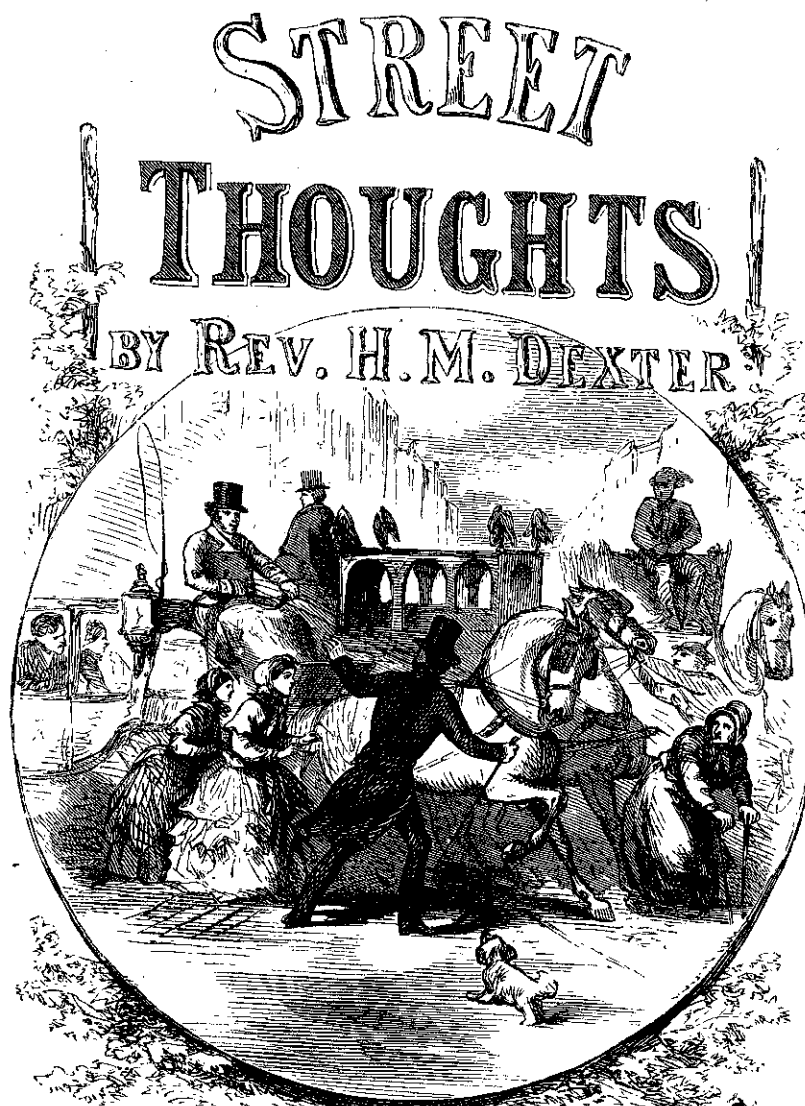




A MALE IRISHMAN.



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STREET THOUGHTS.

BY

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WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY BILLINGS.

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Ἐγὼ δὲ ὄμην τὴν παιδίαν ἀνεσιν τε εἶναι τῆς ψυχῆς, καὶ
ἀνάπαυσιν τῶν φροντίδων.

JULIAN.

Ad minora me demittere non recusabo.

QUINTILIAN.

We'll wander through the streets, and note
The qualities of people.

SHAKESPEARE.

Think naught a trifle, though it small appear ;
Sands make the mountain, moments make the year,
And trifles, life. Your care to trifles give,
Else you may die ere you have learned to live.

YOUNG.

It ought to be the endeavor of every man to derive his reflections from the objects about him ; for it is to no purpose that he alters his position, if his attention continues fixed to the same point.

DR. JOHNSON.

These struggling tides of life, that seem
In wayward, aimless course to tend,
Are eddies of the mighty stream
That rolls to its appointed end.

BRYANT.

INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

AMONG my earliest memories of literature is that of a sentence — out of a review of Mrs. Sedgwick, by the poet Bryant, if I am not mistaken — like this: “He who goes about among men with his eyes open, will learn something better than the lore that is hidden in books.” The remark made a deep impression upon my child-mind, and has verified itself with the experience of every succeeding year. Many a knot of thought, which obstinately refused disentanglement elsewhere, has been loosened in the street; and many a face, inexplicable at the dinner-table and in the drawing-room, has been comprehended in the involuntary revelations and cross-lights of the sidewalk. Consequently, crowded thoroughfares have become favorite thinking-places with me; and as a parish and a pulpit well up toward one end of Washington Street, and an editorial chair far down toward the other, necessitate many miles of weekly transition exercise, I have not

been, of late years, without abundant opportunity to gratify my taste in this particular.

The following "notes" of this kind of "travel" were written, from week to week during the last year, to fill a small space in each issue of the religious journal with which I am connected. Having been asked for in the form which they now assume, I have not refused to comply with the request,—though deeply sensible of their inconsiderable claim to favorable regard,—partly because it is believed that they have already exerted some slight influence for good, as they have been read in their original form, and partly because my heart is set upon the great work of securing, in connection with the future of my own Church, a place of worship in Boston where the masses of the people may hear the Gospel at a cost within their means; and should a generous public so far patronize this unpretending volume that any profit shall accrue to its author from its issue, that little rill will help to swell the stream "of many littles," which—if God please—may float our enterprise, and make it a success.

H. M. D.

HILLSIDE, ROXBURY, December 9, 1858.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
I. THE MAN WITH THE BUNDLE	9
II. WHITHER ARE ALL THESE PEOPLE GOING?	13
III. MIDNIGHT SCENES	17
IV. A WINTER EXPERIENCE	22
V. RUM DID IT	26
VI. THE OLD MAN AND HIS SON	31
VII. BEARDS	35
VIII. THE TWO CLERKS	40
IX. THREE FUNERALS	44
X. STREET SMOKERS	50
XI. CHEATING CHILDREN	55
XII. THE COLOR OF GENTLEMEN	58
XIII. THE ANNIVERSARIES	63
XIV. SENSIBLE SUITS	67
XV. THE TYRANNY OF STRENGTH OVER WEAKNESS	71
XVI. SOUND ADVICE	76
XVII. THE POOR WOMAN	80
XVIII. BRIGHTON ON SUNDAY, P. M.	85
XIX. THE ARISTOCRACY OF GLOVES	88
XX. OUR METHUSELAHS	91
XXI. AMBITIOUS ARCHITECTURE	94
XXII. SUCH WEATHER!	99
XXIII. WHAT ELSE ARE YOU?	102
XXIV. PAT MALONEY	106
XXV. THE OLD APPLE-MAN	110
XXVI. A MALE IRISHMAN	113

XXVII.	STRANGE CONTRASTS	116
XXVIII.	THE LOST CHILD	120
XXIX.	NOT CONVENIENT, TO-DAY	125
XXX.	WAYS OF WALKING	127
XXXI.	GONE TO SEED!	132
XXXII.	IS SHE VERY SICK?	135
XXXIII.	QUACK RELIGION	139
XXXIV.	TWO INCHES!	143
XXXV.	"I DON'T LIKE MY MINISTER"	147
XXXVI.	TOO LATE!	150
XXXVII.	SOCIAL HIGHNESS AND LOWNESS	154
XXXVIII.	SPEAK TO THAT YOUNG MAN!	158
XXXIX.	HOW POOR PEOPLE BUY	161
XL.	"WANT-OF-CONFIDENCE" MEN	164
XLI.	POOR PHOEBE MURPHY	168
XLII.	DEAD LEAVES IN STATE STREET	173
XLIII.	"SUCH A PRETTY MAN!"	176
XLIV.	PASTORAL CALLS	180
XLV.	THE MAN WITH A HARD TIME	184
XLVI.	WHAT THE LADY HAD ON	187
XLVII.	BUSINESS IN BUSINESS HOURS	191
XLVIII.	THE BEST NEED WATCHING	194
XLIX.	COOLER!	198
L.	STOVE-PIPE HATS	202
LI.	HERE A LITTLE AND THERE A LITTLE	206
LII.	GOOD BYE!	212

STREET THOUGHTS.

I.

THE MAN WITH THE BUNDLE.

"For a short essay, take a short subject," was the good old rule of the good old man under whose benign and brazen-spectacled eye fell our first efforts at "composition," years—sad years, sweet years—agone. To honor his memory by the application of his precept on the present occasion, we select for a subject **THE MAN WITH THE BUNDLE**, who is as short as "subjects" will average,—not being over five feet two.

You have met him? Burly, broad-shouldered, a little careless both in dress and gait, as if conscientiously opposed to precision of any kind; and his face—from the shining curve of the smooth-shaven chin to the gleam of the gold spectacles that sit astride his nose—beaming with exhaustless good-humor. About five in the afternoon is his hour, when you can generally see him heading as if homeward, and carrying

thitherward a brown, paper-enveloped parcel. From long familiarity with this feature of his personality, we had come to designate to ourselves his otherwise anonymousness as "the man with the bundle." It may have been imagination on our part, but, as we met him the other cold afternoon, his face seemed so absolutely radiant with the heat of general benevolence, that we thought the thermometer, at the corner of Milk Street, went up two degrees as he passed. We determined to make an effort to know more about him.

To-day our desire was gratified. Turning into Marsh's to purchase the goose-quill now between our fingers — we can't abide mineral pens — who should be standing at the counter, closing, at the same instant, the lid of a magnificent writing-case, and a bargain for its purchase, but our radiant-faced friend!

"To what address shall we send this?" said the clerk, with a tone and manner indicating extreme respect.

"Nowhere," responded the purchaser; "I always carry my own bundles."

"Yes, Sir; but this is heavy, and it will be a pleasure to us to send it."

"Young man," replied the other, "I always love to take something home at night, to show my wife and children that I haven't forgotten them while at my business; and I would n't give

a pin to make anybody a present without I carried it into the house myself. I want to see 'em take it. Besides, Sir, I never allow anybody to be bothered by sending things home for me that I can carry myself. I began life by lugging about parcels as a dry-goods man's boy, and many's the weary mile of sidewalk I've trudged, to carry a yard of ribbon or a paper of pins to somebody too proud or too lazy to carry it themselves. I haven't forgot my old thoughts, and, what's more, though times have changed with me since then, I ain't ashamed to be seen in the streets with a bundle."

"Yes, Sir, but this is heavy."

"No matter, I'm strong," — and out he went, with such a glow on his face, that one could imagine it lighting up the now dim sidewalk rods ahead, as a locomotive-burner illuminates its track.

Another well-known street face passed him in the door coming in. Purchasing a Congress knife, the new-comer said, in a sharp and dictatorial tone, "Send that to my house (number fifteen hundred and something, Washington Street) immediately. I shall want it as soon as I get home."

"Two different men," suggested we, as the clerk closed the door after him.

"Very," was his reply. "The man with the

bundle is Mr. —, the honest owner of hundreds of thousands, and there never was a subscription-paper yet that did n't get his name for something handsome. The other man failed last week — all there was of him to fail — and is n't worth his salt; but he had rather take the commercial disgrace of failure any time, than the social disgrace of being seen in the streets with a bundle."

Two different men, indeed! We shall take off our hat the next time we meet Mr. — on the sidewalk. Long may he live and carry bundles, to make people happy!

II.

WHITHER ARE ALL THESE PEOPLE GOING?

"WHERE can all these people have come from, and whither can they be going?" was the exclamation of a country friend of ours, as he gazed from our window upon the surging throngs that were rushing hither and thither, jostling each other, and almost choking the sidewalks, in our principal thoroughfare.

The exclamation was natural to one accustomed to the quiet scenes and sparse population of a rural district, where so many persons are by no possibility got together in a twelvemonth, as can be seen from the corner of State and Washington Streets at almost any business hour of any business day of the year. And even those who are accustomed to the crowds of city life sometimes share in the feeling of wonder, as the stream of human forms glides on under their eye, as if fed by some copious and exhaustless fountain, back among the hills. Whence? Whither? Who can answer?

But the law of popular presence in the streets of a great city has more affinity with the intermittent ebbings and flowings of the ocean, than with the regular and ceaseless gliding of a river. The tide sets in during the morning hours, through all the channels furnished by the railways and countless avenues which converge from the whole country toward the city as a common centre. From every side the thronging masses press toward the great mart, eager to rush into the fray of commerce. Some slight undertow makes back simultaneously toward the interior, of those who have concluded their visits and purchases and are homeward bound, or of others who are off for distant cities, or of still others, who seek, for a day, the freshness of the fields, as a relief from toil.

And so, at noon, when the tide is at its height, it sways back and forth a little, as South and West-enders go home to dine, and return to finish their day's work. But as the shadows begin to lengthen, the tide turns and retreats with a velocity which soon empties the business streets, and leaves them, for fifteen hours, as bare as the docks that line the shore when the ebb is lowest. Here and there a few men straggle up and down; and lone news-boys — stuck on a miscalculation of their supply of dailies to the popular want — ever and anon wake the echoes by their unmusi-

cal cries, — “ ‘Ere’s Trav’ler, Transc’pt, Jurn’l, ‘Er’ld, Daily Courier-r-r, — *one cent!* ” But the people are not there, and all the travel now passing through bears no greater proportion to the fulness of the noon flood, than the few faint streams that struggle down among the wet sands after the subsiding sea, bear to the resistless tide that floated great navies up to the wharf’s edge a little while before.

No deeply religious man can look upon these tides of humanity without a feeling of sorrow; for by their very aspect they certify to him that they are striving after the gold that perisheth, more than for durable riches and righteousness. Surely, every man walketh in a vain show; surely, they are disquieted in vain. They seem as hot in the strife for wealth, as if the success of life depended upon its acquisition! They forget that it is not all of life to live! They forget that the open grave is a great deal nearer to most of their feet, than are the paths of fame or fortune!

The open grave! Where will all these people be, when but a few years are come? Look at them and answer! How many cemeteries will have swung open their hospitable gates to receive them? How many old family tombs and mouldy vaults will have unlocked their damp portals to admit them? How many distant churchyards, far among the mountains, will be checkered with

the mounds that are heaped over them? How many will lie down with the great waves of the sea rolling for ever over them?

Well, it matters little where they lie! The body can sleep peacefully anywhere after life's fitful fever. The problem of moment lies beyond the grave. It will be solved after they shall have reassembled from their distant and diverse entombments, and have put on the spiritual body. Then shall it be manifest who among them were wise, and considered their latter end! Then shall it become for ever certain who among them shall be entitled to join those glorious throngs which crowd the streets of the celestial city,—concerning whom no one shall need to ask whence? or whither?

III.

MIDNIGHT SCENES.

It was midnight long ago, and by the hazy moonlight that faintly gleams upon the tower, we read two (A. M.) upon the Old South dial. Hark! the bell strikes, pealing that hour. Once—twice; no more! The deep tones reverberate along the deserted thoroughfares until they are answered from remote and laggard steeples. It is two o'clock! Old South says so! Park Street says so! And, far off, you can hear Hollis Street, and the distant Shawmut, respond affirmatively; and from farther away you can catch an answering tinkle coming on the still night air from neighbor villages.

It is an unwonted hour for us. Alas! we have been watching—where no watching is needed any more. Wasted and worn, at last she rests! The light of love has left her eyeballs; her lips are silent. All through the long evening hours she lay dying,—breathing ever softer, speaking ever fainter, until, after a half-

hour's quietness, of a sudden her eye brightened with all its old fire, and her cheek flushed with its old beauty, and, leaning upon one elbow, she glanced round the room, and spasmodically said, "I see the angels, — they are come now for me, and my Saviour waits, — good-by, darlings, all, — meet me," — and sank back motionless. We thought she had fainted; we chafed her hands and temples; we held the most pungent aromas to her nostrils; we spoke to her passionately; we did all that skill and love could do, but to no purpose. She responded nothing to all our efforts; our grief moved her not. Her words were true; she was gone, with the angels.

We knelt together around the bedside, where she lay so strangely still. With voices tremulous and intermittent, we thanked God for what she had been to us, — for the precious example left behind, — for the rich blessing of all her yearning and prayerful sympathy. We pledged ourselves anew to her Saviour and ours, — to a closer walk with God, to that final meeting which had lingered last upon her expiring consciousness. With swollen eyes, yet with comforted hearts, we rose up and went our saddened way.

How strangely do the contrasts of life lie around us! Upon the very first corner that we turned, plain in sight of the windows of the room where death had just entered, we heard the grat-

ing sound of merry-making. We looked up to see the mansion blazing with light from every aperture, and, through the gauze that draped the windows of the drawing-room, we could see dancers madly careering in the hot embrace of the polka, while sounds of mirth and jollity exhaled from every side. If one could throw down all the partitions that lie between, and let those dancers look upon the dead, what a petrifying shock would arrest their revelry! Wait! It will come by and by, — they shall all see it!

As we turned the next corner, we came upon a wee child cowering upon a door-step. "Are you lost?" said we.

"No, Sir, I ain't got nobody to lose me."

"But you live somewhere?"

"Yes, but the old woman that kept me got shet in jail this day, and now I ain't got nobody, nor nothin'."

"Are you going to stay there all night?"

"No, Sir, but I'm waiting for the watchman to come along, and may be he'll let me sleep in the watch-us. But he's so long coming, I guess he's asleep."

"Come, poor thing, and I'll take you to the police station," said we, almost glad of some employment, which should change the current of thoughts.

Leaving her at Court Square, we stumbled

next — turning into Washington Street — upon three young men, uproariously drunk, arm in arm meandering along the street, sometimes in the middle, and anon on either side, — graduates, for the night, of some one of those educational institutions, concerning which the city government and the “Maine Law” differ in sentiment. We were in no mood to be annoyed by their vociferous rudeness, and so hurried on, until, as we went by the Old South, the bell struck the hour, as named above.

There is something in the tone of a church-bell, — especially sounding in the night, — which has a soothing, yet very solemn influence, upon our mind. It makes us think of George Herbert’s “church-bells beyond the stars heard.” And as we walked, we wondered, Can she hear that tone now? What — how much — is earth to her now? Is it in her consciousness, or only in her memory? If it is still in consciousness, how it must sink when brought into direct comparison with heaven! And then we thought that, if departed eyes still glance downward upon all their old homes and haunts, one passage in the Bible must rise into more solemn significance to them than can be possible here: “Surely every man walketh in a vain show; surely they are disquieted in vain; he heapeth up riches, and knoweth not who shall gather them.” Yes, — it must be so.

The street seems wholly empty now. Up and down, and on either side, all is still, — except as our own footfall wakes the echoes. Far as we can see, this great city — such a buzzing, toiling, moiling hive by day — is now just the same as if it were dead. Where you cannot see a paving-stone for the rush of vehicles for fifteen hours, you can now count them, every one. It is a great frame, without any picture in it. But if the spirits of Heaven look down upon State Street and the Exchange twelve hours hence, will not that great crowd seem, to their sharpened eye, even more than this scene now seems to us, a frame without any picture, — outside without any inside, — earth without any heaven?

He only *lives*, who lives for eternal life. All else is living death!

IV.

A WINTER EXPERIENCE.

WINTER has thrown down upon our streets her white robe of triple thickness, and so muffled the town with its fleecy abundance, that one hardly knows where he is. The most well-known crossings have an altogether Arctic and foreign look. The street railroad is nowhere. The omnibi pitch about, like fishing-smacks in a short sea, and the manifold sleighs, cutters, pungs, *et id omne genus*, labor profoundly, somewhat as flies wriggle through thick molasses. The chief call to the door-bell is now to answer the shovel-boys, who have been known to agree, with great alacrity, to transfer a six or eight foot bank from the sidewalk to the middle of the street for a dime, (when competition was superabundant,) and who, after shovelling half an hour, and thinning down the bank about as much as an able-bodied dog would paw away in the same length of time, have made off for parts unknown, and said nothing about the dime.

Locomotion has much more of the "loco" than of the "motion." Snow-slides are not uncommon, warning the street folk to maintain an upward eye as they grope along. Retail dry-goods merchants—who make their hay when the sidewalks are full of crinoline—have a look of hope deferred. Spinsters, whose main industrial labor is the manufacture of street yarn, are laid up for a season, and that large branch of domestic industry is obliged to "suspend" until more favorable weather.

Are the old winters coming back again? We remember just such a snow-storm more than twenty years ago,—but we don't remember any since. Where is the oldest inhabitant? Where is our Boston Mr. Merriam,—like him of Brooklyn,—to sit up all night with the weather three hundred and sixty-six nights in the year, and sleep with one eye open all day, so that no movement of ether in the heaven above, or of mercury in the thermometer beneath, escapes his unwearying vigilance?

Human nature is naturally driven in-doors, and the streets are not so suggestive as is their wont. Still something is to be seen and learned everywhere. We learned something yesterday—which would be worth a trifle to somebody's peace. Passing by a well-known establishment upon one of our prominent thoroughfares, we

heard its proprietor turn, as he was closing the outside door, and direct a clerk to "go up to the house, and say to Mrs. — (*his* Mrs.) that he should be engaged that evening until very late with pressing business, and shouldn't be home to tea, and she need n't sit up for him." We thought nothing of it, until, a half-hour afterwards, we saw a party headed for Brighton, in a several-horse sleigh, who appeared to be a little jolly in advance, and among whom, as they sped past, we recognized, conspicuous among the fur-clad roisterers, a cigar with a spot of fire at one end and Mr. —, "the man of pressing business until very late, and she need n't sit up for him," at the other. An hour later, having occasion to drive past a well-known "half-way house" in the suburbs, we saw the same equipage under its shed, and recognized the same party coming out from "liquoring," and, by the way the gentleman above mentioned measured his length in the snow-drift which surrounded the sleigh, in his efforts to get in, we concluded that his business was very "pressing" indeed, and that it would be quite as well, on the whole, not to sit up for him, especially as Brighton was yet to come.

Alas, poor human nature! As if money was to be got just to degrade one's self below the beasts that perish, but are not beasts enough to commit suicide by gulping bad liquor!

And alas for the inequality of justice! We saw, to-day, a policeman arrest a poor drunken man, with a coarse and torn coat, and march him off with great sternness to the lock-up, and ten minutes after we saw the same policeman bow with great respect, and a sympathizing and confidential wink, to a well-dressed inebriate, who had to be held into his sleigh by his companion to keep him from lurching overboard.

Circumstances alter cases.

V.

RUM DID IT.

"I SHOULD think a man might enjoy himself in such a house as that."

"Well, yes,—if he can out of it. But, you may depend upon it, this man will find that his great rooms are haunted. He'll hear noises there some of these nights, or I miss my guess."

"Will! What for?"

"Because, if his great freestone palace with plate-glass windows had the whole truth told about it, it would have one of Coroner Pratt's verdicts chalked all over it, so that every stone in the front would say confidentially to every passer-by, 'RUM DID IT.'"

"You don't say so!"

"I do say so. Every dollar that has been paid for that lot, and all that magnificence that is piled upon it, has come, at first or second hand, in small coin, out of the pockets of poor, thirsty drunkards. That house is the price of more murders than there are days in a year; and if some of those

ghosts don't haunt him, then there ain't so much justice in things as I believe there is. I tell you I'd rather live in a cave on cold potatoes without any salt, than live there, fine as it looks!"

Thus communed two men in our hearing, the other day, as, in front of us, they passed one of the most showy mansions newly built in one of our fashionable quarters. It is a goodly house to look upon. Architects and builders have done their best, and the result is "a credit to the city." We had often admired it; but the suggestive remarks of our unknown friend set us on a different train of thinking. We remembered reading, a short time since, in some work of Eastern travel, a description of the vandalism which has not merely rifled old shrines of their ornaments, but has even torn down the most exquisitely sculptured temples, and used the delicately carved blocks to pile up rude hovels for the shelter of native banditti. And as we gazed again at this towering mansion, it seemed to transform itself before our eyes into just such a structure,—built from the dilapidated and ravished remnants of innumerable "temples of the living God." Here is visible a shattered shaft; there lies a crushed column; yonder protrudes the curve of a Corinthian capital,—all once humanity,—lying helter-skelter, heads and points,—a confused and mournful jumble, breathing of rapine and

violence;—a thousand beautiful things dismantled and destroyed to make a shelter for ruthless selfishness to occupy for a little tarrying-place on its way to its long and terrible account.

“Haunted!”—he will haunt it himself! Memory will live there with him; and memory will haunt it! Imagination will dwell there with him; and imagination will haunt it! God will dwell there with him; and God’s vengeance will haunt it! A palace? Nay; rather call it a pandemonium!

Will he die there? In which room? Which four walls shall be compelled to witness that scene? Which door shall the avenging Furies seize and shake as they hurry to dip their burning talons in his heart’s blood? Talk about the horrors of death by delirium tremens! If you want to see horrors, sit down by the death-bed of the man *that manufactures delirium tremens, and sells it by the cask and glass*,—sells it in spite of supplicating wives and starving children and a frowning God,—sells it in spite of all heaven and all earth and all hell, for the “fair living profit” that he makes! If some honest angel would paint a portrait of the proprietor of this palace as God sees him, and hang it “in a good light” over the fireplace of the library, would he stay in the house to face it, think you? Nay, what if some prophetic pencil should limn

the scene of his own last agony, that is coming, and suspend it, like a great historical picture, in that drawing-room,—would he stay there to realize it, think you? Gray hairs are already here and there upon him. It will be history soon!

What new light would break upon our appreciation of men and things if every house in Boston—say only, every house in Beacon Street and its kindred avenues—had advertised upon its outer walls its secret history! Would there be any symbols of the old slave-traffic there? Would there be any sharp practice in note-shaving hinted thereon? Would there be any symptoms of the Coolie trade?

If every trafficker in Boston knew that to-morrow morning there would appear, patent to public gaze, written ineffaceably, by the finger of the God who cannot lie, upon the outer wall which shelters him, the exact and entire truth in regard to all the story of his gains,—let it canonize him or cauterize him as it might,—would all of our business men have a good night’s rest? Would they, as a general rule, go out with an untroubled gaze to read the record, and invite their stranger customers round to look at it, as an inducement to confidence in their dealings? If it could be known that, a year hence, such a record would be made of all the

transactions of the year, would it not modify some methods of trade?

Yet there is a day coming when a much more public exposition shall be made, with terrible exactitude, of all the affairs of life! Why is not that day more kept in view?

VI.

THE OLD MAN AND HIS SON.

"I SAY, Frank, who is that old fellow with a second-hand hat, and a great-coat that looks as if it had been made by the Queen of Sheba's tailor as a present to Solomon's gardener, and had been in the family ever since, who keeps eyeing you so closely from the other side of the street?"

"I don't know, I am sure. I never saw him before."

"Well, I hope he ain't a policeman in disguise, who is after you for some of your pranks. Take care, — good by," — laughingly said the first speaker, as he turned off into a side street, and left his *viséed* friend to walk on before us.

From the movements of this "unexceptionably got-up" youth thus preceding us, we very soon became satisfied that, despite his denial, he *had* seen the old man on the other side before, and was in momentary expectation of seeing him again. His eye shot uneasy glances across; and as that venerable and fine-looking, though very

plainly and unfashionably dressed person, began to show symptoms of crossing over, he cast a hurried look up and down the street, apparently to see if any of his boon companions were in sight anywhere,—to witness and report the disgrace of the impending interview. As the two faces, young and old, were thus projected in profile before us, as they exchanged stares, we made up our mind that the same blood was in both, and were querying the reason for their singular demeanor, when we heard a loud voice approaching from the middle of the street.

“Francis Ebenezer, my son, dew tell if that are’s you. I’ve been a watchin’ on you this haaf-hour; and you’ve got on such a kind o’ spruced-up riggin’, and so much hair on your countenance, that I could n’t tell, ef I’s to be skinned, whether ’t was you or not; and yet I ’most knew that are nose could n’t be nobody else’s. How de dew?”

A fine young man that, coolly to deny that he ever before saw his own father because that father happened to be dressed more sensibly (though less *à la mode*) than himself! But there are some men—and women—who appear to think that the attention of the entire universe is concentrated exclusively upon them, whenever they show themselves upon the sidewalk. As a matter of course, a proper respect on their part

for the said universe, and for themselves, requires that they exercise the utmost care as to costume, conduct, and companionship, that no suspicion of commonness of any sort may attach to them. Three hundred and sixty-five pairs of gloves per annum are essential to their peace of mind. Their accumulation of pantaloons is prodigious. Their superfine hats are renewed or ironed with a frequency very gratifying to the hatters, and extremely encouraging to that branch of domestic industry. To see one of them, when he has been fully prepared, and indulges the town with his society for a promenade, you would suppose that one of those dummies—wooden within and waxen without—which Parisian *artistes* use for the display of their handiwork had been animated and endowed with locomotion, or that Oak Hall had sent forth a promenading advertisement; and you feel a well-nigh irresistible inclination to pin a label, calling attention to 34 North Street, to his coat-tail.

Non omnia possumus omnes, says Virgil. We cannot all do everything. It is a great truth. Peacocks have more tail than brains. And, if we have read natural history aright, those four-footed beasts, and fowls, and creeping things, which have the most astonishing outsides, compensate therefor by internal leanness, insipidity, and uselessness. The same great law prevails in regard to humanity. We have seen old books,

wherein, by the similarity in the shape of the sixth and nineteenth letters of the alphabet, the words *foppy* and *sappy* could with difficulty be distinguished. It struck us as an instructive fact. A fop-head and a "sap-head" are much alike in several other things beside their orthography. And that a man who prides himself mainly upon "a good port and bearing in society" should ignore his own father, if he happen to be unfashionably dressed, is a thing to be naturally expected, because love to parents is an affair of the heart; and a dandy has no more heart than a dummy aforesaid, which the carpenter knocks up out of common stuff, without much regard to the interior, but merely to furnish a scaffolding to support the goodly and simpering outside, upon which the tailor and the hatter and the boot-maker can advertise their wares.

But it is a sad thing to see a young man given over to the clothes-mania. "Once a coxcomb, always a coxcomb," was a maxim of Dr. Johnson; and he who begins life by fearing to go into the street in any comely, clean, and common-sense clothes, lest some fool or other should think he is not as well dressed as he ought to be, will be very apt to die, eventually, leaving the largest part of his assets in the shape of tailors' bills, the largest part of his influence among the old-clo' men, and the largest part of his memory among the denizens of the street.

VII.

BEARDS.

"Is it possible!—is it possible!—can it be you, my old friend? I feared you were in your grave!"

"It is I, myself!"

"But so stalwart, and round-faced, and robust, and with such a blessed beard,—you, who used to be so hollow-chested and lantern-jawed! Why, I cannot believe my eyes! And yet the old facial landmarks are there,—it *must* be you!"

"It is I, myself!"

"But what saved you? Have you been cod-livered back to health? Or how was it?"

"The 'blessed beard' did most of it, though the wheels were greased a little with the nauseous extract to which you allude, and the whole was somewhat propelled by a good saddle-horse between my legs six hours per day."

"Come home with me, and enlarge." And the first speaker drew off his resuscitated friend by the arm, round the corner of Winter, up toward

Beacon Street, and the regions beyond, — leaving us to admire the fair and manly proportions of the “blessed” remedy first named, and to ponder upon the general subject. We concluded — for the statistics of the thing — to count the beards, full and otherwise, met from State to Chester, on our way up Washington Street, at an hour when the street was full. It strained our counting machine to the utmost, and we may have blundered a little in the minutiae, but here are the “documents,” for what they are worth. We met *five hundred and forty-three* men. Of these, *one* had a countenance smooth-shaven throughout, glossy beaver, gold spectacles, and white cravat, with jet-black drapery, and was, in short, a thoroughgoing specimen of the D. D., got up on the most correct and elaborate principles, without regard to expense. *Thirteen* were young men, whose tarry at Jericho had, as yet, been unproductive of appreciable results. *Four* were men of the old school, smooth-shaven, with the exception of slight tufted promontories jutting downward from either ear, as if designed for a compromise measure between the good old doctrine and modern radicalism. *Twenty-seven* had what used to be called “whiskers,” looking very much like straps to hold their hair on. *Thirty* wore the regular penthouse French moustache, — smooth-shaven beside, — looking as if by far the most convenient method of feeding them would be

to hang them up by the heels and slide necessary victuals down the inverted sugar-scoop thus presented, into the orifice of the mouth. *Forty-three* wore the moustache, with a fancy tuft upon the chin, but with smooth cheeks, — looking as if a semicolon would be the best extant representation of their idea of facial adornment. *Eighty-seven* had the upper lip shorn, and the beard clipped close, and shaven down an inch or so from the crown of the under lip, in crescent form, — as if they had tied up their jaws in a hair muffler, in consequence of the toothache. *Eighty-nine* had full beards, moustache included, more or less flowing, and looked like sensible men, as God meant to have them look. The remaining *two hundred and forty-nine* wore the full beard, without the moustache, and looked like sensible men who had not quite moral courage enough to do a just and natural and healthy thing, for fear of the reproach of dandyism, or of censure from those whose “weak consciences” are apt to be offended by any attempt to follow nature which leads people across-lots with regard to the conventional fences which men have builded.

Such a census five years ago would have produced far other results. But the progress of sound sense, when its attention is turned to a subject, though slow, is generally sure. And many a man, who would then as soon have gone

down town of a morning undressed, as unshaven, now shaves only with the scissors.

There seem to be two prominent reasons which influence the lingerers in this beard movement. Some of them say they think it uncomely, and others allege that it is an unfriendly departure from the good old customs of our fathers.

To this it may first be replied, that what is natural is always, in the long run, comelier than that which is unnatural. The mere fact that our eyes get temporarily accustomed to tight-waisted women, does not prove that corsets are an element of female beauty. That which we see every day, and thus come to associate with those whom we love and admire, seems pleasant to us from that association, however ungainly it may be in itself; but simple adherence to nature is *always* pleasing. Go into galleries of old portraits, and while all those faces and forms which are peruked, or periwigged, or frizzled, or furbelowed unnaturally, according to the freak of fashion at the moment of their date, seem now unnatural, unpleasant, and even ludicrous, you will find that those which have the hair parted and put away plainly over the ears, and the person wrapped in some simple drapery, are now as beautiful and graceful as if taken yesterday. The true method of putting the question of beauty, with regard to

the beard, is to ask what is nearest nature, and simplest. Whatever that may be, men *ought* to like best, and will like best, as a matter of permanent taste, without regard to the accidental mode of the moment. And there can be no question that this is a full beard and moustache, kept clean and comely. The most rabid advocates of razors would stand aghast, if our Saviour were to revisit the earth in the costume of a modern divine, with smooth face, and stiff collar with white cravat.

And, with regard to the matter of fealty to the fathers, we have only to open the early volumes of our own history, to discover that fealty to the *Pilgrim* fathers would lead us to full beard and moustache, and that from them back to Ridley, and Wickliffe, and Knox, and Melancthon, and Camerarius, and Beza, and Calvin, the same custom was well-nigh universal. Our immediate fathers—seduced from the good old natural and manly paths in this respect, by that foolish fashion which originated in the fact that Louis XIII. ascended the throne of France when only nine years old, and his courtiers shaved themselves out of foppish adulation to his beardless face—are the men who are justly exposed to this charge of lack of fealty to the old times; and we, their sons, who are retracing their unnatural and unmanly steps of departure, are the true followers of the old heroes of the Church.

VIII.

THE TWO CLERKS.

"YAAS, it *was* late this morning when I got home, let me say to you; and I've been so tired with dancing all night, that I've done nothing but yawn about the store all day."

"What did the old man say? or didn't he notice it?"

"Notice it! I guess he didn't do anything else; but I told him I sat up with a sick friend from the country, who was here alone, and dangerous bad. And don't you think the old hunks actually gave me a quarter to go into Jameson's and get a bowl of hot tea to brighten me up. Wasn't that rich?"

"Wasn't it though? O my!" and the speaker, upon the excitement of the thought, proceeded to cut a "pigeon-wing" extemporaneously upon the sidewalk, to the dismay of a meek-faced maiden, whom it crowded uncomfortably against the wall, and to the discomfiture of our third energetic attempt to get out of his cigar-smoke by

edging by, without pitching into the street bodily. Thus hemmed up, or dammed up, by the un-get-round-ability of the obstruction in the narrow part of our principal thoroughfare, there was nothing for it but to follow quietly behind, and take the cigar-smoke and the "revelations," as they might be graciously imparted by the two slender-limbed but loud-voiced swaggerers, who, arm in arm, were on their way to the theatre, as it afterward appeared.

"Jim," said the second speaker, as he subsided from his *pirouette*, "how you contrive to dress so well as you do on your salary, and go it at such a rate besides, is beyond my guessing! Got any suburban resources? Is the paternal in funds? Or how is it?"

"Why, no, Joseph, to be candid,—and I don't mind it with *you*,—I haven't got any father, and my mother is as poor as Job's turkey, and I expect is waiting anxiously for some future time when she can get a little something out of me. So I don't absorb there!"

"Well, how *do* you do it? There ain't a better-dressed fellow on Hanover Street, and you are always at the 'Boston,' or the 'Howard,' or at billiards, or at a dance-hall, or somewhere."

"Yaas, I suppose you are right about that."

"And you always pay, too, and are always flush. How much is your salary, any way?"

"Five hundred, — nominally, that is. But, then, you know, of course, the old man knows that, with my habits, I don't and can't live on three times that; and he expects that I get it somehow and out of somebody, — he don't care who, if it ain't him."

"Well, suppose it *is* him?"

"Waall, suppose it is. *You* don't suppose it is anybody else, do you? You are old enough for that, I take it, ain't you? You have to live yourself, don't you?"

"Why, Jim, to own up unanimously, I have a little help from my father, and so I screw along with my three hundred for the present, and live in hopes of more soon."

"Yaas, Joseph, — pleasant way to live, that. Well now I'll tell you how *I live*. My old man gives me; as I said, five hundred. He expects me on that to be dressed as well as the best, so as to do honor to his counter, secure custom, and so on, — which, of course, I proceed to do. Don't he know what a Calrow coat costs, and a Cook hat, and a pair of Gan's boots? Heh! Don't he wear 'em? To be sure, he knows that three times what he gives me won't pay my bills. I tell you he *must* know it, and he knows I don't have an honest copper but what he gives me; and yet he'd turn me off to-morrow if I didn't dress as well as I do. I tell ye, he's an old head,

— he's a member of the church, he is, — he knows a thing or two. He thinks I win enough gambling to keep myself along, and he don't care a counterfeit cent if I do, if it saves him something for my fit-out, and if I don't *gouge* him in consequence. He keeps a sharp look-out for that, I'll bet you a dollar. But, let me say to you, that, if I do *swinge* a little at cards and billiards once in a while, I ain't such a fool as to do it for *his* benefit. I earn him two thousand dollars a year, clear cash, and if he don't give it to me by hook, I'll see to it that he does by crook, that's all. *Now* do you understand?"

"But, how *can* you, Jim? Don't he keep too sharp a look-out for them kind of things?"

"Joseph, there is an old proverb in reference to the removal of a skin from a cat, which may have come to your ears."

"Come, tell a fellow how you operate? To be candid, it would be mighty convenient for me to know that same."

"I'll tell you some time. Now for something pleasanter." And the hopeful pair turned into the tessellated vestibule of the "Boston," leaving a clear passage for us to pass on, and thoughts enough to last us home.

Perhaps you can guess what some of them were.

IX.

THREE FUNERALS.

THREE funerals! Three companies of mourners going about the streets toward the same place of graves, on the same sad errand,—yet how different in aspect! We met them all, and, as they passed slowly by, had time to conjecture something of the reality that was within the outer processional paraphernalia of woe.

The first, indeed, had little to mark its funereal purpose,—nothing to attract toward it the gaze of passers-by. It was but a single hackney-coach, of the poorer sort; and if we had not caught a glimpse of a face which could belong to none other than a young mother in her agony, and had not seen the little coffin lying upon the front seat, we should not have recognized the errand on which it was bound. The throng of drays and wagons hedged up its progress for a moment just against the spot where we were standing, and gave us time to comprehend enough to compel our deep and heartfelt sympathy. They

were but two,—father and mother, alone with their dead. The young man—perhaps thirty-five—had a low English face, such as one sees hanging around the door of a London gin-palace,—freckled and red, but not with weeping,—and was, to all appearance, so far intoxicated as to comprehend but dimly the import of the occasion. When the coach, in its attempt at extrication, suddenly started back from the position where it had been wedged in among other vehicles, he fell over, by the sudden jerk, upon the little coffin before him, and was only raised by the aid of his weeping companion, whose grief burst forth afresh, and whose mild reproof, “O William!” had such an intonation in it as would have gone to the bottom of any man’s heart who retained possession of his proper humanity. She was answered by a gruff oath directed toward the driver. She turned from him, and cast toward heaven such a gaze of agony and supplication, as comforted us with the hope that she knew where to go for sympathy in those sorrows, which, it was obvious, were manifold, and pressed heavily upon her. They were poor; their dress, and the cheapness of the casket in which their lost jewel was lying, betokened that. Doubtless they were recent emigrants from fatherland, who had been here only long enough to suffer from loneliness and poverty, not long enough to make

any friends. God bless thee, mother, and comfort thee; for thy heart aches, and if Heaven help thee not, thou hast poor comfort of earth!

A little further on, a dark-draped funeral car, with its cortege in all the sombre pomp and ceremony of the most elaborate obsequies, turns into Washington Street, round the corner of Boylston, and blocks the way. Far as the eye can see, toward the Common, it extends, with its showy coaches and prancing horses. The undertaker—he who sits upon the box of the first carriage, with the coachman—is at the head of his profession, and has disregarded expense. Through the glass sides of the dashy hearse can be seen the burial-case, with its dark cloth, and shining ornaments, and the great silver plate, which bears engraven the name and age of the departed,—a well-known name; an advanced age. The first carriage, with the nearest mourners, has its shades drawn, and one cannot see whether it is full or empty. The second contains two men and two women, in half mourning, and with sufficient consciousness of passing events to express considerable curiosity as to the cause of the annoying delay in getting on, and the probable relation of the cars of the Metropolitan Railroad thereto. The next three carriages contain, we should conclude, miscellaneous friends, engaged in miscellaneous converse. Then come three or

four filled with State Street faces,—business acquaintances of the deceased,—who drop an occasional word, as they drive by, with regard to the probable “amount of his property,” and “whether he has given anything to public charities.” One old man is gratifying his limited audience with various reminiscences of the earlier days of him whose body is going on before them toward the grave, and of his acquaintance with some of the methods in which he made such great gains. It would be difficult to decide, from anything in the appearance or language of the occupants of the remaining coaches, whether they are going to a funeral or to an ordinary afternoon ride. It would be quite safe to say, even if one could lift the blinds of the first carriage and take an observation, that there are more tears in one of those sad eyes which are gazing, in mute anguish, upon the little pine coffin in the old hackney-coach far ahead, than there are in all this lengthened train,—more real grief in her poor, aching heart than in those of all who are in any manner affected by the departure of him who is being buried with such imposing state.

But here another procession crowds almost upon the heels of the last. It is a long one, too. We count fifteen carriages, from the coach which leads, to the open wagon which brings up the

rear. A son of Erin is going to his rest, and his compatriots crowd thickly after him to do him honor. A brick fell on his head from a high story, and killed him — without a word. The priest has performed his last office, and received his fee. The wake has been duly solemnized; and now, three on a seat, the mourners are doing the last honors to his corpse.

The hungry cemetery will receive them all with equal alacrity. The little babe will lie down in the "common ground"; the Irishman will repose in the "consecrated corner"; and the millionaire will sleep in his private tomb, built long ago by himself upon a site selected for the fine view which it has of the distant hills, — as if his eyes were to look upon them! The same sky will bend itself above them; the same stars look down by night. Earth will claim them with impartial inexorableness, — ashes to ashes, dust to dust! Other millionnaires and other laborers and other babes shall come and lie down by their side!

And when the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised, and these three who went to the grave in the same hour, though not in the same company, shall awake out of the dust, which shall look up with meekest hope and most trusting joy to catch the glance of "Him who sitteth on the throne"? Shall it be he whom the

priest has certified to have a right to heaven? or he who left so many millions for those who came after him? or the dear babe that but opened its tender ear on earth to hear Jesus say, "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of God," and closed its eyes, and died?

X.

STREET SMOKERS.

"I WOULD N'T be seen in the street with a man that smoked anything less than a first-class fancy brand, at five cents apiece by the dozen!"

"Well, I know they taste better, and it looks better, — but how can you afford it? It makes something of a little bill in a week, if you smoke much."

"I make it a rule *always* to smoke in the street, and as I make — evenings included — several journeys down town and back, a day, I never get through with less than a half a dozen; though, to be sure, when it storms, or is very dark, and there is n't anybody round to see, why, it don't pay, and I don't smoke; but I average near three dozen a week, the year round."

"Three dozen! That — let me see — is nigh on to two dollars a week; near a hundred dollars a year! How *do* you contrive it? Why, my salary is the same as yours, and yet I feel as

if I had been awfully extravagant, if I go more than two of these five-centers a day!"

"Well, what's the use of living in Rome, if you don't 'do as the Romans do,' as Shakespeare says? 'Tis expensive; but, as Ike Potiphar, or George W. Marvel, — which was it? — had it before the Mercantile: 'Something must be conceded to society.' I make it up in other ways. I'd rather go without one meal a day, than my street cigar, — it gives a fellow such a free and easy and well-developed sort of air."

"Well-developed sort of air!" Yes, thought we, as we perforce inhaled a direct blast from the speaker's lungs as we crowded by, — that is not a bad way to state it! We have always thought that the young men whom we have seen puffing along the sidewalks, like puny locomotives with weak boilers and a very low head of steam, had a "well-developed sort of air." The chicken stage is evidently outgrown, and young roosterhood is reached. Those slight ties which bind "un-developed" men to mothers and sisters, and to all womankind for their sweet sake, have been rudely ruptured by their immense "social progress," and they enjoy exhaling the plague of their poisoned and fetid breath under the bonnets of feminine passers-by, as if they were doing them the greatest favor in the world, and momentarily expected to hear from their

red lips the Eastern supplication, "Let it please your Highness graciously to spit upon me, and I shall die in peace."

These fellows—to quote a verse from the Canticles—"come out of the wilderness like pillars of smoke, as if perfumed with myrrh and frankincense, and with all powders of the merchant," and they scatter odors along the *pavé*, as freely as if employed by the health department to fumigate the city.

Now, we never smoked a cigar in our life, and are therefore, possibly, a poor judge of the matter; but we will venture to say, notwithstanding, that it always seemed to us, if we *did* love tobacco-smoke, we should prefer to manufacture our own. It may be an unjust prejudice which we entertain against second-hand articles, but we would quite as lief go into Brattle Square, and don the first greasy and half-worn suit there exposed for sale, as take a second-hand article of smoke from the private manufactory of a street loafer.

It is said there are differences in the grade of the article, and we believe it is generally understood that a cigar which costs a good deal of money is more fragrant than a cheap twist, and that anything which can be rolled up and burnt between the lips, without the aid of a machine, is more balmy than that which is burned in clay.

As a mere outsider, we never could appreciate the difference. We have walked after a Paddy with a pipe, and behind a Cockney with a cheroot, and, all things considered, we hold the former to be the least nauseous of the two. The Irishman smokes in the street in a clever, self-possessed, and business-like manner, as if it was a great comfort to *him*, and he did n't mean any harm to anybody; but, having pressing engagements with a hod for ten hours out of the twenty-four, he presumed so far upon the public forbearance as to make the most of his brief leisure. The street snob, on the contrary, does it for effect. He goes without his dinner, or takes it in an abridged and pocket edition, so as to afford to expand, on Washington Street, in all the glory of a first-class Havana.

He mumbles it a long time between his lips, as feeling that it is an investment too important to be used up in haste. He "begs the favor of a light," with a gesture which reminds one of an organ-monkey asking for a cent. He knocks off the accumulating ashes with his little finger, as if that member had lateral spasms. He takes it out of his mouth, ever and anon, with an air like that of a clarionet-player, waiting for his score to come round, in an orchestra. He puffs straightways, and sideways, and anyways, and

all ways, as if intending to be seen of men, and women, at all events.

What cares he for law? Does n't everybody break the law about smoking and drinking? What cares he for the comfort of the fifty per cent of men, and the ninety-nine per cent of women, whose occasions call them through the streets, who abominate the sickening odor? Tom and Dick and Harry—who are the gentry of the town in his estimation, and to follow humbly and afar in whose wake is his daily struggle and nightly dream—smoke in the streets, and so he smokes there, and enjoys it; and supposes that he creates a sensation; and that that low hum which he often perceives about the city, among the jar and conflict of its various sounds, is a subdued buzz of stifled admiration of his manly appearance as he vapors along!

Bah! he is a nuisance, a whole nuisance, and nothing but a nuisance! A street smoker—so says a naturalist friend of ours (it is a hard word, and a little dubious in its redolence, but we *must* use it, for there is no other that is up to the mal-odorous mark)—is the *skunk* of civilization!

XI.

CHEATING CHILDREN.

"Now come along,—that's a good boy,—and when we get home, I will give you all sorts of goodies."

"What'll ye give me?"

"O, I'll give you a stick of candy, and some peppermints, and a sugar heart, and an orange,—if you are *very* good."

"I know better."

"Why, my son, what *do* you mean, to speak so to your mother?"

"I don't mean nothin', only I sha'n't get 'em."

"Do you think that your mother would tell a lie to you?"

"No,—*'t ain't lying for you, but 't would be lying for me*; and I should catch a big lickin', if I did as you do."

"Why, Johnny, what *do* you mean?"

"I told you once, I don't mean nothin', only, last time I went down town with you, you

promised to give me a piece of pie, and a slice of plum-cake, and a great apple, and twenty-four pea-nuts, and ever so many gum-drops, when I got home, if I would be good, and not play horse, and tip over the chairs, in that big house where we went; and when I got home, you slapped me, and put me to bed, 'cause I give the kitty your bonnet to play with,—and I did n't git none on 'em. And I know you won't now, 'cause I shall do *something* that you'll make some kind of a 'scuse of, to cheat me. But then 'tain't *lying*,—'cause I'm a little boy, and you're a big woman. If ever I get big, 't won't be lying for me to tell wrong stories,—but 'tis now."

"Hush, hush, Johnny!—you must n't talk so in the street; for people will hear you, and think you are a very naughty boy, and won't love you."

"I don't want 'em to. I don't care nothin' about nobody's loving me; but when they say they'll give me sticks of candy, and things, I want 'em to do it, and not cheat me, 'cause I'm little and they're big, and 'tain't lying for big folks to lie to little folks."

"Johnny, if you say that again, I'll put you to bed the very minute we get home, and you shall stay there till to-morrow morning."

"There,—I told you so. I knew you'd have

some 'scuse. O dear!—I wish 't wa'n't lying for little boys to lie!"

"Johnny, what did I tell you?"—and here commenced a street scuffle; the enraged mother wringing the arm of the boy, and dragging him along with stern force,—he resisting, kicking, and screaming stoutly.

It was a sad scene. It lifted the curtain upon home mismanagement. It revealed a little soul, capable of a noble destiny, suffering under the dwarfing and deforming process of a false theory of domestic discipline. His bit of philosophy on the practical difference between untruthfulness in high and low places evidently cut to the quick, because it was edged with truth.

When will fathers and mothers learn to apply the golden rule to the concerns of the nursery, and to train children for life, by making them feel that all the great laws of righteousness rest upon all alike—in their own sphere and measure—there?

XII.

THE COLOR OF GENTLEMEN.

"I've a great mind not to speak to you."

"Why not?"

"Because I saw you in such company yesterday."

"You saw me in no company, yesterday, that was not good and reputable."

"I saw you walking, yesterday, in close and apparently interested and congenial intercourse, with a 'nigger' as black as the darkest night, when the moon does n't shine because it can't push any shine through the clouds, and the street-lamps don't shine, out of politeness to the moon."

"Granted. Yet your implied assertion, that you saw me in bad company, remains unproven. 'Black' is hardly synonymous with 'bad.'"

"I would n't have been seen in the streets in that condition."

"I have seen you in worse."

"Take care, Edward. What do you mean?"

"I mean, William, that I have many times met

you on Washington Street, walking arm in arm, well pleased, with both gentlemen and ladies, as they are popularly called, of vastly less intelligence and moral worth than the individual whom you are pleased to style 'a nigger,' and with whom you saw me conversing."

"I don't care if he were an angel. I would n't be seen publicly disgracing myself by contact with him. If I must swallow such a black dose, I would keep it, as the doctors sometimes direct their medicines containing iodine to be kept, in some congenially dark corner."

"Pray, William, where is the disgrace of being seen to treat a gentlemanly person who has a black skin as a gentleman?"

"Gentleman! A 'nigger' a gentleman! I should think you had better emigrate to Liberia at once. I knew you were a rabid Republican, but I did n't know you had gone clean over to the Amalgamationists."

"I beg pardon, William; but you have n't answered my question."

"What question?"

"Why a gentlemanly negro is not as really a gentleman as a gentlemanly white person?"

"I tell you the idea is absurd."

"Still you don't answer. Do you, from your ancient reminiscences as a schoolmaster, happen to remember Webster's definition of a gentleman?"

"I can't say that I do."

"Let me refresh your memory: 'a man of education and good breeding, of any occupation,' — or something like that; in short, a man who is reputable in character, and courteous in manners, as distinguished from the reverse. Now, where does such a definition necessarily exclude the negro? Is he not a man? And, being a man, may he not so culture himself as to come up most fully to the requirement of such a definition?"

"He is n't a man."

"I know that remarkable person who once unrolled a mummy before a Boston audience, with some of his 'scientific' friends, and, latterly, the Supreme Court, would like to make people believe that; yet *you* don't believe it, though you say it."

"You can't *prove* that he is a man."

"You used to teach Physiology, I presume. Let me remind you that the only essential physical difference between yourself, and the person with whom you saw me walking yesterday, is, that there is a little more coloring-matter in the cells on the under side of his cuticle, than there is in the corresponding cells on the under side of your own. You are dark brown in complexion; the granules of your under-skin are something more than amber-colored; those of his are a dark

copper-color; — that is all the difference between you. You are a 'white man,' and he is a 'negro,' in consequence of it. But are you ready to assert that the mere physical difference of a degree or two in the depth of coloring-matter in these epidermal cells — all other component parts of the animal and mental and moral organism remaining identical between the two — constitutes a difference as between manhood and beasthood?"

"Well, if a negro is a man, he is n't a gentleman."

"Not unless he behaves like one. If he does, why is he not?"

"Society does n't recognize him as such."

"Society does n't do a great many things it ought."

"Society is my rule."

"It is not mine, nor God's. Its rule is iron, and not golden."

"Such as it is, we are bound to keep it."

"By what authority?"

"That of necessity."

"So that, in a society of pirates, you would be a pirate?"

"No; but in little matters like this, we must do as others do."

"Suppose yourself in the negro's place, — would it be a 'little' matter?"

"You pester me with questions."

"You annoy me with answers. The fact is, William, you have been untrue to yourself and your better nature in all that you have said. You know that a negro is a man, and may be a gentleman, and that when he is so he ought to be treated as such, just as well as I do. You know that society is mean, as well as wrong, in thus consenting to be unjust to the weak, out of courtesy to the strong. Of course, none of us advocate the superior desirableness of intimate association between black and white, as a general thing; but we do urge, that when a black man has brain, and uses it, and cultures himself to a position equal, or superior, to our own, he ought to have the credit of it, and the courtesy that belongs to it, — and the man who is afraid to accord it to him, through fear of what society will say, is a pellucid poltroon. So say I; so says your inner soul!"

And so said we, — as we alighted from the omnibus in which we had been an interested listener to the dialogue thus far.

XIII.

THE ANNIVERSARIES.

"THERE! that's an Anniversary going round that corner; don't you see him, — that great tall fellow, with a white neck and a black body?"

"What, — that one with an umbrella in one hand, and a valise in t'other, and that walks kind' as though he did n't know the way?"

"Yes, that's him. You'll always see 'em round, about the time the grass gets real green on the Common, as thick as soldiers to a training. Don't you know they call this time o' year Anniversaries? That's why."

There's a good deal of philosophy in this world, thought we, as we overheard this boyish colloquy, that comes about as near the truth as this juvenile specimen, and is quite as confidently held, and authoritatively promulged. There's many a man ready to go to the stake — in a metaphorical point of view — for a dogma that has fewer and remoter relations to the truth as it is in Jesus, than the "Anniversaries" have to

the presence in our streets of an unusual percentage of white cambric and black broadcloth.

But what a difference there is between the whole business of "Anniversaries" now, and a generation ago! Well do we remember the eventful period when, after no little previous pondering on the part of the whole household, and a serious meditation upon the perils of the uncertain way, the old white horse, currycombed for the occasion with unwonted care, and the venerable chaise, fresh washed in the neighbor brook, were brought to the door, bright and early on Monday morning, and our honored sire, with appropriate parting counsels, commenced that quiet family pace, which it was anticipated — wind, weather, and casualties permitting — would bring up at the Bromfield stables, somewhere among the hours of declining day. Suburban driving was comparatively tranquil then, for the railroad that carried granite from the Quincy quarries to the Quincy wharf — *parvus pater maximarum familiarum* — was alone in its glory, and the scream of a locomotive was an acoustic phenomenon that prophecy had not foretold. Progress was slow, but sure, and the ministry of the State trotted gravely into the metropolis with dust on their coats, instead of, as now, being whisked and rumbled in with sparks in their eyes. It was their yearly visit. It cost something, and meant

something, and *was* something. If there were fewer assemblies, they made more of them; and if the speaking was not quite so rousing, they took it in larger doses. Meetings, from invocation to benediction, were then done by the job; and a minister would as soon have thought of going out of his own church in sermon-time, as of omitting or curtailing anything that made a part of the regular programme of holy week. The idea of "dropping in" upon two or three simultaneous services, so as to get a bird's-eye view, say of one sermon, two addresses, three speeches, an abolition meeting, several old friends, and a few new books, with a little shopping for home thrown in, all in the compass of one forenoon's time, would have been somewhat confusing, and indeed quite shocking, to our fathers. They walked about the streets with a ponderous gravity, which has passed away from these tumultuous and telegraphic times. They gallantly waited upon the ladies, their hostesses, to and from church, as if they were here on a family visit, and had no extraneous claims upon their attention. At a proper time, and when there was no service in progress, they went into Samuel T. Armstrong's, or Crocker and Brewster's, — as it was in old Scott's Bible times, — and carefully considered the ten or a dozen new books of the last twelvemonth; paid good

round prices for such as they liked, and felt able to buy; settled for the *Panoplist* for the year; called round upon Father Willis, and squared up for the *Boston Recorder* and *Youth's Companion*; possibly bought somewhere a small package of something useful for wife and children at home; and, the duties of the week having been conscientiously performed, duly bade courteous farewell to their city entertainers, paid their stable bills in Bromfield Street, and were off in good season on Friday morning for home, and the toil of another year. Safely back, the incidents of the journey furnished material for many an hour's chat, and its pleasant memories cast a savor of sunshine over following months.

All which things are managed differently now. The prevalent unrest has dislocated the old quiet order; and residents and visitors, speakers and hearers, and lookers-on, all partake of the high-pressure impulses of the times, — what Juvenal calls the *fumum et opes, strepitumque Romæ*.

XIV.

SENSIBLE SUITS.

"GEORGE, what makes you try to look so much like a minister?"

"How do you mean?"

"I mean in your dress. You always wear a black dress-coat, and black vest and pants, and often a neck-tie that is almost white."

"Yes, — I think it is becoming; and, besides, it is of some consequence to me, in my business, to have men think I'm *able* to dress well."

"I don't call that dressing well."

"It's dressing as 'our first men' dress."

"A man may do a great many things as 'our first men' do them, and make a big fool of himself for his pains. I go in for doing what is *really* sensible, without regard to the habits of men, first or second, great or small."

"Why is n't it 'sensible' to wear a black suit?"

"In the first place, because it costs the most and comes to the least, in the amount of the real

wear and tear which it will bear, of any description of clothing which men ordinarily use. It is almost always tender and half rotten, so that a slight strain or rub, which a substantial cloth of another color would n't mind in the least, rends and ruins it. In the second place, it is wholly unsuitable to all business purposes. Every floating speck of dirt sails for it, as steel goes to magnet; every thread of lint is sure to find it; the ordinary smut of the shop and street gives it a second-hand and seedy look, even when comparatively new; you can't lay your hand, of a sudden, to lift or move anything, without sacrificing your coat, or stopping to take it off; and, in general, and on the whole, it is every way as unsuitable to all the purposes of a business man, as the tight, full-dress, and elaborately stuffed uniform of a dandy volunteer city company would be to the rough and tumble of the actual service of a campaign."

"Well, would you have me look like an expressman?"

"I've seen good-looking expressmen,—who would compare favorably with your comely and gentlemanly self, in their appearance on the street."

"Yes,—doubtless; but that does n't precisely answer my question."

"I will answer it, then. I hold that every

sensible man will dress according to his position and its claims upon him. I like to see a minister wear a black suit—though I'm not so particular about the white neckcloth as some—in the pulpit, and when engaged in strictly professional service; but it seems to me as perfectly ridiculous for ministers, because they are such, to travel, and rough it on their farms, or about their parishes, in pulpit rig, as for a bride to wear her wedding dress and white bonnet through all the sparks and dust of her wedding journey. I respect a clergyman in gray clothes, when he is where gray clothes are more suitable, economical, and every way convenient and becoming, than any other. And I apply the same law, for substance, to all men. As a business man, I would have you dress appropriately, in colors; and when you temporarily abdicate the business man, and assume your position as a private gentleman, I am perfectly willing you should look as ministerial as you please."

"I don't know but you are right."

"You'll find, when you go abroad, that our rage (thank Heaven, it is passing away) for black coats upon all occasions, is a distinctively American folly. No Englishman of sense, from the Duke of Devonshire to the pettiest *employé*, thinks of such a thing as a black coat, except when in full dress. At all other times, some

gray and comfortable and work-suiting garb meets at once his necessities, and ministers to his comfort. Try it, I say, and see if you don't like it."

Words of sense, in our judgment, which, if generally heeded, would save many a poor man many a dollar, — ministering, at the same time, to his comfort and sense of respectability, while in a costume appropriate to his calling.

XV.

THE TYRANNY OF STRENGTH OVER WEAKNESS.

It was early morning in Market Square. Country wagons, laden with produce, were pouring in to dispose of their freight inside and outside the market, as occasion should serve. And those migratory dealers who buy to sell again were there, making the best bargains that they could with those whose carts contained the products of the soil in their "original packages." All was bustle and business.

One of this last class, — an old man, in a garb whose neatness bespoke his carefulness as truly as its coarseness declared his extreme poverty, with a face of simple honesty, itself a sufficient certificate that his low estate was not the result of vice, but of misfortune, — with a venerable horse, and a wagon whose appointments were of the humblest description, drove up, and, meekly bestowing his unpretending equipage in the most out-of-the-way corner, commenced his morning purchases, — the capital upon which he was to

trade, from street to street and house to house, during the day, slowly earning the pittance that must keep his feeble wife and their invalid son in bread.

While he was thus employed, one of those huge four-horse teams, which, with immensely projecting hubs and a general give-me-the-whole-street-and-nothing-less air, make themselves a frequent nuisance, as they recklessly truck heavy goods through our narrow thoroughfares, came round the corner in the lee of which the poor man's wagon was standing, and, with cracking whip and clattering hoofs and rumbling wheels and vociferating driver, turned short down the Square. The racket which it made attracted the old man's attention, and aroused him to the danger which threatened his vehicle, in case the strong chose to endanger the weak. The near wheel of his wagon already touched the curbstone, and he could get no farther out of the way if he tried. There was room enough for a half-dozen carts to pass on the other side, and therefore there could not be the slightest reason, nor the least legal or illegal excuse, for any collision. And yet the old man was alarmed, because he knew his wagon *looked as if it belonged to a poor man*, and he had, more than once, had sad experience, even in this land of equal rights and loud-voiced democracy, that it makes a great deal

of difference as to the reception of our personal rights, whether we look *as if we were able to enforce them or not*. Therefore, especially as he saw that (to make a straighter cut to the next corner) the huge vehicle was turning so as, at best, to clear his wheels by but a hair's breadth, the old man ran with sudden trepidation toward his horse. As he drew near, he saw that his doom was sealed, and he shouted to the driver of the great load to stop, before he crushed him. But, in the rattle and rumble of the big wheels on the pavement, his voice was, for a time, unheard. The great wagon thundered on, and, as it came abreast of the little one, its projecting hubs caught its slight wheels and crashed them as if they had been made of pipe-stems. Just then, the poor old man shouted so loud, in his agonizing thought of the effect of the catastrophe upon his little savings for the winter that is coming, that the great, burly driver condescended to hear, and to pull up his team and lean over to ask, with an oath, what he wanted.

"Why need you run into me? Don't you see the street is wide enough the other side, and I'm as close as I can be to the sidewalk?"

"Who" (still with an oath) "are you?"

"It don't make any difference who I am. You have no right to run me down in this way?"

"*Help yourself!*"

"You ought to be prosecuted; at least, you ought to pay me what it will cost to get my wagon mended. My bread, and that of my wife and children, depends upon it. *Do help me, won't you?*"

"Your wife and children must be good-looking! You prosecute — *you'd* better prosecute — *you'd* look pretty prosecuting, *you* would! It's good enough for you! You've no business to be putting your old rattletraps in people's way! You'd *better* prosecute! I *advise* you to prosecute, I do!" And, with sneering face and a fresh volley of oaths, the brutal scoundrel whipped up his long team and rattled away.

The poor old man sadly surveyed the wreck, and, as he remembered that it *must* be mended, or he could not pursue his business, and if he could not pursue his business now, during the warm months, he and his would suffer by and by, his first impulse — smarting under a sense of cruel wrong — was to get a policeman, and try to obtain legal redress; but his next thought was of a former experience, where such an effort had only ended in his losing more in time and money, twice over, than he gained from the law. And so — countermanding his orders for the vegetables, on the sale of which he had hoped, by sundown, to make a dollar or two, to add to his little pile for the long and cold winter, when nearly all

is spending, and there is little earning — he dragged the mutilated remains of his wagon to the shop of a wheelwright, to make the best bargain that he could for the repair of the damage.

We pity the subjects of Austrian tyranny. But there is, sometimes, tyranny in our own streets, under the very shadow of our sanctuaries and halls of justice, which cuts to the heart as keenly as anything that is wrought by the minions of oppression over sea!

XVI.

SOUND ADVICE.

"I DID N'T see you last night at the sewing-circle," said one young man to another, as they joined each other, and walked before us down the narrow sidewalk of Water Street.

"No; I—I was n't there; I—I could n't go, very well."

"I'm sorry. We had a *very* pleasant time, and a profitable one, too, for some remarks were made by Rev. Dr. —, which were very instructive. Were you sick?"

"No; I was engaged. The fact is,—I may as well tell *you* first as last,—I was at the dancing-school, where I've just commenced going."

"Is it possible? *You* going to the dancing-school; why, you joined the Church less than two years ago!"

"I know it; but a great many church-members, who are older than I am, go to the dancing-school, or dance, (which argues previous attendance,) and I don't know why I should n't have

a good time as well as they! Does n't the hymn say, 'Religion never was designed to make our pleasures less'?"

"And does n't the *Bible* say, 'Love not the world, neither the things of the world, for if any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him'? And does n't it speak of such people as many who frequent the dancing-school, as 'lovers of pleasure rather than lovers of God'?"

"Well, any way, Rev. Dr. —'s daughters go, and he would n't let them go, if it were not right. Besides, I'm sick and tired of long faces; and then I feel that I owe it to myself to make the most I can of my person. It makes great difference in one's success, whether he's graceful or awkward in his bodily movements."

"Don't you 'owe it to yourself' to make the best use you can of your mind and heart, as well as your 'person,' and does n't it make a still greater 'difference in one's success,' whether he's intelligent, and conscientious, and honest, and religious, or not?"

"Can't a man be all these, and dance?"

"Doubtless many men might, but I doubt if you and I shall be likely to. Some men are born in a sphere where dancing is as common as walking, and nothing more is thought of it, one way or another; and God will judge them by whatever standard may be right for them. But

you and I were poor boys, born where dancing was a thing unknown, — except among the rowdy portion of society. We never were brought up to it. We have never moved in circles where we have felt the want of it, and I doubt if we are likely to. We work hard, and need all our spare time, and funds, for other and better uses. And for us, it seems to me that to learn to dance — even if nobody suspected any moral evil in connection with it — would be as absurd as for us to spend an entire year's income in buying a diamond shirt-pin, which either of us would be a fool to wear, if we picked it up in the street."

"I should think you would study for the ministry!"

"Would to God I could; but don't sneer at me that way, Joseph. You know that we have always been good friends, and that I feel the deepest interest in your welfare, here and hereafter. And I must warn you of the danger of your present course. *You* don't feel satisfied about it, or you would n't have hung fire so in telling me of it. Take my advice, and don't go. It will fill your mind with all manner of needless nonsense. It will tend to bring you into contact with empty heads and doubtful hearts. It will not add one solid blessing to you; while, by its great danger of alienating your affections from the Church and from serious things, it will, I

fear, work your gradual ruin. Don't go any more, now, Joseph, I beg of you!"

"Amen and amen!" said we, passing by, — apologizing for our intrusion upon their converse by a word expressive of our interest in what we could not but overhear, and of our cordial concurrence in the sensible and pious advice which had been given.

XVII.

THE POOR WOMAN.

It was almost dark. The sunlight still streaked the west, but the streets were dim, save where the lamp-lighters had done their work. A feeble step went tottering by the open window where we sat; and, as the poor woman whose slight frame it propelled, glanced around as she passed, we were almost startled by the pale and pain-stricken aspect of a face whose lineaments still retained the faded traces of uncommon sweetness and intelligence. Yielding to a sudden impulse, we passed out, and followed her, at respectful distance, toward her humble home, — a mean and dilapidated old wooden building, standing at the terminus of a narrow lane which branches off from one of our principal streets at the West End. Waiting until a few moments after she had entered and closed the door behind her, we rapped. She peered out cautiously, as if dreading some unpleasant visitor, and, with a face even more striking than when we first caught a glimpse of

it, (now that her not very comely bonnet was removed,) and with a timid and long-suffering tone, she said, "Who is there?"

"A friend," was our reply. The door opened suddenly, as she tried to scan our face by the commingling of the little light yet left in heaven and the dim flare of the poor oil-lamp, which hung on an iron bracket projecting above her windows.

"I don't know you," at last said she, as she finished her scrutiny, and drew the door again toward her, as if from an instinct of self-defence, — "I don't know you, — what is it that you wish? I am poor and alone, and I have no friends."

"I am your friend."

"I never saw you before."

"You may never see me again; but I am your friend for all that."

"For what reason?"

"For the reason that our Saviour gave, when he said, 'As ye would that men should do to you, do ye also to them likewise.' If I were in your place, and you in mine, I should want you to be my friend."

"Come in," said she, quickly thrusting the door open wide; "you talk like a Christian, and Christian foot has never before crossed this threshold since this poor old house has sheltered me."

Come in, — I am afraid of no man with the language of the Saviour on his lips."

We entered, and glanced around upon a clean-swept room, bare of all furniture, except a chest of drawers, which looked as if it might once have occupied an honorable place in some grand mansion, and was now mourning its mistress's decline, a rocking-chair with one fractured arm, a pine table, with two or three coarse earthen dishes, a tallow candle dimly burning, and a bed made up neatly in the corner, on the floor, with a few books on the shelf, and a few cooking utensils on the hearth.

Pushing us the rocking-chair, and motioning us to be seated therein, she leaned against the bureau, and with simple dignity said, "I am glad to see you, for you look like an honest man, and speak like a Christian. I am very poor, as you see. I was not always so, as you may infer. But that matters not. Tell me wherefore you are come, — for I cannot believe that you intend to do me any harm." Then, without giving us time to reply, she added, — as if what she had said needed apology, — "The truth is, I have one hard creditor, who has no mercy, and I feared it might be somebody come from him, to trouble me further."

"I said I was your friend. I am so much so, though I never saw you before, as to beg you to

make me — so far as you may deem proper — a confidant of that distress which writes itself upon your very face, as well as upon your dwelling. I ask this, not out of vulgar curiosity, but because I have a sincere desire to give any proper aid that may be in my power."

The poor woman turned her wan face a moment to the wall, and her slight frame quivered with emotion, and the tears were streaming down her cheeks when she looked us again in the face, and passionately burst forth: "Two sad, sad years have I gone out and in over that threshold, in the burning heat of summer, and the frosty horror of winter, — six church-bells sounding in my ears every Sabbath of the time, — and never heard such a word before from any fellow-creature. I did believe I should die here alone, — that my landlord would be left to sell my bones to the college, for the surgeons, to make out my arrears of rent, and that no human being would see me laid in a decent grave. Thank God, at last I hear a voice that has neither malice, nor meanness, nor avarice, nor scorn, nor temptation, in its tones."

As the poor woman recovered herself from this burst of feeling, we placed her in the rocking-chair, where it was obvious that she had need enough to rest, and, standing by her side, listened to her tale, — an old, old story, and yet one

that is ever new. Youth, health, wealth, beauty, a husband, happy children, a dear, dear home,—all had been hers; all had been swept away by one dark Providence after another, until all were gone,—and here she was, a solitary sufferer, eking out life by the toil of her feeble fingers, with no single friend to comfort her, with deed or word.

“O, Sir,” said she, “sometimes I have almost sinfully wanted to curse God and die, when I have looked out of my window upon the dwellings of wealth adjacent, and seen wasted there what would have kept me in luxury (for me) for days, and almost weeks. I know it is all right,—better than I deserve,—yet it would have been pleasant to have seemed to belong to the same race with them.”

We sought to speak a few words of appropriate counsel, and to prepare the way for some deeds of appropriate kindness; and we had the joy to see the pale and pain-smitten face beam with unwonted happiness, as we went away, with a promise of speedy return.

If our space were not too full to write more, our heart was too full then to utter more, as we thought, “Who made us to differ?”

XVIII.

BRIGHTON ON SUNDAY, P. M.

“I DIDN'T see you at church. yesterday afternoon.”

“No. I went to Brighton.”

“To church?”

“Well — not exactly. The fact was, — it being pleasant, and having been shut up all the week, and not having had a ride for a long time, — I thought I would take Mrs. — and the children out, for once, and ‘do as the world does.’”

“Does the world go to Brighton on Sunday afternoon?”

“Why, yes; pretty much everybody, that is anybody, calculates to be seen on the Brighton road occasionally, after morning church.”

“‘Morning church’ is an indispensable preliminary, then, to such an appearance? How is it about *evening* service? Is that laid on top of the Brighton which covers the church A. M., *à la Sandwich*?”

"Well, you're both inquisitive and funny, it strikes me. I suppose you design to intimate, in a gentle way, that I'd better have gone to church in the afternoon myself, as you and your worthy spouse undoubtedly did. But the fact is, I think we need amusement as well as instruction; and, after having heard a good solid sermon in the morning, and paid my respects to the cause of good morals and public decency, by being seen at church, I—"

"Paid your respects to the cause of bad morals and public *in*-decency, by 'being seen' on the Brighton road, with the jockeys, in the afternoon. Hah?"

"You're polite, friend."

"No, I ain't polite; I'm only truthful. If I meant to be polite, I should go into the theory of amusement, after the manner of Paley on worlds and watches, and lay down the great principle that riding to Brighton on Sunday afternoons is a great social want; that God providentially created horses, and endowed man to make buggies and family carryalls, and caused the city of Boston and the town of Brighton to be situated and connected as at present, to the end that that great social want might be supplied; that whatever evil has followed, or, in any case, has been supposed to follow, this species of recreation, is owing to the coldness of

the Church toward the subject, and to the criminal habit into which the clergy and their coadjutors have fallen, of frequenting church, instead of the Cattle Fair Hotel, on Sunday, P. M.; and that, in doing your part to uphold and promote proper views on this great subject, you are a philanthropist of the deepest dye. This is what I should say, if I went in for being polite. But merely intending to speak the truth, I do beg leave to remark, in your hearing, that I think you would have been setting a better example, and doing, as well as getting, more good, if you had gone to church, and left Brighton to the rowdies who divide that unfortunate precinct with the butchers."

"Well, you've made a pretty long speech, any way."

"I'll hear *you*, now."

"I don't know as I have anything very particular to add, though—"

The near rumble of an omnibus drowned the rest of the reply, and when it had subsided, we found ourselves out of ear-shot of the pair of talkers.

But we thought this fragment was, on the whole, too good to be lost, and so we pulled out our tablets, and jotted it down, while fresh.

XIX.

THE ARISTOCRACY OF GLOVES.

"GLOVES is my chief expense,—in a small way, that is. My glove-bill at Heard's for the last year was positively appalling. My first impression was, that it could n't be right; and I looked it over carefully to hunt out a big mistake; but I identified the whole programme. You see, when you wear delicate colors, the slightest stain ruins a pair; and so does a rip; so that very few days pass without the necessity of a new fit-out. So it is n't wonderful that it should cost the money at the year's end."

"I can't afford gloves for mere ornament, and can't abide them, if I could afford them. I hate the feeling of them."

"But are n't you afraid of compromising yourself with society? I should n't dare to walk the length of Winter Street without gloves on, and nice ones too, lest ill-luck should make me meet some one of a dozen persons who would never speak to me again in consequence. There's nothing that some people are so particular about."

"I believe you. There are, unquestionably, quite a number of men, and some women, in Boston, who would esteem habitual glove-wearing in the streets as more than counterbalancing habitual scoundrelism in private life, and who would cut an acquaintance sooner for being gloveless than characterless. But, for myself, I can't say that I feel any imperious desire for the intimacy of that description of aristocracy to which they belong, which a naturalist might set down as Class V. Pisces; Order 2. Malacopterygii; Sub-order 2. Sub-brachiata; Family 6. Gadidæ; Genus *Morrhua*; Species *Callarias*; and which Bennett's *Herald*, in plain English, calls 'codfish.' I have an idea that the Creator, in clothing the hands with skin of sufficient powers of endurance to bear uncovered the alternations of ordinary weather, intended that we should be able to dispense with an artificial covering, except in the same severity of cold which obliges us to protect the face also. Indeed, I should as soon think of drawing a rat-skin covering over my face as over my fingers, and calling it 'kid.'"

"You're absurdly radical. I suppose rat-skin is just as good as kid-skin, if you don't know the difference, and it is well perfumed. But do you seriously mean that you never wear gloves?"

"Never, except when some reason other than mere fashion demands it. I wear gloves in win-

ter, to keep my hands warm; I wear them when I dig in the garden, to protect my skin from the attrition of gravel and the annoyances of thorns and briars; I wear them, sometimes, when fishing, to save my fingers from the abrasion of a deep-sea cod-line; and, in general, I wear them whenever they are of any real use; never at any other time, or for any other reason."

"But isn't it of 'use' to keep your hands from getting the nut-brown tinge of the mere swain, notifying all beholders that he belongs to the pig and chicken class?"

"Tastes differ. The class of pigs and chickens does n't repel me so much as the class of animals with larger legs and longer ears, whose biped representatives and friends are much exercised to conceal their hands from public gaze. I am not afraid to show mine, — brawny and brown, it may be, but good for work, and not bad for all honest uses."

"I see you will never be a fashionable man. You've imbibed absurd notions from some low source. You'll find it will damage you with the better classes. I advise you to give it up —"

"And spend a hundred dollars a year, or so, for gloves? Nay, friend, I prefer to invest it in books. And when you get so that you can't be seen in the street alongside of my brown hands, the loss will be mine, and I will try to bear it — in the society of my library — as I may."

XX.

OUR METHUSELAHS.

"HE's a fool! he's a mere chicken! He's too young to be married yet, this five years! What is getting into all the boys and girls? When I was a boy, I should as soon have thought of stealing, as of getting married."

"I fancy there's many a boy, now-a-days, that thinks of stealing as soon as he *has* got married, and effected the grand discovery that kisses won't make the pot boil, nor pay the butcher, nor baker, nor candlestick-maker."

Thus communed two gentlemen of the old school, in the vestibule of the Post-Office, as we passed them to look at our box. On our way out, we met a lad, whose smooth chin, and the general youthfulness of whose comely aspect, made us think "there's a pretty boy," when, to our dismay, somebody by our side loudly accosted him with, "Well, old fellow, how's your wife?"

Said dismay was deepened by the answer, —

"Pretty well, thankie; but the baby has the measles, and our oldest the mumps, while No. Two fell down, the other day, and broke his crown, and has been very dumpish ever since!"

We learned afterward, by inquiry of a friend who knows this phenomenon, that his language was literally true, and that his "family" at the present time consists of five members, to wit: himself, aged twenty; his wife, aged nineteen; and three children, aged two years and ten months, one year and four months, and three months, respectively! His salary (he is a retail dry-goods clerk) is supposed to be about five hundred dollars!

People call this a fast age. It appears to us it might be truthfully called a *young* age. Certainly, youth largely enters into it.

Furthermore, a small boy, now, knows quite as much as his father, and incomparably more than his grandfather; while his great-grandfather, if he happen to survive, is a mere fool to him.

If Methuselah were now alive, it would be amusing, if it were not sad, to think how he would fare. He would date back to just about A. D. 890, — the era of the founding of Oxford, — about the time when Alfred was in his glory in England, when Arpad was founding Hungary, and Arnold of Germany was taking Rome. The

old gentleman would doubtless remember a thing or two; but it would be hardly safe for him to speak of it, or some youngster, in his bib and Bancroft, would correct his dates, or contradict his facts, and set him down as an "old fogy"! Old Doctor Beecher and Doctor Jenks would have a good time with him; and he might possibly be asked to sit on the platform, and pronounce the benediction for some society, in Anniversary Week; but he would be lucky to get home with his eyes unblinded with street smoke, his garments undefiled with street spittle, and his bones unbroken in some street scuffle.

XXI.

AMBITIOUS ARCHITECTURE.

"BUILDING? Yes, it appears to me there's a perfect mania for building and re-building. Why, to say nothing of new streets in the Back Bay, where the tide has hardly done flowing before the pile-drivers begin thumping for a foundation, there are any quantity of sedate old lots, down town, which are taking off their coats, and turning up their sleeves, preparatory to a knock-down and drag-out, and a new iron front, and accordingly lies to match."

"Who're going to occupy all the great new stores? It really looks as if goods enough could be sold in them to supply five times the legitimate constituency of Boston!"

"It might be more pertinent to inquire who is going to pay the rent on them, and do a living business beside. In my humble judgment, some of those stupendous stores will be the ruin of more than one adventurous, and probably also well-meaning and hard-working, but short-sighted individual."

"Why? They have 'all the conveniences,' and certainly much more business can be done in them than in the old, dingy, low-in-the-walls sales-rooms which they replace."

"Doubtless; but if you double the rent, you must at least double the business, to pay, not merely that item added, but the clerk-hire, and the hundred other added items, which come in the train of the grand establishment. To do this, in the existing competition in the trade, you must take all the customers you can get, without scrutinizing too closely their moral characters; you must sell low, and sell long, and after you have waited a big while for a little money, you must, very often, charge the amount to profit and loss, (especially loss,) through the deficit of distant buyers, who, likely enough, never meant to pay, even when they were drinking your champagne, and eating your turtle-soup, preparatory to running up their swindle."

"And yet one would think a fine store would be apt to bring fine customers."

"Some customers are shrewd enough to know that a good chest of tea, or an A No. 1 bale of goods, bought in an old warehouse with a dingy front, and a low rent, is quite as good as, and is apt to cost somewhat less than, the same quality of article, bought where, in addition to costs of importation, and the regular profit of trade, a

considerable percentage must be added for extra rent, salary, and show expenses. Some old heads are mighty shy about running up much of a bill in these 'palatial' warehouses. It just occurs to them that all that magnificence has to be paid for, and that *they* are as likely to be levied upon as any other persons."

"You would n't advocate mean stores, would you?"

"No, I don't advocate *anything* that is mean; and that is the reason why I don't advocate that excessive preponderance of show over substance which is a prominent feature in a great many of the building operations at present going on around us. If there is anything meaner than for a man to take a great store and stock it with goods, and take a great house and fill it with flummery, and then fail, at the end of a few months, and cheat everybody concerned out of ninety-three per cent of their money,—all sunk in the maelstrom of extravagance in rents and general management, at the store and at the house,—I don't happen to think of it at this moment."

It "just occurred" to us, as we passed out of ear-shot of this pair of talkers,—the latter of whom was waxing somewhat warmer than the thermometer (although over ninety degrees) would really warrant,—that the speaker might have had some personal experience, not of the most

agreeable sort, to give a little acidity to his general views on the subject under discussion; and yet we could n't help feeling that essential truth was at the bottom of what he said.

There is here and there a store, and oftener than here and there a house, now completing, or recently completed, in Boston, which belongs to the "flummery" order of architecture, and which invites the occupancy of some fool whose money and him it will do its speedy best to part. Stores are a little out of our line, and we would not speak too confidently with regard to them; but we assuredly know that there is a large number of houses whose tenants (by purchase or rent) will pay a yearly rate of well-nigh double the sum which they ought to pay for all the *real* accommodation which their domicile affords,—the balance going toward leaky bay-windows, showy cornices, elaborate knickknackery in general, with the draperies, tapestries, *et id omne genus*, which supplement them, and which drain a man of money, as a hungry horseleech sucks dry the vein upon which he fastens.

Sensible houses are the great need, just now, in Boston. Houses that are not "all up and down"; that have gas and water conveniences; that have roomy rooms and well-ventilating chimneys; that are not so elaborate in gingerbread architecture as almost to compel lavish expendi-

ture in internal furnishing to keep up the fitness of things ; and, above all, that can be rented for from \$350 to \$550 per annum. He who would build a hundred such houses would be a great public benefactor, and would by no means throw away his money.

XXII.

SUCH WEATHER !

“ O, SUCH weather !— *such weather* ! How can you look so cheerful in such weather,—in mud, and drizzle, and east wind, and fog, and gales, and rain, and snow, all mixed up together ? ”

“ Well, indeed, you have made a mournful catalogue, and I don’t know as you have inserted anything either that Nature has n’t put in, within the week. But don’t look so long-faced about it ; you don’t depend for your happiness upon the weather, do you ? ”

“ Yes, I do,—very much. When the sun shines, I shine ; when it rains, I mope ; and when it does—as it has the last week—everything that is damp, and dumpish, and disagreeable, I am in a perpetual fret, and nothing suits me.”

“ I incline to think, my dear madam, that you are a little too frank in your avowals, and, unlike most visitors to the confessional, you have made it rather worse than it is, with you.”

"Not a bit, — not a bit. I do assure you, I feel positively *ugly*, every 'equinoctial'; and every time it rains a storm instead of a shower, I feel as if I had n't a friend on earth. If I managed matters, I would have sunshine all the time."

"But how about vegetation, which would be apt to parch under such a regimen?"

"Well, I'd have it rain always in the night."

"Then how about those nights when you wish to be out?"

"I would n't have it rain on *those* nights."

"*Somebody* wants to be out *every* night. And then, too, as the earth sometimes needs a rather more thorough soaking than ten or twelve hours would give it, how would you have *that* managed?"

"O, I don't care if other people do get wet, once in a while; and I don't know about the earth. All I know is, if I had *my* way, it never should rain when I did n't want it to."

"Pardon me the impertinence of the suggestion, — but is there not just the least spice of what the divines call 'selfishness' in your position, thus expressed?"

"Just the *least* spice," thought we, as we passed beyond ear-shot of the pair, who were breasting the northeaster with commendable perseverance; and we wondered how the inhab-

itants of the earth would stand affected, if this lady-complainer could take the direction of the weather for just one month. Her creed of management would be short and explicit; she would "suit herself." When she wanted to drive out, it would be pleasant. If she happened to fancy a longer excursion than usual, the sun might be kept above the horizon an extra hour or so, and the whole race of almanac-makers would be paralyzed with astonishment. When she wanted a breeze to blow into her open window, it would come from the most unexpected quarter for that purpose, without reference to sailors' rights. The crops would have a hard time of it, and the farmers would cut a thin supply of grass.

Would n't there be a commotion among the general public! Would n't there be a great convention called to remonstrate on the monstrous injustice of having the interests of the whole world pivoted upon the fancy of a single individual, and managed for the imaginary benefit of one, rather than the real good of all? And would n't the opinion become general at last, — herself included, — that the matter would be better in the old hands, — managed by Infinite Wisdom for the common benefit, — mud, mist, and drizzle included?

XXIII.

WHAT ELSE ARE YOU?

"Comment vous portez-vous, Mademoiselle?
The thirty-third pleasant morning in succession I've seen you on Washington Street; throwing out rainy days and Sundays, when there is n't anybody round. Are n't *you* a street-yarn-spinner?" said a bright-faced and jauntily-dressed miss, before us, to a somewhat plainer and a good deal more time-and-weather-worn-looking female, who met her on the sidewalk.

"To be sure I am," was the reply; "and why not? *What else are you?*"

We did not linger to catch any further syllables; but that last sentence struck us as conveying a good deal more of truth, in its curt interrogation, than was likely to be apprehended by the party addressed, or than was, in all probability, intended by the speaker. It seemed to us that there are a good many females in Boston — very reputable and admirable as the world goes — who might be puzzled to make an honest reply to a

similar question, without damaging conscience by a suppression of the truth, or self-respect by its utterance.

"What else are you?" You are an out-door person. You can't get through the day without promenading Washington Street, to see and be seen; to catch an idea of the latest fashions, by observing what people, in general, have on; to exchange street nods with certain "perfect loves" of gentlemen, with whom you have mainly a sidewalk acquaintance; and you are "miserably moped," when it comes evening, if you can't go somewhere, with somebody, to see something. In short, your existence is especially — one would almost judge only — valuable to you for the points of contact which it has with the outer world. You are a spinner of street yarn. Now, *what else are you?*

Are you a *student* of anything? Have you the first clear idea of the wonderful body and more wonderful mind which God has given you, — of their capabilities, dangers, destiny? Do you know the place where the road to an insane retreat, or an early grave, forks from the path to health and long life and happiness? Are you conscious of the immeasurable wealth which other minds have stored for you in volumes heaped and fragrant with wisdom? Are you aware that Prescott's Histories are, in reality,

more fascinating than *Ballou's Pictorial*? and that the BIBLE is, as a matter of fact, more "interesting" than the last new novel? Above all, have you any acquaintance with the sublime fact, that daily obedience to daily duty is the recipe for daily comfort,—that the sweetest flowers of earthly joy grow on the prickly and uncouth and bitter cactus-branches of disagreeable, yet divinely appointed drudgeries?

You know that Mr. So-and-so "keeps" on such a corner. You know where Madame W——'s millinery chambers are. You know where that "elegant" clerk, with the fine eyes and the fat fingers and the miraculous moustache, retails his glances with his gloves, his simpers with his silks. You know French enough to begin a conversation, and break down into English before it is half through, be it never so short. You know music enough to play to "a paying audience" a few opera selections, with soprano slides and screeches to match; and not enough to play, or sing, or enjoy anything, either simple or deep, which might unassumingly make a part of the rich melody of home. You know how to "appear well" on the sidewalk, and in the parlor (when there are callers); but you don't feel able to appear at all at the breakfast-table, or in the kitchen, or anywhere or anyhow, for the simple purpose of *being*, rather than *seeming*,—of en-

joying and imparting enjoyment, rather than of "exhibiting." You are a very nice person to meet on the street. Passing and repassing are your *forte*. But — *what else are you?*

It is a question concerning which Revelation is silent, whether eternity is provided with sidewalks; and the sham and outside life which you are now living may, possibly, be a poor preparation for that position of great and stern realities, where we shall all be sorted according, not to what we seem to be, nor what we would like to be, or like to have people think us to be, but what we *are*;—where an inch more or less in the length of a streamer, the width of a skirt, or the littleness of a bonnet, will be found to be of inconsiderable account to the genuine welfare of the individual, compared with our amount of truth to our own internal capabilities of improvement, usefulness, happiness, and holiness, and of our external obedience to the will of God, as revealed in Nature, Providence, and Revelation.

XXIV.

PAT MALONEY.

A VOLLEY of awful profaneness in the tones of a child's voice arrested our attention, and chilled our blood, as we were passing down a side street at the South End, a few weeks ago; and, on turning toward the sound, we discovered a little Irish boy, smeared with street filth, and looking like a locomotive bundle of rags, who was pouring out his wrath against another boy, who had displeased him in some way that did not make itself immediately obvious. Despite his dirty and neglected condition, there was something about his eye that revealed the presence of unusual intellect; and there was a kind of grotesqueness and originality even in his fearful cursing, which confirmed the promise of his eye, and declared him capable of a nobler life. Dubious of any success in our attempt, and yet feeling strongly desirous, if possible, of doing something to call forth his confidence, and put him in a way to better things, we approached him for a parley. As soon as he saw our inten-

tion, he seemed to anticipate reproof, and looked as if he were summoning all his stock of natural and acquired sauciness to his help, for resistance; so we changed our method of attack, in hope to put him off his guard.

"Do you know if a gentleman by the name of O'Doherty lives in this neighborhood, my lad?"

"Never heerd of no sich man."

"He is a fine, large man, and usually smokes a pipe, and, I think, has a little boy named Pat."

"Heaps on 'em here has that name. That's my name."

"Your name is n't *Saint Patrick*, is it?"

"Never a bit of a saint I am, sure."

"And what is a saint, do you think?"

"And sure, and a saint, I expect, is a mighty fine kind of a jintleman, and, may be, better than a *praste*."

"You mean, he don't *swear*, I suppose."

"Well—you see, Johnny stole my kite, and he *made* me swear; but I don't do it in no ways common."

"What did you say your name was, besides Pat?"

"I did n't say; but it's Maloney."

"Your father is dead, is n't he?"

"Yes, I 'spect so."

"And where's your mother?"

"She's to South Boston." (Meaning, in the House of Correction.)

"For how long?"

"For six months."

"And who takes care of you?"

"I takes care of myself."

"How old are you?"

"I don't know, — I guess 't ain't none o' your business."

"I want to give you a new jacket."

"I should like one, first rate, but you don't *mean* that, old fellow."

"Yes, I do; and I think you'd look better with a pair of new trousers."

"Are you a Police?"

"Why — yes. I'm a sort of *moral* policeman; but I never carry boys to the lock-up."

"Where do you carry 'em?"

"I go home with them."

"You won't go home with me, Mister."

"Why?"

"'Cause I ha' n't got no home."

"Where do you sleep?"

"All about."

"Where do you eat?"

"Same place."

"My little friend, tell me now, honestly, are you all alone in the world? and have you no home, no food, no clothes, but these rags?"

His lip trembled for a moment, and his eyes

filled, when he bowed his head upon his breast, and wept.

We led him to the City Missionary having charge of his district, and intrusted to the hands of that discreet and benevolent functionary the small sum sufficient to provide for the immediate wants of our new friend.

Suitable provision was made for his daily life, so that, from being a beggar and a thief, he was soon transformed into a useful member of society. The next Sabbath saw him — well washed, well combed, well dressed, well pleased, and measurably well behaved — in one of the classes of one of those Mission Schools which are doing so much for the moral welfare of the poor and neglected among our citizens. And now, thanks to God's blessing on patient kindness, and steady and self-denying effort, there is not a brighter eye that there bends over the sacred page, nor a more reverent voice that reads its inspired and inspiring lessons, than those of this same little Pat Maloney.

How strangely strange it is that, with so many Christian people within sound of the church-bells of Boston, so few of them should seek to enter upon any practical, business-like obedience to that great command, whose blessed result is that "*the poor have the Gospel preached unto them*"!

XXV.

THE OLD APPLE-MAN.

"Poor old man, — will nobody help him?" said a sweet voice, just under the open window of the Canton Street omnibus in which we were seated, — while it paused, blockaded a moment, by the corner where School Street empties its travel into Washington.

Glancing hastily out, we saw a beautiful young girl, whose remarkably fine face we instantly recognized as belonging to one of the best families of the South End, busily setting a good example to a crowd of street loafers who had knotted together on the opposite sidewalk, and who, with their hands in their pockets, were laughing at the panic-struck perplexity and feeble dismay of a venerable apple-man, who had been pushed over, in his attempt to cross the street, by the "near" horse of the omnibus, and whose stock in trade was scudding away from him in all directions, like mice at the sudden advent of a kitten. He had picked himself up and regained his dilap-

idated basket, but, in his alarm at the throng of horses that, by this time, was beginning to surround him on all sides, and his (second) childish grief at his probable loss, he had not sufficient presence of mind to make even an effort to secure any portion of his property. There he stood, bewildered, and there the able-bodied loafers looked on, and — laughed, and, with malicious meanness, hallooed to inquire what he would take for the lot, *as it ran*.

The noble girl — after waiting long enough to satisfy herself that nobody else proposed to interfere — dashed in among the horses, and, with the most sympathizing words to the poor old sufferer, was beginning to pick up the apples, and, with a courage which is not, to say the least, usually manifested in the street, by her sex, threw herself directly before the great beast of an impatient expressman, who was about to hurry on, and, in so doing, inevitably crush at least half of the old man's fruit, which lay under, and among, his wheels and horse's hoofs.

"Please to wait a minute, Sir," said she, — as she encouraged the old man, now quite reanimated by her active sympathy, — "and we will soon get them all out of your way."

A carriage which had crowded its pole against our rear, had made the omnibus door unopenable for the time being, and as the window was rather

too small for our comfortable emission, we had nothing for it but to remain a sympathizing, but silent spectator.

The expressman swore, and we are afraid some of the omnibus-drivers did the same. The loafers gradually came to a sense of their meanness, and — as if suddenly recollecting urgent engagements — sneaked off. The sweet-faced girl led the old man — a large three quarters of his stock replaced — in triumph to the sidewalk, and, while he was mumbling incoherent thanks, slipped a shining yellow coin into his tremulous fingers, and hurried off round the corner, her cheeks all aglow with generous excitement, and happy as a queen — might be, by similar conduct, but seldom is.

We have no need to add the moral.

XXVI.

A MALE IRISHMAN.

It is a singular propensity which the male Irish have, on holidays, to dress up in a black suit complete, — stove-pipe hat included. To see the street-full that hang about the Cathedral on the Sabbath, as bees cluster round the egress of their hives in swarming-time, one would almost think that the stock of some Israelite dealer in second-hand articles, who confined his attention to cast-off clericals, had become suddenly animate, and started *en masse* for mass. Old coats, which are redolent of vinegar restorations, and whose swallow tails tell a tale (which it is sometimes hard to swallow) of former generations, are borne along with genuine Hibernian want of grace, while vests which have returned all of their original investment to their first owner once more appear in public, and mingle in general society. We suppose it must be more inherently dignified and aristocratic in Celtic eyes to appear in the cast-off habiliments of the *élite*, than to

originate apparel of their own, which, for the same money, would be something coarser in texture, and something lighter in hue, though immensely more enduring in use.

They see "their betters" in black, and probably from their youth up they have associated that sacerdotal color with their ideas of all that is beatific in gentility and luxurious in life. Coming over, — "some in rags, and some in tags," — after having wielded the spade and pickaxe sufficiently to rise into easier circumstances, and indulge their hitherto impossible tastes, they make at once for Brattle Street and kindred localities, and, bearing good, hard-earned shillings in considerable numbers, they depart rejoicing in great bargains in this species of sable suit. Their inexpressibles are, to be sure, inexpressibly tender, and have a tendency toward a lighter hue than is needed on the knees and other exposed parts, while their jerkins will bear very little jerking without rents that are not reliable for the support of a family; but still there is the odor of gentility about the dress, and the Irishman rejoices, and feels that at last he has reached his coveted level in society.

Yonder goes one who illustrates our remark. He is on Monday leave, and so retains his Sunday spruceness. His coat was originally made for six feet two, and he is but five feet one; so that there is even more waste about his waist than

distinguished the late anti-Shanghai style; and his pantaloons were once the property of four feet nine; so that his boots (made for the general public, and for nobody in particular, and fitting accordingly) are obliged to do some service to supply nether deficiencies, while his hat is an old black, bell-crown beaver, which has, likely enough, hung twenty years or more on the same peg in the old-clo' man's den, and was therefore bought at a bargain; but he looks self-appreciative, and not merely independent, but jubilant. He evidently feels well. He would like to meet some of his old Cork companions, that he might show himself to their admiring eyes. He inserts both hands under the tails of his coat, and they fall over this obstruction something as the river washes over the cliff by Goat Island. As he walks thus, he will meet nobody who feels any better than he does.

To be sure, his transitory finery will soon become "eradicated," as the Western orator remarked, but then he can get more where that came from; and until he learns that it is better to spend a ten-dollar bill for a new and strong and neat and sensible coat of serviceable gray, than for one that is merely black and old and shabby-genteel, perhaps it is the best thing he can do under the circumstances. But he *will* learn, by and by, with the leave of the "Know-Nothings."

XXVII.

STRANGE CONTRASTS.

THE doors of Trinity open at secular hours! Surely the Bishop has not turned High-Churchman, and established the daily office! And if so, it would not account for the crowd that rush hastily in! It must be that some unusual event is magnetizing the multitude!

The organ peals out, as we enter, and there is that in its resonance which betokens joy, rather than grief, as the key-note of the occasion. It is, clearly, a wedding service! The Priest is even now ready in his robes, prayer-book in hand, and looks with expectant face toward the entrance. The organ pauses. A slight pair—in the dew of their youth—glide noiselessly to the altar, and the appointed words begin:—

“Dearly beloved, we are gathered together here in the sight of God, and in the face of this company, to join together this man and this woman in holy matrimony.”

No voice follows the call for the showing of

“just cause why they may not lawfully be joined together.”

The mutual promise is made; the mutual troth is pledged; the ring finds its place upon the fourth finger of the fair left hand; the prayer is said, the blessing given, and the twain go forth, for evermore, one flesh!

We saw the pair—in all their flush of happiness—enter their carriage, and drive away, and, as we walked on in the same direction,—from the crowded state of the streets, with them for a long time in sight,—we could not help moralizing upon the strange mixture of human thought, and emotion, and purpose, that was, for the time being, imprisoned within the circle, of a radius of a few hundred feet, around us.

A crowd of giddy boys, heedless of all save the excitement of the moment, thronged, with merry shouts, about the dashy equipage which bore the central figures of the scene. As that turned the near corner, out of Summer into Washington Street, the driver had to pull his horses suddenly to their haunches, to avoid crushing under their feet the wretched wreck of a poor old female paralytic, whose skinny hands, and yellow visage, and bleared eyes, and tremulous and loathsome aspect, furnished at once the sharpest and the saddest contrast to the vision of young loveliness that smiled so near! Yet who shall say that that

withered hag was not once the superior of the two, in excellent beauty? who dare declare that she who is now young, if she live to old age, shall not repel the sense even more than this feeble wanderer?

Strange contrast! the flood of travel next floats this wedding *cortege* to the side of a funeral train, and, for a moment, locks the wheels of the carriage of the bride into those of the hearse of the dead. Turning her fond gaze away from the face which she loves, instinctively, to notice the cause of the delay, the bride — through the glass window of her coach, and that of the hearse, now opposite each to each — looked, with a shudder, on the coffin, and, shocked by a sight so unexpected and so uncongenial to that hour, shrank instinctively away, and covered her eyes, while her heaving breast showed how painful was the enforced suggestion that an hour of parting must of necessity by and by succeed this hour of espousal.

Disentangled, the coach falls into a line that is moving slowly on in its desired direction, and keeps even pace, for a little while, with them. We glance, curiously, to see into what new neighborhood they are now unconsciously come.

Before them is a family carriage, in which, propped by pillows, and swathed with shawls, and muffled in furs, reclines a gaunt form, the

hectic of whose cheek, and the hollow tone of whose occasional cough, indicate that he must soon take his place in another procession.

Behind them, in a hackney-coach, smothered in luggage of foreign aspect, hurries, just from the English steamer, to the New York cars, a heavily moustached and bearded couple, whose grum gutturals growl discontent at their slow pace, and whose anxious and angry glances out of the windows are singularly unlike the calm content that saturates the aspect of the hymeneal pair before them.

A charcoal cart brings up the rear! Its saffron sides bear, in stupendous scrawl, the signature of "Chaffee & Co." Its driver — perched upon his lofty seat, with a fox-tail in his cap, and his livid eyes in fine frenzy rolling, in a masklike countenance, tinted by his occupation to the hue which a negro might be supposed to have after lying long in pickle — shouts the cry peculiar to his craft, and jolts along, as if part and parcel of all that goes before him, and is to come after him; his merry-Andrew aspect bringing to mind the proverb, that "no company is complete without a fool."

XXVIII.

THE LOST CHILD.

A LITTLE child stood, crying bitterly, on the sidewalk. Its bare flaxen curls streamed over its fair shoulders in soft and graceful ringlets, that testified to the gentle culture of fond maternal fingers. It was alone, and, we supposed, had wandered out of some near house, and gone out of the sunshine of its play into the sudden shadow of some great childish grief. But there was a kind of helplessness about its tones that especially attracted our attention, and made us curious to know the secret of its wailing. So we drew near to speak to it.

"Well, what is the matter with you, my little man? If the Queen should hear you crying, from over the water, *would n't* she wonder what was the matter with somebody?"

"I can't find mamma!"

"Why don't you ring the door-bell, and ask her where she is? Or can't you reach up to it?"

"I can't find the door-bell."

"Is n't it just where you left it, by the side of the door?"

"I can't find the door."

"Is n't it in the front of the house?"

"I can't find the house."

"Ah, my poor little boy, you don't mean to say that you're lost!"

This melancholy suggestion was quite too much for the dear little fellow, whose tears, which had sensibly subsided during the previous colloquy, burst forth afresh, with louder vocal accompaniment than ever. To our question, repeated in the kindest tones which we could summon to our help, he at last responded, with sobbing speech: "I — can't — find — the — way — home! O dear! — O dear!"

"Don't cry so," replied we; "if you cry so, you won't be able to tell me where you live, so that I can carry you home to your mamma. Come, now, tell me what is your name, and in what street you live, and we'll soon find it."

"I live at mamma's house."

"And what is mamma's name?"

"Mamma."

"How came you here?"

"I ran after the music-monkey."

"And what is *your* name?"

"Josey."

"Josey what?"

"Mamma says I'm 'Josey mischief,' sometimes, and sometimes I'm 'Josey good.'"

"Well, never mind. Where do you live, Josey?"

"At mamma's house."

"In what street is mamma's house?"

"It's mamma's street."

"What's its name?"

"'Tis n't alive,—it's a street. I guess it has n't got any name."

"How far off is it?"

"O, it's about as far as from here to—to Jerusalem, I guess."

"Is it a street that the cars go through?"

"No."

"Is it a street that the omnibuses go through?"

"No."

"Is it a street that has stores in it?"

"It's got a store where the man sells candy."

"Is that all the store there is in it?"

"He sells pea-nuts, too."

"What's his name?"

"His name is—I guess *his* name is Jerusalem."

"What's your papa's name?"

"Papa."

"What does he call mamma?"

"Julia."

"What does mamma call papa?"

"Hubby."

"Is his name Mr. Hubby?"

"I don't know. I wish you'd take me home,—I'm so hungry."

Just as we were making up our reluctant mind to relinquish the hope of getting our little *protégé* home without the City Crier, and considering the propriety of invoking the aid of that belligerent functionary, there came along a boy, of somewhat larger growth, who instantly recognized the child as a resident of a street a full quarter of a mile away; and, under his guidance, we conducted the precious little waif back, along the track of his unconscious wandering, to his mother's arms, who had just thoroughly searched the premises and neighborhood, and satisfied herself that he was gone somewhere,—where, her troubled heart had hardly time to inquire, before the returning patter of his tiny feet fell like music on her ear. She was, naturally, glad, and so were we; for we, too, have children who may get lost.

But we should not have taken the trouble to set down thus minutely this little incident, if the child's artless ignorance had not so strongly impressed us at the time, as we talked with him, with the thought that he, in that unknown street, was a type of so many whom we daily meet, who know as little of the world as he of the city,—

who are as ignorant for eternity as he for time, and who, though mature in a worldly point of view among their fellows, are, spiritually, as truly lost children, in the overlooking eye of God, as he in the eye of man.

XXIX.

NOT CONVENIENT, TO-DAY.

"Did you say it would be convenient, now?"

"No, — the fact is, I can't pay you to-day."

"It's now six months since you borrowed it, and you solemnly promised to pay me 'the next Monday,' and I have really suffered for it since."

"I am sure, I am very sorry; but the fact is, I have a great many expenses, and it is hard times, and I find it very difficult to get along, — without paying borrowed money. I'll try next week, though."

"*I wish you would.* Ten dollars may seem a small sum for you, but *I* need it more than I can tell you. In fact, I don't see how I can, honestly, get along this week without it."

"O, I guess you'll get along, — I always do, somehow. Borrow it of somebody else, and pay them when I pay you."

We heard no more of this dialogue, but from the timid and unsophisticated look of the questioner, and from the world-worn air and aspect of the respondent, we estimated the probabilities

of the ultimate settlement of this account as very slight indeed.

When we were a raw college youth, we lent a bookseller, once, a fifty-dollar bill, — which paternal kindness had sent us by mail, for necessary expenses, and which we, in the innocence of our heart, carried into his store to get “changed.” He ‘had n’t the change just then,’ but if we would leave the bill, — in fact, lend it to him for a few days, — he would pay us in small bills. We did n’t want to, but our constitutional timidity was such that we did n’t really dare not to, as long as he had broached the subject. Besides, the bill was in his hands, — to see if it were genuine, — and possession is nine points in the law. So we went home without our bill, and — we stayed there some weeks without it. We eventually “took it in books,” and did n’t get a very large library, either.

Seriously, this thoughtless lending of money to systematic and never-intending-to-pay borrowers is a great and grievous nuisance. It falls usually on those least able to bear it. It argues immense meanness in the borrower, and immense greenness in the lender. If, like the measles, men only had it once, it would be well; but some hearts are too soft ever to prompt the lips to say no. If parents do but teach their children to utter that monosyllable, — not merely when asked to lend money, either, — they do not live in vain.

XXX.

WAYS OF WALKING.

“HAVE you seen the new Doctor?”

“Just seen him — on the street.”

“Have n’t been introduced to him?”

“No, — nor don’t think I care to be.”

“Why? Have you heard anything why we should n’t like him as much as we expected to be able to, from all accounts?”

“No, I have n’t heard anything against him, but I don’t fancy the way he walks.”

“Then you would condemn a man’s ‘walk,’ without reference to his ‘conversation’?”

“Not exactly that; but I think you can tell something about a man by his habitual method of locomotion, and his habitual method is apt to manifest itself in the street.”

“What’s the matter with his walk?”

“Did you ever hear of a couplet or two, to the following effect:—

‘Hast thou ne’er noticed in the field
The plant that reared its stalk upright,

And how it was its scanty yield
That made its head so straight and light?
From this a moral lesson gain:
That he whose head is *up* — is *vain*."

"You mean to intimate, I presume, that there is an appearance of self-conceit in the new physician's street manifestations?"

"I don't mean anything else. And when a man struts upon the sidewalk, as if he supposed the gaze of the city in particular, and of the universe in general, were turned toward and fixed upon himself, I think that he — is n't, exactly, *my* candidate for a sick-room friend."

"Well, I should agree with you there."

We did n't know the parties who spoke on this wise in the door-way of the Post-Office, where we were waiting for a friend, and we have no idea what community or what "Doctor" they meant; but we felt that, possibly, there was some good sense in the conclusions to which they came.

Men certainly do manifest themselves — to eyes accustomed to read human nature — in their method of passing over sidewalk distances. We have seen persons — and clergymen among the number — who promenaded as if they had just received reliable intelligence that the kingdoms of this world, and the glory of them, had been made over to their individual use and

behoof, by a warranty deed which not even Mr. Bowditch could pick a flaw in; and they were proceeding to take possession. We had the curiosity to notice, on our way up Washington Street, the styles of walking that happened to be out, which were of a nature to reveal character.

We overtook a meek man. He crept along with a look of begging the general pardon for presuming to intrude upon the public space; turned out into the muddy gutter, to allow everybody to pass him on the right; made himself as small as possible, and finally dodged round a corner, into a back lane, as if he could n't think of troubling people any longer.

We fell in with a philosopher. He looked as if the visors of his eyes were down, and the soul had stepped out on a brief excursion to some distant planet. He was continually running into somebody, and attempting to beg their pardon by a half-absent bow, dissuasive of censure. He had gone by his place in the absorption of his mental processes, and finally — coming to himself — he turned to us (it was at the corner of West Street) and asked if we would show him the corner of Northampton Street, — only a mile and a half, or so, out of the way!

We met a careless man. His clothes were heterogeneous in selection, and shabby in aspect, and appeared to have been worn several days

without removal from his person. A roll of written foolscap protruded from one side-pocket so far as to balance itself, more than once, as if to fall; while his handkerchief — that had been white — dangled from his coat-tail, as if trying to take hold of the pavement with one hand. He had a bottle under one arm, which proved — by the sable fluid which overflowed the sidewalk, and splashed in every direction, as he forgot where it was, and let it drop — to have been purchased with an eye to more foolscap annotations.

We overtook a hurried man. He steered wild, like a sloop under flying jib, with everything else down, in a squall; and it was only by adroit leaps, and sudden contortions and dodges, he got on without overturning somebody, at every corner. Hollis Street clock struck as he passed near, and the sound seemed to add wings to his impatience. He "broke up" at once, and the last we saw of him was chasing a street car without signalling the conductor, who seemed to look upon the arrangement merely as a volunteer trial of speed.

We met a haughty man. He looked portly and pompous, and stalked along as if nobody was good enough to meet or pass him. As we happened to know him, and to know that he had recently failed for a large amount, in a way which did not redound to his credit or comfort,

we felt as if it would have been more consonant with facts if his manner had been modified into something a little less like that which Nicholas of Russia, or William of Stratford-on-Avon, might perhaps have indulged in, with some degree of naturalness; but which sits as uncongenially upon most people, who are not Emperors of Russia, or Williams of Stratford, as the airs of an eagle befit a barn-door fowl.

XXXI.

GONE TO SEED!

"Poor old man! How sad and helpless and forlorn he looks, as he shuffles along in his rags, turning his bleared eyes hither and thither, as if he saw visions in the air as he walks."

"I should n't wonder, — he's been a hard case in his day. I remember him when there was n't a prouder step down State Street than his, — not a finer nor manlier glance than that which flashed forth from those now seared and almost sightless eyeballs."

"Who is he?"

"You would n't believe me if I were to tell you. You would feel that the distance between what he was, and what he is, is too incredible to be included in the experience of a single personality."

"Well, I don't know, — one gets familiar with strange transitions, as one gets on in life."

"If his history could be written down, word for word, as it actually has transpired, with all

his successes and failures, all his fortunes and misfortunes, all his doings and undoings, men would turn from it as from the wild outpouring of some crazed author's brain, too improbable for the real belief of any sober man."

"It might preach a sermon, however, as I judge from your hints."

"It might, — one that would make young men turn pale when they see the wine-cup and the theatre, with their congenial concomitants."

"Tell me all about him."

"His name is —" We had reached our turning-off place just as the revelation was about to commence, and heard no more; but we could anticipate, in large part, what was to be said.

We closed our inward eyes, and seemed to see the panorama of his life float by, — from bright and gentle boyhood down to his tattered and tottering age. He had three gods, — an earthly three, — fame, lust, and gold. These, by turns, he worshipped, — but never Jehovah. To them he gave his days, his nights, his body, and his soul. Undeniably, they smiled upon him, each in turn, and gave him all they had to give (not much), and lured him on, from step to step, farther and deeper into their unhallowed service, until, like the deceitful demons that they are, they turned upon him, and cast him out, — a bloated and bleared and blasted thing, — round

which not a tendril of human affection clings, toward which there comes from no grateful soul one loving look, or sympathizing syllable,—a mass of moral and physical corruption, rotting slowly into the horrible embraces of eternal death.

Two texts describe him: "They that will be rich fall into temptation and a snare, and into many foolish and hurtful lusts, which drown men in destruction and perdition." "For the love of money is the root of all evil, which, while some coveted after, they have erred from the faith, and pierced themselves through with many sorrows."

XXXII.

IS SHE VERY SICK?

"Is she *very* sick?"

"I am afraid so."

"I will get there as quickly as I can."

Brief as this dialogue was, which we overheard as we were passing by the door of an eminent physician, it furnished material for considerable thought. We had no clew to the locality,—none to the parties immediately and painfully interested. It was left to imagination to decide in what street, in what mansion, on what bed, with what anxious and agonizing group, the sufferer might be. It was clear, from the look and tone of the messenger, that the sick and perhaps dying woman had at least one friend, whose deepest affection and solicitude were stirred within him in dread of the result. How many other hearts were beginning to bleed, we could not tell. We thought of our own absent ones, and breathed a petition for their safety. We remembered how, under the cover of the usual aspect of the city,

lay, here and there, many such sufferers, unthought of and uncared for by the multitude. And we besought the Great Physician to remember and supply their need. And it came home to us with new force, how little real sympathy and intercommunication and inter-carefulness there is among the multitudes who throng the globe, each making much of his own private grief, but remembering seldom and coldly the griefs of his neighbors.

We have a bosom friend—a friend from our youth—who is a physician; and through his eyes we have learned to look upon the sick side of the world with perhaps more of appreciation and of sympathy than is always natural to one whose personal experiences are mainly those of robust health. As we have knelt with him at his fireside, and heard the pathetic earnestness of those special petitions for those of his patients whose cases most appealed to his own anxiety, which have interwoven themselves with his supplications for the family, we have gained new respect for the physician's function, and have felt that the man of tender conscientiousness, and thorough skill, and sympathizing temperament, and religious principle, who goes from house to house to "heal all manner of sickness, and all manner of disease, among the people," approaches, perhaps as nearly as any one can hope to do, to

that commanded "walking as he also walked," which brings us nearest to Him who "went about doing good."

Steele, or somebody, says, in the Tatler, that "there is not a more useful man in a commonwealth than a good physician." And society, despite all it has suffered from the dolts and the quacks, indorses the declaration. No doubt the best err, and the most skilful sometimes fail; but the amount of human suffering that is daily saved by the patient thought and wise prescription of "the profession" would more than furnish the agony of a great battle.

Simple old Thomas Tusser, father of didactic English poetry, says, sensibly, in his "Good Points of Husbandrie":

"Ask *Medicus'* counsel, ere medicine ye take,
And honor that man for necessity's sake.
Though thousands hate physic because of the cost,
Yet thousands it helpeth, that else should be lost."

We wish there were always a better practical understanding between those whose duty it is to prescribe for the body, and those whose duty it is to prescribe for the soul. Doubtless the clergy are sometimes in fault, in that they enter the sick-room as if they were going to a funeral, and so cause the doctor to dread, and then forbid, their insalubrious and depressing presence. Where all parties have common sense, this need

not be. And when the two professions have confidence in each other, they can help each other cure the patient.

And where, as sometimes happens, the disciple of Hippocrates discerns that it is true of the sick, as of Lady Macbeth, —

“More needs she the divine than the physician,” —

he ought to summon his brother of the surplice to a consultation. Neither can afford to ignore the other.

XXXIII.

QUACK RELIGION.

It was a sudden summer shower, and the gutters roared like young rivulets. We were umbrella-less, and took shelter in the doorway of Joy's Building. Two gentlemen descended the stairs in animated conversation, and, as they reached the doorway, finding the street flooded, paused just before us, and continued in the same earnest tones their discussion, where we could not choose but hear.

“I don't want any other proof; that's enough for me.”

“But you *ought* not to be satisfied, without good and sufficient evidence, in a matter of that importance.”

“I call that ‘good and sufficient.’ Here I go into a billiard-room, and find A and B, members of the church ‘in good and regular standing,’ playing billiards and carousing with the rest. I go into a drinking-saloon, and I find C and D, members of the church ‘in good and

regular standing,' drinking there, as much at home as if they never pretended to belong anywhere else. I go into a ball-room, and I find E and F, members of the church 'in good and regular standing,' dancing there,—not merely common dances, but waltzes and polkas,—with as much zest and passion as the giddiest mere 'worldling.' I hear G and H, members of the church 'in good and regular standing,' in a tearing passion with each other, and showing quite as much ungentlemanliness, and as little magnanimity, as are common in such cases, to those who make no pretence of being better than their neighbors. I buy goods of I and J, members of the church "in good and regular standing,' and find that I am cheated, if anything, a little worse than I was in my last purchases of the same articles from a man whom I *know* to be a scoundrel.

"Thus I go through the alphabet, and I find that there is not *really* any difference—at least for the better—between the actual lives of these men who belong to the church, and of those who make no such professions. I therefore conclude that the whole body of church-members is unsound, and that religion itself is either a cheat or a delusion, and that the less I have to do with it, the better for me."

"Does that seem to you sound reasoning?"

"Why is it not?"

"Do you not reason from exceptions to the rule?"

"I claim that these instances form the rule."

"Can you prove it?"

"Perhaps not."

"Do you really believe it?"

"Why should I not?"

"You are a physician?"

"Yes."

"Regular bred?"

"I hope so. Three years in Paris and ten in the hospitals, upon the top of the regular course, ought to entitle me to use that language."

"Suppose I say you are a quack?"

"I should deny it, and be mad with you if you insisted."

"But I go through Boston, and I find an Indian doctor in one street, who cures everything by one herb; and a cancer doctor in another, who will conjure your cancer into a quart bottle, for a consideration; and a mesmeric doctor in another, who will turn you inside out, and tell you how to repair all damages, for one dollar; and in another, a spiritualist doctor; and so on, with a crowd whose name is legion, who are obviously mere quacks, and nothing else. Shall I thence decide that *all* physicians are quacks, and that, since you are a physician, *you* are a quack also?"

"Hardly good logic, I should say."

"As good as yours, in my judgment."

We thought so too. Doubtless there are many professed Christians, whose lives bear melancholy witness that their professions are insincere; but the very discrepance which there obviously is between their lives and our ideal of *Christian* life, should teach us that there is genuine gold, though base metal sometimes seeks to palm itself off in its place.

XXXIV.

TWO INCHES!

WE were talking with a friend on the sidewalk at the narrowest part of Washington Street, where there is barely room for the passage of three vehicles abreast. Against the opposite sidewalk stood a huge and heavy-laden express-wagon, whose driver was temporarily busy inside the adjacent premises; thus narrowing the scant thoroughfare so much, as to make it good steersmanship to get two full-rigged craft through the channel without collision. It so happened that, simultaneously, two ponderous wains, deep-freighted with bales and boxes, for, or from, the rural districts, approached from opposite directions, and adventured the passage together. It would have been "rub and go," at the best. But both drivers—the one in his anxiety to dodge the lamp-post that slenderly guarded the curb-stone on our side, and the other in his care to avoid the expressman's hubs—forgot that they had intermediate and interjacent hubs of

their own,—protruding and ponderous affairs, by the way,—and the consequence was, that they came together in a collision that sounded like the thumping of two rocks, and that made the long rows of stout horses, to whose muscle it was due, fairly reel and stagger under it.

The two drivers rose upon their foot-boards, and, — (now, thought we, for some developments of human nature,) — after leaning over on both sides, to survey the aspect of affairs, turned toward each other with looks of stern defiance; but, as if standing on dignity, neither spoke for a long half-minute. Then the redder-faced of the two burst forth: “Well!”

“Yes!” (Dignified.)

“Get out o’ that!” (Tart.)

“Get out yourself!” (Warming up.)

“You did it!” (Face redder.)

“I *did n’t*!” (Pretty warm.)

“Back out o’ there!” (Rising on tiptoe, flourishing his long whip, and putting Stentor into his tones.)

“I won’t!” (Mad.)

“You won’t, — won’t you?” (Red-face lays his whip with cracking force on his horses, and starts them, with a tremendous jerk, apparently in the hope of taking off his adversary’s hubs by a sudden *coup d’état*. The only result is nearly to pitch both himself and the

other driver to the pavement, by the ineffectual twitch.)

Here began the tug of war. Both — the one now pale, the other scarlet with rage — poured forth an awful stream of curses, flourished their lashes round each other’s heads, amid the derisive cheers of the streetful of people whom the conflict had gathered, and made a complete nuisance of themselves; until two policemen, appearing upon the scene, jumped upon the box of the team nearest us, one of whom turned his attention to the biped beast, and the other, snatching the reins from his hands, backed the horses a few feet, and, steering them two inches nearer the curbstone, cleared the difficulty, and started the stream of travel once more.

How great a matter a little fire kindleth! If those two inches of space had been included in the original programme, how much wrath and how many curses would have been spared, and how many people hurrying to the cars, and blocked inadvertently into the *melée*, up and down, as far as the eye could see, on either side, would have been able to carry out their plans, now subverted!

Two inches! How often that space, or less, has modified human life in its eternal, as well as temporal auspices! A ploughshare once turned up a pot of gold, and made the ploughman a

small millionaire. In doing so, it made him, gradually, a fop, a reprobate, and a sot. Two inches aside in the course of that share might have saved him his purity, his virtue, and his heaven.

XXXV.

"I DON'T LIKE MY MINISTER."

"WELL, I know one thing,—I don't like *my* minister, and I never shall like him. He's so proud, he never sees me on the sidewalk. I met him twice, yesterday, and he walked by, with head up, so grand, and took no more notice of me than if I were the town-pump, standing there. I don't like him, and I *don't mean to!*"

"I guess you've told the truth, now,—where women are reputed always to write the most important part of their letters,—in the postscript."

"Well, should *you* like a man who is so proud that he doesn't know you, except when you are dressed in your best, and seated at church?"

"Probably he does n't *see* you at any other time. He is either near-sighted, and so fails to recognize you as you pass rapidly by, not very near him; or he is absent-minded, and is thinking about something else so intently, that, though his glance may seem to meet yours, he is actually as unconscious of seeing you as if he were asleep or dead, with his eyes open."

"I know he is n't near-sighted, because he

does n't wear spectacles ; and if he's thinking of something else, I don't know as that is any excuse, for I think he *ought* to think of what he is about, and whom he is going to meet, at the time."

"Not a very remunerative subject of meditation in these streets, where, if one in every hundred who pass him has any claim upon his recognition, it is a larger proportion than belongs to most men."

"When *I* walk the streets, I go to see and be seen, and, accordingly, have my eyes about me. It was only this morning that, if I had n't had a sharp look far ahead, I should have met, and been obliged to recognize, that odious Mr. T——, the clown. I happily foresaw his advent, and crossed over just in time to save the necessity of a street talk with a fool, or cutting him dead, which latter I prefer not to do, when I can help it, as I don't exactly desire to make him an enemy."

"Indeed! You surprise me! *You* sometimes meet people, then, without speaking to them, and without the excuse of absence of mind, either; nay, with even the boast of presence of mind, as displayed in the event! Art thou consistent, my jewel?"

"My jewel" replied, but we lost the drift of her answer in the clatter of a fire-engine, rattling by, and the juvenile rush which attended it, and swept the street.

We chanced to recognize the "minister" alluded to, however, and happen to know that, though he does not wear spectacles in public, he is yet so near-sighted as once to mistake, in the dimness of a partially lighted room, a colored servant, who was moving toward him, for his own sister; and that he is often so absent-minded as, when specially absorbed in meditation upon some great theme of study, to forget the regular recurrence of his meals, and sometimes to need friendly admonition as to his attendance upon his own Sunday service at the appointed hour. As to pride, — though these peculiarities may sometimes stiffen his manner into something which might be mistaken for *hauteur*, — he is well known to his intimates as one of the gentlest and sweetest and purest and meekest of all the servants of the Most High.

So little do people sometimes know, when they think they know so much! and so sadly and injuriously do they often mistake, when making up hasty judgments from insufficient data!

Would some power "the giftie gi'e us," not only to "see oursels as ithers see us," but to look upon others and judge them as we would wish them to look on us and judge us, not merely many "airs in dress and gait" would leave us, but many unkind surmises would be put at rest for ever in our breasts!

XXXVI.

TOO LATE!

It is curious how one, who is in the streets every day, gets to associate certain faces and forms with the thoroughfares. He never reasons it out to the conclusion that they really live and move and have their being wholly in the streets, but as he always meets them there, and never meets them anywhere else, he slides into the silent association of them with the *pavé*. They suggest it, as their *habitat*, just as the lineaments of a friend, at whose hospitable board one has often sat, suggest the interior of his pleasant home. One would be almost surprised to go into a house, and recognize there one of these street faces.

Among the many whom we have grown thus to identify with this kind of out-door life, is one who has often excited our curiosity. Tall, gaunt, thin-faced, and steel-spectacled, he strides along with an utter contempt of all the proprieties of locomotion. His hair flies rebellious from



TO LATE FOR THE CABS!

under his hat that leans awry, his coat-collar is often turned in behind, as if he had forgotten to adjust himself after his attempt to put on his Raglan; his pantaloons seem self-repelled from his boots; his boots sometimes look as if they were the remnant of two pairs, differing in age and form, and his whole appearance is that of a man who dressed himself at high pressure, under great anxiety of mind, and without the friendly aid of a mirror.

Moreover, he is always at fever-heat about something. He hurries along as if he had only five minutes in which to go a mile, and life and death depended upon his getting there. We have sometimes seen him—and we have seen apple-women, small boys, and heedless window-starers, who have felt him—in a full run. We understood him better than ever before, when, the other day, business led us to one of the railway stations, and, as we were standing at the window of the ticket-office making some inquiries of the clerk, in rushed this man, in a state of unusual frenzy of appearance, and, thrusting a bank-bill in the clerk's face, demanded a ticket to B——."

"Last train gone, Sir," politely responded the clerk, pushing back the note.

"'T is n't possible! B——, B——, Sir, — give me a ticket to B——, on important business. I shall lose the best chance I ever had in my life, if I am not there in an hour."

"I said, Sir, that the last train to B—— has gone for to-day."

"Can't be possible."

"Been gone exactly eight minutes," said the clerk, looking toward the large clock which regulates the application of the time-table of the road.

"I tell you that it can't be possible that the train I want to go in is gone. Why, Sir, 't will ruin me if I ain't there in one hour!"

"Very sorry, Sir, but you should have been here sooner. The train started exactly on time."

"But it is advertised to start at four o'clock, and I am sure I started in season, and I run all the way, — and I must go, — I tell you I *must* go. 'T will be the ruination of me if I don't go"; — and, pushing forward the dollar, he held out his hand for the ticket, as if its possession would create a special train for his immediate accommodation.

"Don't be a fool, Sir," said the clerk, losing, a little, his patience; "I can't sell you a ticket to B—— to-night. If it was so necessary for you to go, you should have started earlier."

"Do you mean to say, Sir, that you *refuse* to sell me a ticket to B——? By what authority, permit me to inquire, do you refuse to accommodate the public? Sir, I will see the President of this road, and represent your conduct in its proper light."

"All I ask, Sir, — and while you are about it,

you had better 'represent' your own," — gruffly answered the clerk, closing the window and shutting himself into his den.

The man turned away in great excitement; whether for the President's office or not, we can't say.

How many men there are who, in a less obvious and obstreperous manner, are always getting too late for something! through miscalculation, procrastination, or general laziness. They read too late at night, and get up too late in the morning, and hurry their breakfast so as to invite a fit of dyspepsia, and race off for the cars, and either miss them altogether, or gain them in a reeking sweat, which, with the plentiful air-drafts of these conveyances, brings on work for the doctor, and not unfrequently for the undertaker also. They rush through life, panting after lost time, and are never in season for anything but the last agony.

Alas that this should be true, also, of great multitudes in regard to their eternal interests! They put off and put off that preparation which themselves intend for immortal life, until death comes unawares upon them, — and they are "too late."

Reader, how is it with you? It was the great Master — with his heart full of infinite love — who said, "*Now* is the accepted time, and the day of salvation."

XXXVII.

SOCIAL HIGHNESS AND LOWNESS.

"I TELL you, he is n't anything!"

"Why not? He certainly is comely, and civil, and successful in business, and in every respect appears like a gentleman."

"That may be; but his father was n't anybody, and his mother was of a low family."

"What constituted the peculiar lowness of her family?"

"Why, her father was a shoemaker, — a 'cordwainer,' it used to read on his sign; and he used to mend rips in boots, and put taps upon shoes, for a living."

"Was n't he honest?"

"I dare say."

"Was n't he industrious?"

"He must have been, to have left his children the sum which he is reputed to have done."

"Was n't he an amiable and agreeable man?"

"That he was. I well remember with how much pleasure I used to wait in his little box of

a shop, while he stitched the gaps in my leathers, to listen to his amusing and instructive stories. But why do you take such an interest in the old man?"

"I am trying to find out his 'lowness.' It seems he was 'honest' and 'industrious' and 'amiable and agreeable,' — qualities which usually give a man *some* rank among his fellows; and yet you say he was a low person. Was he vulgar?"

"No, he was n't vulgar; he was quite refined, for a man of his opportunities; but he was a *shoemaker*. Don't you understand how his ignoble calling should fix his position in society, in spite of his good, and even remarkable qualities? Of course, a blacksmith, and a shoemaker, and such men, cannot be gentlemen, as merchants and lawyers, &c. are."

"I think Mr. Longfellow wrote a poem once about a blacksmith who was a gentleman; and I think a good many people have considered themselves honored by the acquaintance of a certain other blacksmith who once hammered iron (and Hebrew too) in Worcester; and I don't quite perceive, either, how the making or selling of tape and delaines, or wholesale groceries, or stocks, as 'a merchant,' or picking a fuss generally, as 'a lawyer,' should make one a gentleman, while the making and selling of shoes, for

horse or man, should make one 'low.' And even if such trades make one 'low,' I don't quite perceive how they therefore make one's children 'low.' You object to Mr. A. because his father 'was n't anybody,' and his mother was 'of a low family.' They were, both of them, upright and honorable individuals, who had made the most of their advantages, and who brought up their children with honor to themselves, and usefully for the world. And yet you vote them 'low,' and their children ditto; while here Mr. X., whose pompous bow you returned so deferentially, a moment ago, had no father at all, in the eye of the law, and has no character at all, in the eye of the Gospel; but has accumulated great wealth by buying cheap whiskey and drugging it in his cellars, and selling it as the best old port, cogniac, &c. *He* is a gentleman. There is no 'lowness' about him."

"You refer to Colonel X., I suppose. *He*, certainly, is a gentleman. He keeps fine horses, and gives fine dinners, and spends money freely, and has a lovely place; and it surely is n't his fault that he was n't better born. Everybody considers him a gentleman."

"*I* consider him a scoundrel and a cheat; and you would, if you knew the secret history of his vats and casks and bottles. I would sooner marry daughters of mine to the poorest shoe-

maker, or the sootiest blacksmith that swings a sledge,—so he were honest, and industrious, and intelligent,—than to such a bloated humbug as he, and the like of him. 'Low!' You had better wait till all these people are eternally sorted, and you will find that some of the highest shall be lowest, as well as that some of 'the first shall be last.'"

We lost the rest; for the "Metropolitan" car, in which we were seated, had reached our stopping-place; and we rung the bell and alighted, meditating upon highness and lowness, as they had been outlined in this brief discussion. We own that our sympathy was strongly drawn out toward the defender of that gentility which consists in a clear head and a good heart, as against the sham gentility conferred upon dolts by the possession of dollars.

XXXVIII.

SPEAK TO THAT YOUNG MAN!

"WHY don't you speak to that young man, over there, who seems lingering in hope that somebody will hold out their hand to him?" said Mrs. A. to Mr. B., in our hearing, as the congregation were flooding the sidewalk in their emergence from church, the other day.

"I don't know who he is."

"It would be an excellent way to find out."

"Yes; but suppose I should find out that he was somebody, the pleasure of whose acquaintance I should not desire?"

"There would be no great harm done, even then; while, if you can judge from look and act, and from his regularity and apparent interest in church, there is small probability of such a result."

"You know the customs of the city are somewhat rigid in regard to the matter of proper and formal introductions."

"I know that men never hesitate, however, to

accost any unknown individual, when any imagined benefit, of consequence to themselves, is dependent on an interview. Why should n't *benevolence* be as regardless of rule as selfishness, and such a young man's benefit be as considerable an element in the decision of such a question as your own?"

We heard no more; but what we had heard increased our already profound respect for the insight of a clear-headed and warm-hearted woman into the mysteries of essential truth. We have often thought that the comity of the sanctuary ought to override the etiquette of the drawing-room, and that nobody ought to hesitate to make the first advances toward some acquaintanceship with strangers who have become fellow-worshippers.

Especially do we hold this to be the case with young men and women, particularly the former. They come to the city from their distant homes, with hearts that ache at the separation from those to whom their whole wealth of love has been given. While hurried in the labors of the week, they do not so much mind the smart of separation; but on the Sabbath they have plenty of time to think of home and old friends, and it seems desolate to them to meet, Sabbath after Sabbath, with a great congregation, to no one of whom are they bound by the slightest tie of sym-

pathy. They come awhile, expecting that somebody will say a kind word to them; that they may even here find a hand-pressure of welcome. They wait and linger on the threshold, as if to invite a kind word; but it does not come. They intermit attendance, perhaps fall into the hands of some of Satan's colporters, who hold out *both* hands toward them, and in the company of errorists or open transgressors they commence their swift descent to ruin.

Had they been greeted, in their early attendance upon the sanctuary, with a warm welcome from some Christian man, who should have introduced them into the sympathetic circle of the good of their own age, they might have been saved.

Do not sacrifice the welfare of immortals to a poor punctilio about propriety!

XXXIX.

HOW POOR PEOPLE BUY.

"HERE are seventy-five cents. Please to give me ten cents' worth of tea, and ten of sugar, and a pound of pork, and the rest in Indian meal."

Such was the salutation of a man, bearing every appearance of extreme poverty, to the family grocer at whose counter we were standing, the other day. It brought home to our heart a new meaning of the text, "To him that hath shall be given, and he shall have more abundantly; but from him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he seemeth to have." As we saw the trivial littleness of the parcels which were put up in response to the poor man's request, and considered how very short a time they could reasonably be expected to satisfy the demands of his hungry family, and remembered how much less, by the common law of retail, his seventy-five cents would procure for him than the same sum buys for the rich man, by the common law of wholesale, which is apt to govern his purchases,

it opened up a problem in social matters which, we confess, is beyond our depth. We have no remedy to suggest in which we feel much confidence, and yet it is obvious that something is wrong, as things are at present. As it is, the poor man, who gets his little money in dribblets, and never has enough together to buy anything in large measure, is subjected to an extra tax — sometimes of from fifty to one hundred per cent — upon all that he buys, as the penalty for being obliged to purchase in small amounts; while the rich man, who buys tea by the chest, and sugar by the barrel, and every article of family use by the large quantity, sometimes saves from fifty to one hundred per cent, as the reward for being able to purchase in large quantities. Thus the poor man, who needs to save and to economize in every possible way, is made practically to pay from twenty-five to two hundred per cent more for the necessaries of life than is paid, for a better quality of the same articles, by the rich man, who has no need to save or economize.

It is easy to say that this is the simple consequence of the accidental fact that the common laws of trade, which are just and necessary in themselves, happen to work unfortunately, in this individual instance, upon those of small means. The evil is a permanent one, and one that bears hard upon the humbler working-classes, and therefore one that calls for relief.

Why would it not be a worthy exercise of benevolence for some rich men to establish a "poor man's store," where all articles for family use should be kept, of good and wholesome quality, and sold at wholesale prices by the small quantity, guarding it in such a way that advantage could not be easily taken of it by the unworthy, whether rich or poor?

Some such place, it seems to us, would be of immense benefit, and afford relief to not a few of the worthiest members of society, whom Providence has assigned to lowly places, and whose ill-requited toil now hardly keeps soul and body together.

XL.

“WANT-OF-CONFIDENCE” MEN.

“No, Sir, — I have no confidence in that movement. You must excuse me.”

So said a fine (but rather hard) looking man, as he turned away from the Solicitor of the — Society (which is just now seeking, energetically, to look after the poor); who, we supposed, had been explaining to him its plans, and soliciting his subscription — which he did n't get.

It occurred to us that here was a type of a class in our society. We have read of “confidence” men. Probably these others should be named “want-of-confidence” men. At any rate, they never have any “confidence” in any “movement,” the motion of which involves an application to them for funds. And it is curious to see how they will evade an appeal for benevolence, as a squirrel will dodge a dog, under, and over, and through, an old-fashioned open-work country stone-wall.

Ask them for aid for Foreign Missions, and they believe that “charity begins at home.”

Ask them to give to *Home* Missions, and they “feel interested,” but they rather lack “confidence” in the “movement,” on the ground that the Society has lately become very — either pro or anti-slavery, — they really can't tell which. Besides, they feel that the *poor* have the first claim, at present.

Ask them to give to the poor, and they inquire into particulars; and if it is for an individual that you want money, they have n't any “confidence” in individuals, on the ground that all impostors are individuals!

If it is for the Provident Association that you want it, they have n't any “confidence” in that “movement,” on the ground that it is too bulky, and, taking in the whole city, must, almost of necessity, be very likely to be imposed upon. Besides, they think there is a great benefit in being *personally* brought into contact with the poor; a thing which these great societies necessarily disfavor, but which they regard as essential to real happiness.

If it is for a little parish organization that you want it, they have n't any “confidence” in *that* “movement,” on the ground that it is too small in its idea, and too narrow in its resources, to allow of proper wholesale purchases, which favor economy.

If it is for a sewing-circle, which is making

garments for the naked, they have n't any "confidence" in the garments, on the ground that they must, of necessity, be badly sewed, and then they "do all which they can afford to do in that way, for poor persons at their own door."

If it is a "poor person at their own door," however, you may be assured they have n't any "confidence" in him, nor his "movements," — which they watch as if they had foresight of a "billy" in his bosom, and hindsight of a "jimmy" in his coat-tail, and insight into the most awful burglarious intentions in his mind. They "make it a rule never to give to beggars at the door, as there are societies established for the express purpose of suppressing street-beggary, and supporting all proper persons who may be in reduced circumstances." They "presume that application to the very excellent agent of the Provident Association would be judicious and successful." Possibly they may have a ticket (surreptitiously obtained), which (having cost them nothing, and being salable for nothing) they freely bestow upon the unfortunate wanderer, whose absence is the most immediate and urgent object of their desire!

The fact is, the mean men don't intend to give a dollar, nor a dime, to anybody, nor to anything; and, to evade the public shame of their stinginess, they indulge in these convenient plati-

tudes about "want of confidence" in "movements," and the like; which, being interpreted, amount to precisely this: "I love my money, and I mean to keep it — at whatsoever sacrifice of feeling, principle, or reputation — until death and doom clutch it out of my hand!"

XLI.

POOR PHOEBE MURPHY.

"No; I know I wore my plaid-silk dress last Sunday. I have worn it to church three Sundays in succession, — I am perfectly sure of it."

"No; I am equally sure that you wore your blue silk last Sunday, for I distinctly remember hearing Mrs. Jones say, — you know how near-sighted she is, — as we were coming out of church, 'There's Laura, now, — how well she looks in her blue thibet, it's such a match for her complexion!' — and I told her 't was n't a thibet, but a silk; — so I must be right, because Mrs. Jones has n't been to meeting for a month, till last Sunday, and it *must* have been then."

"Well, come to think of it, I believe you *are* right, — but it's so strange! Yes, on reflection, I'm *sure* you're right; for now I perfectly remember that when Dr. — was preaching, last Sunday, about Mordecai's going to Shushan, the palace, 'in a royal apparel of blue and white,' I wondered whether it meant that he had on a blue

coat and white pantaloons, or a white coat and blue pantaloons, or a complete suit of blue and white plaid; and then I remember wondering whether the blue was of the same shade as my dress I had on, or darker, like Susan Smith's horrid old indigo thing, that she's worn to Sunday school two years, if she has a single day."

"O dear! Well, I'm going to stop going to the Sunday school after next summer vacation; mother says I may, for she says I'm getting too mature to go to anything but the most expensive schools, and she don't like to have me thrown into the society of all those vulgar people who go there. Why, only think, that great freckled-faced daughter of the washerwoman that washes our clothes, — she that always knows the lesson so dreadful well, in our class, you know, — Phoebe Murphy, — she actually presumed to speak to me last Sunday as I was coming out of the vestry, and asked me if I did n't want to be a Christian. Great ugly thing! As if it was any of her business whether I wanted to be a Christian, or not; and as if she knew any more than I did about it! And I never had been introduced to her either! I went home and told mother that I did n't see what was the use of our living in a first-class house, and my having a private dancing-master, and taking music-lessons of the Italian that teaches all the Beacon Street girls, if I

was to be put on a level with Paddy girls, whose fathers and mothers work for a living with their hands, and have them talk to me in that way. And she caved in at once, and said I need n't go, after vacation; but she thought I'd better keep on till then, to pacify father, who belongs to the church, you know; because, when she wanted me to have the dancing-master, he would n't consent to any other terms than that I should go regularly to church and Sunday school, as he said, 'to take the curse off.'"

"Well, Julia, I mean to tease my mother to let me off, too. It is too bad for us girls to have to go there."

Dr. — passed these two misses — walking before us — just at this moment, and, from his low bow to them, and from their general appearance, we inferred that they belonged to some of the "first families" in his congregation; and it saddened us to think how real heathenism can creep in, and crouch even under the shadow of our most Evangelical pulpits. What good does it do to appear to hear the Gospel in this manner, with the thoughts full of gowns and gossip, and the heart full of the empty pride of supposed paternal money-bags, — which, after all, may, very likely, turn out to be bags with holes?

Poor Phoebe Murphy! She "actually presumed" to speak to you, did she, and to ask you

if you did n't want to be a Christian? And she only a washerwoman's daughter, — as if her common clay had any business to suppose that such a porcelain article as yourself had any soul!

Wait a few years, gay-robed and gay-hearted maiden! Go on in the career outlined in your street revelation of yourself. "Come out" in great force, and have all the town in admiration of your splendid dancing, and other "accomplishments" to match. Turn the heads — with the help of the paternal money-bag hypothesis aforesaid — of half the young men about town, and marry somebody, at last, whose kid-glove bill for a year would support poor Phoebe Murphy's mother for that length of time, without her standing twelve weary hours per diem over the wash-tub. Wait a few years.

And when the doctor has been to see you a great many times, and shaken his ominous head, and he steps out to let death enter, then look round for poor Phoebe, and compare notes with her for your respective lives.

She never had a silk dress; — you almost never had anything else. She has worked her fingers to the bone, to support her old mother, now long blind, and the rest of the family, — from sickness and various misfortunes, largely dependent on her; — you never knew what work was. She never saw twenty-five dollars together at once in

her life ;— you have often spent that sum for a single trifle of dress. She never has had but one book of her own (her Bible) ;— you have always owned a Bible, but you don't know whether to look for the book of Nehemiah before or after the Psalms, so little have you read it. She never went to a "party," never even saw a person dance ;— but, somehow, she has contrived to keep a sweet smile on her face, and be happy. You have revelled in fashionable dissipation, have ransacked the Old World and the New for a "good time," and yet, everywhere,

"The toiling pleasure sickens into pain!
And, even while fashion's brightest arts decoy,
The heart distrusting asks, *if this be joy.*"

She has done what she could, and great will be her reward in heaven! You have frittered away probation, and, so far as your past is concerned, have done what you could to make a failure of life eternal.

Alas! if she were to ask you *now* "if you did n't want to be a Christian," you would make a very different reply!

XLII.

DEAD LEAVES IN STATE STREET.

A HEAP of dead leaves in State Street, corner of Washington! A curious place for them, — without tree or other leaf-manufactory in sight; but the autumn wind plays strange freaks with the faded garniture of the Common and the parks, and whisks it away around odd corners, and into unanticipated nooks and crannies, as if it meant that the dwellers within unmitigated brick and mortar — whose only taste and hint of nature are a few square inches of dirt in the back yard and a few square feet of sky overhead — should not forget that nature lives; that flowers bloom, and grass-blades grow, and trees wave, although they know them not.

We saw a little scurry of red and yellow elm-leaves lying against the door of a magnificent mansion, far removed from all place of verdure, in the most artificial part of the town. They seemed mutely to read a lesson there. We wondered if the proprietor of that lordly pile would

mark and learn it, as he should crush them under his feet, going forth to his daily vocation. They seemed to testify how dead and waste a thing must be that is snapped from its natural stalk, and placed where it has no inward and vital relation with any life-giving and life-sustaining power.

If the owner of that mansion could see himself as God sees him, how dead and thriftless might not his life—here among gauds and gayeties and all manner of un-nature, without one rill of sap flowing in from any sweet and vitalizing source—seem to himself; this life, that looks so grand; that so many sigh for,—would cheat and starve for,—would almost die for. It has indeed a splendor; but it is that of the autumnal dyes of the forest,—the product of decay, swift-staged, and hurrying apace.

It may be all fancy with us, but we cannot resist the feeling, as we walk the streets now, with these dark financial clouds lowering over the horizon, and everybody on the look-out for immediate squalls, that the men look like the trees. Stand anywhere where many trees are visible, and you see now no two alike in their progress toward denudation, but all tend visibly that way; and in all their half-naked boughs, and seared and wasted air, they look disconsolate and troubled. Here is one which, but a few days ago, lifted toward heaven a proud coronal of verdure, which is now

but as a bundle of bare twigs held up on high. And there is another, which yet clings to its summer possessions, but which, in every puff of the breeze, seems about to drop them all, to flutter away as the thoughtless currents of heaven may carry them.

And so the men look. There goes a merchant who, six months ago, was great on 'Change, and six weeks ago would have refused the offer of millions for his assets, who now scuds under bare poles, every rag gone under the fury of the blast. And yonder walks another, ponderous and pale, who still holds legal possession of all that has made his name a synonyme for a merchant prince, but with so wasted and tremulous a grasp, that he sets you thinking of some huge elm, which numbers yet every leaf which it received from the affluent hand of Spring-time, but all faded and yellow,—permanent thus far by the forbearance of the elements. To-morrow the rain may descend and the storm beat, and every one will drop, and he be left to throw his naked arms against the sky!

Thus we seem to see men "as trees walking."

God grant that the Spring-time which re-leaves the trees, may relieve the merchants, and make both elms and men again green and flourishing!

XLIII.

"SUCH A PRETTY MAN!"

"O, HE'S *such* a pretty man! I am sure I *never* saw such eyes and hair before; and then the whole way in which he walks and talks and looks is *so* sweet!"

"Yes, I think he is good-looking enough; but then I much prefer Mr. B. to your Mr. A. Mr. A. is such a *little* man, and looks so *lady-like*, that I can't help more fancying Mr. B., who is so stout and strong, and looks as if he could take you up and throw you over the house, besides being *very* fashionable in his whole deportment. And then you know Mr. A. is a mere clerk, and Mr. B. has great 'expectations' whenever his grandfather dies."

"Well, to be sure that's something; but then I never *did* see any eyes like Mr. A.'s, and *such* a complexion as he has! If you should happen to see him in one of those melancholy looks which he sometimes wears, you'd say at once, I know, that you *never* saw his beat. He looks,

then, just exactly like one of the pictures—that of a 'Corsair'—in my Album. O, I expect I shall die for him yet."

So they rattled on,—two school-girls, with satchels on their arms, on their way home from school.

"Such a pretty man!" It set us to thinking of what struck us as a new attribute of manhood. We remembered that Webster — (we are waiting for the *large* "Worcester") — defines "pretty" as meaning "to have diminutive beauty"; so we supposed that a "pretty" man must be a diminutively beautiful man,—which might either mean a man with very little beauty of any kind, or a man with considerable beauty of a small kind, which last we concluded must be the significance in this case intended. This hypothesis was favored by the particulars given of that individual specimen under consideration. Mr. A. was lauded as peculiarly eminent in the department of eyes, hair, and melancholy looks, which we suppose would naturally fall under the head of small items of beauty for a man. It was further stated that his *tout ensemble*, especially when his attention was particularly given to the melancholy department of his prettiness, strikingly resembled an album picture of a "Corsair."

We had him immediately before our mind's eye; and it struck us at once that we had *seen*

Mr. A. Being a "mere clerk," and of the quality indicated in the eulogistic remarks of his feminine admirer, it was natural that we should locate him in a retail dry-goods establishment, where such qualities are somewhat particularly appreciated, and where, we understand, a *good* "Corsair" expression sometimes commands extra salary. We remembered him without difficulty; for, although kept especially for ladies, he had waited on us once to the extent of a paper of pins and a spool of cotton; upon which occasion we had been so thrilled by one of his best melancholy glances, that we were compelled to—laugh outright on regaining the privacy of the sidewalk. With his fine eyes, and exquisite hair, and the general gentility of his appearance, he looked as if he had been carefully copied from the wax figure which illustrates the excellent quality of Mr. Bogle's hair-dye, displayed in the show-window of that eminent person.

So there is really anticipated danger of premature dissolution in the case of one school-girl—in some way not explained—on account of this young man's prettiness! We hope not. If this should meet her eye, we would urgently remonstrate against such a catastrophe. It certainly would be a mistake, and would not pay.

It would be much better to live as long as possible, and become as wise and good as possible,

and leave time and a kind Providence to arrange the period and manner and cause of the last great earthly change, together with such *other* changes as may possibly, some time, precede it. Meanwhile, there is this old saying of Erasmus, on which it may be profitable to meditate, namely, "Love, that hath nothing but beauty to keep it in good health, is short-lived, and apt to have ague-fits!"

XLIV.

PASTORAL CALLS.

"How is Rev. Mr. ——— succeeding in his parish, do you think?" said a gentleman in the horse-cars, the other day, of a clergyman, not of our own denomination, to a companion with an out-of-town look.

"Finely, with one exception," was the reply.

"And what may that be?"

"He don't *visit* enough. He preaches grandly; but the better he preaches, the more the people want to see him at their houses, — and he don't come."

"Does n't he visit the sick?"

"O yes, — there's nothing he's more particular about; although, since his mind is very much occupied in various ways, it sometimes happens that a parishioner will be sick a long time without his hearing of it, — which, however, I take to be not his fault, but that of the sick man or his friends."

"Does n't he visit those who are in trouble?"

"Yes, — he's very particular about *that*, too."

"Does n't he make the acquaintance of all the families of his congregation?"

"Yes, — he has a rule about that. He always calls once a year on each."

"'Once a year on each,' — how many families should you say he had in his congregation?"

"About two hundred."

"Then he makes two hundred calls a year, sure, *besides* all those upon the sick and afflicted?"

"Yes."

"And 'preaches grandly,' too?"

"There's no doubt about that."

"How many calls should you guess he will average, per week, upon the sick, &c.?"

"Well; let me see, — there's Mrs. ———, and Mrs. ———, and Miss ———, and Miss ———, and Mr. ———, and old lady ———, who are sick now, whom I think of; and some of the sickest of them he visits two or three times a week, I presume. Well; I should say, for a guess, he probably must average at least as many as *six* calls of that description a week, the year round."

"Six times fifty-two are three hundred and twelve, which, added to two hundred, before spoken of, make over five hundred per annum. Is this exclusive of all social visiting, and what

might be styled calls of neighborhood and friendship?"

"O, of course. We don't consider a neighborly call a pastoral call, at all."

"And—he drinks tea with you, sometimes?"

"Quite often; our parish are famous for that. We never feel that our social enjoyments are complete, without our pastor is with us."

"Well, allow me to say, that your parish is an unreasonable and wicked institution, if it finds fault with a minister who drinks tea with it 'quite often,' and calls regularly upon all its families once a year, and makes an average of 'at least as many as six' calls a week upon the sick and afflicted,—and preaches 'grandly,' beside,—because 'he don't visit enough.' *Visit enough!* In the name of humanity, tell me how you expect a man to do any more than he does in that line? If he is gadding about all the time, how is he to prepare 'grand' sermons? You're an unreasonable set, and would find fault with Paul himself, and don't deserve half so good a minister as you have got,—by your own showing."

"But the people can't help wanting to see him, can they?"

"They *can* help demanding impossibilities, and riding a free horse to death. There are a great many other things of more consequence to

be done than 'pastoral visiting.' Some of the best, most able, and most successful pastors of the day—especially in our large communities—don't visit at all, unless they are specially sent for. *You* may think yourselves fortunate, as you are, without grumbling for more pastoral calls."

We thought so, too.

XLV.

THE MAN WITH A HARD TIME.

WE met a man whom we well know, and much respect, though his position in life is among the humblest, and we immediately discerned, from the perplexed and dubious look that modified the aspect of his large and piercing eyes, that some fresh trouble had overtaken him. (Some men get on so slowly in the world, that they seem just about to keep pace with trouble, which can overtake them, any time, without much effort.)

"Well, friend, what's the matter now?" said we.

"It's very singular, but my horse is dead, — which makes the third that I have lost within a few months." (The last time we saw him, a few weeks ago, we aided him, a trifle, in the purchase of a new beast of burden, — essential to the pursuit of his daily employment, — in lieu of one just removed by death.)

"Yes, it is singular; — how good a horse was he?"

"Not a high-cost animal; I did n't give but fifteen dollars for him, and I suppose he might

have had something the matter with him when I took him."

"Very likely. This makes three of about the same cost?"

"Yes, Sir, — three within the summer. It's been a great misfortune to me, not so much in the value of the beasts, — which was, to be sure, though, a good deal for me, — but it has broken up my business so often. I have been able, in consequence, to get forehanded but very little toward the winter."

"Are you discouraged? What do you propose to do next?"

"I am at a loss."

"You have an infirm wife and an invalid son to support, beside yourself?"

"Yes, Sir, — that is my trouble. With only myself, I should n't so much mind it."

"It seems a poor plan for you to be buying horse-bones with such uncertain remnants of life in them; yet anything more spirited would run beyond your slender means. And without a horse you can't draw your cart, and without that you can't get your bread. Isn't there any other kind of business that you can go into, wisely?"

"I sold thermometers through the streets and counting-rooms, last winter, and made fair wages at it; but who will buy thermometers in such times as these? I am rather nonplussed. I

have thought of everything, thus far, in vain. I have but a very small sum left, and when that is gone, I tremble. It is, even now, cold, — and coal is but another name for money. Can *you* help me, by a bright thought?"

We could n't think any bright thoughts. But — after parting from our friend, having done the best we could for him — we thought a good many sad ones. It seemed very strange to us that *money* should be of so much consequence; that a man must starve, and his wife must starve, and his child starve, unless he has *money*, or some way to get it. It seemed very strange to us that this good man — who has toiled "like a Trojan," now more than threescore years, always honestly and always earnestly, and not often, if ever, unwisely — should, with all this effort, have succeeded only in just keeping his chin ever above the waters of starvation; while yonder is a knave, who never did a hard day's work in his life, and seldom has done an honest one, who has yet accumulated houses, and lands, and horses (worth more than fifteen dollars), and plenty of money in the bank, and has never a wife or child to be fed by it!

We thought of the old Latin proverb, "*Deus omnibus quod sat suppeditat*," — and remembered that God is, after all, the best judge of what is enough for man here, while He is pledged to see justice done in the end.

Eternity will make it right!



WHEN ADORNED, UNADORNED THE MOST.

XLVI.

WHAT THE LADY HAD ON.

It is very seldom that we notice a lady's dress. We have often been so oblivious upon that subject, as to be totally unable to satisfy the anxious questioning of our female friends, as to the momentous details of the *personale* of a bride, on the occasion of her wedding ceremony. And it has ever been a subject of lasting mortification to us, that, after having seen Queen Victoria several times, in her comparatively *incog.* explorations of the London Crystal Palace, in 1851, we have always found ourselves unable to describe "what she had on," further than has been involved in the clear reminiscence that, upon those occasions, she did *not* manifest her crown and sceptre.

The other day, however, certain feminine apparel did make an impression upon our consciousness and memory. It happened that there was seated, opposite to us, in a "Metropolitan" car, a fair-faced female, of obviously Hibernian descent, who attracted our attention by the spe-

cial effort which she modestly made to repair certain damages which had happened to the lacing of one of her boots, disclosing thereby a minimum of hose, of a hue that would have appalled a washerwoman, and of a texture that was "open-work" beyond the pattern of any loom yet adapted to the weaving of that much down-trodden article. There was such an overpowering incongruity between this nether exposure, and the dashy bonnet and veil which furnished the other extreme, that we glanced with some curiosity at the general individual, after the conclusion of her immediate toil permitted such a survey. It was "Brummagem" let loose. Our memory is not the best, and we may have forgotten a considerable percentage of the extra and especial articles of her adornment, but, so far as we can recall it, the inventory was as follows:—

Item,—one pair of (professedly gold) earrings,—large (say one ounce each).

Item—one chain and pencil (same kind of gold).

Item,—one small heart-slide, on said chain (do. do.).

Item,—one bunch of "charms" thereunto attached (do. do.).

Item,—one large breast-pin, (say one and a half inches by two,) (do. do.).

Item,—one smaller breast-pin, (lower down,) (do. do.).

Item,—six buttons upon—something (same metal).

Item,—two bracelets, (one on each stalwart arm,) (do. do.).

Item,—five rings on three (fat) fingers of one hand (do. do.).

Item,—four rings on do. do. of the other (do. do.).

Item,—one buckle upon the ribbon encircling her waist (metal not confidently stated).

Item,—one portmonnaie, gaudy but not neat (seen better days).

We noticed no special policeman having her safety in charge, and concluded therefore that the lady took her own risk of robbery and murder, in going, thus lavishly adorned, into general society. And as we have observed no subsequently reported coroner's inquests that would meet her case, we indulge the hope that she escaped the *garrote*, and returned herself (and cargo) safely to the embraces of her (naturally, one would think) anxious friends.

Some old poet so far once forgot himself, as to propound the paradox, that woman is, "when unadorned, adorned the most." We have no remarks to make in reference to his folly, except to express the wish that it had been his fortune to have enjoyed our seat upon this memorable occasion. With our opportunities of observation,

he might have modified his opinion. If he had had some slight pecuniary interest in the Great Galvanic Company for the manufacture of Peter Funk jewelry, we feel sure, not only that he would have done so, but that he would have taken down the lady's name, to be presented to the directors of that company, as an imminent candidate for a (galvanized) gold medal, as a token of grateful appreciation of her personal exertions as their circulating "medium."

XLVII.

BUSINESS IN BUSINESS HOURS.

BUSINESS led us into State Street, the other day, between one and two P. M., and by the lower corner of the old Post-Office we met an early friend from the remote country, who broke out, after brief salutation: —

"Do tell me what is going on here? What is the meaning of this great crowd of men? Is it a funeral, or a fire, or a new murder, or what is it? Everybody seems rushing down this way in a tremendous hurry."

"I see nothing unusual," we replied, after a long look up and down the street.

"Nothing unusual!" replied he. "I have n't seen so many men for a month; and I have n't seen such an *anxious*-looking crowd since that that surrounded the — Court-House, at the great trial of — for homicide."

"Why, friend, don't you know that this is State Street, and that the banks close in twenty minutes, or thereabouts, and that all these are

business men, who are 'rushing' to pay their notes, or to make deposits, or to cash their checks, or to do forty other business things, some of which are easier said than done these hard times?"

"Well, no, I really did n't; or, rather, I did n't exactly conceive that this was it. But, on the whole, I think these are sensible men. It is a good thing to have notes paid in season, and to have everything else done up promptly that needs doing. No doubt they'll sleep enough better to-night to pay for their hurry now. Men are reasonable creatures, and it ain't reasonable not to do business in business hours, if you *do* have to hurry."

We thought of our friend's remark, afterward, in a sense in which he hardly intended it; and we wondered how many of those merchants, who were hurrying as for dear life to save their credit and solvency at the bank counters, were making any preparation whatever to avoid an *eternal* "failure."

It is a good thing to "do business in business hours, if you *do* have to hurry." The business of eternity is pressing, and must be done *here*. This life — liable to terminate at any moment — is its "business hours." Therefore it is reasonable to do that business first which cannot wait, yet which *must* be done. But how many of these

merchants there are, who take little or no thought of the demands of God, their infinite and eternal creditor, and make next to no effort at all to pay him what they owe.

How delightful it would be to see the streets crowded with men looking as anxious to please God, and keep his commandments, as these State Street faces look to meet their immediate financial emergencies. And how much more "reasonable" they would be in that anxiety, even than they are in this! "Seek ye *first* the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all necessary things shall be added thereunto."

XLVIII.

THE BEST NEED WATCHING.

WE left our chaise standing, a few moments, before the door of a friend in one of the most busy streets of dwellings, and when we came out, the whip was gone. One of our neighbors, on the same day, left his front door ajar, while he went up to his dressing-room to get some trifling article which he had forgotten on going out, and on his return found that a valuable top-coat, which had been hanging quietly on its nail, had departed. Another, making his matutinal visit to his vestibule, saw that his door-mat had suddenly vanished. A lady friend, on emerging from an omnibus, felt for her portmonnaie for the necessary five-cent piece, and discovered that, with the considerable sum which it contained, it had mysteriously disappeared.

A few days since the door-bell of a large mansion rang in early calling hours, and a genteelly dressed male visitor, on inquiry for the lady of the house, was ushered into the drawing-room,

sending up an elegantly engraved card. The lady delayed a little, to grace herself especially to meet the distinguished gentleman who had forwarded his name, wondering, the while, to what circumstance she owed the unexpected honor of a visit from one whom she knew only by reputation. On entering the parlor at last, she found, however, that the distinguished gentleman, tired, probably, of her delay, had departed; and, while mourning her loss in not having shown greater alacrity, and wondering a little at his extreme curtness of manner, she discovered that several small articles of *virtu*, together with a gold card-case, and other matters of considerable value, had accompanied the strange visitor on his abrupt departure, and discerned that she had dressed herself to meet a thief, instead of a poet.

Thus the denizens of a city live in continual conflict with a knavery that is well-nigh omnipresent. At best, and under the most vigilant police surveillance, we can call our daily life little better than a state of armed neutrality. We are swindled from our garrets to our cellars. Strange Irishmen fatten on the cream of our kitchens, while we demurely eat general skim-milk in our dining-rooms. Grocers sand our sugar, and then charge us extra for their trouble; while our bakers and our butchers, and all their kindred, hardly feel that they can afford to be

honest, — such is the general habit of cheating; — and so we go.

Now the practical bearing of all this is to the point of the general testimony which society bears on its face to the fact of human sinfulness, and the universal need of *labor* to the end of general righteousness. No man can go about any great city, and thoroughly scrutinize *all* its character, without feeling that, left to itself, and its inherent tendencies, it would gravitate swiftly downward. The best cannot be “best” without religion, and the bad grow momentarily worse, in its absence. Hence the Gospel is a social necessity.

We often think, in this connection, of the droll remark of a drunken vagabond whom we once (out of pity) hired to haul certain loads of gravel for our sidewalk. We were to give him a fixed price per load. At nightfall, his work being done, he called for his money. We inquired the amount. He replied that we had better count the loads, as they had been dumped in separate heaps, and were easily recognizable.

“But,” said we, “have n’t you counted them?”

“In course.”

“Well, how many are there?”

“Twelve.”

“And that, at one shilling a load, makes precisely two dollars.”

“Yes.”

We handed him the money, when, as he turned away, he said: “If I were you, I would count ‘em.”

“Why?”

“‘Cause the best on us need watching!’”

XLIX.

COOLER!

VARIOUS are the reminders that the last days of Autumn are swiftly merging into Winter. The glory of the woods is well-nigh faded into the dun hue of December.

"Where is the pride of Summer, — the green prime, —
The many, many leaves all twinkling? Three
On the mossed elm, three on the naked lime
Trembling, and one upon the old oak-tree!"

Ice shows itself in the morning, glazing, with its thin glitter, the hoof-prints where the rain fell yesterday; fringing the edge of the creek; flecking the corners of the window-panes.

The great birds fly. The hoarse "honk" of the wild geese floats down from harrow-shaped flocks heading toward the South. Black ducks, by twos and threes, heavily propel their ungainly forms back and forth from the sea to the inland lakelets. Corpulent crows, big enough and black enough to sit for the picture of the 'ebony bird' that,

"Never fitting, still is sitting, still is sitting
On the pallid bust of Pallas,"

croak and caw in the tops of the stripped hickories and denuded chestnuts.

The squirrel goes nutting without reference to 'private grounds,' and whisks his bushy tail in the face of wanderers among the woods, as if he had n't the slightest fear of their finding his hole, or coming off victorious over himself at a game of "hide and seek." The cows select the sunshiny corners of the pastures, and chew their cud the more, the less grass they can get for lunch between the hay-meals, which begin to remind them (don't they think?) of the icy months.

The "Fringed Gentian" — last of the family of flowers — waves its long peduncles, with their slender-tufted bells, among the withered leaves and withering grass, like an azure flag of defiance held up against the Frost-king. But day by day it wavers, until the sudden onset of some frigid night, with its premature white squall, conquers it, and at the dawn the champion,

Half-buried in the snow, is found
Still grasping in his hand of ice
That banner with the blue device.

In the town, we have also the signs of increasing atmospheric rigor. The harsh clatter of coal discharging upon the sidewalks; the wheezy, drowsy drone of sawyers sawing with their saws; the twinkling eyes of fuel-sellers

and stove-dealers ; the quickened pace of the down-town merchant hasting matutinally to his counting-room ; the dressy look of the newly overcoated and beavered street-people ; the briefer sunshine ; the leaf-strewn promenades ; the first cosey fireside family confabulations ; and, finally, the advent of the pioneers of the incoming *régime* of concerts, lectures, operas, and other evening-annihilators, — betoken the beginnings of the Winter that is to be.

“He hath made everything beautiful in his time” ; and the human mind is so adapted to the universe in which it has its place, that it welcomes every change of the seasons — however it may reluct from some features of that which is coming — as an inlet of new pleasure. And, with all its severities and storms, Winter has many charms, especially to him who is so happy as to have a *home*. The semicircle around the hearthstone hath more magic in it for him, than all other geometric forms can elsewhere enclose. And when the drudging day is done, and the gowned and slippered *pater familias* unbends before the cheerful blaze, and the little ones climb his knee, and cluster around his chair, and *Madame* sits smiling by, and the evening newspapers are chatted over, and the familiar volumes are taken down from their well-known shelves, or the new leaves of some damp candi-

date for a share of the grateful appreciation of the public are cut and conned, — there is happiness there, whose rich and hallowed magnetism loses nothing, in comparison with what it gains, from the smiting of the sleet against the windows, and the howl of the Winter-fiend over the chimney-tops.

Let it come, then, — as it will come, — quickly ; let it come. As Bryant says to the November sun : —

“ Yet a few sunny days, in which the bee
Shall murmur by the hedge that skirts the way,
The cricket chirp upon the russet lea,
And man delight to linger in thy ray ;
Yet one rich smile, and we will try to bear
The piercing winter frost, and winds, and darkened air.”

The benison of God will be upon us, according to our faithfulness to him, through all the days of frost, as through all the months of flowers. Every snow-flake's exquisite form will be a monitor of his painstaking for his universe, and Winter days will all unite with those of its sister seasons in their arguments for God with men.

“Only they would that we should remember the poor.”

Let truth add the record, of each one, — “the same which I also was forward to do.”

L.

STOVE-PIPE HATS.

"How are you?"

"How d'ye do? Dear me! how you are altered! I hardly knew you. What makes you look so unlike yourself?"

"I don't know, I'm sure. I'm not aware of anything unusual in my looks or condition."

"Ah! I see how it is! You've donned a 'stove-pipe' hat, in place of the soft felt *chapeau* which you have worn so long."

"Don't you like it?"

"No."

"Is n't it becoming?"

"No."

"Is n't it sensible?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"It is n't becoming, because there is no sort of fitness between its shape and the contour of any human form, and its cylindrical box is as ungainly, as a terminal arrangement for a human

body, as a bushel-measure would be for the capital of a Corinthian pillar. And it is n't sensible; partly because it is n't becoming, and partly because its material is too rigid for comfort and too perishable for use. You can't put it on your head without tempting a headache. You can't put it under your seat without risk of soiling it beyond repair. You can't put it into your pocket at all; and you can't sit down on it without making a wreck. In short, in wearing it, you put yourself to immense inconvenience for the sake of making yourself look as uncomely and ridiculous as so well-made and sagacious a man as yourself can conveniently do."

"Well, really, you are down on me, — and I don't know but you're more than half right; for, to tell the plain truth, I have n't had an easy moment since I was persuaded, this morning, to invest in this 'new style.' My head feels as if it had been in a cheese-press all day, and I actually did n't know who I was, as I saw my reflection, just now, in the semi-mirror of a shop-window. But I suppose it's 'the thing' to wear them, and men who want to keep in society must submit."

"Or make society submit, which I much prefer, and which, so far as hats are concerned, I mean to do. If society does n't like me in a *chapeau*, it need n't; — 'I still live.'"

We could n't help wondering, as we walked along, how the Apollo or the Laocoön would look in a "stove-pipe" hat, and we imagined to ourselves the dismay of the old art-loving nation at such a spectacle. We remembered that the Greeks wore nothing to modify or conceal the expression of the head, in their ordinary life, except that in certain trades, or on journeys, and when especially exposed to the violence of the elements, they sheltered themselves under the broad-brimmed *πέτασος*, or the semi-oval *πίλος*, such as Charon used to wear in his subterranean ferryings. Helmets, indeed, protected the brain from the dangers of the fight, but the broad-brim, and the skull-cap, and the crested *κυνέη*, were all conceived in the spirit both of utility and grace, and were no more like the cylindrical abominations "which disturb our peace," than Venus was like Vulcan.

We have never seen any history of the rise and progress of the "stove-pipe" hat, nor is any man's name (that we are aware of) permanently associated with its odious discovery. Doubtless he has lived since Dante, or we should read of his punishment among those who have insulted Nature and her bounty, —

"E spregiando Natura, e sua bontade," —

in the third ring of the Seventh Circle of Perdition.

The Lounger somewhere has a paper on head-coverings, which, if we rightly remember, urges the theory, that the quality of a man may be inferred, with considerable accuracy, from the style of his hat. We are of opinion, that such inferences may often be drawn with great accuracy; and our opinion is confirmed by the fact that sensible hats, — soft, rich in texture, flexible, yet elegant in form, something like a military *chapeau*, and something like the old cocked hat of our fathers, — we notice, are much worn by sensible men.

We wish the artists — than whom no one can be more keenly alive to the bad taste of the stiff cylinders — would lead off in a crusade against them. Doubtless the hatters make more money in their manufacture and sale than they could do in that of those which cost less and last longer; but perhaps the hatters have had their harvest long enough. Let the artists lead off, and they can make opposition "respectable," which is all that is necessary, in this case, to make it effective and universal.

II.

HERE A LITTLE AND THERE A LITTLE.

It is a true proverb, that "one half of the world does not know how the other half lives." It is probably also true, that four fifths of the world have no idea on how little, and with how little, and for how little, a man *can* live. Ask a rich man how much is required for human support for a twelvemonth, and he will give you an answer in thousands. Ask a man in "comfortable circumstances," and he will answer you in hundreds. Ask a "day-laborer," and he will answer you in hundreds, still. Ask a downright poor man, and he will give you an answer that will both amaze and sadden you. Follow that poor man home, — if he has any home, — and see, with your own eyes, what and how much (say, rather, how little) enters into the actual daily *pabulum* of his corporeal life, and your sad amazement will, for the time, take complete possession of your soul.

The physiologist, indeed, is prepared to demon-

strate that the body can be kept to the performance of its functions by the daily supply to its digestive organs of a very few ounces of fibrine, gluten, fat, and sugar, — obtained from some one or more of an almost unlimited range of edibles; and that the matter of shelter, — whether by garment or dwelling, — except in extremes, is not a matter of life or death. So that, reduced to his ultimate conditions of existence, man can *live*, if he can anywhere and anyhow get his diurnal ounces to put in his mouth, — taking his chance as to the rest in the streets, trusting charity for an old coat now and then, and empty boxes or the lee of an out-house for sleeping-quarters.

Ask any intelligent policeman, — some* of the best natural intelligence we have in Boston may be found in our police department, — and he will tell you facts on this subject that will sound like extreme fiction. There is an element of our regular population to which a board-bill is a thing unknown, and which no grocer or market-man enrolls in his list of regular customers. There are men, women, and children among us who live nowhere in particular, who eat what they can get, when they can get it, and who sleep — in the warmest place they can find when they are sleepy.

And above this class — which has gravitated

to the lowest level on which human life can be sustained — is a larger one, which is composed of those who have some regular abode and some regular effort at employ, but whose earnings are so inconsiderable and uncertain as to compel them to reduce their daily expenditure almost to the minimum on which soul and body can be kept together. Many of this class are truly respectable and worthy. Most of them have known better days. Some sudden reverse, or a long course of misfortune, or weary and wasting illness of themselves or those whom they loved and supported, has reduced them to this position, and they find it very hard to rise again. The abyss of poverty, in this respect, resembles that of sin, and both are like that of the Infernal Regions, of which Virgil speaks : —

"Facilis descensus Averno ;
Noctes atque dies patet atri janua Ditis ;
Sed revocare gradum, superasque evadere ad auras ;
Hoc opus, hic labor est. Pauci, quos aequus amavit
Jupiter, aut ardens evexit ad aethera virtus,
Dis geniti, potuere."

These persons often exercise great ingenuity, as well as patience, in their methods of gaining the mere pittance on which they live. Some of them are jobbers on an infinitesimal scale, and to them a great fall of snow is a windfall ; for on the slight capital of a second-hand shovel, plus

the muscles which they manage to keep sturdy on their coarse fare, they can do a remunerative business in a few hours, — thanks to the city ordinance which compels the occupants of all tenements to clear the sidewalks immediately after the storm is done.

Some of them are pedlers on a small scale, if they can get together a dollar in ready money, or obtain a short credit from any dealer, buying such little articles as families are apt to want, and selling them from house to house at an advance. We personally know and greatly respect one modest and estimable girl, of strict integrity and excellent Christian character, who, cast upon the city a stranger, friendless, and with no means of sustenance, with an indomitable and heroic energy, supported herself for months (while regularly pushing her way up, the while, in one of our public schools, in a manner that excited the respect and admiration of her teachers) by selling envelopes and such trifles of stationery through the streets, in the intervals between school hours. To be sure, her entire expenditure for room-rent and food (she went without fuel) did not exceed one dollar and fifty cents per week ; yet she did neither freeze, nor famish, nor complain, but kept pushing on, with the aim, by God's blessing, of becoming a teacher herself by and by.

"O, there be moral heroes, who, in low
 And narrow rooms, with naked walls, and cold
 And cheerless aspect, with scant food, hard-bought,
 And moist with many tears, fight the great fight
 Of life, — truthful toward God, honest toward man.
 On them the Eternal Face, that frowning looks
 On Austerlitz and Waterloo, smiles with
 A sweet paternal smile; while from the lips
 That shall pronounce our doom come floating down
 The plaudit words: Better is that poor man
 Who his own spirit rules, content to bear,
 Unmurmuring, the bitterness of life,
 Than the most valiant victor, who, in blood,
 Prevails; or hoariest sage, or orator,
 Whose thunder of renown shall shake the world."

The object which we have in view, in these few words, will be accomplished, if such of our readers as may have shrunk from these humble workers, with something of disgust or fear, shall henceforth regard them with a more patient and helpful interest. It will cost each but little to contribute his or her moiety to the supply of their necessary wants. And it is better for a man sometimes to lose that contribution, by bestowing it upon an unworthy applicant, than to secure himself against such loss, by shutting up his bowels of compassion against his brother who has need.

He who considers every such case, and deals with it on its merits, will never be left to take up the lament which Hood has written in his "Lady's Dream": —

"The wounds I might have healed!
 The human sorrow and smart!
 And yet it was never in my soul
 To play so ill a part:
 But evil is wrought by want of thought,
 As well as want of heart!"

LII.

GOOD BYE!

"Good afternoon!"

"Adieu!"

"Farewell!"

"*Portez-vous bien!*"

"Good bye!"

We distinguished each of these formulas of parting, from the lips of a fair dissolving group, just emerged from the door of the Masonic Temple, as we passed; and the last—intoned with singular sincerity of sweetness, by a voice remarkable for its suggestion of the *genuineness* of its emotional utterance—aroused an old thought of ours, of the vast superiority of that compound over its competitors, as a benedictive phrase.

"Farewell," we know, is juicy old English, coming from the imperative of the verb "fare" (Saxon *faran*), which had the meaning, now obsolete, of "to go," "to pass on"; making the compound take the sense of "pass on well," i. e.

"I wish you a pleasant absence." In this, its strict, original significance, it was only used to "speed the parting guest," and was not considered applicable from his lips toward those who remained at home. But it soon slid into the general expression of a wish of happiness from either of two separating parties to the other; and so it now means, "fare you well," i. e. "may you be happy."

The *savans* have striven hard to crowd the oak of the other phrase back into this same acorn. Webster says, "In the common phrase 'good by,' 'by' signifies 'passing,' 'going,' and so the phrase signifies 'a good going,' 'a prosperous passage,' and is precisely equivalent to 'farewell.'" All of which we respectfully doubt. Without presuming to know more Saxon than the author of spelling-books which sell at the rate of a million a year, and of dictionaries which have set the whole land by the ears,—in an etymological point of view,—we fall back upon the common sense of Quintilian: "*Docti rationem artis intelligunt, indocti voluptatem*"; and, since the art of making words is an art which has followed the "*voluptatem*" of the mass of word-users, rather than the "*rationem*" of word-critics, we venture the opinion that Hamlet came nearer than Noah of New Haven ever did to the right etymology of this word, when he

said to Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, on their exit: "Ay, so, God be wi' you," which Mr. Collier in his edition has compressed into "So good bye you."

This we understand to be the meaning of the compound. It is more than a mere wish, like the other; it is a prayer, — a collect for all days. It reverently recognizes the Supreme; his accessibility; his interest in his children; the blessing there is in his presence with us; and it invokes that presence, as a guide and guard and joy to him on whose behalf the prayer is made. The French "*Adieu*," which is become well Anglicized, is also a prayer, but differs in form. It stands for "I commend you to God," which is more indefinite, and less hearty. We like "Good bye," because, amber-like, it imprisons this thought of devotion.

We like it also because, by its play of the vocal organs, it favors a more earnest and affectionate expression of parting interest. The natural enunciation of "*Adieu*," especially from lips unaccustomed to French articulation, is hard and ungainly, and comes too near the sound of that vulgar affirmative response (in which swains are wont to utter assent to the questions of the marriage service), "*I dew*," to secure the best effect. So, also, when people say "*Farewell*," they are very apt to speak in an affected and trivial man-

ner; while the regnant sounds of the word always come from the superficial half of the vocal machine. "Good bye," on the contrary, calls into play the deeper and heartier and stronger half. It is not only capable of, but it invites, a warmer and weightier utterance. Its guttural depth seems to imply a tighter hand-pressure than we expect from him whose lips and teeth are saying "*Farewell*." The mere presence of the word "good" seems to deposit in the compound a stronger capability of adaptation to the expression of benignant feeling. It comes, therefore, to be in use as a domestic formula. Children almost always choose it, and emphasize its first syllable, when they feel strongly, in a way that throws it up from the dead level of speech, and makes it a memorable word. Thus it becomes so steeped in the fragrant odor of family associations, that it exhales their grateful aroma when it is used in the street.

It is doubtless because it is less manageable in rhythm and rhyme than its synonymes, that the poets have not used it more. It can wait. There will be more poets. And he who takes this word as the key-note of some song or sonnet, and writes a song or a sonnet, the music of whose strain shall do justice to its affluent significance, will be remembered at all fire-

sides, and will be immortal if he write nothing else.

Meanwhile, to our readers we say, — in its highest and holiest and heartiest sense of supplication, —

GOOD BYE!