Literature, &c.

THE POOR PRINTER AND THE EXCLUSIVE.

On the fourth of July, 18—, Harriet Lee might have been seen sitting on the sofa in her neat little parlor, in a house situated in P. Street, New York. The metropolis was alive with men, women, and children, of every color, class and creed—old men, whose heads were whitened with the snow of age—young men in the meridian of manhood, united by and unanimously agreed to 'drive all dull care away,' and join the jubilee to celebrate the birth day of American Independence. Ever and anon the bursting thunder of artillery seemed to shake the island of Manhattan; the carved eagle sat perched upon a pole of Liberty; and our star spangled banner became the plaything of the balmy wind.

Whilst every American heart was brimful of joy and gratitude, there were two generous hearted, noble minded individuals bowed down with sorrow so pungent, and disappointment so bitter, that the soul stirring preceedings of the ever to be remembered fourth could not rise their drooping spirits. The persons alluded to are Harriet and her suitor, William Malcolm. When the intelligent, patriotic, and high-minded William entered Harriet's apartment, he was disappointed and surprised to see the object of his love bathed in tears. 'Why do you weep my dear Harriet!' enquired William, in a voice rich as music; at the same time grasping affectionately her snowy tapering fingers, which were ornamented with three costly rings, the offerings which friendship and respect had laid upon her fairy hand. Harriet gently and gracefully raised her head, while the warm tears of grief flowed freely and fast from her dark hazel eyes, and fell upon her fair cheek like dew drops from a rose leaf. 'What can I do,' continued William, 'to tear away the drapery which seems to mantle your tender feelings on this high and happy day? Harriet's feelings were too big for utterance; she could not vent her thoughts in word, so violent was the temper of excitement by one who had broken the great deep of her heart. Soon after she was able to speak, she had just returned from a visit to her aunt R——, having paid her a visit for the purpose of inviting her to the anticipated wedding which would probably take place in a few days. She described the interview she had with her aunt, it was as follows:

When she had made known her errand her aunt observed—

'Is it possible that you Harriethave assumed the responsibility of pledging heart and hand to a man without soliciting my advice?'

Harriet replied, 'when I first became acquainted with the man of my choice, I sought the advice of my mother, who happened to be in the city at the time; upon inquiry she discovered that my friend was an honest an honorable man, and had no objection to my association with him; our friendship has ripened into love; we are pledged to each other, and the wedding day is appointed.'

'What is the gentleman's name, Harriet?'

'His name is William Malcolm.'

'Is he a Physician, or a lawyer, or a merchant, or a minister—what is he?'

'He is a journeyman Printer, 'replied Harriet.

'*A journeyman Printer!* exclaimed her aunt, with great emphasis. 'Do you intend to disgrace your connections by marrying a man who picks up type for a living? You must be foolish, and your mother must be mad to sanction your folly; you need not imagine, Miss, that I shall condescend to mingle in the society of mechanics, you lack common sense or you would not throw yourself away.'

Harriet again replied:

'William is respectable, industrious, and an economical man, and loves me.'

'It makes me think of casting pearls before swine,' continued the old aristocrat. 'You are a beautiful girl, your accomplishments are superior to the attainments of most girls of your age—how can you so lower yourself as to marry an illiterate mechanic?' 'My dear aunt, do you know that a printing office is an Academy, where lessons of useful knowledge are continually before the mind?—William is not an illiterate man, he is a self taught classical scholar, and occupies a lofty place in the estimation of all who know him.'

'I will pay the expences of your wedding and give you a splendid set of furniture, if you will try to forget him and take my advice; Squire——, he thinks a great deal of you:— would you not like to have him or doct——or Mr——, the merchant? You can, I have no doubt, marry either of these gentlemen, and thus keep up the dignity of your family?'

'Pa is a mechanic, and I am not too proud to marry a mechanic,' replied Harriet.

'Your father is my youngest brother: he is an extensive land holder; how can you call him a mechanic?'

'I have frequently heard him say,' replied Harriet, 'that he earned his farm by diligently using the saw, the broad-axe, and the jackplain; furthermore, I have heard him say, that you in younger days used to pound putty, and prime sashes, when uncle R——could not afford to hire help; you have not forgotten that my dear uncle is a sash maker; it is but a few years since he relinquished that business.'

Impudent creature, now dare you thus insult me in my own house?—your uncle is president of the Bank of——; and one of the richest men in this wealthy metropolis'

'Aunt, I do not intend to insult you, nor injure the feelings of my uncle; you know better than I do, that he shaved wood before he commenced to shave notes—yonder stands the old frame building which was once his humble residence.'

'Harriet you must quit my house immediately, and never dare to darken the door again.'

Poor Harriet's feelings were wrought up to the pitch of excitement; when her proud and arrogant aunt spoke disrespectfully of William, she introduced the sarcastic remarks which mortified the old woman's pride. Until that morning she always respected her aunt, but her tyranny completely changed her feeling.

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On the 9th day of July, Mr R——, Harriet's uncle, whilst perusing one of his daily papers, discovered the following and read it aloud to his wife.

'Married in this city, on the 8th inst. qy the Rev. Mr Chase, Mr William Malcolm, to Miss Harriet Lee, both of this city' On the opposite page he saw a long editorial article respecting the wedding, the following is an extract:

'Last evening in conformity with a polite invitatien, we attended a wedding party, everything went off with great eclat; the cake, the coffee, and the wine, were excellent; the bride looked more like an angel than a human creature, her hair was smooth and dark as a raven's wings, her mouth like blooming tulips—the groom we are well acquainted with; he is a clever fellow; the wealth of intellect shown on his superb forehead and a great soul looked through his calm blue eyes; he is a talented author of several splendid articles which have appeared in our most popular periodicals. —We understand he is about to assume the management of a periodical in the city.—May the sunlight of success beam upon his exertions.'

Patient reader, allow the author to digress a few moments in order to lay before you a brief history of the two professional men, and the merchant who was selected by Harriet's aunt as a suitable companion for a young lady occupying such a conspicuous stand in society. The Physician was an inferior looking man rather ill formed and dwarfish. He was round shouldered, small twinkling grey eyes, a heavy intellectual brow, and mouth indicating eloquence. Notwithstandiag his personal appearance, he was estimated and respected by a large acquaintance—he was a natural dwarf but an intellectual giant—he was an ordinary looking man, but his brilliant talents won him an imperishable name on the page of immortality—by marriage he connected himself with a poor but honest family—he has obtained a princely fortune since the band was rivetted, and still lives to enjoy them with his amiable companion and beautiful children.

The lawyer was a tall graceful man, he had an eye of an eagle, was strait as a pine, and as strong as a Hercules: a large pair of brown whiskers fringed his expressive countenance; no artist ever chiselled a better looking mouth than his,—a heavy mass of rich brown hair hung in clustering curls over his find forehead.—He arose to eminence in his profession—the syren song of flattery was perpetually sung in his ear—one praised him because of his eloquence, another alluded to his benevolence.—At the age of twenty five he married the daughter of a rich merchant. * * *

Let us leap over a period of ten years. In yonder white frame house in Centre street, N. York, may be seen the wreck of a ruined man, his eyes are bloodshot, his teeth yellow, his hand trembles, his face is as red as the rising sun—he is a victim of intemperance—if, readers, you chose to look into his dwelling house, you will find it neatly furnished, and clean as a new pin; a pale female, plying that little polished lance, the needle, attracts your attention—she has seen better days; but now she earns a subsistence for herself, her unfortunate husband, and three little ones. She is the wife of the talented and liberal lawyer, we spoke of a few seconds since, the bewitching voice of flattery spoiled him, he mingled much in society, was a public pet. His friends seemed it an honor to drink a social glass with him; thus he engendered an appetite which like a serpent imprisoned him in its folds; his business was neglected, his time mis-improved, his property worse than wasted, his intellect blunted and his health destroyed.

The merchant was a hungry speculator; he committed forgery; in Auburn prison may be seen the man who was selected for Harriet by her aunt: fortunately he has no wife nor children to mourn his fate.

We will now resume the narration of the poor printer's history. 'Twas on a bright and beautiful morning in the month of May, that one af the splendid steamers which ply between New York and Albany, was crowded with beauty and fashion; the passengers were amusing themselves by gazing on the romantic scenery which nature had spread with lavish hands on both sides of the Hudson. At noon the bell rung to inform the passengers that dinner was ready; a rush was made to the table, which was loaded with the richest luxuries the market afforded; at the head sat a man somewhat advanced in life, the hand of time had scattered a few grey hairs upon his head; the next seat to him was occupied by his wife, with an air of affected dignity she looked towards the door, which at that moment was opened by the Captain who politely requested the gentleman and lady at the head of the table, to give up their seats to the Hon. William Malcolm and his lady! If a voice from Heaven, in tones of thunder had spoken, they could not have been more surprised than was Harriet's uncle and aunt when they, in the presence of more than one hundred persons, were obliged to make room for the plebeans they refused to associate with ten years perrious to that event; to this proud pair of aristocrats the scene was extremely humilating—after all it was an honor to sit by the side of this great selfmade man; after the cloth was removed, a great many apologies were made by the old couple. —They invited the honorable Wm. M. and his lady to call and see them; they did so and the old hyprocrites strained every nerve to please the once poor printer and his beautiful wife.

William assumed the management of the periodical spoken of in the commencement of this article; his labors were crowned with success; at the close of the year he removed to the south; and the same success attended his footsteps; he rose in spite of the obstacles in his way to the honorable eminence he now occupies.

DIDACTICS BY AN IRISHMAN.

The love of liberty is the parent of all vagabondism! Into what worse than Egyptian bondage will not the man, or boy either, jump of his own accord, to be that tyrant over his own hopes and fortunes called one's own master? Ay, and even girls too, poor helpless creatures that they are, will feel many a devil tugging at their breasts, to lead them the 'devil's walk,' because father is sulky, or mother a scold, or sweethearts fickle, and all for what? Why, for the pleasure of being their own mistresses, as if any body in this world can be their own masters or mistresses either; or, as if there is, or can be a worse servitude than your own misguided, uncorrected, undisciplined; mastery over yourself. And many a day since I broke away from my home after Finnegan's misfortune, I have been reflecting on the nature of men and boys in despising and detesting a servitude that they know, and flying, in the heat of passion, into some greater servitude, that they don't know: and I often couldn't help thinking, that the way I was brought up, is just a sort of training for a vagabond life, or for the development of that self willedness that fills so many hearts with bitterness of their own creating.

'Learning—learning—learning,' is the cry of father and mother—if my boy had the 'larning,' what a janius he'd be. In course, ye old fools, your bouchal would be a swan among the goslins; but it is'nt 'larning,' half the world wants; instead of 'larning,' by which they mean cobwebs picked out of dead men's brains, if they would get some discipline. Discipline—discipline—discipline that's the only education I ever saw that ever brought a boy to any good. What's the use of battering a man's brains full of Greek and Latin pothooks, that he forgets before he doffs his last round jacket, to put on his long-talled blue, if he don't teach him the old Spartan virtue of obedience, hard living, early rising, and them sort of classics? Where's the use of instructin' him in hexameters and pentameters, if you leave him ignorant of the value of a penny piece? what hight of blatherin' stupidity it is to be fillin' a boy's brains with the wisdom of the ancients, and then turn him out like an *omadhaun* to pick up his victuals among the moderns!

A plague of your old pagan pedagogues; give me an active drill-sergeant, a regiment of boys, a cart-load of rattans, and I'll engage to return you a regiment of young gentlemen, who, if they have small Latin, and less Greek, will have learned under my tutelage the true education of finding servitude no slavery, and of having their tender skins hardened, by the help of the bamboo, into the insensibility of the pelt of a sucking rhinoceros!

The fact is, at our schools, the memory is the only faculty that gets strong; the intellect gets weak, for they load it, as they do a two-year old coalt, long before it has strength to do its work; there is a time, I confess, when book-learning becomes a pleasure and a recreation, but it isn't before we begin to think, but after: there is neither use nor satisfaction in filling your skull with words without ideas, as you do at school; try to fill a riddle with split peas, and see how long you'll be at it. Schoolmasters find you hard words in plenty; but the few ideas a man picks up as he goes along owe devellish little to the schoolmaster.

There's another thing, too, that often struck me in the schoolmasterin' business as a great oversight; may be I may see the defect the more, because I felt the misfortune of it myself; and though it may look very foolish in a military man to talk of education, yet there are many learned gentlemen looking over the page at this present writing, who will be ready to snap me up if I go wrong.

The defect I allude to, is, that of an insuffieient drilling in what a philosopher would call the moral habits.

The moral *duties* are abundantly incalculated in all our schools; every child has them all hammered into him; and as they get bigger, they come in time, at least some of them, to understand them; their religious belief, too, is always uppermost in the thoughts of the schoolmaster, so there is no cause of complaint; but what I want to see is the discipline of *habits*, call them moral, physical, or what you will, grafted upon the tree of knowledge; the discipline, in fact, of the army, with the discipline of the Christian.

For with habits of obedience, patience silence, labor, and the rest that make the boy give promise of the man, the more I have observed them, the more I see that they are not altogether learned in the chapel; far from it, there boys learn what they ought to be, but it ins't preaching that will ever make them practice it, nothing but military discipline, and that very strict, will bring boys to a habit of doing what they know to be right. For example, when I was engaged in a repository for young gentleman at Peckham Rye, for a drillsergeant, I was instructed to make the boys in every respect as polite as commissioned officers, and, will you believe it, the first time I tapped one of the most rumbunctious with a cane, for calling me a ramrod eating prig, or some such gentlemanly epithet, I was cashiered without any ceremony, with the information that no person in my capacity could be retained there who would not submit to the *jokes* of the young 'gentlemen.'

But enough of this. Never man got worse education than I did, and probably I see things standing in my own light. However, God be praised for all his mercies! what a relief it is to man's mind to be able to lay all the faults of his life on the shoulders of his schoolmaster. A firm faith in the influence of the planets is also very useful in easing conscience. Nobody cares to curse his own folly, vice, or misconduct in life, when he has only to curse the stars, and believe that he was born the most unlucky devil that ever stood upon ten toes. And that the stars must have great influence on man's fortunes there can be no manner of doubt, since I never heard that they took any pains to clear their characters from the imputations that the unfortunate, like myself, are so ready to cast upon them.