

—indeed I am accounted a pretty good nose at the business by those who know me best:

I have seen a mischievous boy put snuff upon an apple and lay it in a warren, and then I have seen an old cock rabbit come along and smell the snuff upon the apple, and, in the act of sneezing, snap his head off, and fling it from him full ten feet or more.

I have seen an old campaigner take snuff so inveterately that he used to employ a little nigger boy to make it up for him in cartridges which the old chap used to take with a ramrod; and when he sneezed 'twas like the explosion of a Congreve rocket, or a Cochran bomb, and was enough to throw a whole congregation into tears.

I have never heard of but one tight laced female who ever took snuff, and she poor creature, never stopped to fling a somerset when she sneezed, but instantly snapped herself in five and twenty pieces just like a sneezing pipe stem.

But, as I said before, of all the cases of sternutation that have ever come to my knowledge, the case most seriously ridiculous, comically quiet, and irresistibly humorous, was that alluded to at the Chatham Theatre. It is utterly impossible to describe it, and if the reader has not got a brilliant imagination, I beg of him to pass over the balance of this article without reading it. It was at the performance of Damon and Pythis.

The house was crowded,—the audience were nearly all in tears [tiers?],—in one box, sat a large corpulent gentleman weighing not less than three hundred pounds, and contiguous to him, in the next box, sat a little, neatly dressed, but indescribably comical looking Yankee pedlar from Vermont. The fat gentleman was wiping his eyes, and the pedlar himself seemed to be absorbed in the tragedy,—a momentary pause occurred upon the stage, when the pedlar with his right hand put a pinch of snuff to his nose, and, without turning his eyes from the stage, with his left hand reached over in the next box, and took firm hold of the fat gentleman's right ear, to which he held fast, while he gave utterance to one of the most eloquent sneezes I ever heard.—he then let go of the fat gentleman's ear—took out his handkerchief, and wiped his nose—all the while looking at the actors as if nothing at all had happened out of the ordinary course of an every day sneeze.

The fat gentleman, on the other hand, exhibited the most perfect specimen imaginable of a confounded man. Yes, he was perfectly non plussed—he looked first at the pedlar on his right hand, and then at the audience on his left hand—and then he looked behind him—and then he looked over his head—the pedlar looked at the stage: then the fat gentleman put his hand to his ear—it had received a smart twitch, to be sure, but still it was there—then he left of his other ear—'twas all right—then he scratched his head—and then he stared at the pedlar and with a bursting countenance broke in upon him thus: 'What in — is the matter with you, sir?'

The pedlar turned, and gazing at the big gentleman with a look of the most innocent and unaffected surprise, replied, 'Indeed, I don't know, sir,—is any thing?'

This was too much for me—I left the box in a fit of absolute suffocation.

YOUTHFUL SOPROW.

It is a terrible thing when youth—the time of sport and enjoyment, the period which nature has set apart for acquiring knowledge, and power, and expansion, and for tasting all the multitude of sweet and magnificent things which crowd the creation, in their first freshness and with the zest of novelty—s clouded with storms or drenched with tears. It is not so terrible by any means when the mere ills of fortune afflict us,—for they are light things to the buoyancy of youth, and are soon thrown off by the heart which has not learned the foresight of fresh sorrows. The body habituates itself more easily to any thing than the mind, and privations twice or thrice endured are privations no longer. But it is a terrible thing, indeed, when—in those warm days of youth when the heart is all affection, the mind longing for thrilling sympathies, the soul eager to love or be loved—the faults, the vices, or the circumstances of others cut us off from those sweet naturalities with which nature, as with a wreath of flowers, has garlanded our early days, when we have either lost and regret, or known but to contemn, the kindred whose veins flow with the same

blood as our own, or the parents who gave us being.

MENAGERIE OF THE SOUL.

WHAT, you will say, have I beasts within me? Yes, you have beasts, and vast number of them. And that you may not think I intend to insult you, is anger an inconsiderable beast, when it barks in your heart? What is deceit when it lies hid in the cunning mind? Is it not a fox? Is not the man who is furiously bent upon calumny, a scorpion? Is not the person who is eagerly set on resentment and revenge, a most venomous viper? What do you say of a covetous man, is he not a ravenous wolf? And is not the luxurious man, as the prophet expresses it, a neighing horse? Nay, there is no wild beast but is found, within us. And do you consider yourself as lord and prince of the wild beasts because you command those that are without, though you never think of subduing or setting bounds to those that are within you? What advantage have you by your reason, which enables you to overcome lions if after all, you yourself, are overcome by anger? To what purpose do you rule over the birds and catch them with gins, if you yourself with the inconstancy of a bird, are hurried hither and thither, and sometimes flying high, are ensnared by pride sometimes brought down and caught by pleasure?

But as it is shameful for him who rules over nations to be a slave at home, and for the man who sits at the helm of state, to be meanly subjected to the beck of a contemptible harlot, or even of an imperious wife, will it not be, in like manner, disgraceful for you who exercise dominion over the beasts that are without you, to be subject to a great many, and those of the worst sort, that roar and domineer in your distempered mind.—Leighen.

From the Knickerbocker for February.

THE ANTIQUITY OF FREEDOM.

HERE are old trees, tall oaks and gnarled pines That stream with grey green mosses; here the ground Was never trenched for spades, and flowers spring up Unown and die ungathered. It is sweet To linger here among the flitting birds And leaping squirrels, wandering trooks, and winds That shake the leaves, and scatter as they pass A fragrance from the cedars thickly set With pale blue berries. In these peaceful shades— Peaceful, unpruned, immeasurably old— My thoughts go up the long, dim path of years, Back to the earliest days of Liberty.

Oh Freedom! thou art not as poet's dream, A fair young girl with light and delicate limbs And wavy tresses gashing from the cap With which the Roman master crowded his slave, When he took off the gyves. A bearded man, Armed to the teeth art thou; one mailed hand Grasps the broad shield, and one the sword; thy brow, Glorious in beauty, though it be, is scarred With tokens of old wars; thy massive limbs Are strong with struggling. Power at thee has launched His bolts, and with his lightnings smitten thee; They could not quench the life thou hast from Heaven, Merciless power has dug thy dungeon deep, And his swart armorers, by a thousand fires, Have forged thy chain; yet while he deems thee bound, The links are shivered, and the prison walls Fall outward; terribly thou springest forth, As springs the flame above a burning pile, And shoutest to the nations, who return Thy shoutings while the pale oppressor flies.

Thy birth right was not given by human hands: Thou wert twin-born with man. In pleasant fields, While yet our race was few, that sat 'at with him, To tend the quiet flock and watch the stars And teach the reed to utter simple airs, Thou by his side amid the tangled wood Didst war upon the panther and the wolf, Your only foes; and thou with him didst draw The earliest furrows on the mountain side, Soft with the Deluge. Tyranny himself, Thy enemy, although of reverend look, Hoary with many years, and far obeyed, Is later born than thou; and as he meets

The grave defiance of thine elder eye, The usurper trembles in his fastnesses.

Thou shalt wax stronger with the lapse of years, But he shall fade into a feeble age; Feebler, yet subtler: he shall weave his snares, And spring them on thy careless steps, and clap His withered hands, and from their ambush call His hordes to fall upon thee. He shall send Quaint maskers, forms of fair and gallant mien, To catch thy gaze, and uttering graceful words To charm thy ear, while his sly imps, by stealth, Twine round thee threads of steel, light thread on thread That grow to fetters; or bind down thy arms With chains concealed of chaplets. Oh! not yet May'st thou unbrace thy corslet, or lay by Thy sword nor yet, O Freedom! close thy lids In slumber: for thine enemy never sleeps, And thou must watch and combat till the day Of the new Earth and Heaven. But would'st thou rest Awhile from tumult and the frauds of men, These old and friendly solitudes invite Thy visit. They, while yet the forest trees Were young upon the inviolated Earth, And yet the moss-stains on the rock were new, Beheld thy glorious childhood, and rejoiced.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

From Blackwood's Magazine. LIFE IN LONDON.

THE HEBREW NATION next claims a share of our attention, as representing the more numerous, important, and wealthy body of distinct people in London. The man who can look a Jew full in the face (we do not allude to Solomon, or any other of the Hebrew fraternity of bums, fellows that we cannot bear to contemplate otherwise than at the top of our speed) without perusing in his oval phiz, high, pale forehead, dark, deep-set, flashing eye, a volume of the romance of history, more eloquent than Josephus ever writ, must have no more association in his pate than a block of the New Patent Timber Paving Company.

Talk of pedigrees, forsooth!—tell us of the Talbots, Persys, Howards, and such like mushrooms of yesterday!—show us a Jew, and we will show you a man whose genealogical tree springs from Abraham's bosom—whose family is older than the Decalogue, and who bears incontrovertible evidence in every line of his oriental countenance, of the authenticity of his descent through myriads of successive generations: You see in him a living argument of the truth of Divine revelation—in him you behold the literal fulfilment of the prophecies. With him you ascend the stream of time, not voyaging by the help of the dim, uncertain, and fallacious light of tradition, but guided by an emanation of the same light, which, to his nation, was 'a cloud by day, and a pillar of fire by night;' in him you see the representative of the once favored people of God, to whom, as to the chosen of all mankind, He revealed himself their legislator, protector, and king; who brought them out of the land of Egypt, out of the house of bondage. 'Israelites,' as Saint Paul saith, 'to whom pertaineth the adoption, and the glory, and the covenants, and the giving of the law, and the service of God, and the promises; whose are the fathers, and of whom as concerning the flesh, Christ came, who is over all, God blessed for ever. Amen.'

You behold him established, as it were for ever, in the pleasant places allotted him; you trace him by the peculiar mercy of his God in his transition states from bondage to freedom, and by the innate depravity of human nature, from prosperity to insuance, ingratitude, and rebellion, following him on, you find him in the serf of Rome; you trace him from the smouldering ashes of Jerusalem, an outcast and a wanderer to all lands; the persecutor of Christ, you find him the persecuted of Christians, bearing all things, suffering all things, strong in the pride of human knowledge, stiffnecked and gainsaying, hoping all things, 'For the Lord will have mercy on Jacob, and will yet chose Israel, and set them in their own land; and the stranger shall be joined with them, and they shall cleave to the house of Jacob. And the people shall take them, and bring them to their place; and the house of Israel shall possess them in the land of the Lord, for servants and handmaids; and they take them captive whose captive they were,—and they shall rule over their oppressors.'

The associations connected with the history of the Jews are oppressive in interest, and would lead us far away from the humble and unpretending picture of manners we have proposed to place in our homely Dutch like way,—be who would bring out in colors

of truth and nature the romance of Jewish history must be the Raphael, not the Tenior, of the pen.

When you awoke early in the morning by the reiterated cry of 'Old Clo'—or when the cunning little Isaac, who frequents our court, seduces all the good housewives to their doors and windows by the dulcet strains of his accordion, only to poke them into an exchange of a pair of discarded unwhisperables for a soup plate, soap dish or some other article of his miscellaneous crockery—you have no idea of Jews or Judaism in London; you must pack up your traps, make under our experienced tutelage a voyage into the East by 'bus or cab, and when we have shown you the Hebrew district, initiated you into many of the peculiarities of Hebrew life, if you do not conclude the day by treating us to a jolly 'blow out' at the Albion in Bishopsgate, then art thou a very Jew—a Haman, upon whom Mordecai will take unutterable revenges.

The Jewish quarter is literally the New Jerusalem; here we Christians are foreigners, strangers in a strange land: here, over the doors, are inscribed pot books and vowel points, indicative, to those who understand them, that Moses Abrahams furnisheth 'slops' for home consumption and exportation—this we naturally conclude to be the meaning from the articles exhibited in the windows; for though the sign be Hebrew to them, we need hardly say that it is Greek to us. Within the area bounded as is above described you might readily imagine yourself transported to Frankfort, Warsaw, or any place enjoying a superabundant Jewish population, here every face is of the shape, and somewhat of the complexion, of a Turkey egg—every brow penciled in an arch of exact eclipse—every nose modelled after the proboscis of a Toucan—looks as bushy and black as those of Absalom abound, and beards of the patriarchal ages. Here and hereabouts, Isaac kills beef and mutton according to the old dispensation: Jacob receives accidental silver spoons and consigns gold watches, now warranted never more to lose a second, to a crucible, kept always at white heat in his little dark cellar, and no questions asked. Here at the corner Rebecca disposes of fried liver and 'tatoes, smoking hot, on little bright burnished copper platters, to all the tribes of Israel not prohibited by law to eat—that is to say, to all who possess the solitary 'browns' wherewith to purchase the appetizing dainty. Solomon negotiates in the matter of rags—Esther rejoices in a brisk little business of flat fish fried in oil—a species of dainty in which the Jews alone excel—Moses and Aaron keep separate marine stores, where every earthly thing furtively acquired finds a ready sale—Rachel albeit a widow, dispenses from behind the 'short' and 'heavy' to the thirsty tribes—Ruth deals wholesale in oranges and other foreign fruits. Melchizedec dabbleth in Hebrew books and tracts. Mordecai is a crimp, the vulture of seafaring men; nothing is to be seen above, below, around but Jewish physiognomies, Jewish houses, and Jewish occupations.

The avidity with which this, in one sense, primitive people pursues gain is not wonderful, when we reflect that gain is all that the till lately, unrelenting persecution of the Christian has left them to pursue; with money, in the dark days of their history, have they purchased the poor privilege to live; with money have they secured for themselves, in one country connivance, in another toleration, in a third citizenship; with money have they made war, and set by the ears hostile Nazarenes, with money have they negotiated peace—transferred from king to king diadems and sceptres—playing at chuck farthing with the fates and fortunes of European and Asiatic nations. The same all absorbing thirst of gold that formed the leading principle in the life of that pillar of the Stock Exchange, the well remembered Rothschild, animates the merest Israelitish urchin who follows through the streets his bearded progenitor, esquire of the cloths bag, to the pursuit of gain all their energies are directed with an intensity, unscrupulousity, and perseverance unknown to, and unattempted by, any Christian people: money the must and will have, the lowest depths of knavery, chicanery, and extortion, are practised by this rabble to accomplish this the end of their existence, for this, the infamous 'crimp' grasps the hard earnings of the unsuspecting seaman as soon as he steps upon his native shore, and then spurns him naked into the street; for this the marine store dealers and receivers open their seminaries of theft, for this the current coin of the realm is clipped, and ingots and sovereigns perspire; for this the pander entraps, and the bawd opens wide the gates that lead to everlasting death, trafficking in Christian flesh for purposes worse than the worst of slavery.

The necessary qualities for society are—positiveness, exempt from falsehood; frankness, without rudeness; complaisance, freed from flattery, and, above all, a heart naturally inclined to benevolence.