

SPIRITUAL VISITORS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"MUSINGS OF AN INVALID," "CLOUDS AND SUN-
SHINE," ETC.

F. Townsend.

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TO

JAMES NEVINS,

THIS BOOK

IS AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED.

THE kind reception extended to the following Dialogues, as they appeared originally in the BIZARR E, has encouraged the author to present them in a collected form, with some few additions.

CONTENTS.

ALCIBIADES—SHERIDAN,.....	18
HENRY DANDOLO—PETER STUYVESANT,.....	25
RUBENS—COLE,.....	40
PINDAR—DRAKE,.....	57
DIOGENES—RABELAIS,.....	74
ARISTIDES—JAY,.....	90
CHRYSOSTOM—CHANNING,	107
AMPHION—BELLINI,.....	123
ROSCIUS—KEMBLE,.....	129
ARCHIMEDES—FULTON.....	155
AURELIUS—HOWARD,.....	172
CORINNA—LADY JANE GREY,.....	188
BEN JONSON—SAM JOHNSON,.....	206
JULIUS CÆSAR—ZACHARY TAYLOR,.....	225
TIMON—SWIFT,.....	243
JOHN SMITH—SYDNEY SMITH,.....	261
LUCIAN—LAMB,.....	280
FATHER NILE—FATHER MISSISSIPPI,.....	298
PERICLES—HAMILTON,.....	316
PHIDIAS—RAPHAEL,.....	331

INTRODUCTION.

IN submitting the following papers to his fellow-citizens, the editor begs leave to accompany them with a single explanatory remark. They purport to be copies from memory, of conversations between more or less distinguished ghosts, of various climes and eras, as held at the residence of their hospitable host, and his ever-beloved and lamented friend, *Whimsiculo the Elder*. The editor was never fortunate enough to be present at any of these interviews, though he has frequently heard the old

gentleman allude to them, and at times, with considerable warmth of manner; nor was he aware of the existence of any memorials of them, till recently lighting on the aforesaid MSS., while in the discharge of his arduous executorial duties. Delicacy will not allow him to comment upon the qualities, either of the speakers, or their themes. Of the substantial accuracy of the reports of their interlocutions, however, the well-known conscientiousness and singular love of truth, of the exemplary defunct, are a sufficient guaranty. It will be seen that, at first, he has but little to say himself, save in the way of answer to the questions of his spiritual guests, though becoming more self-possessed and chatty afterwards, on better acquaintance. With these few words of elucidation, the editor respectfully takes his leave.

SPIRITUAL VISITORS.

ALCIBIADES—SHERIDAN.

Alc. I am delighted to meet you, my dear friend, under this hospitable roof. But how is it that we have never run against each other before? Kindred spirits that we are, is it possible that our ghostly palms now come together in friendly collision for the first time, in our own native planet, and in this gay, thriving town of Gotham?

Sher. So it seems, my dear boy, so it seems.

Alc. I have had the pleasure, however, of seeing you before; aye, and of hearing you, upon two memorable occasions.

Sher. Indeed! what were they?

Alc. Well, the last was quite recently; you were at the time addressing a large and enthusiastic meeting of residents of the star Artemisia, on the great

subject of Homestead Exemption. I need not say that I was delighted; no one among the fifty thousand listeners more so, I assure you. I ought to be a pretty good judge of speaking, too, for we men of Athens, you know, were no fools at that business; to say nothing of the vast amount of popular oratory I have heard all over the universe, since then. You surely remember the circumstance.

Sher. Oh yes, I remember making a few remarks on the subject you speak of, to the good people of that luminary, and that they were well received. Poor things, it was high time that they should be stirred up on that point. Their financial affairs have been in a frightful way, for a great while. Indeed I do not know that I ever stumbled on a planet that was more crowded with insolvents. I speak not of your reckless, unprincipled contractors of obligations, but innocent, exemplary, high-minded insolvents. Ah! dear, I am afraid they will never again know, there, those choicest blessings of existence, a sound currency and cash payments! Excuse me, my friend, but when I get on this theme, I grow warm in spite of myself. May I ask, what was the other occasion, to which you have so kindly referred?

Alc. The other was much longer ago, though it lives very distinctly in my memory. You were a

mortal at the time, and were standing at the corner of the street, with your friends, Kemble and Fawcett, looking at the flames, as they danced and frolicked about that universe-renowned temple of the Muses, Old Drury. I happened to be passing at the very moment, when you remarked, with great earnestness and many gestures, "Gentlemen, one thing alone sustains me in this terrible crisis, and that is the conviction that I have never been guilty of an unjust action. Principle, gentlemen, principle"—here, I remember, you paused, and thumping your breast with manly energy, repeated the glorious sentiment several times, in the same glowing language. Never, never, my dear friend, in the whole course of my spiritual career, was I more profoundly impressed; and had it at all accorded with my spiritual arrangements for the evening, I should have remained, and insisted upon an immediate introduction; but——

Sher. Stop, stop, my friend. You are touching now upon a tender chord. Let us change the subject.

Alc. I really ask pardon for——

Sher. Not at all, not at all. But, my dear Alcibiades, if I may be so bold, where were you, at the time of receiving our noble host's polite invitation?

Alc. Well, your question might be an embarrass-

ing one, to some spirits ; however easy it may be for such an exemplary, and notorious home-body of a ghost as myself, to answer. Know, then, my financial friend, that the invitation in question found me comfortably seated in my lodgings in the north star, in gown and slippers, and toasting my spiritual toes, while deep in the perusal of the seventy-fifth edition of a most charming little work, entitled "Aunt Susan's Boudoir ;" wherein, under the guise of a sprightly romance, some most profound social and moral truths are thoroughly developed, and brought home to the enthralled reader ; a work that has already created a most intense sensation throughout Ursa Major, and which, if I am not greatly mistaken, is destined to have a tremendous run all over the universe. Indeed, I can hardly imagine a more desirable piece of property to hold, than the ownership of this very book would be, were there (what I begin to fear, my dear Sherry, there never will be,) any comprehensive and well-regulated system of interstellar copyright. But my friend, you look incredulous. You really can't suppose, for one moment, that I have been trifling with truth, in this little statement of mine.

Sher. Oh, no, no. At the same time I confess I am greatly surprised at it. Is it possible, then, that the gay, restless Alcibiades has settled down at last into such a staid and sedate personage as this ?

That renowned lover of fun and mischief, that most enterprising, turbulent, fascinating of Greeks, sitting quietly over his fire, lost in the pages of a moral and religious romance ! You must be quizzing, my friend, or else you are a sadly altered ghost, indeed.

Alc. You may well say that, most illustrious of dramatists and bailiff-dodgers ; you may well say that. I *am* an altered ghost, and I have been, ever since my first abrupt departure from this little earth. What did I ever gain, pray, by that same mercurial, enterprising nature of mine ? Didn't it involve me in perpetual scrapes and disasters ; not merely bringing my terrestrial career to a violent and untimely close, didn't it also subject me to constant misrepresentations and slanders ? Wasn't I a perfect bye-word in Athens, for all that was debauched and dissolute ? Didn't all the old men in town shake their impertinent fingers at me in the streets, and all the old nurses frighten their babes into silence by threatening to call me ? Was there ever a midnight frolic, or a nose knocked from a statue, or a knocker divorced from a door, but what I always had the credit of it ? When, half the time, I was really hard at work, studying my Pythagoras, or listening to the lectures of dear old Socrates, that wisest, best, ugliest of philosophers. Yes, my dear friend, it was high time for me to change my course,

and to set about becoming the sober, literary spirit that you now behold me!

Sher. And yet, Alcibiades, when I come to survey the cut of your spiritual jib a little more closely, I must say, I have my misgivings. There is a lurking devil in that ghostly eye of yours, that tells me you are as fond of your nectar and your fun, as ever you were. Own up, now, you madcap, own up, and tell me that you have been playing upon this ingenuous nature of mine.

Alc. Not so, oh thou most entertaining and exemplary Englishman of thy day, not so. [*Here loud cries of hot corn, hot corn, were heard in the adjoining street*]. Proserpine preserve us, what strange sounds are these?

Sher. Something new to me, I assure you. But our worthy host here will elucidate the matter. [*To W. the Elder*]. My dear friend, do have the goodness to explain to us the meaning of that curious piece of vocalization, that seems to have so deeply impressed our Greek brother.

W. the Elder. Why, gentlemen, that is nothing more nor less than two of our young colored brethren, duly setting forth to the community the virtues of one of our favorite national dishes, hot corn. Surely you know the article.

Alc. Not I, i'faith.

Sher. Nor I.

W. the Elder. You surprise me. I supposed, at least, that my English friend here was acquainted with its merits. But you shall know it, before another sun sets. So, come and dine with me to-morrow, and I will set you vis-a-vis to some of the finest ears that ever tasseled in old Westchester. And I will also promise you as superb a dish of succotash, as——

Both Ghosts. Succotash!

W. the Elder. Suc-co-tash. I don't wonder, though, at your echoing the sound. You will not find the word either in *Donnegan* or *Ainsworth*. Both name and preparation are purely aboriginal. Never mind, you must taste it, nevertheless, and if, after doing so, Alcibiades, you do not pronounce it a dish worthy to cross the lips of Olympian Jove himself, then am I a vain boaster. But I must not interrupt the thread of your discourse, wherewith I was beginning to be vastly edified.

Alc. This is very kind of you, my dear old friend. Let me see. When this little incident occurred, I was just on the point of retorting upon friend *Sheridan*, his own question; namely, where he happened to be at the time your kind lightning-invitation overtook him.

Sher. And I will answer it, all the more willingly,

my dear iconoclast, because it so happened, that it found me employed in a way most flattering to my vanity as an author.

Alc. Ah, how's that?

Sher. Listen. I was, at that very moment, in the very pleasant metropolis of Ski-hi, in the heart of the eastern hemisphere of the sun, of system number sixty-six, of the sixth series of the occidental subdivision of the oriental division of—

W. the Elder. W-h-e-w!

Sher. I am not at all surprised at your whistling, my dear terrestrial friend, with your limited experience in the way of time and space; but see how coolly my brother ghost here takes it. I appeal to him for the accuracy of my description.

Alc. Perfectly correct. But on with your story. What were you about there?

Sher. Well, I was just going to say, that I was quietly seated in the National Theatre of said metropolis; having been expressly invited there to attend the rehearsal of my own School for Scandal—

Alc. Pardon me for interrupting you thus, but it so happens that it is no longer ago than yesterday, that I had a chat with Menander himself, about that same sparkling comedy of yours. He expressed himself most enthusiastically on the subject, and

even went so far as to say that it was worth all Aristophanes and himself had ever written, put together; though I confess I can hardly agree with him there.

W. the Elder. School for Scandal! Why it is no longer than last night, either, that I saw it most charmingly rendered, at our own little pet Lyceum. I've got the bill in my pocket now. Here it is; [*reads*], Lady Teazle, Miss Laura Keene; and a sweet, lady-like actress she is, too; Sir Peter, Mr. Blake; but take the document, my dear boy, and examine it at your leisure.

Sher. Really, my dear friends, temporal and spiritual, this is very polite and pleasant in you, but I shall never get to the end of my story.

Alc. Go on, go on.

Sher. Well, I was about saying, that I was listening to the rehearsal of the play in question, by a most clever set of performers, and in the Iroquois version, when—

Alc. What, what, what? Iroquois—I never heard of any such language as that.

Sher. Whimsiculo has, though. Have you not, my good friend?

W. the Elder. Most unquestionably, though I confess I am not particularly well posted up in it, or in its literature. I had an impression, too, that it

was not a written language. Now I think of it, I did once hear the Lord's prayer in that dialect; but to say truth (and not to speak it irreverently), it sounded to me far more like a pack of crackers, going off under a tin kettle, than like an invocation to the throne of grace. But how in the name of wonder, came that to be the language of the luminary in question?

Sher. That's the very interrogatory that I propounded to the manager myself, and he gave me the following lucid explanation. It seems that, from time immemorial, this particular portion of said luminary, has been set apart, as the receptacle and general place of rendezvous of the ghosts of the red men of America; that among those ghosts, came, not many years since, the august spectre of that renowned sachem and warrior of the woods, Monkey-Jacket.

W. the Elder. Monkey-Jacket? no, no, no: you mean Red-Jacket.

Sher. Red-Jacket, Red-Jacket—absurd blunder, to be sure. It seems that the said Red-Jacket, a few short moons before his departure from his earthly lodgings, was the guest of the corporation of the good city of Boston; that during his visit, he was invited to attend the Tremont Theatre of that metropolis; he did so; it so happened that the

School for Scandal was the prominent feature of the evening's entertainments. The chief, who is said to have been one of the most accomplished musicians, and finest linguists of his time, was fortunately quite himself, throughout the performance; a circumstance the more extraordinary (so said the manager), seeing that even his warmest admirers have been compelled to admit, that the latter portion of his terrestrial pilgrimage was pretty much one continual scene of intoxication. On this occasion, however, he heartily relished and warmly applauded the piece, not letting a single joke escape him. In a word, when shortly after transferred from this mundane sphere to the luminary before-mentioned, he took with him, in memory, the entire comedy; he would often repeat passages, and parts of scenes from it, to his brother ghosts, and was finally prevailed upon to give them a complete memoriter copy, in the Iroquois, which had ever been his favorite dialect on earth; from this copy they had gradually prepared the entertainment in question, and had invited me to be present. It only remains to add, that the performers were nearly through the screen-scene, and that I was in the midst of making a slight suggestion to the manager, when our host's lightning-messenger arrived. Such, my dear Alcibiades,

is a most truthful and circumstantial answer to your question. Are you satisfied?

Alc. Perfectly. But after all, what signifies it, whence we came, or whither we are going? Are we not here, in sprightly Gotham, and under the hospitable roof of our old friend? Let's enjoy the present, then, and hope for many such pleasant reunions, in the same agreeable quarters.

W. the Elder. With all my heart, and I hope to have the pleasure, not only of your company, but of that of a good many other spectral notabilities, provided they will condescend to honor my humble roof. And now, my lads, to supper. I think I can show you something in the terrapin department, that would make even a French artist stare; not to speak of a certain Sauterne, that I defy any cellar of any planet of any system to beat.

Sher. You greatly pique our ghostly curiosity. Allons donc. [*Exeunt.*]

HENRY DANDOLO—PETER STUY- VESANT.

Dan. My dear old Dutch friend and pitcher, and brother-hero, how are you, how are you?

W. the Elder. Why, gentlemen, you seem to be old acquaintances.

Dan. Not at all, not at all. Never did my eye light on my ghostly brother, till this most fortunate moment. But didn't I know him, in a twinkling, from the description? Didn't I say to myself, the very first glimpse I caught of the old silver leg and the brimstone colored breeches, congratulate thyself, old Harry Dandolo, congratulate thyself, for here cometh no less a personage than the illustrious Hardkopping Piet, the doughty governor of New Amsterdam, the immortal hero of Fort Christina; he of the hard head and the warm heart; he that

was so given to egg-cracking and kruller-munching when a boy; who used so to walk into the cherry-bounce and the cookies of a New Year's Day; he who afterwards governed and negotiated, and fought, and bled, for the rights of his many breechesed brethren, and many-petticoated sisters of Manahattoes; who, in the evening of his days, fought his battles over again so pleasantly, over his pipe and his schnapps, by the hospitable fireside of the old Bowery farm house. You see, Peter, I know all about you.

Stuy. By the pipe of St. Nicholas, thou amazest me. What is the meaning of all this?

Dan. Why, what should be the mystery? Haven't I heard all the particulars, time and again, from the lips of the famous Diedrich himself? Haven't I read them all, in his renowned history, that most authentic and delicious volume, whereat the ghosts of half the planets of creation have already haw-hawed, till they were sore; that bundle of fun and fancy, that——

Stuy. What, do you mean to tell me that I have become the laughing stock of the universe, because of the libels of that little rascally wizen-faced dried-up stump of a Knickerbocker? Dunder and Blixum!

Dan. Libels, Peter, libels? I don't understand

you. Surely, no libellous thought was ever hatched in the brain, much less ever dropped from the lips or the pen of the dear old historian of Scaghtikoke. You're wrong, my friend, quite wrong. He has drawn a most delightful and loveable picture of you.

Stuy. He has run his rigs upon me and mine, in the most impertinent and scandalous manner.

Dan. Innocent frolic, my old boy, innocent frolic.

Stuy. Well, well, I don't care so much about the matter, myself; but some of my kinsfolk and descendants, I hear, have taken it a good deal to heart.

Dan. Why should they? My dear friend, I assure you, on the word of an honest, independent ghost, no such thought ever crossed my mind, while grinning over the dear volume. Ah, no, there's no malice in that mirth—but downright, hearty, kindly, irresistible fun. But to change the subject, which, I see, is not altogether agreeable, how, in the name of all the saints of all the stars, is it, Peter, that we have never bumped spiritual noses together before?

Stuy. Well, I hardly know how it is. We Dutch, men and ghosts, you know, were never much given to gadding, but have always preferred cloud-blowing at home, and other fireside comforts. Why, will you believe it, Hans, this is positively my first visit

to my native town and colony, since I was here in the flesh, two hundred years ago!

Dan. Body of Bacchus! you don't tell me so!

Stuy. Even so. It is but a week ago, that I commenced my exploring rambles, and most of the time under the guidance of our hospitable friend here.

W. the Elder. Yes, and what do you think, Dandolo, the very first thing Peter insisted upon seeing, was his own tombstone. I had to humor him, of course. So off we trudged, post-haste, raining as it was, to St. Mark's.

Dan. St. Mark's, why that's the church my pew was in, while on earth.

W. the Elder. Yes, but let me tell you, my dear Doge, that your Venetian St. Mark's isn't to be spoken of in the same century with its Second Avenue namesake.

Dan. I don't doubt it. But what said Peter? What said the ex-governor? Modest ghost that he is, he was of course much embarrassed at the glowing language of the inscription. I know how I felt, when I was, for the first time, confronted with the fibs that they chiselled over my old carcass in Santa Sophia.

W. the Elder. Well, between ourselves, I rather think Peter was somewhat mortified at the exceeding brevity and costiveness of the statement over

him, as well as at the painfully evident apathy of the sexton. Was it not so, Pietro

Stuy. It was. Had I been a fish-monger, they could hardly have handed me over to oblivion, more unceremoniously.

Dan. The ungrateful creatures! That's not the way we do things in Italy, I assure you. Nay, we have uniformly, from the days of Romulus, made it a strict point of honor, after cuffing and kicking and tormenting our best benefactors and patriots, till they were right glad to be off, to make it all up to them most handsomely, at last, by right copious and classical acknowledgments, in marble. But tell us, now, Peter; you must have been completely overwhelmed with surprise and delight, at the marvelous changes and improvements that have come off in your beloved New Amsterdam, since you had stumped about in it, in the body.

Stuy. Well, not so much so as I anticipated. I have been, on the whole, rather disappointed. To be sure, there have been some changes. The town covers a few more acres than it did, in my day. There is a decided increase of dwellings and of meeting-houses. There is, unquestionably, more business transacted on 'change, and at the custom-house. There is a greater sprinkling of Yankees, and other foreigners. We certainly had no Opera,

either, under my administration. But with these exceptions, and a few other small novelties, such as steamboats, and railroads, and telegraphs, and other similar trifles, I do not see those evidences of progress, that I should have anticipated from the enterprising spirit of my cotemporaries.

Dan. Why, you amaze me. The coolness of your reply is perfectly inexplicable. I shall begin to think my friend Knickerbocker was not so authentic and veracious a chronicler, after all. According to his version, your whole town might have been stowed away in one of the large hotels of the present city. Nay, does he not say, explicitly, that two hundred and fifty tallow candles would have illuminated the whole concern; and that half a dozen swivels, and a barrel or two of gunpowder, would have been ample either for its defence or capture?

Stuy. I know he does, malignant libeller that he is; and he goes on to say, that a dozen geese would have been sufficient to have kept the whole colony in quills, for as many years; and that its whole naval force consisted of a solitary round-bottomed tub of a sloop of war, with a few feeble cannons and rusty fowling pieces on board; that our foreign commerce consisted in the occasional visit of a lubberly craft from the mother country, loaded with fiery gin and cheap crockery; that our entire coast-wise com-

merce was carried on in three or four leaky oyster boats; that more letters passed through a single box at the post-office, in a day, in his time, than through the whole office, in a month, in mine; and so forth, and so forth. But, my Constantinopolitan friend, were you verdant enough to believe, for one moment, statements so scandalous, so atrocious?

Dan. Well, I hardly know what to say. One thing is very certain; either he has been imposing upon his readers, most shamefully, or else, which I more than half suspect, you are undertaking to play the same game upon me. Which is it, now, old ten-breeches, which is it?

Stuy. What, do you mean to say, that——

W. the Elder. Come, come, now, Peter, confess, confess. You are quizzing. Yes, my dear friend, our good ex-governor here, has been in a perfect gale of excitement, the whole week; completely carried away with the wonderful and splendid things I have been showing him. He has been talking of nothing else, day and night, and at all hours of the night, and has been teasing me continually to go here, there, and everywhere; in fine, has been thumping about, with that old silver-mounted leg of his, like a very Rochester knocker. You needn't look so solemn, Peter; you know I speak the truth.

Stuy. Fibs, fibs, fibs.

W. the Elder. How can you say so? Why, Dandolo, it was only yesterday that we were at the High Bridge together, and at the Reservoirs, and I never saw a ghost go on so, before. Such delight, such rapture! And so at every place; at Greenwood, at the Atlantic Dock, at Castle Garden, at the Astor, and all along our thronged and tumultuous Broadway: one eternal string of questions and exclamations! He would insist upon seeing everything, from the Collins' Steamers down to Colt's Revolvers; from the Metropolitan down to the Pewter Mug. Nay more, spiritual cripple that he is, he would hobble up to the top of Trinity steeple, where he kept me two mortal hours, prattling about the Battery, as it was in his time, and Corlaer's Hook, and Pawlus' Hook, and Gibbet Island, and Quaog, and Patchogue, and the Connecticut Moss Troopers, and heaven knows what besides. Especially did he contrast his own little, long ago extinct, parish church of St. Nicholas, (which he was sadly puzzled to locate,) with the superb cathedral below us. Come, Peter, do tell our Venetian brother here, all about it.

Stuy. Oh, I can't begin to do it. It would take at least ten encyclopædias to do justice to my feelings.

Dan. But of all the things you have seen, my friend, what, on the whole, gratified you the most?

Stuy. My own portrait, in the Governor's room of the Hotel de la Ville; though, to be sure, I didn't recognize it, at first. That, and another masterpiece with my name attached to it, at *Barnum's Louvre*.

Dan. Ah, by Rembrandt?

Stuy. No, by Jenkins: in his first manner, before he had fairly emancipated himself from the shackles of the Sing-Sing school.

W. the Elder. Oh, Peter, do be serious. Do tell Harry about our trip to Hell Gate, and Williamsburgh, and Brooklyn, that little babe of a place, (as you said,) when you last saw it, that stately queen of a city that you now find it; tell him how you stood spell-bound, on the Heights, lost in admiration of the magnificent panorama before you; tell him how astounded you were at the improvements at Communipaw; tell him how curiously you eyed, and how decidedly you relished that mint-julep at the Carlton; how you smoked and stared, and stared and smoked, at the Telegraph office, in the vain attempt to decypher the mystery thereof. Tell him how you enjoyed yourself last night, at Burton's, even unto obstreperousness, nay, almost unto expulsion, while watching the eccentric proceedings of 'Toodle. Tell him how bewildered you were by Fraulein Soto's cachucha, and how profoundly impressed by Alboni's

rendering of Rhode's Variations. But above all, dear Peter, tell him of our trip up the Hudson; with what delight you gazed upon the fleet of gallant ships and steamers, from all the corners of the earth; how forgetting yourself for a moment, you inquired of an aged colored wood-sawyer, on the way to the boat, what dock the Albany schooners started from, and how, supposing you drunk or crazy, he vouchsafed no answer; how you hobbled around among the hotel-coaches and express-wagons; how you consigned an impertinent news-boy to the pit without a bottom; what owl-like looks you gave the machinery, after we had got aboard; how you were looking out for Bloomingdale, long after we had passed Spuyten Deyvel; how completely astounded and petrified you were, at the interminable procession of sloops and schooners and barges and propellers, that we met and passed continually; how you looked, when that cattle train, half a mile long, whizzed by us, just below Yonkers; how charmed you were with all the pretty towns and villas and gardens; how you longed to go ashore at Nyack, and investigate the whereabouts of some orchards that you remembered robbing, when a boy; how you guffawed, when we came abreast of Anthony's Nose; how you blasphemed about the missing sour-cROUT at dinner; what capers you cut, when the blessed old Kaatskills hove in

sight; how you whistled, as the words Rip Van Winkle, caught your eye, at the stern of a safety-barge; and how supremely bewildered and delighted you were, shortly after, when you saw your own honored name on the guards of a magnificent new steamer, all dressed out in flags, and crowded with passengers; how—but what's the matter with our friend Dandolo, all of a sudden? he looks unwell.

Stuy. Why, Harry, my boy, you are not well. How sad and distressed you look. What's the matter?

Dan. Ah, Peter, I *am* sad. I am distressed. But let me explain myself. While our mutual friend here, was rehearsing your recent pleasant journey, sorrowful thoughts came suddenly over my soul, and I could not forbear contrasting, with mingled anguish and bitterness of spirit, our different experiences. You, Peter, left your loved Gotham, a tender plant, skirting the southern borders of your pleasant island; with the elements of growth in it, certainly; still, an obscure, peaceful spot, little dreaming of the magnificent future that was in store for it. You return, and find it a stately metropolis, teeming with life and beauty and energy, and fast becoming the leading city of the earth. Now mark the difference. When I left Venice for the land of spirits, she had almost reached the consummation of her glory.

Boundless her wealth, world-wide her commerce (at least as we then knew the world,) invincible her power; the mistress of the seas, the arbitress of nations. You had but to strike the bell of old St. Mark's, and a hundred thousand armed men would show themselves within an hour. What port knew not her galleys, what mart her merchants? Art, it is true, had not yet given her all those magnificent palaces; had not bestowed upon her all those exquisite graces, that afterwards made her the world's pride and wonder: still was she a superb, a glorious creation. Look at her, now! Poor, sick, dying city; dying, dying, and scarce a friend left to close her eyes; her government extinguished, her commerce all melted away, her citizens in exile, her mansions desolate, and her poor self in the clutches of a power, alike stupid and malignant. Yes, the scenes that in my day were all alive with mirth and music, and gay pageants, are now as sullen and silent as the grave. What right have I, then, to be cheerful? What right have I to be wandering here, even, and enjoying your society? I ought, this very moment, to be haunting the scenes of our former glory. I ought to appear, this very night, armed cap-a-pie, to frown upon, and appal our oppressors, and to arouse the drooping spirits of my dear countrymen. I ought —

Stuy. Harry, Harry, my boy, don't take on so. This is a sad, an unhappy business, to be sure. But, my dear ghost, what good can you do, now? 'Tis all too late, my friend; the die is cast, the destinies will have it so, and poor old Venice must be choked, at last, in the slime of her own canals. But cheer up, brother spirit, cheer up. And tell us, Hal, how long you have been in town, and where are you stopping?

Dan. Nearly six weeks. I am putting up at the Irving.

Stuy. The deuce you are.

Dan. And pray, where are you?

Stuy. At the St. Nicholas. I had a special invitation from the landlord to be present at its inauguration.

Dan. Had I known it, I should have certainly called on you. But the truth is, I have been but little of the time in town. In fact, I have been very busy for the last month, exploring the wonders, and studying the institutions of this glorious, this Titanic republic of yours. I have special reason to remember the day of my arrival here, however. It was the day of the great Sontag Serenade.

W. the Elder. Indeed, and did you assist at that beautiful tribute to genius?

Dan. I did; and, what is more, I inadvertently

wore a white hat, on the occasion, as did my brother-ghost who accompanied me; two superb Rocky Mountain beavers, which we had purchased, that very afternoon, at Leary's. We were standing together, at a somewhat advanced hour of the night, I remember, directly under the balcony of the hotel of the Queen of Song, waiting patiently for the music, and discussing the merits of Jenny Lind; when, in the twinkling of an eye, we were both, most unceremoniously, bereft of the aforesaid beavers. Alike angry and mortified, I inquired of a terrestrial neighbor, the meaning of this extraordinary proceeding. He simply replied, that it was a part of the ceremony, a time-honored custom here, whenever such summer evening entertainments were made public. Why, then, said I, was it not so stated in the programme? Then my friend and myself could have provided ourselves with cheap substitutes. As it is, we have been flung out of six dollars a piece, by the operation. A horse-laugh was his only reply. So home we trudged, feeling like fools, and contracting obstinate colds in our spiritual heads besides, which we have not got rid of yet. But, my friends, I am afraid I shall have to break up our colloquy.

Stuy. Why so?

Dan. Why, the fact is, the Chicago River and Harbor Convention meets now, in about two minutes

and a half, and I have promised to be present, and to lay before the meeting, some very valuable and interesting statistics, concerning the commerce of Venice, in the 12th century. So, good-bye.

W. the Elder. I am really very sorry for this, for I was on the point of asking you, to tell friend Peter, all about your capture of Constantinople.

Stuy. Some other time, my dear fellow. Besides, what was that affair, after all, alongside of his own magnificent capture of Fort Christina? But I must positively be off. So, farewell, friends.

Dan. Heaven be with you. (*Exeunt.*)

RUBENS.—COLE.

Rubens. Need I say how charmed I am to meet my brother student of Nature, in the metropolis that he hath embellished with so many lovely pictures?

Cole. Really, my dear friend, you flatter me. Such praise from such an artist is——

Rub. Is the simple truth. Pardon my interrupting you thus, but I spoke from a most hearty and profound admiration. 'Twas but yesterday, my dear ghost, that I saw your masterpiece, the "Course of Empire." He, who put that poem on canvas, must not be too modest. Charming, charming work! I had the day before been to see some of your landscapes, and was delighted. I speak not merely of your transcripts from your own wild, fresh America,

nor of your compositions, but also of your most felicitous renderings of Italian, and Greek, and Swiss, and Sicilian, and English scenes. All, all alike truthful and beautiful. Kenilworth, by the way, my friend, was no ivy-dressed ruin, but a sumptuous palace in my time; and some of those stately oaks that you have introduced in your sketch of Windsor, I am confident, were not there, when I had the honor of waiting on his Majesty King Charles. Ah! dear, it seems a thousand ages since then. Your "Voyage of Life," too, and your "Past and Present," and above all, your "Departure and Return," delighted me. The tender sentiment that pervades this last, fairly brought the tears to my eyes. Brother Claude must look to his laurels. With all his glowing skies, and limpid waves, he hasn't a tenth part of your invention. He never read any such beautiful lessons, never preached any such glorious sermons as your pencil has, from the great volume of nature. No, nor Salvator, with all his fire and romance.

Cole. Why, you surprise, even more than you gratify me. To be told this, too, by one himself so illustrious, the prince of colorists, the brilliant, the versatile Rubens, the Flemish Raphael, as we all call you; it is, indeed, far beyond my humble merits.

Rub. Not at all. I say again, I speak the simple truth. I am no flatterer, and if I were, I should

not dare to approach you with any such language. Your ingenuous nature, I know, holds in utter scorn aught that savors of flattery or falsehood.

Cole. May I inquire, seeing that this is our first meeting, into the origin of your good opinion?

Rub. Certainly. It comes in part, then, (and you must excuse my being thus personal,) from irresistible first impressions, but more especially, from the statements of our mutual friend, Alston.

Cole. What, my dear brother Alston?

Rub. The same. He has told me all about you; your toils, your struggles, the slow, but sure recognition of your genius by your countrymen, and your ultimate brilliant success. He told me many interesting things, too, of your country and its heart-stirring history, and also of this pleasant metropolis, that I now, thanks to the kind invitation of our honored friend and medium here, am visiting for the first time.

Cole. But, do tell me, where is our dear friend? I have been most anxious to meet and confer with him. Is it long since you met?

Rub. No, quite recently. I am surprised that you have not found out your compatriot, long since. He is now in Herschel, and hard at work, I can assure you.

Cole. May I ask the subject of his labors?

Rub. He is busy painting the plafonds of a suite of apartments in the superb palace, belonging to his illustrious brother Herschelian, and former fellow-countryman, whom they called on earth Alexander Hamilton.

Cole. Ah! I am delighted to hear you say so. But what is the design? Something grand, of course.

Rub. Magnificent, magnificent. But I am not at liberty to divulge it. To say truth, he wishes to surprise the good people of that planet. Even his own patron hasn't yet ventured to take a peep at it. One thing the artist told me, however; that nothing he had done on this ball, could give one any idea of its merits: a statement, by the way, which I intend to verify, *in proprio spiritu*, before leaving the hemisphere. And whom do you suppose he has for a neighbor? No less a ghost than Titian himself. Hardly a day passes without his consulting him upon the work; and he in turn, has given Titian a good many valuable suggestions, relative to the still more arduous task, on which he is himself engaged.

Cole. And pray, what may that be?

Rub. The entire supervision of a superb cathedral, destined, when completed, to be by all odds, the finest in the system. Every portion of the work, architecture, sculpture, painting and decorations, are

to be after designs by the great master. A colossal undertaking, is it not? He has been at it now most faithfully for the last two years, and there is a world of work to be done yet.

W. the Elder. Two years? Why that don't seem to me such a long time, for a job like that you speak of.

Rub. You forget, my dear friend; we are talking of Herschelian years, every one of which is a good deal more than threescore and ten of your little terrestrial ones.

W. the Elder. True, true; I ask pardon. You don't happen, by the way, to have a Herschel Almanac in your spiritual pocket, do you?

Rub. I am sorry to say I have not. Here is last week's *Georgium Sidus Advocate*, though. Perhaps you may find something interesting in it.

W. the Elder. Thank you, thank you, (*pocketing the paper*). But I must apologise for this interruption. You were about saying——

Rub. True; I was just about remarking to my dear brother here, how often I have since regretted that I did not devote more of my earthly hours to that walk of art in which he has won such laurels. I always had a hankering for it, and the few landscapes I *did* paint, such as they are, I painted with real relish.

Cole. I have often wished myself that you had given the world more of them. But of course you had to consult the wishes of your patrons.

Rub. Yes, confound them, and they *would* insist, quite too often, either on stupid allegories, or else on mere voluptuous pictures. Ah! my dear Cole, I am afraid there are quite too many things of mine even now on earth, that are doing no good to the morals of the rising generation. I am quite ashamed of myself, when I think how much of my time and canvas I expended upon leering nymphs and drunken satyrs, and such like abominations.

Cole. Ah! you judge yourself too harshly, my friend. There certainly *are* things that you had better have left alone, but when I consider the whole course of your career on earth, these few exceptional works seem mere spots upon the sun. Yes, when I call to mind your magnificent Scripture-pieces, your superb historical works, your matchless portraits, your grand draperies, your delicious combinations of colors, I am lost in amazement at the fertility and facility of your genius.

Rub. My conscience *will* smite me, though at times. And the kindness of your criticism only reminds me, how far you surpass me in this regard. No impure or unworthy thought disfigures any per-

formance of yours ; certainly none that I have yet seen.

Cole. Yes, but then, my friend, I was not tempted as you were. I had no such versatility to lead me astray ; still less, such rich, powerful and capricious patrons. It is not so easy to disobey the orders of crowned heads, you know.

Rub. Pretty silly and worthless ones, between ourselves, too many of them, crowned though they were. I wish to heaven I had been out, studying the fair face of nature, or exploring the windings of some such glorious river as this Hudson of yours, instead of wasting so much paint and labor as I did, on that worthless Medici Gallery.

Cole. And yet, the master's hand is visible throughout it. Every student of his art would be very sorry to lose it, I can tell you. But how came you, my friend, to mix up Christendom and Heathendom, so strangely in it, and I must add, so unjustifiably ?

Rub. Well, I hardly know how to answer your question. The truth is, my dear Cole, in all my performances, both before and since leaving earth, I have been governed quite too much by impulse, and too little by rule. I seem to have painted from the very start because I couldn't help it. Before I was fairly out of my earthly long-clothes, I remember going at it, and executing portraits of dogs and cats,

and cabbages ; everything, in short, that came in my way. And so throughout my terrestrial career. I must always be painting something, no matter what, from the gaping watermelon of my garden, up to the monarch that I served ; from the plump, ruddy matrons around me, up to the saints and seraphs of my dreams. Such was the Lord's will ; such his commission to me, not only on earth, but in other worlds ; and even now, my friend, it makes me quite unhappy to lose a day from my studio.

Cole. I sympathize with you most heartily, my dear spirit. But to come down to our worthy host's day and generation ; may I ask how long you have been in town ?

Rub. It is just ten days since I arrived, and most of the time has been spent in the company of Whimsiculo here, who, I need not tell you, has been all attention. A lovely city, truly, this Gotham of yours. We have nothing in Flanders, and never had, to compare with it. I believe we have explored pretty much all the prominent lions, have we not, W. ?

W. the Elder. Well, we have been pretty busy.

Cole. You looked in at the Dusseldorf Gallery, of course.

Rub. Oh, yes ; some charming things there ; though, as a whole, I must say, I do not altogether like the spirit that pervades that school. They

seem to me to waste their strength on trifles ; finishing the accessories of their scenes with painful minuteness, and sadly neglecting the actors themselves, and then their landscapes appear equally full of superfluous finery, and equally devoid of genuine feeling. Don't you agree with me ?

Cole. I certainly do, though somewhat of a sinner in that way myself. Less elaboration and more sentiment would improve them all. But have you been to the Bryan Gallery ?

Rub. I have ; more than once, too.

Cole. An admirable collection, isn't it ?

Rub. Indeed it is. Not so grand or costly, of course, as many that I have seen in my day, nor so valuable as the one I myself owned, when in the flesh, and which I sold, most unwillingly, I remember, to that scamp, the Duke of Buckingham ; still a charming assemblage, and full of gems.

Cole. You recognized a good many old acquaintances in the gallery, did you not ?

Rub. Oh, yes ; the first thing that my eyes lit upon, was brother Hemling's "Marriage of St. Catherine ;" quite an old picture, in my day, and certainly a most charming one. I always loved the placid beauty of his saints, and the orderly grouping of his angels ; very different from my tumultuous style. And right under him, I recognised no

less a hand than my old fellow-townsmen, Matsys, though, to be sure, he died fifty years before I was born. Many a time have I played tag round his wall in Antwerp, when a boy. And right alongside of him was brother Mabuse, too, with his exquisitely finished little pictures. Old acquaintances, say you ? Lots of them ; not merely my own pupils and countrymen, either ; but there are works here that I remember distinctly having seen in the studios, both of my Spanish friend Velasquez, and of my most illustrious and amiable Italian brother, Domenichino.

Cole. By the way, what a sweet little picture that is of his ; I mean the "St. Paul carried up to Heaven by angels ;" between ourselves, I think it the gem of the collection.

Rub. I don't know but what I agree with you. It certainly is a most spirited and expressive thing. How it contrasts with the wooden uniformity of some of its Byzantine neighbors ; and even with those of Cimabue and Giotto. Is it not perfectly amazing, my dear friend, to think of the triumphs achieved by our art, in two little centuries ? Contrast the most insignificant performance of our angelic brother, Raphael, with even the masterpiece, of Guido of Sienna, for instance, and what a world-wide difference ! But to return to our saint. His

is, indeed, a most noble and animated figure. What a face, too! Alive with joy and expectation; none of your pallid, indifferent looking creatures, that disfigure too many of our Assumptions; who seem to care as little about the heaven to which they are ascending, as about the earth which they are leaving; no, no; he is, indeed, entering into the joy of his Lord. I do not know that I ever met with a picture, my dear Cole, that so admirably illustrated that fine old Scripture phrase, as this does.

Cole. Why, do you know that that same idea occurred to me, while looking at it? But, my friend, you say nothing about your own performances in the collection. You surely don't mean to disavow them?

Rub. Disavow them? no, indeed. What should put that idea in your head?

Cole. Well, I have no doubts, myself, on the subject. But you need not be told, my dear brother, of the innumerable quackeries and falsehoods that have disgraced the great majority of picture-gatherers, in all stars and ages.

Rub. Alas, it is too true. Had I myself painted one-hundredth part of the earthly pictures attributed to me, I would have wanted the years of Methusalem, and the hands of Briareus besides. But there can be no mistake here, my friend. I remember dis-

tinctly the circumstances connected with the execution of the works in question.

W. the Elder. Ah, do tell us, my honored guest, do tell us. It is indeed pleasant, in this world of mysteries and misgivings, now and then to have a fact authenticated, direct from spiritual head-quarters. Tell us all about it.

Rub. Well, I don't mean to say that I can give you the minute particulars, at this distance of time. I can recall the Susanna, however, very clearly, and the rich old burgher of Antwerp, for whom I painted it; as amiable an old fellow as I ever knew, but somewhat too much given to jollity and grossness. He would insist on having his wife, (a fine portly figure, much stouter, indeed, than I have made her,) painted in this character. I suggested putting her in a Holy Family, but he wouldn't listen to it, and so the poor thing and myself both had to submit. The Elders are portraits of two Ecclesiastics of the town, notorious hypocrites and sensualists in their day, and especially obnoxious to my plain-spoken old friend. On the whole, I regret having painted the picture.

Cole. To be candid with you, it is not at all to my taste. But the St. Catherine I was charmed with.

Rub. Bless her sweet saintship, I remember that

I took great pleasure in painting her. I remember, too, how my friends congratulated me on the performance: they said I had surpassed myself on the occasion. I had quite a talk with the proprietor, about this picture, wherein he explained to me the circumstances of his ownership; and I must say, my dear friend, that while I might have preferred that it should have remained in its native land, I am quite delighted that it has fallen into such good hands. The cordial, appreciative way in which he spoke about it, was most flattering to my ghostly vanity. Indeed, he took me all through the collection, and I found his remarks alike agreeable and instructive.

Cole. But tell me, Rubens, did you really paint the Hercules?

Rub. I am inclined to think so, though I cannot exactly locate it, as you New Englanders say. I certainly must have had a hand in it. Let me see. Now I think of it, I *do* recall it. Yes, yes, I had begun upon the hero, I remember, when I was suddenly called away from town to my chateau, for a day or two, to entertain some dear friends at Mantua; on my return, how surprised and delighted was I to find the piece finished by my scholars. Jordaens, whom you of course remember, as one of the best of them, completed the Hercules, while Snijders, silent,

rapid worker that he was, made short work with the lion.

Cole. But that little landscape, under the Susanna—

Rub. Ah, you noticed that, did you?

Cole. Indeed I did. A most spirited, suggestive thing it is, too.

Rub. I am right glad to hear it thus spoken of by the first landscape-painter of his day. Yes, my friend, I well remember dashing off that little thing. I was in fine spirits at the time, I tell you. Why it was only two days before my marriage with my second wife, my sweet, loving, lovely Helen. I think you will find some of the painter's glee transferred to his canvas, in this instance.

Cole. Yes, indeed. No dull brain, or unhappy disposition could have ever given birth to a thing like that. But what's the matter with our host? He seems to be in a brown study.

Rub. Holloa, landlord, a guinea for your thoughts.

W. the Elder. A doubloon, and they are yours. But seriously, friends, I was thinking how improbable it was, that I should ever again have the honor of entertaining two such illustrious ghosts, at my humble lodgings.

Rub. Don't say that, my old friend, don't say that. But, Whimsiculo, you'll soon be a ghost yourself,

you know. You are pretty near the end of your terrestrial rope, old gentleman. Don't that frosty pow of yours tell you as much, when you shave o' mornings? And then, my boy, we shall be better acquainted, I hope.

W. the Elder. By the way, Rubens, there is one of our metropolitan lions that I have neglected showing you.

Rub. And what may that be?

W. the Elder. Had you left town without seeing it, I should never have forgiven myself.

Rub. What is it, what is it?

W. the Elder. Why, it is no less a thing than that magnificent series of pictures, that commemorates the virtues of the renowned Mustang Liniement. Brother Cole must forgive me, for speaking plainly.—He knows I am a warm admirer of his. I have gazed with delight on his "Voyage of Life" and "Course of Empire," many a long day in summer; but it would be gross flattery to him, to compare either of those series with the wonderful group of tableaux in question. Such coloring, such composition, such—

Rub. Keep your feet, my dear friend, keep your feet. You are really the most impulsive gray-beard I ever met. But if the work you speak of is so very wonderful, we must make a point of seeing it,

the first thing in the morning. Meanwhile, I must be off.

W. the Elder. Off?

Rub. Don't be alarmed. I shall be back to supper. I have only a short call to make; a quadrillion of leagues or so; nothing more. In fact, I have promised to put my name on the back of a piece of paper, for a brother artist, in an adjacent comet; a whole-souled fellow, full of genius, but not so flush as he ought to be. He seems to think my endorsement may be of service to him, and he must have it, of course.

Cole. I must be going, too.

Rub. Whither away, dear friend?

Cole. Back to my labors. While the light lasts, I wish to put the finishing touches to a picture, that I am a good deal interested in.

Rub. May I ask what it is?

Cole. Certainly. It is a large landscape, a composition, that I design as a present to a valued friend, formerly of this very city, and now in heaven. I call it "Reminiscences of Earth." It is, indeed, a compilation, so to speak, of choice Italian, Swiss, and Grecian scenery, with a leaf or two from my own loved Kaatskills.

Rub. I would love dearly to see it.

Cole. And why not? It's right on your way.

Rub. Why so it is: so let's be off, my friend, at once. Adieu landlord; recollect, I shall be back to supper.

W. the Elder. I shall most certainly expect you.
[*Exeunt.*]

PINDAR—DRAKE.

Pindar. Welcome, thrice welcome to our dear young brother of Columbia. It is a long time since we have had the pleasure of a meeting.

Drake. It is indeed; not since that charming entertainment given by Hesiod in honor of our friend Wordsworth.

Pin. Even so. A right pleasant gathering it was, too, as you say. Such choice spirits don't often get together, Drake.

Drake. You may well say that. Let's see; there was Homer and Cleanthes, and Corinna and Milton, and Tasso and Horace, and Byron and Sappho, and Shakspeare; to say nothing of the honored guest himself, and our host of a host, and your own illustrious bardship.

Pin. But my dear Drake, what kept you so won-

derfully quiet and demure, all the evening? You scarce opened your lips, I remember.

Drake. Did not silence become me best, in the presence of such renowned children of Parnassus?

Pin. Ah! you're too modest, by half. The author of the Culprit Fay, too,—

Drake. A trifle, my friend, a mere trifle.

Pin. A trifle, indeed! Ah! had you heard what Shakspeare said about it, you—

Drake. What, did the great poet himself condescend to notice it?

Pin. To be sure he did. He pronounced it incomparably the finest thing of the kind in his language. His own Queen Mab's chariot (he went on to say), he flattered himself was an ingeniously got up little contrivance; but your fairy's boat, and indeed, all his armor and outfit, were far more dainty and delicate creations. The whole poem, he added, in its conception and execution, reminded him of one of those matchless cups of Benvenuto Cellini, so prized on earth, wherein the amazing prodigality of the artist's fancy was only equalled by the exquisite finish of the details.

Drake. This was, indeed, most kind in him.

Pin. He meant what he said, too. There was no mistaking the cordial enthusiasm of his manner. I told him that I agreed with him most decidedly, and

moreover, that the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, and the *Culprit Fay*, were stored side by side in the chambers of my memory.

Drake. Why, my dear friend, you quite overwhelm me. Such praise, and so sanctioned! To be spoken of thus, and by the renowned Pindar himself; Pindar, the prince of poets, and the guest of princes; whose odes have been chanted before admiring thousands, by the most illustrious youths and loveliest virgins of Greece; the distributor of fame, whose verse immortalized whate'er it touched; whose coronation-hymns—

Pin. Why, holloa, holloa, what are you about? You are paying me off in my own coin, with a vengeance. But to convince you, my dear boy, of the sincerity of my admiration, 'twas but a few days ago, that I amused myself by turning several passages of your charming little poem into Greek. Would you like to hear a verse or two? I confess I should be pleased to have your opinion as to the merits of the translation.

Drake. It would gratify me exceedingly.

Pin. Well then, have at you. [*The Razor-strop man is heard in the street below. Whimsiculo senior, giveth way to uncontrollable emotion.*] Ah! what rival strains are these? And what on earth is the matter with our worthy host here? Dear

landlord, do compose yourself, and elucidate this mystery.

W. the Elder. I really ask pardon, gentlemen, for this most unseasonable and apparently ill-bred guffaw. These absurd incongruities, however, will occur sometimes in this queer world of ours.

Pin. But who *is* this wandering minstrel? And what god or hero's exploits is he commemorating?

W. the Elder. The bard in question, is our estimable townsman, Wm. Smith, sole proprietor and vender of the Great Columbian Nonpariel Razor-strop. He is chanting his customary orphic hymn to the masses. Don't stare so, my sweet Swan of Thebes, I speak the simple truth; but listen for yourself.

Pin. Verily, it is so. But, my old friend, I did not quite catch the purport of the last stanza. Bowlegs, Bowlegs—what, in Pluto's name, does he mean by Bowlegs?

W. the Elder. Oh, yes, yes. He has just been telling the crowd, how Rough and Ready, Old Hickory, Old Chippewa, Old Tippecanoe, Wellington, Kossuth, Soult, Bowlegs, Charles Albert, in fact, all the military notabilities of the nineteenth century, have tested the merits of the aforesaid strop upon their rusty razors, and have sent him grateful epistles in return. The lines that so impressed you,

were neither more nor less than the versified statement of General William Bowlegs, as to its transcendent virtues. But what say you? Would you like one of the articles? Only a couple of drachmas. Perhaps, you would like an introduction to the minstrel himself? You'll find him a right good fellow.

Pin. Not to-day, my friend. Besides, I do not allow any cold steel ever to profane this ghostly beard of mine.

W. the Elder. Well then, now for our little fay. I long to see him in his Greek costume.

Pin. No, no, no; some other time; I have no idea of entering the lists, or of permitting my friend here to do so, against a champion so illustrious as this, whose strains we are now devouring. He seems to be moving off, though. Ah! how sweetly those dying notes salute my ear.

Drake. But, my dear Pindar, to revert to our friend Hesiod's complimentary supper. Brother Wordsworth acquitted himself, on the whole, most admirably, did he not?

Pin. Indeed he did; a little stiff and dignified at first, perhaps; but as he warmed up, he became quite charming. Those lines of his, in acknowledgment of the entertainment, were really delicious; full of feeling, full of fancy

Drake. I had no idea he was such an improvisa-

tore, either. How happily he responded to Corinna's compliments, when she handed him that exquisite bouquet. You remember the circumstance, perhaps.

Pin. As if it were yesterday. The very flowers themselves, seemed to blush afresh, at the pretty things he said about them.

Drake. No poet was ever more at home among the flowers; alike the gay belles of the garden, and the humble children of the wayside.

Pin. And then, when Milton's own honored hands crowned him with laurels, he looked so serene and stately, and modest withal, that I was quite delighted with him. By the way, how is it that Byron and he always fight so shy of each other?

Drake. I hardly know why it is. They never seem to have agreed, either on earth, or since. What a pity that two such glorious masters and profound observers, who have really so much in common, should have always misunderstood each other. I can't help thinking it is Byron's fault, though. A pretty wayward ghost, *entre nous*; very sweet and fascinating at times, very proud and moody at others.

Pin. Poor Byron! that beautiful face of his is quite too often tinged with sadness. Even in his

happiest hours have I seen a gloom, as black as sudden, take possession of his soul.

Drake. Recollections, doubtless, of his tumultuous, sorrowful career on earth. He'll soon recover his serenity, though, and for good I trust; he'll think better of his brother-poet, then.

Pin. They'll find each other out in time, depend upon it. But, friend Drake, do tell us, have you been long on the planet, and do you intend making anything of a stay?

Drake. Only a day or two; a brief business visit; though it has been an exceedingly pleasant one thus far. Never, dear Pindar, did our earth appear more beautiful to me, than when it first hove in sight this time. Say what you will, and apart from all prejudices in its favor, as our honored birth-place, there are few finer planets in the heavens.

Pin. It certainly *does* hold its own among its brother and sister stars. But, what time of day was it, and whereabouts were you, when you got the first glimpse of it?

Drake. In the morning, and pretty well up towards the north pole. The first thing I saw was a group of magnificent icebergs, glittering like diamonds, and shooting up their splendid spires into the heavens.

Pin. And what were the first indications of life you encountered?

Drake. Guess.

Pin. How should I know. A company of jolly bears, waltzing and polking, on a floating cake of ice. No?

Drake. Ah! no, my friend; something far more interesting and pathetic than that, I can tell you.

Pin. What, pray?

Drake. What, but our own dear flag, at the stern of as gallant a little craft as—

Pin. The flag that you have immortalized? Why, that was a pleasant rencontre.

Drake. It had immortalized itself thrice over, long before I had anything to say about it.

Pin. Modest as usual, I see. But what was it doing up in those chilling regions? Some boundary business, I suppose; some new annexations. Will your Yankee nation never be satisfied? Haven't they play-ground enough for their youngsters already?

W. the Elder. No, sir. We want the entire ball, and what's more, we mean to have it. But, I ask pardon, my friends, for interrupting you thus. My patriotic feelings got the better of me for a moment.

Drake. No, no, my dear boy, it was on no such

errand, I assure you; no vessel of war, either; but a messenger of peace, sent by a princely merchant of this very town; bound on a mission of love and mercy; going in quest of a lost adventurer, whose zeal for science had entangled himself and his brave crew in those perilous regions. Poor fellows, I fear the search is all too late. I fear they have long since perished. Gladly would I have accompanied the expedition in its beneficent labors, but necessity summoned me hither, and so I e'en left them, and with my heartiest benediction.

Pin. Heaven speed them, and may they yet find and release their brethren! What a captivity, what an exile from home and kindred! Brave fellows, indeed; true heroes, far more worthy of the Muses' homage, than ninety-nine hundredths of those whose praises I sang on earth. Talk of Alexander and his Indian conquests, nay, of the labors of Hercules himself; what were they, compared with such a magnificent crusade against nature, as this!

W. the Elder. Such expeditions were not very common in your day, brother P., were they? I ask, because I saw no mention made of the use of the *Globes*, in the programme of the *Bæotian Academy*, as advertised in the columns of that *Theban Mirror* you were so kind as to lend me.

Pin. No, indeed; we knew precious little either

of the outside or inside of the earth, compared with the savans of your generation. Geography was a small affair in our schools. It was the grammar, my old friend, the grammar, that used to bother us boys so; that used to cost us such terrible thrashings. But I was about asking brother Drake if he had seen any of his old earthly friends, since his arrival?

Drake. A few; I have just returned from Long Island, from a call on brother Bryant.

Pin. What, he who wrote *Thanatopsis*; the poem that Milton is so fond of quoting, and that he told me, he considered the grandest funeral hymn, that had ever been chanted over humanity?

Drake. The same; I am sorry to say, however, that I found him writing politics, not poetry.

Pin. Why, the renegade! To turn his back thus upon the Muses, who have behaved so generously towards him.

Drake. So I told him. I scolded him right heartily, I assure you. "Ah!" said he, "it's of no use talking. Your remonstrances come too late. Distasteful as this fierce partizan warfare is, and ever was to me, I shall never get out of it, I shall die in harness. In some brighter and better world, perhaps, I may renew my vows, retune my lyre; not here, not here." He smiled as he said this, in a

half-playful, half-serious way, that quite moved me. I had just been talking with my dear friend Halleck, and taking him to task for the same offence, that very morning.

Pin. Ah! and how is brother Bozzaris? Hearty, I trust. No true Greek can ever hear *his* name without pleasure. You know how often I have made you recite those spirit-stirring lines of his. I'd rather have written that ode, than any twenty of mine, that I remember. How is he, and what was his reply to your charge?

Drake. I rejoice to say that I found him right well, and as cordial as ever. He laughingly referred me to his executors. True, said I, I've no doubt they'll find a great many gems among your MSS., but why not let them see the light, before you go? Why not let your brethren crown the living man with laurels, instead of the cold marble?

Pin. And what did he say to that?

Drake. He only laughed again, and poured out for me a glass of as delicious claret, as ever warmed a ghostly stomach, or clarified a ghostly brain. "There," said he, "I consider that worth all the MSS. that lean book-worms ever bent over, all the busts that irritable antiquarians ever squabbled about. Taste it, and if you don't say it is good enough to set before even our great master Shaks-

peare himself, you are not the ghost I take you for." Finding the case thus hopeless, I changed the subject. But, my dear Pindar, I had far rather listen to the story of your adventures, than be repeating my own. I am sure they must be far more entertaining.

Pin. Not at all; I have nothing to say for myself, worth listening to. To say truth, I had been a very sedentary ghost for some time previous to receiving old Medium's note, here.

Drake. And what has been the nature of your studies?

Pin. Well, somewhat out of my customary line. I have been trying my hand at a comedy.

Drake. Indeed! What do you call it?

Pin. *The Slow Coach.* The principal hero, or rather victim thereof, is no other than that ineffable bore, Priscian. You know him, of course.

Drake. Yes, though I never had the pleasure of meeting him.

Pin. Most fortunate of ghosts! Heaven spare you from any such collision!

Drake. You mean, of course, the individual who wrote the poem on *Weights and Measures.*

Pin. The same; he also, you may remember, put the Roman tariff of A. D. 515, into rhyme, and the Constantinople Directory of the following year into

hexameters; not to speak of a host of similar narcotics. The old nuisance has been especially hard on me of late; stopping me in the streets, pouncing upon me in lobbies and concert-rooms, and sending me eternal copies of his trashy performances. And so I was determined at last to have my revenge.

Drake. You have not been unmerciful, I hope.

Pin. Well, I must say, I have made him as ridiculous as I could. He certainly performs some wonderful feats in the course of the piece. In the very first scene, he effectually quiets the nerves of a poor patient, with an elegant extract from his epic poem of Lucretia, preparatory to the extraction of a couple of old aching molars. In the second act, the curtain falls on the snores of a sufferer, whom he has put to rest with a single stanza from his Tribute to the Memory of Epaminondas. In the third act, a learned judge sentences a prisoner, duly convicted of arson, to the daily recital for six months, of the first speech of Ogyges, in his tragedy of that name. In the fourth, with ten little lines from his Ode to Duty, he triumphantly disperses a crowd, upon which two perusals of the Riot Act, followed up by as many volleys of darts and javelins, had made no impression whatever. What wonders his Muse is to work in the fifth act, I have not yet decided. Couldn't you give me a suggestion, my dear friend?

Drake. Not I, indeed. Excuse me, too, for saying, my dear Pindar, that you are altogether too cruel in this matter. You ought to have more patience with your feeblar-witted brethren ; you—

Pin. Not so, not so. There can be no punishment too severe for such offences. What right has the old humbug to bore and torment me thus ? Let him stick to his Syntax. He is only fit to grub about the roots of a language. His place is in the kitchen of the Muses, among the pots and pans. How dare he show himself in the drawing-room ? How dare he—

Drake. My dear brother bard, don't be so fierce, so bitter.

Pin. I can't help it ; I *am* annoyed and vexed, when I think how much of my time has been thrown away on this infernal old gerund-grinder. Confound him ; can one never sit and listen to the sweet hymn of the lark, chanting on the summit of Parnassus, without being continually interrupted by the braying of such donkeys as this, at the base of it ? But let's change the subject for something more agreeable. We may expect you of course, at the Festival ?

Drake. What festival, my friend ?

Pin. Why, is it possible you have not received your invitation ? As Chairman of the Committee

of Arrangements, I put your name down myself, among the very first.

Drake. This is the first I have heard of it. But what is it all about ?

Pin. Here's the Programme ; read for yourself.

Drake. (*reads.*)

STAR AMARANTH.

TWENTY-NINTH HUNDREDTH BIRTHDAY OF HOMER.

Order of Exercises.

Invocation to the Throne of Grace, by	Fenelon.
Grand Hymn and Chorus, Music by	Beethoven.
Opening Address, by	Cervantes.
Birthday Ode, words by Pindar, Music by	Mozart.
Coronation-speech to the Poet, by	Shakspeare.

THE BARD'S REPLY.

Grand Coronation Hymn, written and composed by	Orpheus.
Oration, by	Cicero.
Poem, by	Tasso.
Grand Hymn and Chorus, words and music, by	Milton.
Closing Prayer, by	Channing.
Benediction, by	Sanchoniatho.

A rich treat, certainly, and well worthy of the

great occasion. But when and where is this grand celebration to come off?

Pin. You would have found it duly set forth in your invitation. To-morrow, at high noon, in the Palace of the Villa Clarissima, of our honored friend, Lorenzo the Magnificent, the warm patron and originator of the entertainment.

Drake. How fortunate that I met you. I wouldn't have missed it for worlds. What a pity, though, that our excellent host here, can't go with us.

Pin. It is, indeed; my dear old friend, however, must see at a glance, the utter impossibility of the thing. If he could only manage to be handsomely dead and buried in the interim, it would delight me to send him a ticket.

W. the Elder. No, I thank you; I am very grateful for the compliment, but I am quite contented to remain where I am, yet a while. Low as you may consider my tastes, I assure you, I am in no hurry for celestial novelties. Your nectar and ambrosia are, no doubt, very pretty preparations, not to speak of the seductive programme just read by brother Drake. Meanwhile, earthly mutton and Madeira for my money, and such singing as Sontag and Badiali can give me.

Pin. Far be it from us, my dear friend, to speak slightly, either of earthly dinners or earthly

music; especially after your hearty hospitality. But I must away, to meet the Committee; don't fail us, my dear Drake.

Drake. Not I; meanwhile I must be off to Sunnyside, to see my revered friend Irving. So, good by, old host.

W. the Elder. Bye bye. (*Exeunt.*)

DIOGENES.—RABELAIS.

W. the Elder. I am indeed most happy to find my humble roof honored by the presence of two such notabilities. Down, Judy, down. You inhospitable little hussy, down, I say.

Diogenes. Oh! never mind, never mind, my old cock. Let the young thing exercise her lungs, if its any comfort to her. Besides, I'm used to this sort of reception. This ugly mug and pretty wardrobe of mine, have occasioned a good deal of canine music in their day.

Rab. Saving your reverence, I should think so.

Diog. And, yet the slut might have shown some little discrimination. Had I been an academician now, I could have forgiven the insult. But to snarl at a cynic, one of the family; fie, Judy, fie!

W. the Elder. Well, gentlemen, you must excuse her. Ordinarily, I assure you, she is as well-bred, nay, fascinating a little terrier as ever jingled a bell; but the poor thing has been suffering a good deal from dyspepsia of late. That, and the fatigues of last evening——

Rab. Fatigues?

W. the Elder. Yes, fatigues. You must know that she enacted the arduous part of Juliet, last night, at the Astor Place Theatre, to her Italian friend Cupid's Romeo; and, what with the excitement of the performance itself, and the unreasonable quantity and size of the bouquets that were discharged at her, at the close, she is really quite an invalid this morning. But, that she is positively underlined for to-morrow night, as Mrs. Haller, (not to speak of her having to preside at a Sluts' Rights Meeting, this evening,) I should insist upon a week's rustication for the restoration of her nervous system. But, gentlemen, pray come to anchor. Diogenes, allow me to take your cloak and stick.

Diog. My good friend, I do not wish to be unreasonable; but when I tell you, that the cloak in question constitutes, and has for many centuries, constituted my entire wardrobe, you will perceive at once, the embarrassing nature of your request.

W. the Elder. I really ask pardon. I was aware

that you were not greatly addicted to under-linen, while in the flesh, but —

Rab. (aside to W.) No, nor since. You'll find him the same unsavory, pungent, profane old crab of a fellow as ever.

Diog. What libels is that flippant Frenchman whispering about me? He may have the advantage in costume, but I should be very sorry to change morals with him, for all his snow-white ruff and flowered slippers, there. The old beast, there's more downright filth in one of his vile pages, than in all the writings of us Greeks put together.

W. the Elder. Gentlemen, gentlemen.

Rab. Oh! let him rail away. The truth is, *entre nous*, that his tub was sold out recently, under foreclosure, and he hasn't got over it yet. What was the amount of the mortgage, old Soapsuds?

Diog. You be hanged! You know that what you say is an infamous slander.

Rab. Why, brother Swift told me so but yesterday.

Diog. Precious authority, truly! Isn't he forever hatching and circulating just such fibs; going about, poisoning the universe with his vile and venomous falsehoods? You know I have never lost sight of that tub from the beginning. Where it goes, I go. To be sure, I had to leave it this morning, to

be new-bottomed; the thirteenth hundredth, I believe, since I first bought it of Parmenus.

W. the Elder. Parmenus? I don't know him.

Diog. I should think not, my eccentric old friend. That's the name of the Athenian cooper, who made the article. A good fellow he was, too. I can see him at his work now, as if it were but yesterday. He was one of three brothers; Parmenus, Epenetus, Epicurus; of the ward Theseus, and tribe Jonesis; all famous musicians in their day, and as merry fellows as ever beat time with their knuckles, in all Attica. But I forget. How can this interest you, or Monsieur Broadgrin, there?

W. the Elder. Oh! I beg your pardon. I know a score of old fellows in town, who would give a hundred pounds to-day, for a bit of classical information, not half so authentic, or a tenth part so valuable. Come, do tell us all about it. What were the dimensions, and prime cost of the tub in question? Was it positively put down and taxed, as real property, by the Athenian assessors, or was the mortgage just alluded to by our frog-eating brother here, a personal one? Did you ever take boarders in it? How often did you ask the old folks to supper? How much of a Home-Circle would it hold? Were you allowed to take it to church or the theatre with you? How far did it modify your other habits? What had

the washerwoman of the neighborhood, and the small boys to say about it? At what hour did you generally turn in, I should say, under? Did you always keep open house, or did you have your reception day? Is it true, that the brick-bats used to fly pretty freely round it, when you took your quadrennial roll in it, to see the Olympic games? Come, do favor us with the statistics.

Diog. Why, you inquisitive old Yankee! I shall begin to think you are a greater quiz than Rabelais himself. Cerberus confound me, what a twinge was there!

W. the Elder. Why, what's the matter? What are you hopping about so for?

Diog. All your fault, all your fault.

W. the Elder. My fault? What do you mean? Explain yourself.

Diog. You must know then, that when your infernal lightning invitation first thrilled through me, I happened to be operating on my ghostly corns, with my ghostly jack-knife.

W. the Elder. Where, where, where?

Diog. Don't be so outrageously impatient. I was just going to add, while seated on the shed of an ancient pig-pen, in the star Metuchen of Constellation Bootes. So powerful and sudden was the shock,

that I gave myself a frightful gash on the great toe sinister. *Hinc illæ lacrymæ.*

W. the Elder. I am really very sorry for this. But there's a magnificent chiropodist right across the street. He sent me his card this very morning. Here it is—Hampden Sydney Smith, Bunnion Exterminator. Do let me send for him instanter.

Diog. No, no, no. I feel better again, already.

W. the Elder. But do tell me, Diogenes, why didn't you bring your family mansion along with you? You are my guest, you know, on this occasion.

Diog. Why, didn't *you*, my venerable legal friend, send a legible address with your invitation? As it was, I had to bundle out at the Cosmopolitan.

W. the Elder. Ah! you're putting up at the Metropolitan, then?

Diog. Cosmopolitan, I said; corner of 4th avenue and 187th street.

W. the Elder. I know no such establishment.

Diog. Well, that's not so strange, for the landlord, (a very pleasant, ruddy faced Hibernian gentleman,) told me that he had only been open three days. A week ago, said he, my hotel was a second-class passenger-car on the New Haven Railroad; having been severely battered in one of the regular

hebdomadal collisions, with which the directors regale the public, I bought it of the Company at a low figure, laid out a little fortune in the way of repairs and decorations, and here we are, only waiting for the next World's Fair, to have an overflow.

W. the Elder. And how do you like your accommodations?

Diog. Superb, superb. Nothing could have accorded better with my ideal. To be sure, a dainty fellow, like Plato, might have been annoyed at finding a score of pigs in the reception room; or a Lucullus, have experienced some little uneasiness of stomach, at seeing so many old quids lying about on the breakfast table; but the arrangements suited *me* to a charm. I do not know when I have slept more sweetly, or have had more seraphic dreams, than I did last night; which I mainly attribute to having had one of the aforesaid pigs for a pillow. That, and the pleasure of the company of a regiment of rats, or so —

W. the Elder. Say no more, old fellow, and for heaven's sake, stay where you are. After such a glowing account, I will not so insult you, as to offer you clean sheets and a decent meal, under my own roof.

Rab. (aside.) Hang his contemptible affectation!

The old wretch is actually more vain of his rags and filth, than any peacock ever was of his plumes.

Diog. What is Mounseer muttering there?

W. the Elder. Oh! nothing, nothing. Of course you have had but little time as yet to look round, Diogenes?

Diog. I have made but two calls, so far.

W. the Elder. Where may they have been?

Diog. The first on General Scott, to congratulate him on his election.

W. the Elder. Why, confound your impertinence! What, go out of your way, the very first thing, to insult an illustrious patriot in his downfall? I am ashamed of you.

Diog. I beg your pardon. I acted in good faith. It was my scamp of a landlord, that misled me. Didn't he tell me this very morning, that the General had carried every State in the Union, except twenty-seven, and that he only wanted three or four millions of illegal votes from the old country, to have secured them also? Didn't he add, too, that it was my duty as an illustrious stranger, to call upon the old hero, as he was passing through the city, and present my felicitations?

W. the Elder. Well. and how did the General receive you?

Diog. Most unmistakably.

W. the Elder. But how, how?

Diog. Not a word did he utter, but straightway proceeded to shy a three-legged stool, at this philosophical nob of mine; luckily dodging it, I made a hasty retreat, and then went down to see my namesake of the *Lantern*.

W. the Elder. What, my young friend and bubble-piercer, Diogenes, jr.? You found him well, I trust.

Diog. Oh! yes, full of fun and full of work, besides. He tells me he is doing famously, and is rapidly becoming a mundane celebrity of the first water. I told him to go ahead; that he had a great harvest before him; that the world was never wickeder or sillier than now; that a single turn in Broadway, had sufficed to convince me that there was a frightful aggregation of follies, vanities and vices, in this great metropolis; that I had seen far more of mere skin-deep splendor and effervescent tumult in it, than of solid grandeur or dignified employment; that, for all their airs, and saucy bragging style, the people I met, were a terribly mean looking-set, both in face and figure, compared with my Athenian contemporaries, and so on. I was proceeding with my suggestions, when he cut the colloquy short, by proposing that we should talk the matter over, at dinner to-morrow, at Win—Win—

W. the Elder. Windust's, you mean, I suppose?

Diog. Yes, that's the name. What sort of a place is it?

W. the Elder. Oh! a capital place, and the landlord a regular trump. It is the great rendezvous of the legal and dramatic wits of the town; the Wills' Coffee-house of Gotham. You musn't fail to meet him there. Tell him, if you think of it, that he has my best wishes, and, that I believe, he can do infinitely more good, by cutting *up* the vices and corruptions of the day, with that spirited pen and pencil of his, than all our Solons put together, with their unwise attempts to cut them *down*.

Diog. I shall deliver your message. But what makes old *Foie-gras* so silent? He has hardly put in his spiritual oar to-day.

W. the Elder. Why, Rabelais, what are you about, sitting there as mute as a mummy? *You*, too, the famous chatter-box and mirth-maker of old; what is the matter?

Rab. I certainly am not in my usual spirits.

W. the Elder. Can you account for it? Perhaps, the furnace heat is—

Rab. Oh! no, no. The fact is, I fluttered a little too long over my nectar, last night; and, it is barely possible, that in the excitement of conversation, I neglected diluting it properly with ether.

W. the Elder. Ah! you are as naughty a ghost as ever, I see. But come now, tell the meeting your experience. Where do you hail from? What have you been about recently?

Rab. Well, I've been on the planet for the last six months; on a tour of observation and amusement.

W. the Elder. Indeed! What do you consider your head-quarters? Where shall I send my card?

Rab. I am putting up with my friend Louis Napoleon, at the Tuileries.

W. the Elder. You find yourself comfortable there, no doubt.

Rab. Oh! yes, I have a delightful little suite of chambers, overlooking the garden. We have had some fine fun too, I tell you, almost every evening; saying our good things, and tossing off our champagne, to the memory of the defunct Republic. Louis killed it off very prettily and quietly, didn't he? *French Liberty!* Ha! ha! ha! Talleyrand by the way, was with us one night, and he made some pretty rich disclosures, I tell you.

W. the Elder. Ah! do tell us all about it.

Rab. You'll see it all in black and white, before a great while. His twenty years' veto on his executors will be up soon; and then, hey my boys, for breakers!

W. the Elder. But when does the coronation come off?

Rab. In a very few days.

W. the Elder. It will be a superb affair, I dare say.

Rab. A brilliant show, of course. We Franks understand spectacle; not so grand or imposing, though, probably, as the one I saw in London, recently.

W. the Elder. What, the Duke's funeral?

Rab. The same.

W. the Elder. Why, what business had you, a Gallic ghost at an English funeral, and above all, at that of your great enemy?

Rab. Well, I was never much troubled with national prejudices, and was a good deal of a cosmopolitan, you may remember, before leaving the flesh. But, be that as it may, I envy not that ghost or mortal, who can refuse his plaudits or his homage, to such a head and heart as were that day, with princely pomp, consigned to earth.

Diog. Bravo, old fellow, I like you for that speech. I too, crab and cur, that I am called, may I perish if ever I refuse to take off my spiritual hat to qualities such as his.

W. the Elder. Why this is really pleasant, gentlemen, to hear two such shrewd and biting critics as you, speak thus cordially and enthusiastically,

about the great Englishman. I wish, though, friend Rabelais, you could have witnessed the Webster obsequies.

Rab. I did.

W. the Elder. What, at Marshfield?

Rab. Even so.

Diog. You behaved yourself there, I hope.

Rab. Better than you would have done, old sourkrout. Ah! my friend, that was indeed a sight to be remembered; far, far different from the elaborate pomp of the English pageant, but, to my mind, far more touching and beautiful, nay, sublime in its simplicity; far more in keeping with the grandeur of the character, and genius of him, whom they thus honored. I shall never forget the scene; the noble appearance of the body as it lay upon the lawn, under those pleasant poplars; the regal brow, the serene expression, the appropriate costume; the scattered groups of friends, and neighbors, and servants; the long, orderly procession of mourners from all parts, almost, of the land; the simple rites, the trembling voice of the old priest, the pleasant, weather-stained faces of the old farmers who bore him to the tomb; the feeling of true grief and affectionate veneration, written upon all countenances; the leaves falling around us, the overcast sky, the plaintive music of the sea; all, all combined to form a

most impressive and memorable spectacle. I have not been so moved for ages. The idea that any indecent jest or look, could have escaped me on such an occasion! No, no.

W. the Elder. Why, Rabelais, I had no idea you had so much pathos and poetry in your composition.

Rab. I suppose not. That's the way we wags have always been misrepresented. We are thought a very flinty-hearted set of fellows. How absurd! As if fun and grief were not first cousins! As if tears and smiles were not eternally chasing each other round the earth! As if this, or any other world, were worth breathing in, where there was not a bountiful supply of both!

W. the Elder. Why, you are growing warm. But to change the subject; how long is it since you were in Paris before?

Rab. I don't remember precisely; some two or three centuries.

W. the Elder. You saw striking changes?

Rab. Yes; more especially in the paving and lighting departments. I found also a great many new and capital dishes on the *carte*; not to speak of the agreeable novelty of coffee, and the fascinations of the ballet. The Burgundy and claret likewise, that my little friend Nap. punishes so freely,

are much choicer articles than those I used to put under my earthly jacket.

Diog. But in morals, education, preparation for the arduous duties of Republicans—

Rab. (*whistles a Polka.*)

W. the Elder. By the way, Rabelais, did you really make that rascally dying speech, generally attributed to you?

Rab. What, *drop the curtain, the farce is over?* Alas! I did, and I remember it to my sorrow. Do you know? But I forget; these are themes we spirits are forbidden to jest upon. But I must go. I have got a little commission to execute for a friend, down at the Astor.

Diog. Take me with you.

Rab. No, by St. Denis; not unless you will condescend to shirt and shave, and get under a very different head-piece from that fright yonder.

Diog. How can you be so unreasonable? Diogenes in a clean shirt, and without his beard? I should be the most unhappy ghost afloat.

Rab. Well, then, come along as you are.

W. the Elder. Recollect, spirits, I dine at four precisely. I shan't wait for you a moment.

Rab. We shall return in good season.

W. the Elder. By the way, Diogenes, while I think of it, let me ask you one question. There's

nothing like information from head-quarters, you know (*produces a coin*). Is that a genuine article?

Diog. [*examines it.*] I should say so. It looks genuine, and seems to ring pretty clear.

W. the Elder. You are willing to certify, are you, that it is a veritable drachma of the time of Themistocles?

Diog. I am.

W. the Elder. I am glad to hear you say so. The individual who sold it to me, gave me a paper with it, wherein it is stated that this identical drachma, was part of the change for a mina received by that very patriot himself from an Athenian omnibus driver.

Diog. I have no doubt of it. Any other inquiries?

W. the Elder. Nothing else, thank you.

Ghosts. Good morning.

W. the Elder. Take care of yourselves. [*Exeunt.*]

ARISTIDES.—JAY.

W. the Elder. My dear Aristides, this prompt and courteous acceptance of my invitation, is indeed most gratifying. Allow me to make you acquainted with my venerated countryman, John Jay.

Aris. Ah, I am charmed to see him. His name and fame have been long familiar to me. I wonder we have never met before.

Jay. It is strange, considering the liberties we ghosts are allowed now-a-days. How different from the old regime! Then, we never used to think of showing ourselves till long after sun-down, you know; never got an invitation from any quarter, or a very cordial welcome, when we *did* venture to make a call. Now, we knock around, in broad daylight, in the most free and friendly style, and without the slightest regard to the unities.

Aris. Even so. This is the era of innovations of all sorts, all over the universe. None of the old-fashioned doctrines, either in manners or in morals, in science or in art, seem to be listened to any longer. I am sorry to see it. The *unities*, indeed! Why, Judge, the idea of presenting a play to an Athenian audience, in my day, wherein there was the slightest violation of any one of them, would not have been tolerated for a moment. Such a performance would have been hissed at once from the stage, with indignation. You see how it is now; and, indeed, ever since that popular transgressor of all laws, Shakspeare, has come into being. Confound the fellow, he flirts with all the nine Muses at once; is eternally laughing out of one eye, and crying out of the other; and yet, somehow or other, the dog is so fascinating, so grand, so irresistible, that criticism is completely disarmed, nay, swallowed up in admiration. Sophocles himself, by the way, made the same remark to me, but an evening or two ago, in an adjoining luminary, while we were listening to that delicious play—The Merchant of Venice.

Jay. Why, Aristides, you talk like a regular old theatre-goer. And are all you Greeks such enthusiastic Shakspearians?

Aris. Indeed we are. And is there any ghost, anywhere, of the slightest pretensions to culture,

who is not acquainted with him, is not an eager student, alike of his terrestrial and celestial productions? Is there a single theatre in any star in heaven, the manager of which would not be perfectly crazy to bring out his last play?

W. the Elder. Ah, what is it? What does he call it?

Aris. I don't know, indeed. I was merely speaking, my friend, at a venture; taking it for granted that he has got something magnificent ready for us. It is some time, now, since his *Napoleon* was produced.

W. the Elder. What, has he written a play on that theme?

Aris. Yes, truly, a most sublime tragedy. Many critics consider it, especially the last act, his masterpiece. It certainly is in his happiest vein. I remember nothing in *Othello* or *Lear*, more affecting than the dying speech of the imperial exile. But my friend, the Judge, here, may not be such a votary of the drama, as we Athenians are, and always have been. So, let's change the subject. Do tell us, Judge, where have you been keeping yourself all this time? How is it that two such kindred spirits, and lovers of justice as ourselves, have not been brought together long ago?

Jay. As I said before, I don't understand it. To

be sure, I've been a good deal of a recluse of late; locked in my chambers, up to my very eyes in books and papers. Indeed, the whole bench have been sadly bothered and overworked, for some time past.

Aris. What subjects have you been particularly investigating?

Jay. Well, a great variety. The main items of annoyance, however, have grown out of certain new-fangled opinions, and absurd attempts at legislation, in our planet, on the subject of Female Ghosts' Rights.

W. the Elder. Ah, there's been a good deal of stir on that topic, in these regions, of late.

Jay. Indeed! There's certainly been a great deal of nonsense talked about it in Jupiter. Why, do you know, Aristides, they have actually been trying, not merely to bribe, but to overawe us Judges into finding authorities in the books, recognizing the competence of married ghostesses to enter into all sorts of contracts, as unreservedly as their husbands. One vixen actually had the impudence, the other day, to try to recover damages on a time-transaction in a notorious fancy-stock; and when we most promptly and properly turned her out of court, her counsel, with audacity unparalleled, called me, the Chief Justice, in open court, a miserable old foggy. Of course, I committed him instant.

Aris. The impertinent whelp! Why, these *are* new doctrines.

Jay. But, my friend, we mean to be firm. We shall not yield an inch to any such insolence or absurdity. The law is as clear as it is sound, on this subject; and we intend to expound and apply it, like honest ghosts. Yes, the good old-fashioned doctrine of the common law, founded on good sense and experience, and the best instincts of the heart. And we mean to do all we can, as spiritual citizens, to prevent the passage of any such unreasonable laws as have been suggested. I think and talk, now, on this point, precisely as I did in the flesh. Legislation for women, forsooth! As if the law of love were not the great law under which they ought alike to govern and be governed! A pure, loving, gentle, patient woman, be she mother, wife, or daughter, why, what does she want at the hands of the lawgiver? Is she not already enthroned, by virtue of those very attributes, in our hearts? The idea, too, of turning one's wife into a mere partner in trade, or an independent property-holder, and of invading the sacred circle of home with the associations and the bye-laws that belong to banks and counting houses! I have no patience with such doctrines. I have moreover noticed, my friend, throughout this whole movement, that the true spir-

its, the model wives and mothers, that we all swear by, have not expressed the slightest sympathy with it; and I believe it can pretty much all be traced to a certain clique of shrill-voiced, turbulent, spectral blue-stockings; creatures, alas, from whom no planet or system is free. But you must forgive my warmth, Aristides. Am I, or am I not right on this matter?

Aris. Certainly, certainly you are. At the same time, Judge, I must confess, as an honest ghost, that the women of Athens hardly had justice done them, in my day. I think they were unreasonably excluded from many appropriate employments and amusements, and that our Athenian society suffered accordingly. I think there would have been less turbulence and misrule, far more refinement, and certainly far more benevolent enterprises of all sorts, if they had had more of a voice in our social arrangements.

Jay. I've no doubt of it, my friend, nor do I wish to be unreasonable on the subject. I am no ultraist.

Aris. We all know that, Judge; your reputation for calm wisdom, and moral courage, is pretty well established throughout the universe.

W. the Elder. From what you said just now, Aristides, I infer that you had no Bloomers in Athens.

Aris. Bloomers—Bloomers? I have not the

satisfaction of comprehending you. What sort of articles may they be?

W. the Elder. Females, who go about tasting the air in trowsers, and under broad brims; and who occasionally mount a stray ash-barrel or tree-stump, to enlighten the passers-by, on social and philosophical topics.

Aris. Minerva be thanked, we knew no such creatures. And yet, on reflection, I *can* recall one or two such she-peripatetics; one, more particularly; a most clever woman, too, in her line; a capital chiropodist; in fact, the only bona fide corn-eradicator that I ever knew; all the rest have been sheer pretenders. But not satisfied with her laurels in this department, she set up for a metaphysician and cosmogonist, and would go about, every now and then, delivering a street lecture, such as you speak of. Poor thing, they had to lock her up at last.

W. the Elder. May it please your Honor—

Jay. Well, what is it, my eccentric friend?

W. the Elder. Pshaw! What an old fool I am, to be sure! I ask ten thousand pardons; but I really thought for a moment (so strong was the illusion), that you were actually in the flesh again, and presiding over the Supreme Court of the United States. Ah, would it were so, indeed! We should

all feel safer, and the country would be in a much more comfortable condition.

Jay. Don't talk so. From all I hear, I should say you had a capital bench of Judges. If the country is always as well served in that Department, there will be no ground for grumbling or anxiety.

W. the Elder. Well, I dare say it is so; but I was about, under the influence of said delusion, to ask your Honor's opinion as to the constitutionality of the Fugitive Slave Law, passed a year or two since. But of course you have not heard of it.

Jay. Haven't I? Didn't I hear all about it, lately, from Henry Clay?

W. the Elder. (*gives three cheers.*)

Aris. Why, what is the matter with the mortal?

Jay. (*aside to Aristides.*) We must humor the old gentleman. He is, evidently, a very flighty, fanciful sort of genius.

W. the Elder. You *must* forgive me, gentlemen; but such is my enthusiastic admiration of the patriot of whom the Judge spoke, that I have uniformly made it a rule, as well since as before his departure from earth, to pay the usual honors, whenever and wherever I hear his name mentioned; the sanctuary, of course, always excepted. But as to the law

in question; you think it constitutional, do you, Judge?

Jay. Well, so far as I could gather from Mr. Clay's statements and explanations, I should consider it not merely constitutional, but essential, nay, obligatory upon the nation.

W. the Elder. Ah, how gratified I am at such an endorsement of my own humble opinions. There are those about us who sing a very different tune; who speak of the law in the most discourteous, disrespectful manner; nay, who do not scruple to say that they would glory in disobeying it.

Jay. So I was told. I am very sorry to hear it. What, glory in disobeying a law passed expressly to give effect to a solemn clause of the Constitution; passed after a most thorough investigation and searching debate, and duly promulgated to the nation as the will of the people? How do such doctrines strike you, Aristides?

Aris. Sheer heresy and treason, according to my old Athenian notions. Why, where would it land us? Was there ever a law passed, so wise or good, but what it trod on somebody's toes, interfered with the whims of some enthusiast, or thwarted the plans of some self-seeker? Such a doctrine, of course, turns all government into a farce.

W. the Elder. And yet it is broached very freely and frequently, all around us.

Jay. And I say again, I am sorry to hear it. I regret, too, to hear that there is so much ultraism and ill-feeling, in the country, on this slavery question; such an aggressive, Pharisaical spirit, in the North—such an unreasonable, vindictive temper in the South. It ought not to be, and, thank Heaven, it was not so in my day. What would have become of us, indeed, had we given way thus to our passions? We all felt and talked alike, on the subject, then; all admitted the evil of the institution; at the same time, we saw the necessity of acting like true brothers, gentlemen, and Christians, in the matter; saw that a spirit of conciliation and forbearance was the indispensable preliminary to any hopeful attempt at mitigating or removing the mischief. Would that the same calm counsels could prevail now! Do, my dear host, for the few short years that remain to you as a mortal, do exert all your influence towards bringing about a spirit of brotherly love, upon this and all great national questions. It makes me shudder to see my country, already so great and glorious—that has already a thousand-fold rewarded all our toils and sufferings—(I would speak modestly of my own humble part in them)—thus becoming an arena for angry controversy; to see her thus

trifling with her destinies, thus inviting the sneers and assaults of foreign despots. But, Aristides, this subject does not specially interest you.

Aris. I beg your pardon. It *does* interest me. I was a slave-holder myself, you know, on earth, though not to any great extent. I agree with you, Judge, entirely, in this matter. I am not, and never was, an apologist for slavery. No statute, human or spiritual, can justify it, or convert it into a blessing. At the same time, the evils of the system, as we know it in Athens, have been abominably exaggerated by mendacious historians.

Jay. No doubt of it. An honest, even-tempered, self forgetting historian, is a very scarce article.

Aris. Besides, Judge, I am not so badly posted up in American affairs, as you suppose. I have met a good many ghosts from your land, in the course of my travels, and have invariably found them pleasant and intelligent spirits; though never, till to-day, one so illustrious as yourself.

Jay. If it was not Aristides who said this, I should accuse him of flattery.

Aris. You know me too well for that. But go on; I like to hear you talk. Tell us all about these glorious contemporaries of yours.

Jay. Ah, I'm no talker. Could you have heard my beloved friend, Hamilton, on these themes, that

would have been a treat! A glorious fellow Aristides; second only to Washington.

Aris. He presided over your famous Convention, did he not?

Jay. No, but he was the leading spirit in it; the master intellect in that assembly of mighty minds; the main artificer of our blessed Constitution.

Aris. I have heard a good deal about your Constitution. I confess I should like to be more familiar with its contents.

W. the Elder. (*goes to the Library, takes down a copy of the Federalist, and presents it to Aristides.*) There, my friend, you'll find the dear instrument itself, with all the explanations and arguments of the Judge here, and his illustrious brother commentators.

Aris. Thank you—thank you, most heartily. I consider a present like this worth circumnavigating a system for. But, my old friend, I confess I am surprised at not seeing a handsomer edition of this work. *Hallowell*—Hallowell; pray, is that the name of your seat of government?

W. the Elder. No, but of a smart town in Maine.

Jay. Do you mean to say, then, that there is no Boston, or New York, or Philadelphia edition extant of the work?

W. the Elder. I never heard of any.

Jay. You surprise me. It don't look right, my old host.

W. the Elder. Indeed it does not. I am utterly ashamed of myself and the country, when I think how little the work is called for.

Jay. It certainly don't look right. Don't misunderstand me, Aristides. I speak not from any wounded vanity of authorship; for you will perceive that my share in the work is very trifling; but then, such an evidence of apathy, on the part of the people—such a culpable indifference to the memory of the Patres Conscripti of the Republic—I confess I am mortified and grieved at it.

W. the Elder. I regret to add, Judge, that your own Life and Writings are anything but profitable to the publishers.

Jay. Well, after what I've just heard, I am not at all surprised at it.

W. the Elder. 'Twas but a day or two ago, that a leading Broadway bookseller told me he would rather take 10,000 copies of Uncle Tom's Cabin, on a venture, than ten copies of the other.

Jay. I dare say—I dare say.

Aris. Why, this is positively more shabby and ungrateful than our own ostracism. But never mind, Judge, never mind: the truth is, the present generation of Americans is too near, to have a fair

view of your dimensions, and those of your glorious compeers. Posterity will do you all justice, and will be proud and glad to drink in wisdom from your writings. Ah, dear, I wish I had been a member of that same illustrious convention of yours. I would willingly exchange all my Grecian laurels for an honor like that.

Jay. You would have made an invaluable member, no doubt; and yet, you ought to be satisfied, Aristides. You did a world of good, in your day. You played your part right handsomely, and will be remembered through all time, as the true patriot, the upright Judge. Indeed, I hardly know a pedestal in Fame's temple that I would rather stand on than yours.

W. the Elder. Judge Jay—

Jay. Well, my friend, what is it?

W. the Elder. Do you happen to have heard anything, from recently arrived ghosts, touching the Maine Liquor Law? If so, I should be glad to hear your views as to the propriety and policy of that statute.

Jay. Only in the most casual way.

W. the Elder. Here it is. Suppose you just run your ghostly eye over its provisions.

Jay. I have not time now, but, with your leave, I

will take it and examine it, at my leisure. So give me your address, and I'll telegraph you on the subject.

W. the Elder. Certainly—certainly; or, suppose you drop me a line through the Shekinah.

Jay. As you will; the cause is indeed a noble one, my friend, and has all my sympathies. At the same time, I have my misgivings as to the expediency of legislating on such subjects. What say you, brother magistrate? Ought we not rather to leave these matters to the Divine Lawgiver, and to the Court of Conscience?

Aris. I am certainly inclined to that opinion. However, I have little knowledge on the subject, having been a cold water character from the start. We Greeks, you know, were never much given to bibbing. Will you believe it, Judge, I have never tasted a drop of ardent spirits in the whole course of my spiritual career?

W. the Elder. Well, then, just for the novelty of the thing, Aristides, do me the favor to try a little rum that I've got here, that I know has been in bottle for more than two centuries. It will do you good, I'm sure.

Aris. No, no, my old friend. I am much obliged to you; but its merits would be completely thrown away upon me. Besides, I do not care to form any such habit at this stage of my pilgrimage.

W. the Elder. Perhaps his Honor would—

Jay. No, not for me. I do *my* work on water. It's bad enough for the lawyers to knock their glasses together, as they do, continually; but a groggery Bench is, of all things, my horror. Well, friends, I'm afraid I shall have to move an adjournment of this meeting. I must be back to my books.

W. the Elder. Oh, Judge, don't leave us so abruptly. Do stop to dinner, at least.

Jay. I would, with pleasure, my dear host, but the thing is quite out of the question to-day.

W. the Elder. Well, Aristides, you will, I'm sure.

Aris. With great pleasure. In fact, I came with the expectation of spending both day and evening with you. Pray, what are the entertainments about town, for to-night?

W. the Elder. There's the paper; see for yourself.

Aris. (Reads.) *People's Course. New York Tabernacle. Third Lecture of the Series, this evening, at 7½, by Prof. Olmsted. Subject: The Starry Heavens.* Why, what on earth could we do better than go there? I confess, I am curious to compare the statements of the Professor with my recollections of what I used to hear at our Athenian Academies on the subject. It is rather an old story to me, to be sure; but I should like to know how

far you mortals have actually progressed in the science. *Admittance* 12½ cents. How much is that in Greek money?

W. the Elder. Considerably less than a drachma. Cheap enough, isn't it?

Aris. Dog cheap. Suppose we go, then.

W. the Elder. Be it so. We'll start early, too, and stop in at Hope Chapel, for a fippenny-bit's worth of Woman's Rights, on our way down. We can do both, and still have time enough for friend Wallack's comedietta. You'll be delighted, Aristides, with that classical little theatre of his.

Aris. What's the name of the piece?

W. the Elder. *Two can Play at that Game.* Miss Keene's delicious acting in it, has been charming the town for the last month!

Aris. We must go, of course. But I wish the Judge would be prevailed on to accompany us.

Jay. It is utterly impossible, my dear friend. I have got to meet our Commissioners within an hour. They want my opinion as to the expediency of inserting an extradition clause in a treaty that we are negotiating with Herschel. So, farewell, friends. May we soon met again.

Aris. Farewell.

W. the Elder. A pleasant journey to your Honor.
(*Exeunt.*)

CHRYSTOSTOM.—CHANNING.

Chrys. I was about saying, my dear doctor, that I had just been reading your discourse on self-culture.

Chan. Indeed! You liked it, I hope.

Chrys. Liked it? I lack words to express my admiration of it. Whether I consider the laudable object you had in view, the grand theme itself, your manner of unfolding it, your earnestness of purpose, your vigor of expression, your fertility of illustration, or your beautifully limpid style—in every point of view, in fact, am I constrained to give it my unqualified approbation. Do you know, doctor, I am far better pleased with it than with those of your earlier productions that I have seen; such as the Review of Milton, and of Fenelon, and your Thoughts on Napoleon; not to speak of some of your youth-

ful and (excuse me for saying so) somewhat mystical and transcendental sermons. It seems to me to have far more heart and pith about it, more directness and energy, less of self-consciousness, less attempt at building up stately sentences, less arraying of your thoughts in purple and fine linen; in a word, I think it far more to the purpose in every way. Yes, I repeat it, a most charming, admirable performance. Dearly as I love my own Greek tongue, partial as I am to the homilies of my old brother patriarchs, I must acknowledge that there is nothing in them all to excel, if rival it.

Chan. Such warmth of language, from so orthodox a quarter, I confess, somewhat surprises me.

Chrys. I see it does. But, my dear friend, ought it not to be all the more genuine and acceptable on that very account?

Chan. True, true. And yet, brother Chrysostom, tell me now, candidly; had we been contemporaries, would you not have been among the very first to have burned the discourse in question, and the others to which you allude, and, in all probability, the writer along with them?

Chrys. Alas for humanity! what you say, dear doctor, is, I fear, quite too true. I certainly *was*, to my discredit be it spoken, a most prominent and conspicuous persecutor of heretics, in my day; and

you, as one of the most fascinating and dangerous of them, would of course have been correspondingly obnoxious. And even now, my friend, while thus cheerfully paying my tribute of admiration to your genius and your goodness, I must say I think you terribly off the track in your Theology; and your writings, admired and circulated through the world as they are, and ever must be, are more and more tending to unsettle the opinions of the planet, in what I must consider vital, essential points of faith. I speak plainly, you see.

Chan. I like you all the better for that. But, Chrysostom, have we not both had ample occasion alike to modify and enlarge our theological views, since leaving earth?

Chrys. Indeed, indeed we have. But we forget, we may not dwell on themes like these in the presence of mortals. Besides, our old friend here could neither comprehend, nor report us aright to his brethren.

(*W. the Elder preserveth a judicious silence.*)

Chrys. And so, forgetting that we are disembodied spirits, and looking at these topics, once more, through our old terrestrial spectacles, allow me, my dear Channing, to continue my criticism on this same Address of yours, by saying, that from beginning to end of it you (at least in my humble

opinion) were firing over the heads of your audience.

Chan. How so?

Chrys. I mean in assuming the existence in them, and in the masses generally, of such capacities and aspirations as you did, and in predicting such glorious prospects ahead, for the planet. I don't believe in either, myself. I think neither reason nor experience justifies any such assumptions or expectations. I think the multitude are to-day what they ever have been and must be on earth, hewers of wood and drawers of water; that the self-culture you speak of, is now and ever must be the portion of the few, while rough toil and rude ignorance are God's own appointed destiny for the many; in a word, that the beautiful picture which you have there drawn of humanity, exists only in your own ardent imagination.

Chan. Not so, not so, Chrysostom. On the contrary, I believe I have quite understated the matter, in the Discourse in question; that I have not done justice to my subject, have not begun to appreciate aright the magnificent future in store for earth. What I have this day seen, convinces me of it all the more. Never, my friend, were the prospects of the world so brilliant as now. I believe that if we could have access to all the records of the race, that

have been kept in heaven from the beginning up to this hour, and had the power and patience faithfully to collate them, we should find a most palpable and hopeful progress, in all that appertains unto Art, and Morals, and Faith. Just as certainly as I believe that there are more acres under cultivation, to-day, than ever before, more ships upon the sea, more knowledge of all the kingdoms of nature, more wits trained and developed for the multiplied business of life, so do I believe that there are far more hearts than ever, ready for the reception of spiritual truth, more consciences alive to the great realities of God's precious word. Especially do I believe that the wonderful discoveries in physical science of the last half century, and the corresponding power of multiplying and circulating invaluable truths all over the globe, are to be potent instruments for accelerating the advent of that blessed future that I see so clearly ahead; and that the day may not be so very far distant as some of us suppose, when this dear earth of ours, already so conspicuous among her sister stars, for her beauty and lustre, will be still more conspicuous as the abode of intelligent and virtuous souls. There must be long and arduous conflicts first, I know; many the pains and scars of strife; but that the good will triumph at last, that peace and love and faith will prevail over

their enemies, I have no more doubt of than I doubt that those are the rays of the blessed sun, that are shining in on us so graciously. Oh! no, Chrysostom, I cannot agree with you. The more I reflect upon the wonderful capabilities of human nature, and the God-like tasks it is yet destined to achieve on this same earth, our honored birth-place, the more do I feel the inadequacy of language to do justice to themes so glorious.

Chrys. I admire this beautiful enthusiasm of yours, my friend. Would that I could see with your eyes; but I cannot; I cannot find the facts whereon to build such eulogies or hopes. I come back to earth from my spiritual wanderings, and what do I behold? No such gratifying omens as you describe; no, no; on the contrary, I find the children of men playing the fool and knave just as madly and eagerly, to-day, as when I first preached to them in Antioch or Constantinople; I see the same corruption and intrigues in Church and State, the same insane thirst for gold and pleasure, the same temporary yielding to good impulses, the same permanent devotion to bad passions—in short, the same old theatre and actors as ever, with a few slight modifications in scenery and costumes; the same paucity of stars, the same crowd of stupid supernumeraries. Then, as now, if an eloquent divine, like yourself,

came along, the people ran after him, and seemed to be impressed with his teachings. I, myself (and I may say it without conceit, as the most famous pulpit orator of my time), have brought tears to myriads of eyes, have brought many a hardened sinner to his knees; but after all, what did it amount to? Hardly was the benediction pronounced, the flock dismissed, before these same guilt-oppressed creatures forgot alike my lessons and their fears, and were soon immersed again, deep as ever, in the perishing things and cares of earth; heaven and its joys, hell and its woes, forgotten quite till the next Sabbath, when the same stimulus was again applied, the same nervous excitement (for was it anything better?) again produced. Harsh and painful as this sounds, I yet appeal to your own experience, as a preacher, if it be not too true.

Chan. I must confess that I have been much pained and grieved, at times, to see the frightful rapidity with which my people, after service, have reverted to the topics of cotton and sugar, the last ball, or the coming election. I have noticed, too, that when I have been particularly pointed and personal in my appeals, there has been a corresponding degree of eagerness to escape from the subject. I certainly *have* been, more than once, greatly mortified and discouraged in consequence. At the same

time, my friend, I have often found afterwards, that the impression made by my remarks, was far more deep and lasting than I had at first supposed; in a word, that I had prejudged my parishioners, and that the good seed which I thought had perished by the wayside, had brought forth precious fruit; made manifest not only in the hours of sickness and sorrow, but in the midst of the active duties of life. And then again, my friend, I remembered that we men of New England never were so demonstrative as you of Greece and Rome, and were unwilling to betray even to ourselves the depths of our emotions. On the whole, Chrysostom, so far from sympathizing with you, on this point, I must say that I look back on my earthly career as a pastor, with all its cares and drawbacks, as a pleasant and profitable one. I feel that I did some good in my day and generation, and I think I can perceive already (I speak it in no spirit of self-complacency), the beneficial effects of my ministry, in my ever-loved town of Boston. Nay, throughout the land, I see everything to encourage and animate the divine and the philanthropist. I see a growing regard for religion, a growing indifference to unimportant matters of doctrine and discipline, and a corresponding reverence for the grand, simple truths that lie at the bottom of our common faith. In a word, I see everywhere, good and cheering symp-

toms for humanity; a good time coming; a season of peace, and knowledge, and virtue. I see everything to stimulate all worthy men, in the pulpit and out of the pulpit, to renewed labors of love towards their brethren.

Chrys. Ever cheerful, ever hopeful! Ah! doctor, I wish I had a little more of your zealous, sanguine nature; and, indeed, I had, when in the flesh; but somehow or other it seems to have left me. Why multiply words, however? We shall never agree, I fear, either in our observations or our conclusions upon these points.

Chan. I fear not, any more than upon those other far more subtle and far less important matters of theological speculation, to which you before alluded; and so let's e'en change the theme. Come, tell us, brother Chrysostom, where are you last from, and what have you been engaged in recently?

Chrys. I am just from the Vatican.

Chan. Indeed!

Chrys. Yes, I have been spending a few days with my friend, Pius IX.

Chan. And how is the old gentleman, and what sort of a person may he be? There are so many conflicting statements and rumors about him, that I am anxious to have your opinion.

Chrys. Well, from what I have seen of him, I

should say he was an exceedingly amiable, well disposed man. Could he have his way, every mother's son and daughter of earth would be well and happy this very hour; but, between ourselves, he is not the hero, appointed of heaven, to bring about any such blessed consummation. He has neither the strength of intellect nor the moral courage for the task. As a companion, it would be hard to find one more courteous and agreeable; no great scholar, by the way; far inferior in that respect to his predecessor, Gregory XVI. On the whole, a very worthy and very commonplace old soul.

Chan. Such was my impression. Ah! Chrysostom, what an opening there was for a man of the right stamp! Had brother Luther had another such chance, now, what glorious reforms he would have inaugurated! How he would have made the world ring with his words of power and wisdom!

Chrys. I doubt it. In all probability some assassin's knife would have laid him low, long ere this; still, it is none the less true, that brother Pius was, and is, quite unequal to his position. Poor man! he raised a tempest that he could not control; in an evil hour he took counsel of his fears, threw up his part, sought refuge in a ruffian's court, and will henceforth, for all his good intentions, be remem-

bered as one of the least significant of the whole catalogue of Popes.

Chan. A catalogue, by the way, that seems fast drawing to a close.

Chrys. It looks so, certainly.

Chan. But is it true, my friend, that he intends to demean himself so far as to go and give his crown and blessing to the miserable usurper who is now trifling with the destinies of France?

Chrys. Even so. He told me this very day, that he intended to take a trip to Paris, in the course of the summer, for that express purpose.

Chan. I am sorry to hear it. Couldn't he manage to excuse himself from this degrading ceremony on the score of ill health?

Chrys. Hardly, though his health is none of the best. No, no, he dare not refuse, if he would. Italy would be too hot for him. Besides, the arrangements are already completed, and every hotel-keeper and balcony owner in Paris and on the road, would rebel, if there were any change of programme. It is so written in the book of destiny; and as his reverend namesake crowned Napoleon the Great, so it is reserved for him to place the bauble on the brow of Napoleon the Little.

Chan. Yes, but there was some shadow of excuse in the first case, for the uncle, villain and cut-throat

that he was, had yet something magnificent and imperial about him; but this shallow imitator,

This slave, that is not twentieth part the tythe
Of the precedent lord; this vice of kings;
This cut-purse of the empire and the rule;

this—

Chrys. Why, doctor, you are getting warm.

Chan. Well, I confess, my friend, it does move my indignation, as a true republican, and lover of my race, to see this pitiful mummer carry it off thus triumphantly; to see a great nation bowing its neck to the yoke of such a wretch, without a struggle.

Chrys. Pray, doctor, how do you reconcile the phenomenon that France is now presenting to the world with your theory of Progress? I see very faint traces of self-culture, myself, in the recent events there.

Chan. Too true, Chrysostom, too true. They seem to be taking the back track, in a way alike discouraging and disgraceful. Fie upon these same capitalists and pleasure-seekers of Paris! I have no patience with them for thus preferring an ignoble, servile tranquillity, to the duties and privileges of freemen. And yet, my friend, when I survey, not any one province or kingdom of the earth, but the whole blessed ball itself, I still cling fast to my opin-

ions, still see ample ground for hope, and for believing in the ultimate triumph of liberty and of truth. *Nil desperandum, Christo duce.* Hope on, hope ever; my motto on earth, my motto in all worlds.

Chrys. Well, well, I have not troubled my head much about earthly politics, during my present visit, nor do I intend to. By the way, doctor, what a decidedly substantial and roomy place of worship our friend Pius has, alongside of his palace. He tells me that he can seat ninety thousand very comfortably. You have no such extensive accommodations as yet in America, I believe?

Chan. No, not a cathedral worthy of the name. But surely you had seen St. Peters before?

Chrys. Not since it was finished. What a brilliant piece of work, to be sure! Ah, dear, we managed these things very differently in the days of my earthly ministry. And the Pagans themselves had nothing to show like this. Even the Parthenon was a mere baby-house in comparison.

Chan. It is, indeed, a magnificent creation of genius. Any planet might be proud of it.

Chrys. Do you know, doctor, that the finest poetical description of it, by all odds, that I have ever met with, is that of your own Byron?

Chan. Admirable, admirable.

"But lo, the dome, the vast and wondrous dome,
To which Diana's marvel was a cell—"

Ah, I've lost it. I used to know it by heart. Let's see, how does it run?

(After a slight pause, the doctor remembers and repeats the passage.)

Chrys. Thank you, thank you, my dear friend. Most charmingly recited, too. I don't wonder that you drew crowds, doctor, in your day.

Chan. All Byron's descriptions, by the way, of the memorable objects in and about Rome, seem to me to be alike graphic and felicitous.

Chrys. And yet we are told, nay, he himself told me but recently, that he had only spent a week of his terrestrial life there.

Chan. Such is the all-grasping, all-penetrating power of genius. Every cultivated traveler in Italy to-day, is looking through Harold's eyes at its wonders and relics; and it will be so, no doubt, while one stone stands upon another. Poor Byron, had he been as wise and good as he was brilliant, what a career would have been his! Oh, how could he have been so infatuated, thus madly to court dishonor and sorrow, and an untimely grave, when he might have been enjoying a glorious old age this very hour, building the lofty rhyme, and winning a name, only second to that of dear Milton himself.

Chrys. Too true, too true. And yet, my friend, after all, what signify to us immortals a few short years, more or less, of earthly pilgrimage, a few blasts, fainter or louder, of earthly fame? What a vapor is it, after all! As you yourself remarked, in your last homily, an unaccusing conscience, however the world may overlook or slight it, is better far than all the chaplets ever woven by beauty, all the odes ever chanted by poets. By the way, doctor, allow me, in this connection, to repeat, in return for your verses, a passage that I ran against recently, the beauty and force of which so impressed me, that I committed it to memory. Perhaps you may have heard it before. It is a description of what the writer considers true greatness. "The greatest man is he who chooses the right with invincible resolution, who resists the sorest temptations from within and without, who bears the heaviest burdens cheerfully, who is calmest in storms and most fearless under menace and frowns, whose reliance on truth, on virtue, on God, is most unfaltering; and is this a greatness which is apt to make a show, or which is most likely to abound in conspicuous station? The solemn conflicts of reason with passion, the victories of moral and religious principle over urgent and almost irresistible solicitations to self-indulgence, the hardest sacrifices of duty, those of deep-seated affection, and of the heart's fondest hopes, the

consolations, hopes, joys and peace of disappointed, persecuted, scorned, deserted virtue; these are, of course, unseen: so that the true greatness of human life, is almost wholly out of sight." There, if you'll show me any thing grander than that, in Plato or Jeremy Taylor, I should like to see it.

Chan. Why, Chrysostom, unless I greatly err, these are my own words, and in that very discourse of which you have been pleased to speak so kindly.

Chrys. To be sure they are, my dear friend.

Chan. This is really very gratifying, this partiality of yours; but I must stay no longer to listen to your compliments. My thesis is waiting for me.

Chrys. Ah, and where do you preach the coming Sabbath?

Chan. For brother Augustine. And you?

Chrys. I hardly know as yet. I shall probably, however, exchange stars and pulpits with brother Massillon. But I am sorry you are going, doctor. I have a world of things to say to you.

W. the Elder. And so am I, gentlemen. I don't have company like this every day, I can assure you.

Chan. Some other time, friends, some other time.

Chrys. Well, if it must be so, I'll e'en go and look after my own sermon. So, farewell, dear brother; farewell, my worthy terrestrial friend.

W. the Elder. Heaven be with you. (*Exeunt.*)

AMPHION.—BELLINI.

W. the Elder. Venerated troubadour, this is an honor, indeed! Allow me to present to you, your brother-minstrel Bellini.

Amp. No occasion for so much ceremony, old gentleman. We are acquaintances of long standing, already.

W. the Elder. Indeed!

Amp. To be sure; in fact, ever since he left Paris. By the way, brother B. I saw you at the lecture, last night. How were you pleased?

Bel. Very much. I liked both the man and his remarks. Didn't you?

Amp. I certainly did. Especially was I gratified at the manly, independent way, in which he vindicated the dignity of Art. Mock modesty and affectation are so common on these occasions, that it is

really quite refreshing to hear a little home-truth told with such evident heartiness and good faith as he manifested. Some of his sentences, too, struck me as being very felicitous, both as to thought and style.

Bel. What pleased me most, was the unpretending but admirable way in which he illustrated his remarks, with voice and piano.

W. the Elder. Ho, ho! And so you were both at brother Fry's, last night. I was in that crowd, myself.

Amp. Crowd, say you! It *ought* to have been a crowd. It don't speak much for the taste of you Gothamites, to allow such a treat to be presented to a hall only half-filled.

W. the Elder. But, my friend, you forget what an immense room it is; to say nothing of the host of counter attractions, that——

Amp. No excuse, no excuse. Had such a lecture, so illustrated, been delivered in Thebes, even in my day, we should have turned out in full force.

Bel. Perhaps our terrestrial friend was not so much impressed as ourselves. I should like to hear your verdict, my good host, on the performance.

W. the Elder. Well, to tell the truth, I didn't hear more than a fifth part of the lecture.

Amp. Ah, just as I supposed. You merely came to have your ears tickled with the music.

W. the Elder. I beg your pardon. I was among the very first on the ground, and had a capital seat. But a young lady and gentleman, immediately before me, talked so very loud, and indulged in so many brilliant criticisms upon the bonnets and complexions present, that I was quite defrauded of those of the lecturer.

Amp. Why, you surprise me. It certainly seemed to me, as I looked down upon it, from the first circle, to be an exceedingly well-bred and refined-looking assemblage.

W. the Elder. I dare say. Well, well, such things are no novelties in our American audiences. It is very seldom that I can listen, either to song, speech or sermon, with any comfort. There are so many impertinent interruptions, so much absurd and ill-timed applause with rattans and umbrellas, so many rude boys knocking about in the galleries with heavy-heeled boots, such a rush for the door, before the cavatina, or even the benediction, is finished, in short, so much indecent behavior of all sorts, that I get quite out of patience, at times. Such outrages wouldn't be tolerated a moment in Paris or London. Ah, Amphion, we Americans are but a semi-civilized

set, for all our bragging and self-glorification ; at least, in all matters of amusement.

Bel. My friend, I think you are rather severe upon your countrymen. But surely, you liked the singing.

W. the Elder. Oh, charming, charming. Rose de Vries's rendering of the boléro, from Leonora, was perfectly delicious.

Bel. And the music was worthy of the artist. Do you know, that I was very much surprised, after listening to such a specimen of it, to hear my neighbor say, that the opera in question, had been a complete failure ?

W. the Elder. Failure ? A most abominable misrepresentation. On the contrary, it was a signal success. But he took his cue, no doubt, from a statement to that effect, in one of our morning papers, a few days since. I saw the article, myself. It's disingenuousness was only equalled by its flippancy and conceit.

Bel. Well, I am glad to hear you say so ; for I was thinking, at the time, that I should be very willing to have my name and fame identified with such a composition ; and so, no doubt, would brother Amphion here, for all his laurels.

Amp. Yes, indeed.

W. the Elder. Well, under favor, Amphion, I

don't think that, any very great compliment, myself ; i. e., if the specimens which the lecturer gave us, of Grecian music, were genuine ones. They certainly seemed to me, far more calculated to disperse, than to draw crowds. How is it ? Didn't he misrepresent you Thebans, somewhat, in this matter ?—Were those the bona fide strains of your day, or have we not yet got the hang of your notation ? Be so good as to shed a little light on the subject.

Amp. I must confess that the specimens in question were frightfully near the truth. Our melodies were very different from friend Bellini's here. *Entre nous*, what little music I have picked up in my time, has been in other planets. The art was in a most aboriginal condition when I sang and twangled my lyre, in Bœotia. Our tunes were hardly fit to slaughter hogs to, much less to accompany love-songs. Our greatest artists were those who could blow loudest and longest. Nine-tenths of the instruments in our orchestras, were instruments of percussion.

W. the Elder. What a sweet effect it must have produced !

Amp. To be first gong, in my time, was as great an honor as to be first fiddle now ; and the man who could handle the cymbals effectively, was pretty sure of an invitation to dinner, wherever he might be.

W. the Elder. Gongs and dinners are very apt to go together in our day.

Bel. In that connexion the instrument is not so bad ; but it certainly is not the first I should select as the companion of my solitude, or the soother of my sorrows.

Amp. In truth, my dear friend, let me say, without going into any tedious details, that I have been alike surprised and delighted at the progress you mortals have made in the divine art since I was in the body.

W. the Elder. But how, in Euterpe's name, is it, Amphion, that you have got such a world-wide and lofty name amongst the children of men ? We boys, you know, are accustomed to look up to you and Orpheus, and one or two others, as the great founders of song, the darlings of the Muses ; the men who fascinated the very rivers away from their beds ; who made the forests march after you in stately procession ; who set the hills and mountains themselves dancing quadrilles and polkas, at your pleasure !

Amp. Ah, my friend, that's a matter that you and father Time must settle between yourselves. I am not responsible for his fibs, you know. But, Bellini, what became of you after the lecture ? I stood in the corridor there, for nearly fifteen minutes,

rap—rap—rapping with my ghostly knuckles, but you would not condescend to answer me.

Bel. I was summoned away to sup with some dear friends in Union Place. Where did you go ?

Amp. I stopped in a few moments at the Broadway Theatre, on my way down to the Irving.

Bel. What were they performing ?

Amp. The last scene of your own *Sonnambula*.

Bel. Ah, true. And, pray, how do you like *Alboni* ?

Amp. I was delighted, of course. There were one or two little things, perhaps, that might have been mended. A little more pathos in the passages, just before waking, would have suited me better.

Bel. [*aside.*] She certainly *is* rather too round and jolly for tragedy.

Amp. That trill, too, of hers—full, strong, clear, sparkling as it was, beating anything I ever heard before in earthly bird or female—nevertheless seemed rather inappropriate in a prayer. Still these were mere spots upon the sun. As a whole, it was a most charming version. You yourself would have been delighted with it, I am sure.

Bel. You prefer her to Sontag, then ?

Amp. No, I don't say that. Each is delightful in her way. *Alboni* certainly has the advantage in youth and strength, and in the rare quality of her

voice; but as to method and culture, and personal attractions, most of the critics agree in conceding the palm to her rival. So, at least, a mortal told me the other evening; at Niblo's.

Bel. There is quite a musical war going on in the town, they say, as to their merits.

Amp. I was sorry to hear it. Art is too sacred a thing to be thus made the theme of partizan warfare. Besides, the combatants, while they do no good to their cause, are only defrauding themselves of a great deal of genuine enjoyment, in giving way thus to their prejudices. Prejudices in art, indeed! I have no patience with them, any more than I have in religion. What, if I find a good, warm, generous heart in a neighbor, am I to stop to count the articles of the creed he follows, before hailing its owner as a brother? No, no. And by the same rule, if I hear a good song, grandly sung, shall I not make the most of it, and applaud it, without stopping to inquire what particular planet or system it hails from? Out upon such narrow-mindedness, say I!

Bel. Spoken like the honest, old-fashioned musical ghost that you are.

Amp. But, confound it, Bellini, those Sonnambula tunes of yours were running in my head all night. Where *did* you pick up those spirit-haunting melodies? Do you know, I think that decidedly the finest of your earthly works.

W. the Elder. What, finer than Norma?—Heresy, heresy

Bel. You're certainly wrong there, Amphion.

Amp. Well, I supposed you would impeach my taste for the assertion. And yet, somehow or other, I am always more impressed by the other. Yes, that simple story of rustic love and grief, of truth and innocence, for a while cast down, only to triumph more sweetly at last—that old story, old as earth, to which every spectre-haunted village of every land hath borne witness from the beginning—never, never, till your day, was it wedded to such delicious strains. At least so it seems to me. It always goes right home to my old ghostly heart, I know. It takes me back to my early days, when I wandered, boy and lover that I was, among the groves of Bœotia, listening to the singing of the birds and the gurgling of the brooks, and weaving posies for my true-love. And while birds sing, and brooks gurgle, and roses bloom, and hearts throb, will these same melodies of yours, my friend, be heard with rapture by mortals? Ah, Bellini, you were a lucky dog for being born when you were; when art could so multiply and scatter your sweet notes all over the planet. How different my destiny! I have, to be sure, a certain sort of traditionary and mendacious fame, as my old friend here, said just now;

and I confess it is rather flattering to my ghostly vanity. But, after all, what signifies it? What record have I left behind me? What song of mine is any human being singing this hour? Not a line, not a note survives; while yours, where are they not heard? What highway or byeway of the world is not familiar with them? In the palaces of kings, the saloons of jewelled dames, in every serenade of every city, out in the mid-ocean, under the gentle moonlight, and along the borders of the obscurest streams—everywhere, everywhere are they welcome guests; and *will* be, my friend, while the old ball spins through space.

W. the Elder. Yes, indeed.

“Long as a moonbeam glimmers,
Or bosom sighs a vow;
Long as the wood-leaves rustle,
To cool a weary brow;

As long as roses blossom,
And earth is green in May;
As long as eyes shall sparkle,
And smile in pleasure's ray;

As long as cypress shadows
The graves more mournful make,
Or one cheek's wet with weeping,
Or one poor heart can break;”

so long will brother B.'s melodies be heard on earth.

Bel. Really, my dear friends, I am quite overwhelmed by the warmth of your language. It is far above my humble merits.

Amp. Not at all. We mean just what we say. But, my worthy host, where did you pick up those beautiful verses? Or are they of your own making?

W. the Elder. Mine? No, indeed. I saw them in a paper a day or two since. They are part of a translation from the German, by a Boston friend of mine. He writes very sweet ones of his own, but has a particular penchant, when he stumbles over an exotic like this, to put it into English, for the benefit of his unlettered brethren. By the way, I saw in that same journal, if I mistake not, a discussion upon a point on which I should very much like, Amphion, to hear your views.

Amp. Ah, what is it?

W. the Elder. Simply this. Does the gradation in the scale of human intellect proceed from tone to color, or vice versa?

Amp. How's that? How's that?

W. the Elder. In other words, do you, with *Oersted*, class the visual sense above every other, and regard it as the recipient of man's highest perceptions, or do you, with *Schilling*, give melody the precedence, and consider it the highest exponent of those same perceptions?

Amp. Well, as a musician, my prepossessions are, of course, with Schilling. As a ghost of truth, however, I am bound to tell you that Oersted is right. But, my old friend, why do you trouble your head, at your time of life, with such subtleties as these? As if you mortals, too, *could* arrive at any valuable, satisfactory knowledge on such points! You are on the wrong side of the grave, my dear boy, for any such discussions. Better let them alone. Leave them to your hair-splitting, metaphysical German brethren. Stick to your good, old-fashioned, practical English notions. You'll *have* to find out these mysteries, willy-nilly, before long. I might, if I saw fit, make some most startling disclosures to you on these and kindred subjects; but it would be neither becoming nor right in me, nor would it be for your own good. Such statements would only tease and excite you, and keep you awake; in a word, would quite unfit you for your appropriate duties and enjoyments here below.

W. the Elder. You decline any investigation of the subject, then, do you?

Amp. Emphatically, I do.

W. the Elder. Well, perhaps you're right. All I got, I confess, by puzzling over the articles allu-

ded to, was a hot, throbbing brain, and little or no light.

Amp. And what better evidence could you have that you were wandering in forbidden paths? Take my advice, old friend, and abstain from all such speculations, unless you wish to spend the remnant of your days in an asylum.

Bel. Well, friends, I must be going.

W. the Elder. Why in such haste?

Bel. There is a choir of spirits waiting for me this very moment. I promised to meet them at rehearsal.

W. the Elder. What, a new opera on the tapis?

Bel. No, no. It is in reference to a hymn that I have just finished, and the composition of which, I assure you, has cost me no little labor. There is a diminuendo passage in it that I am particularly anxious about, and I wish to give my young friends some suggestions on the subject. And so, *addio, amici*.

Amp. Wait a moment, Bellini, and I'll go with you.

W. the Elder. Amphion.

Amp. Well?

W. the Elder. I have a little favor to ask of you. I hope you'll not think my request an unreasonable one.

Amp. If it be at all practicable, my friend, I shall be proud to grant it. Let's hear it.

W. the Elder. First, then, let me tell you that I am the owner of property in the city of Thebes.

Amp. What, my old head-quarters? The deuce you are! You must be doing a large business, to hold real estate so far from home.

W. the Elder. Hear me through, if you please. I am now speaking, not of the Egyptian, or the Boeotian city, but of their namesake on, or rather under, the banks of the great Father of Waters.

Amp. Well, how am I interested in that fact?

W. the Elder. Have a moment's patience, my friend. The property in question, represented to me as a series of most eligible building lots, and having, indeed, a most cheerful and desirable aspect on the prettily colored map, from which I purchased it, has, nevertheless, one very bad feature about it.

Amp. And what may that be?

W. the Elder. Well, as I have already intimated, both it, and the adjacent Exchange, University, and Cathedral sites, have got into an awkward way of staying under water ninety-nine hundredths of their time.

Amp. That certainly is rather an unpleasant feature in real estate. But what good can I do in the premises?

W. the Elder. What good? Why, how dull you are, Amphion! I want you to apply your old fashioned remedy for such complaints; to take that same magic lyre of yours, to the melody of which, so many walls, and towers, and domes, and temples have risen, of yore, like exhalations, and proceed with it to the aforesaid property, and see if you cannot, by virtue of your sweet music, recall it to a sense of duty. I do not ask you to rear upon it a fac simile of your own city, which would, of course, be out of place there; or even to put up a smart Western town on it; but simply to bring the land itself to the surface, and induce it, if you can, to remain high and dry, the year round, and so quietly come into market, and attract the attention of capitalists. Will you gratify me in this? Say you will, my dear fellow, and thus make, at once, your friend's heart lighter, and his porte-monnaie heavier.

Amp. I will, old boy—I will. Give me the directions; and I'll go to the spot instantanely. Let me ask one little favor first, however, before taking my departure.

W. the Elder. Name it—name it.

Amp. Will you have the goodness to sing or whistle for me the national air of your country? It may be of signal service to me, on this expedition. Besides, I am curious to hear it, on other accounts.

It is strange, by the way, that I have not heard it before, among the innumerable fine things I have seen admired during my present flying visit. If it accord at all with your glorious lakes, your magnificent rivers, your world-feeding vallies, it must be a grand one. So, strike up, old gentleman, if you please.

W. the Elder. Most cheerfully. But, my friend, you must know that there are two or three claimants for that honor. Of course, you would prefer to hear that which the people recognize most promptly, and applaud most tumultuously.

Amp. Certainly. So favor us at once, for I must not trifle any longer with brother Bellini's time.

[*W. the Elder undertakes to chant Yankee Doodle, but before he reaches the middle of the first stanza, both ghosts disappear most rapidly and unceremoniously.*]

ROSCIUS.—KEMBLE.

Ros. Why, of all the ghosts in the universe, you are the very one I most wanted to see. My dear John Philip, how d'ye do, how d'ye do?

Kem. Brother of Rome, I reciprocate this warm greeting with all my heart, I assure you. But how in the name of wonder is it, that we haven't met oftener? Why, do you know, Roscius, that with the solitary exception of that brief and somewhat formal interview at Brother Fletcher's, this is the first time that I have had your ghostly hand in mine?

Ros. Even so. Well, well, here we are at last. We might be in worse quarters, too, than this quaint, cheerful, little library of our host here.

W. the Elder. An humble apartment, gentlemen; but from this hour forth, I shall consider it classic ground.

Ros. Very prettily said, old gentleman. But, holloa, what have we here? By Jove, what an admirable likeness!

Kem. Of whom, pray?

Ros. Why, of your own blessed self, to be sure; Hamlet the Dane.

Kem. Ah, yes, I see; Sir Thomas Lawrence's portrait. Not a bad thing, certainly; rather flattering, though, eh, brother?

Ros. Well, I don't know. Step aside, my dear spirit, for a moment, and let's compare notes. Ah, that's it; the very attitude and expression. I declare, he has hit you off to a T. Now, then, complete the illusion, if you please, by repeating the speech itself. Let's see, how does it begin? *Alas, poor Yorick,—*

W. the Elder. The speech, the speech!

[*Kemble repeats several passages from the church-yard scene.*]

Ros. Bravo, bravissimo! Ah, John, we had very little such declamation as that in my time; and certainly, no such writing. Hamlet was your crack part, here below, was it not?

Kem. So the public said. I myself preferred my Cato. But what was yours, Roscius?

W. the Elder. Ah, yes, do tell us all about it.

Ros. Well, do you mean the one that brought the

most denarii into the treasury, or the one that set the women crying easiest?

W. the Elder. Women?

Ros. Certainly, the women. Pray, what makes you look so astonished?

W. the Elder. I ask your pardon, Roscius, but I certainly *did* have a vague impression, that the ladies didn't go to the theatre, in your day.

Ros. Poh, poh; what put such an absurd notion as that in your head?

W. the Elder. Well, there are pretty strong authorities leaning that way. Festus, Suidas, Hesychius, Eusebius, Heinsius, Bentley, Porson, Parr, Cleveland, Adams, Anthon—

Ros. Pshaw, what do I care for a string of names? You might go on, in this way, till you had filled a metropolitan directory: that wouldn't alter the fact, you know. The idea of keeping strong-minded females away from the play-house, in any star, or era! Ridiculous! We had any quantity of them, both before and behind the scenes.

W. the Elder. What, female performers, too?

Ros. Most assuredly.

W. the Elder. Enough said, Roscius. Of course, a plump statement like this, direct from headquarters, ought to weigh down a Bodleian Library of musty treatises to the contrary.

Ros. It only shows you, my New England friend, what a mass of worthless fibs and conjectures all classical learning is. It was just so when I was a boy. Our school-books were full of the same abominable mis-statements, about the manners and customs of the Egyptians; and, no doubt, when Moses was a youngster, the Egyptian scholars swallowed just such thumpers relative to the social arrangements of the Chaldeans.

W. the Elder. I dare say. Meanwhile, I feel very much like throwing that infernal Lempriere into the street, for misleading me in this atrocious manner.

Kem. Oh, don't be so absurdly flighty and impulsive. My dear Roscius, go on with your narrative. You were about telling us of some of your favorite personations. I confess, I am quite curious on the subject.

Ros. Well, I was going to say, that I was most sure of crowding the house, in the *Elder Brutus*, in Ennius's *Last of the Tarquins*. Not that it was his best play, or my best part, by any means, though there were some stirring passages in it about liberty; but the theme itself always went right home to the hearts of the people. As a work of art, I was far prouder of my *Numa*, in a play of that name, written by my dearly beloved and ever-illustrious

pupil, Cicero. It never drew like the other, though, and indeed, was somewhat deficient in exciting incidents; but it was full of lofty sentiments, put into the most exquisite verse. My *Coriolanus*, too, used to be cried up vastly, by a certain clique, though the public generally did not relish it much. The fact is, Pacuvius did not do himself or his hero justice on that occasion, and his play is not to be mentioned in the same universe with its Shaksperian namesake.

Kem. I should think not. What a play, what a play!

Ros. And what laurels you won in it!

Kem. Ah, my dear Roscius, you are now touching a tender chord. Do you know, that was my last part, on earth, and under what circumstances of mingled pride and sorrow, I performed it? Oh, with what painful vividness does the scene rise up before me, even now!

Ros. I am really very sorry, my dear friend, that I should have called up any such unpleasant associations. Forgive—

Kem. Not at all, not at all. Go on with your story.

Ros. Well, I was just about cutting it short, by saying, that on the whole, my *cheval de bataille* was *Epaminondas*, in Ennius's masterpiece, so called. That last scene, where the hero perishes so glorious—

ly in the arms of victory, at Mantinea, always brought the house down, with more fervor and *furor*, than any thing I ever did. That, by the way, was the piece, with which we first opened Pompey's magnificent theatre. I played the part, on that occasion, to an audience of fifty thousand of the finest men and women in Rome.

W. the Elder. Fifty thousand! What would William Niblo have said to such a house? Pretty busy times among the ticket-takers, in those days! May I venture to inquire what the receipts, in such a case, would amount to?

Ros. Oh, how should I know! Confound this Yankee passion of yours for statistics. We had all prices, of course, from a sestertium down to a denarius; or as my friend John here would say, from a ten-guinea box in the dress circle, down to a shilling peep in the upper lobbies. The last benefit I took on earth, if I remember right, netted me about fifty thousand of your American dollars. The poorest house I ever knew, in Pompey's theatre, strange to say, was when I was playing that very same part of Epaminondas. There were hardly five hundred persons present.

Kem. Indeed; and pray what was the occasion of that?

Ros. Ah, that was an exciting day for Rome;

the very day, Kemble, that that traitor Catiline was driven away from the city, amid the execrations of the people, after that scathing speech of Cicero, which was too much, even for his desperate effrontery. I was so much absorbed at the time, I remember, in my professional duties, that I was not aware of what was going on in town, though, of course, much surprised at seeing so slender an audience. The moment the news reached us we disappeared, to a man, without the slightest regard to dramatic propriety. I was exceedingly annoyed afterwards, to find, that while I had been strutting and fretting on the boards, to so little purpose, I had been cheated out of the most magnificent burst of oratory, that was ever heard within the walls of Rome. But, friends, it will never do for me to grow thus garrulous, while dwelling on these old reminiscences.

Kem. Don't say so; go on, go on. By the way, Roscius, you never ventured on comedy, I believe.

Ros. I ask your pardon; I made some most palpable hits in that line.

Kem. In what pieces?

Ros. Let me see. It is so long ago, and I have had such an infinity of engagements since, that I can't recall these things so readily as I used to. Ah, yes; my *Young Velox*, in Afranius *Speed the Sword*, was considered an unqualified success, and

filled the house for fifty successive days. My *Cra-
tinus*, in *The Two Gentlemen of Carthage*, was
well spoken of by the critics. My *Corvus*, in Plau-
tus's glorious old play, the *Midsummer-Day's
Dream*, and my *Popilius*, in the *Conquest of Nu-
mantia*, were both highly popular. Julius Cæsar
himself, I remember, wrote me a very gratifying
note, commendatory of the latter performance. I
recollect making a decided hit, too, in Terence's fa-
vorite comedietta of *Fish out of Water*.

Kem. What, what, what?

Ros. I say, in Terence's *Fish out of Water*.

Kem. Ah, that won't do, Roscius. The idea of
passing off as Roman, as genuine an English farce
as ever was written!

Ros. How's that?

Kem. I repeat it; the idea of trying to make out
my old friend, Sam Savory, a native of the Eternal
City, won't go down.

W. the Elder. No, indeed. I should as soon
have pitched upon Communipaw, for the birth-place
of Coriolanus.

Ros. Savory? Savory? That's not the name
of the hero in the piece to which I refer; but *Ca-
millus*, a fine, young, dashing fellow, but most fright-
fully impulsive, who falls in love with every pretty

girl he meets, and gets into all manner of scrapes in
consequence.

Kem. Ah, that's not *our* man, certainly. *His*
loves and troubles were of a very different stamp.
I see; a mere coincidence of title. I ask pardon,
my dear friend, for the interruption. Go on with
your enumeration.

Ros. But wherefore, Kemble? Why dig up all
these dead and gone plays, and players, and play
houses? It surely can't interest you much, and it
only makes me melancholy. Ah, dear! to think
that of the myriads of sparkling, pungent comedies
that were in vogue in my day, hardly a baker's
dozen have descended to posterity! And that of
such a host of superb actors, and delicious actresses,
as I knew, and who had their full share of plaudits
and laurels, in the flesh, my own humble self alone
have been snatched from oblivion. Out upon the
injustice of time, the mockery of fame! And so let
me drop the subject, by simply saying, that on the
whole, I took far more pleasure in, and will be far
longer remembered by, my buskin-parts, than by
anything I ever did in my socks. And that, my
friend, I take to be your case.

Kem. I suppose so. And yet, my dear friends,
Lamb and Reynolds (rare critics they were too,)

could see a good deal to like in my Joseph Surface, and even in my Benedict.

W. the Elder. "Pride of the Roman Stage,"—

Ros. Well, my whimsical old host, what is it?

W. the Elder. You were remarking, a few moments since, that there was little or no reliance to be placed on one's books, in regard to antique matters generally! Allow me, therefore, to go to the fountain-head, and ask your ghostship a question or two, while I have a chance. And first, Roscius, do tell me, how old is the Drama? Where and how did it begin?

Ros. What! the acting Drama? Well, I always supposed it came in about the same time with grape-juice. How is it, brother manager? Am I right or not?

Kem. I should say so. I have always dated it from Eden, and considered our first parents the first *Dram. Pers.* on record.

W. the Elder. And the written drama—how is that?

Ros. Why it began, of course, immediately after the organization of the alphabets of the different nations.

W. the Elder. And when do you think they will become obsolete?

Ros. When green fields do, and birds, and flowers,

and the bright eyes of woman; when tears and kisses give out, and *amo* ceases to be a verb transitive; in short when the last man alive draws his last breath.

W. the Elder. Your answers, my friend, are rather more comprehensive than definite. They chime in, however, most agreeably, with my own sentiments. And yet we are wrong, my ghostly brethren—we are all wrong in this, or else certain great critics of the metropolis are.

Ros. What great critics?

W. the Elder. Well, it was only yesterday, that I was reading an article in one of our world-searching periodicals, (or rather essaying to read it, for the document was so surcharged with opium, that notwithstanding three precautionary cups of strong green tea, I fell asleep, before reaching the third page thereof,) wherein it was contended that the theatre had always had a very precarious foothold in the literature of the world; had been a miserable exponent of the popular mind, even where it most flourished; and that the tendencies of the present century were most emphatically against it; in short, that there were agencies now at work, all over the world, and more particularly in our own republic, that would result in making the drama a thoroughly

obsolete idea, long before the year 1900 hove in sight.

Ros. Why, what an infernal old fool! I ask pardon, though; I should not have spoken so abruptly, or uncourteously. And yet, what an acute observer and profound reasoner must the compounder of the opiate in question have been, to have arrived at such conclusions!

Kem. Monstrous absurdity! The Drama obsolete, indeed; Shakspeare obsolete, so long as human eyes wink, or hearts beat! I will not insult my own good sense by arguing such a point. But come, brother Roscius, give an account of yourself. What parts are you studying now? What star have you been starring in recently?

Ros. Well, my last performance was in the somewhat heavy part of La Fayette, in an historical play, so called, by one Wiggins.

Kem. Whereabouts?

Ros. In an old foggy of a luminary, some few millions of leagues off to the southwest of us. I've been in town, though, for the last three weeks.

Kem. Indeed; and whose roof have you been honoring?

Ros. Brother Wallack's.

W. the Elder. The deuce you have! Then, of

course, you know all that's going on in the dramatic world.

Ros. I am pretty well posted up, I believe, in your New-York theatricals.

W. the Elder. Have you been to Burton's?

Ros. Oh, yes, several times.

W. the Elder. How did you like him?

Ros. I was exceedingly pleased. He is evidently a master of his art.

W. the Elder. What rôles have you seen him in?

Ros. In the impersonations of Sleek, Squeers, Acres, Toodle, the Elder Rapid, and Mistress Vanderpants.

W. the Elder. A pretty wide range, that.

Ros. Yes; and it seemed to me that he filled them all, with a singular fidelity to nature, and an evident attention to details. Some of his faces were, not only overwhelmingly funny, but most careful studies, such as Theophrastus himself might have written from. At least it struck me so.

W. the Elder. Didn't you find him rather coarse at times?

Ros. Well, I was annoyed once or twice, by a tendency that way. I regret to add, however, that the audience generally seemed to encourage and relish those very blemishes, far more than they did

the more elaborate and artistic parts of his acting. There was another performer there, who made a most delightful impression upon me. He played old Grandfather —

W. the Elder. Whitehead—Whitehead.

Ros. The same; a most delicious bit of pathos. I couldn't stand it, I confess, but blubbered like a boy.

W. the Elder. Have you seen Jesse Rural?

Ros. To be sure I have.

W. the Elder. A miserable humbug, wasn't it?

Ros. Yes; just about as stupendous a failure, in its way, as brother John's Macbeth here was in its, or his kinsman's Benedict. I wouldn't have missed it for a great deal. We had no such character on the stage, in my day, and (to confess the truth), though there were plenty of good men, and good women, and happy firesides, in Rome, then, we had no such religion out of which to make it.

W. the Elder. Do you know, Roscius, that the critic, to whom I before referred, actually objected to the introduction of this character on the boards, as a piece of sacrilege?

Ros. Why, what an infinitesimally small-minded creature he must be!

Kem. Yes; I should as soon think of leaving Parson Adams out of Joseph Andrews. But, friends, how do you reconcile all this admirable acting with

said critic's allegation of the rapid decadence of the drama?

Ros. True, if you had been at Wallack's last night, too, I think you would have inferred, both from the quality of the audience and of the performance, that there was some little life left in it yet.

Kem. Ah, what were they doing?

Ros. Playing the Lady of Lyons.

Kem. And who was the Claude? Some vulgar, brawny, ranting, thigh-slapping creature, I dare say.

Ros. Oh no, no, no, no; tout au contraire; one of the most handsome, refined, intelligent actors that I ever saw; anything but a ranter. Indeed, I thought he was too quiet in the earlier scenes. At the close of the fourth act, though, he gave us a glorious burst of passion that quite took the house by surprise.

Kem. And the Pauline?

Ros. When I say that Miss Keene played it—

W. the Elder. Ah, isn't she sweet? I'm quite in love with that girl.

Ros. How dare you talk about being in love, landlord, close alongside of the grave, as you are?

W. the Elder. Well, I can't help it; there's something so gentle and lady-like about her—such a pleasant mixture of archness and pathos. I haven't been so pleased with any performer since Mrs. Mason left the stage.

Kem. Well, friends, I can't stop here, listening to any more of your criticisms. My time's up.

Ros. What hurries you?

Kem. Well, I'm hard at work on my great part of George Washington. I'm very anxious about it, I confess. I wouldn't fail in it for all the gold dust in the system.

Ros. If agreeable, I'll go with you. Pray, who's the author?

Kem. No less a bard than rare Ben himself.

Ros. Indeed! Well, let's be off. Adieu, landlord.

W. the Elder. One word, Roscius, before you go. Do you happen to know of any authentic bust of yourself? If so, I confess I should dearly love to add it to my little collection here.

Ros. I'm afraid you'll not find such a thing on the planet. There are a few stray ones, scattered about in other luminaries. There may be some at the bottom of the Tiber. If the Pope were willing to let you Yankees drag the river with him, on shares—

W. the Elder. We've asked him. He won't agree to it.

Ros. Then you'll have to do without the article. Farewell.

W. the Elder. Good bye, boys.

[*Exeunt.*]

ARCHIMEDES.—FULTON.

W. the Elder. You're wrong, wrong, wrong, Archimedes. Depend upon it, you're wrong in this matter.

Arch. And you, my mortal friend, are very presumptuous to talk in this positive, peremptory way, to a ghost of my experience.

W. the Elder. I really ask pardon. I spoke impulsively, as I always do; but I intended no disrespect, I assure you. However, I am expecting the spirit of brother Fulton here every second, and if you say so, we will refer the point in controversy to him.

Arch. Agreed.

W. the Elder. You know him, perhaps.

Arch. To be sure I do; and a most choice spirit he is. We have not compared notes for some time, however. [*Ghost of Fulton rises.*]

W. the Elder. Ah, my illustrious fellow-countryman! welcome, most welcome. Our brother of Syracuse, here, tells me that you are old acquaintances; else, how it would have delighted me to have been the honored medium of bringing two such geniuses together for the first time!

Ful. Why, really, my old host, you quite put me to the blush.

W. the Elder. But what kept you so? I began to fear that my lightning dispatch had missed you.

Ful. I came the very instant you sent for me. most reluctantly, too, I assure you; for I was in the company of some very dear friends. But what, in the name of wonder, were you making such a noise about? I expected to find at least a score of cats fighting as I entered. You look flushed, too, landlord. Nothing unpleasant has occurred, I trust.

W. the Elder. Oh no, no; we were talking earnestly, and perhaps somewhat too swiftly for strict etiquette; nothing more.

Ful. And what may the theme of all this oratory have been?

Arch. Ah, that's just what we want you to know; a subject which my earthly friend, here, tells me has caused a good deal of stir lately in this quarter of this little globe of his.

Ful. Ah, what is it?

Arch. Hot air as a marine motor.

Ful. How?

W. the Elder. The motive power of hot air, as illustrated in the Ericsson engine. You have not heard of it, evidently.

Ful. Indeed I have not.

W. the Elder. Well, then, sit down, my dear spirit, and learn all about it. [*Hands him newspaper.*] There, my friend, you'll see all the diagrams and descriptions necessary for elucidating the matter. If, after due examination, you agree with Archimedes in pronouncing it a colossal humbug—

Arch. Don't misrepresent me. I used no such language. On the contrary, I expressed the warmest admiration of the inventor's genius. All I said was, that I did not think that this particular specimen of it would ever lead to any great practical result.

W. the Elder. And I say it *will*. I believe this same Air Engine to be the great wonder of the age—the great revolutionizer of the business of the world.

Arch. And who, pray, is most likely to be right—a scientific ghost of more than two thousand years' standing, like myself, or a mortal who has hardly got beyond his earthly threescore?

Ful. Gentlemen, gentlemen, do be quiet, or I shall never get to the bottom of this thing.

Arch. I ask your pardon, Fulton ; but our host here is such an obstinate being, that—

Ful. Well, well, keep still a moment. [*He continues his examination.*] Charming, charming ! That regenerator is really a most beautiful device ; so simple, too. Bravo, Captain, bravo ! What a saving of hands, too, and above all, of fuel.

W. the Elder. Ah, ha ! didn't I tell you—

Ful. [*still talking to himself.*] And yet—and yet—

Arch. Well, great King of Steam, what sayest thou ? Out with it.

Ful. And yet, Archimedes, there seems to be one terrible drawback here.

Arch. You mean, of course, the frightful waste of power.

Ful. Even so ; nor do I see how, with such an agent, the difficulty can be remedied. Where, in the name of heaven, is the expansive force to come from ?

Arch. Just what I told my old friend, here, but he would not be persuaded. I demonstrated to him, as I thought, that there was not only a want of power to start with, but a great loss of it on the road.

Ful. You're right—quite right ; a fearful discount. No less than two-thirds of the force acquired is evidently expended on the feed-pumps, and the

poor paddle-wheels have to put up with the balance. That will never do, in the world. Yes, the more I look at it, Archimedes, the more convinced am I that your views are correct. And yet, what a pretty thing it is ; what a fascinating idea !

Arch. A most ingenious toy, certainly ; but as to its ever playing a prominent part in human affairs, I don't believe a word of it.

Ful. You don't think, then, that my nose is to be put out of joint quite yet ?

Arch. No, indeed, Robert. I believe that the wonders and glories of terrestrial steam navigation are only just beginning, and that your fame, as an inventor and benefactor, is more and more appreciated every hour. I see no rival near your throne. Presumptuous as it may seem for any being, mortal or spiritual, to assign limits to the progress of science, I yet unhesitatingly predict, and I am willing to stake my reputation as an engineer upon the prophecy, that no power will ever be found on earth to supplant steam as a propeller. As to the motive forces of other worlds, we are, of course, not at liberty to disclose them to mortals.

W. the Elder. I take it for granted, Archimedes, that hot air is a good deal of a motor, in certain unpleasant and unmentionable regions.

Arch. Don't be irreverent, old man. These are

not themes to be joking about. I was not speaking as a moralist, however, but merely as a ghost of science.

Ful. On the whole, my Sicilian friend, I agree with you. I do not believe that any agent, of air or earth, will ever fill steam's place as general errand boy and factotum for the human family. But if it prove otherwise, heaven forbid that any paltry feeling of jealousy should prevent me from singing its praises with the loudest.

Arch. I have no doubt of it, my large-hearted brother; I've no doubt of it.

W. the Elder. Well, gentlemen, after two such emphatic verdicts from two such authorities, I, of course, give up the point. It isn't so strange, though, that I should have manifested some feeling on the subject, considering how excited the public mind has been about it, of late.

Ful. Indeed!

W. the Elder. Yes, the papers have been crowded with it. Never, never have I known such a flourish of trumpets, as that with which the result of the recent trial-trip of the Ericsson was proclaimed to the world; enough to blow down a dozen Jerichos. Let me show you a specimen or two. Look at that article, for instance [*hands Fulton a morning paper*]. What say you to that, now?

Ful. [*after a hasty perusal*]. Glowing language, certainly. The writer speaks of me, I see, and my performances, as obsolete ideas, already. Did you read it, Archimedes?

Arch. I did. As a mere cluster of pretty sentences, it is not so bad; but, in all other respects, worthless. So yeasty and turbulent, too; plenty of the froth of the enthusiast in it, but very little of the solidity of the philosopher. It is evidently the work of a smatterer, also. As you must have perceived, there are half a dozen mistakes in the very first half column, that no man or ghost of science could ever have made.

Ful. Yes, I see; and then so saucy and aggressive!

Arch. Ah, my friend, if there is any one thing more offensive to me than another, it is this same arrogance of half-knowledge; this insolence of theory-bitten visionaries, who are determined to force their whims down the throats of the community, at all hazards; men who despise facts; who are ready to trample upon everything lovely and sacred, in the mad chase after novelties, and—

Ful. You wax warm, brother.

Arch. I *am* warm, Fulton. As a lover of truth and sound philosophy, I protest against such creatures.

W. the Elder. Here's another article; how does that strike you?

Ful. [*glancing at it.*] Worse and worse; in fact, perfectly fulsome and ridiculous. I will do the writer the justice, however, to believe that he must have been under the influence of artificial stimulus, when he wrote it.

W. the Elder. Well, it *has* been insinuated that the *fixed* air of the champagne so freely discussed on said trial-trip, was a prominent motor of many of the goose-quills that were set going on that occasion.

Arch. And how with that other old-fashioned, world-wide motor, the *dollar*?

Ful. For shame, Archimedes! How dare you insinuate that the press of this glorious metropolis is open to any such influences? You seem to forget, my friend, how much the morals of the world have mended in the twenty centuries that have elapsed since you used to hob-and-nob with old King Hiero.

Arch. [*aside.*] I don't believe a word of it.

W. the Elder. But, to change the subject; you were saying, my honored guest, that my lightning-missive had called you away from some dear friends. May I, without impropriety, inquire who they were?

Ful. Certainly. I was paying a visit at *Clermont*.

W. the Elder. Indeed! You mean, of course, at the former residence of your old co-mate and brother-experimenter, the Chancellor.

Ful. The same. I came without an invitation, however; but was none the less heartily welcomed for that, I assure you.

W. the Elder. And was this your first spiritual visit there?

Ful. The very first. Do you know that I have not had a peep at the Hudson, no, nor at any part of my native land, till a week ago yesterday, ever since my exodus from the flesh!

W. the Elder. Ah! What an exciting and gratifying trip you must have had of it! Such changes, Fulton; such glorious changes!

Ful. Enough to fill an epic poem, had I the genius to put them into verse. In what other clime or era have fifty little years wrought such marvels?

W. the Elder. And you, yourself, and Livingston, and Clinton, and one or two others, at the bottom of it all! Happy dogs, how it must delight you to think that you played your little parts on earth to such good purpose! Come, Fulton, tell our mathematical friend here, all about your first voyage up the river. *That* was a trial-trip, now, worth

talking about. You didn't have quite so much champagne aboard, to be sure, as brother Ericsson had.

Ful. No, we were in no drinking mood, that day. It was a sad, solemn business, I can tell you. But why revive the past? Archimedes don't want to hear it.

Arch. To say truth, friends, I *have* heard all about it more than once.

Ful. Indeed; from whom?

Arch. Why, from no less a ghost than Story himself.

Ful. What, the great jurist?

Arch. Jurist, orator, poet, statesman, philanthropist, everything that's good; and, above all, the most indefatigable chatter-box I ever ran against. Isn't that his American reputation?

W. the Elder. Most unquestionably. The narrative couldn't have been in better hands, I assure you.

Arch. It was but yesterday, by the way, that I was inquiring of one of your citizens, as to the whereabouts of brother Robert's statue; and, do you believe it, the man stared at me. On my repeating the question, he walked off whistling; as if I had been a runaway lunatic, forsooth. And yet, what inquiry could have been more natural, and

whose features could I have taken more interest in than his? I shall have to get you to show it to me, landlord.

W. the Elder. I should be most happy to, were it in my power.

Arch. And why is it not?

W. the Elder. Simply because there is no such work *in esse*.

Arch. What—no record of Robert Fulton either in bronze or marble, in all this broad land?

W. the Elder. Nothing of the sort. What is more, I doubt if there be any artist in town sufficiently sanguine even to have modelled any such thing.

Arch. And no portrait to show the stranger?

W. the Elder. I have never seen any either at the Federal, or any state capitol. There may be a few dubious daubs about, in museums, but certainly nothing that I should be over-anxious to send to the coming World's Fair.

Arch. Why, what a disgrace to the nation!

W. the Elder. But so it is. Our legislators don't approve of works of art; and as to the citizens, they prefer investing their surplus funds in silks, satins, canvass back ducks, perigord pies, and such like substantials. I have no doubt, Archimedes, that there is more money spent in the country, in one

day, on candy alone, than would pay both for your own and brother Fulton's statue. And yet, my friend, I know not why you should be so amazed at it, when you recall the circumstances connected with your own tomb-stone.

Arch. [*aside.*] That's a home-thrust, sure enough.

Ful. Ah, what were they? I have forgotten them.

W. the Elder. Why, surely, you must remember them. His own countrymen treated him so neglectfully that they couldn't tell where his bones lay, a little century after his death, till an illustrious stranger came along, one fine morning, and brought the poor, crumbling monument to light, buried, as it was, under brambles, and its inscriptions devoured, to the last letter. Pretty treatment, indeed, for the greatest mathematician of his age; for him, too, who had so often saved his native city from destruction, by the timely display of his genius. There was national gratitude for you! Ah, there's a stinging moral about that story, Archimedes, that impresses me far more, I must say, than a whole barrel of sermons on the vanity of life.

Ful. I have no right to grumble, certainly, after such a statement as this.

Arch. Let me see. I was going to make another inquiry, but, of course, it is superfluous.

W. the Elder. What was it?

Arch. Whether there was any model of the *Clermont* extant?

W. the Elder. Certainly not. As certainly there *ought* to be. Yes, every State in the Union ought to have a complete gallery of models of all our steamers, from our brother's primitive little craft here, up to the last *chef-d'œuvre* of Collins. Leaving national pride out of the question, such a collection would be invaluable as a guide for the student, and as a faithful record of the progress of invention; but, as I said before, we prefer laying out our odd dollars on champagne and oysters.

Arch. Well, well, brethren, time will set all things to rights, depend upon it. The day hasn't come yet for statues and galleries, in your country. You are yet among the dirt and rubbish, laying the massive foundations of the edifice; the delicate and beautiful labors of the entablature will all come along in God's good season; and who can doubt that the generations to whom they are entrusted, will prove themselves worthy of the master-builders who have preceded them? Yes, my friend, poetic justice will be rendered in full to you, and to all the benefactors of your land. Nay, that very story that our old host here told against me just now, I think tells far more in my favor. I think he read the moral wrong.

The true inference to be derived from the anecdote, seems to me to be this: that real genius must and will, sooner or later, directly or indirectly, vindicate its claim to immortality. To be thus forgotten by Syracuse, was certainly mortifying; but to be so revived, and made forever illustrious, by a Cicero, was it not a glorious revenge? *You*, Fulton, however, of all that have been on earth, surely least stand in need of statue or monument. Your productions speak for themselves; no locking them up in inglorious slumber, in musty libraries; where are they not, night and day, singing your praises? What sea, what river knows them not? The dispensers of fame, the pioneers of civilization, the circulators of bright thoughts and glad tidings, yea, of all manner of good things all over the globe!

W. the Elder. Even so. What were all your old demi-gods, Archimedes, alongside of our illustrious brother here? What was the club of Hercules, or the lute of Orpheus, or even the wand of Mercury himself, compared with the trophies of the great steam-king?

Ful. Why, landlord, you are growing poetical in your old age. But, brethren, it is time for me to put my spiritual paddle-wheels in motion.

Arch. Whither away, brother navigator?

Ful. Well, I've got some little engineering business to do in a constellation hard by.

W. the Elder. Civil or military?

Ful. Civil, heaven be praised! I rejoice to say that all my labors, since leaving earth, have been in the cause of peace.

Arch. But what may it be?

Ful. I am superintending the construction of an aqueduct in the star Cordelia.

Arch. Ah, is that your work? I had a peep at it recently. A superb affair it is, too. That second distributing reservoir, with the Corinthian columns round it, and the statue-crowned balustrade, struck me as being the finest thing of the kind, I had almost said, in the universe. Is that really your design, brother F.? I had no idea that you were so illustrious an artist as well as engineer.

Ful. It is. I began life as a painter, you know.

W. the Elder. Have you seen our *Croton* Reservoirs, Archimedes?

Arch. I have. They are mere tea-cups in comparison with the one I speak of. But I must be off, too.

W. the Elder. What hurries you?

Arch. My astronomy.

W. the Elder. How?

Arch. I say, my astronomical studies. I am hard at work at them just now.

W. the Elder. Where are you studying?

Arch. In the sun.

W. the Elder. What, at head-quarters?

Arch. Even so. And let me tell you, my earthly friend, that the science is a million-fold more sublime and beautiful, when investigated from such a grand, central point, than you residents of this little, roving planet have any idea of.

W. the Elder. I supposed you had greater facilities and finer instruments there. Ah, dear, I wish I was going with you.

Arch. Be patient, be patient, old gentleman. Your time will come soon enough. Only behave yourself, and you'll see all these fine things, in your turn. Meanwhile, take an honest ghost's advice, and keep cool. Don't anticipate matters. See and learn all you can here below. Do all the good you can. Try to leave this dear little earth in a better condition than you found it. And above all things, my dear host, give the *Rappers* a wide birth, for I assure you they are the greatest humbugs that ever picked a public's pocket.

W. the Elder. But, Archimedes, am I really to infer, from what brother Fulton said just now, that there are no wars in the worlds around us? What,

no bloodshed or violence, no fire-arms, no military tactics of any sort?

Ful. I said not that, my friend. But you had better ask no more questions. You are getting on ticklish ground. I fear we have already made some injudicious disclosures. Come, brother Archimedes, I must positively be off. So, good-bye, fellow-countryman.

W. the Elder. Well, gentlemen, if you *must* go, I say no more. If either of you should feel disposed to look in, however, as you happen to be flying by, I shall always be delighted to see you. [*Exeunt.*]

MARCUS AURELIUS.—HOWARD.

How. But, my princely brother, there is one part of your earthly conduct which I can neither forgive nor forget, and which I was determined to call you to account for, the very first opportunity

Aur. Indeed, and what may that be?

How. Nor must you be offended at my frankness. I am a blunt, truth seeking ghost. It is not the first time, either, that I have spoken my mind plainly to a crowned head, both in and out of the flesh; and they have only respected me for it all the more afterwards.

Aur. But what is it, brother, what is it?

How. Why, what *should* it be, but your most unjustifiable persecution of the christians?

Aur. How?

How. I repeat it—your most unjustifiable perse-

cution of the christians. How is it, Aurelius, that a man who practised so many of the virtues that he preached, should yet have been so intolerant; that he, who carried out so many glorious reforms throughout his vast empire, should, nevertheless, have waged war with the poor innocent disciples of the great *Model-Reformer* of humanity? How can you explain, much less vindicate your course in this matter?

Aur. And is that all that Howard has against me? Rest easy then, my friend, rest easy; for I assure you there is not a syllable of truth in the accusation.

How. No?

Aur. Indeed not. History has been most unjust to me in this particular. So far from persecuting the christians, I was their constant friend; nay, I did all that I could, in a life, not over-long, and, as you well know, crowded with studies, and cares, and wars, to protect them from injustice.

How. Your immediate predecessor and namesake, I was aware, exerted himself in their behalf; but—

Aur. Not half so much as I did. I can recall this moment, long ago as it is, at least fifty epistles that I wrote or dictated, on account of those very persons.

How. Is it possible?

Aur. Still, my friend, I would not have you misunderstand me. That I properly appreciated, still less comprehended, the sublime doctrines of christianity, while in the body, as, thank heaven, I since have, in the spirit, this I do not pretend to say. How could I, situated as I was, with all my prejudices both as a Roman and a philosopher, enlisted against the new religion; that religion, too, struggling for life, as it were, on the borders of my empire; having, as yet, not one great name, or towering intellect connected with it, ridiculed by the courtiers, sneered at by the scholars of my court, would it not have been strange, Howard, under the circumstances, if I *had* rightly understood its divine beauty and significance? But that I ever lifted a finger against any follower of Jesus, or allowed one to be lifted, unless he were found wantonly disturbing the public peace, and preaching insurrection, this I emphatically deny, notwithstanding all that bigoted ecclesiastics may have said or written to the contrary.

How. I am delighted with this explanation, my friend; it is a great relief to my mind, I assure you. Such conduct seemed so anomalous, so irreconcilable with the whole tenor of your earthly pilgrimage.

Aur. I persecute the christians, indeed? Do I look like a persecutor, Howard?

How. Indeed, indeed you do not. Little given to flattery as I am, I must say that I have never seen a countenance more radiant with benevolence.

W. the Elder. I ask your imperial highness's pardon; but I really cannot resist the impulse which bids me declare, that of the numberless charming portraits of your excellency, both in bronze and marble, that I have met with in the various galleries of earth, not one comes anywhere near the original.

Aur. Very civilly spoken, my good host. But, after all, what signifies a handsome face, even though lit up by intelligence? Unless the divine light of goodness shine through it, what a mockery is it!

W. the Elder. Even so; and that's precisely the secret of your good looks. Do you know, Aurelius, that your features are more studied by our artists than those of any other classic notability that has come down to us; and, above all, by those who seek to reproduce the great teacher, on canvas?

Aur. I am sorry to hear it. Presumptuous attempt, indeed, and most unworthy model! As if earthly pen or pencil could begin to do justice to such a subject! There *are* artists, it is true, in higher spheres, who have treated it more successfully.

W. the Elder. Who, where are they?

Aur. I may not gratify your curiosity, my old friend. But don't be down-hearted about it. Act well your part here below, and you'll see them all, and their works, in good time. But, to change the theme; my dear brother philanthropist, (if I may be allowed so to call you,) whence come you? What labors of love have you been suspending, to honor me with this interview?

How. Nothing very special: I've not been over-busy lately. What little I have done has been in Ursa Major?

W. the Elder. Ah!

How. I call the constellation by that name, because our earthly friend here, knows it by no other.

W. the Elder. And pray, what do you immortals call it?

How. Philadelphia; most deservedly so, too, for there's scarcely a group of stars in the Universe, where brotherly love more abounds.

W. the Elder. Well, that's pleasant news. One would infer, certainly, from *our* christening, that there was a fair share of growling, and by no means the pleasantest kind of hugging, there. And how is it with the other constellations? Are they all given up to the same pleasant employments? And is all the fighting in our own system, confined to this disreputable little planet of ours?

How. This propensity for asking questions, my aged friend, too clearly betrays your New England origin. But as brother Aurelius intimated just now, we may not answer them. This is forbidden ground on which you tread. I can only reply to you generally, and once for all, by saying, that it is not for the frail, feeble-witted tenants of earth, to know or to conceive of the duties, joys, or sorrows of an Universe like ours. Rest assured, though, that to whatever sphere of action, the Great Father may see fit to summon his earthly children, they will find quite enough there, to task all their powers, to develop all their qualities, be it for good, or be it for evil. And now friend Aurelius, let me inquire in turn, where do you hail from last?

Aur. Boston.

W. the Elder. What is there a constellation of that name, too?

Aur. Not at all. I speak not of any celestial group, or luminary, but of your own little earthly Boston. I have been spending the last ten days there, under the roof of one of its merchant-princes.

How. Quite an attractive, exemplary little city, is it not?

Aur. I must say, I was quite delighted with it; a mere ward, to be sure, alongside of my own imperial Rome, but in many respects, far its superior.

How. They have some most praise-worthy charities there, I am told.

Aur. They have, indeed. I have been employed for the past week, in exploring them, with my excellent host. There are no finer Schools, or Hospitals, in the System; and then such a multiplicity of Institutions and Asylums, for all manner of mental and physical infirmities; so richly endowed, too, so admirably organized and administered; I was really charmed.

How. No such retreats for lunatics, or schools for idiots, Aurelius, when you wore the imperial purple.

Aur. No, indeed; nor any such Prison Discipline. I blush when I think how shamefully we neglected these things. Disgraceful as the confession is, my friend, it is none the less true, that of all the stately structures that crowned our seven historic hills, not a solitary one was dedicated to charitable uses; while here is a little town, hardly two centuries old, crowded with all sorts of benevolent associations. What a mortifying contrast! Oh, had we spent a tenth part of the time and labor and treasure, that we were eternally squandering on barbarous wars and childish triumphal processions, in the same sensible way that these men of New England spend theirs, what magnificent Colleges and Hospitals we should have had! Think, think, my friend, what a

glorious University we might have founded, with the thousands and thousands of talents, that we threw away on that infamous Colosseum of ours. Who can tell, what an influence it might have exerted, on the destinies of the world; how much more of our literature and philosophy would have been preserved; how much more wise and peaceful the whole earth might have been, this very hour! I lose all patience, at times, when I think of such abominable neglect and perversion. When I think, too, of the profligacy and blood-shed, that, in broad day-light, disgraced our Roman streets, even in my time, and in spite of all my efforts to the contrary, and then contrast them with the beautiful spectacle presented by Boston, yesterday, (your blessed Sabbath) with its crowds of well-clad and decorous citizens, repairing so quietly to their respective places of worship; every man, woman, and child, looking so bright and comfortable; not a drunkard or vagabond any where to be seen; not a single uncomely sight, or uncouth sound, to mar the picture of peace, and order, and obedience to laws, divine and human; I say, my friend, when I contrast the two scenes, I confess that my Roman pride quite melts away within me, and I am compelled to acknowledge the immeasurable superiority, in all truly great qualities,

of the young Athens of America, to my own haughty, guilty metropolis.

W. the Elder. And yet, there are a good many croakers about, who stoutly deny the facts to which your Highness has just borne witness; and who get downright mad, at the bare suggestion that there has been any improvement in the faith or morals of the world, since your day.

Aur. What, no progress in the piety, or patriotism, or intelligence of the world? Monstrous assertion! As well say that the Bunker's Hill Monument preaches no more grand and lofty lessons to humanity than an Egyptian obelisk, or that the tomb of Washington points no higher moral, than that of Achilles! How *can* any sensible ghost or mortal, utter such absurdities?

How. True; else were all history the veriest farce.

W. the Elder. May I enquire, if your Grace stopped at Rome, on your way to Boston?

Aur. I *did* alight, for a few moments, on my own column. I say my own, though I found an ecclesiastical friend had very quietly taken possession.

How. You mean St. Paul.

Aur. The same. Had I been ousted by any less notable saint, I own I should have been somewhat jealous; but seeing that it was the glorious apostle

himself, I acquiesced most cheerfully, in the arrangement.

W. the Elder. Hardly the place, though, for him, is it? What connection, under heaven, is there between his life and writings, and your victories over the Germans and Parthians, as there commemorated? Brother Howard's features would be quite as appropriate there.

Aur. Well, I confess, I cannot see any, except that we were all pretty good *fighters*, in our day, though against very different adversaries.

How. But, Aurelius, was this your first visit there, since death?

Aur. The very first.

How. Heavens! What must your meditations have been! What amazing, what terrible changes!

Aur. Enough, certainly, to test one's philosophy. Ah, Howard, had I still retained the sentiments and prejudices, with which I left the earth, the sight *would* have been an appalling one, indeed! What a chaos of ruins! Of all the princely piles I left behind me, some scattered few alone could I recognize, and they, sadly shorn of their lustre. There was the Pathenon, to be sure; but half-buried under rubbish, and deformed by the vile additions of some modern builder; there was my predecessor's temple, that I myself dedicated, and that the people of Rome

took more pride in, than in any other structure of my time; but oh, how fallen from its high estate, of its once magnificent portico, a few columns alone, could I trace, and these forming part of the wall of a vile custom-house. There too, was the tomb of my imperial brother Augustus, but stripped of all its flowers and evergreens, and statues, nay, transformed into a filthy circus, for clowns to tumble in; and the still more sumptuous tomb of brother Adrian, that nonpareil of mausoleums; there it was, in the old spot, indeed, but how bare and black, how shorn of all its splendors; no longer a resting-place for monarchs, but a dismal combination of castle and prison. What a desecration was this, my friend! There too was the pillar of our beloved Trajan, but no Trajan at the top of it; he too, pulled down, it seems, like myself, to make way for an apostolic usurper; and there were his Dacian victories, fresh almost as when Apollodorus chiselled them; but where was the magnificent forum beneath, and the temple and triumphal the arch, and his exquisite equestrian statue, that we so loved to show our children? Where were the fountains, and the porticoes, and the gay shops, and that dear Ulpian library of ours, the head-quarters of all the wits and scholars of the metropolis, when I was young; where I so loved to drink in the melodious wisdom of the Academy, not

forgetting the while, the sterner lessons of the Porch? Where were all these favorite haunts, these stately piles? Nothing, nothing was there, to bear witness to all these splendors, but a few stumps of columns, and scattered bits of pavement, dragged to light from beneath the filth and rubbish of the modern town. Changes, indeed, my friend, heart-sickening changes! Yes, Howard, I repeat it, had I gazed on the sad scene, merely as a mortal and a Roman, I could not have endured it; but to the immortal and the Christian, how different were the lessons it conveyed! But why weary you with these reflections? Why speak, either, of the silent, desolate campagna, so crowded with farms and villas, in my day; or of the poor, dead Forum; or the deserted, crumbling Baths, once so alive with all that was elegant and luxurious; or of the shattered Colosseum; or of my own regal home upon the Palatine, once so magnificent, now a hideous mass of ruins!

Cypress and ivy, weed and wall-flower grown,
Matted and mass'd together, hillocks heaped
On what were chambers, arch crush'd, column strown
In fragments, chok'd up vaults, and frescos steep'd
In subterraneous damp, where the owl peep'd,
Deeming it midnight:

W. the Elder. [*aside to Howard.*] Why, God bless me, the Emperor is actually quoting Byron.

How. Of course he is, my old friend. What is there so strange in that?

W. the Elder. Well, I confess I was rather surprised to find that Childe Harold had such an universe-wide circulation, already. I am delighted to hear it, though, as a most enthusiastic admirer of the poem.

How. I don't sympathize at all, with you, there. It is altogether too heathenish a production, to suit me. Nevertheless, such are the facts.

Aur. [*who has not heeded the interruption,*] Ah, my friend, with what fearful vividness, has your illustrious poet brought the sad spectacle before us!

W. the Elder. And is there no exaggeration, no sacrifice of truth to poetry, in this terrible description of his?

Aur. Not the least; the description is as accurate, as the reflections he makes upon it, are just; though somewhat bitter withal:

There is the moral of all human tales;
'Tis but the same rehearsal of the past,
First Freedom, and then Glory—when that fails,
Wealth, vice, corruption,—barbarism at last.
And History, with all her volumes vast,
Hath but *one* page; and that—

But enough of this sad theme, my friends.

How. If I remember right, Aurelius, you have some very pointed remarks of your own, on the subject of ruins, in the famous *Meditations*.

Aur. I dare say, though I can't recall them this moment. Ah, Howard, if I had that book to write over, I should make a very different thing of it, with my present enlarged experience, and spiritualized views.

How. You certainly *ought* to be pretty well cured of your Stoicism, by this time.

W. the Elder. May I further inquire if your excellency came direct from Rome to the Bay State, or did you stop to take a peep at Paris or London, *en route*?

Aur. I came as straight, my friend, as the parallel of 42° N. would bring me, turning neither to the right or left, till the Boston state-house hove in sight.

W. the Elder. You didn't happen to fall in with either of the Collins' steamers?

Aur. I did not. About midway across, however, I remember seeing a little black thing crawling over the water, about three leagues and a half below me, and looking no bigger than a half-grown cockroach.

W. the Elder. The *Baltic*, unquestionably. The captain told me he meant to take the southern route this trip.

How. I don't wonder, by the way, at the surprise you expressed, Aurelius, coming thus suddenly from your own shattered town, with its extinct emperors and pontiffs fast going to extinction, to the bright, bustling, spunky, granite-faced Boston.

Aur. It *was*, certainly, a most startling contrast.

How. I think, my friend, that I could guess the name of the mortal you are stopping with. I've been under his roof myself, more than once, too, if I mistake not.

Aur. I dare say. He is very famous, I find, both for his hospitality and his benevolence. They tell me there is not a corner-stone of any charitable institution for leagues and leagues around him, in which future ages will not find his name honorably mentioned. The *blind*, above all others, however, have reason to sing his praises.

How. That's the man. I know him well; many a time has he invoked my shade while planning and executing his charities. But, my imperial brother, I must be off.

Aur. I am sorry you must leave us so soon. But now that we have found each other out, my friend, I hope we shall be more sociable in future, for I know no ghost in whose books I would rather be registered.

How. You flatter me, Aurelius.

Aur. Not I; I speak the simple truth, when I say that the good opinion of John Howard, duly recorded, I should consider the very best conceivable letter of recommendation, the universe over. But what hurries you so?

How. Well, I have a consultation with sister Fry and brother Hopper, in a few minutes from now.

W. the Elder. The deuce you have? Where? what about?

How. Well, if you *must* know, my friend, it relates to certain model-wash-and-lodging-houses, for the paupers of—

W. the Elder. Ah, there's a good deal of stir on that subject, in our own city, just now.

How. I know there is; I know there is, old gentleman: but I've not time to discuss its merits with you now. I must go at once.

Aur. I've no engagement for the morning, so I'll go with you, my friend.

How. I shall be delighted to have you.

[*Exeunt.*]

CORINNA.—LADY JANE GREY.

Cor. Why, my dear host, you seem embarrassed ! What ails you ?

W. the Elder. Well, to say truth, I *did* shudder somewhat, at my own presumption, in having invited ladies so illustrious to quarters so humble ; nor have I quite recovered yet from the surprise of this so sudden and gracious response on your part. But do, pray, be seated. Most deeply do I regret that I have no accommodations to offer you, more worthy of such genius and goodness.

Lady J. Come, come, my old friend ; there is no occasion for this profusion of apologies, or extravagance of language.

W. the Elder. I beg your Grace's pardon. The mere mention of your name on earth, is quite sufficient to create a delightful excitement ; but when the dear spectre herself condescends to come, in per-

son, it is asking too much of an impulsive old fellow like me, to keep cool on the occasion.

Lady J. Well, well, as you will. I would not find fault with an honest enthusiasm.

W. the Elder. But, pray tell me, Corinna, where *did* you get that exquisite bouquet ?

Cor. It was given me by my sweet sister here, just as we met at your door. Charming little family-gathering, is it not ?

W. the Elder. Superb—superb !

Lady J. There *are* worse in the universe, certainly. Ah ! dear, 'tis but a little hour ago that these playthings were blooming and nodding their pretty heads to each other, millions and millions of leagues from here. Little did they dream of such a strange translation as this.

W. the Elder. They don't seem to have suffered much from the journey. But what curious varieties ! I'm quite among strangers here, I assure you. To be sure, I'm not over-well-read in our *earthly* flowers. If my dear little niece were only here now, she'd have a world of questions to ask you about them.

Cor. Far more than we should feel at liberty to answer, I dare say. But suppose you give them to her (my dear friend here permitting), with my love.

W. the Elder. I shall be most proud to be the

medium of such a gift; nay more, I shall enjoin it upon her to keep them, and their precious dust (for they *must* die, I suppose, like our poor terrestrial ones), ever sacred, as a memorial of this angel-visit. By the way, Corinna, I take it for granted, from what you said just now, that her Ladyship and you are old acquaintances.

Cor. Yes, indeed, we are old and firm friends. I consider the enjoyment of her society as among the very highest of my spiritual privileges. And then, such a discreet adviser as she is; correcting my blunders, and checking my giddiness in such a gentle, pretty way, that I am almost tempted to do wrong, for the sake of her sweet reproof

Lady J. Corinna, Corinna, don't talk so!

Cor. And then, so accomplished! Do you know, my old friend, that she actually talks and writes a prettier Greek than I do, myself; yes, beats me on my own ground; makes sweeter music; composes lovelier hymns.

W. the Elder. I took it for granted, of course, that her grace was all-accomplished! I have often regretted, indeed, that she was not permitted to live out her days on earth. Our terrestrial literature and music would, I am sure, have been great gainers in consequence. But I ask ten thousand pardons for alluding to a theme so painful.

Lady J. Not at all—not all, my friend. Your allusion was perfectly natural and proper. My earthly career was indeed a brief one, and its close stained with sorrow and suffering; but, on the whole, there was far more sunshine than gloom in it. Nay, up to the last few months of my pilgrimage, when the ill-judged, wicked ambition of my kindred, placed that fatal bauble on my brow, all had been bright and beautiful around me; not a moment, laden with care or guilt, can I recall; but many, indeed, that kind teachers, pleasant books, sweet meditations, made precious. And even the last, sad, closing scene—even that, my friend, I have long ago discovered, was all for the best—all for the best.

W. the Elder. And yet, that bigoted, cruel, bloody Mary—

Lady J. Blame her not—blame her not. Ah, there was far more that was good and loveable about her, than you are aware of. Remember the troublous times in which she lived; remember the civil and religious storms that were perpetually raging about her; her bad advisers, her profligate father, the crafty priests that were plying her continually with their false suggestions and poisonous sophisms; remember the innumerable temptations to injustice and cruelty, that surrounded her, and be charitable.

W. the Elder. Oh, you're the same blessed angel of forgiveness as ever.

Lady J. [not heeding the remark.] But, above all, my friend, be mindful of her bitter sufferings since leaving earth; the blessed change that has come over her; her deep and hearty penitence, our sweet reconciliation, and renewed vows, in the land of spirits. Think, think of all these things, and you will surely be less ready to denounce her; nay more, may doubt, perhaps, whether my little ten days' royalty, and untimely death, were not, after all, a more desirable destiny, than her tumultuous and blood-stained reign.

W. the Elder. [after a pause.] Indeed, indeed they were. Yes, yes; the more I reflect upon it, the more rejoiced, the more grateful am I, that you died just as you did. Had it been otherwise, what a sweet martyr would have been lost to us—what a precious example for our inspiration! Heaven only knows how many drooping souls that example has already cheered—how much faltering virtue it has confirmed—how many unreasonable murmurs it has stifled! What are the accessions, indeed, to our literature and philosophy, that might have grown out of your prolonged years, compared with that dear image of murdered innocence, and the lessons that it teaches, and *will* teach, through all coming

time! Again, had your Grace been spared, who knows—but pardon me: I am too bold.

Lady J. Not so—not so. I like this honest, truth-seeking disposition of yours. Finish your speech.

W. the Elder. I was merely about to add, that had you lived, trouble and grief would too surely have overtaken you. I speak not of the mere loss of that lustrous beauty, of the clouding of that bright mind, which years must have brought, at last; but might not even *your* fair fame have been tarnished? might not “black scandal and foul-faced reproach” have dimmed somewhat its brightness, and in a way that the faithful chronicler, however convinced in his own heart, of your innocence, could not have exposed or answered? Ah, yes, 'twas indeed for the best, this early translation of yours, to more blessed realms. You would have been quite out of place in that tumultuous, wicked court of Mary; as much so, as dear Ophelia was, in the corrupt and riotous one of Denmark. How is it, by the way, that Shakspeare should have overlooked such a glorious opportunity of commemorating genius and virtue, and not have composed a play in your honor—no, nor even a poor sonnet? I can't comprehend it.

Cor. Do you know that I was rallying the bard myself, not long ago, on that very point; and so suc-

cessfully, that he sat down instanter, and constructed a most exquisite sonnet upon the dear theme.

W. the Elder. Lives it in your memory? If so, with her Grace's permission, I should be delighted to hear it.

Cor. [*Repeats the verses in question.*]*

W. the Elder. Delicious! delicious! The true Shaksperian smack. What ineffably small beer brother Akenside's lines on her Ladyship, seem in comparison!

Cor. I shouldn't wonder, by the way, my old host, if you were a bit of a poet yourself. You have an enthusiastic, fanciful kind of a way about you, certainly.

W. the Elder. I a poet? No, indeed; your swan-ship never made a greater mistake.

Cor. I don't believe you. Your blushes belie your words. Nay, your whole air and manner betray the votary of Phœbus. Is it not so, sister?

Lady J. Well, our friend certainly has an honest, hearty kind of a face. I have seen greater harmony and symmetry of features, to be sure; but on the whole, I rather like the expression.

Cor. Come, come, my old friend; own up, now,

* The editor can neither comprehend, nor justify, the strange negligence of his friend, in not having secured, on the spot, a copy of said sonnet.

and strike up. I have just given you a sonnet, and I insist on having one in exchange.

W. the Elder. I assure you again, my dear ghostess, I have no such gift. I *did* venture once, to be sure, on a few stanzas, commemorative of a certain cough-candy, which an enterprising friend was then introducing to the metropolis. They, and a tribute of gratitude to an eminent chiropodist, and a page of *Bonbon-distichs*, and a stray charade or two, constitute my entire poetical works. Ah, yes, there *was* one other transcendant performance, I remember.

Cor. What was that?

W. the Elder. An elegy on a dear Philadelphia friend, who perished in the flower of his youth, of a *succotash-surfeit*.

Cor. *Pauvre-enfant!* But really, my dear host, I am surprised that you did not occasionally venture on themes more worthy of your genius.

W. the Elder. I beg your pardon. Those were the very themes that suited *my* genius. Whenever I have undertaken more lofty subjects, such as the services of Lafayette for instance, or the Landing of the Pilgrims, or the passage of the Delaware, I have failed signally; as much so, indeed, as some of our foreign fiddlers, who have recently attempted to

transfer the sublimity and beauty of Niagara to their violins.

Cor. That *was* a bold undertaking, certainly; sufficiently difficult, I should say, for the pencil; but quite beyond the grasp, nay, foreign to the mission, either of stringed or wind instrument.

W. the Elder. [*aside.*] The very remark which I made myself, to one of the artists in question; but I got nothing but the epithet of old foggy, in reply. You are no believer, then, Corinna, in descriptive music?

Cor. Of course not. What perverseness thus to attempt to blend arts which the Creator himself hath separated! Why, under heaven, have nine Muses, if each is to usurp the other's functions?

W. the Elder. True, true; and you, as the tenth, ought besides, to be conclusive authority on such a subject. But I am afraid her Serene Highness is displeased at my frivolity.

Lady J. Not at all, old friend; though, I must say, you are a most strange compound. No, no; I like a bit of innocent fun, as well as anybody, in any world.

W. the Elder. I am delighted to hear you say so. I confess I had my misgivings whether much joking was allowed in those blessed regions which you are in the habit of frequenting.

Lady J. And do you suppose that our blessed Father in heaven hath banished innocent mirth from any star in his universe? No, indeed.

W. the Elder. Well, I have always had a vague kind of feeling that it must be so; but it would mightily astonish some of my orthodox neighbors to hear it, I assure you. *They* have drawn very different pictures of the happiness and misery beyond the grave, from those which you have hinted at.

Lady J. All mortal speculations touching immortal experiences, must, of course, be more or less tinged with error and presumption. The good Book hath said but little about these mysteries, and thereby hath left all the more spacious play-ground for poor human fancies to disport themselves in; and they certainly *have* led their owners a most strange and capricious dance of it; framing both joys and terrors alike removed from reason and the truth. Far be it from me, my friend, to encourage any unprofitable conferences on these themes; still less, to disclose secrets which are not for mortal ears; but those same sour, puritanical notions, to which you just now alluded (and which were quite too common in my own little day on earth), are so radically unsound, so unworthy of God or of his children, so calculated to rob human life of its true relish and significance, that I feel bound, as a truthful spirit, to pro-

test against them, wherever I may be. But no more on this head.

W. the Elder. Go on, your Ladyship, go on. I don't hear such preaching often, I assure you.

Cor. No, indeed; our sister is truly a charming talker, when she gets fairly roused.

Lady J. You must excuse me, friends. The theme is too grave a one to be lightly treated. I fear I have said too much, as it is. But, bless me, my worthy host, does your time-piece tell the truth? Mid-day already! Why, I have an appointment with Plato, this very moment; so farewell, friends.

W. the Elder. And must your Grace really leave us so abruptly?

Lady J. I must, indeed, and without further delay or ceremony; and so, once more, adieu! You'll not forget that little affair I was speaking to you about, Cora?

Cor. You may depend upon me, without fail.

[*Exit Lady Jane.*]

W. the Elder. What a divine being!

Cor. A perfect Psyche, is she not?

W. the Elder. She is, indeed. Raphael himself never painted anything half so lovely. May I, without impropriety, inquire what engagement she had reference to?

Cor. What, with Plato? Oh, certainly. She is

pursuing her metaphysical studies under his direction, and I need hardly add, that she is, by all odds, his pet pupil.

W. the Elder. Indeed! It was the appointment with yourself, however, that I was asking about.

Cor. Ah, true, true. That's quite another affair. Well, I see no harm in telling. You must know, then, that her Ladyship has been occupying some of her leisure hours, lately, in putting Comus into Greek, and she feels somewhat delicate about presenting the bard with her version of his poem, till she has consulted me as to its accuracy. She might far better have referred the matter to Plato; for, as I told you before, she is more of a Hellenist than I am myself.

W. the Elder. By the way, have you seen Corinne lately, Corinna?

Cor. I have.

W. the Elder. Where, and how is she and what is she doing?

Cor. Well, to respond in your own style, she is in charming quarters in the star Cenerentola, in tip-top health and spirits, and writing more delightful romances than ever. You don't often get such rapid and satisfactory answers, do you, my old boy?

W. the Elder. You're not quizzing me, now?

Cor. Honor bright. More than that, she is, as

usual, the centre of a most agreeable circle, and is living on the borders of a lake, as much lovelier than Leman, as Jupiter is larger than Earth. I ought to know, for it's hardly a week since I met your friends, Malibran and Byron, there.

W. the Elder. The deuce you did! And is Malibran the same syren, in the spirit, that she was in the body?

Cor. Oh, don't ask so many questions. Of course she is; a most fascinating creature. But I must be off.

W. the Elder. What, so soon?

Cor. Immediately. I have not a very long journey before me, however.

W. the Elder. No, I suppose not more than a thousand millions of ærial leagues, or so.

Cor. Only to the Fifth Avenue.

W. the Elder. Indeed!

Cor. And pray, what is there so strange in that? I have been paying visits to a young friend there, more or less, for the last six months.

W. the Elder. And so you know all about us New Yorkers?

Cor. Well, I have seen some little of your best society, as you call it.

W. the Elder. And I should infer, from that sarcastic tone, that you didn't think much of it.

Cor. Candidly, I do not. It may seem ungracious to say so, after partaking of its hospitalities; but so it is. Especially do the evening entertainments, to which it is so addicted, appear to me to be liable to criticism.

W. the Elder. Your reasons, sweet swan, your reasons.

Cor. Well, in the first place, there is always such a mob of people present; which, of itself, most grievously offends my eye, as an artist. What signifies, indeed, elegance of figure, or brilliancy of costume, where we are all jammed together, like so many berries in a basket? And then, the infelicitous arrangement of the lights, not collected in grand masses, and with due regard to chiaro-scuro, but scattered all about, in a way to destroy the whole effect of the picture. And then, the absurdly extravagant display of the supper-tables, loaded down with all manner of dainties and perishable knick-knacks and conceits in sugar; contrasting most painfully, my friend, with the entire absence of works of art, and of objects suggestive of bright thoughts and brilliant repartee; which to us Greeks, you know, were almost necessities of life; not to speak of the hot, stifling air, the mad flow of wine, and I regret to add, the painful predominance of bad manners.

W. the Elder. You certainly *are* rather severe on us, Corinna.

Cor. Don't misunderstand me. I don't mean to say that I haven't stumbled over some dear, delightful old ladies and gentlemen, on these occasions, and a few young folks worth looking at and listening to. But far too many of the guests have been miserable foplings, strutting about, with their meagre figures encased in grotesque garments, and with an insolence in their manner only equalled by their inanity; and bold young women, with high-pitched voices, and low-cut dresses, in whose faces I could see but faint traces of that gentleness, delicacy, sensibility, which are the glory of our sex.

W. the Elder. You haven't met with many of Shakspeare's women, then, at these soirées?

Cor. What, the Perditas, the Rosalinds, the Imogens? Oh no, no, no, no. You introduced this subject, my old friend, remember; and so you mustn't blame me for speaking out, in my own frank way, about it.

W. the Elder. You're right, perfectly right. We deserve every word of it. I have sometimes ventured on the same strain of remark, myself, but have uniformly been called a miserable old misanthrope, for my pains. We certainly *do* behave very ridiculously, and spend our money very absurdly.

Cor. So it appears to me. I see a grand display of jewelry, furniture, equipages, in this fine town of yours, and a brilliant sight it is, I confess. But then there are other things, far more interesting, that I miss vastly. Where is your Glyptotheca, and your Pinacotheca? Where is your *Jardin des Plantes*, your Flower-Garden, and above all, your Metropolitan Park, for the poor folks to taste the air in on holidays?

W. the Elder. Where, indeed? I not only see nothing of the sort, myself, but am very much afraid my great-great-grand-children never will, either.

Cor. Where, too, are the statues of your *Illustriissimi*? Did we treat *our* benefactors in this style? When I think of our own dear little Athens, that never, in its most prosperous state, had more than a hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants in it, and yet was adorned with such a brilliant marble population, and then of this vast and flourishing metropolis of yours, and the strange contrast it presents in this regard, I feel as if you ought to be taken to task most severely, for such negligence and perverseness.

W. the Elder. Your rebuke is a most righteous one.

Cor. But I must positively be off.

W. the Elder. I am very sorry. Do pray stay,

and scold us a little longer. Abuse from Corinna is more agreeable than praise from most people.

Cor. Ah, you're a wicked old wag, I fear for all that solemn phiz of yours.

W. the Elder. By the way, have you seen Pindar recently?

Cor. Not for a great while.

W. the Elder. I had the honor of a call from him not long since.

Cor. Indeed! You found him agreeable, I hope.

W. the Elder. Very pleasant and chatty, I assure you.

Cor. But, my old host, are you in the habit of having these spiritual receptions?

W. the Elder. Well, I see a few select ghosts occasionally; seldom one of your beauty and brilliancy, however.

Cor. Ah, now you're beginning your compliments again—off I fly.

W. the Elder. Well, if you must, you must. But do drop down soon again.

Cor. I will, and so, bye-bye.

W. the Elder. Adieu, sweet Muse, adieu.

[*Exeunt.*]

BEN JONSON.--SAM JOHNSON.

W. the Elder. Well, well, doctor, notwithstanding this long dissertation of yours, I don't see why the word *pattern* is not just as good, in this connection, as the word *model*.

John. Just as you please, old gentleman. It is not very civil, however, after invoking a learned shade, and extracting a couple of guineas' worth of valuable information out of him, to turn round and dismiss his remarks in this off-hand style. If these are your American manners, all I can say is, I don't like 'em.

W. the Elder. [*aside.*] The same domineering, oracular old fellow as ever!

John. What are you muttering about? Speak out.

W. the Elder. Well, if I *must* say it, I don't

think your own breeding is of the highest order of excellence. Besides, the authorities are against you. Crabb says—

John. Hang Crabb! What do I care for Crabb!

W. the Elder. Webster, too—

John. Bah! How dare you speak of Webster before me? That rascally little, dried-up New-Englander; not satisfied with stealing my thunder, he must needs walk off with my laurels, too. He be hanged, and his new-fangled spelling with him!

W. the Elder. Jealousy, Doctor, sheer jealousy.

John. Jealous? The idea of my being jealous of such a creature; ay, or of any Yankee varlet of you all. A vile crew of rebels; why an't you all colonists this very hour?

W. the Elder. Fie, fie, Doctor! Hasn't death cured you of your tory prejudices yet?

John. Don't talk to me. Out upon you all, I say again, for a miserable pack of democrats! Ye whittlers! Ye tobacco-chewers! Ye flint-skinners! Ye sugar-sanders! Ye rum-waterers! Ye wooden-nutmeg-makers! Ye manufacturers of worthless clocks and suspicious sausages! Ye turners of shoe-pegs into oats! Ye venders of bass-wood cucumber seeds! Ye—

W. the Elder. Doctor, doctor, doctor, what are you about? Piling up abusive epithets here, faster

and higher than old Jack Falstaff himself ever did! You must have been having a talk with Mother Trollope lately.

John. Don't speak disrespectfully of that worthy old soul, if you please.

W. the Elder. Worthy old soul? Lying old hussy! The thermometer must be pretty high, I should say, where *she* is.

John. You'll find it higher when your turn comes, you—you—you—

W. the Elder. Why, what an infernal temper you are showing, to be sure! But I'll find a sedative for these irritable nerves of yours. Let me see—ah! yes, yes; just the thing. [*Goes to the library and gets down the volume of the Doctor's works that has the tragedy of Irene in it.*] There, my old boy, there's an A, number one, soothing syrup for you. If a scene or two of that don't tranquillize you, I don't know what on earth will.

John. Why, you impertinent old jackanapes, to insult a ghost of my standing in this way! Under your own roof, too! [*Throws the book at his head.*]

W. the Elder. [*dodging the same.*] Well, I declare! That I should have lived to see the author of the Rambler making such a disgraceful exhibition of himself! Dear, dear, dear!

John. [*after a pause.*] I ask ten thousand par-

dons, my old friend, for this most unbecoming display of temper.

W. the Elder. Don't mention it, Doctor, don't mention it.

John. To think that I should have given way to my feelings in this abominable style! But if you knew, old gentleman, what a sufferer I have been; yes, yes, both sides of the grave. Oh! Lord, what with pneumonia, strangury, dyspepsia, and every now and then a touch of my old trouble, the St. Vitus, I have a pretty exciting time of it, I tell you. Do you wonder, my friend, that I growl somewhat?

W. the Elder. Why, under heaven, didn't you tell me so, before? To think that I, too, should have been so disrespectful to a ghost for whose genius and goodness I have so profound an admiration! But, Doctor, you certainly *did* throw about the old Saxon words, for a moment or two, in a style hardly to have been expected from one who makes so little use of them in his writings.

John. Well, don't say any more about it. We are a poor set, the best of us, ghosts as well as bodies; a poor set, a poor set.

W. the Elder. One thing, however, that you said just now, Doctor, surprises and annoys me beyond measure. I certainly *did* have a foolish kind of a

notion that when the body died, these same disorders took a lasting farewell with it.

John. A most terrible blunder, indeed! But, mortal, these themes are strictly tabooed to us spirits, as you ought to know, by this time; so change the subject instantly, if you please.

W. the Elder. Most cheerfully. I wonder where your namesake is, though, all this time?

John. What namesake?

W. the Elder. Ah, speak of Beelzebub, and—
[*enter Ben Jonson.*] And so you have come at last, my dear ghost, have you?

Jon. So it seems, my old boy, so it seems; after a world of blunders and inquiries, though. Why! God bless me, Doctor, is that you? How are you, how are you?

John. Benjamin, my boy, I am delighted to see you.

Jon. But what brings you to earth, Samuel? What's the best word, anyhow?

John. The best word, say you? Sure enough, what is it? That's the very point that our old host here and I have been squabbling about for the last half hour. Best word, indeed!

Jon. You talk in riddles, Doctor. Pray what is the meaning of all this grinning and winking? Take me with you, lads. Propound, Rasselas, propound.

W. the Elder. Oh, no matter, Doctor, no matter.

John. I beg your pardon; a thing that is worth sending for me about, half across the universe, too, at that, is surely worth telling brother Ben.

Jon. What is it, what is it?

John. Well, you must know that our friend here (old enough, certainly, to know better), has been investing no small portion of the evening of his days in the composition of a tragedy, which he has just completed, and about the fate of which he is evidently very anxious. Indeed, he says in his note to me on the subject, that he has strong hopes of astonishing not only all America and Europe, but Asia and Africa likewise, in certain passages of it. Some few little matters of verbal criticism bothering him somewhat, he thought best to secure my assistance, as being, of course, the great authority of the system, on those points. We had not been very long employed on our task, when you entered. But what brings *you* here, Ben? Is it the mere feeling of auld lang syne, or an idle curiosity to see the improvements these Yankees are making in the Western Hemisphere of the Planet? Or is it that old Interplanetary Copyright business again? Are you as copious and eloquent as ever on that theme, eh, Ben?

Jon. Nothing of the sort. I am here simply in

compliance with the electric invitation of this old gentleman, and like yourself, as it seems, on dramatic business. In his dispatch, he requests me to come and look over the plot of a forthcoming tragedy of his, and to make such suggestions as might present themselves: the identical work, no doubt, on which he has seen fit to consult you also.

John. Why, bless me, my old host, why didn't you mention this before? We might have waited then for brother Benjamin, and have had the benefit of his criticisms. He is a better Latinist than I am, you know, and out of sight of me as a Hellenist.

Jon. But why is it, old gentleman, that you can't bring out a play without disturbing all Ghostdom on the occasion? I never had any such supernatural aid when I composed my masterpieces, nor had brother Samuel here, either. By the way, Sam, it is but yesterday, that I heard Will himself, blowing you up in good round terms for what he was pleased to call your most pompous and shallow criticisms on some of his performances.

John. Rather strong language for *him*; all the more unbecoming, too, seeing that I have more than once acknowledged their worthlessness, and apologized to him about them, in person.

W. the Elder. You haven't happened to hear

what he thinks about brother *Coleridge's* notes, have you?

Jon. Oh yes, yes. He was perfectly charmed with them; he found them a little too idolatrous, to be sure, in certain passages, not to wound his modesty; and here and there, a slight propensity to mysticism; but on the whole (I give you his own words), he considered them the most subtle, searching, delicious specimens of criticism, that ever came from earth. The exposition of Hamlet especially delighted him; far, far ahead of Schlegel, he said, and worth ten thousand garrets full of such lumber as Richardson and Company.

W. the Elder. Has he seen sister Jamieson's *Characteristics*?

Jon. To be sure he has.

W. the Elder. He liked them, I hope.

Jon. Could he help liking them, my old boy? I've cried over them myself, I know, more than once.

W. the Elder. Indeed! You don't look much like a crying ghost.

Jon. A trifle too ruddy and rotund for sentiment, you think, eh? I wouldn't give much, though, for the eyes, that her sketch of Ophelia wouldn't bring the pearls to. Ah, dear, when she comes to spirit-

land, Will has got a glorious reception in preparation for her. But I forgot; that was confidential.

W. the Elder. By the way, my dear ghost, before you take your flight, I've got a little work here, that I should dearly love to have you present to the bard, with my reverential regards.

Jon. And what may it be?

W. the Elder. Sister Clarke's *Concordance*. I can't help thinking that he'll be more tickled with it, after all, than with even brother Coleridge's Notes. Here it is on the table. Just cast your learned eye over it a moment.

Jon. Why, what a labor of love, to be sure! This makes up for a whole ship-load of impudent commentators. No offence meant, Sam.

John. She'd much better have been searching the Scriptures, all this while.

Jon. Oh, don't be crusty, now. Ain't there a hundred Concordances, more or less, to the Scriptures, already? And do you begrudge poor Will his little one? Will, the great lay-preacher of humanity? For shame! I shall be delighted, my old host, to be the bearer of your gift. But where on earth is *my* Concordance? I might as well take that with me, too, and make one job of it.

W. the Elder. I know of no such work, I am sorry to say, either in esse, or in contemplation.

Jon. I suppose not

W. the Elder. You deserve one, undoubtedly, glorious old poet that you are. But I don't think the world has fairly waked up yet to a sense of your genius. Your day will come, though, don't doubt it, and the Concordance with it. Some future Malone—

Jon. Malone be—

John. Ben, Ben, Ben, don't be profane. Malone was a pretty decent sort of a fellow, after all.

W. the Elder. An infernal old humbug, Doctor, begging your pardon. The idea of his whitewashing that dear old bust! He ought to have had a coat of tar and feathers, himself, for his pains.

Both Ghosts. Tar and Feathers! What do you mean by that?

W. the Elder. Ah! I see; the custom has sprung up since your day.

Jon. What is it, what is it? A summer or a winter garment?

W. the Elder. It is a playful manifestation of popular regard, and worn in all weathers; but never mind it now. One remark, my dear dramatist, you must allow me to make, while I think of it, and that is to express my delight, not altogether unmixed, I confess, with surprise, at the hearty way in which you have spoken of our big brother, Shakspeare.

There have been unpleasant rumors current on earth, Ben, that you were very envious and jealous of him, and that you were always glad of an opportunity of underrating, nay, backbiting him.

Jon. I know there are, I know there are. And let me tell you, once for all, my old friend, that more arrant and preposterous lies were never hatched in—

John. Oh, don't get so excited.

Jon. But isn't it so?

John. It is, indeed. Ben has been most foully and abominably belied in the premises.

Jon. The idea of my slandering my constant friend and benefactor; the man who brought out my first play; nay, who condescended to take a subordinate part in it, busy as he was at the time, and having a severe attack of Influenza, into the bargain; the man in whose mahogany I have seen my old phiz a thousand times; nay, whose pall I helped bear, when they laid him in the earth; the idea, I say, of my slandering *his* memory—isn't it too absurd?

W. the Elder. I was never willing to believe it, I assure you; especially, too, when I thought of those elaborate and stately verses of yours, in his honor.

Jon. I have been called a bully, too, and an habitual sot.

W. the Elder. That is too ridiculous, that last charge. The ghost who can point to ten such massive volumes as those on yonder shelf, all filled with tip top reading, needn't trouble himself much about such an absurd fib as that. Still, to be candid, you don't look like an habitual teetotaler, even now.

John. No, indeed, Ben.

Jon. Don't *you* talk, Doctor. You yourself, if I am not mistaken, have been accused of punishing the port pretty extensively while here below.

John. Too true, too true. Yes, I am ashamed to confess it, I was quite too much in the habit, while in the body, of running away from my troubles and pains, and taking refuge in the bottle, instead of standing up and facing them like a Christian.

W. the Elder. [*impulsively.*] You are a glorious old fellow, doctor, and deserve the best glass of wine on the planet, for that speech. I ask your pardon, though. I am always making a fool of myself.

Jon. You certainly *are* a queer customer, my old bachelor friend.

W. the Elder. Widower, if you please. But come, spectres, what say you to stopping and taking pot-luck with me? There are a few Yankee notions

in this town of ours that I should really like to have you see, and in the evening we'll to business.

John. Well, really, my time is so very valuable at this particular juncture that—

W. the Elder. Why, what makes you so busy?

John. I am getting out the 34th edition of my Polyglott Plutarch.

W. the Elder. Whereabouts?

John. In Georgium Sidus.

W. the Elder. The deuce you are! How is King George about these times, if I may be so bold?

John. Rather poorly, I am sorry to say.

Jon. Come, come, doctor, I don't see why you can't take a day's recreation, as well as any other ghost. I shall stay and dine with the old gentleman, anyhow.

John. Well, Ben, if you say so—

Jon. I *do* say so, Sam, most decidedly.

John. So be it, then. But where are you going, landlord?

W. the Elder. Only to make a suggestion or two to the cook. I'll be back presently. Meanwhile amuse yourself with that [*hands him a morning paper, Ben Jonson loses himself at the same time in the pages of Doggett's Directory.*]

W. the Elder. [*re-entering.*] Well, friends, I have

not kept you waiting long, I hope. Ah, Ben, what poetry have you got there?

Jon. Poetry?

W. the Elder. Oh, I beg your pardon, I see; hunting up your namesakes, eh? You find a pretty large home circle there, do you not?

Jon. Yes, indeed. Here are at least a score of Benjamin Jonsons, all in a row. They seem to be mostly men of color, however, and engaged in the white-washing line.

John. What a state of things, to be sure. Such unblushing impudence, too!

Jon. Holloa, doctor, what are you getting so excited about?

John. If this is your democracy, these the results of Independence, God save the King, say I, to all eternity!

Jon. What *are* you grunting about, eh?

John. Why the scoundrel editor, here, actually congratulates the country on the election of a *Barnburner* to the gubernatorial chair. Think of that, Ben; a barn-burner,—a wretch that in our time would have dangled at Tyburn, made governor! There's Republicanism for you.

Jon. Yes, and of a pretty rosy tint, I should say.

W. the Elder. Poh, poh, doctor; what affectation!

You must have seen at once that that is a mere nickname.

John. Well, well, that alters the case. He goes on to say, 'The Lieutenant Governor, on the other hand, is a *Hard-Shell Hunker*, of the worst kind.' What, in the name of wonder, is a Hard-Shell Hunker?

Jon. Why don't you look it out? There's your own dictionary, there, right under your nose.

John. Pshaw! Come, old gentleman, throw a little light on this subject, if you please.

W. the Elder. Well, doctor, a hard-shell hunker means a thorough going old tory, and enemy of progress,—just what *you* would have been, asking your pardon, this very moment, had you been a live yankee and voter in the empire State here, and not an English ghost.

John. But why hard-shell?—why hard-shell?

W. the Elder. Well, I was about to add that the terms Hunker and Barnburner relate to State questions, while the distinctions of soft and hard shell have reference to Federal difficulties, and more especially to the famous Compromise measures of 1850.

Jon. Oh, confound your yankee politics! Sam, how the deuce does this interest us?

W. the Elder. So I say; besides, it would take at least a century to explain the thing properly.

John. Well, well, hang the newspaper! But have you a monthly among you?

W. the Elder. Have we a monthly among us? To be sure we have; half a dozen tip-top ones. Here are some of them on the table, now; there's old Knick to begin with—the oldest and best of them all; full of his fun, I can tell you. [*Hands him the Knickerbocker.*]

John. Ah, that print is too fine for my old eyes. But what's that pleasant looking document in green?

W. the Elder. Putnam. Its inside is quite as pleasant too, I assure you.

John. It has a far more cheerful, sprightly look to me than the other. What superb cuts, too!

W. the Elder. But here's the boy. [*Hands him Harper.*] What do you suppose, now, doctor, is the circulation of this world-searcher?

John. Oh, how should I know? Some six or seven thousand, perhaps.

W. the Elder. 180,000.

John. You amaze me! Why that's at least a hundred and seventy five thousand more subscribers than brother Cave ever had, in his palmiest days.

W. the Elder. By the way, what did brother Cave charge a number?

John. Why, a crown, of course; the old price.

W. the Elder. And Harper only charges a quarter!

John. Hang your yankee currency? How much sterling?

W. the Elder. A shilling.

John. Whew! what, all this for a shilling? It looks like real good stuff, too. [*Runs his eye over the contents.*] *Napoleon Bonaparte—Money a Motor—My Novel—The Last of the Bourbons—Homes of American Publishers—Nero a Gentleman and a Scholar—Editor's Drawer—Books of the Month.* By the way, how are criticisms a bushel, now?

W. the Elder. What is it?

John. I asked you how much criticisms were a bushel?

W. the Elder. I dont understand you, Doctor.

John. Poh, poh! none of your nonsense. You a literary man, and not know the market-rates? Come, show us a few of your samples. What do you expect to give now for a dozen first-rate puffs for your forthcoming opiate,—I ask your pardon,—tragedy, I meant to say? What ought I to pay an acre, for Musical Notices? sound orthodox Sermons, too; what are they worth a barrel? Why, what's the matter with the man? Come, come, haven't you a tariff of prices to show a ghost?

W. the Elder. Doctor Johnson!

John. Well, what is it?

W. the Elder. I am perfectly thunderstruck at the tone of your remarks. Do you dare to insinuate that criticism has become an article of merchandise among us? Fie, fie, for shame! Let me tell you, once for all, that however much you old Englanders of the 18th century may have disgraced yourselves in this way, we New Englanders of the 19th century have a perfect scorn for all such transactions.

John. Well, well, well; no offence meant; let's change the subject. It won't do for us to be wasting the day, either, in chattering. What are these same lions that you proposed to show us?

W. the Elder. First and foremost, there's the Crystal Palace; then the Hippodrome; the Academy of Design; the Egyptian Antiquities: in fact a score of things that I think would interest you. By the way, what belated you so, Ben? I was afraid you were not going to respond to my invocation, at first.

Jon. Well, the truth is, somehow or other, I took the wrong parallel, and so, instead of striking Gotham, I came plump into Portland.

W. the Elder. Indeed! You might have got to a worse place. A fine, sprightly little city; you were charmed with it, I dare say.

Jon. I beg your pardon; I was never more inhospitably treated, in all my experience.

W. the Elder. How so?

Jon. Well, you must know, that being somewhat exhausted, after my long ærial jaunt, presently after alighting at the hotel, I called for a little brandy and water; and what do you think the landlord told me? Such a landlord, too; a long, lean, melancholy looking person, in purple spectacles; the very opposite, in all respects, of my host of the Mermaid. 'Individual,' said he, with marked solemnity of manner, and with a singularly nasal twang, 'are you not aware that it is contrary to law?' 'What?' said I. 'Why,' said he, 'dealing in ardent spirits.' 'What,' said I, 'Do you really mean to tell me, that a respectable foreigner can't mix a little weak grog here in a gentlemanly way, without running against the statute-book?' 'I do,' said he, 'most distinctly.' 'Off I go, then,' said I, 'posthaste.' 'Stop,' said he, 'if you are positively unwell, and under medical advice, follow me, without further remarks.' I did so. He straightway conducted me through a long, narrow passage, into a room with closed shutters, where, by gas-light, he administered unto me, under a name as long as himself, which I cannot now recall, some of the fieriest Hollands I ever encountered.

John. That was no place for *you*, Ben, evidently.

Jon. No, indeed ; I was right glad to get into another jurisdiction, I assure you.

W. the Elder. Well, they're a pretty queer set, up that way. Their intentions are good, I dare say ; but I've no great faith in such legislation, myself. But come, spirits, let's be off, while daylight lasts.

[*Exeunt.*]

JULIUS CÆSAR.—ZACHARY TAYLOR.

Cæs. I beg your pardon, General ; I consider myself the honored party on this occasion.

Tay. No, no, no ! don't talk so ; the idea of putting an old fashioned Yankee Soldier, like me, on the same platform with the greatest fighter of all antiquity ; I—

Cæs. You are too modest, by half. I tell you again, nothing I ever did in Gaul, or Parthia, or Africa, is to be named in the same century with that affair at Buena Vista.

Tay. Oh, you're joking.

Cæs. I am *not* joking ; nor am I alone in the opinion. 'Twas but yesterday that I heard Epaminondas and Marlborough both saying the very same thing. Leonidas, too, who ought to know what good fighting is, expressed himself most emphatically, on

the subject; and also concerning the capture of Monterey. He looked upon both performances, he said, as among the very happiest military hits on record.

Tay. Well, well; after such authorities, it would be sheer affectation in me to say otherwise. I certainly *tried* to do my duty on that occasion.

Cæs. You did it, too, most nobly, gloriously, my old friend: ay, and on all other occasions, civil and military. I have been longing for an opportunity to tell you so. I know all about you, you see.

Tay. Through what channel, may I ask?

Cæs. Well, the military part of your career was recited to me, not long since, and with a delightful enthusiasm, by your gallant brother, WORTH, the American *Murat*, as we all call him; while the civil portion of it, was rendered ample justice to, let me tell you, by that choicest of choice spirits, HENRY CLAY himself.

Tay. Indeed! That was very magnanimous in brother Hal, considering that I (most innocently, it is true, nay reluctantly), stood so in the way of his earthly ambition. He alluded, then, did he, to the Presidential campaign?

Cæs. He told me the whole story; and, so far as I could judge, with perfect frankness and good-humor. He wound up his narrative, I remember,

by remarking, with great emphasis, that he would rather be right than President or Emperor of the best star in the universe. A glorious sentiment, Zachary! Ah, dear; I wish *I* had acted up to it in my little day on earth. I should be in much better spirits this very hour, I assure you. That all-grasping, guilty ambition of mine was a terrible curse, both to me and to Rome. Candidly, now, General, don't you think it would have been far better for the world, if I had never been born?

Tay. The Lord saw fit to send you here, Julius, and that I consider a sufficient answer to your question.

Cæs. A most soldier-like one, certainly.

Tay. *Why* he permitted you to raise the old boy, as you did, is another matter. But I've no doubt the mystery will be cleared up, all in good time. I'm but a novice yet in things spiritual, and should rather seek light from you on these points, than venture on any opinion of my own. But be that as it may, I can't help liking you, anyhow, Cæsar, with all your imperfections.

Cæs. Ditto, ditto, with all my soul! Yes, I was quite in love with you, Zachary, at the very first blush. And so I was telling our earthly friend, here, before you came, while studying that tip-top bust of yours. Humbug apart, I consider it worth

a journey across a score of milky-ways, to shake such an honest old fellow by the hand.

Tay. Well, it certainly is most gratifying, to be talked to in this style, by so illustrious a spectre; so, so—

Cæs. Brilliant alike in the boudoir and in the cabinet, on the stump and in the field. That's what you were going to say, General, is it not?

Tay. Precisely; only you have put it in as many words as I should have used sentences. I was going to add, however, by one whom I can't help thinking (asking Plutarch's pardon), a far greater commander than Alexander himself.

Cæs. *Inter nos*, Zachary, I don't think much of Plutarch.

Tay. I'm sorry to hear you say that. Why so?

Cæs. Oh, he's such a superstitious, sentimental old twaddler. And, then, so inaccurate, and, above all, so full of his Grecian prejudices! Confound the fellow; do you know that he actually accuses me, in that lie of a life of his, of cutting a million of men to pieces, in my time? I was bad enough, heaven knows; but not quite such a wretch as that comes to.

Tay. I remember the passage. I dropped a cypher, mentally, when I read it, as being probably

nearer the truth; and, as you say, bad enough at that.

Cæs. Too true, too true; and yet I can't help regretting, now and then, General, that I hadn't a little of your flying artillery with me, in Gaul. I should have dearly loved to have given Ambiorix, and Vercingetorix, and the rest of those Gallic rascals, an occasional shower of that same grape that you threw in, to such purpose, among those trumpet-blowing Mexicans; eh, Zach?

Tay. Fie, fie, Julius; don't talk so. These are no themes to be trifled with. I say again, you made quite havoc enough, in your day, without resorting to the murderous contrivances of modern times.—That one affair with the Nervii, alone; what a terrible, terrible day's work that was! Think of those sixty thousand brave fellows, that bit the dust between sun and sun! Fighting for their own firesides, too, at that! Bad, bad business, Cæsar! I almost wished, when I first read about it, that you had shared their fate: but perhaps another cypher ought to be dropped here, too; how is it?

Cæs. No, no; the statement is quite too correct. You'll find the same figures in my Commentaries.

W. the Elder. Here is the volume, right by, if you would like to refer to it.

Cæs. Never mind, never mind, old gentleman.

[*After a short pause.*] Yes, yes, take it for all in all, that was the hardest day's fight, and the narrowest escape, that I ever had. The old *Tenth*, too; Jove bless 'em; how they covered themselves with glory on that day. Your own Kentucky volunteers, General, couldn't have done greater wonders.

Tay. As a mere specimen of pluck, I grant you, it was a brilliant affair; the prettiest thing you did, perhaps, in all your Gallic campaigns; unless the putting up of that famous bridge—

W. the Elder. Oh, General, don't speak of that infernal bridge, if you please. It recalls altogether too many sound thrashings, I assure you.

Cæs. Thrashings! what does the old gentleman mean by that? You smile, General. What is the mystery? Explain, explain.

Tay. You are not aware, then, Cæsar, it seems, that these same Commentaries of yours have, for many centuries, been a text-book in our schools?

Cæs. Indeed! You surprise me.

Tay. Even so; and that same passage, wherein the construction of the aforesaid bridge is described, being a right down tough one, has caused a great many lazy boys a great many severe whippings. I've had a taste of the hickory, myself, more than once, on that score.

Cæs. Ah! that's it, is it? I am heartily sorry

that I should have been the cause of any such suffering on your part, General; or on that of our old friend, here. So much for being a Classic!

Tay. Oh, don't mention it, Cæsar. I believe in thrashing, myself. Boys *need* it as much as grain; depend upon it.

C s. [*Aside to Tay.*] But what a queer old customer this seems to be of ours!

Tay. An eccentric person, very. Speak out, landlord; there is evidently something on the tip of your tongue, that you want to get rid of.

W. the Elder. An absurd fancy, nothing more. This old noddle of mine is quite too full of them.

Cæs. Out with it, now; out with it.

W. the Elder. Oh, I was only thinking what a tremendous army Cæsar would now be commanding, this very day, could he get together all the individuals that have been flogged on his account. All Gaul would hardly hold them. And were he to add thereto, all the negroes, dogs, and horses, that have been christened after him, he might prescribe terms to the Holy Alliance itself.

Cæs. Well, this is fame, with a vengeance! But isn't our old friend here, quizzing, General?

Tay. Not at all. He speaks within bounds. I myself left at least a score of Cæsars in my service, when I died. Yes, Julius, I have straddled Cæsars,

hunted with Cæsars, been shaved by Cæsars. Both you and Pompey have been amazingly useful to me, all my life, in the way of blacking my boots, driving my teams, getting in my sugar crops, etc., etc. But we are frivolous. To revert to Plutarch. I was right down sorry, my friend, to hear you speak of him in the way you did. He always struck me as being a most amiable old philosopher and moralist; and I think that's his reputation amongst most readers. At any rate, he has made many a long day seem short to me, in camp and on the frontier, with those lively biographies of his. Common gratitude, therefore, will not allow me to say anything disrespectful to his memory.

Cæs. My dear General, had I known that—

Tay. Never mind, never mind. He certainly has not done *you* justice, however.

W. the Elder. No, indeed; the theme was altogether beyond his powers. Ah, your Highness, if we only had your autobiography, now; that *would* have been a volume for the auctioneers to keep knocking down by the tens of thousands! *Isn't* there such a work somewhere, hid away under one of those seven hills of yours? If so, pray let us into the secret. I should make a fortune by it in less than no time. Are you sure you didn't write

such a book, and stow it away in some place that has never been found out?

Cæs. Indeed, indeed, my old friend, I did not. I fully intended to have done so, however, had I lived. Confound those rascally assassins, they caused me a world of disappointments!

Tay. By the way, Cæsar, have you seen much of Brutus, since that affair?

Cæs. A good deal.

Tay. And did he explain it all to your satisfaction?

Cæs. Perfectly, perfectly. A glorious fellow, Zach! No loftier spirit ever breathed on earth. As to the other conspirators, however, they were a miserable set of wretches.

Tay. What, not Cassius?

Cæs. Well, I never had much faith in his integrity. A bitter creature, General, and a frightfully mercenary one; and as for the rest, they were little better than mere money-murderers.

Tay. While I think of it, Cæsar, I should like to ask you a question or two, on points that somewhat interest me.

Cæs. Name them, name them, my dear friend.

Tay. Well, then, suppose you had lived out your days, and died quietly in your bed, how would things probably have gone? How would your own career,

and that of Rome, nay, of the world, have been affected by it? What were your plans and feelings, at the time that you were thus cruelly taken off? I confess I should like to have some explanations on these points, if agreeable to you.

Cæs. Your questions, General, are certainly somewhat difficult and embarrassing; especially when we reflect how deceitful all hearts, how doubtful all futures, have ever been on earth. I will endeavor to answer them, however, and honestly. That I had a foolish, guilty passion for the name and power of King, I may not pretend to deny. The evidence is overwhelming against me on that point. Yes, I should have left no stone unturned, to have secured the throne. Well, suppose the people had succumbed, the conspirators been thwarted, and the coronation had duly taken place, how would King Julius I. have behaved himself? That's the question. Well, if I know myself at all, Zachary, I should have been guilty of no small acts of meanness or of treachery. Overbearing and imperious I should have been, undoubtedly; but as for staining my name with any of those deeds of beastly debauchery and diabolic cruelty, that have made forever infamous some of my descendants (I am sure, my dear friend, you will believe me), I was utterly incapable of them. That I should have undertaken

to enlarge my Parthian and German acquisitions, and have made more Gallic conquests, and invaded Britain again, it is of course unnecessary to add. Nor should I have neglected the gentler arts and employments of peace, nor the strengthening and embellishing of the imperial city. I had already made arrangements, indeed, for the erection, on a grand scale, of several buildings, both useful and ornamental; such as a Grain Depot, and Merchants' Exchange, and Custom-House; a new Library on the Esquiline, and a School for Architects, the design of which I furnished myself, and had given to my friend, Servilius, the ædile, the very day before my assassination. A superb theatre, too, hardly inferior in size and elegance to the Colosseum itself; and a Grecian Opera House; but, above all, a magnificent Observatory on the Coelian hill. That, my dear General, was quite a hobby of mine—the perfecting of our Roman Astronomy; a subject, indeed, which I had spent a good deal of time and money on, while in Egypt. I had also planned the construction, on improved principles, of several new roads in various parts of the empire; some modification, also, in our system of draining and sewerage, a branch of engineering, you know, for which we Romans were always famous. The great subject of Rivers and Harbors, too, occupied my thoughts a good deal, at

that time ; and the founding of a Military Hospital for my brave old legionaries. I had actually made arrangements for laying the corner-stone of this last structure, in person, and with appropriate ceremonies, on the very morning of my taking off. But I must not weary you, General, with all these details.

Tay. Not at all, not at all ; go on. I am quite interested, I assure you.

Cæs. Well, I might add, that the subject of the Currency was one in which I was also deeply interested. Some six months before my exodus from the flesh, I had drawn up and submitted to my friend, Dolabella, the plan of a grand National Bank, both of circulation and discount, with a capital of twenty-five millions of sestertia, and branches, of course, all over the empire. D. approved of it, I remember, with some slight modifications, and was, in fact, to have been its first President. Antony, too, liked the idea, and would, no doubt, have been a leading Stockholder. There was another matter, too, Zachary, that I had quite at heart.

Tay. Ah, what was that ?

Cæs. The improvement and enlargement of our Common School System.

Tay. The deuce you had ! Why, Julius, your brain seems to have been perfectly crowded with

grand and noble ideas. What a pity, what a pity that you had no opportunity to carry them out !

Cæs. Well, I was certain, General, after the above statements, that you would give me credit for some good intentions, at least. But there was another thought, still grander and nobler, my friend, that crossed my mind occasionally ; though, I confess, I doubt whether I should have ever had moral courage enough to have acted up to it ; if, indeed, it had been at all practicable.

Tay. And what thought may that have been ?

Cæs. That of voluntarily resigning, after a few brief years of prosperous rule, the imperial crown and purple, and of recommending to the Senate and People, the reorganization of our glorious republic, on newer and better principles. Yes, Zachary ; a republic somewhat like your own, though, of course, far, far inferior to it, as a piece of legislative workmanship.

Tay. What ! a federal government, based on representation, and with a written Constitution ? You amaze me.

Cæs. Even so ; as I said before, however, I fear I should hardly have had magnanimity enough to carry out the idea, when the time came. But suppose it had been so, my friend, and the people had accepted the proposition, and perhaps have chosen

me for their first President—wouldn't it have been glorious? How it would have read in history! Julius Cæsar, first President of the United States of Italy! After a term or two, perhaps, of peaceful and beneficent government, under the Constitution, to have retired and spent the evening of my days in quiet, and have died, at last, placidly in my bed, and with an approving conscience, as *you* did, my friend, and have been followed to the tomb by millions of loving, weeping countrymen! Ah, dear, on how much pleasanter a footing should I have then stood with posterity! How different, probably, would have been the fate of dear Rome, too; nay, as you said, of the whole world itself?

Tay. Would to heaven that it had been so decreed! But really, Julius, had you matured this same idea of yours, so far, as your remarks would seem to imply? And, pray, how was the Executive Department of your government to have been organized? Would you have had a corps of Constitutional advisers about you, or would you have been your own Cabinet? Between ourselves, my friend, that was altogether the most trying part of my whole public life, the selection of that same Cabinet. I would rather have fought twenty Buena Vistas over again, than to have had a second one to construct.

Cæs. Ah, you were too honest for your own good. That was your trouble. If you had been more of a rogue, Zachary, I have no doubt you'd have been in the body this very hour. But to reply to your question; I should have had a Cabinet, by all means; nay, I had even gone so far as to pitch upon the persons who were to compose it.

Tay. Ah, who were they, who were they?

Cæs. Well, Brutus, of course, would have been Secretary of State, Dolabella, of the Treasury, Sulpitius Rufus, of the Interior. Antony, dissolute dog that he was, I'm afraid I should have had to have made Secretary of the Navy, while Calenus would have presided over the War Department. As for the Attorney General—but, holloa! what's our old host so busy about?

Tay. Why, the old gentleman seems to be taking notes right smart.

W. the Elder. To be sure I am. Do you suppose I am going to let such startling disclosures as these go unrecorded? No, indeed—posterity must and *shall* be informed of all these things. But really, Cæsar, I must say that I have been a good deal startled, I might add bewildered by some of your statements. I had not the remotest idea that such things as Banks and Bank Notes, were known to you classical boys, any more than penny papers; or

that you were familiar with telescopes, or lorgnettes, or librettos.

Cæs. And yet, my aged friend, I am giving you the naked, unvarnished facts.

Tay. But, come, Julius; if we're going to see that Washington Exhibition, I was speaking to you about, it's high time we were off. Daylight is going fast.

Cæs. True, true; I wouldn't miss it for worlds.

Tay. And suppose we get our old friend here to act as cicerone?

W. the Elder. I am quite unworthy of such an honor. You'll be delighted with the pictures, though, I'm sure.

Tay. I am told that there are no less than a dozen heads of the Pater Patriæ there, and all by artists of note.

W. the Elder. Even so; heads by Stuart, Pine, Wertmuller, Cerrachi, Houdon, Powers, and others; to say nothing of Leutze's magnificent composition, the *Crossing of the Rubicon*.

Tay. What, what, what?

W. the Elder. Pshaw; I'm always making such blunders,—Delaware, I should have said.

Cæs. I'm afraid, my old boy, that was meant for a sly cut at me, if the truth were known.

W. the Elder. Oh, how can you?

Cæs. No matter; I deserve it. In fact, General, I almost shrink from being confronted with the great patriot. The contrast in our careers here below, was so painfully marked, that—

Tay. Oh, don't be so squeamish. Besides, you'll find plenty of other attractions there. Will he not, landlord?

W. the Elder. Yes, indeed; quite an assortment of fancy pieces, and some glorious landscapes—*Gignoux's Seasons* among the rest; and, above all, the ever-charming *Course of Empire*.

Cæs. Indeed! I was somewhat of a landscape painter myself, in my early days.

Tay. What were you *not*, Cæsar? Poet, wit, fine gentleman, orator, statesman, warrior; and, moreover, unless Suetonius belies you, a terrible fellow among the girls.

Cæs. Well, I was somewhat of a pet among the petticoats, it must be confessed.

Tay. A sad dog, I fear. Cæsar, allow me to ask you one plain question.

Cæs. Certainly.

Tay. Suppose, now, after this same imaginary coronation of yours, that you have had so much to say about, that that wicked and bewitching syren, Cleopatra, had come over to your Court, would you have had the courage to turn your back on all her

fascinations? Would you have been a faithful husband to your loving Queen, Calpurnia? I fear not.

Cæs. Well, well, General, those were wicked times; there's no denying that. I was surrounded by pretty hard characters during most of my stay on earth. But, oh, what a comfort it is to know that all these things have changed, since!

Tay. Rather sarcastic, Cæsar, that last remark. But come, let's be off. I shall insist, however, on our old host's accompanying us.

W. the Elder. As you will, Commanders.

Cæs. Bene, andiamo. [*Exeunt.*]

TIMON.—SWIFT.

Tim. [*aside.*] Confound this old fool of a fellow, for disturbing me in this way. [*To W. the Elder.*] Well, mortal, here I am, and be hanged to you! What, in Pluto's name, do you want of *me*?

W. the Elder. [*somewhat agitated.*] Really, I—I—feel—profoundly—

Tim. Bah, bah! None of your humbug. I ask again—what do you want, and why have you invaded my spiritual rights in this most unwarrantable manner? A plague upon you!

W. the Elder. I beg ten thousand—

Tim. Pshaw! Curse your impudence!

W. the Elder. But, my dear friend—

Tim. Friend, say you? How dare you name that word in my presence? I *have* no friend; no,

not in the wide universe ; and you know it, you old coxcomb.

W. the Elder. Come, come, Mr. Spectre ; I am not used to such language as this. A little more civility, if you please. I should think you were talking to Apemantus.

Tim. Apemantus be ——, and you with him !
[*Here one Judy, a pet terrier, entereth, and barketh vehemently.*]

W. the Elder. Come away, Judy, come away. How dare you—

Tim. This is your yankee hospitality, is it ? Ah, if I had only served *my* guests in that way ! Never mind, though, old fellow ; let her talk—let her talk.

W. the Elder. You young hussy ! I am perfectly ashamed of you.

Judy. Bow—wow—wow—wow—wow ! [*continues her vocalization, till put out.*]

W. the Elder. You must excuse the slut, Timon ; she's not well to-day.

Tim. Poh, poh ! what made you turn her out ? I prefer her music to yours, any time.

W. the Elder. Well, you are, by all odds, the crabbedest ghost I ever encountered !

Tim. But what made you send for me ? Come, come, explain yourself, without further delay.

W. the Elder. Oh, only for a bit of spiritual

chat ; nothing more. Besides, I thought a little change might be agreeable to you. And then, brother Swift's society is always remunerative, you know.

Tim. Swift, Swift ; who's Swift ?

W. the Elder. What ! don't you know the ghost ?

Tim. Not I, by Cerberus.

W. the Elder. Indeed ! You *must* have been having a pretty quiet time of it, since death, not to have heard of him.

Tim. That *may* be. Meanwhile I know no wretch of that name.

W. the Elder. Wretch, say you ? Marry, come up ! What ! the brilliant Dean of St. Patrick's, the wit, the moralist, the classic, the—

Tim. He might be all that, old man, and yet be supremely wretched. But, I say again, I have not the pain of his acquaintance.

W. the Elder. Fie, Timon, how perverse you are ! The pain of his acquaintance ? Is it possible, then, that your nature is so completely soured as this, that you must twist the commonest expressions of civility into their opposites ? Do you really mean to say, then, that you still harbor, at the distance of more than twenty centuries, the same horrible feelings that you died with ? Have you, indeed, turned your back forever and ever on

all the sweet charities of the universe? I can't believe anything so shocking as that.

Tim. And who the deuce are you, pray, to presume to cross-question me in this style, and to pry thus into the mysteries of eternity? You had far better be minding your own little earthly business, let me tell you. The idea of a shallow mortal's pretending to comprehend spiritual experiences, or to measure their duration by the paltry time-pieces of earth! Bah!

W. the Elder. Well, well, old rapper and tipper, you needn't be so infernally crusty about it. I meant no offence.

Tim. Who cares whether you did or not? But where is this same waggish spectre, whom you consider such valuable company! Is this the way he keeps his appointments?

W. the Elder. Well, he certainly ought to have whizzed in sight before this time. Holloa, by Jupiter, there he is now. [*Enter Swift.*] Ah, my dear brother Jonathan, I am delighted to see you. I was afraid you were going to give us the slip.

Swift. Brother Jonathan? What do you mean by that? Do you take me for a yankee?

W. the Elder. Well, what do they call you in spirit-land? Doctor, Dean, Lemuel, Yahoo, perhaps; eh, old fellow, how is it?

Swift. You are mighty familiar on short acquaintance, I must say. But who, in the name of Heraclitus, is that old sour-kroust? Of all the vinegar-visaged ghosts that ever set schoolboys scampering, he certainly bears the bell. Who is he—who is he?

W. the Elder. Quite an historical character, let me tell you.

Swift. I dare say; but who, who?

W. the Elder. A famous giver of good dinners, in his day. But he overdid the thing, poor fellow, got cornered, had to sell out his Athenian Fancy Stocks, at a frightful sacrifice, hoisted the red flag; in short, Doctor, the old story.

Swift. Yes; but you haven't told me who he is, all this time.

W. the Elder. And instead of facing it like a man, or turning Diddler, in self-defence, fell to cursing, made for the woods, peeled off his garments, and went about, for the balance of his stay on earth, in *naturalibus*, and blaspheming every man, or beast, that came within bow-shot of him.

Swift. Come, come, what nonsense is this, and why do you tease me in this impertinent style? If you don't introduce me forthwith, I'm off; that's all.

W. the Elder. Why, Dean, Dean, how dull you are this morning.

Tim. [*aside.*] What are those infernal old fools chattering about, I wonder?

W. the Elder. Not to know, after all these broad hints! Why, who *should* it be, but the great Timon, himself?

Swift. What! Timon of Athens? You don't tell me so.

W. the Elder. Even so; the mighty monarch of misanthropes; he, whose magnificent imprecations will live and glow, through all time, in the pages of the divine bard; whose epitaph will be shuddered over, while a grave is left to dig on earth.

Swift. Well, you needn't be so grandiloquent about it. Come, come, introduce me.

W. the Elder. Allow me, dear Timon, to make you acquainted with that most exemplary friend and pitcher of a ghost, Jonathan Swift, Ex-Dean of St. Patrick's, and author of the famous Drapier Letters, The Tale of a Tub, Gulliver's Travels, and other pious volumes; composer, moreover, of some of the very finest, perpetrator of some of the very filthiest verses in our language;—

Swift. What's that—what's that?

W. the Elder. He who humbugged Vanessa, who mal-treated Stella, who—

Swift. Lies, Timon—most infamous lies.

W. the Elder. In short, a tip-top good fellow, and a ghost after your own heart.

Swift. Out upon you, for such an absurd presentation as this! I say, old fellow, I'm right glad to see you. How are you—how have you been?

Tim. You be hanged!

W. the Elder. Timon, Timon; do be civil.

Tim. I shall do no such thing. I don't like his looks. I never saw a worse eye in a head in all my spiritual days.

W. the Elder. But he's my guest, remember. Come, come, now, Timon; do forget yourself, for once, and be decent; that's a good ghost.

Tim. Well, well, as you will. What have I got pleasant to say, though? I'm no company for any body; no, and never shall be again, I fear, through all eternity.

W. the Elder. Why, what a sigh was there! Cheer up, cheer up, old boy. Come, brother Swift, can't you manage to make yourself agreeable to our old Athenian friend, here? Suppose you preach us a sermon, now, by way of a change. You used to be a good deal of a wag, you know, in your time, both in and out of the pulpit.

Swift. Why, you profane old wretch! I joke in the pulpit? I never did such a thing in all my life.

W. the Elder. You never did anything else. Oh, you needn't stare so, ghost; I have your own biographer's word for it, on the shelf, yonder.

Swift. What, Mat? Hang the fellow:—he was terribly given to fibbing.

W. the Elder. Sir Walter throws out the same idea, too.

Swift. Well, perhaps I was somewhat flippant and frivolous, at times; but I hadn't so bad a heart, after all, as some of my traducers have ascribed to me. But that's neither here nor there. Come, brother Athenian, and King of good haters, do brighten up. You actually look as if you had been dining on unripe persimmons, for the last fifty centuries, and washing them down with red ink. Surely you must have a bit of spiritual news to tell a ghost.

Tim. Not a thing—not a thing.

Swift. Why, where have you been all this while? Why haven't we stumbled over each other before?

Tim. Pluto knows.

Swift. But what luminary do you hail from, anyhow?

Tim. Fogie.

Swift. Fogie, fogie? What constellation, pray?

Tim. Hardscrabble.

Swift. Fogie, Hardscrabble? Are you sure,

Timon, you've got the right names? I never heard of any such part of the universe before.

Tim. What signifies it? You needn't trouble yourself to inquire or to call. I shall certainly be out, if you do.

Swift. What an incorrigible old crab you are, to be sure! There's no getting anything out of him, landlord.

W. the Elder. So I see. [*aside.*] Catch me asking such a ghost to tea again, in a hurry! But, what route did you take, Timon, in thus honoring my invitation? At what point did you cross the ecliptic, if it is a fair question?

Tim. Bah, how should I know? All I remember, is that when your infernal planet hove in sight, I naturally made for Athens, of course, and from there, blundered along, as best I could, to this dust-hole of a town of yours.

W. the Elder. But why didn't you come direct to Gotham?

Tim. Gotham? What the deuce did I know about Gotham? Wasn't all America, terra incognita, when I had the dyspepsia on earth?

W. the Elder. True, true. Well, you found some charming improvements, in and about Athens, did you not, and a corresponding rise of prices, since your last visit? How were all your old creditors?

You stopped at the *Themistocles House*, I suppose ; or, at the *Revere*, may be ?

Tim. You're sarcastic, old gentleman.

W. the Elder. Well, then, in plain English, you were delighted, were you not, Timon, to see the filth, misery, degradation, ruin of the city, that you died cursing ? It did your bitter old soul good, didn't it, to behold such a complete realization of all your maledictions ?

Tim. It certainly was gratifying ; though not so much so as I expected.

W. the Elder. [*aside.*] What an old savage !

Swift. But is Athens really in such a shocking condition ?

Tim. It is so ; a thorough wreck, alike in trade, architecture, and morals ; the old town, indeed, where I used to keep house, as dead as a door-nail, and its modern namesake is a very dog-hole, presided over by a pig-headed Bavarian, plundered (under the name of protection), by a set of beer-swilling Austrian mercenaries, and inhabited by the veriest loafers and chicken-thieves.

Swift. What ! no art there, whatever, or science, or literature, or prospect of any ?

Tim. Bah ! But hang Athens ! Why the devil did you introduce the subject, landlord ?

W. the Elder. Well, well, let's change it. But,

brother Jonathan, where are you from last, yourself ?

Swift. Oh, I've been knocking about America here, for the last three months.

W. the Elder. Indeed, you must have frequented many of our best rapping and tipping circles, then.

Swift. Yes, all over the Union.

W. the Elder. Well, Dean, how do you like us Yankees, on the whole ?

Swift. To be candid with you, not overmuch. The old country for me, ghost or mortal.

W. the Elder. But, surely, you see something agreeable and commendable in our manners and institutions ; some bona fide improvements, do you not ?

Swift. Precious few, old fellow.

W. the Elder. What, not in our unterrified democracy—our universal suffrage—our voluntary system—our—

Swift. Oh, you needn't run over the list ; I consider them, one and all, mere high-sounding humbugs, that will never stand the test of time, or of a crowded population. Bubbles, bubbles, just as sure to burst and to give way to the old regime again, both in government and religion, as they uniformly have, in all past ages.

W. the Elder. Why, you hardened old Tory, you !

But, politics and theology apart, you certainly like our climate, doctor, don't you—and the scenery, and the women, and the oysters?

Swift. Out upon your climate! No language can express its caprices. As to your scenery, I have been most fearfully disappointed in it. There are some pretty girls scattered about, I confess; and here and there a healthy, well-developed oyster.

W. the Elder. You *do* condescend, then, to admire our shell-fish, do you? [*Aside.*] The old crab.

Swift. Yes, your oysters are as good as your manners are bad.

W. the Elder. What?

Swift. I repeat it. Wherever I have been, I have found a very low style of manners, alike in the social circle, the sanctuary, the parliament, and the halls of justice. Nine-tenths of your young men, that I have seen, have been swaggering and dissipated; and of your young women, hoydenish and extravagant; while the old people have, almost invariably, been thrust aside, like so much cracked crockery, or broken down furniture. There is a terrible lack of reverence among you; ay, and of truly reverend objects. Nobody seems to look up to anybody, or anything. Dollars and cents—dollars and

cents; they are, at once, your peerage, your art, your science, your religion.

W. the Elder. You atrocious old libeller, what do you mean? You'll be saying next that Niagara is a humbug.

Swift. I don't see much in it;—a good enough cascade for unwashed democrats; but the scenery about it is terribly flat and insipid.

W. the Elder. What the deuce would you have there? Mont Blanc? How absurdly you talk, doctor! As if mountain scenery wouldn't only injure the effect! What other arrangement could half so well set off the beauty and majesty of the cataract? Ah, you're evidently bilious, Dean, and out of humor; or perhaps you haven't been received with that *eclat*, that you think was due to your genius.

Swift. Oh, no, no; I have been pretty well received upon the whole.

W. the Elder. Something sticks in your crop, I'm sure. Somebody has been giving you a rap over the knuckles. Is it not so?

Swift. Not at all, not at all. To be sure, I heard some pretty plain talk about myself, a few evenings since.

W. the Elder. Ah!

Swift. Yes, I was abused in good round terms, for a full hour and a half.

W. the Elder. Indeed!

Swift. And, what's more, I had to pay a crown at the door, for the privilege of hearing it all. Think of that, Master Brook.

W. the Elder. Why, is it possible that any yankee could be so—

Swift. Ah, that's the worst of it. It was no yankee, but a countryman of my own, confound him; let's see—what the deuce was his name? Whack—Whack—*Whack-away*; an individual who has been going about, lecturing in these parts, of late. You must know all about him, surely.

W. the Elder. Whack-away? Poh, poh; you mean Thackeray. He *does* whack away, sure enough, and in magnificent style, too, at the follies and vices of his brethren. Thackeray, Thackeray; a large ruddy man, with a white head, and spectacles, standing some seven feet six, in his stockings? No!

Swift. The very fellow, and be hanged to him!

W. the Elder. A capital lecture, that, Doctor.

Swift. You heard the libel, did you?

W. the Elder. To be sure I did, and wouldn't have missed it for a good deal. Rather hard on you, old boy, though, I must say; and as it struck me, most unreasonably, savagely so.

Swift. Curse his impudence! Why, he wouldn't

allow me a solitary virtue; no, not even that of filial piety; whereas, Heaven knows, if I was nothing else, I was, at least, a good son.

W. the Elder. You were so, Doctor; and more than that,—you gave away a large part of your income in charity every year, if I remember rightly.

Swift. Indeed I did.

W. the Elder. Oh, well; perhaps the lecturer, if the truth were known, had a little lurking jealousy of your superior reputation and vigor, as a satirist. He certainly spoke most handsomely, though, of some of your contemporaries, Doctor; and, above all, of Fielding. A most delicious tribute, that. I could have hugged him for it.

Swift. What, Harry Fielding? A broth of a boy, wasn't he?

W. the Elder. One of the most glorious geniuses God ever sent to bless the earth.

Swift. And yet, do you know, that when I ventured to introduce his name at a recent spiritual manifestation, nearly every mortal present protested against him, as altogether too gross a writer for this pure and enlightened age.

W. the Elder. What a set of pharisaical coxcombs!

Swift. I thought so, and away I flew, instantan. But we are rather neglecting our Athenian friend,

here. Heavens, how glum he looks! He's in the brownest kind of a brown study, evidently.

W. the Elder. Yes, indeed. Oh, how I should love to secure a daguerreotype, now.

Swift. Holloa! my merry Greek,—what are you brooding over? An obolus for your thoughts.

Tim. Bah, bah, bah!

Swift. What's the matter? Do you see a group of ghostly creditors in the distance? What is it that annoys you thus?

Tim. Oh, let me go—let me go.

W. the Elder. Whither away, old friend?

Tim. Back to my den. Don't keep me here, in torment. Out upon it, that we spirits should be compelled to dance attendance thus, on a set of paltry earth-worms!

Swift. Come, come, Timon; now we *are* here, let's make a day of it. Millions of olympiads may elapse, before another such pleasant little party gets together again.

Tim. I hope it may, with all my heart.

Swift. Oh, don't be so infernally acid. What entertainments have you to offer, old host? What is there at the theatre to-night?

W. the Elder. Let's see. Ah, here's a pleasant little piece; it would suit Timon to a T, I should say.

Swift. What do they call it?

W. the Elder. The *Six Degrees of Crime*. By the way, old ghost, how many degrees must a fellow go through, before he comes out an A No. 1 Devil? You ought to know, by this time.

Tim. Only keep on in the road you are now traveling, and you'll be pretty sure to find out.

Swift. You had better let him alone, landlord. But what's this? *Pauline*, *Pauline*; that certainly has a far more cheerful sound than the other.

W. the Elder. Cheerful, say you? A perfect ragout of horrors; some exquisite acting in it, though.

Swift. What do they do in it?

W. the Elder. What don't they do? chop each other up, shoot each other down, poison, bury alive, and all the other little delicacies of the season; and all in such a *comme il faut*, quiet, lady-like way. The hero of the piece is the most infernal, and at the same time, well-dressed, gentlemanly scoundrel, I ever saw on the boards.

Tim. Let's go. I think I could relish an entertainment of that sort, amazingly.

W. the Elder. Well, it's pleasant to see you brightening up at last. By the way—it's too late, though, to-day

Tim. How?

W. the Elder. I *did* think, for a moment, of asking you for a sun-painted copy of those features of yours. They would look so nicely alongside of that Flora, yonder.

Tim. Get out, you infernal old—

Swift. Come, come, friends; do be decent. Let's be off. I'm tired of sitting.

W. the Elder. Whenever you say, Gulliver. Come, Timon; why can't you be sociable, just for this once?

Tim. Well, well; I suppose I must humor you.
[*Exeunt.*]

JOHN SMITH—SYDNEY SMITH.

W. the Elder. Capt. Smith, how are you, how have you been? This is an honor of the very first water, I assure you. Indeed, I don't know a ghost in all history, or in all space, whose presence here could give me greater pleasure. Come, sit down, old fellow, and tell us all about yourself and travels.

John S. Do give a spectre time to breathe, man.

W. the Elder. I beg your pardon, Captain. Don't hurry yourself. I took it for granted, however, that an old and hardened traveler like you, didn't mind a journey of this kind, occasionally. But perhaps a wee drop of *Schiedam* might—

John S. Nothing for me, I'm obliged to you.

W. the Elder. Well, where are you from last,

and how are they all there? You left Pocahontas well, I trust, and the youngsters. A ghost of your enterprise, John, and roving propensities, must of course have a good deal to say for himself. Come, now, give us a little of your spiritual experience; that's a dear spectre.

John S. Well, you are a free and easy old fellow, I must say; but what in the name of aged Nicholas do you want any of my yarns for? Why am I here at all, anyhow? What is the reason of the present invocation? Holloa, what old folio is this? And these manuscripts, too? You are surely not romantic enough, old gentleman, to be bringing out a new edition of my *History of Virginia*? Eh, how is it?

W. the Elder. Oh, no; I can't afford any such luxury as that, I assure you.

John S. Well, may be you are writing my life, and want more copious and authentic information, than your lying predecessors had, or cared to have? Ah, that's it, evidently. You look guilty. Well, well, there's nothing like going to headquarters, certainly. Here I am; pump away. To be sure, it is rather absurd for a ghost, to be giving his biographer the particulars of his earthly career, two centuries after it's all over. Never mind that, though; go ahead. While I'm here, too, hadn't you better

secure my likeness, and so have the genuine article, to face the title page?

W. the Elder. Why, Captain, how you talk! I assure you, upon my honor, I am not engaged upon any biography of yourself. I would not presume to handle a subject so entirely beyond my powers. And then again, between ourselves, I can't help doubting whether such a performance, however well done, would begin to pay expenses.

John S. I suppose not. I'm altogether too much of a fogie, and fighting character, to go down, in these days. Is it not so?

W. the Elder. No, that's not it; but somehow or other, there don't seem to be a rage, just now, for the lives of great benefactors. Washington himself, rather drags in the market, I'm told.

John S. The deuce he does!

W. the Elder. *Jack Sheppard, Tom Crib, The Wandering Jew*, they are the boys to make the money for the publishers! *John Marshall*, on the other hand, is the veriest lumber; he positively hasn't reached his *third twentieth* yet, though his memoirs have been out almost as many years; while *Monte Cristo* is already on his *five hundredth thousandth*. So, at least, I have been informed. Ah, no, Captain, it was for no such selfish purpose that I presumed to ask the honor of your company here;

but simply because of my most profound and hearty admiration of your character, and of a natural wish to profit by any little spiritual small-talk, that you might feel disposed to indulge me with. That, and knowing, besides, how wonderfully the facilities for ghostly travel have been multiplied, of late, all over the universe, emboldened me to—But I fear I have taken too great a liberty.

John S. Not at all, not at all.

W. the Elder. How fortunate, that my dispatch should have found you at home, and unoccupied; a ghost of your restless nature, too! But come now, my dear friend, open your budget. What's the best news from spirit-land? Where have you been roaming lately? What new worlds have you been exploring, what continents have you been christening, rivers tracing to their fountains? What ruffians, robbers, pirates, have you been exterminating? What stronghold have you been capturing? What lovely creatures have you been rescuing from captivity, or been rescued by? Come, let's have all the delicious particulars.

John S. Well, well, well, I should think I was a witness upon the stand, from the way you pour in the interrogatories. Gently, gently, if you please. Besides, old gentleman, I don't feel at liberty to an-

swer questions of this sort. Confine yourself to terrestrial topics, if you please.

W. the Elder. You needn't be so squeamish about it, Captain. Several of your spiritual brethren, let me tell you, who have done me the favor of a call lately, have discovered no such unwillingness to speak on these subjects, but, on the contrary, have made some very interesting disclosures.

John S. I am sorry to hear it. I must say that I consider all such statements both improper and injudicious. Still, I don't want to be unreasonable, or unsociable.

Sydney S. [without.] Holloa, there! where are you? How are Pennsylvania Securities?

John S. Why, who the deuce may this be?

W. the Elder. A namesake of yours, and a tip-top fellow, I tell you.

Sydney S. [without.] Do you pay your interest yet?

W. the Elder. To be sure we do. Come in, come in.

Sydney S. [without.] Are you quite certain that there is no repudiation left among you?

W. the Elder. Concern your picture, no. We pay up, like men.

Sydney S. [without.] Enough said. [He enters.]

W. the Elder. Well, I'm embarrassed, I confess.

I was on the point of saluting you, in my prettiest and heartiest manner ; but confound it, old boy, this arrogant dictation of yours, as to the terms on which you accept my invitation, I don't altogether like, I must say. You *are* a ghost of business, with a vengeance !

Sydney S. Pshaw, man, I was only quizzing. Don't be so touchy.

W. the Elder. Oh, well, that alters the case. Putting your remarks, though, in connection with that saucy letter you wrote us yankees, on the subject, just before leaving the body, I was misled somewhat, I confess.

Sydney S. But you ought to know fun from earnest, by this time. You look venerable enough, certainly.

W. the Elder. And *you* ought to know that that is one of the most difficult of all branches of earthly knowledge. But it seems to me that, for a ghost, you are mightily interested in our State Stocks. However, there's the money article of yesterday. Look for yourself.

Sydney S. Oh, hang the money article ? Is it so strange, though, that I *should* be interested in Pennsylvania Fives ? Haven't I dear representatives left behind me, in old England, who are large holders of them, and of Ohio 6's likewise ?

W. the Elder. Have you, indeed ? Lucky dogs they are ; that's all I can say. I wish *I* had a plum or so laid out in that safe and pleasant way. And they always *were* good stocks, too, let me tell you, Mr. Reviewer ; and you made a most unjustifiable and absurd onslaught—

Sydney S. Come, come, old fellow, don't undertake to apologise for repudiation.

W. the Elder. I don't ; but recollect that there are two sides to that story, if you please. Recollect that you English capitalists would persist in thrusting your surplus funds upon us, willy nilly ; that you did all you could to keep alive that speculative spirit, that you afterwards cursed us for, so savagely. Yes, I think you were about as much to blame in that business, as we were, if the truth were known.

Sydney S. Pshaw, don't talk in that unprincipled style. Speculation's one thing, swindling another.

W. the Elder. Swindling ?

John S. Boys, boys, don't get excited now, talking finance or politics. Do change the subject, I beg of you. Why, Sydney, don't you know me ?

Sydney S. Why, God bless me, Jack, is that you ? My dear fellow, how are you ? [*They hug most fraternally.*] But what, in the name of wonder,

are you making a spiritual manifestation here, for? By the way, Smith, what ever became of Jones?

John S. Jones? what Jones?

Sydney S. Why, don't you remember, you were talking very earnestly with Paul Jones, the last time I saw you? He appeared to be in great trouble, you know, about that bucca—

John S. Hush, hush, hush. We mustn't speak of these things before human beings.

Sydney S. True, true, I forgot.

W. the Elder. Messrs. Smith, you seem to be old cronies.

Sydney S. To be sure, we are. Thank the stars for it, too! I consider the acquaintance of John Smith, yes, *the* John Smith of the billions and billions of the universe, one of the most unqualified treats, that—

John S. Come, Sydney, none of your palaver, now.

Sydney S. But, Jack, you haven't told me what business brings you to Yankee land.

John S. No business; I am merely accepting the polite invitation of our old host here. Not being particularly engaged at the time, and having, moreover, received a similar kind message, just before, to come and see some descendants, at *Monticello*, I thought I couldn't do better than to respond in per-

son, and in a word, here I am, *en route* for the Old Dominion.

W. the Elder. What, are you actually going to old Virginny, Captain?

John S. I am, indeed.

W. the Elder. You will be warmly welcomed there.

John S. I expect they'll make a good deal of fuss with me. But come, Sydney, suppose you go along.

Sydney S. No, I believe not. Besides, I don't altogether like the idea of going amongst slave-holders.

John S. Why, you old Pharisee! How dare you put on any such airs as those? Slave-holders, indeed!

W. the Elder. We'll drop the slavery question, if you please, ghosts.

Sydney S. What, do you mean to stop my mouth, old fellow? No, indeed. I'm in the habit of speaking my mind, pretty freely, wherever I go, let me tell you.

John S. Come, come, namesake, you're wrong, quite wrong, in this affair. It certainly was not courteous in you, under the circumstances, to introduce a topic that you know is a very painful and exciting one.

Sydney S. Well, well, I ask pardon.

John S. But what brings *you* to America, old Edinburgh?

Sydney S. Well, I came here expressly, and by invitation, to spend a week with this yankee medium; but if he's going to flare up so, at every little word I say, I think I had better be returning forthwith.

W. the Elder. Oh, no, no, no; we'll get along well enough, I reckon, after we've found each other out. Besides, if we *do* flare up somewhat, and break a dozen or two of crockery, occasionally, I shan't mind it. Anything but your sulky people! Yes, Captain, I did invite the great reviewer here, expressly to let him see some of our yankee improvements, and what giant strides we have been making, in all the honorable walks of life, since he used to write those biting, merciless criticisms about us, some thirty years ago.

Sydney S. Well, I don't think I was so very merciless. I gave you credit for many good points.

W. the Elder. Not merciless? And do you pretend to have forgotten that outrageously impertinent string of queries, that you tacked at the end of that grossly inaccurate article of yours, in the year 1820?

Sydney S. Inaccurate, say you? Gospel truth, every word of it, when I wrote it; and, by George,

I doubt whether you can answer many of those very questions, *now*, at all satisfactory. Yes, I repeat it. Where *are* your Foxes, your Burkes, your Sheridans, your Wilberforces? Where your Arkwrights, your Watts', your Davys? Where your Stewarts, Paleys, and Malthuses? Your Parrs and Porsons? Your Scotts, Campbells, and Byrons? Your Siddons', Keans, and Kembles, eh? There may possibly be a half dozen yankee books, worth looking into, but who *does* ever go to see your pictures? Who ever thinks of consulting your doctors, or chemists, or of going to your telescopes for new stars? Who *does* drink out of your glasses, or eat from your plates, or wear your garments, or sleep in your blankets? Answer me that.

W. the Elder. Why, confound your mendacious and bigoted old soul! I ask, in return, where are not our Clays, and Calhouns, and Websters known and honored? Our Channings, our Everetts, our Choates, our Careys, our Fultons, and Morses? Who has *not* heard of our Bowditches, our Barnes's, and our Anthons? To whom is the fame of our divine Allston a stranger, or our glorious Cole? What palace might not be proud to receive the historical pictures of our Weir, or our Leutze, or the landscapes of our Durand, our Church, our Gignoux, or the Scripture-pieces of our Huntington? Who

knows not the wonderful works of our Powers, our Crawford, our Greenough? Who has *not* read the magnificent verse of our Bryant, the sparkling lays of our Halleck, the exquisite creations of our Drake? Half a dozen yankee books, say you? What monstrous arrogance! Is Irving nothing, then, and Paulding, and the world-searching Cooper, and Prescott, and Bancroft, and Dewey, and Ware, and Dana, and Emerson, and Hawthorne, and Longfellow, and Holmes, and a whole Directory full of choice spirits besides? To sneer at our doctors and surgeons, too! Why, who can begin to saw off a leg with us yankees? Who first applied Ether to surgery? Who made dentistry a science? Who brought to light the virtues of India Rubber? In astronomy, too; let the Observatory of Old Harvard speak; let Mitchell answer your impertinent questions. Ghost that you are, I doubt whether you know much more than he does, this very minute, of what's going on in the skies. But you *do* know, old fellow, though it galls your John Bull pride too much, to acknowledge it, that we are fast taking the shine out of you English, in all sorts of manufactures, and that millions *are* already drinking out of yankee glasses, and eating from yankee plates, and snoring in yankee blankets. The idea of your ridiculing our coats, is too absurd! Why, don't your cockney tailors

have to come to America, for the very shears they ply, and is there a man-maker of them all, can turn out a garment, to be named in the same age or system; with those of our Philadelphia artists! Is—

Sydney S. Oh, don't stop to take breath. Dash on; keep moving.

W. the Elder. But ain't I right? Are we not going ahead of you, in all arts, fine and useful? Can you, to-day, show clippers with us, or steamers, or clocks, or cheese, or hams, or pippins, or confectionery? Have you any such oratory to produce, either in the pulpit, or in the senate, or on the stump? No, any more than you have any such rivers, or prairies, or banking privileges.

Sydney S. One article, I confess, you *do* beat us in all hollow.

W. the Elder. Do we, indeed? And what may that be?

Sydney S. Self-glorification. But, my old friend, why so sensitive? Why take me up so fiercely? I was only half in earnest, I assure you. I do not pretend to deny the progress of your nation in all these fine things, or to ignore the existence of all these bright boys, that you have just named; wits, artists, poets, essayists. I knew some of them in the flesh. I've had my old terrestrial legs, more than once, I can tell you, under the same mahogany

with Irving, and Prescott, and other of your choice spirits. Glorious fellows they are. I've no doubt, either, that you *will*, in time, beat old Alma Mater, in pretty much every department of thought and action, any more than I doubt that she is, herself, far more civilized and christianized, to-day, than she was when old Father John, here, first went out to Virginia, on colonial business. But meanwhile, old gentleman, I must and will say, that there are a great many things in this broad land of yours, that I don't like at all; yes, follies, vices, crimes, that call for all the lashing of the satirist, all the thunders of the pulpit. Don't be alarmed, now. I'm not going to preach a sermon on slavery. I consider my mouth stopped on that subject, while I am under your roof. Nor do I mean to favor you with a philippic on tobacco-juice; especially after the exhausting way in which brother-spectre Hamilton treated that topic, when in the flesh.

John S. Well, what is your text? Come, *Sydney*, hurry up your discourse, for I must be off presently.

Sydney S. I'm not going to preach, I tell you. I'm here as a guest, not as a parson. None the less, however, are there materials for at least half a dozen barrels of—

W. the Elder. Oh, hang this vague and general abuse; the items, the items, if you please.

Sydney S. Items, say you? Can I turn my ghostly head, without seeing them? And, as you insist upon it, I will glance at them for a moment. Imprimis, then; you are always in such an infernal hurry, all of you, and about everything, that there's no comfort, either for ghost or mortal, among you. You don't stop to do anything right; either to eat, or drink, or cook, or build, or plant, or paint, or write, or legislate, like christians. You can't wait, either to season your timber, or to test your iron; no, nor even to put steeples on your churches. You are always rushing after results, before their time; always anticipating your debts, and your crops, and disposing of your fruits, before they have fairly shown their blossoms; hurrying, hurrying to get rich, sacrificing thereto, all the proprieties and courtesies of life. If you knock a fellow down, or run over him, as you do continually, you've no time to apologise, much less to pick him up. In doors, or out of doors, it makes no difference; everywhere the same mad race with time. As to ever sitting out concert, play, or sermon, to the end, and then retiring in tranquil dignity, you never think of such a thing, but rush for the door, males and females alike, with a velocity, and want of decency truly porcine.

Nothing less than a mile a minute ever satisfies you, no matter how sublime or beautiful the scenery you may be traveling amongst; no—

W. the Elder. Hold on, hold on; you are rattling away yourself, here, like a perfect locomotive. What's the use now, old fellow, of serving up all this Trollope and Fiddler abuse, over again? You know, that—however, go ahead.

Sydney S. Item; you are so absurdly thin-skinned and sensitive; so afraid of the criticisms of those very cockneys that you affect to despise; so greedy of applause; so unwilling to admit your inferiority in those arts, and studies, and amenities, that are inherent in courts, and cannot, in the nature of things, co-exist with democracy; so enamored of those very pomps and vanities that you have openly renounced; so meanly deferential to titled foplings, while you turn your backs upon the true sons of genius; so—

W. the Elder. Well, well, that is a strange charge, that last, for an English ghost to prefer; go on, though.

Sydney S. Item; so bellicose and aggressive, withal; so ready to thrust your institutions upon your neighbors, and, at the same time, so jealous of any fancied encroachment, on their part; so furious, too, at any imagined insult to your flag, or tardy

recognition of your rights, or position among nations; so bent on having exclusive control over all the seas and islands around you, without regard either to equity or courtesy;—

W. the Elder. Ay, and we mean to keep out you interlopers to the end of the chapter.

Sydney S. Item; and the last and saddest of all that I shall allude to; you are so frightfully reckless, in all your transactions; so indifferent to the value of human life; so criminally negligent in seeing your laws enforced, while you are eternally making new and impracticable ones. You may boast of your freedom, indeed, but are you not virtually at the mercy of a set of ruffians, who murder you by scores, every week almost, on all the rivers and railroads of your land? Is it not horrible, to think of the impunity, with which these wretches ply their murderous trade, in your midst; escaping almost invariably, with a mere nominal investigation into their enormities? To think, too, of the ease with which *any* unpalatable statute may be evaded by the rich transgressor; of the terrible power everywhere wielded, the abject homage everywhere paid to Mammon among you?

W. the Elder. Too true, too true; we are indeed most vulnerable, most culpable in this regard. Your criticism, my friend, is just, perfectly just, and I

honor you for the bold and hearty way in which you have made it. And so with the other items ; there is quite too much foundation in truth for your allegations.

Sydney S. Still, my old friend, as I said before, I am not at all disposed to overlook the bright side of—

W. the Elder. I know that, I know that ; and I like you all the better, my big-hearted and big-fisted brother, for your frankness. I always *did* like you, and look up to you, as a tip-top critic, and right royal reviewer : an invincible foe to cant and gammon of all sorts, and a true friend to your-oppressed and down-trodden brethren.

Sydney S. Heartily said, and I hope truly so. I certainly *did* try to do some good, and to open some eyes, in my little day and generation.

John S. Well, brethren, I'm sorry to tear myself away from such pleasant company, but I must positively be off.

W. the Elder. Why, Captain, you don't call this a visit?

John S. Oh, no ; but I thought I would look in upon my Virginia friends first, and then spend a day or two with you, on my return.

W. the Elder. As you think best. You are always welcome, you know.

Sydney S. Speaking of gammon, landlord, I see a board under the table yonder. So, suppose we drop sermons and criticisms for a while, and have a game or two before dinner.

W. the Elder. Agreed.

John S. Well, good bye, boys.

W. the Elder. Good bye ; don't forget me, now, as you fly by. [*Exit John Smith ; Sydney Smith and W. the Elder sit down to a social game of back-gammon.*]

LUCIAN.—LAMB.

W. the Elder. But, Lucian, I don't see why you should talk so; still less, express yourself so contemptuously on the occasion. I am only doing, in a small, yankee way, what you yourself did, on a great scale, and with such eclat, when living.

Lucian. Poh, poh! I tell you again, I don't believe in ghosts.

W. the Elder. How?

Lucian. No; and I look upon these same spiritual manifestations of yours as the most thorough and unmitigated humbugs.

W. the Elder. Well, you *are* a consistent spectre, truly! If I had known, though, that you were in such an ungenial, uncommunicative humor, I shouldn't have troubled you with an invitation of

this nature; much less, have asked such distinguished and delightful company to meet you.

Lucian. I really ask your pardon, old gentleman; but the truth is, your dispatch came at rather an inopportune moment, finding me, as it did, overwhelmed with pecuniary liabilities, that—

W. the Elder. I am very sorry to hear it; not to any large amount, I trust. Can I be of any service? Don't hesitate to call on me,—but I forget. Of course, our terrestrial currencies and securities are not recognized in other orbs.

Lucian. I fear not; though I thank you none the less for your kind offer. But, hang the debts! Here I am, and, by all the laws of good breeding, I am bound to make myself agreeable. But where is this same pleasant company, that you were speaking of?

W. the Elder. Well, he certainly ought to have been here before this time.

Lucian. He? Who?

W. the Elder. Why, who *should* it be, old fellow, but glorious Charles Lamb, himself. You'll be charmed with him, Lucian, I'm sure.

Lucian. Lucifer love us, you don't say so!

W. the Elder. You know him, then, do you?

Lucian. Don't I? Why do you stare? Wouldn't

it be strange if I didn't? Two such mad wags—but here he comes, now. [*Enter Lamb.*]

W. the Elder. My revered friend, I am overjoyed at this honor.

Lamb. Don't say that, don't say that. Why, holloa, Lucian, my boy, is that you? My dear brother fun-and-pun-maker, how are you, how are you?

Lucian. Welcome to America, Charles.

W. the Elder. But, Elia dear, what kept you so? I began to give you up.

Lamb. Well, I suppose I must attribute the delay, partially to your own rascally handwriting, and partially to my own still more rascally geography. I never *was* much of a traveler, you know, either.

W. the Elder. Well, well, here you are at last, and we must make the most of you. You are in for a good long visit, are you not?

Lamb. Yes; I intend to spend the entire day and evening with you.

W. the Elder. Day and evening?

Lamb. Not another minute can I spare, my old friend, so there's no use in talking about it. I have but a week's leave of absence, and to-morrow's dawn must find me in dear London.

W. the Elder. As you will; beggars must not be choosers. To come at all, was so kind and condescending, that—

Lamb. I beg your pardon; I was right glad to come. Not for the journey, however; as I said before, I'm no traveler; but, to tell the honest truth, I needed a change.

W. the Elder. How?

Lamb. Yes, for, *inter nos*, and in the strictest confidence, I was right down tired of playing angel.

Lucian. Fie, fie, Charles, how *can* you talk so?

Lamb. The confession is a disgraceful one, I admit, and of course must go no farther; but so it is, dear friends, so it is. Yes, many times, of late, and in the very heyday of the heavenly festivities, have my unworthy thoughts wandered back, to the roast beef and plum-pudding of earth; have recalled, with guilty fondness, its old pipes and pots; have been wicked enough (shame on them for it), to prefer its dear old Wednesday evenings, to all the sunshine, and music, and flowers around me. But bless me, what is it that smells so savory? Pig, pig, as I'm a sinner.

W. the Elder. To be sure it is. Do you suppose that I would ask you to my house, and not have your own pet dish on the table? No, indeed. *Such* a pig, too! one that Saint Anthony himself might have been proud to have given his blessing to; come and take a look at it; one of the sweetest little darlings, I assure you, that was ever nursed in old

Westchester. On further reflection, however, our cook is rather an impulsive creature, and might not altogether relish such a visit.

Lamb. Well, well, if the pig itself relishes, that's the great point.

W. the Elder. The *egg hot*, too, Charles, I've seen to that, and have got, moreover, some of the finest tobacco in all Virginia.

Lamb. Why, this is really a most kind and gratifying reception.

W. the Elder. But our Greek brother, here, what says he to these arrangements? He may not be so fond, perhaps, of his pork and his pipe, as—

Lucian. Oh, yes, yes; nothing comes amiss to me. Besides, I always *was* fond of pork and beans. It was a favorite Saturday dish of ours, in Ephesus, eighteen centuries ago. We used to wash it down with sparkling Lesbian, I remember; after which, a first-rate *Smyrna*, or *Samosata* segar—

W. the Elder. Segar?

Lucian. Certainly, segar; or else a pipe of real old Egyptian tobacco, would come in, with decided gusto, I tell you.

W. the Elder. Holloa, holloa, holloa! Do you really mean to say, Lucian, that smoking was practised on earth, in your day?

Lucian. Why, what's the matter with you? Of

course it was, with all the rest of the small vices. We ancients were not such greenhorns as you think.

W. the Elder. Your authorities, your authorities, if you please, Mr. Ghost, for so startling a statement.

Lamb. Come, come, boys, no archæology to-day, if you love me.

Lucian. So say I; of all branches of learning, the most stupid and unsatisfactory.

Lamb. Yes, and then these antiquaries lie so remorselessly.

Lucian. To be sure they do; and if there's anything under heaven that wounds your sensitive nature, Charles, more than another, it is this same disposition to equivocate, and mystify, even in jest.

Lamb. It is; indeed. Besides, my dear host, don't it stand to reason, that a vice so important and delightful, must have been among the very earliest discoveries? It's as old as Ararat, depend upon it.

W. the Elder. If you say so, Elia, I'm satisfied; at the same time, never having read about any such thing, in any of the old books, or having seen any pipes in the mouths of the figures in the old frescoes, or in the Pompeian or Herculanean collections; finding no such article, either, in brother Abbott's famous Egyptian gallery, or any mention made

thereof, in the accounts of the recent Nineveh diggings, is it at all strange, my friend, that I *should* have expressed some little surprise, on the occasion?

Lamb. Certainly not, certainly not; but I assure you, friend Lucian, here, is a ghost of altogether too much principle, to mislead you on such a point.

W. the Elder. No doubt of it.

Lamb. But, my dear Yankee admirer, to change the subject, you seem to have very snug, pleasant little quarters here.

W. the Elder. A mere nutshell of a place.

Lamb. Very cozy, though; well booked, well pictured, too. Ah, there's my dear friend, John Philip; capital likeness it is, too; and his divine sister; Harlow has hardly done her justice, though.

W. the Elder. That's a good likeness of Charles, in the corner.

Lamb. Ah, you knew him, did you?

W. the Elder. Yes, he was the only one of the brothers that I have ever seen in the body. I saw John in the spirit, a few weeks since, and found him very agreeable.

Lamb. The deuce you did!

W. the Elder. Yes, and what's more, he favored me with some magnificent recitations from Hamlet

Lamb. You don't say so. A glorious perform-

ance that, old boy. But, holloa, whose head have we here?

W. the Elder. That's Webster.

Lamb. What, glorious John?

W. the Elder. No, no; not glorious John, but godlike Dan.

Lamb. How? Oh, yes, yes; you mean the author of the dictionary.

W. the Elder. Poh, poh! none of your fun.

Lamb. I'm not in fun, I assure you.

W. the Elder. What, is it possible, Charles, that you are so ignorant of our Dan, black Dan, the greatest American manufacture we yankees ever turned out? You alike amaze and mortify me. He who was so sublime on Bunker's Hill, so unspeakably great in his reply to Hayne; you surely must have read that speech, my friend: think, think a moment.

Lamb. Upon my soul, I can't recall it.

W. the Elder. Well, well, it isn't so strange, perhaps, after all.

Lamb. A magnificent head, though, by Jove; such majesty, such sweetness, too!

W. the Elder. Well, I'm glad you appreciate that, at any rate.

Lamb. I do, indeed; I never met a finer, in all

my experience, earthly or spiritual. But, holloa, what folios have you got there, my boy? Anything in the dramatic line, eh?

W. the Elder. Oh, nothing worth showing.

Lamb. Let's see. Ah, *Beaumont and Fletcher*; the first edition, too; call you that nothing?

W. the Elder. Well, it *would* be something, if it were not so frightfully ragged and mutilated.

Lamb. *Ben Jonson*, too, and old Father *Bayle*, and brother *Burton*; why, I see lots of old friends here. Ah, by George, *Lucian*, here you are, with all the honors.

Lucian. Where, where?

Lamb. Why, those four fat fellows, there, with the buff backs, and crimson linings. Confound it, ghost, don't you know your own productions, when you see them?

Lucian. [*examines the volumes.*] Well, this is fame, by Jupiter; to be read in the original, at this time of day, and by a yankee, too!

W. the Elder. I ask your pardon, *Lucian*, but truth compels me to set you right, on one point; for, though I am the bona fide owner of the work in question, my acquaintance with you has been purely through the Anglo-Saxon.

Lucian. But, holloa, holloa!

Lamb. What's the matter now?

Lucian. Why, there are things here that I never had anything to do with, under heaven.

Lamb. Ah?

Lucian. *Scraps from Satan's Table*; what the devil's that? that's no work of mine; *Sociability of the Cockroach*; *Have we a Hannibal among us*; *Upper Crust of the Upper Ten*; confound it, I never wrote any such trash as this. *Dialogues of the Dead*; that's all right enough; *Chit-Chat of the Gods*; so is that, though not exactly the title I gave it; and so on; but then, again, I see no indications whatever, in the Index, of other of my works, and, above all, of either of my famous masterpieces.

Lamb. And what may they have been?

Lucian. Why, my *Eulogy on Nero*, of course, and my *Tribute to Domitian*. This is really too provoking.

Lamb. Oh, don't be so sensitive about it.

Lucian. But we authors have a right to be sensitive. How infernally corrupt the text is, too! Who is this rascally editor, who is misrepresenting me thus to posterity? Hemsterhuys, Hemsterhuys? Do you know him, landlord? How I should love to give him a bit of my mind, now!

W. the Elder. I have not the pleasure of his acquaintance.

Lucian. Have you ever run against such a fellow, Charles?

Lamb. I dare say; some schnapps-swilling, gerund-grinding, Dutch ghost, of course. But hang Hemsterhuys! Ah, what little work have we here? *Lowell as it was, and as it is*; what is it all about, anyhow? Not an infidel production, I hope, old fellow; nothing in the style of *Volney's Ruins*, eh?

W. the Elder. Volney's fiddlesticks!

Lamb. Why, how the deuce should I know? I took it for granted, from the title, that it was the description of some old dead city on the Ganges, or the Rancocus, or the Oregon, may be.

W. the Elder. No dead city, nor on the Ganges, Charles; but a live and kicking one, on the Merri-mack; and it means to kick, too, harder and harder, every year, tariff or no tariff, for a good many centuries to come, I can tell you. Of course, though, a ghost so shamefully ignorant of Webster, would hardly be at home among the Lowell girls.

Lucian. *Brisbane on Association*; what the deuce may that be?

W. the Elder. Ah, there's a work after Charles's own heart.

Lamb. Indeed! let's have a peep. Not a very superb outside, though, I must say. By heavens,

what a magnificent palace, for a frontispiece! What is it, the White House?

W. the Elder. Why, Charles, you don't seem to have your usual critical acumen, to-day! The idea of putting a Democratic Republican president in lodgings like those! Ah, no; that's a Spanish chateau of brother B.'s own construction.

Lucian. A splendid affair, truly; far ahead of anything we Ephesians or Romans ever got up.

W. the Elder. Just such a structure will, ere long, he says, cheer and decorate every county on earth.

Lamb. That's pleasant news, anyhow; but what's this, on the title-page? *The last of crimes which is forgiven, is that of announcing new truths.* Well, I confess, I hardly see the connection between the remark and the picture. If it was a prison, now—but what else does he say here? *The serie distributes the harmonies of the universe.* Ah, that's too deep for me. My ghostly brother, have the goodness to ray out a little light here, if you please.

Lucian. [after sundry repetitions of the phrase.] I've none to shed; my spiritual education hasn't got to that, yet.

W. the Elder. Oh, well, Charles, take the volume

with you. Some leisure day in heaven, perhaps, you may possibly puzzle it out.

Lamb. You quite overwhelm me, my friend, with your kindness; and indeed, no heavenly library ought to be without a copy. But what else have we here? *Nile Notes, by William Wilberforce; Practical View, by a Howadji;—*

W. the Elder. Do for goodness' sake, put on your spiritual spectacles, Charles. What an absurd blunder, to be sure!

Lamb. True, true; I'm mixing up matters here most shamefully. But here's a novelty for a ghost; *Notes and Emendations to the text of Shakspeare's Plays. Collier.* Is it possible, they haven't got through tinkering and trifling with dear Will's lines yet?

W. the Elder. So it seems; these, however, profess to be old emendations, made by a cotemporary, and in a copy of the folio of 1632.

Lamb. Ridiculous! some forgery, of course.

W. the Elder. I've no doubt of it, myself. Some of our literary wise-acres are going crazy about it, however.

Lomb. But is there any merit in it? How long has it been out, pray?

W. the Elder. Just out; the trumpets are blowing, moreover, and the book selling, like wild-fire.

As to the emendations themselves, some, certainly, are very ingenious, and others, again, very childish. But what's *my* opinion? If *you* would only take the volume, now, my dear ghost, and jot down a few spiritual remarks, I should be most proud to be the medium of communicating them to mortals.

Lamb. Oh, I can't stop for that now. Besides, what signifies it to me? If I'm ever in any doubt about the text, haven't I the dear bard himself, to consult?

W. the Elder. True, true. You're quite a pet of his, Charles, I'm told.

Lamb. He *does* seem to have taken a notion to me. He was pleased to say, not long since, that I understood his ways and his words, rather better than any ghost he ever came in contact with, brother Coleridge, of course, always excepted.

W. the Elder. Ah, how is brother C., by the way, and what is he about?

Lamb. Well, he's the same brilliant, eloquent, fascinating creature as ever; always projecting, seldom performing.

W. the Elder. And what may his last literary project be?

Lamb. Well, he's been talking, lately, about getting out a new *Spiritual Theory of the Universe.*

W. the Elder. A pretty sizeable work, no doubt, when completed.

Lamb. About six hundred folios, I think I heard him say. But look here, old fellow, isn't there some danger that that pig will be a trifle scorched?

W. the Elder. Not at all, not at all; it will be a good half hour yet, before the innocent is ready for the altar.

Lamb. Well, you know best, of course. But I must say, my friend, this collection of yours, on closer inspection, is frightfully miscellaneous in its character, and moreover, wants sorting badly. Holloa, what shabby little volume is this, in the green paste-board and red back?—Some arithmetic, or obsolete spelling-book, I dare say.

W. the Elder. That, Charles, is a collection of very trashy and superficial essays, with the absurd name of *Elia* attached to them. You may have heard of the work, possibly.

Lamb. You don't tell me so. What, this whitey-brown, infamously printed, diabolically punctuated affair? Why, I was told that I was quite popular among you yankees.

Lucian. Look out, now, Charles, don't show any temper. Recollect your caution to me, just now.

Lamb. Yes; but such a downright, nasty edition as this,—

W. the Elder. Come, come, old fellow, don't kick that book, if you please. I've some dear associations connected with it, let me tell you. But if you really want to see yourself in more becoming costume, just raise your ghostly head a little, and look in that corner. There you are, you see, in a dear little niche all to yourself; a dozen strong, and in Moxon's prettiest style. [*Lamb takes up the Final Memorials.*]

Lamb. Ah, what have we here? And by dear brother Talfourd, too? [*He turns over a page or two, and then seems lost in thought.*]

Lamb. [*after a long pause.*] I ask pardon, my dear friends; but my mind was wandering in far-off, and not o'er happy regions. Let's—let's change the subject. But come, my old boy, how are you going to dispose of us, after dinner, eh? What diversions has this bustling town of yours to offer? What have you got at the play-house, to show a ghost? Holloa, what does that play-bill say, on the fence yonder? *Twelfth-Night*? By Jove, Lucian, we must go and see it.

Lucian. With all my heart.

W. the Elder. No, no, no.

Lamb. And why not? Ah, yes, I see how it is. You don't want to mortify me. To be sure, we Londoners used to get up Shakspeare pretty decently,

in my time, but you yankees have made such improvements since, as have put us quite in the shade. You don't want to hurt my national feelings, evidently.

W. the Elder. I beg your pardon. On the contrary, I do not wish to subject a ghost of your dramatic experience to any such severe trial.

Lamb. Indeed! I am sorry to hear you say that.

W. the Elder. Not but what we have, here and there, an actor of rare gifts, and truly Shaksperian conceptions; at the same time, there is not a company in all our broad land (and it grieves me to confess it, my friend), that can begin to interpret any one of the divine bard's plays, even respectably. Oh, no, Charles, a ghost that has seen what you have, at Covent Garden and Old Drury, and described it, too, so exquisitely, so deliciously, is not to be trifled with.

Lamb. Well, well; what's the after-piece?

W. the Elder. *The Toodles.* That, now, is worth seeing. There is a performer in it, who will really recall to you your own dear immortal Munden; quite as rare a humorist, and incomparable a face-maker. We'll look in there, in the course of the evening.

Lucian. Oh, hang the theatres! My advice is,

to make a social, chatty night of it, over our pipes, and our *Guinness*.

Lamb. As you please, boys, as you please. [*tumult within.*] Holloa, holloa, what's the trouble now? Something's going wrong, evidently, and I'm afraid that dear little cherub of a porker is at the bottom of it. Don't, for heaven's sake, let there be any disappointment in that quarter, my old friend. I've quite set my ghostly heart upon a bit of it.

W. the Elder. Confound that vixen of a cook! [*As he is going out, servant enters to announce dinner.*] All right, all right. Now, my lads, for a taste of the earthly paradise.

Lamb. After you, Lucian.

[*Exeunt.*]

FATHER NILE.—FATHER MISSISSIPPI.

Father M. How d'ye do, kinsman?

Father N. Why, my dear great-great-grandson and pitcher of a stream, how are you? What, in the name of wonder, brings you this way?

Father M. Well, the same business that brings you, I suppose; I come as a delegate to the great River and Harbor Convention, to be held, this blessed day, at the embouchure of our young friend, the Hudson. Don't your credentials tell the same story?

Father N. Verily, they do. Well, I'm right glad to mingle waters with you, once more. Bless my old soul, we haven't met before, I believe, since the great flood of—

Father M. Oh, never mind the dates, grandfather.

But, really, my dear kinsman, you must have left your bed right early this morning, to have got here already.

Father N. Yes, indeed; though I was never very famous for being an early riser; eh, my boy?

W. the Elder. [*aside.*] Why, what a couple of extraordinary visitors! I've no recollection of asking them here. I'd better be looking out for my life-preserver, I think.

Father N. Holloa there, mortal, who are you, and what are you about? I should think you had the hydrophobia, from your motions.

W. the Elder. Well, you *are* a cool stream, I must say. I'd have you to know, river-gods, that I am proprietor here.

Father M. Don't be touchy, now. We are only stopping our currents here, for a moment or two, on our way to the Convention.

W. the Elder. All right, all right. You meet to-day, do you?

Father M. We do, at high noon, precisely. But if you prefer our room to our company—

W. the Elder. Not at all, not at all; besides, it's some time to twelve, yet. So, slack water, old fellows, and be sociable. By the way, Father Nile, you must need some refreshment, after your long flow. I have some tip-top old Jamaica here, almost

as venerable as yourself. Allow me to make you acquainted.

Father N. Well, I don't care if I *do* run grog, for a few minutes.

W. the Elder. And what say you, Father M.?

Father M. No Jamaica for me, if you please. If you've got a little Monongahela handy, you may throw it in. [*W. the Elder does as desired.*]

Father N. Ah, I feel better, already. Well, Mississippi, how have you been, these ages past? How are all your tributaries, and why haven't you brought them with you?

Father M. Well, mine is a pretty large family, you know. The idea of bringing them all, was quite out of the question; and so, not wishing to make any odious distinctions, I thought it best to come alone. But where are your own branches, grand-sire?

Father N. Well, to say truth, I could neither afford to bring them, nor could they conveniently be spared from home.

Father M. How is Father Niger's health, this season?

Father N. He is very low, I'm sorry to say; his gravel complaint troubles him worse than ever.

Father M. Indeed! I'm right sorry to hear that. You are looking in pretty good case yourself.

Father N. Only tolerable.

Father M. Ah, what's been the matter?

Father N. Well, general debility; besides, I've had a touch of the strangury, now, more or less, for several summers back, which I needn't tell you, has been a source of a good deal of pain to myself, and of anxiety to Egypt. You were never troubled that way, I believe.

Father M. No; my ailments are of a very different sort. But do tell us, how are the rest of our Oriental brethren? Asia, I suppose, will be pretty fully represented in the Convention? No!

Father N. Very fairly; so, at least, old Hoang-ho told me, yesterday. China is deeply interested, he says, in the movement. Father Obi, too, intends to be present, and to lay before the meeting some very interesting details concerning the trade of Siberia.

Father M. From all that I can learn, I think we shall have quite an entertaining and instructive time of it. Father Oregon's report, of course, will be a very brilliant affair. Father St. Lawrence, too, it is said, has brought down quite a mass of useful information with him. Our fluent friend, the Paraguay, has got a good many useful suggestions to make, as usual, about the South American trade. Father Amazon, moreover, is full of good ideas on

the subject. Father Danube, who is to preside, they say has got a most sparkling inaugural all ready ; some passages in it, quite Websterian.

Father N. You, too, they tell me, are to favor us with a perfect torrent of statistics. Is it not so ?

Father M. I shall be heard from, depend upon it, if I get a chance. But your own paper, so says Father Thames, on *the Future of Africa*, will be, by all odds, the ablest document submitted to the Convention.

Father N. Drown Father Thames ! What should he know of my sentiments ? The sly dog, his motives in flattering me are too transparent, deep as he thinks himself. Confound the fellow ! If he could have his way, he would monopolize the navigation of the entire planet.

Father M. The old hypocrite ! But we'll stop his mouth for him, one of these days. A most interesting theme, however, kinsman ; the future of Africa : pray, how have you handled it ? Do you take a hopeful or a gloomy view of things ?

W. the Elder. [*aside.*] I'd better be getting out my papyrus ; I may possibly hear something worth reporting.

Father M. You surely have no idea of retiring from business yourself, and of leaving poor Egypt to—

Father N. Oh, no, no, no ; heaven forbid ! On the contrary, I look forward to a greatly improved state of trade and navigation, not only in my own waters, but throughout our continent. The main topic, however, of my memorial to the Convention, is the case of old Father Niger.

Father M. Ah ?

Father N. Yes ; both the old gentleman, and myself, are beginning to be quite concerned about the affair. 'Twas but a few days since, that he told me he was very anxious to have his troubles laid before the meeting, his ailments inquired into, his whereabouts explored ; in a word, he was dying to be restored to sound, wholesome, navigable condition, and to take his proper place among the business-rivers of the world ; that he was quite tired of flowing through a land of heathens and cannibals, and longed to see a little culture and commerce on his banks ; and so on, and so on. He was downright dolorous about it, I assure you.

Father M. Poor old fellow ! But wouldn't it have been better, kinsman, if he had come and made the appeal, in person ?

Father N. Certainly ; but, as I intimated to you before, he's quite too ill to leave his bed ; otherwise, he'd have been here without fail.

Father M. True, true; but what's to be done, pray?

Father N. Well, what I want is this (and that's the main burden of my song)—to have you American rivers lay your heads together in Convention, and bring the matter fairly before Great Father Jonathan. If the other powers choose to coöperate, well and good; still, individually, I should prefer to have neither Asiatic nor European intervention in the matter. I want you yankees to have all the glory of this business.

Father M. Ah, that's it, is it; a pretty scheme, certainly.

Father M. When this is done (and I consider it an enterprise as much within the means, as it is worthy the ambition, of your nation), there is another little affair, likewise, which I would like to have you Western boys help us along with.

Father M. And pray, what may that be?

Father N. Simply this; the uniting of the two streams by a judicious system of canals; a matter, also, alike feasible and desirable, and which, if wisely carried out, will not only reflect honor on American genius, and bring profit to American capital, but will give new life, new energy, new prospects to both our old African waters.

W. the Elder. [*aside.*] These are plans and disclosures, by George.

Father N. I have duly indicated, on a map annexed to the memorial, the routes that I consider the best and cheapest, for said canals; likewise a few desirable railroad routes; with estimates of the probable cost of constructing the works in question. [*Takes out and unfolds a large map of Central Africa.**]

Father M. Why, that is a beauty; so minute, too, apparently. But are you quite sure that all these feeders and tributaries actually exist? Hasn't the artist flattered nature somewhat?

Father N. I'll vouch for its accuracy, my boy. Of course, I've no time to enter into details now; especially as I shall have to go over the whole ground, before the Convention; but does not the merest glance convince you, both of the feasibility and the immense value to Africa, to the world, of an improvement of this nature?

* The Editor must here again regret the unpardonable negligence of his old friend, in not having procured a copy, or at least snatched some valuable hints, from the map above mentioned. Heaven only knows when such another opportunity will occur again. Such a transcript, too. It would have been worth a pretty penny, this very hour, to his descendants. Poor old soul it was just like him.

Father M. It certainly *has* a most plausible, fascinating look, on parchment. But, my old oriental friend, hold on a moment, if you please. Isn't this going to be a frightfully expensive operation? Holloa, what figures are these? *Probable total expenditure, twenty-seven hundred millions of dollars.*

W. the Elder. Whew! There's a pocket full of rocks for you!

Father N. What the deuce are you whistling about, mortal? I consider that sum a mere flea-bite, for a nation like yours.

Father M. Well, perhaps it *would* be so, if we hadn't sundry other little jobs on hand, and accounts to settle.

Father N. Of what nature, may I ask?

Father M. Well, in the first place, we've got a good deal of unfinished boundary business to dispose of, which will cost Uncle Samuel a good deal, in the way of dinners and grog bills; then there's the enlargement of the National Tea-Room; the multiplication of offices of all sorts, and the doubling of all our outfits and salaries; the purchase of some two or three hundred islands on the Pacific, which are indispensably necessary as outlets for our overcrowded population; islands, of course, which we would vastly prefer stealing to buying, if the other Christian powers would agree to it; then there's

the annexation of Greenland and Kamschatka, which we all feel to be important, for the putting of our Ice Trade on a firm footing; not to speak of some half dozen more railroads to the Pacific, and some other little items.

Father N. Well, these must all be attended to first, of course. I don't wish to be unreasonable.

Father M. And then, again, grandsire, my own claims upon the paternal care of the government, ought to have precedence over all foreign improvements.

Father N. Unquestionably; but are you not in fine order, my son? I don't mean morally, of course; for I am well aware of the frightful amount of drinking, lynching, poker-playing, and boiler-bursting, along your shores; but physically?

Father M. Anything else, I assure you. There's a world of work to be done on me yet, in the way of snag-pulling, levee-making, harbor-cleaning, channel-straightening, and what not, before I shall begin to consider myself a safe and reputable stream; yes, to the tune of a great many, many millions of dollars.

Father N. You amaze me. I had a notion that you had been quite a pet of the government, and source of outlay to it, ever since its organization.

Father M. I beg your pardon. I've had a good many handsome things said about me, to be sure, at

different times, in Congress, and in occasional youthful epics; but no appropriations worth mentioning. On the contrary, I have been most shamefully neglected. However, old patriarch, I like your idea, I must say, amazingly; it is, indeed, a grand one, a cosmopolitan one. The exploration of the Niger, and its redemption from the horrors of barbarism, and its introduction into the great circle of civilized rivers, are truly magnificent undertakings; what nation might not be proud to achieve them, or co-operate therein? Morally, commercially, politically, in every point of view, are they worthy of the statesman's profoundest study. I fear, however, my old friend, that the age is not ripe enough yet, by a good many centuries, for any such results. Still, don't fail to bring the thing before the Convention. What little influence I have there, you may depend upon, I assure you.

Father N. But had'nt we better begin to think of flowing that way?

Father M. Perhaps we had.

W. the Elder. Hold on, friends, hold on. You're time enough yet. By the way, Father N., try a little more of this old tonic, won't you?

Father N. Not another drop. [*Aside.*] I'm a little over the bay, now, I'm afraid. So come, Young Rapid, put your current in motion.

W. the Elder. Oh, don't be in such an unreasonable hurry. Besides, I've a social question or two to ask, if agreeable. Such chances as these don't occur often, you know.

Father M. Well, I believe it is the first time that any mortal was ever present at any of our spiritual confluences, eh, grand-dad?

Father N. True; but what do you want to find out, old gentleman? Come, put your queries.

W. the Elder. Well, to begin with: what were mummies going at a thousand, when you left home?

Father N. Which sort—the genuine, home-made mummies, or the London and Paris imitations?

W. the Elder. Oh, hang the imitations! I refer to the genuine articles, of course.

Father N. Well, what description of mummy? What varieties do you want—human beings, or bulls, or cats, or snakes, or crocodiles? How is it? Be a little more explicit. By the way, though, I've a tariff of prices in my pocket. Here it is [*hands it to him*]; you'll find all about it there, and the rates, duly set down in sequins and piastres.

W. the Elder. Thank you, thank you; this is really quite satisfactory. Let's see—Royal Mummies, from Thebes, warranted, 10,000 sequins. That's altogether beyond my mark—ah yes, sacerdotal mummies, military mummies, Tom-Dick-and-

Harry mummies, of all sorts and sizes, with or without wrappings, and at all prices, from a thousand down to fifty sequins. Ah, what have we here? A dozen sacred bulls, direct from Dashour; splendid specimens, to be sold by the dozen, or single bull—sacred snakes, of all varieties—ten thousand cats, just received from the cat-tombs at Sakkarah, and in prime condition. Several of these cats were, as would appear from the inscriptions on their boxes, very celebrated mousers, in the times of the first and second Pharaohs. Sacred crocodiles, a very superb assortment. Holloa, what the old Harry have we here? Sacred mosquitoes—what, is it possible, old Father Nile, that they embalmed mosquitoes, in those days?

Father N. Certainly they did.

W. the Elder. Heavens and earth, what an idea! And looked upon them as objects of worship, too?

Father N. Undoubtedly.

W. the Elder. And erected temples in their honor, I dare say.

Father N. Most indubitably.

W. the Elder. Come now, do tell us; what was the character of the services in a temple of that sort? Do you happen to remember any old Egyptian hymn to the mosquito? What sort of a prayer, too—

Father N. And do you suppose, mortal, that I am going to gratify this absurd, this wicked curiosity of yours? No, indeed. For shame! Is it not sufficiently disgusting, and disgraceful to us, that such abominations ever existed on earth; and do you seek to revive them, out of mere sport and wantonness? Come, Mississippi, let's be off.

W. the Elder. I ask ten thousand pardons. I meant no harm, I assure you.

Father N. Well, well, never mind.

W. the Elder. Forgive me for further inquiry, if the cockroach was much worshipped among you?

Father N. No, no; there was some little local worship of the cockroach, certainly; but you ought to know that the beetle was our great national divinity.

W. the Elder. Ah, yes, I had forgotten. By the way, one more, and that a purely commercial question. How are Sphinxes going now?

Father M. Yes, Nile, do tell us. I feel interested in that inquiry, myself. Do you know, I had a notion of purchasing a hundred or two of the article?

Father N. Indeed!

Father M. Yes, to put round, in different spots, in my valley. It sadly needs ornaments of that description.

Father N. Pshaw! Don't disgrace that magnificent valley of yours with any such trumpery. I'm quite ashamed of you. What, when you have so many saints and apostles of the true faith to commemorate, so many glorious sages, and warriors, and statesmen of your own, to put in bronze and marble? I'm really quite shocked, kinsman, at your want of taste. Sphinxes, indeed! You'd much better be putting up Washingtons.

Father M. Well, well, I'll think better of it.

Father N. But come, we must positively flow by; we shall be late else.

W. the Elder. I'm right sorry to lose you thus, friends. There was one other little question, by the way—

Father N. What is it, what is it?

W. the Elder. I am rather anxious to know how real estate is selling, along your shores. What were water-lots in Cairo bringing, when you left?

Father N. Cairo water-lots—you mean Boulak, I suppose: the same thing; let me see. Well, I should say that you could get the most eligible ones in town, for a hundred of your dollars the foot. I'll sell you half a dozen myself, 25 feet by 200, for 15,000 dollars.

Father M. You wouldn't catch me selling *my* Cairo property at any such rates, I tell you.

Father N. Your Cairo property?

Father M. Yes, mine. What, didn't you know, old fellow, that I had a nice little Cairo of my own, on my banks? Soon to be a nice big one, too; yes, and destined to cut much more of a figure in history than its namesake ever did.

Father N. We shall see as to that; but, confound your impudence, what business had you to take my name in vain, in this style?

Father M. Your name in vain? Why, kinsman, I've got all the great classical names on my margin, let me tell you: Memphis, Rome, Utica, Palmyra, Carthage, Herculaneum, and I know not how many others; and what's more, I intend, as I said before, to make most of them far more illustrious than their predecessors ever were. Cairo's my pet, though; Cairo forever!

Father N. You don't mean to say, that you've got a Delta there, do you, and pyramids, and lotus-groves, and all that sort of thing?

Father M. To be sure we have, and all the modern improvements and luxuries, besides, that you never dreamt of, old fellow; a tip-top morning and evening paper, a first class hotel, a dozen more on the tapis, an opera-house already talked of—and then such a levee! There isn't a river in the whole eastern hemisphere, that ever saw anything like it.

Father N. Ah, that's your Western bragging.

Father M. I beg your pardon; it's the naked truth.

Father N. Well, well, success to you! I'm not envious. I expect my Cairo will have new life put in its veins, some of these days.

Father M. I hope so, with all my heart. I shall be delighted to see the two cities exchanging civilities, ten thousand years hence. We shall always be happy to accommodate you with loans, or any other little articles you may want, or to show your countrymen our lions, or to have an occasional telegraphic game of chess with you.

Father N. You are very kind; but come, come, we must positively be off.

W. the Elder. Well, if you must—one other little item, by the way.

Father N. Confound you, what is it?

W. the Elder. If you'd only have the goodness now, to drop in as you go by, and take a peep at brother Abbott's Museum—

Father N. Who the deuce is Abbott, and what has he got to show?

W. the Elder. You ought to know him, surely; he has spent many a long year on your shores. He has articles to show, moreover, which you were familiar with, ages and ages ago.

Father N. I dare say.

W. the Elder. The most curious of them all, however, are a necklace and ear-rings, that he insists upon it, were worn by the elder Pharaoh, some forty-six hundred years back. Beautiful things they are, too; and if genuine—

Father N. And why shouldn't they be genuine?

W. the Elder. Well, that's a good while ago, you know.

Father N. To you young Americans it may seem so; not to an old stager, like me. I've no doubt of the authenticity of the relics, however.

W. the Elder. Ah, if you'd only say so, in black and white, it would relieve all our minds, at once. So, do look in a moment.

Father N. Well, I will try to snatch a minute for the purpose, after Convention.

W. the Elder. I wish you would, for if those are the very trinkets that old Pharaoh used to see company in, it seems to me that there's nothing in all America, half so curious.

Father N. But come, Mississippi, come; we must not trifle time any longer.

Father M. Flow ahead, old fellow, I'll follow you.

[*Exeunt.*]

PERICLES.—HAMILTON.

Ham. But, my dear friend, I am fatiguing you.

Per. Not at all, not at all. On the contrary, I am exceedingly interested. I have long been anxious to become better acquainted, both with the history and the nature of this famous American Constitution of yours, and with its illustrious founders. Such explanations as these, and from the leading architect of the fabric himself, are delightful, I assure you. I wouldn't have missed them for a good deal.

Ham. The approbation of Pericles is indeed most gratifying.

Per. Nor are these mere words of civility, my friend, but the sincere convictions of one who, as you know, has had a good deal to do with government-making in his time. Yes, Hamilton, as a legislator

of more than two thousand years' standing, and in not a few worlds, I declare, unhesitatingly, that the political structure which you have just been describing to me, is without peer, in the universe, so far as I know, either for strength or beauty. As to the performances of us old Greeks, on earth, in that department, they were utterly childish in comparison; Rome, certainly, never turned out any such piece of work, in her proudest days; no, nor England either, notwithstanding all the far-fetched praises of brothers Montesquieu and Blackstone.

Ham. This is warm praise, my friend, I must say.

Per. But why do I idly seek to set it forth? Is not the spectacle itself, that we are permitted to behold this day, far more eloquent in its behalf, than any vain words of mine? The spectacle of a land so vast, so fair, whose growth in power and renown is unprecedented in human annals? Oh, what an unspeakable satisfaction must it be to you, my friend, thus to gaze upon it, and to feel that to your own patriotic toils and struggles, far more than to those of any of your compatriots—I had almost included those even of the illustrious Washington himself—this magnificent consummation is to be ascribed!

Ham. Stop, stop, stop, my dear friend; I may not, dare not listen to words like these. Name not

my humble name, I beseech you, in the same breath with that of Washington ; name no patriot of earth in the same lustrum with him. No, no. The great Mother never gave, never *will* give her children such another. I would not speak disparagingly of the labors of my dear brother-soldiers and statesmen, nor with any unworthy affectation of modesty, of my own. We *did* work hard and faithfully, for the common weal ; but, Pericles, all our labors combined, are not to be weighed against those of our great leader. His inspiring presence alone, his wisdom, goodness, faith, sustained us, and bore us on to victory. Without them, all our efforts and sacrifices would have been of no avail, and America (I verily believe it), after seeing her best sons perishing on the scaffolds, or languishing in dungeons, would have been creeping along, under colonial rule, this very hour. Washington alone could have saved us from such a catastrophe ; his counsels alone could have secured to us that Union, without which Independence had been a mockery. Unto him, then, be the honor and the praise, through all time ! With this qualification, my dear Pericles, which truth and gratitude alike force from me, I sympathize most heartily, I need not say, with the sentiments you were pleased to express. I *do* feel most proud and happy to behold the unexampled prosperity of my

beloved country. 'Tis just fifty years now, my friend, since my departure from the body ; and to think that in this little time, America hath reached such a height of power, hath acquired such a name among the nations of the earth, and above all, hath such a prospect of a long, long day of happiness and renown before her ! I should be the most ungrateful of ghosts, indeed, were I not thrilled with joy thereat. All the more so, too, Pericles, in that I looked forward to no such result.

Per. Indeed !

Ham. Yes, my friend, I must candidly confess to you, that I had great misgivings as to my country's future ; painful doubts, which I freely expressed too, in my life-time, as to the workings of that same Constitution which you have so extolled.

Per. You surprise me. It is not, then, altogether the instrument you would have made it. Pray, may I ask, what were these same fancied defects that you saw in it ?

Ham. Well, I have already taxed your patience quite too far.

Per. Not so ; go on, go on.

W. the Elder. [*aside to Hamilton.*] Suppose I just give him a copy of your Life. It would at the same time gratify me, and save you a considerable outlay of breath.

Ham. [To *W. the Elder*.] Thank you, thank you, my worthy host, for the suggestion.

W. the Elder. [getting the same from the library, and presenting it.] Will Pericles allow me to anticipate somewhat, the explanations of my revered countryman, by soliciting his acceptance of these volumes? He will there find all the questions to which he refers, discussed at length.

Per. Ah, what's this ; the *Life of Hamilton*? By his own son, too! Bravo, bravo; this is a treat. What an admirable likeness, too! I shall be most proud, indeed, my terrestrial friend, to receive such a present, I assure you.

W. the Elder. I have already had the honor of putting the name of Aristides in a copy of the *Federalist*, and now to add your own, is—

Per. Indeed! You have had a call from my old Greek brother, have you?

W. the Elder. Yes, a most charming one. What's more, Chief Justice Jay was with him at the time.

Ham. You don't tell me so! What, brother Jay?

W. the Elder. Yes, not three moons ago were they here, and in those very chairs. I don't know when I have listened to a pleasanter bit of spiritual chit-chat. To be sure, there were one or two discussions of knotty points, in the *Law of Planets*, that were rather too deep for my poor mortal wits.

Per. I dare say; but to return to our theme, brother H.; I need not tell you what pleasure and profit I anticipate in the perusal of this record of your thoughts and labors, nor how deeply I rejoice with you in the triumphant refutation of all your doubts and fears, to which this day bears witness. I shall dedicate the very earliest of my ghostly leisure to these volumes. [*Music is heard in the street.*] Ah, what delicious strains are those? [*he goes to the window.*] And such soldiers, too! A most superb body of men, truly. Who are they, who are they?

Ham. Superb, indeed, and as you say, most delicious music. Pray, my worthy host, what may all this signify?

W. the Elder. Charming, charming!

Per. Yes, but what is it?

W. the Elder. Why, what *should* it be, but brother Dodworth's band, returning home with the Light Guard, from the Plymouth festival? You've heard no finer music than that, Pericles, I'll venture to say, in any hemisphere of any planet.

Per. *Dodworth? Plymouth?* Be a little more explicit, if you please.

Ham. Yes, landlord; and pray what takes our friends to Plymouth at this season of the year?

Pilgrim-day in the dog-days? I can't comprehend it, I confess.

W. the Elder. Well, you must know that there has been an effort made, this year, to change the time of celebration from debarkation to embarkation-day. We descendants of Standish don't altogether relish the northeasterly gales that enliven Plymouth in the month of December, and would fain offer our vows at a more genial season. I was about to add, that I thought the move a good one; but that frown on your face, my dear spirit, announces a different opinion.

Ham. A very bad move, a very bad move, my friend. I have no patience with such a suggestion. What, sink the Landing in the Embarkation, the greater event in the less, the triumph in the trial, the grand, crowning mercy of Dec. 22nd, the very birth-hour of the nation, in the doubts and fears and heart-sickening partings of the 1st of August? I see no propriety whatever, in the change, historical, moral, or poetical. No, no; celebrate both days, if you will, and with rites appropriate and significant; Heaven knows there are few enough holidays among you; but do not confound them thus, still less, sacrifice the far more eventful, suggestive, glorious of the two, to the other.

W. the Elder. You're quite right; and I wonder

now that our eastern brethren should have been betrayed into such an error. Will you allow me to communicate your spiritual views to them, on this point? They will receive them as law, undoubtedly.

Ham. As you will, old gentleman. I have no wish, though, to dictate on the subject.

W. the Elder. And yet, my dear ghost, unseasonable as you may deem the celebration to have been, I have no doubt it would have delighted you to have been present. Not to speak of the other entertainments, the splendid oratory of Everett alone, and that brilliant picture he drew of the future of America, would have a hundred fold repaid you for your visit.

Ham. No doubt, no doubt. The fame of his eloquence reached my ears long since; and, indeed, 'twas but the other day that I heard brother Webster himself, speaking of him, as the American Cicero.

W. the Elder. Ah! Is it possible? You have met, then, our illustrious——

Ham. I have. *He* ought to know what good speaking is.

W. the Elder. Being himself an orator without peer. By the way, General, the most magnificent thing I ever heard from him, was a tribute to your

own genius and virtues. It has found its way already into all the school-books in the land.

Ham. I am delighted to hear it. *His* praise is fame, indeed! But, holloa, what's the matter with our Greek friend here? Brother lawgiver, an obolus for your thoughts.

Per. I beg pardon, friends; but to say truth, I was so carried away by that fascinating music, that I had quite lost the run of the conversation. You were speaking of——

Ham. Daniel Webster.

Per. Ah, true, true; your illustrious compatriot; but recently from earth, is he not? So at least, Colbert told me; the famous expounder of that Constitution, that you have had so much to say about; the same that we met at brother Burke's last reception; no?

Ham. The same, the same; and a most magnificent ghost he is, too. By the way, mine host, while I think of it, how outrageously shabby and ungrateful it was, in your countrymen, not to have made him President years ago. I'm perfectly ashamed of them.

Per. The old story, the old story.

W. the Elder. It was, indeed, as you say, most shabby in us. Such a want of discernment, too, as well as decency! And we served glorious Harry

Clay in just the same way. Confound it, it makes me curse, almost, whenever I think of it. As to that, though, General, I don't believe, between ourselves, that *you* would have stood the first ghost of a chance, yourself, had you been a candidate at any of our recent elections; no, by George, I don't believe you would have carried a solitary state, out of the one and thirty.

Ham. Nor I; possibly little Delaware; no other.

Per. Little Delaware?

Ham. The same; we call it little, though it would have been a large state, in your old Peloponnesus.

W. the Elder. However, dropping politics and personalities, and to return to our Plymouth friends; I really can't help regretting, my illustrious guests, that you didn't happen to be paying your terrestrial visit, some two or three weeks sooner; for besides this same Pilgrim Festival, there have been a variety of interesting celebrations, within that period, at which I should have been most proud of your company.

Per. Such as what, my friend?

W. the Elder. Well, there were, first and foremost, the Commencement Exercises at Dartmouth College, including brother Choate's most brilliant of eulogies; then the grand gathering at Yale, the Phi Beta Kappa Frolic at Harvard, the Alpha Phi

Delta Performances at Middlebury, the Sigma Psi Upsilon Entertainments at Schenectady, the Kappa Gamma Lambda Recreations at Canajoharie—

Per. What, what, what?

W. the Elder. But above all, the Inauguration Ceremonies at our magnificent Crystal Palace. What would I not have given, to have had two such august shades as yourselves, present on that occasion!

Ham. Well, well, my friend, we shall find quite enough to delight and surprise us, as it is; myself, more especially, as one of the old settlers here. We mustn't forget, though, to see that same palace, brother P.; yes, before another sun sets.

Per. By all means.

Ham. And our old host, here, must be the cicerone.

W. the Elder. Most gladly, if you desire it.

Ham. We shall insist upon it. By the way, do you happen to have a map of the city handy? Why, it would take *me* a good week, at least, to hunt up my old haunts here, and to identify the localities. *A propos de ca*, is the United States Branch Bank anywhere in this neighborhood?

W. the Elder. I should rather think not.

Ham. Some distance, eh? Well, it's of no great consequence. What may the Cashier's name be?

And could you tell me, in round numbers, the amount of government deposits in the institution, at this present time?

W. the Elder. The amount of deposits?

Ham. Certainly; why, what's the matter? You surely ought to know something of the finances of the country. What say the last Treasury returns? Never mind the fractions; how much, how much?

W. the Elder. Not the first stiver.

Ham. Come, come, no humbug. What's the stock selling at, to-day? A good deal above par, of course; No?

W. the Elder. Seventy-five cents a share, the last quotations; and very hard to get rid of, at that.

Ham. Poh, poh, none of your jokes.

W. the Elder. Jokes? I hold quite too much of the article, I assure you, to be joking on the subject. What makes you stare so, General? Why, is it possible that you didn't know, that the National Bank had become an obsolete idea, some time since? What, a ghost of your financial celebrity, so completely to lose the run of our moneyed affairs, here below, since your departure? You amaze me. Is it possible that Mr. Webster had nothing to say to you, on that subject?

Ham. Not a syllable. Come, tell us all about it.

W. the Elder. Well, the narrative is rather a long

and complicated one, General, and not altogether flattering to our common nature; nor, entre nous, do I think it would prove remarkably entertaining to Pericles. His was a hard money government, you know.

Ham. True; well, well, some other time.

Per. You're wrong in one thing, though, my old friend.

W. the Elder. Ah, how so?

Per. Why, in saying that the governmental and commercial operations of Greece, in my day, rested entirely on a specie basis: quite the reverse, I assure you.

Ham. You surprise me, Pericles.

W. the Elder. And me also. Why, it was but the other day, that I was reading a most emphatic declaration to that effect in brother Mitford.

Per. I can't help that. I ought to know better than a modern. What's more, let me tell you, we were quite flooded with worthless Bank paper in Athens, more than once, too, during my administration.

Ham. You don't say so. Are you in earnest, my friend?

Per. I am, so help me Hercules! Confound it, have I not a right to speak on this point? Did I not, when Archon, offer a premium of five talents,

for the best essay on Currency and the Credit system, and was not the prize duly awarded to my friend Crito, of Panormus? Nay, did not I myself write a little treatise on Bills, and another on Promisory Notes, which were both received as authorities, throughout Greece?

Ham. I ask ten thousand pardons, my dear friend. I certainly supposed you were quizzing. But these historians are perpetually misleading us, you know. Thucydides himself indulged in an occasional fib, they say.

Per. Yes, hang him, he has lied about me, quite freely.

Ham. Well, well; and so the old Bank has gone by the board, has it? Of course, the government has to employ the State Institutions, as fiscal agents.

W. the Elder. Not a bit of it. Why, General, forgive me for saying so, but how completely and absurdly behind the age, you are! However, this evening, if you have nothing better to do, we'll go over the whole ground. I confess I should very much like to have your opinion, as to the provisions of the Sub-Treasury Act, and also those of the General Banking Law of our own State.

Ham. Well, if agreeable to Pericles, that arrangement would suit me to a T. I should like to look into your tariff, too, and to have a peep at that same

Fugitive Slave Law, about which brother Webster spoke to me recently, with so much warmth. So, what say you, Pericles?

Per. I'm content. As I said before, I find your American politics, alike instructive and fascinating. Meanwhile, though, I'm for hunting down a few of the metropolitan lions.

Ham. True, true; the sun is getting low; so let's be off to the Palace before it's too late. Come, lead on, my old federal friend, if you please.

Per. Yes, we have not a moment to spare.

W. the Elder. This way, then, my dear ghosts, at your service. [*Exeunt.*]

PHIDIAS.—RAPHAEL.

Raph. It *was* rather strange, though, my dear brother of Greece, that we should have met as we did, at this same *Washington Exhibition*; was it not?

Phid. Well, it *would* have been, perhaps, in some eras; but in these times of free and easy spiritual traveling, and intercommunication, is there *any* thing strange? Nay, are not all the marvels and mysteries of the Universe fast fading away? We knock about now, you know, from star to star, with as little ceremony as mortals did, from town to town, when I was in the body; and certainly with far less annoyance, in the way of passports and custom-houses; eh, brother?

Raph. You're right, quite right, my friend. Times have changed amazingly. But, Phidias, you

flew away in such a hurry, you remember, that I had no opportunity of asking how you were pleased with the pictures.

Phid. Yes, I had an engagement at the time, with brother Browne, at Brooklyn. He wanted to consult me about some little matters, connected with his statue of Clinton. An admirable performance, by the way, Raphael. You mustn't fail to see it before you leave.

Raph. I shall be most happy to do so; but, my friend, you haven't answered my question about the paintings.

Phid. True, true. Well, I was rather pleased with the Exhibition, on the whole. I should have preferred, of course, to have seen a greater profusion of large pictures; a little more homogeneousness, too, in its character, and a somewhat more orderly arrangement; a more thorough illustration, also, of American history; more of the images of the great Patriot's associates; not to speak of the scanty representation of my own department. Still, as I said before, I was quite gratified; a decidedly creditable display, brother, for a young and hard-working country like this. But what's your own verdict? I never was much of a ghost for paintings, you know. Your criticisms on the collection,

now, would be really worth having. You were evidently pleased, I see.

Raph. I was, indeed, alike delighted and surprised, after what I had heard of the condition of art in America. To be sure, as you say, there was a paucity of grand historical works; but I don't know when I have met a more charming collection of cabinet pictures, or of landscapes.

Phid. Some good landscapes there, certainly.

Raph. Superb, superb. If they are as faithful as they are beautiful, Nature has indeed smiled upon this land. At the moment, however, I was not so much thinking of those portraying American scenery, as of those others, wherein I saw reflected the features of my own poor, dear Italy. You noticed that view of Florence, of course.

Phid. I did: an accurate likeness of the town, is it not?

Raph. Admirable, admirable. I could hardly tear myself away from it.

Phid. I saw you lingering most abstractedly over it, and did not care to interrupt you; thinking of old times, I suppose.

Raph. Even so, my friend. Yes, Phidias, many a happy day on earth, did that fair scene recall, I assure you. How often, often have I stood on that very spot, gazing with rapture on that same golden

light of evening, as the painter's skill hath so marvellously caught it, streaming through those same old streets, gilding those old towers and that glorious dome, smiling its last farewell upon those dainty villas, and the tops of those stately old Appenines! What bright dreams have visited me there, what processions of grand and lovely forms have passed before me, what high hopes of renown and immortality have been kindled within me! How often, too, have I held sweet converse there, with my ever beloved Lorenzo, or listened to the melodious wisdom of our revered preceptor, Leonardo! Happy, happy days, indeed, which neither my after career on earth, nor all my spiritual experiences since, have ever been able to efface from memory!

Phid. Why, brother, you are growing very romantic, all of a sudden. But, candidly, my dear Raphael, apart from these same glowing associations of yours, I must say I didn't see anything so very remarkable in the picture in question. What's more, I wouldn't exchange that noble bust by Houdon, in the collection, for an acre of such performances.

Raph. How can you talk so, Phidias? I, on the contrary, would not give that same glorious picture, for a wilderness of such busts; no, much as I esteem its maker, profoundly as I reverence the

hero it commemorates. But did you observe the picture directly over the Florence?

Phid. A passing glance, merely; Italian scenery also, if I remember rightly.

Raph. It was, and a most admirable composition; full of thought, full of beauty; almost overloaded, indeed, with ornament. I don't know when I have seen a work, every square inch of which was so suggestive.

Phid. Indeed! I didn't stop to study it. The Course of Empire, by the same artist, impressed me very agreeably, however.

Raph. A magnificent series, truly. It alone ought to rescue American art from the flippant criticisms of its detractors. What a grand conception! How faithfully, how heroically worked up, too! What wealth, what harmony of color, also! Cunning indeed the hand, and fertile the mind, that have embodied such a sublime history on canvas! Pray tell me, my worthy host, is the artist still living, that hath wrought thus felicitously? If so, I should dearly love to pay my respects to him.

W. the Elder. Alas, no; he left us some years since.

Raph. Indeed! Strange that we should not have met in spirit-land, ere this.

W. the Elder. I had the honor of a spiritual call

from him, recently. He expressed the same surprise, by the way, to brother Rubens, who also condescended to honor my humble lodgings. It was indeed charming, Raphael, to hear the filial, nay, reverential way in which they both spoke of you.

Raph. Far, far before my humble merits, friend.

Phid. But tell us, Raphael, how did you like the large picture, by Leutze, that gives its name to the Exhibition?

Raph. Well, I was much pleased with it, though I regret to say, I was but little familiar with the event it illustrates.

Phid. What say you, old host? What do you Americans think of it, any how?

W. the Elder. Excuse me, Phidias, but I decidedly prefer to play the listener, and not the critic, in the presence of such masters.

Phid. Pshaw, speak out, man; no pseudo modesty.

W. the Elder. Well, I am delighted with the work, myself; and I believe the general opinion is, that it is a most spirited, life-like piece; well drawn and colored; true to nature and to history; in short, that it does not fall below the epic dignity of the great and critical event in our annals, that it commemorates.

Raph. I've no doubt of it. There's a world of

expression in it, certainly, and a look of truth. There was another picture, by the way, by the same artist, that I was much pleased with.

W. the Elder. What one, may I ask?

Raph. Well, here again, the story it tells is a mystery to me, and I must call on you for an explanation. The catalogue, if I remember rightly, entitles it, *Hester Prynne and Little Pearl*. There is a female in it, plainly clad, but with some strange embroidery upon her bodice. Her face is lovely, but grief-worn, reminding me strongly of brother Guido's *Cenci*; only a little more stern, perhaps; her arms are folded about a bright, mischievous looking young child, fancifully dressed, and its head adorned with some of the most brilliantly beautiful flowers that I ever saw. Pray tell me, what is the sad history that lurks underneath it?

W. the Elder. If you will allow me, my honored friend, instead of venturing on any blundering explanation of my own, I will show you the passage in the book itseif. [*Gets and presents the Scarlet Letter.*]

Raph. [*after glancing at the description.*] True, true.

W. the Elder. Rightly to appreciate it, however, you should read the whole story. Allow me to beg your acceptance of the volume. I am, in-

deed, most proud to offer it to you, as the masterpiece of one of our most illustrious story-tellers.

Raph. I shall be delighted to read it, I assure you.

W. the Elder. You'll find it full of gems. By the way, did you notice a picture, in the immediate neighborhood of the one you speak of—a landscape, which, in my poor opinion, is the most vivid and beautiful transcript of our New England mountain scenery, that has yet been made?

Raph. What, brother Church's *Twilight*?

W. the Elder. The same.

Raph. I did, indeed, and was wonderfully taken with it. There is a finer one of his, however, in your Academy Exhibition; a marine piece; a sunset, most exquisitely composed. Brother Claude himself might have been proud to have put his initials to it.

W. the Elder. [*aside.*] *There's* an endorsement for you.

Phid. So you've been to the Academy, Raphael?

Raph. For a few moments only; long enough, however, to see that there were some capital things there.

W. the Elder. And the usual overwhelming majority of daubs.

Phid. Yes, some most atrocious perpetrations;

and in my own walk of art, a most beggarly show; what little there was, not bad, certainly; but altogether, not enough to overload an ordinary sized tea-tray. What in Juno's name are all your yankee sculptors about, landlord? You surely don't mean to say, that this is a fair exponent of their labors, for the past twelvemonth?

W. the Elder. Heaven forbid!

Phid. But where *are* their works? Your Powers', your Crawford's, your Greenough's; they surely haven't been idle all this while?

W. the Elder. Brother Greenough left us but recently, for higher spheres of action. Brothers Powers and Crawford are both right busy on statues and monuments, that, when finished, will run your Athenian productions very hard, let me tell you.

Phid. I am rejoiced to hear it. Meanwhile, I see little or no sculpture about me, either in your dwellings, or your public buildings; and as to outdoor sculpture, with the exception of the statue of Clinton that I spoke of just now, literally nothing.

W. the Elder. Nothing? Oh, you've not been to the right quarters of the town, Phidias.

Phid. Right quarters? humbug. I tell you, there's nothing of the sort, in all this colossal metropolis of yours; unless you are pleased so to denominate sundry stray mammoth boots, and wooden

Indians, and hideous mandarins; not to speak of a few gigantic gilt eagles, time-pieces, spectacles, nags' heads, and such like monstrosities.

W. the Elder. Boots, Indians, nags' heads? Pshaw! Why, what a stupid cicerone you must have had with you! You surely didn't miss seeing that superb figure, that crowns the cupola of our magnificent palace of justice?

Phid. I believe I *did* see the image you refer to.

W. the Elder. Well, and did it not recall to you, most forcibly, your own illustrious goddess of the Parthenon, or the still more glorious Olympian Jove?

Phid. Bah! I ask your pardon, but I must be honest.

W. the Elder. Certainly, certainly. I confess, though, that your criticism alike amazes and mortifies me. I *have* heard eminent connoisseurs speak of the statue in question, as a conception worthy of Michael Angelo himself. But our architecture, Phidias, our architecture; that surely makes up for a world of short-comings in the other departments, don't it?

Phid. Well, you certainly have most of our fine Greek *names* among you; Lyceum, Atheneum, Melodeon, Parthenon, Minerva Buildings, and so following; but there the resemblance stops.

W. the Elder. Come now, Phidias, you are quite too severe upon us. Our architecture, especially in the business parts of the city, is admitted by all to be really superb.

Phid. It is good, I allow. You are erecting some beautiful stores among you. Still, your efforts generally, in this branch, are exceedingly faulty. You are quite too fond of tawdry ornaments, and sham fronts. There is a terrible lack, both of solidity and of expression, in your buildings, and some shameful mixing of orders, at times. You put up some pretty churches, I admit: all but the steeples; but then you leave no space about them, either for trees or monuments, or even for necessary light and ventilation. That Crystal Palace of yours, too, graceful and beautiful thing that it is, yet how infelicitous is its location! How can a body, or a ghost, get any satisfactory view of its proportions, wedged in, as it is, by the surrounding buildings?

W. the Elder. You're right there, certainly. There is too much truth, too, I fear, in your other strictures. We'll improve in time, though, my friend.

Phid. I hope so. I don't think the prospects of Art in America, however, are particularly brilliant; no, not in any of its walks. There don't seem (at least to my cursory observation), to be that love,

that reverence for it, which can alone lead to heroic efforts after excellence, or great results. A mere passion for display, and for the applause of the million, I am sorry to say, appears to me to be the leading motive of all your American performances, alike in things useful and ornamental; the *monstrari digito*, and not that ingrained love of the true, and grand, and beautiful, that made us Greeks such consummate workmen. I may do you injustice, but so it strikes me. Your habits, customs, laws, all seem to favor this propensity too, and to lead to a specious, superficial, perishing splendor, and not to the grand, and massive, and enduring in Art.

W. the Elder. You don't think democracy and high art can coexist, then?

Phid. Candidly, I do not. What say you, brother Raphael?

Raph. Well, this is a difficult subject, friends. I hardly feel competent to discuss it, much less to apply it in the present case, with my very limited knowledge of America and Americans. My observations, however, such as they are, Phidias, I must say, have inclined me to rather different conclusions from those expressed by you. That these good men of the West are a pretty restless set of mortals, very impatient after results, and over-fond of admiration, the most superficial traveler cannot help noticing;

but at the same time, my friend, I think I see in them a far greater sensibility to beauty and grandeur, and harmony, than you are disposed to allow them; not so much, I grant you, as you old Athenians were gifted with, but certainly far more than their French or English brethren ever had or will have; yes, far more aptness for, and appreciation of, artistic excellence. And then again, how much is there about them, to call out these qualities! Nay, how bountiful, in this regard, has their Creator been towards them! What a wide-spread scene of beauty and fertility has he assigned them for their labors! Little have I seen of it, indeed, in my brief visit here; but those very landscapes that we were admiring so, this morning, did they not sufficiently reveal a world of resources, not merely for the capitalist, but for the poet and the artist? With such materials, then, for excellence, both in themselves and around them; with means of culture, too, so universal and accessible; with laws which, (if I rightly understand them,) while they do not favor any unhealthy accumulations of property, in particular places or families, yet necessarily tend to national opulence, by the fields they open, the expansion which they give to the energies of every citizen; with all these advantages, why should not the Americans do great things in Art? Why should not the

elegant desires, and lofty aspirations, that sustain it, come with the unparalleled wealth and power, that the future has in store for them? The manifestations of that art may differ, indeed, from those of your own Athens, or my, now, alas, poor, broken-hearted Italy; it may erect no more sumptuous temples or statues to false gods, or people the walls and domes of huge cathedrals with legendary saints and martyrs; but will it not have a far more noble and ample field for its labors, in the piles that it is to rear to Commerce, and Legislation, and Learning, and Charity, ay, and to a purer, loftier Faith, than you or I, my friend, ever knew on earth; in the monuments, too, that it is to raise to the heroes and philanthropists of a better and wiser age, than that of Leo or of Pericles? I can't help thinking so, and that the unborn poets, painters, sculptors, architects of this fair land, will thus have more abundant and lofty employment, than did their brethren of old.—As I said before, though, my friends, this is too difficult and complicated a theme to be lightly handled, nor am I sufficiently acquainted with the history of America, or with the elements of the American character, to have any valuable opinion upon it. But, *Dio mio*, my old host, does that quaint time-piece of yours speak truth? If so, I must be off forthwith.

W. the Elder. It's right, I believe; but I am

really vexed to hear you talk of going. A privilege so rare, so inestimable as this—

Raph. Come, come, no fine speeches now. I should dearly love to spend the day with you, though, I must say; but brother Shakspeare will get out of all patience with me.

W. the Elder. Brother Shakspeare?

Raph. Certainly; why do you stare so? You must know, old gentleman, that I am engaged, and have been, for some time, on a rare piece of work, for the dear bard.

W. the Elder. Dare I ask what?

Raph. And why not? I am executing a series of frescos for him, from themes from brother Milton.

W. the Elder. What, from his terrestrial works?

Raph. Partially from the *Paradise Lost* and *Comus*, partially from more recent poems. Now, don't ask me any more questions, for I've not a minute to spare.

Phid. Besides, old gentleman, you'll find out all about it, before long, in your *Handbook for Heaven*. But, by George, I must be back to my work, too.

W. the Elder. What may you be modelling now, Phidias?

Phid. A St. Paul.

W. the Elder. A colossal figure, of course.

Phid. Not remarkably so; some six hundred feet, including the pedestal.

W. the Elder. The devil! I ask ten thousand pardons, but the figures startled me somewhat, at first, I confess. Out of a single block, I presume?

Phid. Why, of course.

W. the Elder. And intended for the open air?

Phid. By no means; it is designed for one of the ornaments of the nave of the Cathedral of Santa Cecilia, in the bright, particular star, so called. But I can't go into the statistics, now, eager as you evidently are after them.

W. the Elder. Well, I certainly should like to know more of the statue in question, and of the quarries that furnished it; but above all, of the church it is intended for. We earth-worms used to think St. Peter's a pretty sizeable building.

Phid. St. Peter's! ha, ha, ha!

Raph. Come, come, Phidias, we mustn't stop here talking nonsense any longer. If you are going my way, I should be most happy of your company through space.

Phid. Yours to command, brother. So, let's be off. Good bye, old gentleman.

W. the Elder. Well, friends, if it must be so, farewell, and a pleasant journey to you.

[*Exeunt.*]

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Salander goes forth, cultivates the acquaintance of one Duke d'Envy, and a war is declared upon Goodnaim, a person heretofore in the confidence of all who knew him. During the battles between Salander and his host of ragamuffins and Goodnaim—who stoutly defended himself—the Fairweather Guard and Old Friends of the latter forsook him, but Goodnaim triumphed.—*The New Yorker*.

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