here just long enough to give people a fair chance of breaking their shins, in coming aboard, and getting ashore. The two tides of people meeting, occasions a pleasant bustle very amusing to the spectator, but not to the actor. There is a bank here, the notes of which are yellow in compliment to the butter. The houses are mostly painted yellow for a similar reason, and the men wear yellow breeches when they go to church on Sundays. The complexions of the young women are a little tinged with this peculiarity; but they are very handsome notwithstanding, though they cant hold a candle to the jolly Dutch girls at Fishkill on the opposite side. Newburgh is not illustrious for any particular delicacy of the table, which might give it distinction, and therefore we advise the intelligent traveller not to trouble himself to stop there. In order to eat his way through a country with proper advantage, the enlightened tourist should be apprized beforehand of these matters, else he will travel to little purpose.

From Newburgh to Poughkeepsie, the river presents nothing particularly striking; but the shores are every where varied with picturesque points of view. Neither is there any thing remarkable in the eating way. The traveller may therefore pass on to Poughkeepsie, Pokepsie, or Ploughkeepsie, as the Honourable Frederick Augustus De Roos is pleased to call it in his Travels of Twenty−One Days.

Poughkeepsie is the capital of Dutchess County, so called in honour of the Dutchess of York, daughter of the famous Chancellor Clarendon, and who, if Monseigneur the Count de Grammont tells the truth, had very little honour to bestow upon the county in return. The origin of the word Poughkeepsie, is buried in the remote ages of antiquity; but it is supposed to be either Creek or Greek. It is however neither mentioned by Ptolemy or Strabo. This omission may be supposed to indicate that it was not in being at that time. But the fact is, the ancients were like their successors the moderns, deplorably ignorant of this country, as well as of the noble science of gastronomy, and expended as much money upon a goose's liver, as would furnish a dozen tables with all the delicacies of a Paris Restauratory. They stuffed the goose with figs—a fig for such stuffing! Yet must we not undervalue the skill of the Romans, who were worthy to conquer the world, if it were only for discovering the inimitable art of not only roasting a goose alive, but eating it alive afterwards. The fattening of worms with meal was also on inimitable excellence of these people. But it is the noble and princely price of their meals which most excites our envy and applause; and in this respect it is that the immortal Apicius, who spent 2,000,000 of dollars in suppers, deserved to give his name to all modern gourmands. Neither the death of Curtius, nor Cato of Utica, nor any other Roman worthy, can touch the heel of the shoe of that of the thrice renowned Apicius, who starved himself to death, for fear of being starved, he having but about four hundred thousand dollars to spend in fattening worms, enlarging livers, and roasting geese alive. It was a glorious æra, when a supper cost half a million of dollars; and it was worth while for a man to visit Rome from the uttermost ends of the earth, only to see these people eat. Truly, we say again, they deserved the empire of the world.

The highest price we ever paid for a supper in Poughkeepsie, was—we are ashamed to mention it— was seventy−five cents. But then we had no live geese, stuffed worms, or diseased livers. Alas! we shall never conquer the world if we go on in this way!

Somewhere between Poughkeepsie and Hudson inclusive, is said to be a great hot bed of politics, and some of the greatest politicians of the state infest this quarter. In proof of this, it is always found that they are on the right, that is to say the strongest side. We are told, but do not vouch for the fact, that they consult the weather cock on the court house steeple, and change their coats accordingly. If the wind blows from the northeast, they put on their domestic woollens; if from the south, or west, these being warm winds, they change their domestic woollens, for light regent's cloth; and if the wind veers about as it sometimes does, without settling in any quarter, they throw by their coat entirely, until it blows steadily. Those who have but one coat to their backs, are obliged to turn it to suit the wind and weather. But this is the cose with but few, as they are all too good politicians to be reduced to

such extremity. This may be true or not, we speak but by hearsay, and people ought not to believe every thing. Certain it is however, that every saddler in the town, publicly advertises himself as "saddler and *trimmer*," whether in allusion to his politics or not, we cannot say. If the first be the cose, it shows a most profligate state of public sentiment. What would the unchangeable, inflexible patriots of New York and Albany, who dont turn their coats above once or twice a year, say to such open profession of versatility.

Nevertheless, Poughkeepsie abounds in the most beautiful of all the works of nature, always excepting canvass back ducks, or geese roasted alive, to wit, scores of beautiful damsels; that is, if nature may dispute with a French milliner the honour of producing a fashionable woman, or a woman fashionably accoutred. We ourselves sojourned here, erewhile, that is to say, some five and thirty years ago, and have not yet got rid of the scars of certain deep wounds, received from the sharp glances of beauty's eyes. A walk on the romantic bluffs which overhang the river, of a summer evening, when the boats are gliding noiselessly by at our feet; the beautiful landscape, softening in the touching obscurity of twilight; and the distant peaks of the Kaatskill, melting into nothing, with one of these fair damsels hanging on our arm, is a thing to be remembered for many a year, a mighty pretty morsel to put into "time's wallet," only its apt to to give a man the heart ache for at least ten years afterwards. Many an invincible dandy from the west side of Broadway, who never felt the pangs of love, except for his own dear self, has suffered more than his tailor, from one of these evening walks, and lived to lament in broadcloth and spatterdashes, the loss of such sweet communion, such innocent, yet dangerous delights. As the prize poet says: "Past times are half remember'd dreams; The future, ev'n at best, but seems; The present is—and then—is not; Such is man—and such his lot. Behind, he cannot see for tears; Before, is nought but hopes and fears; One cheats him with an empty bubble, The other always pays him double. 'Tis a vile farce, of scenes ideal, Where nought but misery is real."

From Poughkeepsie to Hudson, the eastern bank of the river exhibits a uniform character of picturesque beauty. Villages and landing places at the mouths of large brooks, are scattered at distances of a few miles, and all is cultivated and pastoral repose. The western shore is more bold in its features, bounded at intervals by the blue peaks of the Kaatskill in the distance. Here lies Kingston, already risen from its ruins, and exhibiting few traces of that wanton and foolish barbarity which stimulated the British commander to set fire to it, during the revolutionary war. Here too, lies Athens, about which our learned Thebans have had such hot disputes; some maintaining that Boston, others that Philadelphia, and others that New York was the real Athens of America. In vain have they wasted their ink, their time, and their reader's patience on the theme. Here lies the true Athens of America, unknown and unnoticed by the learned, who are always looking for Babylon at Ninevah, and Ninevah at Babylon; and wasting mountains of erudition in searching for something right under their nose, like the great bookworm Magliabechi, who spent three days in looking for a pen, which he carried in his mouth all the time.

What is it constitutes the identity of a man? His name. And what, we would ask, constitutes the identy of a city? The same. Would New York be New York, or Albany, Albany—by any other name; and would any thing be necessary to change New York into Albany, and Albany into New York, except to exchange their names? What nonsense is it then for people to be denying that Athens is Athens, and not Boston, Philadelphia, or New York, which had better be content with their own true baptismal names, than to be usurping those of other cities. We trust we have settled this question forever, and that hereafter, these great overgrown, upstart cities will leave our little Athens in the undisturbed possession of its name and honours. If any city of the United States could dispute this matter without blushing, it would assuredly be New York, which has a "Pantheon," for vending oysters; an "Acropolis," for ready made linen; an "Athenian Company," for manufacturing coarse woollens; and a duck pond, called the Piræus. Nor are Boston and Philadelphia without very specious claims; the former having an Athenæum, and a market house, with a front in imitation of the Temple of Minerva, because Minerva is the goddess of wisdom, and all market women are thrifty, or in common acceptation, wise; and the latter has its two magnificent fanes of Plutus, god of paper money, he being the only Pagan divinity to whom the Christians erect temples.

KAATSKILL.

Those who are fond of climbing mountains in a hot day, and looking down till their heads turn, must land at the village of Kaatskill, whence they can procure a conveyance to the hotel at Pine Orchard, three thousand feet above the level of the river, and have the pleasure of sleeping under blankets in the dog days. Here the picturesque tourist may enjoy a prospect of unbounded extent and magnificence, and receive a lesson of the insignificance of all created things. Standing near the verge of the cliff, he looks down, and no object strikes his view, except at a distance of fifteen hundred feet below. The space between is nothing but vacancy. Crawling far below, man is but an atom, hardly visible; the ox is but a mouse; and the sheep are little white specks in the green fields, which themselves are no bigger than the glasses of a pair of green spectaeles. The traveller may judge of the insignificance even of the most sublime objects, when told that a fashionable lady's hat and feathers dwindles in the distance to the size of a moderate mushroom! It is, we trust, needless to caution the tourist against falling down this dizzy steep, as in all probability he would come to some harm.

There are two cascades not far from the Pine Orchard, which want nothing but a little more water to be wonderfully sublime. Generally there is no water at all, but the proper application of half a dollar, will set it running presently. "*Music* has charms to soothe the savage breast, To raise flood gates, and make the waters flow."

Messrs. Wall and Cole, two fine artists, admirable in their different, we might almost say, opposite styles, have illustrated the scenery of the Kaatskill, by more than one picture of singular excellence. We should like to see such pictures gracing the drawing rooms of the wealthy, instead of the imported trumpery of British naval fights, or coloured engravings, and above all, in the place of that vulgar, tasteless, and inelegant accumulation of gilded finery, which costs more than a dozen fine landscapes. These lovers of cut glass lamps, rose wood sofas, and convex mirrors, have yet to learn that a single bust or picture of a master adorns and enriches the parlour of a gentleman, in the eyes of a well bred person, a thousand times more than the spoils of half a dozen fashionable warehouses.

But after all there is nothing in this world like a good appetite and plenty of good things to satisfy or satiate it; for merely to satisfy the appetite is to treat it as one would that of a horse. In this respect, and this only in our estimation, are the tops of high mountains entitled to consideration. It is amazing what a glorious propensity to eating is generated by the keen air of these respectable protuberances. People have been known to eat up every thing in the house at a meal, and report says that a fat waiter once disappeared in a very mysterious manner. The stomach expands with the sublimity and expansion of the prospect, to a capacity equally sublime, and the worthy landlord at the Pine Orchard (between ourselves) has assured us that he has known a sickly young lady who was travelling for an appetite, discuss venison for breakfast like an alderman. Certain half starved critics, will without doubt, sharpen their wits as sharp as their appetites, and putting grey goose lance in rest, tilt at us terribly, for thus exalting the accomplishment of eating above all others, and inciting people to inordinate feats of the trencher. But we will shut their mouths at once and forever, by asking the simple question, whether the *sine qua non* of rich and idle peoples' comfort and happiness is not *exercise*, without which they cannot enjoy either their wealth or their leisure. Having answered this question we will ask them another, to wit, whether there be any exercise, not to say hard work, equal to that which the inward and outward man undergoes in the final disposal of a sumptuous dinner or supper? How he puffs, and blows, and sighs, and snoozes, and heaven forgive us! belches!—and twists and turns, neither enjoying stillness nor motion, until he has quieted this mighty mass of ingredients. In short it is the hardest exercise in the world, and of course must be highly beneficial to health. This is what constitutes the unrivalled excellence of eating, and its superiority over all other carnal delights; since we have the pleasures of taste in the first, and in the second, the benefit of hard exercise to prepare us for a new meal. Hence it was, that a famous eating philosopher, hearing a peasant grumbling that he could not like him, live without work, replied in the following extempore— "I labour to digest one dinner, more Than you, you blockhead, do, to earn a score."

"The town of Kaatskill, and the neighbouring country," observes Alderman Janson in his manuscript *ana*, "is the seat of many old Dutch families, whose ancestors settled there in the olden time. Honest, industrious and sober—what a noble trio of virtues! they pursue the even tenor of their way, and would continue to do so for

generations to come, were it not for the late attempts to corrupt them with canals and great state roads; and above all by locating a fashionable hotel in the very centre of their strong hold, the Kaatskill Mountain. Since the introduction of these pestilent novelties, there has been noticed divers rebellious movements against the good old customs. It is not long since, that several old ladies whose descent ought to have forever saved them from the temptation of such enormities, have introduced the fashion of drinking tea by candle light; and a young fellow—a genuine descendant of Rip Van Winckle—being out shooting, met a Dutch damsel in a fashionable bonnet, whereat he was so frightened that he fired his gun at random, and ran home to tell his mother that he had seen a strange wild beast that looked for all the world "like he didn't know what." It is a sore thing to see the good old customs of antiquity thus as it were gradually beaten from their last entrenchments in the mountains. All this comes of steam boats, manufactories, and other horrible enormities of this improving age. The deplorable consequences, are pathetically exemplified in the fate of poor Squire Van Gaasbeeck, as I heard it related by one of his neighbours."

"Squire Van Gaasbeeck, (which means goosebill in English,) was for fifty good years, snugly settled on his farm, at New Paltz—happy in himself, happy in his family, and happy in the possession of three hundred acres of the best land in the county. His family consisted of a wife, a son and two daughters, the latter of a ripe marriageable age—Catharine and Rachel, called in the familiar Dutch vernacular, *Teenie* and *Lockie*. The name of the boy—as they called him, for he was but thirty—was *Yaup*, which signifies Jacob in English.

"The daughters spun and wove the linsey woolsey and linen; the mother with their help made them up into garments for the squire and Yaup, who worked in the fields sometimes a whole day, with Primus the black boy, without exchanging a single word. Every year Squire Van Gaasbeeck added a few hundreds to his store; every year the governor sent him a commission as Justice of the Peace; and every year, the daughters added to their reserve of linen and petticoats, deposited in the great oaken chest, with a spring lock, for the happy period to which every good honest girl looks forward, with gentle trepidation, mixed with inspiring hopes. There seemed to be no end to these accumulations, insomuch that it is said, at one time, *Teenie* and *Lockie*, could each muster six dozen pair of sheets, three score towels, a hundred petticoats, besides other articles which shall be nameless—that *Yaup* counted shirts innumerable—and the squire himself actually mustered seventy−six pair of breeches, good, bad and indifferent, a number which he declared he never would exceed, he being on old *seventy−sixer* to the back bone.

"Thus the old squire's barque floated swimmingly towards the dark gulf that finally swallows up man, his motives, his actions, and his memory, when in an evil hour, a manufactory of woollen, was established in his neighbourhood, for the encouragement of `domestic industry,' and where carding and spinning and weaving were all carried on by that arch fiend `productive labour.' Hereupon all the women in twenty miles round, threw down the distaff, the wool cards, and the shuttle, maintaining that it was much better to leave these matters to `domestic industry,' and `productive labour,' than to be working and slaving from morning till night at home.

"`Hum,' quoth Squire Van Gaasbeeck, `this same domestic industry, and productive labour, is what I cant understand; it bids fair to put on end to the domestic industry and productive labour of my family I think.'

"A great political economist gave him copies of all the speeches made in Congress on the subject, amounting to a hundred thousand pages, which he assured him would explain the manner in which domestic industry and domestic idleness, could be proved to be twin sisters. The squire put on his spectacles and began to read like any d—l incarnate; but before he got half through, he fell asleep and dreamed of the tower of Babel and confusion of tongues. He returned the books, and the economist as good as told him he was a great blockhead. `It may be,' quoth the squire, `but not all the speeches in the world will persuade me that the way to encourage domestic industry is to have all the work done abroad.'

"Some say money is the root of all evil. Of this I profess myself ignorant, having never yet had enough to do me much harm. Others, affirm that idleness is the genuine root, and I believe they are right. From the moment the squire's wife and daughters began to be idle at home, they began to hanker after a hundred out−door amusements which they never thought of before. They must go down to Kaatskill forsooth to buy ribbons and calicoes, and cotton stockings, and what not. In short they never wanted an excuse for gadding, and at last reached the climax of enormity in actually beginning to talk seriously of a voyage to New York. The squire's hair stood on end, for at that happy period, a voyage to New York was never contemplated except on occasions of life and death. The city was talked of as of a place afar off, accessible only to a chosen few, and the fortunate being who had visited it,

acquired an importance equal to that of a Musselman who has made the pilgrimage to Mecca. He might lawfully assume the traveller's privilege of telling as many lies as he pleased.

"`This comes of domestic industry and productive labour,' quoth the squire, who was still the better horse at home, and put a flat negative on the project, for which he got a good many sour looks. But his misfortunes were not to end here. About this time, one of those diabolical inventions which set all the world gadding, appeared in the shape of a steam boat, smoking and puffing her way up to Albany. In a little while she was followed by others, so that at length it came to pass, that people could go from Kaatskill to New York, and back again in less than no time, for nothing. Some threescore and ten of the squire's cousins to the sixth degree, taking advantage of these facilities, came up from New York to see him, and some half a dozen, staid all summer. Now the least they could do, was to ask the squire's wife and daughters to visit them in the autumn in return. The squire was assailed so resolutely for his permission to accept this polite offer, that at last his obstinacy gave way, like a mill dam, in a great freshet and carried every thing before it. Madam Van Gaasbeeck, and *Teenie* and *Lockie* packed up all their petticoats, and getting on board of the steam boat, at the risk of their necks, under the protection of the young Squire *Yaup*, paddled down to New York as merry as fiddlers.

"At the same time the squire, in imitation of Mare Antony, or somebody else that he never heard of, I believe, almost loaded one of the Kaatskill sloops, with pigs, potatoes, and other market stuffs, the whole product of which was to be turned over to the ladies for pin money. To the young squire he entrusted a more important business. He had just closed a bargain with a merchant in New York, who had once lived next door to him in New Paltz, for a fine farm, on which he intended to settle *Yaup* when he got married, and now entrusted him with three thousand dollars, to pay for it, agreeably to contract. Squire Van Gaasbeeck was not a man to owe a shilling longer than he could help it.

"The party arrived in New York without any accident, the steam boat not blowing up that trip, and were received by the cousins and second cousins as if they were quite welcome. But terrible was the work the city cousins made with the costume of Madam Van Gaasbeeck and the young ladies. It was all condemned, like a parcel of slops eaten up by cockroaches, and the produce of the pigs, potatoes, and pumpkins melted irretrievably in one single excursion into Cheapside. For the town cousins would by no means be seen in Broadway with the country cousins, and accordingly took them up to Cheapside, in the dusk of the evening, where the shopkeeper, taking advantage of the obscurity, cheated them finely. Being equipt in grand costume, they were taken to the play—it was Peter Wilkins—where the old lady declared, that "it was all one as a puppet show," and came very near fainting under the infliction of a pair of corsetts, with which the city cousins had invested her. The young squire, feeling the importance of having money in his pocket, had delayed to pay over the three thousand dollars, and carried it with him to the play, in a leather pocket book. Impressed with the weight of his charge, he was continually putting his hand behind him to feel that all was safe, insomuch that he caught the attention of a worthy gentleman, who was prowling about, seeking whom he might devour. He attached himself to Master *Yaup* for the rest of the evening, and in the crowd of the lobby going out, took occasion to ease him of the black leather pocket book, without his being the wiser for it, till he got home. It was never recovered, notwithstanding all the exertions of that terror of evil doers, High Constable Hays. This is one of the great conveniences of paper money—a man may put a fortune in his pocket. Had the three thousand dollars been in specie, *Yaup* could not have carried them to the play.

"Here was a farm gone at one blow. But this was not the worst. The good wife and daughters came home with loads of finery, and loads of wants they never knew before. There was the deuce to pay at the church in New Paltz, the first time they appeared. The church would hardly hold their bonnets, and the parson was struck dumb, insomuch that he gave out the wrong psalm, which the clerk set to a wrong tune. Mercy upon us what heart burnings were here! Not one of the congregation could tell where the text was when they got home.

"Squire Van Gaasbeeck had now a farm to pay for, and wanted every penny he could scrape together to make both ends meet. But the shopping to Kaatskill went on worse than ever, and besides this, almost every week the sloop brought up some article of finery from New York, which the city cousins assured them had just come into fashion. In short, the squire now, for the first time, felt his spirit bowed down to the earth under the consciousness that he owed money which he could not pay.

"In the progress of the spirit of the age, and the march of mind, it came to pass that certain public spirited people, procured a charter, and set up a bank at Kaatskill, for the good of mankind. The squire in good time was

set upon by one of the directors, who smelt out that he wanted money, and persuaded him to take up a couple of thousands of the bank, with the aid of which he could make such improvements on his new purchose, as would enable him to sell it for twice as much as it cost. The squire was not the man he once was. His sturdy independent spirit, that scorned the idea of a debt, was broken down. He borrowed the money, improved the farm, and finally sold it to this very honest director, at a great profit. The director paid him in notes of the new bank, and the very next day conveyed the farm to somebody else. Squire Van Gaasbeeck was now rich again. He determined to go the next day and pay all his debts, and be a man once more.

"But unluckily, that same night the bank, and all things therein, evaporated. The house was found shut up next morning, and all the books, papers, notes, and directors gone no one knew whither, although it was the general opinion, the d—l had possession of the directors. This blow half ruined Squire Van Gaasbeeck, and *Yaup* gave the finishing blow by striking work, and swearing he would no longer battle with the "spirit of the age, and the march of public improvement," which decreed he should be a gentleman. Finally to make an end of my story, the squire was turned out of his farm by his creditors—his wife died of her corsetts—the young ladies were fain to tend the spinning jenny at the neighbouring manufactory—Master *Yaup* became a gentleman commoner, left the home of his ancestors, and was never heard of more.

"An old acquaintance one day came to see the squire, now living on the charity of his brother in law, and inquired how he came to be in such a state. `Ah!' replied he with a sigh, `I was half ruined by domestic industry and productive labour; but the spirit of the age in conjunction with the march of public improvement finished me at last.'"

HUDSON.

"A very respectable town, or rather city," says Alderman Janson: "so called after the renowned Hendrick Hudson of blessed memory. It is opposite to Athens, and ought to have been noticed immediately after it. But if the traveller wishes particularly to view the city, he has only to mention his desire, and the steam boat will turn back with him, for they are very obliging. Hudson furnishes one of those examples of rapid growth so common and so peculiar to our country. It goes back no farther than 1786, and is said now to contain nearly 2000 inhabitants. But towns, like children, are very apt to grow more in the few first years, than all their lives after. But Hudson has a bank, which is a sort of wet nurse to these little towns, giving them too often a precocious growth, which is followed by a permanent debility. The town is beautifully situated, and the environs of the most picturesque and romantic description. There are several pretty country seats in the neighbourhood. Here ends, according to the law of nature, the ship navigation of the river; but by a law of the legislature, a company has been incorporated with a capital of 1,000,000 of dollars—how easy it is to coin money in this way!—to make a canal to New Baltimore; for what purpose, only legislative wisdom can explain. There was likewise an incorporated company, to build a mud machine for deepening the river. But the river is no deeper than it was, and the canal to New Baltimore is not made, probably because the million of dollars is not forthcoming. One may pay too dear for a canal as well as a whistle. That canals are far better than rivers, is not to be doubted; but as we get our rivers for nothing, and pay pretty dearly for our canals, I would beg leave to represent in behalf of the poor rivers, that they are entitled to some little consideration, if it is only on the score of coming as free gifts. Hudson is said to be very much infested with politicians, a race of men, who though they have never been classed among those who live by their own wits, and the little wit of their neighbours, certainly belong to the genus."

From hence to Albany the Hudson gradually decreases in magnitude, changing its character of a mighty river for that of a pleasant pastoral stream. The high banks gradually subside into rich flats, portentous of Dutchmen, who light on them as certainly as do the snipes and plovers. "Wisely despising," observes Alderman Janson, "the barren mountains which are only made to look at, they passed on up the river from Fort Amsterdam, till they arrived hereabouts, and here they pitched their tents. Their descendants still retain possession of the seats of their ancestors, though sorely beset by the march of the human mind, and the progress of public improvement on one hand, and on the other by interlopers from the modern Scythia, the cradle of the human race in the new world, Connecticut. These last, by their pestilent scholarship, and mischievous contrivances of patent ploughs, patent threshing machines, patent corn shellers, and patent churns, for the encouragement of domestic industry, have gone near to overset all the statutes of St. Nicholas. The honest burghers of Coeymans, Coxsackie and New Paltz, still hold out manfully; but alas! the women—the women are prone to backslidings, and hankering after novelties. A Dutch damsel cant, for her heart, resist a Connecticut schoolmaster with his rosy cheeks and store of scholarship; and even honest yffrow herself chuckles a little amatory Dutch at his approach; simpering mightily thereat and stroking down her apron. A goose betrayed— no I am wrong—a goose once saved the capitol of Rome; and it is to be feared a woman will finally betray the citadels of Coeymans, Coxsackie and New Paltz, to the schoolmasters of Connecticut, who circumvent them with outlandish scholarship. These speculations," quoth the worthy alderman, "remind me of the mishap of my unfortunate great uncle, Douw Van Wezel, who sunk under the star of one of these wandering Homers.

"Douw, and little Alida Vander Spiegle, had been playmates since their infancy—I was going to say schoolmates, but at that time there was no such thing as a school, so far as I can learn in the neighbourhood, to teach the young varlets to chalk naughty words on walls and fences, which is all that learning is good for, for aught I see. Douw was no scholar, so there was no danger of his getting into the state prison for forgery; but it requires but little learning to fall in love. Alida had however staid a whole winter in York, where she learned to talk crooked English, and cock her pretty little pug nose at our good old customs. They were the only offspring of their respective parents, whose farms lay side by side, squinting plainly at matrimony between the young people. Douw and Alida, went to church together every Sunday; wandered into the church yard, where Alida read the epitaphs for him; and it was the talk of every body that it would certainly be a match. Douw was a handsome fellow for a Dutchman, though he lacked that effeminate ruddiness which seduces poor ignorant women. He had a

stout frame, a bluish complexion, strait black hair, eyes of the colour of indigo, and as honest a pair of old fashioned mahogany bannister legs, as you would wish to see under a man. It was worth while to make good legs then, when every man wore breeches, and some of the women too, if report is to be credited. Alida was the prettiest little Dutch damsel that ever had her stocking filled with cakes on new year's eve, by the blessed St. Nicholas. I will not describe her, lest my readers should all fall in love with her, or at all events weep themselves into Saratoga fountains, when they come to hear of the disastrous fate of poor Douw, whose destiny it was—but let us have no anticipations; sufficient for the day is the evil thereof.

"It was new year's eve, and Douw was invited to see out the old year at Judge Vander Spiegle's, in the honest old Dutch way, under the special patronage of St. Nicholas, to whom whoever fails in due honour and allegiance, this be his fate: never to sip the dew from the lips of the lass he loveth best on new year's eve, or new year's morn; never to taste of hot spiced Santa Cruz; and never to know the delights of mince pies and sausages, swimming in the sauce of honest mirth, and homefelt jollity. St. Nicholas! thrice jolly St. Nicholas! Bacchus of Christian Dutchmen, king of good fellows, patron of holiday fare, inspirer of simple frolic and unsophisticated happiness, saint of all saints that deck the glorious calender! thou that first awakenest the hopes of the prattling infant; dawnest anticipated happiness on the school boy; and brightenest the wintry hours of manhood, if I forget thee whatever betide, or whatever fantastic, heartless follies may usurp the place of thy simple celebration, may I lose with the recollection of past pleasures, the anticipation of pleasures to come, yawn at a tea party, petrify at a soiree, and perish, finally overwhelmed, in a deluge of whip syllabub and floating island! Thrice, and three times thrice, jolly St. Nicholas! on this, the first day of the new year 1826, with an honest reverence and a full bumper of cherry bounce, I salute thee! Io St. Nicholas! Esto perpetua!

"There were glorious doings at the judge's among the young folks, and the old ones too, for that matter, till one or two or perhaps three in the morning, when the visiters got into their sleighs and skirred away home leaving Douw and the fair Alida, alone, or as good as alone, for the judge and the yffrow, were as sound as a church, in the two chimney corners. If wine, and French liqueurs, and such trumpery make a man gallant and adventurous, what will not hot spiced Santa Cruz achieve? Douw was certainly a little flustered—perhaps it might be predicated of him that he was as it were a little tipsey. Certain it is he waxed brave as a Dutch lion. I'll not swear but that he put his arm round her waist, and kissed the little Dutch girl—but I will swear positively that before the parties knew whether they were standing on their heads or feet, they had exchanged vows, and became irrevocably engaged. Whereupon Douw waked the old judge, and asked his consent on the spot. `Yaw, yaw'—yawned the judge, and fell fast asleep again in a twinkling. Nothing but the last trumpet would rouse the yffrow till morning.

"In the morning, the good yffrow was let into the affair, and began to bestir herself accordingly. I cannot count the sheets, and table cloths, and towels, the good woman mustered out, nor describe the preparations made for the expected wedding. There was a cake baked, as big as Kaatskill Mountain, and mince pies enough to cover it. There were cakes of a hundred nameless names, and sweet meats enough to kill a whole village. All was preparation, anticipation, and prognostication. A Dutch tailor had constructed Douw a suit of snuff colour, that made him look like a great roll of leaf tobacco; and a York milliner had exercised her skill in the composition of a wedding dress for Alida, that made the hair of the girls of Coeymans, and Coxsackie stand on end. All was ready and the day appointed. But alas! I wonder no one has yet had the sagacity to observe, and proclaim to the world, that all things in this life are uncertain, and that the anticipations of youth are often disappointed.

"Just three weeks before the wedding, there appeared in the village of Coxsackie a young fellow, dressed in a three cornered cocked hat, a queue at least a yard long hanging from under it, tied up in an eel skin, a spruce blue coat, not much the worse for wear, a red waistcoat, corderoy breeches, handsome cotton stockings with a pair of good legs in them, and pumps with silver buckles. His arrival was like the shock of an earthquake, he being the first stranger that had appeared within the memory of man. He was of a goodly height, well shaped, and had a pair of rosy cheeks, which no Dutch damsel ever could resist, for to say the truth, our Dutch lads are apt to be a little dusky in the Epidermis.

"He gave out that he was come to set up a school, and teach the little chubby Dutch boys and girls English. The men set their faces against this monstrous innovavation; but the women! the women! they always will run after novelty, and they ran after the schoolmaster, his red cheeks and his red waistcoat. Yffrow Vander Spiegle, contested the empire of the world within doors with his honour the judge, and bore a divided reign. She was

smitten with a desire to become a blue stocking herself or at least that her daughter should. The yffrow was the bell weather of fashion in the village; of course many other yffrows followed her example, and in a little time the lucky schoolmaster was surrounded by half the grown up damsels of Coxsackie.

"Alida soon became distinguished as his favourite scholar; she was the prettiest, the richest girl in the school—and she could talk English, which the others were only just learning. He taught her to read poetry— he taught her to talk with her eyes—to write love letters—and at last to love. Douw was a lost man the moment the schoolmaster came into the village. He first got the blind side of the daughter, and then of the yffrow—but he found it rather a hard matter to get the blind side of the judge, who had heard from his brother in Albany, what pranks these Connecticut boys were playing there. He discouraged the schoolmaster; and he encouraged Douw to press his suit, which Alida had put off, and put off, from time to time. She was sick—— and not ready—and indifferent—and sometimes as cross as a little d—l. Douw smoked his pipe harder than ever at her—but she resisted like a heroine.

"In those times of cheap simplicity, it was the custom of the country for the schoolmaster to board alternately with the parents of his scholars, a week or a fortnight at a time, and it is recorded of these learned Thebans, that they always staid longest where there was a pretty daughter, and plenty of pies and sweetmeats. The time at last came round, when it was the schoolmaster's turn to sojourn with Judge Vander Spiegle the allotted fortnight, sorely to the gloomy forebodements of Douw, who began to have a strong suspicion of the cause of Alida's coldness. The schoolmaster knew which side his bread was buttered, and laid close siege to the yffrow, by praising her good things, exalting her consequence, and depressing that of her neighbours. Nor did he neglect the daughter, whom he plied with poetry, melting looks, significant squeezes, and all that— although all that was quite unnecessary, for she was ready to run away with him at any time. But this did not suit our Homer; he might be divorced from the acres, if he married without the consent of the judge. He however continued to administer fuel to the flame, and never missed abusing poor Douw to his face, without the latter being the wiser for it, he not understanding a word of English.

"By degrees he opened the matter to the yffrow, who liked it exceedingly, for she was, as we said before, inclined to the mysteries of blue stockingism, and was half in love with his red waistcoat and red cheeks. Finally, she told him, in a significant way, that as there was two to one in his favour, and the old judge would, she knew, never consent to the marriage while he could help it, the best thing he could do was to go and get married as soon as possible, and she would bear them out. That very night Douw became a disconsolate widower, although, poor fellow, he did not know of it till the next morning. The judge stormed and swore, and the yffrow talked, till at length he allowed them to come and live in the house, but with the proviso that they were never to speak to him, nor he to them. A little grandson in process of time, healed all these internal divisions. They christened him Adrian Vander Spiegle, after his grandfather, and when it came to pass that the old patriarch died, the estate passed from the Vander Spiegles to the Longfellows, after the manner of men.

"Poor Douw grew melancholy, and pondered sometimes whether he should not bring his action for breach of promise, fly the country forever, turn Methodist, or marry under the nose of the faithless Alida, `on purpose to spite her.' He finally decided on the latter, married a little Dutch brunette from Kinderhook, and prospered mightily in posterity, as did also his neighbour, Philo Longfellow. But it was observed, that the little Van Wezels and the little Longfellows never met without fighting; and that as they grew up, this hostility gathered additional bitterness. In process of time, the village became divided into two factions, which gradually spread wherever the Yankees and the Dutch mixed together; and finally, like the feuds of the Guelphs and Ghibelines, divided the land for almost a hundred miles round."

ALBANY.

Leaving Coxsackie, the traveller gradually approaches those rich little islands and *flats*, beloved by the honest Dutchmen of all parts of the world, and elsewhere, in the midst of which are seen the long comfortable brick mansions of the Cuylers, the Schuylers, the Van Rensselaers, and others of the patroons of ancient times. "I never see one of these," quoth Alderman Janson, "without picturing to myself the plentiful breakfasts, solid dinners, and manifold evening repasts, which have been and still are discussed in these comfortable old halls, guiltless of folding doors and marble mantel pieces, and all that modern trumpery which starves the kitchen to decorate the parlour, and robs the stranger of his hospitable welcome to bestow upon superfluous trumpery. I never think of the picture so delightfully drawn by Mrs Grant, in the `Memoirs of an American Lady,' of the noble patriarchal state of `Uncle Schuyler' and his amiable wife, without contrasting it with the empty, vapid, mean, and selfish pageantry of the present time, which satiates itself with the paltry vanity of display, and stoops to all the dirty drudgery of brokerage and speculation, to gather wealth, only to excite the gaping wonder, or secret envy of vulgar rivals. By St. Nicholas, the patron of good fellows, but the march of the human intellect is sometimes like a crab, backwards!"

"The city of Albany," continues the worthy alderman, "was founded, not by Mars, Neptune, Minerva, or Vulcan, nor any of the wandering vagabond gods of ancient times. Neither does it owe its origin to a runaway hero like æneas, nor a runaway debtor, like a place that shall be nameless. Its first settlers were a race of portly burghers from old Holland, who sailing up the river in search of a resting place, and observing how the rich flats invited them as it were to their fat and fruitful bowers, landed thereabouts, lighted their pipes, and began to build their tabernacles without saying one word. Tradition also imports, that they were somewhat incited to this, by seeing divers large and stately sturgeons jumping up out of the river as they are wont to do, most incontinently in these parts. These sturgeons are, when properly disguised by cookery, so that you cannot tell what they are, most savoury and excellent food, although there is no truth in the story hatched by the pestilent descendants of Philo Longfellow, that the flesh of the sturgeon is called Albany beef, and that it is sometimes served up at Rockwell's, Cruttenden's, and other favourite resorts of tourists, as veal cutlets. Out upon such slanders! By St. Nicholas, the Longfellows lie most immoderately. The worthy burghers of Albany never deceived a Christian in their lives. As their old proverb says: `'Twould make an honest Dutchman laugh, To say a sturgeon is a calf.'

"The indians according to the learned Knickerbocker, perceiving that the new comers, were like themselves great smokers, took a vast liking to them, and sat down and smoked with them, without saying a word, and presently a cloud of smoke overspread the land, like the haze of the indian summer. An old chief at length looked at Mynheer Van Wezel, the leader of the party, and gave a significant grunt. Mynheer Van Wezel looked at the old indian and gave another grunt equally significant. Thus they came to a mutual good understanding, and a treaty was concluded without exchanging a single word, or any other ceremony than a good sociable smoking party. Some of the descendants of Philo Longfellow, insinuate that Mynheer Van Wezel took an opportunity of presenting his pistol, well charged with Schiedam, to the old chief and his followers, and that it operated marvellously in bringing about the treaty. But there is not a word of truth in the story. This good understanding was produced by the magic virtues of silence and tobacco. This example shows how easy it is to be good friends, if people will only hold their tongues; and it moreover forever rescues the excellent practice of smoking from the dull jests of effeminate puppies, who affect to call it vulgar. If modern negotiators would only sit down and smoke a sociable pipe together every day for five or six months, my life upon it there would be less ink shed, and blood shed too in this world. By St. Nicholas! the saint of smokers, there is nothing comparable to the pipe, for soothing anger, softening down irritation, solacing disappointment, and disposing the mind to balmy contemplation, poetical flights, and lofty soarings of the fancy; insomuch that any young bard, who will tie his shirt with a black ribbon and take to smoking and drinking gin and water like my Lord Byron, will in a short time write equal to his lordship, allowing for accidents."

"Thus," continues the alderman, "was the city of Albany founded, and originally called *All−bonny*, as the Dutch people still pronounce it, from the bonny river, the bonny woods, bonny pastures, and bonny landscapes by which it was environed. But blessed St. Nicholas! how is it sophisticated, since, by the posterity of Philo

Longfellow, by politicians, tourists, lobby members, widening streets, building basins, and digging canals! The old Dutch church, where the followers of Mynheer Van Wezel, first offered up their simple orisons, is pulled down, and in its room a non−descript with two tin steeples erected, wherein they preach nothing but English. The young men who descend from the founders, are Dutchmen no more, and the damsels are nought. Not one in a hundred can read a Dutch Bible! In a little while the children of that roving Ishmaelite, Philo Longfellow, will sweep them from their inheritance, and the land shall know them no more. The very houses have changed their position, and it is written, that an old mansion of Dutch brick which whilom projected its end in front, on Pearl Street, did one night incontinently turn its broadside to the street, as if resolved like its master to be in the fashion, and follow the march of public improvement." As the prize poet sings— corroborating the sentiments of the worthy alderman— "All things do change in this queer world; Which world is topsy−turvy hurl'd! Tadpoles to skipping bull frogs turn, And whales in lighted candles burn; The worm of yesterday, to day A butterfly is, rich and gay; The city belles all turn religious, And say their prayers in hats prodigious; St. Tammany becomes Clintonian, And Adams−men downright Jacksonian. Thus all our tastes are wild and fleeting, And most of all our taste in eating: I knew a man—or rather savage, Who went from ducks to beef and cabbage!"

As Albany is a sort of depot, where the commodities of the fashionable world are warehoused as it were a night or two, for exportation to Saratoga, Niagara, Montreal, Quebec, and Boston, we shall here present to our readers a short system of rules and regulations, for detecting good inns, and generally for travelling with dignity and refinement. And first, as to smelling out a comfortable inn.

Never go where the stage drivers or steam boat men advise you.

Never go to a newly painted house. Trap for the green horns. A butcher's cart, with a good fat butcher, handing out turkeys, venison, ducks, marbled beef, celery, and cauliflowers, is the best sign for a public house.

Never go to a hotel, that has a fine gilt framed picture of itself hung up in the steam boat. Good wine needs no bush—a good hotel speaks for itself, and will be found out without a picture.

Always yield implicit obedience to a puff in the newspapers in praise of any hotel. It is a proof that the landlord has been over civil to one guest at the expense of all the others. No man is ever particularly pleased any where, or with any body, unless he has received more attention than he deserves. Perhaps you may be equally favoured, particularly if you hint that you mean to publish your travels. Even publicans sigh for immortality.

Never seem anxious to get lodgings at any particular place. The landlord will put you in the garret if you do, unless you come in your own carriage.

If you have no servant of your own, always hire one of the smartest dressed fellows of the steam boat to carry your baggage, and pass him off if possible till you are snugly housed at the hotel, as your own. Your accommodations will be the better for it; and when the mistake is discovered, they cant turn you out of your room you know.

Grumble at your accommodations every morning, it will make you appear of consequence, and if there are better in the house, in time you will get them.

Take the first opportunity to insinuate to the waiters, one at a time, that if they remember you, you will remember them when you go away. You will have every soul of them at your command. N. B. You need not keep your promise.

Respecting the best public houses in Albany, there are conflicting opinions. Some think Rockwell's, some Cruttenden's the best. We dont know much of Rockwell, but Cruttenden, thrice jolly Cruttenden, we pronounce worthy to be landlord to the whole universe. Fate intended him to keep open house, and if she had only furnished him with money enough, he would have done it at his own expense, instead of that of other people. He is the Falstaff of hosts, for he not only drinks himself, but causes others to drink, by virtue of his excellent wines, excellent jokes, and excellent example. However, as we profess the most rigorous impartiality, we give no opinion whatever on the relative merits of the two houses, having—for which we hope to be forgiven—more than once got royally fuddled at both. If, however, the traveller is particular, as he ought to be in these matters, he has only to inquire where a certain worthy member from New York puts up during the session. He will be morally certain of finding good fare and good lodgings there.

Lastly, never go away from a place without paying your bill, unless you have nothing to pay it with. Necessitas non habet, &c.—A man must travel now a days, or he is absolutely nobody; and if he has no money, it must be at the expense of other people. In case you set out on a *foray* of this kind, it is advisable to have two trunks, one a

small one for your own clothes, and those of other people, the other a strong, well braced, well rivetted, large sized one, filled with brickbats. Be sure to talk "big" about having married a rich wife as ugly as sin, for the sake of her money; about your great relations; and if your modesty wont permit you to pass for a lord, dont abate a hair's breadth of being second cousin to one. When the landlord becomes troublesome, or inattentive, and begins to throw out hints about the colour of a man's money, hire a gig, take your little trunk, give out you are going to visit some well known gentleman in the neighbourhood, for a day or two, and leave the great trunk behind for the benefit of mine host. It is not expected you will send back the gig.

"Albany,"—we again quote from the *ana* of Alderman Janson, the prince of city magistrates—"Albany is the capital of the state of New York, having been the seat of government for almost half a century. Formerly the legislature met in New York; but in process of time it was found that the members, being seduced into huge feeding, by the attractions of oysters, turtle, and calves head soup, did incontinently fall asleep at their afternoon session, and enact divers mischievous laws, to the great detriment of the community. Thereupon they resolved to remove to Albany; but alas! luxury and dissipation followed in their train, so that in process of time they fell asleep oftener than ever, and passed other laws, which nothing but their being fast asleep could excuse. In my opinion, it would tend greatly to the happiness of the community, and go far to prevent this practice of legislating with the eyes shut, if these bodies were to meet in council like the indians, under the trees in the open air, and be obliged to legislate standing. This would prevent one man from talking all the rest to sleep, unless they slept like geese standing on one leg, and thereby arrest the passage of many mischievous laws for mending rivers, mending manners, mending charters, mending codes, making roads, making beasts of burden of the people and fools of themselves. Truly saith the wise man, `Too much of a good thing is good for nothing;' and too much legislation is a species of sly, insidious oppression, the more mischievous as coming in the disguise of powers exercised by the servants, instead of the masters of the people. Commend me to King Log, rather than King Stork. Every legislative body in my opinion, should have a majority of good honest, sleepy, patriotic members, whose pleasure it is to do nothing a good portion of the time during the session. Your active men are highly mischievous in a government; they must always be doing something; meddling with every one's concerns, and so busy in keeping the wheels of government going, that they dont care how many people they run over. They are millstones in motion, and when they have no grist to grind, will set one another on fire. In my opinion the most useful member that ever sat in congress, was one who never in his life made any motion except for an adjournment, which he repeated every day just before dinner time. Truly the energy and activity of a blockhead is awful."

"Once upon a time," (so says the fable, according to Alderman Janson,) "the empire of the geese was under the government of an old king Gander, who though he exercised an absolute sway, was so idle, pampered, and phlegmatic, that he slept three fourths of his time, during which the subject geese did pretty much as they pleased. But for all this he was a prodigious tyrant, who consumed more corn than half of his subjects, and morever obliged them to duck their heads to him whenever they passed. But the chief complaint against him was, that though he could do just as he pleased, it was his pleasure to sit still and do nothing.

"Whereupon it came to pass one day, his subjects held a town meeting, or it might be a convention, and dethroned him, placing the government in the hands of the wise geese. Feeling themselves called upon to justify the choice of the nation, by bettering its condition, the wise geese set to work, and passed so many excellent laws, that in a little time the wisest goose of the community could hardly tell whether it was lawful to say boe to a goose, or hiss at a puppy dog, or kick up a dust in a mill pond of a warm summer morning. When the time of these wise geese expired, other geese still wiser were chosen to govern in their stead, for such was the prodigious march of mind among them, that there was not a goose in the whole empire, but believed himself ten times wiser than his father before him. Each succeeding council of wise geese of course thought it incumbent upon it, to give a push to the march of mind, until at length the mind marched so fast that it was in great danger of falling on its nose, and continually ran against posts, or fell into ditches.

"Thus each generation of wise geese went on making excellent laws to assist the march of mind and the progress of public improvement, until in process of time, there were no more good laws to pass, and it became necessary to pass bad ones to keep their hands in, and themselves in their places. `Gentlemen,' said a little, busy, bustling, active, managing, talkative young goose, who was resolved nobody should insinuate that *he* could not say boo to a goose—`gentlemen, it does not signify, we must do something for the march of mind and the progress of public improvement, or the citizen geese will call us all to nought, and choose other wise geese in our

stead. They are already the happiest geese in the world; we must make them a little too happy, or they will never be satisfied.' Hereupon each of the wise geese burned to do something to assist the march of the mind and the progress of public improvement. One proposed a law to forbid geese to stand upon one leg at night, and muzzle their bills in their own feathers, this being a dangerous practice inasmuch as it exposed them to be surprised the more easily by foxes. Another offered a resolution to oblige all the geese to lay their eggs the other end foremost, and hatch them in half the usual period, whereby much time would be saved, and there would be a mighty increase of population. This last motion was made by an old bachelor goose, who had made the subject of population his chief study. A third, proposed a law forbidding the young goslings to paddle in the water till they were old enough to get out of the way of the great bull frogs and snapping turtles. A fourth, moved to pick one half the geese of one half their feathers, and give them to the other half of the geese, for the encouragement of domestic industry, and the national independence. After these laws had been debated about six months, they were passed without opposition, it being discovered to the great surprise of the house, that there was no difference of opinion on the subject.

"Had these edicts been propounded by old king Gander, there would have been the d—l to pay among the geese, and such a hissing as was never heard before. But there is a vast difference between being governed by a master and a slave. We see the proudest monarchs, and the most self−willed tyrants, submitting to the will of a valet, or a gentleman usher, or any other abject slave, when they would resist the will of their subjects on all occasions. So with the people, and so it was with the republic of the geese; they allowed themselves to be cajoled on all occasions, and laughed at the idea of the possibility of having their chains rivetted by their own servants. So the married geese set to work to lay their eggs according to law. But nature is an obstinate devil, and there is no legislating her into reason. The eggs and the goslings came into the world just as they did before. The little goslings, contrary to law, would be dabbling in the water, and getting now and then caught by the snapping turtles, and there was no such thing as punishing the little rogues after they were dead. In short, of all these laws, there was but one which actually went into operation, namely, that for picking one half of the geese for the benefit of the other half.

"But it was never yet known that either men or geese, were content with half a loaf when they could get the whole. The half of the republic of the geese, for whose benefit the other half had been picked, in process of time waxed fat, and strong, and wealthy, while the other half that had been fleeced of a good half of their feathers for the encouragement of domestic industry waxed proportionably poor and meagre, and their breast bones projected awfully, like unto cut−waters. The fat geese, now began to grumble that there was a great want of patriotism in the rules of the geesian republic in not properly encouraging domestic industry, since nothing was clearer, than that if half a loaf was good, the whole loaf was better. So they petitioned— and the petition of the strong is a demand—they petitioned that the geese who had lost half their feathers for the public good, should be called upon to yield the other half like honest patriotic fellows. The law was passed accordingly. But public discontent is like a great bell, it takes a long time in raising, but makes a mighty noise when once up. The geese which had been picked for the good of the republic, had chewed the cud of their poverty in silence, but they spit venom in private among themselves; and this new law to pluck them quite naked, brought affairs to a crisis. In matters of legislation, wealth and influence are every thing. But where it comes to *club law*, or a resort to the right of the strongest, poverty always carries the day. The poor plucked geese accordingly took back by force what they had been deprived of by legislation, with interest; and finding after a little while that it was necessary to have a head of some kind or other, unanimously recalled old king Gander to come and sleep over them again. He reigned long and happily—poised himself so nicely, by doing nothing, and keeping perfectly still, that he sat upright while the wheel of fortune turned round under him, and the occasional rocking of his kingdom only made him sleep the sounder."

MORAL.

"Leave the people to manage their private affairs in their own way as much as possible, without the interference of their rulers. The worst species of tyranny is that of laws, making sudden and perpetual changes in the value of property and the wages of labour, thus placing every man's prosperity at the mercy of others."

According to Alderman Janson, "Albany has the merit or the reputation of having first called into activity, if not into existence, a race of men the most useful of any perhaps invented since the days of Prometheus, who make it their sole business to enlighten the legislature, most especially on subjects of finance, banking, &c. They are called by way of honourable distinction LOBBY MEMBERS, because they form a sort of third estate, or legislative chamber in the lobby. They are wonderful adepts at *log rolling*, and of such extraordinary powers of persuasion, that one of them has been known to lay a wager that he would persuade a member of the inner house to reconsider his vote, in a private conference of half an hour. Such is the wonderful disinterestedness of these patriots that they never call upon the people to pay them three dollars a day, as the other members do, but not only bear their own expenses, but give great entertainments, and sometimes, it is affirmed, help a brother member of the inner house along with a loan, a subscription, and even a free gift—out of pure good nature and charity.

"Their ingenuity is exercised for the benefit of the good people of the state, in devising all sorts of projects, for making roads, digging canals, and sawing wood; all which they will execute for nothing, provided the legislature will let them make their own money out of rags, and what is still better, `Loan them the credit of the state,' for half a million or so. It is astonishing what benefits these *lobby members* have conferred on this great state, filling it with companies, for furnishing the people with every convenience, from bad money, that wont pass, to coal that wont burn—whereby people instead of wasting their resources in necessaries, may spend them in superfluities. Moreover they have conferred great honour upon the state abroad, it being a common saying, that whoever wants his `*log rolled* ,' or his project for the benefit of the community adopted by a legislature, must send to Albany for a gang of lobby members. I thought I could do no less than say what I have said, in behalf of these calumniated people, whom I intend to employ next winter, in getting an incorporation to clear Broadway of free gentlemen of colour, ladies' fashionable bonnets, and those `infernal machines,' that whiz about, spirting water, and engendering mud from one end of the street to the other, thereby making it unnavigable for sober decent people."

"In former times," continues the alderman, "Albany was a cheap place, where an honest man could live on a small income, and bring up a large family reputably, without running in debt, or getting a note discounted. But domestic industry, and the march of public improvement, have changed the face of things, and altered the nature of man as well as woman. The father must live in style, whether he can afford it or not— the daughters must dress in the extremity of bad fashions, learn to dance, to paint, and to torture the piano—and the sons disdain the ignominious idea of being useful. The race of fine ladies and fine gentlemen— fine feathers make fine birds—has multiplied an hundred fold, and we are credibly informed that the former have entered into a solemn league and covenant, not to marry any man who cannot afford to live in a three story house, with folding doors and marble mantel pieces. The ancient Dutch economy, and the simple habits of Dutchmen, have given place to speculation and folly; and the possession of a moderate independence sacrificed to the idle anticipation of unbounded wealth. The race of three cornered cocked hats is almost extinct—the reverend old fashioned garments so becoming to age, are replaced by dandy coats—the good housewives no longer toil or spin—and yet I say unto thee, gentle reader, that Solomon in all his glory was not attired like one of these—tavern keepers charge double—hack drivers treble—milliners quadruple—tailors have put off the modesty of their natures—and the old market women extortionate in cabbages and turnips. Nay, I have it from the best authority, that an old burgher of the ancient regime, was not long since ousted, by the force of conjugal eloquence, out of a patriarchal coat, which he had worn with honour and reputation upwards of forty years, and instigated by the d—l, to put on a fashionable frock in its place."

We also learn from the manuscripts of Alderman Janson, of blessed memory, that "In the year 1783, one Baltus Blydenburgh, on being called upon, the 26th of August, by Teunis Van Valer, for money which he owed him, declined paying it, on the ground that it was not in his power. At first Teunis thought he was joking, but on being solemnly assured to the contrary, he threw up his hands and eyes to heaven, and cried out in Dutch, "Well,

den the world is certainly coming to an end!" and departed into the streets, where he told every body he met, that Baltus Blydenburgh could not pay his debts, and that the city was going to be swallowed up like Sodom and Gomorrah. The story spread, and the panic with it, inasmuch that the good careful old wives packed up all their petticoats and looking glasses, and were preparing to depart to the other side of the river. Such a thing as a man not paying his debts, had never before been known in Albany, and beyond doubt the city would have been entirely deserted, had it not been for the arrival of a grandson of Philo Longfellow, from New York, who assured them there was no danger of an earthquake, for to his certain knowledge, if running in debt for more than people were able to pay, would produce earthquakes, there would not be a city in the United States left standing. Whereupon," continues Alderman Janson, "the citizens were mightily comforted, and went to work getting in debt as fast as possible." He adds, that up to the year 1783, there was not a schoolmaster in Albany that could tell the meaning of the word "bankrupt," and concludes with the following affecting apostrophe: "Alas! for honest old Albany! All this comes of `domestic industry,' `the march of public improvement, ' and the innovations of the posterity of Philo Longfellow!"

The grand canal ends at Albany, where there is a capacious basin for canal boats. "The canal and locks," quoth the worthy alderman, "cost upwards of eight millions of dollars, the locks especially, having been very expensive, whence the favourite song of the people of New York state, is:

"`I LOCK'D up all my treasure.'"

At Albany, wise travellers going to the springs, or to Niagara, generally quit the water, and take to land carriage; since no man, who is either in a hurry, as all people who have nothing to do are, or who thinks it of any importance to wear a head on his shoulders, would venture on the canal. *Festina lente* is the maxim of the canal boats; they appear always in a hurry, and yet go at a snail's pace. Four or five miles an hour would do very well when people were not so busy about nothing as they are now, but body o me! fifteen miles an hour is indispensable to the new regime. By this saving of time, a traveller may be safely said to live twice as long as he could do before the march of mind and the progress of public improvement. The following are among the principal rules adopted by very experienced travellers on leaving Albany by land.

Whenever you come to two turnpike roads, branching off in different directions, you may be pretty certain they both head to the same place, it being a maxim with the friends of public improvement, that as two heads are better than one, though one of them is a claves−head, so are two roads, even though both are as bad as possible. In this country there are always at least two nearest ways to a place of any consequence.

Never inquire your way of persons along the road, but steer by the map, and then if you go wrong, it will be with a clear conscience.

Never ask the distance to any place "of one of the posterity of Philo Longfellow," as Alderman Janson calls them, for he will be sure to ask you "If you are going there," before he answers your question; nor of the descendants of the Van Wezels, for ten to one, the first will tell you it is ten miles, and when you have gone half a dozen of them, the next will apprize you, after scratching his head in the manner of Scipio, that it is nigh about twenty. You will never get to the end of your journey, if you believe these fellows.

Never stop at the tavern recommended by the tavern keeper at whose house you stopt last. They make a point of honour of not speaking ill of each other, a practice which we would particularly recommend to the liberal professions.

When you enter a tavern, begin by acting the great man—ask for a private room—call the landlord, his wife, and all his household as loud as you can—set them all going, if possible, and find fault not only with every thing you see, but every thing they do. Examine the beds, and be particular in looking under them, to see if there is no robber concealed there. If there is any distinguished person living in the neighbourhood, inquire about him particularly, and regret you have not time to stay a day or two with him. If you happen to be travelling in a hack carriage, make the driver take off his number and put up a coat of arms. Be sure to let the driver know that you will send him about his business, if he whispers a word of the matter, and be so particular in looking to the horses, and inquiring if they have been taken care of, that every body will take it for granted, they belong to you. As a good portion of the pleasure of travelling consists in passing for a person of consequence, these directions will be found of particular value in bringing about this desirable result.

When people stop by the side of the road to stare at your equipage, be sure to loll carelessly back, and take not the least notice of them. They will think you a great man certainly; whereas if you look at them complacently,

they will only set you down as a gentleman.

Be careful when you go away, not to express the least satisfaction to landlord or landlady at your entertainment, but let them see that you consider yourself ill treated. They will take it for granted you have been used to better at home.

If you travel in a stage coach, look as dignified as possible, and if any body asks you a civil question, give them an uncivil look in return, as is the fashion with the English quality cockneys, unless the person looks as if he might tweak your nose, for assuming airs of dignified importance.

Always, if possible, set out in a stage with a drunken driver, because there is some reason to calculate he will be sober in time. Whereas if he sets out sober, it is pretty certain he will be drunk all the rest of the journey.

If you meet with a stranger who seems inclined to be civil extempore, take it for granted he means to pick your pocket or diddle you in some way or other. Civility is too valuable an article to be given away for nothing.

If you travel in a handsome equipage, no matter whether your own or not, be careful not to enter a town after dark, or leave it before the people are up, else one half of them wont have an opportunity of seeing you.

Always plump into the back seat of a stage coach without ceremony, whether there are females or not. If any *man* happens to claim it, you can only get out again you know, and look dignified.

Always be in a bad humour when you are travelling. Nothing is so vulgar as perpetual cheerfulness. It proves a person devoid of well bred sensibility.

Touching the payment of bills, our friend Stephen Griffin, Esq. assures us, that on the continent of Europe, none but an English cockney traveller, with more money than wit, ever thinks of paying a bill without deducting one half. Here however, in this honest country, it would be unreasonable in the traveller to deduct more than one third, that being the usual excess along the roads, and at public places much frequented by people having a vocation to travelling for pleasure. If however you wish to pass for a great man, pay the bill without looking at it. We were acquainted with a great broker, who always pursued this plan, and the consequence was, that hostlers, waiters, chambermaids, and landlords, one and all, looked upon him as the greatest man in America, and nobody could be waited upon, or accommodated at the inns, until he was properly disposed of. There is however a meritorious class of travellers, whose business is to get away from hotels and public houses without paying at all; who drink their bottle of Bingham, Marston, or Billy Ludlow, every day, scot free. This requires considerable original genius, much knowledge of the world, and great power of face, with a capacity of changing names. Your *alias* is a staunch friend to worthies of this class. The best school for this species of knowledge is the quarter sessions, or the police, where a regular attendance of about a twelvemonth, will hardly fail of initiating the scholar into all the mysteries of the great art of running in debt, an art than which there is not one more vitally important to the rising generation.

Before we leave Albany, we would caution the traveller against anticipating any thing extraordinary in the way of eating at this place. In vain may he sigh for canvass backs, or terrapins. A turtle sometimes finds its way there, and now and then a cargo of oysters; but in general there is little or nothing to detain the enlightened, travelled gourmand. The fare will do well enough for legislators and lobby members, but for a refined and cultivated palate, what can be expected from a people who are said to follow the antiquated maxim of the old song: "I eat when I'm hungry, and drink when I'm dry,"— a maxim in itself so utterly vulgar and detestable, that it could only have originated in the fancy of some half starved ballad monger, who considered the mere filling of his stomach, as the perfection of human happiness. Any fool can eat when he is hungry, and drink when he is dry, provided he can get any thing to eat or drink; this is the bliss of a quadruped, devoid of the reasoning faculty. But to enjoy the delight of eating without appetite, to be able to bring back the sated palate to a relish of some new dainty, to reanimate the exhausted energies of the fainting stomach, and waken it to new exstacies of fruition; to get dyspepsias, and provoke apoplexies, is the privilege of man alone, whose reason has been refined, expanded, and perfected by travel and experience. The happiest man, in our opinion, we ever knew, was a favoured being who possessed the *furor* of eating in greater perfection than all the rest of his species. He would eat a whole turkey, a pair of canvass backs, and a quarter of mutton, at a sitting, and finish with a half bushel of peaches. He was indeed an example to his species; but he was too good for this world, and was maliciously taken off by an unlucky bone, at a turtle feast at Hoboken, where he excelled even himself, and died a blessed martyr. The only consolation remaining to his friends, is that he was afterwards immortalized in the following lines of the famous prize poet, who happened to be at the feast which proved so disastrous. "Here lies a man whom flesh could ne'er

withstand, But bone alas! did get the upper hand. Death in the shape of turtle, venison, fowl, Oft came and shook his scythe with ghastly scowl, But hero like he d —d him for a bore, And cried undaunted `waiter bring us more!' At last death came in likeness of a bone, And the pot−valiant champion was o'erthrown. If death one single ounce of flesh had had, 'Twould have been all over with him there, egad; A broil of him, our hungry friend had made And turtle−clubs been never more dismay'd, By the gaunt imp of chaos and old night, Who spoils full many a glorious appetite."

"At Albany," as Alderman Janson observes, "ends the proper sloop navigation of the Hudson. It is true they do manage to get them up as far as Troy, and Lansingburgh, and even Waterford. But nature never intended they should go farther than Albany. It was in full confidence of this that the first colony pitched upon Albany, as the site of a great city which was destined in a happy hour, to become the capital of the state. Unfortunate adventurers! they never dreamed of the march of the human mind, and the progress of public improvements; or of companies incorporated for the performance of miracles. They never surmised the possibility of a great river like the Hudson, the master−piece of the Creator of the universe, being improved by an act of the legislature; nor did it ever enter into their matter of fact brains that the posterity of Philo Longfellow would found a city as it were right over their heads at Troy, and thus interrupt the rafts coming down the river to Albany. What a pity it is people cannot see a little farther into millstones! what glorious speculations we should all make, except that every body being equally enlightened as to the future, there would be no speculation at all, which would be a terrible thing for those useful people, who having no money themselves, disinterestedly go about manufacturing excellent projects, to drain the pockets of those who have. Money is in truth like an eel, it is easy to catch it, but to hold it fast afterwards, is rather a difficult matter. And here I am reminded of the fate of an honest codger of my acquaintance, who had become rich by a long course of industry and economy, and at the age of forty−five set himself down in a smart growing town, not a hundred miles, from I forget where, to enjoy the life of a gentleman.

"Martin Forbush, that was his name, lived a whole year in his *otium cum dignitate*, at the end of which he became rather dispeptic, and began to get out of humour with the life of a gentleman. Of all the castles ever built in the air, the castle of indolence is the worst. Ease `is not to be bought with wampum, or paper money, ' as Horace says; a man must have some employment, or pursuit—or at least a hobby horse, or he can never be easy in this world. To one who has been all his life making money, the mere enjoyment of his wealth, is not worth a fig. Even the *summum bonum*, the great good, eating, has its limits, and nothing is wanting to the happiness of a rich man, but that his appetite should increase with his means of gratifying it. But alas! it would seem that every enjoyment of life, is saddled with its penalty, and that the gratification of the senses, carries with it the elements of its own punishment. The very food we devour rises up in judgment against us. The turtle is revenged by apoplexy, dyspepsia, epilepsy, and catalepsy. But the subject is too heart−rending.

"While honest Martin was thus dying by inches, of a gentleman's life, and pining away both corporeally and mentally, under the incubus of idleness, as good luck would have it, a stirring, long headed, ingenious, speculative, poor d—l, came to settle in the town, which as nature had done little or nothing for it, was the finest place that could be for public improvements of all kinds. He was inexhaustible in plans for laying out capital to the greatest advantage; he never saw a river that he could not make navigable, a field that he could not make produce four fold, or a fall of three feet perpendicular that was not the finest place in the world for mills and manufactories. All he wanted was money, and that he contrived to make others supply, which was but reasonable. It would have been too much for him to furnish both the money and wit.

"The first thing such a public spirited person does, on locating himself among the people whom he has come to devour, is to find me out all those snug fellows, who have ready money in their purses, and dirt to their boots. Men that have a few thousands lying by them, or stock that they can turn at once into money, or land that they can mortgage for a good round sum. Having smelled out his game, our advocate for public improvement, takes every opportunity of pointing out capital speculations, and hinting that if he only had a few thousands to spare, he could double them in the course of two or three years. Martin pricked up his his ears. He longed past all longing, to be turning a penny to advantage. It would give a zest to his life— it would employ his time which he did not know what to do with. In short, he listened and was overcome. He determined to immortalize his name as a great public benefactor, and double his money at the same time.

"There was a river about a hundred yards wide, running close to the skirts of the town, which the apostle of public improvements assured Martin was the finest place for a bridge that was ever seen. It seemed to be made on

purpose. There was not the least doubt but it would yield from thirty to fifty per cent on the first cost in tolls. Nothing was wanting but legislative authority for this great work. He would go to Albany next session, and get an act passed for that purpose, if he only had the money; but just now he was a little short, one of his principal debtors having disappointed him.

"Honest Martin, rather than miss such a capital speculation, agreed to advance the needful, and at a proper time the redoubtable Timothy Starveling, or Starling, as he called himself, set out upon his mission, to the paradise of lobby members. Timothy took lodgings at the first hotel, kept open house, treated most nobly with honest Martin Forbush's cash, and wound himself into the confidence of two senators and five members. But before the matter was decided the money was run out, and therefore Timothy Starveling wrote a most mysterious letter to Martin, hinting at extraordinary expenses; accommodating members with loans—small matters, that told in the end; conciliating influential people; oiling the wheels, and heaven knows what else. Martin understood not one word of all this, but rather than lose his money and his project, he sent him a fresh supply. The bridge, notwithstanding, stuck not a little by the way, owing to the opposition of some who had not been properly enlightened on the subject; but by dint of *log−rolling*, it floundered through at last. Timothy got it tacked to a Lombard, and a steam saw−mill, and the business was accomplished. Timothy, upon the strength of his charter, bought a carriage and horses, and rode home in style.

"Well, they set to work, and the bridge was built with Martin's money. But it brought him in no tolls, owing to the circumstance of their being no road at the end of it. Martin scratched his head; but Timothy was nowise dismayed. All they had to do was to make a turnpike road, from the end of the bridge to the next town, which was actually laid out, though not actually built, and there would be plenty of tolls. `Roads make travellers,' quoth Timothy, and Martin believed it. Another act of the legislature became necessary, and the same thing was done, as at Timothy's last mission. The opposition was however much more difficult to overcome than on the former occasion, owing to an ill natured definition given by a country member, to wit: `That a turnpike bill was a law to enable the few, to tax the many, for a bad road kept in bad repair.' It cost Martin a pretty penny to get permission for a road, and it cost him a prettier penny still to make it. However, made it was, at last. Timothy superintended, and Martin paid. The tolls were not sufficient to pay an old woman for opening the gates. Few people were tempted by their occasions to pass that way, and those who did, forded the river, it being shallow, and saved their money.

"But those who think Master Timothy Starveling was at his wit's end here, reckon without their host. You might as well catch a cat asleep, as Timothy at a nonplus. `We'll petition for an act to deepen the river, and thus kill two birds with one stone. By improving the navigation, we shall bring vast quantities of produce down, which will make the town the grand emporium of this part of the country, and at the same time so deepen the channel, that it will not be fordable.' Martin thought the idea prodigious, and the same game was played a third time by Timothy at Albany. They improved the navigation of the river at no small cost, by deepening the channel. But rivers are unmanageable commodities. As fast as they deepened, it filled up again, and one heavy rain deposited more mud and sand, than could be removed in a year. In short, before the river became navigable, or the road and bridge brought in their thirty to fifty per cent, the purse of Martin Forbush ceased to jingle at the touch. It was as empty as my pocket.

"One day when Master Timothy Starveling came to Martin for a small trifle to complete the project, the former worthy gentleman, crawled forth with his eye brows elevated, his forehead wrinkled, and his shoulders almost as high as his head, and pulling his breeches pockets inside out, looked most ruefully significant at the great advocate of public improvements. `Pooh,' said the latter, `there is a remedy for all things, even for an empty pocket; look here,' pulling out the charter for the bridge, `I've got an iron in the fire yet, I thank you.' Whereupon he showed Martin a clause in the act which with a very little stretching and twisting, might be fairly interpreted into a privilege for banking. Martin was now pretty desperate and caught at the idea. They got together all the paupers of the town, who subscribed their thousands and tens of thousands—they gave their notes or security for the payment of their subscriptions— they chose Martin president, and Timothy cashier, and announcing to an astonished world, which wondered where the money came from, that `the stock was all paid in, or secured to be paid,' proceeded to the business of issuing notes, without considering how they were to be paid. For a while they went on prosperously. There will always be found a sufficient number of honest fools in every community, for rogues to work upon, and the good people were rejoiced in their hearts, to find money so plenty. But in an evil

hour, there appeared at the bank of Diddledum, a spruce young fellow in boots and spurs, with a bundle of bank notes, who announced himself as the cashier of the neighbouring bank, of Fiddledum, and demanded the payment of his bundle in specie. There never was, nor was there now, nor ever would have been, a dollar of specie in the bank of Diddledum. This ungentlemanly and malicious *run*, being what no one, not even Timothy Starveling, Esquire, cashier, had ever dreamed of, the spruce young gentleman in boots and spurs, was civilly requested to wait till they could have a meeting of the directors. But the young gentleman forthwith went to a notary and got all the notes protested; after which he placed them in the hands of a lawyer, who commenced a suit on each of them, in order to save expense. The spruce young gentleman in boots and spurs, then departed for the happy village, which had grown so fast under the refreshing auspices of the bank of Fiddledum, that every body said it would soon outgrow itself. There were sixty new houses, three great hotels, and six distilleries, all built by men who were not worth a groat. What a blessed thing is paper money, and its legitimate offspring, public improvements!

"But blessed as it is, it proved the downfall of Timothy Starveling, Esquire, cashier of the bank of Diddledum. That night, the bank closed its doors, to open no more, and the ingenious Timothy, as was supposed, in attempting to cross the river on horseback, to avoid the `public sentiment,' was swept away by the stream, swelled to a torrent by heavy rains, and never appeared again. At least his hat was found several miles down the river; but himself and his horse, could never be discovered, although the `Morgan Committee' took up the affair.

"Martin Forbush, was stripped of all his hard earnings. He surrendered his bridge, his road, and his navigation improvements to his creditors—and much good did it do them. He went back to his old shop, to begin the world anew. In process of time he became once more an independent man. But he never again turned gentleman, and consequently never got the dyspepsia. He never burnt his fingers afterwards with public improvements, and nobody could ever persuade him to make a speculation. He even forgave Timothy Starveling, and was wont to say, `Plague take him!—he robbed me of all my money, but then he cured me of the blue devils.'"

We would advise the fashionable tourist, and to none other is this work addressed, who of course is hurrying directly to the springs, to go by the way of the Cohoes, Waterford, and as far as possible keep the banks of the Hudson. "Leaving Albany," says Alderman Janson, "you come upon those rich flats, that present a soft arcadian scene, beautified with all the products of nature, and industrious man. The meadows are peopled with luxurious Dutch cattle, basking in the shade of spreading elms that dot the landscape here and there. The fields of golden wheat just ripening in the sunny month of July, the dark green leaves of the blessed corn, flaunting like ribbons about the brow of youth—bounded on one side by the swelling, rolling hills, on the other by the glassy river, all present together a scene worthy of the golden age, and of the simple virtuous patriarchs who yet inhabit there, smoking their pipes, and talking Dutch, in spite of the changes of fashion, the vagaries of inflated vanity, which instill into the hearts of the foolish, that alteration is improvement, and that one generation of man is wiser than another. It is thus that youth laughs at age, and that the forward urchin, who knows nothing of the world but its vices and follies, thinks himself wiser, than his grandfather of fourscore."

"One day the Caliph Almansor, one of the vainest of the Arabian monarchs, was conversing familiarly with the famous poet Fazelli, with whom he delighted to talk, when retired from the cares of his empire. `Thou thinkest,' said he to Fazelli, `that I am not wiser than my father. Why is it so; doth not every succeeding generation add to the wisdom of that which preceded it?' `Dost thou think thyself wiser, than the prophet? ' answered the poet, bowing his head reverentially. `Assuredly not,' answered the caliph. `Dost thou think thyself wiser than Solomon?' asked the poet, bowing still lower. `Assuredly not,' again answered the caliph. `Dost thou think thyself wiser than Moses who communed with Allah himself?' a third time asked the poet bowing to the ground. Almansor was for a moment very thoughtful and held down his head. `Assuredly not,' replied he at length, `I were foolishly presumptuous to think so.'

"`Then how,' resumed Fazelli, `canst thou prove that each succeeding generation is wiser than another that is past?' `The aggregate of knowledge is certainly increased,' replied the caliph. `True O my king,' replied Fazelli, `but knowledge is not wisdom. Wisdom points out the road to happiness and virtue; knowledge, is only an acquaintance with a mass of facts, which are not necessarily connected, with either wisdom, virtue or happiness, the only objects worthy the pursuit of a wise man. The knowledge of things has certainly increased, but O king! remember that wisdom is always the same; as much so as the great power by whom it is dispensed. Thou mayest perhaps know more of the moon, the stars, the earth, and the seas, than thy father; but of thy organization, thy

soul, thy passions, appetites, the power to direct them, and the Being who bestowed them upon thee, thou knowest no more than the meanest of thy father's slaves.' `Thou sayest true,' replied the Caliph bowing his head reverently—`Allah teach me humility.' `Great king,' said Fazelli, `lament not thine ignorance. Every thing we cannot comprehend, furnishes proof of the existence of a Being wiser than ourselves.'"

Infandum regina—we despise Latin scarps ever since the publication of the dictionary of quotations. But who has not heard of Troy—not that famous city which Jacob Bryant maintained never had an existence, although it has made more noise in the world, than the greatest matter of fact cities extant—not the city which thousands of travellers have gone to see, and come away, without seeing—not the city which sustained a ten years siege, and was at last taken by a wooden horse; no verily, but the indubitable city of Troy, on the banks of the Hudson, which is worth three thousand beggarly Scamanders, and six thousand Hellesponts. We are aware that this excellent town, which contains at this moment Helens enough to set the whole world on fire, is pronounced by that great geographer and traveller, Lieutenant De Roos, to be in New England. Perish the thought! New England never had such a town to its back; so full of enterprizing people, continually plotting against the repose of dame nature. Alexander once seriously contemplated cutting Mount Athos into a statue; King Stephanus Bombastes, lost his wits with the idea of making Bohemia a maritime power; whence it was, that Corporal Trim very properly called him, `This unfortunate king of Bohemia;' and a great advocate of public improvements, is now so unluckily mad on the subject, that he fancies himself a great chip, floating all weathers on the great northern canal. But all these are nothing to the Trojans, who it is said seriously contemplate a canal, parallel with the Hudson, from Troy to New York, if they can only get the legislature to pass an act against its freezing. Alas! poor river gods! what will become of them, as sings the famous prize poet, whom we hereby solemnly affirm, in our opinion, deserves to have his whiskers curled on the very pinnacle of Parnassus: "Noah be hang'd, and all his race accurst, Who in sea brine did pickle timber first!" Meaning to say, that your salt water rivers are no longer to be tolerated, and ought to be forthwith legislated out of their waters as soon as possible. It is a great thing to know what poets mean now a days. They are the true "children of mist." But to continue our quotation: "O Trojan Greeks! who dwell at Ida's foot, Pull up this crying evil by the root; Rouse in the mighty majesty of mind, Pull up your mighty breeches tight behind, Then stretch the red right arm from shore to shore, And swear that rivers shall endure no more!"

"It is almost worth while," says Alderman Janson, "to sacrifice a few hours of the delights of the springs, to ascend Mount Ida, and see the romantic little cascade, a capital place for manufactories. In the opinion of some people, this is all that water falls are good for now a days. I would describe it, but for fear of drawing the attention of some prowling villain, who would perhaps come and build a cotton mill, and set all the pretty little rosy cheeked Helens of Troy tending spinning jennies, from sunrise to sunset, and long after, at a shilling a day, instead of leaving them to the enjoyment of the few hours of rest and careless hilarity which God in his wisdom hath appropriated to the miserable pack horses of this age of improvements. The domestic industry of females, is at home, by the fireside, in the society of their families, surrounded and protected by their household gods; not in woollen and cotton mills, herded together by hundreds, and toiling without intermission at the everlasting spinning jenney, without leisure to cultivate the domestic virtues, or opportunity for mental improvement. Of all the blockheads this side of the moon, in my opinion the farmers of these United States are the greatest, considering the pains taken by the members of congress and others to enlighten them. What in the name of all the thick sculled wiseacres past, present and to come, do they want of a `woollen bill,' and what do the blockheads expect, from getting a penny or two more perhaps a pound for their wool, except to pay twice as much a yard for the cloth which is made out of it? Why dont they learn wisdom from their own sheep?

"A cunning old fox one day put his head through the bars of a sheepfold, and addressed the flock as follows: `Gentlemen, I have a proposition to make greatly to your advantage; I'll give you a penny a pound more for your wool (if you'll only let me shear you) one of these days, provided you'll pay me in the meantime a dollar more a yard for the cloth I make out of it.' Whereupon an old ram of some experience, cried `Baah!' and all the rest of the sheep followed his example."

In speaking of Troy, Alderman Janson, who was a great hunter of manuscripts, states that he saw there a curious poem, written by a schoolmaster of Troy about forty years ago, in imitation of Homer's Batrachomyomachia.

As a specimen, the worthy alderman has copied the invocation, which we insert, with a view of indicating the corruption of the public press at that period. We congratulate our readers at the same time on the improvement

which the march of mind hath brought about in this as well as every thing else. "`Thee we invoke, O sacred nine! No, not the sacred nine, but thou The youngest sister of the nine, unknown in ancient song! Thou the TENTH MUSE! begot as legends tell, By printer's devil on a famous shrew (Who had kill'd nine husbands with eternal clacking,) Up in a garret high, between two newspapers, One Jackson t'other Adams. There thou didst learn thy alphabet, Midst Billingsgate most dire; Loud blustering lies and whispered calumnies, Were thy first lessons in the art of speech; Next impudence became thy dry nurse, And did teach thy genius apt, to mouth with high pretence, Of arts and literature, science profound, And taste pre−eminent, stol'n from the man in the moon, Or God knows where. There thou didst learn To judge of what thou wert profoundly ignorant; To criticise a classic in false grammar, And in bad English all the world defy! There too, as stories go, thou didst become A connoisseur in Flemish and Italian schools, Albeit thou never sawest a picture in thy life, Save on a sign post at a tavern door; To scan with taste infallible and nice, A bust or statue, by approved rules, Gathered from frequent contemplation deep Of barbers' blocks, and naked blackamoors, Stuck up by wicked wights to lure our youth To shave their beards, and chew tobacco dire. There too, thou learn'dst to quaff oblivion's bowl, Fill'd to the brim with foaming printers' ink; To forget to−morrow what the day before Thou sworest was gospel; to say, unsay, And praise a man one hour, whom in the next, Thou didst consign to ignominious shame, In phrase most apt and delicate, though stolen From an old fish wife, drunk and in a passion. There too, amid the din of politics and lies, Thou learn'dst to be a judge infallible Of public virtue and of private worth; To moot nice points of morals, and decide On things obscure, that for long ages past Have puzzled all mankind, and dried the brains Of luckless sages to the very bottom, Bare as mud puddles in a six months' drought. "`Hail MUSE THE TENTH, worth all the other nine! Presiding genius of our liberties, We hail *thee* on our knees, and humbly beg, Thou'lt not forget who 'twas in modern days, First call'd thee from oblivion, and install'd thee, Goddess of men, whom gods and men do fear.'"

The alderman boasts that the poem is soon to be published simultaneously in five different languages, in five different countries, by five different booksellers, with five puffs of five first rate journals in each language. We think the friends of the author had better advise him to leave out the invocation.

"There is a rock," continues the worthy alderman in great wrath, "on Mount Ida, all covered with diamonds, better than you can make of charcoal, where I would recommend the ladies to stop, and supply themselves for the springs, instead of flaunting about in chymical jewels, as is the fashion now. And here I must beg leave to digress a little to offer my testimony against the progress of knowledge, which when accompanied by a corresponding progress in vice and dishonesty, is a curse rather than a blessing. If there is a thorough going rascal and cheat in this world, it is chymistry, who is perpetually practising deceptions upon mankind. The scoundrel can imitate, or disguise every thing. He can make a piece of glass into diamonds, rubies, sapphires, and topazes, so that none but a jeweller, who is commonly as great a rogue as himself, can detect them. He can make excellent beer, without either malt or hops; and what is worthy of remark, it will not poison a man half as soon as arsenic or copperas. He can make tea out of turnip tops, so as to deceive a China merchant; he can make gas out of coal cinders, and money out of gas; he can extract the red ink out of a check and leave the black ink untouched; he can change a bank note of one dollar into one of a hundred; he can adulterate confectionary, and poison half mankind without their being a whit the wiser, except they learn something after death. In short, it is my humble opinion, that if the worthy revisors of our laws, had decreed to hang every professor of chymistry except such as could demonstrate their entire ignorance of the science, and put their scholars to learning trades it would prevent the ladies from wearing false jewels, and add greatly to the honesty of the rising generation. It is bad enough for women to wear false curls, false faces and false hearts, without deceiving us with false jewels. One can bear the disappointment in the heart and the face, but to be taken in, in the diamonds, is heart breaking."

"Troy," according to Alderman Janson, "is already accommodated with a bank or two, without which our poor little helpless villages would be like children without nurses. But people are never content in this world, notwithstanding the march of mind, and the progress of public improvement, and the Trojans are at this moment petitioning the legislature for another bank, utterly forgetful of the old proverb that too much of a good thing is good for nothing. Were I to define a legislature of the present approved fashion, I would say it was a public body exclusively occupied with private business; for in truth were we to look closely at their proceedings, we should find almost all of them spending the whole of their time in passing bills for banks, incorporating companies for the most frivolous purposes, mending old charters, and making new ones. In the mean time, the general interests of the people are neglected, and laws affecting the whole community, either not passed at all, or passed so full of

imperfections, that it is more trouble to mend them afterwards, than to make new ones. A plague on this busy spirit which is called the spirit of improvement, but which is nothing more than an impertinent disposition to meddle with the concerns of other people, and so substitute our own theoretical notions in place of the practical experience of others. Why not `let very well alone?'

"I once had two near neighbours, who lived in a couple of old fashioned Dutch houses, which though they made no great figure without, were very snug and comfortable within, and accorded very well with their circumstances, which were but moderate. One of the houses had sunk at one of the corners a few inches, in consequence of some little defect in the foundation; but this had happened twenty years before, and the building had ever since remained perfectly stable, being reckoned not the least injured, or the worse for this little eccentricity of shape. The other house had some little defect in the chimney, which although it might as well not have been there, was of no serious consequence. Both lived perfectly content, and if a wish would have removed these trifling defects, they would hardly have taken the trouble to utter it.

"In process of time however the spirit of improvement got into our part of the town, and some great little busy body, suggested to the owners of the two houses, the perfect ease with which the sunken corner and the crooked chimney, might be remedied at a trifling expense. At first they wisely shook their heads; but the advice was repeated every day, and every body knows that the perpetual repetition of the same thing, is like the dropping of water—it will wear away a stone at last. My two neighbours at length began to talk over the matter seriously together, and one day came to consult me on the matter. `Let very well alone,' said I, and they went away, according to custom to do exactly contrary to the advice they came to solicit. The owner of the house with the sunken corner, and he of the crooked chimney, accordingly the next day went to work under the direction of the disciple of public improvements, to remedy these mortal inconveniences which they had borne for more than twenty years with the most perfect convenience. One got a great jack screw under the delinquent corner; the other raised a mighty beam against his chimney, and to work they went, screwing and pushing with a vengeance. In less than fifteen minutes, the crooked chimney, being stubborn with age, and withal somewhat infirm, instead of quietly returning to the perpendicular, broke short off, and falling through the roof, upon the garret floor, carried that with it, and the whole mass stopped not to rest, till it found solid bottom in the cellar. It was well that the dame and all the children, were out of doors, witnessing the progress of the experiment. Here was an honest, comfortable little Dutch house, sacrificed to the improvement of a crooked chimney.

"The man of the sunken corner, succeeded to his utter satisfaction, in placing the four corners on a level, and was delighted with his improvement; until going into his house, he beheld with utter dismay, that the shock given to the old edifice, and the disturbance of its various parts which had been cemented by time into one solid mass, had cracked his walls, so that they looked like a fish net, dislocated the window sills, removed the ends of the beams from their ancient resting places, in short, wrecked the whole establishment. It was become like a sieve, and the next time it rained, the whole family came out like drowned rats. There was not a dry corner in the whole house, nor a dry thread on its occupants.

"The poor man set himself to work to remedy these inconveniences, and from time to time laid out a great deal of money, in stopping crannies, and setting the dislocated limbs. But all would not do—the whole frame of the edifice had been shaken to its centre, by the disturbance of its parts. There was no mending it; and nothing was left but to pull it down, and build a new one, with all the modern improvements. The man of the crooked chimney also resolved to do the same. But the man who begins to dig a new cellar, very often commences undermining his own prosperity. The houses were at last finished, and very fine houses they were—but they did not belong to the owners. They were mortgaged for more than half they were worth, and in process of time money growing very scarce, they were sold for just enough to satisfy the creditors. The end of all was, that my good neighbours had exchanged the little houses with the sunken corner and crooked chimney, for an immense mansion, without walls or chimney. They were literally turned out of doors. `I wish we had let very well alone,' said they to me, as they departed to the wilderness to begin the world anew." Truly mine uncle, the worthy alderman, was at least three thousand years behind the spirit of the age. Is it not better to live in fine houses belonging to other people, than in little old fashioned ones of our own? We wish the alderman was alive to answer this question.

If the traveller thinks we get on too slowly, in his impatience to arrive at the springs, let him leave us and our book behind him, and take the consequences. Does he think we are a high pressure steam boat, to travel fifteen miles an hour without stopping a moment to look round and consider? Or is he so desperately unlettered and

behind hand with the spirit of the age, as to implant in the barren wilderness of his mind, the notion, that the business of book making is like that of brick making, a plain, straight forward handicraft affair, wherein a man has nothing to do but mind his own business? Belike he does not know, that to make a book, it is necessary to tell all that other people have told before—to expand the little grains of gold dust, which other pains taking authors have picked up with infinite labour, till, like the gold beater, he makes them cover the leaves of a whole folio. Perhaps he has never heard of the great poet, Johannes Secundus, who spun a whole volume of poetry out of a kiss—nor of the ever to be renowned and never to be forgotten writer, who divided the half of an idea into six parts, and manufactured a volume out of each—or of the still greater genius, whom we place on the tip of the highest hair in the head of Milton, Shakspeare, Cervantes, and Voltaire, who composed sixteen works without any idea at all. Preserve us!—any fool may write with his head full of ideas; but no one knows the troubles of an author, who is obliged to pick up his crumbs by the way side—to diverge to the right and to the left—to levy contributions upon every thing and every body he meets—to skim the froth of wit, and dip up the sediment of wisdom—to repeat the same thing in a hundred different ways, and disguise it each time in such a manner, that the most inquisitive blue stocking cannot detect it, even with the aid of her spectacles and the reviewers. This—this is labour, this is mighty toil; and it is the pains taking writers of such books, that should be rewarded with money and immortality, since the labourer is always worthy of his hire. He works premeditatingly, and as it were with malice aforethought; he makes, by dint of hard labour, the most barren soil productive, while your boasted genius merely scratches the surface of the rich alluvion, and behold the product is a hundred fold! Therefore it is, we say again, and repeat it three hundred times, that if the travelling reader is not willing to wait with us till we have finished descanting on the Trojans, let him go on and welcome. We wash our hands of him, and there is an end of the matter.

Nobody knows the difficulty, under which we unfortunate authors labour, in writing a book, without running our heads against the rascally ancients, or the still more rascally moderns, who got the start of us, and stole all our ideas, before they came down to posterity. They have not left us a single original idea to our backs, but have swallowed up every thing with a most insatiable appetite; insomuch that the writers of the present day, are many of them obliged to become absurd or unintelligible, in order to strike out a miserable, half starved novelty, which perishes peradventure at the end of a year, in spite of the dry nursing and stall feeding of diurnal puffers. The art of printing has ruined literature, and destroyed the value of learning. Before this mischievous invention, which is justly ascribed to the devil, a manuscript was a treasure, and the writer of it a phenomenon. It was read at the Olympic games, and the author crowned with bays, and considered on a footing with the victors in the chariot races, and in boxing matches. Then a manuscript was a rarity, a bonne bouche, only for epicures on high days and holidays; now a book is no greater rarity than bacon and greens in Virginia, and the clod−hopper of this country returns from his daily labours to a book, as to his customary supper fare. Then too, the fortunate man, who got possession of the precious papyrus, or the invaluable parchment roll, had it all to himself, and could borrow what he pleased, without being called upon to pay the penalty of being cut up in a review. There was no such thing as plagiarism, at least there was no finding it out, which is quite synonymous. Even in later days, after the mischievous and diabolical art of multiplying books to infinity prevailed, we find, that a criminal who could read, might plead the benefit of clergy, and if he read *legit ut clericus*, he was only burnt in the hand instead of being hanged. But now, in good faith, if every man was to escape hanging, who could not only read, but who had written a book, Jack Ketch would hold a sinecure, and there would be great robbing of the gallows. It is without doubt greatly to be lamented, that the practice of burning books, by the hands of the common hangman, and cutting off the ears of their authors, is no longer in fashion. In this way the world got rid of some of these crying nuisances, and many were thereby discouraged from inflicting any more of them upon their unfortunate fellow creatures. But now, forsooth, such is the license allowed or claimed, that the least morsel of a man will set him down, pen in hand, intermeddle with the deepest matters, run away with a subject he knows not what to do with, when he has got it, and thereby prevent some great scholar from thereafter doing it justice. Verily little men should never meddle with great matters, as the fable aptly advises.

A cunning, dexterous angler once threw his line into a deep clear stream, where he waited patiently and watchfully, till he saw a fine trout slowly come forth from his profound recess under the cool shady bank, and float cautiously towards the bait. But just as he was about swallowing it, a little rascally minnow, not as long as my finger, darted before him, took hold of the hook, and away he skirred with it to the shallowest part of the

brook. The trout swam slowly back to his recess, and the angler pulling up the minnow, and taking it in his hand, exclaimed: "Thou art so small and contemptible, that I would let thee go again, were it not that thy impertinent meddling lost me a fine trout." So saying, he cast it indignantly on the sand, where it perished miserably in the noontide sun.

It is refreshing to see the advances made in dress, and other evidences of the "march of mind, and the progress of public improvement," in Troy, and in all our little villages and thriving towns. Every village church is as fine as a fiddle on Sundays, and what it wants in heads, it makes up in hats. The fashions of New York are adopted with as much facility in a country village, as the dress of a Parisian opera dancer is adopted in New York, and the same rules are followed in adapting them to the figure and person. If for instance, a belle is about six feet high, she is content with a hat six feet in circumference, with the contents of one milliner's shop on it, by way of ornament. But if she is but four feet one, it is agreeable to the fashionable rules of proportion to make up in hat, for the deficiency in height. She must have a hat twice as large as the lady of six feet, and two milliners' shops at least to ornament its vast expanse. This is according to the law of nature, which bestows the largest tops on the lowest trees, and gives to the cabbage a head bigger than that of a sun flower. Some egregious cynics will have it that a lady ought to wear a hat, somewhat in reference to the size of the town she inhabits, and never one larger than the town itself, as we are informed has been the case in two or three instances. It is observed that the toad stool—the only thing in nature whose proportions resemble a fashionable woman of the present dynasty—never spreads its umbrella beyond the stump which it proceeds from, and that this rule should govern a lady's bonnet. But it is difficult to persuade the sex to adopt the old fashioned notions about taste and proportion, which have been entirely superseded by the march of mind and the progress of public improvement. And so much the better. A woman who never changes even from bad to worse, is no better than a rusty weathercock, which never shows which way the wind blows. Nevertheless people, and particularly women and bantams, ought never to hold their heads too high, as the following pregnant example showeth.

One day a little bantam cock, with a high top knot, who was exceedingly vain because he had so many feathers to his legs, that he could hardly walk, seeing a goose duck her head in passing under a bar at least six feet high, thus accosted her: "Why thou miserable, bare legged caitiff! thou shovel nosed, web footed, pigeon toed scavenger of the highways! thou fool of three elements! not content with ignominiously crawling under a fence, thou must even nod thy empty pate, by way of confessing thy inferiority. Behold how we bantams do these things!" So saying, with a great deal of puffing and fluttering, with the help of his bill, he managed to gain the top of the fence, where he clapt his wings, and was just on the point of crowing in triumph, when a great hawk, that was sailing over his head, pounced down on him, and seizing him by the top knot, carried him off without ceremony. The goose, cocking her eye, and taking a side view of the affair, significantly shook her feathers, and the next time she passed under a bar, bowed her head lower than ever.

The march of mind, and the progress of public improvement, in the country towns and villages, appears moreover in the great progress made in good eating, and other elegant luxuries. The great republican patent of nobility, dyspepsy, is almost as common in these, as in New York, where our valet, a gentleman of colour, is grievously afflicted with it, and has taken to white mustard seed. We have eaten such dinners among the burghers of Troy, as would have made old Homer's mouth water, could he have seen them. They actually emulated those of a first rate broker, who does not owe above twice as much as he ever expects to pay, and can therefore afford to be liberal. This giving of good dinners, at the expense of other people, is a capital expedient in economy, particularly deserving of imitation. What can be more delightful, than to see our companions enjoying themselves with the most glorious of all sublunary delights, at the expense of any body that will lend us money; thus making friends, and gaining immortal glory as a generous, liberal fellow, without a penny of one's own in pocket! People are always so grateful too for good dinners, insomuch that we have known a "d—d liberal, open hearted fellow," as he was called, who had ruined three or four of his acquaintances, by giving good dinners, at their cost, that was actually invited afterwards, three times, to take pot luck with some of his stall fed friends, who had grown fat upon him. We remember being at one of this liberal fellow's dinners, when the following toast was drunk with great applause, while he was called out by an impertinent creditor: "Long live our hospitable entertainer—if he dont outlive his money." On the subject of these village feasts and sylvan luxuries, see Spafford's Gazetteer, for many honest and excellent remarks. As a fellow labourer in enlightening travellers, we heartily and seriously recommend his work to the public patronage. Let it not be understood, that we singled out Troy as particularly

distinguished in these elegant extravagancies. But if it were, the inhabitants deserve no credit above their neighbours, seeing there are two or three banks in the town; and what would be the use of banks, if people did not spend their money faster than they earn it?

It will hardly be worth the traveller's while to visit Troy, except to partake of these good dinners; for after reading our book, he will know more about it than he could learn in ten visits, and being now so near the focus of all worldly delights, the springs, every moment becomes precious. Let him therefore keep on the west side of the river, crossing the Mohawk just below the Cohoes Falls, of which he will have a fine view from the bridge. Here he may stop fifteen minutes to look at the locks which connect the great canal with the Hudson, as a flight of steps connects the upper and lower stories of a house. "Without doubt," observes our old fashioned friend, Alderman Janson, whom we quote as the great apostle of antediluvian notions, "without doubt canals and locks are good things in moderation; but some how or other, I think I have a prejudice in favour of rivers, where they are to be had, and where they are not, people may as well make up their minds to do without them. In sober truth, it is my firm opinion, and I dont care whether any body agrees with me or not, that the great operation of a canal is, merely to concentrate on its line, and within its immediate influence, that wealth, population, and business, which, if let alone, would diffuse themselves naturally, equally, and beneficially through every vein and artery of the country. The benefits of a canal are confined to a certain distance, while all beyond is actually injured, although all pay their proportion of the expenses of its construction."

"I was once," continues the alderman, "a little mad myself in the canal way, like most people, and actually made a pilgrimage in a canal boat all the way to Buffalo. I found every body along the sides of the canal delighted with the vast public benefits of these contrivances; they could sell the product of their lands, and the lands themselves for twice or thrice as much as formerly. I rubbed my hands with great satisfaction, and was more in love with canals than ever. Returning, I diverged from the line of the canal, into some of the more remote counties, and found all the people scratching their heads. `What is the matter, good people all, of every sort, what can you want now the great canal is finished? ' `The d—l take the great canal,' cried all with one voice: `every body is mad to go and settle on the canal.' `To be sure they are, my good friends and fellow citizens, and that is the beauty of a canal; it raises the price of land within a certain distance to double what it was before.' `Yes, and it lowers the price of land not within a certain distance in an equal if not greater proportion; it is robbing Peter to pay Paul. Nobody thinks of coming here to settle now—they are all for the canal.' O ho, thought I, then a canal has two sides, as well as two ends."

The alderman then goes on to speculate on the difficulty of increasing the actual quantity of good in this world, maintaining that what is gained in one place is lost in another; that public improvements, are for the most part, private speculations, and that the accumulation of wealth in a particular tract of country, or in the hands of a small portion of a community, is always at the expense of the larger portions of each, and renders the one bloated, the other impotent, which position he illustrates by the following fable.

"A long time ago, when men were not much wiser than pigs are now a days, the head became exceedingly dissatisfied at seeing the blood circulating freely through all parts of the body, even to the tips of the fingers, and ends of the toes, without discrimination, and prayed to Jupiter to remedy this democratic, levelling economy of nature. The gods always grant foolish prayers, and accordingly Jupiter decreed that the blood should no longer circulate to the extremities, but confine itself to certain favoured parts, such as the head, the heart, the liver, and the lungs, which in a little time became so overcharged and unwieldy, that they could hardly perform their ordinary functions. The head grew giddy, the heart palpitated with oppressive struggles, the liver expanded into bloated inactivity, and the lungs puffed like a pair of bellows. Meanwhile, the extremities being deprived of the principle of life, thus withdrawn to pamper the other parts, gradually shrivelled up, and lost their elasticity, insomuch that the hands could no longer perform their functions, or the legs support the overgrown head above them. `O Jupiter!' cried the head, `restore the circulation of the blood to its former channels, and let nature again have her way.' `Fool,' replied Jupiter, laughing, `dost thou think it as easy to restore as to disturb the order of nature. Hadst thou let her alone, each limb and organ of the frame to which thou belongest, would have equally partaken of the principle of life, and all would have grown with a happy, harmonious proportion, into healthful, slow and vigorous manhood. Now it is too late. Even the gods cannot remedy the consequences of folly, however they may remove its causes. Thou hast grown prematurely, and it is ordained that such never live long. The mushroom of a night, is the ruin of a day.' A rush of blood to the brain, brought on apoplexy, and the decree of the

gods was fulfilled."

The ride along the glorious Hudson, from the Mohawk to where the road turns westward to the springs, presents a perpetual succession of enchanting scenery. But by this time the inquisitive traveller is doubtless full of anticipations of the delights of these Castalian fountains, where a thousand nymphs more beautiful, or at least better dressed, than ever haunted enchanted stream, or chrystal fount of yore, quaff the inspiring beverage, till—till one is astonished what becomes of it! We will therefore delay him no longer. Perish the beauties of nature! What are they all when compared with those exquisite combinations of art and nature, which puzzle the understanding to decide which had the most to do in their production, the milliner or the goddess.

BALLSTON.

The first view of Ballston, generally has the same effect upon visiters, that matrimony is said to have upon young lovers. It is very extraordinary, but the first impression derived from the opening scene—we mean of Ballston—is that it is the ugliest, most uninviting spot in the universe. But this impression soon wears away, as he daily associates with beautiful damsels, the lustre of whose unfading, and ineffable charms, as it were, diffuses itself over the whole face of nature, converting the muddy swamp into a green meadow, the muddy brook into a chrystal stream meandering musically along, the sand hills into swelling, full bosomed protuberances of nature, and Sans Souci, into the palace of the fairy Feliciana, where, as every body knows, people were so happy they did not know what to do with themselves. We defy any man to be surrounded by beautiful women, even though it were in utter darkness, without having his imagination exclusively saturated with ideas of beauty, let the surrounding objects be what they may. For as the poet has it— "The eye of beauty, like the glorious sun, Casts a reflected lustre all around, Making deformity itself partake In its wide glowing splendours."

The localities of Ballston and Saratoga, are ennobled and illustrated, by this singular influence of beauty; otherwise, it must be confessed, if they depended only on their own intrinsic capabilities they would be no way extraordinary. Yet, to do them justice, they are not altogether desperate as to pretensions. If the marshes were only green meadows, dotted with stately elms; the sand hills richly cultivated with fields of golden wheat, and stately corn, waving its green ribbons to the breeze; the muddy brook a pastoral, purling river; the pine trees stately forests of oak and hickory, and their stumps were a little more picturesque, neither Ballston or Saratoga, need be ashamed to show themselves any day in the week, not excepting Sunday. As it is, candour itself must admit, that their beauties are altogether reflected from the ladies' eyes.

Being now arrived at the head quarters, the very focus and hot bed of elegance, fashion, and refinement, it becomes us to be more particular in our directions to the inexperienced traveller, who peradventure hath never sojourned at a watering place. For this purpose we have with great pains, and at the expense of a vast deal of actual observation, collected, digested, and codified a system of rules and regulations, derived from the best sources, and sanctioned by the example of people of the very first tournure, as well as the most finished education: to wit, brokers of eminence, retired bankrupts living upon their means, aspiring apprentices, and dandies of the first pretensions. For the purpose of being more succinct, clear, and explicit, we have divided our code into chapters, comprizing a complete set of precepts for the government of every class of persons, beginning, however, with a few general rules and standing directions of universal application.

Part

CHAPTER I.

The first requisite on arriving at either Ballston or Saratoga, is to procure lodgings. In the choice of a house, the traveller will do well to consult the newspapers, to see if the landlord has a proper conception of the art of puffing himself, without which, we affirm without fear of contradiction, no man has any legitimate claim to fashionable notoriety. A fellow who has not interest to raise a puff, must be something more than a swindler or a murderer. We are aware that certain wiseacres, with less money than even wit, and less knowledge of the world than a bookworm, have been pleased on divers occasions to ridicule this system of puffs and recommendations, as exclusively appertaining to quackery in medicine. But let us tell them to their teeth, that a system applicable to quack doctors, has been found by actual experience, to answer just as well for quack lawyers, quack parsons, quack politicians, quack philosophers, quack poets, quack novelists, quack publicans, and quacks of all sorts, sizes, dimensions, qualities, appurtenances, and pretensions. "Let them laugh that win," said the renowned Pedagogus who once compiled a book in which he made the unparalleled and gigantic improvement of spelling words as they are pronounced, instead of pronouncing them as they are spelled. He got all the schoolmasters—we beg pardon—principals of gymnasia, polytechnic, philotechnic, chirographic, and adelphic academies, to recommend his book, by selling it at a great discount. Honest Thomas Dilworth forthwith hid his powdered head, especially when in addition to this, upwards of three hundred great politicians, who were ex−officio, scholars and philosophers, recommended the book as a most valuable work, distinctly marking the progress of mind, and the astonishing strides of the gigantic spirit of the age. All the rational people then living, of whom however there were not above a hundred millions, laughed most consumedly at the sage Pedagogus and his certificates; but he only replied, "Let them laugh that win." The sage Pedagogus in the course of twenty years, sold upwards of six million copies of his book, and made his fortune. Which was the wiser, the sage Pedagogus or the people that laughed at him?

Therefore it is we say again, and again, repeating it three thousand times to all who will listen, go to the house that has the greatest number of puffs to its back, although it may, and doubtless does sometimes happen that they are indited by some honest man of the quill, who has settled his bill by bartering his praise for the landlord's pudding.

CHAPTER II. OF DRINKING THE WATERS.

There is no doubt in the opinions of those who have observed the vast progress of the human mind, since the discovery of the new planet Herschell, and the invention of self−sharpening pencils, that the ancients laboured under the disease of a constipated understanding. Else they could never have differed as they did about the *summum bonum*, or great good, holding at least three hundred different opinions, some of which were inexpressibly absurd; as for instance, that which pointed out the practice of virtue as the only foundation of happiness. But ever since the discovery of the new planet, and the self−sharpening pencil, and above all, the invention of the chess playing automaton, all rational animals, from the philosopher to the learned pig, unite in pronouncing a good appetite, with the wherewithal to satisfy it, to be the real, and only *summum bonum* , the fountain of all our knowledge, as well as the source of all substantial happiness. How is it that the said pig is taught the noble art of A, B, C, except through the medium of his appetite? and what impels the animal man to the exertion of his faculties, bodily and mental, but his appetite? Necessity, says the old proverb, is the mother of invention; and what is necessity, but hunger? The vital importance of a good appetite, cannot be better illustrated than by the following passage from the works of M. Huet, bishop of Avranches, the most learned man of his age, if not the most learned man of any age. "Whenever," says he, "I receive letters late in the evening, or very near the time of dining, I lay them by for another opportunity. Letters generally convey more bad news than good; so that, on reading them either at night or at noon, I am sure to spoil my *appetite*, or my repose."

It is doubtless in the pursuit of this *summum bonum*, a good appetite, and the means of satisfying it, that thousands of people flock to the springs, from all quarters. It is for this they exchange the delight of making money, for the honour of spending it; it is for this the matron quits the comforts of her domestic circle, to mingle in the crowd by day, and sleep at night, in a room six feet by nine, opening on a passage where the tread of human feet is never intermitted, from sunset to sunrise—from sunrise to sunset. It is for this the delicate and sensitive girl, musters her smiles, nurtures her roses, and fills her bandboxes. It is for this the snug citizen, who as he waxes rich, becomes poor in appetite, and weak of digestion, opens his long accumulating hoards, and exchanges the cherished maxims of saving, for those of spending his money. It is for this the beau reserves the last few hundreds that ought to go to the paying of his tailor, determined to enjoy the delights of eating, though the tailor starve, in spite of goose and cabbage. In short, it is for this, and this alone, his grace of York, of blessed memory, allowed to his cook, the thrice renowned and immortal Monsieur Ude, twelve hundred pounds sterling a year, of the money that ought otherwise to have gone to the paying of his creditors, to whom his grace bequeathed only the worst half of the *summum bonum*, a good appetite, with nothing to eat.

Next to a good appetite for dinner, a keen relish for breakfast, constitutes the happiness of our existence. In order to attain to this the first requisite is to rise early in the morning, and wait a couple of hours with as much impatience as possible, drinking a glass of Congress water about every ten minutes, and walking briskly between each, till the walk is inevitably increased to a trot, and the trot to a gallop, when the requisite preliminaries of a good appetite for breakfast are consummated. Philosophers and chymists have never yet fairly accounted for this singular propensity to running, produced by the waters, nor shall we attempt to solve the difficulty. It is sufficient for us that the great good is attained, in the acquisition of a good appetite for breakfast. And here we will stop a moment to notice a ridiculous calumny of certain people, who we suspect prefer brandy and water to all the pure waters of the springs: to wit, that it is the morning air and exercise that produces this propensity to running, and the keen appetite consequent upon it. The refutation of this absurd notion is found, in the fact that the waters of Ballston do not occasion people to run half as fast, and that consequently they dont eat half as much as they do at Saratoga. In truth, it is worth a man's while to go there only to see people eat, particularly the amatory philosophers, who maintain that some young ladies live upon air; others upon the odour of roses; and others upon the Waverley novels.

CHAPTER III. OF EATING.

It is not necessary to be very particular on this head, as the rules we have given in respect to the deportment of the elegant tourist, in steam boats, will sufficiently apply to the springs. We will merely observe that great vigilance and celerity is necessary, in both places, inasmuch as the viands have a habit of vanishing before one can say Jack Robinson. One special rule, which we cannot by any means omit mentioning, is, never to stop to lose time in considering what you shall eat, or to help your neighbours; if you do, you are a gone man.

We remember to have seen a spruce John Bull, who from his carrying a memorandum book, and making frequent notes, was no doubt a forger of books of travels, who, the first morning he attended breakfast at Congress Hall, afforded us infinite diversion. He had placed his affections most evidently on a jolly smoking steak, that to say the honest truth, was the object of our own secret devoirs, and stood leaning on the back of a chair, directly opposite, waiting for that bell which excels the music of the spheres, or of the veritable Signorina, in the ears of a true amateur. At the first tinkling of this delightful instrument, a nimble young fellow, from the purlieus of the Arcade, with a body no bigger than a wasp, slipped in between, took the chair, and transferred a large half of the steak to his own uses. The Signior John Bull looked awfully dignified, but said nothing, and departed in search of another steak, in a paroxysm of hunger. He had swallowed eight tumblers of Congress that morning. In the meanwhile he had lost the chance of getting any seat at all, until he was accommodated at a side table, where we detected him making several notes in his memorandum book, which, without doubt, bore hard upon the Yankees. It is astonishing how much the tone of a traveller's book depends upon the tone of his stomach. We once travelled in Italy with an English book maker by trade, who occasionally read portions of his lucubrations to us, and we always had occasion to notice this singular connexion of the brain and the stemach. If he got a good breakfast, he let the Italians off quite easy; if his dinner was satisfactory, he grumbled out a little praise; but if he got a good supper and bed, he would actually overflow in a downright eulogium. But wo to Italy if his breakfast was scanty— his dinner indifferent—his supper wanting—and his bed peopled with fleas. Ye powers! how he cut and slashed away! The country was naught—the men all thieves and beggars—the women no better than they should be—the morals good for nothing—the religion still worse—the monks a set of lazy dogs—and the pope was sure to be classed with his old playmate, the d—l! Of so much consequence is a good dinner to the reputation of nations. It behooves, therefore, all tavern keepers to bear in mind, that they have in trust the honour of their country, and that they be careful to stuff all travellers by profession, and all professors of the noble art of puffing, with the good things of their larders—to station a servant behind the back of each of their chairs, with special orders to be particularly attentive— and to give them the best beds in the house. So shall their country flourish in immortal books of travels and diurnals, and taverns multiply and prosper evermore. There is no place in the world where this rule of feeding people into good humour is more infallible than at the springs, where the appetite becomes so gloriously teasing and imperative, that it is credibly reported in the annals of the bon ton, that a delicate young lady did once eat up her beau, in a rural walk before breakfast. Certain it is, the unfortunate young gentleman was never heard of, and his bills at Congress Hall, and at the tailors, remain unpaid even unto this day.

The reader will please to have a little patience here, while we stop to take a pinch of snuff before we commence another chapter.

CHAPTER IV. OF FASHIONABLE TOURNURE, AND THE BEHAVIOUR BECOMING IN THE YOUNG LADIES AT THE SPRINGS.

1. Young ladies should never flirt very violently, except with married men, or those engaged to be married, because nobody will suspect they mean any harm in these cases, and besides, the pleasure will be enhanced by making their wives and mistresses tolerably unhappy. Pleasure, without giving pain to somebody, is not worth enjoying.

2. Young ladies should take special care of their *bishops*. The loss of a bishop is dangerous in other games besides chess.

3. Young ladies should take every occasion to indulge to excess in drinking—we mean the waters—because it is good for their complexions.

4. Young ladies should always sit down, whenever they are tired of dancing, whether other ladies in the set have had their turn or not; and they should never sit down till they are tired, under the vulgar idea of giving those a chance of dancing who have had none before. It is the very height of tournure to pay not the least attention to the feelings of other people—except indeed they are of the first fashion.

5. If a young lady dont like the people standing opposite to her in the dance, she ought to quit her place and seek another, taking care to give the said people such a look, as will explain her motive.

6. Young ladies should be careful to remember on all occasions, that according to the most fashionable decisions, it is the height of good breeding to be ill bred, and that what used to be called politeness, is considered by the best society as great a *bore* as the tunnel under the Thames.

7. Young ladies should never forget that blushing is a sign of guilt.

8. Young ladies, and indeed old ladies too, must always bear in mind, that fine feathers make fine birds; and that the more feathers they wear, the more they approximate to high ton. It is of no sort of consequence, according to the present mode, whether the dress is proper for the occasion or not. A walking dress ought to be as fine as one for an assembly, for the peacock spreads his tail equally on the top of a hen roost, as on the gate of a palace. The infallible rule for dressing is, to get as much finery, and as many colours, as possible, and put them all on at once. It looks like economy to wear only a few ornaments at a time, and of all things on the face of the earth, nothing is so low, vulgar, and bourgeois, as economy. No lady who utters the word, even in her sleep, can ever aspire to tournure. We knew an unfortunate damsel, who ruined herself for ever in good society, by being overhead to say, she could not afford to buy a Cashmere. She was unanimously left out of the circle thenceforth and forevermore.

9. In going into a ball or supper room where there is a great crowd, young ladies should not wait the motions of the married ones, but push forward as vigorously as possible in order to get a good place, and not mind a little squeezing—it makes them look rosy. Nothing on the face of the globe is so mortifying, as to be obliged to take up with an out of the way seat at a supper table, or the lower end of the room in a cotillion. We have known ladies go into a decline in consequence.

10. Young ladies should always say they are engaged, when asked to dance by a person they dont choose to dance with. It is a pious fraud justified by the emergency of the case.

11. In walking up and down the public drawing room, it is always fashionable to keep up a bold front. For this purpose it is advisable for five or six young ladies to link arm in arm, and sweep the whole room. If any body comes in the way, elbow them out without ceremony, and laugh as loud as possible to show it is all a joke.

12. Young ladies should be sure to laugh loud, and talk loud in public, especially when they say an ill natured thing about somebody within hearing, whom nobody knows. Such people have no business at the springs. Epsom salts is good enough for them. If they must have Congress water, let them go to Lynch & Clark's, and not bore good society.

13. Young ladies should dress as often, and in as great a variety as possible. Besides passing away the time, it sometimes achieves wonders. We have known an obstinate undecided, undetermined hesitating, vacillating, prevaricating beau, who had resisted all the colours of the rainbow, at last brought to the ground, by a philosophical, analytical, and antithetical disposition of pink, yellow, green, white, black, blue, fawn, Maria Louise, bronze, and brass coloured silks and ribbons, that proved irresistible. As some fish are only to be caught

by particular baits, at certain seasons, so some men are caught by particular colours. We ourselves could never resist a flesh coloured gauze, and silken hose of the same. Young ladies had much better study the nature of these affinities, instead of going to hear lectures on political economy, chymistry, and anatomical dissections. The only part of a man they have any concern with is the heart. Women are like bees—because—. We will give a ball and supper to the fortunate person, who shall solve this conundrum, Why are women like bees?

14. Next to dress, which is, or ought to be, the first object of a lady's care, is the management of the person, for which the following directions will be found highly useful. The first requisite to be graceful, is a total departure from nature. What is the use of being taught, if ladies do not exhibit the effects of teaching, the whole object of which is to counteract the natural vulgarity of nature? If nature gave them a grave or pensive disposition, they must try and counteract it by perpetual laughing. If she bestowed on them a playful, animated mind, the whole object of attention should be to appear sad, sorrowful, sentimental and sleepy. If she gave them a light, airy, elastic step, all they have to do is to creep softly along, with downcast look, and silent, solemn inactivity. If on the contrary, she vouchsafed them an outline like a dumpling, it is proper and indispensable to dance, bounce, skip and curvet, like an India rubber ball. In short, nature must be counteracted in some way or other, and there is an end of it. Without a little caprice, a little affectation, and a great deal of fashionable nonsense, a young lady is intolerable. Talk of nature, and sincerity, and singleness of heart! A natural woman is no more fit for use than a raw calf's head. She must be worked up with the spices of fashion, or a refined man who has travelled, will pronounce her entirely destitute of tournure.

15. The first requisite for a young lady, in walking, riding, sitting, lolling, or dancing, is that she should do it according to the fashion, whether it is set by an opera dancer, or a person of high ton, who wishes to disguise a deformity, and who does as she does, because she cant do any better. If the said opera dancer, from the mere force of habit, strides along, and lifts up her feet, half a yard high, the young ladies must do the same. If the aforesaid person of rank, walks with a wriggle, a jerk, a stoop, or a lean on one side, or fiddles along with the elbows and hips, without the aid of any other exertions; if she does all this, because from some physical incapacity she cannot do otherwise, still the young ladies, by the laws of fashion, must do the same, and creep, or wriggle, or jerk, or stoop, or walk crampsided, or fiddle along with elbows and hips, as the law directs. Whatever is fashionable is graceful, beautiful, proper and genteel, let the grumbling and vulgar mob, who affect to follow nature, say what they will. In short, it is now a well established axiom, that the whole tenour of a fashionable education ought to be to defeat the vulgar propensities implanted by nature. To direct, controul, or what is still more ridiculous, to facilitate the expansion of natural beauties, qualities, or propensities, is, to use a fashionable phrase just come out at Almack's, "All in my eye, and Betty Martin." It is only the poets who make such a rout about following nature, and the sincerity of their declarations may be tested by the antithesis of their precepts, and their example. Some one of these ranting, rhyming cavillers, who is ashamed of his name, sometime ago bored the English world with the following philippic against this imitative quality, which is the distinguishing characteristic of people of fashion, who on reading it, will no doubt smile at the vulgar indignation of this Parvenue. It is extracted with an alteration or two, to suit present purposes, from an obscure poem, not long since published in London, the name of which, if we remember right, was "May Fair." "The thinking mind, this miracle must strike, Scanning the moderns, that they're all alike: True character is merged, for every soul, Runs the same gauntlet, gains the selfsame goal. In the world's jostle is the die worn out, As from the coins we carry long about. They're all the same without, the same within, Alike in dullness, and alike in sin; All in one way they sit, ride, walk or stand, Speak with one voice, nay, learn to write one hand. Drest to the mode, our very nurseries show, The baby lady, and the infant beau: In rival lustre, maid and mistress meet, And elbow one another in the street. As much like nature are the things we see, As you clipt, dusty pole is like a tree, Green, waving, glorious, beautiful and free."

Did ever mortal read such low stuff! It is almost as vulgar and old fashioned as Juvenal. But this is not the worst. Hear the villain! "Our women too, no varied medium keep, Like storms they riot, or like ditches sleep. Pale, cold, and languid, wrapt in sullen state, Or flush'd, warm, eager, full of learned prate, Blue bottle flies, they buzz about and shine, Cramming ten learned words in one long line. These haunt the galleries of the learn'd antique, (Who cares for naked figures—they're but Greek!) And knowing man's no longer to be found, Except in monkey shape, above the ground, Tend anatomic lectures, there to see Not what he is, but what he ought to be; Display their forms in the gymnastic class, And get ethereally drunk with gas."

We have given these extracts to show our fashionable readers—and we despise all others—what human nature

in the form of a poet is capable of, as well as to laugh at his presumption in finding fault with what constitutes the charm of fashion—its uniformity. By its magic influence on dress and demeanour, it reduces grace and deformity, beauty and ugliness, youth and age, activity and decrepitude, talent and stupidity, to a perfect level. All are alike—all look alike, act alike, talk alike, feel alike, think alike, and constitute as it were one universal identity. "Can any mortal mixture of earth's mould" compare with a fashionable lady of the winter of 1828, except her fashionable cook or chambermaid? Were not the latter, like Achilles, a little vulnerable about the heel and ancle, this beautiful symmetry of the whole sex would be complete. But perfection is not to be looked for in this world—not even in the world of fashion.

Next to the arts of dress and behaviour, the most important thing to be studied, is the system of graduating the thermometer of attention to the claims of the beaux. This is a matter of no small difficulty, and requires great *tact*, as the reviewers say. The following general rules will be found useful, but long experience, or frequent parental admonition, can alone perfect this indispensable accomplishment.

First. Always proportion your attentions to the claims of the gentleman who aspire to them. These claims are of great variety. One man may claim consideration from the tying of his neckcloth—another from the cut of his coat—another from his accomplishments, such as fiddling, dancing, talking English French, or French English, or writing sleepy verses. Others come forward with the appendage of a gig and tandem, or a curricle—others with that of a full purse, or great expectations—and others preposterously expect consideration from the qualities of their heads and hearts. These last deserve no mercy. The following list is carefully graduated according to the latest discoveries in the great science of bon ton.

Number one of the class of beaux, entitled to the first consideration, consists of the thrice blessed who are accommodated with full purses. These constitute the first born of Egypt; they are the favourite offspring of fortune, and carry with them a substitute for wit, valour, and virtue in their pockets. They are entitled to the first fruits of every prudent, well educated young lady. Yet it is not actually incumbent on a young lady to fall in love with them at first sight. If the fortunate gentleman is worth fifty thousand, he is only entitled to a gentle preference, a look and a smile occasionally. If he is the *meritorious* possessor of a hundred thousand, the preference must be demonstrated by double the number of looks and smiles. Two hundred thousand merit a downright penchant; three hundred thousand justifies the lady in being very unhappy; and half a million secures her pardon if she dies for love. N. B. If it comes to this extremity, the mother is justified in charging the half a million with practising upon the young lady's affections, and insisting on his marrying her.

Secondly. The next class of pretenders are, the gentlemen who gain young ladies as the champions at the Olympic games gained their triumphs, by virtue of their horses. A single horse goes for little or nothing; a gig and mounted servant is something, and the owner somebody; a tandem and servant makes a distingué; and the fortunate proprietor of a phaeton and four may fairly enter the list with any man, except the half a million, or the second cousin of an English lord.

Thirdly. There is a class of beaux, who justly claim considerable consideration on the score of their costume. Dress being that which above all things distinguishes the man from the brute, it follows of course that the best dressed man is the first man in the creation. Accordingly, the more accurate modern philosophers have reversed the definition of man given by Plato, to wit: "A two legged animal without feathers"— and substituted one much more applicable to his present state. They define him as, "An animal without legs, but with abundance of pantaloons— stitched, pressed, corsetted—composition—regent's cloth—maker—Scofield, Phelps, & Howard." Well dressed young men are therefore entitled to great consideration, and if not of the first rank, assuredly claim to come in immediately after the cavaliers and their horses, provided always they can show a receipt from the tailor.

Fourthly. Prize poets, players on the piano, anniversary orators, and all that sort of thing, belong to the class of minor distingués, and are entitled to the notice of a fashionable young lady; for all fashionable young ladies ought to wear at least one blue stocking. They will answer, however, only for beaux in public and en passant, unless they possess the *sine qua non* of a husband. Never fall in love with them as you value a coach, a Cashmere shawl, a soiree, or a three story house, with folding doors and marble mantel pieces, If indeed the poet could build four story fire proof brick stores, or brokers' offices in Wall Street, as easily as he does castles in the air, or the chymist transmute lead into gold—or the piano hero erect walls by the magic of fingers, like Orpheus—or the anniversary orator coin bank notes as he does words— then indeed they might be worthy the homage of the ladies' eyes and

hearts;—but as it is, they will do well enough to swell her train.

Fifthly. But really it is hardly worth while to notice such a miserable, obscure set of beings, who seem born for nothing else but to be useful. We mean the men who claim the attention of young ladies, on the score of merit, and an amiable disposition; who are not worth a plum—who drive no horses—derive their being from no tailors—and who can neither write prize poetry, turn lead into gold, fiddle sonatos, nor spout anniversaries. We should like to know what such people were made for. Fortunately, however, there are now but few such nonentities; for it is not the fault of dictionaries, catechisms, and compendiums, if every man, woman, and child cannot know or do something to make them distingué. If they can do nothing else, they can write poetry, that shall be excellent rhyme, however it may lack reason. Of the few nonentities, of whom the best that can be said of them is, that they aspire to be respectable—a word not to be found in the catalogue of the distingué—still fewer are to be met at the springs, where neither the air or waters agree with them. They will much more likely be found attending to their paltry business, storing their minds with the lumber of antiquated knowledge, or enjoying the sleepy sodorifics of a domestic fire side—from which good Lord deliver us! If by any rare chance, one of these singular monsters should appear at the springs, and peradventure make a demonstration towards a young lady aspiring to tournure, we would advise her to laugh him to death at once. Such men form a sort of icy atmosphere about a woman, in which dandies die, and dandizettes feel irresistibly impelled into the vulgar ranks of nature and propriety.

CHAPTER V. ON THE BEHAVIOUR PROPER FOR MARRIED LADIES AT THE SPRINGS.

1. A well bred wife should never take her husband to the springs unless she is afraid to leave him behind. If he is a stupid, plodding blockhead, he had better stay at home to make money while his wife is spending it. But if on the contrary, he is a little gay, gallant and frisky, she had better bring him with her, that she may have him under her eye, and justify her own little flirtations by his example.

2. In case they come together to the springs, they should never be seen together while there, as it is considered indecent.

3. Married women should always single out old bachelors, whose whole business is to attend upon pretty women as moth fly about candles, not to light a flame, but to be consumed in one. Or in default of these, they should select young dandies, who lack a little fashionable impudence, if such can be found; or in the last resort, the husbands of other ladies, who devote all their attention, as in duty bound, to the wives of other men. A married woman detected walking arm in arm with her own lawfully begotten husband, might better commit a *faux pas* at once—her reputation is irretrievably gone.

4. Never take children with you to the springs. Leave them to the care of old nurse, at home, under the superintendence of Providence. They are perfect bores; and besides, even the most gallant Lothario, will hardly have a face to make love to a woman surrounded by her children.

5. Married ladies should never sit next their husbands at meals, as it might give rise to a suspicion that they could not get any body else to sit by them. Besides, the presence of a husband is sometimes a disagreeable restraint on the bachelor beaux, and spoils many a gallant speech.

6. Married ladies with grown up daughters, had better pass for their step mothers, if possible; but if this is not possible, they should take every opportunity to observe, that they were very young when they married.

7. Married ladies should forget they are married as much as possible. The idea of a husband coming across the mind is apt to occasion low spirits, and put an awkward restraint on the behaviour. It is said of the planters of Louisiana, that if you only mention the word *cocoa* in their hearing, they immediately grow melancholy, and lose their spirits. In like manner we have often seen the most vivacious gambols of a wife, checked and spoiled by merely pronouncing the name of her husband in a whisper.

8. Neither husband or wife ought to say an ill natured thing to each other in public, without prefacing it with my dear Mr. and my dear Mrs. In private it is no matter.

9. They should be particularly careful not to throw any thing at each other's heads at meal times; it is almost as bad as to be seen kissing in public. This accident however cannot occur, if due regard be paid to the first and second rules.

10. The first object of a married lady at the springs, is or ought to be, to be talked about. Whether it be for any thing commendable or praiseworthy, is a matter of not the least consequence. This *sine qua non*, may be attained in various ways. By eccentricity in behaviour or dress; by making a fool of herself, in attempting to pass for a young woman; or by drinking such enormous quantities of the water, that people perplex themselves to death in knowing what becomes of it all. The best and most infallible mode, however, of attaining to the greatest of all possible pleasures, that of notoriety, is to encourage the attentions of some gay coxcomb, till all the world begins to talk about nothing else. This is the true *eclat*, without which it is not worth while to take the trouble of breathing in this world.

11. Mothers should never take grown up daughters to the springs; it makes them look so old.

12. There is however one exception to the foregoing rule: namely, when they wish to settle a young lady in life. In that case, they ought to be careful of seven things, to wit,

To make them leave their hearts at home, lest they should give them away to young squires, who cant pay value received.

To make them leave their feminine timidity, miscalled modesty, at home; otherwise, they may not have the face to make what is called at Almack's, "a dead set" at the proper object.

To be sure to tell every body in the most solemn manner, not more than twenty times a day, how fond Miss

Angelina, or Miss Adeline is of retirement, and how backward in showing off her accomplishments in public.

To ascertain the weight of a young gentleman's purse, or at least that of his papa, before the young lady's heart is in danger. This is sometimes rather a difficult matter, as it is not uncommon now a days, for gentlemen to make a vast figure with other people's money. A copy of the will of the old gentleman is the best security for a matrimonial speculation. But even this is not infallible, for we ourselves once had a large landed estate left us, by an old bachelor who had feasted in our house for twenty years, which turned out to belong to another person.

Never to lose an opportunity while condescending to accept the arm of the selected Adonis, in a promenade around the drawing or dancing room, to repeat all the flattering things the young lady has not said in his praise. Where one man, aye, or one woman, is taken by the heart, a thousand are taken by this bait. We speak from long experience, having never yet been able to resist any woman who admired us, even though she might not have been handsome enough to make a song about.

If the mother of a young lady at the springs, has a hard character to deal with in her daughter, that is, one who cherishes certain pernicious and disobedient notions about loving, respecting, or most of all, obeying a husband, and prefers love to money, we know of no more infallible way of curing this romantic folly, than to point out to her notice, as many couple as fall under observation, as possible, who have made love matches. Ten to one but the contemplation of these will satisfy the young lady, that money wears better than love.

Lastly, to consider merit, talents, amiability, and an attractive person and manner, as dust in the balance, worse than a woollen stocking on a handsome leg, when put in comparison with money. Money not only makes the mare go, but sets the horses to the coach, and what is the climax of human bliss, secures the first choice from a consignment of cast off bonnets of a female opera dancer, to the happy lady who dont mind how much she pays for it.

CHAPTER VI. OF MARRIED MEN, AND THE BEHAVIOUR PROPER FOR THEM AT THE SPRINGS.

1. A married gentleman must never take an ugly wife to the springs, lest he should have to wait upon her himself; nor a handsome one, lest she should be too much waited on by others. But if, as we are informed is sometimes the case, the lady's health absolutely requires it, and there is no help, the laws of fashion peremptorily prescribe to the husband a total oblivion of his wife, in all public places, where she must be left to the exercise of her own powers of attraction upon other men, for obtaining the attentions necessary to her comfort and happiness. If she is handsome, she will be sure of these; if she is easy of access, and free from all vulgar airs of prudery, she will stand a fair chance of coming in for a due share; if she is neither one or the other, the Lord have mercy upon her—she must fain take up with some forlorn bachelor in his grand climacteric.

2. Married gentlemen would do well to keep their marriage secret as long as possible, were it not for the great advantage it gives them in flirting with the young ladies.

3. Married gentlemen should be particular in reserving all their good humour and spirits for public use. As to their private deportment, that is of no consequence, provided they have a discreet wife, who is content to be a little miserable, provided every body thinks her the happiest woman in the world.

4. Married men should never forget, that it is better to be blamed for neglect and unkindness to their wives, than to be quizzed for their attentions to them. It is better to rob a church, than to be laughed at by people of fashion. We have known several persons of great sensibility who actually died of it.

5. It has been asserted by certain cynics and blockheads, that old married men who live in the country, and who have young, gay and handsome wives, had better take them to Niagara, Montreal, Quebec, or—home, than to the springs. Ballston and Saratoga, say they, are great places for scandal, and it is not absolutely out of nature, for a lady to gain her health and lose her reputation, at one or other of these places. We hold these cautions in utter and prodigious contempt, maintaining in the very teeth of such heteroxy in fashion, that an elderly gentleman, with a young, gay, frisky, handsome wife, cannot do half so well as to take her every season to the springs. There she will be in her proper sphere—admired, followed, and caressed; and there, if there be any virtue in the waters, she will be in a good humour with her husband, if it be only to repay him for the admiration of other men. There, if any where in the world, he will enjoy domestic felicity, and taste of that peace which surpasseth the understanding of all vulgar husbands. He ought to go as early, and stay as long, as there is a sufficiency of admirers to keep his wife in good humour, for ten to one—and we confess it, such is the insufficiency of all sublunary means of happiness—that when they return to the quiet enjoyment of domestic bliss, in their solitary home, the recollection of past happiness may poison the enjoyment of the present, and smiles be turned to desperate frowns. For this, however, there is a sovereign remedy— a journey to town, and lodgings at a fashionable hotel.

6. If their wives cannot be happy at home, husbands are bound to find them amusement abroad, in like manner as they are bound to find them attendants, when they dont choose to act the part of cavalier serventé themselves.

7. As it is a received and inflexible law of the beau monde here, to imitate all foreign fashions, as a matter of course, we suggest to the fashionables who constitute good society, to mince matters no longer, and not stand shilly−shally, like a horse with his fore feet in the water, and his hind feet out. We would have them do exactly as the most elegant and fashionable models of Europe do—marry for money or rank; for as to love, that can be got any where. Secondly. To consider marriage not as tying them up, but letting them loose. Thirdly. To purchase their matrimonial freedom, by mutually conceding to each other the right of self government in all matters whatever, except the enormity of being out of fashion. It is utterly inconceivable by those who have not had the advantage of a European tour, and seeing people of the highest rank—in their carriages or at the theatres—it is utterly inconceivable how this mutual freedom conduces to the happiness of domestic life. But as example is said to be better than precept, we will record an instance that came under our observation, for the benefit of our fashionable readers, craving only leave to omit the real names.

Honorious and Honoria married for love: it was the fashion then—or it was the fashion for people to persuade themselves they did so. The husband was a first rate man of fashion; for he dined well, drove a handsome

carriage, gave parties, and lived in a three story house, with folding doors and marble mantel pieces; and the wife was indubitably a fashionable lady; for she had a fashionable milliner, a fashionable air, a fashionable coach, a fashionable acquaintance, could not exist without silver forks, and her family was of the first respectability—for it could show more bankrupts than any in town. According to the most approved fashion, Honorious gave punch, and Honoria saw company, in the first style, with eight grooms and groomesses of the first fashion; one of the former was a foreigner of great distinction—for he could play the piano divinely, and was third cousin to a principal tenant of an English prince of the blood—no, we mistake—to an English duke—the princes of the blood in England having no land to plague themselves with.

After seeing company, they moved into Broadway, or Hudson Square—it matters not—into a three story house, with folding doors and marble mantel pieces, and for a time were as happy as the day is long, for the whole town visited them, and admired the folding doors, the marble mantel pieces, the carpets, and the damask curtains of eight different colours. But alas! the chase of happiness is nothing but the little boy running after the rainbow, and falling into a ditch, unless people set out at first in the right path. The twenty−ninth evening after marriage, Honorious was detected in a yawn at the fireside—for Honoria had insisted, before marriage, that they should give up the world, and live to themselves in the pure enjoyment of quiet domestic bliss. A yawn *per se* is nothing; but with certain combinations and associations, it becomes extremely formidable. Honoria was unfortunately sufficiently awake to see it, and it went nigh to break her heart. But as she was too proud to show her real feelings, she only exclaimed a little sharply: "Lord, my dear—I wish you would leave off that practice of yawning, and showing off those great black teeth in the back part of your head." Honorious had well nigh jumped out of his skin at this speech, so wanting in tournure, and had some trouble to answer mildly, that "Really he was so stultified with want of exercise and variety, that he was grown quite stupid." "You had better say at once you are tired of my company," cried Honoria, bursting into tears. Honorious assured her that he was not tired of her company—that he never was tired of her company— that he never would be tired of her company—and— here he was stopt by another yawn, that was absolutely irresistible.

That night neither party slept a wink, for the last yawn was followed by a keen encounter of wits, that ended in what might be called a matrimonial segregation. However, people must be very bad tempered, if they can remain long on ill terms with their nearest connexions. A reconciliation soon took place, and Honorius, to prove that he never was, and never would be tired of his wife's company, staid at home all day, and all the evening, although his health suffered materially in the direful struggles to repress those violent impulses towards yawning which sometimes beset the animal man when he has nothing to say and nothing to think about. Too much fat puts out the candle, and too much of a good thing is good for nothing. Tedium is the mother of ill nature, and testiness the offspring of ennui. Honorius did not go out, and consequently brought home no news, no topics of every day chit−chat—no food for raillery, laughter, or ridicule, and thereupon it actually came to pass, that our young and faithful couple, actually sometimes came to want topics of conversation, and took to disputing and contradicting, merely to pass the time.

Peu a peu—by those imperceptible snails paces, which so often lead from passion to indifference, from indifference to dislike, from dislike to antipathy, the good Honorius, who was a well dispositioned man, and the amiable Honoria, who was really a reasonable woman, as times go, came at length, to quarrel once, twice, yea thrice a day; nay oftener, for being always at home, they were continually coming in contact, and when people have no other topics, they generally fall out with each other. It is indeed quite indispensable that we should have certain out door acquaintance to criticise, for the security of peace within doors. This is considered by some sensible people, as the principal use of intimate friends. In short, Honorius found fault with Honoria, and Honoria found fault with Honorius even when they were both as free from blame as their little infants. They fell out about the children—they fell out about the servants, the inside of the house and the outside of the house, the stars, the planets, the twelve signs, and the weather, which never suited both at a time. In short, they fell out about every thing, and they fell out about nothing.

At length, after a severe brush, Honorius in a fit of desperation, one day took his hat and actually sallied forth into the places where merchants most do congregate. There he heard the news of the day, the ups and downs of life, the whys and the wherefores, the fires and the murders, the marriages and the divorces, and all the little items of the every day drama of the busy world. He did not come home till dinner time, and Honoria received him with the like kindness, as if he were come off a long journey. They sat down to dinner, and she asked him the news. He

told her all he had heard, and the dinner passed off without a single quarrel, although we are obliged to confess Honoria once threw the gauntlet, by finding fault with his spilling the gravy on a clean damask table cloth.

In the evening, however, there was another desperate duet of yawning in andante, succeeded by a quick measure of altercation. Honorius took his hat once again, and went to the play, whence he did not return till past twelve; for what with horses, dogs, and devils, men made by nature's journeymen, spectacles, singing, dancing, tumbling, and the like, people now certainly get the worth of their money at the play, in quantity if not in quality. Poor Honoria was so alarmed at his long absence, that she thought he had drowned himself in a fit of desperation, and was so glad to see him that she forgot to ask him where he had been, till the next morning at breakfast. He told all about the horses, the dancers, the devils, the flying Dutchman, the flying Indians, the glums and the gawrs, and the machinery and the pasteboard, till she laughed herself almost to death, and accused him of having been at a puppet show. The breakfast went off charmingly, although Honorius broke a China tea cup belonging to a set that cost five hundred dollars, and Honoria put twice as much milk in his coffee as he liked.

By degrees this habit of going out increased upon Honorius to such a degree, that he at length got to the other extreme, and Honoria was often left day after day, evening after evening, in loneliness and solitude; for her children were yet too young for companions. She quarrelled a little with Honorius about it, who coolly answered, "My dear, why dont you go out too? nobody hinders you." "Where shall I go—we have completely got out of society by visiting nobody." "O give a rout; I warrant you'll have company enough, every body will be your acquaintance." It was decided; a rout was given and every body came. This of course entitled them to invitations from every body, and instead of spending every day and evening at home, they now spent every day and evening abroad. This again produced that desperate monotony, which whether of company or solitude, excitement or stupidity, is equally tedious and unsatisfactory in the end. They begun to dispute their way regularly to and from parties, and matters became worse than ever. Honorius was too polite to certain ladies whom Honoria particularly hated; and Honoria was too free with certain gentlemen Honorius particularly despised.

"Alas!" said Honorius one day to himself, "is there no peace to be found in this world!" And Honoria repeated the same exclamation to herself just at the same moment. A sudden ray of light broke in upon Honorius, as if in response to this pathetic appeal. If we cannot be happy together, is it not possible to be happy asunder? Honorius went out by himself the very next night, the night after, and the night after that. Honoria could hold out no longer, and reproached him bitterly. "My dear," answered Honorius, mildly, "why cant you go out by yourself too?" The carriage was ordered on the instant by Honoria, who went to one party, and Honorius went in a hack to another. They both passed such a delightful evening, that they repeated the experiment again, and again. Each succeeded better and better, and the arrangement has subsisted ever since. Honorius is out all day, and when he happens to be at home at night, Honoria is out at a party, or to the play. In the winter they are never seen together, except by accident, at a public place, when you would take them for perfect strangers. In the summer she goes to the springs, he to Long Branch; the children are left at home with the nurses, to preserve peace and quiet in the family abroad. Honoria never gets up to breakfast with Honorius, and Honorius never is at home to dine with Honoria. She is at a ball till two in the morning; he at the faro table all night. They never meet—they never quarrel. Honoria is the delight of fashionable gentlemen; Honorius of fashionable ladies, who all envy Honoria the possession of such an agreeable, witty, polite husband. In short, they have found the grand secret of preserving domestic peace and tranquillity at home—by never meeting there.

CHAPTER VII. OF THE EXQUISITES, AND THE WHOLE DUTY OF MAN AT THE SPRINGS.

Happy the man who is born with whiskers, for he will not be under the necessity of buying a goodly pair, without which it is impossible to live. As the May Fair poet we have quoted heretofore with reprobation, most insolently sings:— "All now wear beards, or buy the beards they wear; The human face divine is lost in hair. While thus the mind so well the body suits, How wise to steal the livery of brutes! You think a warrior shoves you from the wall; 'Tis a meek creature, whom we prentice call, Bewhisker'd like crusader, or grand Turk, In quick step marching homeward with his work, A pair of breeches, or a flannel gown, Looking the while as if he'd look you down— Pray dont be frighten'd, he'd not hurt a fly, His business in the world is but to lie."

Rule 1. Next to whiskers, dress is all important to the success of a young gentleman, at all places, especially at the springs. Not manners, but the tailor makes the man in the present improved state of the world, and nothing is more certain than that success in life mainly depends on the cut of the coat, the exuberance of the whiskers, and above all the tie of the cravat. We know several young fellows, who have carried off heiresses, solely by virtue of superior excellence in this last indispensable requisite.

2. Be sure you pay no attention to that musty old saw, about cutting your coat according to your cloth, except it be to reverse the ignoble maxim by cutting it directly the contrary. N. B. For the cut of your coat, and for the most approved attitudes, see the figures in the windows of the men mercers and man milliners in Broadway.

3. Never get any article of dress from a cheap tailor, for he will be sure to make you pay for it; whereas a real fashionable, expensive tailor, always charges his good customers in advance, to pay for his bad ones; for it would ruin him irretrievably, and frighten half his customers to the uttermost ends of the town, were he to be guilty of the ill manners of sueing one of them. He must never do this till he is about leaving off business.

4. Never stop to inquire whether you want a new coat, or whether you can pay for it. If the tailor trusts you, good—it is at his own risk, and if you dont pay him, somebody else must, after the manner hinted at in the preceding rule.

5. If you happen to see a wretch coming down the street, to whom you have been indebted three or four years, you have only to stop short, consider a moment, then turn suddenly around and trot off in a contrary direction. People will take it for granted you have forgot something.

6. Never pay any debts if you can help it, but debts of honour: such as tavern bills, and generally all bills for superfluities. By the law of nature, man has a claim on society for the necessaries of life, and therefore is not bound to pay for them.

7. Never be deterred from going to the springs by any sordid motives of economy. All that is necessary is to pay your way till you get there. Once there, you have only to play at cards, pocket your winnings and pay none of your losings, and it will go hard if you dont create a fund for indispensable necessaries. Failing in this, you have only to tell mine host, that you have been disappointed in remittances, and are going to Albany or New York to see about them. Never mind his blank looks, he wont dare to arrest you, for fear of losing one half of his lodgers, who would not fail to resent such an unfashionable procedure, not knowing how soon their turn might come, if such unheard of enormities were tolerated in fashionable society.

8. Never pay any attention to the ladies, and they will be sure to pay attention to you; that is, if you have plenty of whiskers, plenty of cravats, and know how to tie them; plenty of coats, a curricle or gig and tandem, and look grim. N. B. Heiresses are excepted; they expect to be sought after.

9. It is needless to caution you to avoid the desperate imprudence of falling in love with a lady who is poor in every thing except merit. Nobody commits such a folly now a days, especially since the vast improvement in taste, and the prodigious advances made by the spirit of the age. Formerly, in the days of outer darkness, "when Adam delv'd and Eve span," poor people might marry without coming upon the parish. But it would be the extreme climax of folly to do it now, when it is impossible to fit out a wife of the least pretensions for a walk in Broadway, under a sum, that in those miserable days of delving and spinning, would have purchased independence for life. Since the age of paper money, brokering, speculating, and breaking, and ever since the great encouragement of "domestic industry," women of decency, never spin any thing but "street yarn," a

fashionable article, which has all the fashionable requisites to recommend it, being entirely useless. What would be the fate of an unfortunate youth, who is without a penny, and without the means or arts to gain one, who should marry a fashionable young lady, who possesses but one single art, that of spending thousands? How would he get a three story house with folding doors and marble mantel pieces? how would he obtain the means of purchasing hats at fifty dollars—pelisses at a hundred—veils at twice as much—and shawls at ten times? How would he be able to keep a carriage, give parties, and drink Bingham, or Nabob, or Billy Ludlow? Without these things what man or woman in their senses will marry? And then the children! How are they to be furnished with artificial curls, and necklaces, and bracelets, and ear−rings, and pink hats of immeasurable size, and pelisses, and silken hose, and ruffles, and laces, and made to look like Lilliputian ladies? How are they to be taught the art of arts, the art worth all the arts, the indispensable art of spending money, unless there is money to spend? We know of but one way, and that is by running in debt, and getting white washed. This cant be done above eight or ten times, without people beginning to grow shy of trusting you for any sum that will make it worth while to go into the limits. It is however hoped that the wishes of the philanthropists will soon be realized, by the passage of a law to do away with this inhuman necessity, and that the time is not far distant when the march of mind and the spirit of the age, will lead to the consummation of all things, when people may indulge in all the luxuries of life without money, and run in debt without the disagreeable alternative of paying, or going into retirement. Then every body will be rich— then every body can live in a three story house with folding doors and marble mantel pieces, give parties, live luxuriously, get the dyspepsia as well as messieurs the brokers, run in debt without the necessity of running away, get married, be happy, and dress their little girls for a walk in Broadway as fine as a fiddle! Until then, however, we repeat our caution not to marry any body that labours even under the suspicion of being poor, the worst of all possible suspicions for a young lady; it is enough to ruin her reputation past all recovery. Until then, the young gentlemen must be content with looking all the horrors of bachelorism in the face; and the young ladies riot in the anticipations of single blessedness, which melancholy as it may be, is better than living in a house without folding doors and marble mantel pieces, and giving no balls. While the old gentleman lives, he must work, and shave, and speculate, and turn his pennies ten times a day, to keep the young ladies in the costume becoming the march of mind and the spirit of the age; and when he fails, or dies, they must trust to providence and the orphan societies. There is but one remedy for all this, but it is ten times worse than the disease—economy. As it is, bachelors will multiply prodigiously, marrying for love will go out of fashion, and there will not be a sufficiency of apes in all Africa, to supply the place of the dandies of this life, in the life to come.

10. After singling out the lady who possesses the *sine qua non* —to wit, not less than a hundred thousand, it behooves the young gentleman to be particularly attentive to the—mother—if the young lady unfortunately has one at the springs. Daughters are all so dutiful, that they never reject the recommendation of their parents in cases of this kind, especially if they threaten to disinherit them. He must be always on the alert; dip her water, offer his arm, sit next her at table, run down all the rest of the married ladies, praise the daughter for looking so like the mother, perfume his whiskers, and take every opportunity of looking at the young lady tenderly, playing with his watch chain, if he has one, or in default, fiddling with his cravat, at the same time; there is nothing like suiting the action to the look. He must be pensive, abstracted, and distracted; affect solitude, and drink enormously—we mean of the waters. He must wander in the woods, lose his appetite in public and make it up in private, bite his thumbs, chew his lips, knit his eye brows, and grow as pale as he possibly can. Should all this fail, if he can afford it, he must give a ball, or a collation, or a party on the lake, and upset the boat, on purpose to have an opportunity of saving the lady's life. But if even all these fail, he must resort to the desperate expedient of the hero who gave name to the famous rock, of eternal memory, near Ballston, known, and ever to be known, by the appellation of the Lover's Rock. The story is as follows, on the best possible authority.

A young gentleman of good family, who could look back at least two generations without tracing his pedigree to a cobbler, or a shaver—we dont mean a barber— but whose fortune was in an inverse ratio to his birth, having the good luck to raise the wind by a timely hit, visited the springs in a gig and tandem. He had received the best education the country could afford; that is, he had learned enough Greek, and Latin, and natural philosophy, and mathematics, to forget it all in a year after leaving college. He had learned a profession which he did not practise, and he practised many things which he did not learn from his profession. He had a vast many wants without the means of supplying them, and professed as lofty a contempt for all useful occupations, as if he had been rich enough to pass for a fool. He was always well dressed, well mounted, and well received on the score of these

recommendations, added to that of his ancient descent; for as we said before, he could trace back to a great grandfather, whom nobody knew any thing about, so nobody could deny his having been a gentleman. Nothing is so great a demonstration of ancient descent, as the utter obscurity of the origin of a family.

Be this as it may, our hero was excessively fond of style, good living, and gentlemanly indulgencies of all sorts; but his taste was cramped by the want of the one thing needful. 'Tis true, he got credit sometimes; but his genius was consequently rebuked by frequent dunnings of certain importunate people, who had the impudence to want their money sometimes. If it were not for this, living upon credit would be the happiest of all possible modes of life, except that of a beggar, which we consider surpassingly superlative. Beggars are the true gentlemen commoners of the earth; they form the only privileged order, the real aristocracy of the land—they pay no taxes—obey no laws—they toil not, neither do they spin—they eat when they are not hungry, and drink when they are not dry—they neither serve as jurymen, firemen, or militiamen—nor do they work on the highways—they have neither country to serve, or family to maintain—they are not obliged to wash their hands and faces, or comb their hair every morning—they fear nothing but the poor house—love nothing so well as lying, except drinking—and eat what they please in Lent:—In short, as the Old Song says: "Each city, each town, and every village, Affords us either an alms or pillage; And if the weather be cold and raw, Then in the barn we tumble in straw; If warm and fair, by yea−cock and nay−cock, The fields will afford us a hedge or a hay−cock—A hay−cock—a hay−cock—and hay−cock, &c." Truly it is a noble vocation; and nothing can afford a clearer proof of the march of mind and the improved spirit of the age, than the multiplication and daily increase of this wise commonwealth of beggars, who have the good sense to know the difference between living by the sweat of their own brows, and that of other people. Next to the wisdom of begging, is that of borrowing—or, as the cant phrase is, living upon *tick*.

The outward man of our hero was well to look at, especially as it was always clothed in the habiliments of fashion. He was tall, straight, stiff, and stately; his head resembled the classical model of a mopstick; and his whiskers would have delighted the good Lady Baussiere. The ladies approved of him; and if he had only been able to achieve a three story house in Hudson Square or Broadway, with mahogany folding doors and marble mantel pieces, together with certain accompaniments of mirrors, sofas, pier tables, carpets, &c. it was the general opinion, that he might have carried a first rate belle. But alas! without these, what is man? Our hero felt this at every step, and his spirit rose manfully against the injustice of the world. At one time, he had actually resolved to set down to his profession, and by persevering attention, amass a fortune that would supply the place of all the cardinal virtues. But alas! the seductions of Broadway, and the soirées, and the sweet pretty belles, with their big bonnets and bishops— there was no resisting them; and our hero abandoned his profession in despair. Finding he could not resist the allurements of pleasure, he resolved within himself to kill two birds with one stone as it were— that is, to join profit and pleasure—and while he was sporting the butterfly in Broadway, to have an eye to securing the main chance—a rich wife—at the same time.

In pursuance of this gallant resolution, he made demonstrations towards every real or reputed heiress that fell in his way. Every Jack has his Gill—if one wont, another will—what's one man's meat, is another man's poison—there is no accounting for tastes—and he who never gets tired will come to the end of his journey at last—quoth our hero, and continued to persevere in the midst of eternal disappointments. He might have succeeded in some instances, but for the eternal vigilance of the mamas, who justly thought, that having brought up their daughters to nothing but spending money, the least they could do was to provide them with rich husbands. Either the pursuit itself, or the frequent failures of our hero in running down his game, began to lower him in the estimation of the world—that is, the little world in which he flourished. Success only can sanctify any undertaking; and a successful highwayman, or prosperous rogue, is often more admired than an unlucky dog who has nothing but his blundering honesty to recommend him. Besides, there is, we know not for what reason, a prejudice against gentlemen who pursue fortune in the shape of a young lady of a hundred thousand—charms,—we mean dollars. Men labour their fortunes in various ways; some by handicraft trades— some by shaving beards, and some by shaving notes— some by long voyages by sea, and others by long perilous journeys by land. They spend the best part of their lives in these pursuits, and at last, when worn with care, hardships, and anxieties, they sit down in their old age, to nourish their infirmities and pamper their appetites with luxuries, that carry death in their train. Now we would ask, is it not better to carry fortune by a *coup de main*, and achieve an heiress off−hand, than to chase her all our lives, and only be in at our own death, instead of the death of our

game? The prejudice against fortune hunters, as they are called, is therefore unjust; and we advise all young fellows of spirit to hunt away bravely, rather than drudge through the desperate, long, lingering avenues of a profession.

Be this as it may, our hero began to be held rather cheap by the young ladies, who used to compare notes, and find out that he had made the same demonstrations towards some score or two of them. It is observed by deep philosophers, that the last thing a man or woman will pardon in others, is the fault of which they are most guilty themselves. All these pretty belle−butterflies had flirted with divers young men, and intended to do it again; but they were exceedingly indignant at our hero, and turned their backs—no, their bishops—to him on all public occasions. Some ignoble spirits would have turned, in grovelling despair, to a profession, and quit forever the pursuit of these fatal beauties. But our hero was not the man to despair. He mustered all his credit, and made a dead and successful set at his tailor, who furnished him with two full suits, the price of which he apportioned equally among his punctual customers, who, he justly thought, ought to pay something for being in good credit. He blew a desperate blast, and raised the wind for a gig and tandem, which he obtained by means which have puzzled us more than any phenomenon we ever witnessed in all our lives. He did all this, and he triumphantly departed for the springs, where the *quo ad hoc* hook catches many an inexperienced belle and beau, and where the pretty rice−fed damsels of the south do congregate, whose empire extends not only over the whole region of beauty, but likewise over divers plantations of cotton, and divers scores of gentlemen, both of colour and no colour.

The arrival of our hero at the springs occasioned quite a sensation. The young ladies inquired who he was, and their mammas what he was worth. The answer to this latter question was by no means satisfactory; although nothing absolutely certain could be gathered for some time, as to the precise state of his finances. Meanwhile he singled out a daughter of the sun, of whom fame reported that she was heiress to a great dismal swamp of rice, and plantations of cotton, and feudal lady over hundreds of serfs, who bowed to her sway with absolute devotion. Our hero baited the *quo ad hoc* hook, and angled for the fair lady of the rice swamp, with more than the patience of a professor of what Isaac Walton calls the "gentle craft." The young lady was quite unknowing in the ways of the *bon ton*. She had been bred up in the country, where she studied romance in books of religion, and religion in books of romance. She had never run the gauntlet through a phalanx of beaux, every one of whom gave her a wound; nor had she lost the sweetest inheritance of a woman—that willing, wilful credulity which almost loves to be deluded, and which had rather be deceived into a conviction of worth, than be obliged to believe it has been deceived. She was in truth deplorably unsophisticated in the ways of men and of the world. She did not even dream that money was actually necessary to supply our wants, much less did it enter into her innocent fancy, that it was utterly impossible to be married at present, without the indispensable requisites of mahogany folding doors and marble mantel pieces, silver forks, satin curtains, Brussels carpets, and all those things which constitute the happiness of this life. In short, she had no tournure at all, and was moreover a little blue, having somehow imbibed a notion, that no man was worth a lady's eye, unless he was distinguished by something of some sort or other—she hardly knew what. It never entered her head—and why should it? for this is the result of experience alone—it never entered her head, that good sense, a good heart, and a good disposition, were far more important ingredients in the composition of wedded bliss, than a pretty turn for poetry, or a decided vocation to the fine arts.

But her lady mother, under whose guardian wing our heroine now first expanded her pinions, was another sort of "animal," as the polite Johnnies say of a woman. She was perfectly aware of the ingredients necessary to the proper constitution of a rational wedding. None knew better than herself, that money only becomes the brighter for wearing, and that a vast many other things especially valued by inexperienced young ladies, not only lose their lustre and value, but actually wear out entirely in the course of time. Experience had taught her, that Cupid was only the divinity of youth, whereas honest Plutus never lost his attractions, but only fascinated his votaries the more strongly as they grew in age and wisdom. In short, she had a great contempt for merit, and a much greater veneration for money.

Acting under these opposite conclusions, it is little to be wondered at, if the old lady and the young one drew different ways. Our hero made daily progress with the daughter, and lost ground with the mother faster than he gained it with the other. The old lady watched him intensely, and always had something particular to say to her daughter, whenever he occupied her attention for a moment. She could not stir a step without the young lady, and grew so weak and infirm, that at length she could not walk across the room without the aid of her arm. Our hero

entered the lists in the art of mining and countermining, but he was no match for the old lady, who, though she had but two eyes, and those none of the brightest, saw all that Argus could have seen with his fifty. The opposition of currents is sure to raise the froth; and opposition in love hath the same effect on the imagination, which is Cupid's prime minister, if not Cupid himself.

In this way things went on; our hero was in the situation of a general with two frontiers to defend, and lost ground on one as fast as he gained it on the other. With the young lady he was better than well; with the old one, worse than bad. About this time, another pretender entered the lists against our hero, equally well dressed, equal in whiskers, equal in intrepidity, and equally in want of the sine qua non. A rival is sure to bring matters to a crisis, except in the case of a young lady who knows and properly estimates the exquisite delights of flirtation. The good mother saw pretty clearly, that this new pretender would infallibly, by the force of repulsion, drive her daughter to the opposite side—that is, into the arms of our hero. She therefore cut the matter short at once, and forbid the young lady to speak, walk, sit, ride, or exchange looks with our hero. The young lady obeyed in all except the last injunction; and, if the truth must be told, made up in looks for the absence of all the others. The old lady saw it would not do, and forthwith sending for our hero, peremptorily dismissed him, with the assurance that her daughter should never marry him—that if she did, she would never see or speak to her more, but hold her alien to her heart forever. She then quitted our hero with tears in her eyes, leaving him with his eyes wide open.

He took his hat and stick—paid his bill—no, I am wrong; he did not pay his bill—and casting a look at the window of his "ladyé love" that cracked six panes of glass, proceeded in a fit of desperation to the rock then without a name, but now immortalized as the Lovers' Rock. This rock frowns tremendously, as all rocks do, and hangs in lowering majesty over the stream of Kayaderosseros—a name in itself sufficient to indicate the presence of something extraordinary—if not actually terrible. On arriving at this gloomy, savage, wild, and dreary spot, our hero took out a pocket−glass and adjusted his whiskers to the nicety of a hair—he then deliberately drew forth his pen knife with a pearl handle and silver springs, and cleaned his nails. After this he pulled up his neckcloth five or six times, and shook his head manfully; then he took off his coat, folded it up carefully, laid it down, took it up, kissed it, and shed some bitter tears over this object of his dearest cares: then after a solemn and affecting pause, he tied a white pocket handkerchief about his head, cast his eyes upwards, clasped his hands, took one farewell look at himself in the pocket glass, then dashing it into a thousand pieces, he rushed furiously to the edge of the precipice, and turning a sommerset by mistake backwards, fell flat on his bishops, on the hard rock, where he lay motionless for sometime—doubtless as much surprised as was poor Gloster, when he threw himself as he supposed from Dover Cliff, to find that he was not dead. The truth is, our hero could hardly believe himself alive, until at length he recognized to his utter surprise and disappointment, that he had committed an egregious blunder in throwing himself down on the top, instead of the bottom of the rock.

He determined, in his own mind, to do the thing better next time, and was preparing to avoid a similar blunder, when through the dim, wicked, enticing obscurity of the pine grove, he thought he saw a sylph like figure, gliding—not walking—swiftly in the direction of the rock. He gazed again, and it assumed the port of a mortal woman. A little nearer, and it emerged from the glossy, silver foliage, in the form of the sovereign lady of his heart, the mistress of the rice swamps. She had seen him depart with murder in his eye, and desperation in his step; she had heard from her mother of his summary dismissal, and had no doubt he had gone to that rock, where erewhile they had looked unutterable things, to kill himself as dead as a stone. Taking advantage of the interregnum of a nap, she escaped the maternal guardianship, and followed him at a distance. She had seen his preparations for self immolation; she had seen the pathetic farewell between him and himself, the tying of the handkerchief, the pulling off of the coat, the wringing of the hands, the rush towards the edge of the rock; and she had seen him disappear, just as with a shriek, which he heard not, she had fallen insensible to the ground. When she came to herself, and recalled what she had seen, she determined to follow her murdered lover to the rock, and throw herself down after him, in the bitterness of her despair. But what can describe her delight, when on arriving at the fatal spot, she saw her true lover running towards her apparently as well as ever he was in his life! An explanation took place, which was followed by words of sweet consolaon the part of the lady.

"I swear," said she, "by the genius which inhabits this rock, by the nymphs which sport in this babbling brook, by the dryads and hamadryads that live in these hollow pines, that I will not obey my cruel mother. I will marry thee, and should my obdurate parent disinherit me, and send me forth to beggary, I will share it with thee. Let her disinherit me if she will; what is fortune—what is—"

"Dis—dis—disin—disinherit, did you say?" interrupted our hero, staring in wild astonishment.

"Yes, disinherit," replied the young lady, enthusiastically, "I will brave disinheritance, poverty, exile, want, neglect, contempt, remorse, despair, death, all for you, so you dont kill yourself again."

"Dis—dis—disin—disinherit," continued our hero, in a state of increasing distraction, "pov—, ex—, wa—, neg—, con—, re—, des—, death; why what is all this, angel of my immortal soul?"

"O dont take on so—dont take on so—my own dear heart: I swear again, and again, a hundred, aye, ten hundred thousand million times, that I dont care if my mother cuts me off with a shilling—"

"Cut—cut—off—shilling—why I thought—that is— I understood—that is, I was assured that—that—you had a fortune in your own right?"

"No, not a penny, thank heaven; I can now show you the extent of my love, by sacrificing fortune—every thing for you. I'll follow you in beggary through the world."

"I'll be — if you will," our hero was just going to say, but checked himself and cried out in accents of despair, "And you have no fortune of your own?"

"No, thank heaven!"

"No rice swamps?"

"No, thank heaven!"

"No cotton plantations?"

"No, thank heaven!"

"No uplands, nor lowlands, nor sea island, nor long staple, nor short staple?"

"No, thank heaven!"

"Nor crops of corn?"

"No, thank heaven!"

"Nor neg—I mean gentlemen of colour."

"Not one, thank heaven!"

"And you are entirely dependent on your mother?"

"Yes; and she has sworn to disinherit me if I marry you, thank heaven; you have now an opportunity of showing the disinterestedness of your affection."

Our hero started up in a phrenzy of despair—he rushed madly and impetuously to the edge of the precipice, and avoiding a similar mistake with that he had just committed, threw himself headlong down into the terrible torrent with the terrible name, and floated none knew whither, for his body was never found. The young lady was turned into stone—dont be alarmed, gentle reader— only for a few minutes, at the end of which she bethought herself of following her lover; then she bethought herself of considering the matter; and finally she fell into an inexplicable perplexity, as to what could have got into our hero, to drown himself in despair at the very moment she was promising to make him the happiest of men. She determined to live till she had solved this doubt, which by the way she never could do to the end of her life, and she died without being able to tell what it was that made her lover make away with himself at such an improper time. Be this as it may, the landlord and the man−mercer, like the "devil and the king," in the affair of Sir Balaam, divided the prize; one taking the gig, the other the tandem. From that time the place has gone by the name of the Lover's Rock, and not a true lover, or true hearted lady ever visits the springs without sojourning many an hour of sentimental luxury on the spot where our hero could not survive the anguish of even anticipating, that he should cause the lady of his heart to be disinherited for love of him.

CHAPTER VIII. OF THE BEHAVIOUR PROPER FOR ELDERLY SINGLE GENTLEMEN AT THE SPRINGS.

In days of yore, before the march of mind and the improvements in style and dress which distinguish the present happy age, old bachelors deserved no mercy unless they came under the class of disappointed lovers, or proved to the satisfaction of the world, "they would if they could." But now unless a man is born rich, he cant afford to marry till he grows rich, in doing which he is very apt to grow old. Hence the number of bachelors is sure to increase with the progress of refinement, which mainly consists in the invention or adoption of new modes of dress, new fashioned furniture, and new ways of spending money. Bachelors have, for these reasons, become of late sufficiently numerous to constitute a class by themselves, and to merit a code designed especially for their use and government. At the same time we premise, that all things considered, we are of opinion, that since it is indecent for a man of any pretensions to get married until he can afford to live in a three story house with mahogany folding doors and marble mantel pieces, he ought not to be classed with old bachelors, till it can be proved he has been five years rich enough for the deed, or till he is fully convicted of threescore, when he must give in, and take his place in the *corps*.

1. Bachelors, or more politely, single gentlemen of a certain age, ought never to marry any but very young, sprightly belles, of the first fashion and pretensions. The true foundation of mutual affection is in the attraction, not of affinity, but of contrast. This contrast is perfect, between a gentleman of fifty and a young lady of sixteen, and nothing can come of such a union, but mutual love, and perfect obedience on the part of the lady, who ten to one will look up to him as a father.

2. Single gentlemen of a certain age, who are rich enough to afford a curricle, together with a three story house with folding doors and marble mantel pieces, need not be under any apprehensions of being rejected by a young lady, brought up as she ought to be, with a proper insight into the respective value of men and things. But they should not be more than ten years making up their minds, remembering the fowler, who was so long taking aim that the bird flew away before he drew the trigger.

3. Single gentlemen of a certain age should never play a double part, or sport with the hearts of inexperienced young ladies.

4. Single gentlemen of a certain age, should beware of the widowers, who are always in a hurry. We have known a bachelor cut out by a brisk widower, before he knew where he was.

5. Single gentlemen of a certain age should never plead guilty to a single ache or pain, except growing pains. They should never remember any thing that happened more than ten years back. To recollect past times, is a melancholy proof of old age.

6. Single gentlemen of a certain age should never attempt a cotillion, or cut a caper, except they are sure of going through with it. If they are once laughed at in public it is all over with them. They had better be poor.

7. Single gentlemen of a certain age should beware how they "buck up" to widows, unless they have previously brought themselves, as Lady Macbeth—who was undoubtedly a widow when Macbeth married her—says, "to the sticking place," that is, to the resolution of committing matrimony at a moment's warning. Your widows, if they mean to marry again at all, never like to linger on the funeral pyre of a bachelor's indecision.

8. Single gentlemen of a certain age should never marry, except they have proof positive of the disinterested affection of the young lady. In order to ascertain this, it would be well to circulate a rumour of great losses, or actual bankruptcy, and put down the equipage. Any lady—we mean any young lady, of the real, fashionable tournure, that can stand this, must have a heart like a stone.

9. Single gentlemen of a certain age ought never to have more than two ladies in prospect at one time; one for each eye, else they may chance to lose both. The prevailing offence of bachelors, is that of ill bred pointers: you cannot bring them to a dead point, although they will be popping their noses every where.

10. Single gentlemen of a certain age, being always young, should never keep company with old people, for fear the old proverb, about birds of a feather, should be fired at their heads. They should now and then commit a gentlemanly excess, such as drinking six bottles at a sitting, or playing cards all night, though it might be expedient not to appear in public till the effects are gone off. An old field is not so easily renovated as a new one.

11. Single gentlemen of a certain age, who are well to do in the world, ought to make the first advances to the mothers of young ladies they are inspired with a desire to appropriate. The former know the value of money better than the latter, and a well bred daughter, will think it indelicate to pretend to know any difference between one man and another, except as respects his fortune. For, as the great poet says, "*worth* makes the man," that is, the money he is worth.

12. Single gentlemen of a certain age, which phrase we ought before this to have explained, as indicating gentlemen whose ages are altogether uncertain; such gentlemen ought never to deceive the young ladies in any thing but their age and their money. A desire to appear young, and to be thought rich, is so natural and amiable, that none but a cynic, would ascribe it to a bad motive.

13. Very old single gentlemen of a certain age should be careful how they marry in the month of January, for reasons which shall be nameless; or in February, for reasons which will readily present themselves; or in March, for reasons we do not think proper to specify; or in April, for reasons best known to ourselves; or in May, for reasons of the first magnitude; or in June, for reasons which cannot be obviated; or in July, for reasons which no one will venture to controvert; or in August, for reasons which every body will understand; or in September, for reasons which to be ignorant of would impeach the reader's understanding; or in October, for reasons highly appropriate; or in November, for reasons deep and profound; or in December, for reasons as plain as the nose on our face. There are, moreover, seven days of the week in which very old single gentlemen of a certain age ought not to think of being married. Monday, because that is washing day. Tuesday, or *Twosday* as it was originally written, because that is ominous, "man and wife will be *two*" before the end of the week. Wednesday, or Wedding−day, as is the true orthography, for that is generally the day of all others an old single gentleman of a certain age recollects with the least satisfaction. Thursday, or Thorsday, because it was christened after the Pagan deity, *Thor*, and marriage is a Christian ceremony. Friday, because it is hanging day, and he might be tempted to disgrace the anniversary of his wedding by turning himself off that day. Saturday, because that is too far from the middle of the week, and the maxim in dealing with the ladies is, *medio tutissimus ibis*. Nor, above all, on Sunday, for that is *dies non*, and no monied transactions, or purchases and sales, are lawful on that day. Any other day in the week it is perfectly safe for them to marry.

CHAPTER IX. OF MATRIMONY, AND THE BEST MODE OF INSURING HAPPINESS IN THE STATE, BY A DISCREET CHOICE OF A HELPMATE.

In the present improved system of society, when the young ladies wear spatterdashes, and the young gentlemen corsetts, money is absolutely essential to the patient endurance of the married state. The choice of a rich husband, or wife, supersedes, therefore, the necessity of all rules, as wealth secures to the successful adventurer all the happiness this world can give, so long as it lasts. But as every one is not so fortunate as to achieve a rich heir or heiress, the following hints may enable them to make a choice that will in some measure supply the absence of the aforesaid indispensable requisite.

1. Beauty is a principal ingredient of happiness in the married state, and it is scarcely ever observed that a handsome couple is otherwise than truly happy. If it is objected that beauty is but a fading flower, we answer, that when it is faded, all that the parties have to do, is to think each other beautiful. If such an effort of the imagination is beyond them, they must do the best they can, and admire each other for their good qualities.

2. Next in value to beauty, is the capacity of making a figure at all public places, by dressing well, dancing well, and making oneself agreeable to every body. Nobody, except such as have experienced it, can conceive the happiness of having one's wife, or husband, admired by all the world. As to how they conduct themselves in private, and in the domestic *tete a tete*, that is a matter of very little consequence, so long as they have sufficient discretion to keep their own secrets, and sufficient good breeding not to quarrel before the public.

3. As nothing is so outrageously vulgar, as the idea of not spending money, because people have not got it to spend, the next best gift to a rich or handsome wife, is a wife that knows how to spend a fortune. This is an infallible proof of high breeding, and great cleverness withal. Any fool can make a figure with money, but to make an equal figure without it, is an invaluable qualification in a wife.

4. Never marry any body you have ever heard or seen laughed at by people of fashion, unless he or she is rich, or who does not always follow the recent fashions in every thing. A bonnet or a coat out of fashion, infallibly degrades people from their station in society, whether they are young or old, and a person that leads the ton, is almost an equal prize with an heiress or a beauty.

5. Never marry a lady who appears unconscious of her beauty or accomplishments, except she is an heiress; for this presupposes a degree of blindness and stupidity truly deplorable. How can you expect a woman to see the good qualities of her husband, who is blind to her own?

6. Never marry a woman of prudence, good sense, good temper, and piety, excepting always she is rich; for if you happen to turn out an indifferent husband, all the world will blame you; whereas if she is as bad, or worse than yourself, you will have the best possible excuse.

7. Never marry a woman who is particularly retiring in her disposition and habits. This bespeaks shyness, and shyness indicates slyness, and slyness, hypocrisy. Your bold faced, harem−scarem women, who show all, and disguise nothing, are the best. There is no deception about them, and it is a proof that they have nothing to hide, when they hide nothing. Ladies that eat nothing in public, generally make it up in the pantry, and to quote a saying fashionable at Almack's, "The still sow, &c. &c."

8. Beware of that *monstrum horrendum*, a woman that affects to have a will of her own, before marriage, and to act up to certain old fashioned notions of propriety and decorum. One who refuses to make herself ridiculous, though it is the fashion; who will not waltz in public with a perfect stranger, though it is the fashion; who will not flirt with any body that comes in her way, though it is the fashion; and who absolutely refuses to act and look like a fool, though every body else sets her the example. Such a woman will trouble you exceedingly, and ten to one, never let you rest till you become as ridiculous as herself.

9. Beware also of a woman who had rather stay at home and read Paradise Lost, than walk up and down the Paradise of Broadway, in a high wind and a cloud of dust, holding her hat with one hand, and her cloak with the other. Such a woman decidedly prefers exercise of mind to exercise of limbs, and will never make a good waltzer.

10. Beware of blue stockings, for they are abroad.

11. Beware of bishops and hoop petticoats, for they are abroad.

12. Beware—we address ourselves particularly to the ladies—beware of all manner of men, that aspire to be

useful in their generation, except they be rich; beware of all men who look as if nature had any hand in their composition, except they be rich; beware of all that aspire to be better and wiser than their neighbours, except they be rich; beware of young lawyers, who think of nothing but estates and ladies—intail; beware of young physicians, whose knowledge of anatomy and craniology enables them to dive into all your secrets; beware of the young parsons in spectacles, who look through and through your hearts; beware of all manner of men who look at bills before paying them; beware of all sorts of handicraft men, except Monsieur Manuel, the barber, and Monsieur Simon, the cook; and, above all, beware of your stiff, starched fellows, that aspire to the *cardinal* virtues, for that smacks of *Popery*.

We had thoughts of following up these rules for entering the happy state of matrimony, with some general directions for preserving harmony after marriage. But upon the whole it is scarcely worth while. The great thing after all, is to be fairly and honestly married, and what happens afterwards is of minor consequence. If you have money you cannot be otherwise than happy. If you have beauty, fashion and good dancing, it is your own fault if you are not happy; and if you have none of these, you have no right to expect happiness. If you are only contented and comfortable, that is all you can hope for in this world, without riches, beauty, or fashion, and that is more than you deserve for marrying only a discreet, prudent, sensible, amiable, tolerable looking dowdy of a man or woman. We shall therefore conclude this portion of our undertaking, by cordially wishing all our fashionable readers, well, that is, richly married; a wish which includes all sublunary blessings.

CHAPTER X. OF THE BEST MODES OF KILLING THE GRAND ENEMY OF THE FASHIONABLE HUMAN RACE, WHO HAVE NOTHING TO DO IN THIS WORLD—BUT BE HAPPY.

Of all the various modes and inventions devised since the creation of the world, for passing the time, none can compare with EATING; and nothing appears wanting to human happiness, but the capacity of eating on without stopping, from the cradle to the grave. But alas! people cannot eat forever! and all they can do, after one meal, is to anticipate the delights of another. When we can eat no more, the best possible substitute is to think of eating. Such are the glorious effects of the waters at the springs, that they would constitute the best substitute for Nectar, or Bingham, or Nabob, to be found upon this earth, if the good things to be eaten were only in proportion to our appetite to eat them. But alas! truth obliges us to confess, this is not the case. No canvass backs, no oysters, no turtle, no Goose and Gridiron, no Drozé, no Pardessus, no Sykes, no Niblo, high priest and caterer of the gourmands of *Nova Eboracensis*, we would say of the gods themselves, were we not of opinion they knew little of the importance of the grand science, as appears by their omitting to ennoble one of their number, by installing him god of eating, and thus placing him above the great Bacchus himself. But on second thoughts, this might have arisen from the jealousy of Jove, who doubtless foresaw that such a deity would monopolize the incense of mankind, and leave his shrine without a votary.

Well, therefore, might the great philosopher lay it down as the grand secret of human happiness, that "we should live to eat, and not eat to live," since in this is contained the true secret of the summum bonum, which so puzzled all antiquity. Previous to those prodigious steps in the march of mind, which have ennobled the present age beyond all others that preceded, or that will succeed it, the gentler sex were unhappily precluded in some degree, from eating more than was absolutely necessary. Nay, some of the most approved models of heroines of romance, so far as we are without any authority from the authors of these works to the contary, never ate at all. It was considered indelicate to eat as if they cared any thing about it; and there is good authority for saying, that a great match was once broken off, in consequence of the lady being detected by her lover in eating raw oysters. But the world of late years, grows wiser, much faster than it grows older, and thanks be to the steam engines for it! The interdict against female eating is withdrawn, and it does one's heart good to see how they enjoy themselves at the springs, and at parties in town. They eat like so many beautiful little pigeons, till their beautiful little craws seem, as if they might peradventure, burst their corsetts; and foul befall those egregious innovators, who we hear are attempting to revive the fashion of giving soirées, without the accompaniments of oysters, porter, and champagne. May they be condemned to sponge cake and lemonade all their lives, and be "at home" to nobody, till they learn how to treat their friends.

One of the phenomena which has puzzled us more than almost any thing in this world, is that people who meet together solely for pleasure, should ever get tired of themselves or their company. But so it is; there is probably a greater portion of time hanging on the hands of those who live only for amusement, than falls to the share of any other class. Hence it is that rich and fashionable people are so frequently dull, out of humour and splenetic; while the labouring classes, and those who ought, in reason and propriety, to be miserable, enjoy an unaccountable hilarity of spirits, and actually seem to crowd into one hour more real enjoyment than a man of pleasure, whose sole business is to be happy, gathers in a whole life of animated, uninterrupted pursuit. How provoking it is to see a miserable linsey−woolsey villain, without a single solitary requisite for comfort in high life, laughing, and dancing, and revelling in an exuberance of spirits, while a company of people of pleasure, who have nothing to do but be happy, will sit inveloped in gloom, dance as if they were following a funeral, and laugh, if they laugh at all, with a melancholy indifference truly exemplary. Is it possible that labour, or at least employment of some kind, is necessary to the enjoyment of ease, and to the vivacity of the animal spirits? Certainly it would seem so. Nobody laughs with such glee as the chimney sweep, and the negro slave of the south, whom we are always pitying; and of all the grave people on the face of the earth, the North American Indian, who despises work, and lives a life of ease, is the gravest; while his wife who carries the burdens, cultivates the corn, and performs all the domestic labours, is observed to be gay and cheerful. It is certainly passing strange, though it would appear to be true, that the people we most envy, namely the rich and the idle, enjoy the least of life's sunshine, though they seem to be

always basking in it. The old indian affirmed that among the white men, "the hog was the only gentleman," for he never worked, was fed upon the best corn, and at last grew so fat he could not walk. Certainly the comparison is not far from odious; but there are certain mortifying points of resemblance between the quadruped and the biped gentleman.

Be this as it may, such being the difficulty which environs the fortunate beings, who in their chase of pleasure, at length run it down at the springs, and know not what to do with themselves afterwards, we hold him a great public benefactor, equal to the father of a canal or a rail road, or a cotton manufactory, who shall devise ways and means to rid these unfortunate beings—unfortunate in having too much time and money on their hands —at least of a portion of the former. After much deep and intense cogitation, we have devised a series of amusements, which if followed up with proper industry, will seldom, if ever, fail of the desired end.

The first and best preservative against ennui, is falling in love. If you are successful, that cures all evils for the time being; and if otherwise, the disappointment is a sovereign remedy for ennui, which never troubles people who have any thing else to trouble them.

Dressing is no bad preventative, provided you are long enough about it, and take a proper interest in looking well. We have known a dishabille give a tinge of melancholy for a whole day; and more than one person cured of a serious indisposition by resolutely getting up, changing his linen, putting on a new suit, shaving his beard, and perfuming his whiskers. Many ladies have also been rescued from profound melancholy, by putting on a gay coloured dress, with pearl ear−rings and bracelets, which proved remarkably becoming. The oftener you dress the better; for besides the manual exercise, the frequent change produces a corresponding change of ideas, and a consequent gentle exercise of the animal spirits, highly salutary. Gay colours are best, as they make people look gay, which is the next thing to being gay. After all, we are but camelions, and owe the colour of our minds to outward objects.

Gentlemen have a great resource in the reading room, provided they have a literary turn, and are reduced to great extremity to pass the morning. We recollect a literary character at the springs, who spent three hours over the newspapers every day, yet could never tell the news, nor the day of the week, and what was thought rather remarkable, seemed never the wiser for his studies. Ladies must, however, be careful to read nothing but romances, lest they should pass for blue stockings, which among the fashionables, are considered synonymous with blue devils.

Music and reading parties, are not bad in a rainy day. A little music, provided it is not out of tune or time, will while along the leaden hours of pleasure wonderfully, when there are admiring beaux to listen and applaud, and who can relish pure Italian. Beware however of *di tanti palpiti*, which is grown so common that the very sweeps whistle it while making their way up chimney. When any thing gets so common with the vulgar, it is beneath the notice or patronage of people of fashion, however beautiful it may be. One of the great, indeed the sole objection to eating, drinking, sleeping and breathing, is that we enjoy them in common with the brutes, and the vulgar who are little better. Moore's songs ought always to be preferred on these occasions, because they are altogether sentimental, or sensual, which is quite synonymous now a days. Next to actual, *bona fida* kissings, embracings, palpitations, luscious meetings, and heart rending adieus, is the description of these things in luscious verse, aided by the magic strains of melting melody. It almost makes one feel as if really going through these delightful evolutions. It is not worth while to mind what stiff people, who affect decorum of speech, say on the subject. There are many matters that may be sung, but not said. One may sing about things, which it would be thought rather critical to talk about.

In respect to reading, it is much to be regretted that we have nothing new of Lord Byron, but his helmet, which we understand is to be exhibited at the springs the present season, provided it is not disposed of to a valiant militia officer, who is said to be in treaty for the same. Formerly the literary society of the springs could calculate upon a new canto of Don Juan every month, redolent with the inspiration of misanthropy and "gin and water;" [10] but now, at least with the exception of this present work, unless a Waverley or a Cooper tumbles down from the summit of Parnassus, there is scarcely any thing worth reading but souvenirs, which unluckily appear so out of season, that they are a hundred years old before the spring, that is, the spring of fashionable life at the springs arrives, with all the birds of passage in its train. In this dilemma, the choice must be left to the judgment of the party, with this solemn caution, to select no work that is more than a month old.

People who are not addicted to deep studies may manage to get through a long storm pretty tolerably, by

looking out at a window, and wondering when it will clear off. A northeast storm of two or three days is the most trying time; for as nobody thinks of a fire in summer, though it be never so cold, the votaries of pleasure have no other resource than going to bed to keep themselves from an ague. Gentlemen who play, have a never failing resource for all times, seasons, and vicissitudes of the weather, all which pass unfelt and unnoticed, in the delightful excitement of winning and losing. The best way to guard against these storms, is to shut the windows, lock the doors, light candles, and turn day into night, as there are certain amusements which are only proper for darkness and obscurity.

In addition to these domestic enjoyments, resources may be found without doors in pleasant weather. Among these is the excursion to Saratoga Lake, to ramble along its banks, or fish, or flirt, or do any other fashionable thing. The water of the lake is so pure and transparent, that people with tolerable eyes, may see their faces in it. Hence arises a great advantage; for young persons who dont care to contemplate any beauties but their own, may here behold them in the greatest perfection, in the pure mirror of the waters. So perfect is the reflexion, that more than one Narcissus hath beheld himself there, and pined to death for love of his own image; and many a fair and unsuspecting damsel, that never saw herself in gilded mirror, has here, for the first time, become conscious of her charms, by the babbling of these tell tale waters. So vivid are the pictures thus displayed, and so true to nature, that a young fellow of our intimate acquaintance, who had somewhat spoiled a pair of good eyes, by eternally squinting through a glass, because it was the fashion, once actually mistook the shadow of a young heiress in the lake, for the young heiress herself, and jumped in to save her from drowning. The lady was so touched by this gallant mistake, that she took the will for the deed, and the young man into the bargain. N. B. The fish are not worth the trouble of catching, but the men that go there, are, sometimes, and so are the ladies.

There is also fine trout in Barheit's Pond, to which there is a pleasant ride through the pine woods, at least they say there is fine trout, if one could only catch them with any thing but a silver hook. But such is the staid allegiance of these loyal fishes, that they will not suffer themselves to be hooked by any body but their sovereign lord, the proprietor of the waters. We ourselves have fished in this famous pool, till a great spider came and wove his web, from the tip of our nose to the tip end of our fishing rod, and caught several flies. But we caught no fish, nor would St. Anthony himself, we verily believe, had he preached ever such sound doctrines. N. B. Mine host may possibly *bite*, though the trout wont.

For longer excursions, there is the famous field of Saratoga, on which the key stone of the arch of our independence was raised, and six thousand English invaders laid down their arms, and where a pillar ought to be erected to commemorate the triumph of free soldiers. There is also Lake George, the master piece of nature, and Hadley's Falls, which will richly repay a visit, and charmingly occupy a day. There is also a pleasant little ride, which we ourselves discovered, due north of Saratoga, along an excellent road, skirted on one hand by rich meadows, on the other by a rugged, rocky hill, from which ever and anon, pours down a little brawling stream, that loses itself among the high green grass of the lowlands. Of a fine afternoon towards sunset, when the slanting beams of the sun leave the east side of the hills enveloped in cooling shades, it is pleasant to ride along and taste the charms of nature, after revelling in those of art at the springs. But what are we talking about? we have forgot ourselves. Such matters are unworthy our book and those to whom it is addressed.

Who indeed would waste his time in loitering about these ignoble scenes, unsaid and unsung by names of fashionable note, when they can walk back and forth the long piazzas at the springs, where ladies bright are sitting in the windows, ready to talk and be talked to; to exchange smile for smile, and to accompany any body in this charming promenade—if you only ask them? When they can take a ride to Ballston if they are at Saratoga, or to Saratoga if they are at Ballston, all the way through the beautiful pine woods, show off their airs—we mean graces, display their fashionable dresses, spy into the enemies' camp at Sans Souei or Congress Hall, criticise rival belles, rival houses, rival waters, and bring home matter for at least one day's conversation, which is no trifling affair let us tell them.— Dire indeed is the hostility between these rival houses of Sans Souci and Congress Hall, the Montagues and Capulets, the Guelphs and Ghibelines of modern days. Dire are the conflicts between the votaries of the diuretic and cathartic nymphs of the springs, and dire the scandals they utter of each other, when under the influence of the inspiring draughts. Not rival cities, such as Athens and Sparta, Rome and Carthage, London and Paris, New York and Philadelphia; not rival belles, rival poets, rival reviews, rival players, potentates, or politicians ever breathed such defiances as Congress Hall and Sans Souci. As sings the prize poet: "Not vast Achille, the greatest of the name, (Not e'en excepting him of Grecian fame) Not vast Achille, such pedal

wars did wage Against the mimic monarch of the stage, Who, with his hard invulnerable heel, He laid all prostrate, quick as flint and steel; Nor e'er did soda, iron, or fix'd air, So play the mischief with the rival fair," &c.

No vulgar conception can possibly comprehend the exquisite excitement of this civil warfare of fashion, and what a capital resource it is to the votaries of pleasure at the springs, most especially on a stormy day. In vain hath Professor Silliman essayed to *neutralize* these conflicting and angry waters, by equally bearing testimony to the unequalled merits of both, unknowing that there exist antipathies, which are not dreamt of in his chymistry. The war still rages and will continue to rage till Ballston and Saratoga, like Babylon and Nineveh are no more, and their sweet waters, for the sins of the people, turned into dead seas and lakes of sulphur.

It may however happen, since all things are possible in this wonderful age, that notwithstanding all these resources, these varied and never ending delights, people may be at last overtaken even here, by the fiend ennui, which seems to have been created on purpose to confound the rich and happy. In that case, they may as well give up the pursuit of happiness at once, as desperate. There is nothing beyond the SPRINGS; they are the *ultima thule* of the fashionable world, and those who find not pleasure there, may as well die at once—or go home. In vain will they toil on to old *Ti*, the Plains of Abraham, the Falls of Montmorency, and the Lord knows where. In vain fly from Ballston to Saratoga, from Saratoga to Ballston, from Ballston to Lebanon, from Lebanon to Rockaway, and from Rockaway to Long Branch, where they may have the satisfaction of bathing in the same ocean with people of the first fashion. It is all in vain; let them despair and go home; and as a last forlorn hope, endeavour to find happiness in administering to the happiness of those around them, an expedient we have actually known to be successful in more than one instance. The young ladies to working caps for a time of need; their mothers to their homely household gods; their husbands to planting trees, breeding merinos, and cultivating politics and ruta baga; the brokers to shaving closer than ever to make up for lost time; the dandy to the limits; and his spruce rival the shop keeper, to his counter. "O what a falling off!"

"The greatest fall since Adam's."

And now, gentle tourist! having conducted thee safely, and we hope, pleasantly, to the sanctuary where, if thou findest not happiness it is not our fault, since we have shown thee where she dwells and how to woo her, we bid thee an affectionate farewell, cautioning thee, as a last proof of our solicitude for thy welfare, not to go to Niagara, lest peradventure, thou fallest into the hands of the "Morgan Committee." Mayest thou—to sum up all in one consummate wish—mayest thou pass thy whole life in travelling for pleasure, meeting with glorious entertainment by the way, and at length find peace and repose at that inn, where sooner or later, all mankind take up their last night's lodging. THE END.