

ded for that purpose, and not to discolour the stairs. In public buildings, visitors are implored, through the same agency, to squint the essence of their quids, or 'plugs,' as I have heard them called by gentlemen learned in this kind of sweetmeat, into the national spittoons, and not about the bases of the marble columns. But in some parts, this custom is inseparably mixed up with every meal and morning call, and with all the transactions of social life. The stranger, who follows in the track I took myself, will find it in its full bloom and glory, luxuriant in all its alarming recklessness, at Washington. And let him not persuade himself (as I once did, to my shame) that previous tourists have exaggerated its extent. The thing itself is an exaggeration of nastiness, which cannot be outdone.

We reached Washington at about half past six that evening, and had upon the way a beautiful view of the Capitol, which is a fine building of the Corinthian order, placed upon a noble and commanding eminence. Arrived at the hotel, I saw no more of the place that night, being very tired, and glad to get to bed.

Breakfast over, and coming home, threw up the window in the front and back, and look out. Here is Washington, fresh in my mind and under my eye.

Take the worst parts of the City Road and Pontonville, preserving all their oddities, but especially the small shops and dwellings, occupied there (but not in Washington) by furniture brokers, keepers of poor eating houses and fanciers of birds. Burn the whole down, build it up again in wood and plaster; widen it a little, throw in part of St. John's Wood, put green blinds outside all the private houses, with a red curtain and a white in every window, plough up all the roads, plant a great deal of coarse turf in every place where it ought not to be, erect three handsome buildings in stone and marble, but the more entirely out of every one's way the better, call one Post Office, one the Patent Office, and one the Treasury; make it scorching hot in the morning, and freezing cold in the afternoon, with an occasional tornado of wind and dust, leave a brick field without the bricks, in all central places where a street may naturally be expected; and that is Washington.

It is sometimes called the City of Magnificent Distances, but it might with greater propriety be termed the City of Magnificent Intentions; for it is only on taking a bird's-eye view of it from the top of the Capitol, that one can at all comprehend the vast designs of its projector, an aspiring Frenchman. Spacious avenues, that begin in nothing, and lead nowhere; streets, mile-long, that only want houses, roads, and inhabitants; public buildings that need but a public to be complete; and ornaments of great thoroughfares, which only lack great thoroughfares to ornament, are its leading features. One might fancy the season over, and most of the houses gone out of town for ever with their masters. To the admirers of cities it is Barmecide Feast,—a pleasant field for the imagination to rove in; a monument raised to a diseased project, with not even a legible inscription to record its departed greatness.

It is very unhealthy. Few people would live in Washington, I take it, who were not obliged to reside there,—and the tides of emigration and speculation, those rapid and regardless currents, are little likely to flow at any time toward such dull and sluggish water.

The principal features of the Capitol are, of course, the two Houses of Parliament. But there is, besides, in the centre of the building, a fine rotunda, ninety-six feet in diameter, and ninety-six high, whose circular Wall is divided into compartments, ornamented by historical pictures. Four of these have for their subjects prominent events in the revolutionary struggle. They were painted by Col. Trumbull, himself a member of Washington's staff at the time of their occurrence,—from which circumstance they derive a peculiar interest, of their own. In this same hall Mr Greenough's large statue of Washington has been lately placed. It has great merits of course, but it struck me as being rather strained and violent for its subject. I could wish however, to have seen it in a better light than it can ever be viewed in where it stands.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

The House of Representatives is a beautiful and spacious hall, of semi-circular shape, supported by handsome pillars. One part of the gallery, is appropriated to the ladies, and there they sit in front rows, and come in, and go out, as at a play or concert. The chair is canopied, and raised considerably above the floor of the house; and every member has an easy chair and a writing desk to himself, which is denounced by some people out of doors as a most unfortunate and injudicious arrangement, tending to long sittings and prolix speeches. It is an elegant chamber to look at, but an exceedingly bad one for all purposes of hearing. The Senate, which is smaller, is free from this objection, and is exceedingly well adapted to the uses for which it is designed. The sittings, I need hardly add, take place in the day; and the parliamentary forms are modelled on those of the old country.

It was sometimes asked, in my progress through other places, whether I had not been very much impressed by the heads or the lawmakers at Washington; meaning not their chiefs and leaders, but literally their individual and personal heads, whereby the phenological character of each legislator was expressed; and I almost as often struck my ques-

tioner dumb with indignant consternation by answering 'No, that I didn't at all remember being overcome.' As I must, at whatever hazard, repeat the avowal here, I will follow it up by relating my impressions on this subject in as few words as possible.

In the first place—it may be from some imperfect development of my organ of veneration—I do not remember having ever fainted away, or having been moved to tears of joyful pride, at sight of any legislative body. I have borne the House of Commons like a man, and have yielded to no weakness, but slumber, in the House of Lords. I have seen elections for borough and county, and have never been impelled (no matter which party won) to damage my hat by throwing it up into the air in triumph, or to crack my voice by shouting out any reference to our Glorious Constitution, to the nobility of our independent voters, or the unimpeachable integrity of our independent members.

Having withstood such strong attacks upon my fortitude, it is possible that I may be of a cold and insensible temperament, amounting to icyness, in such matters,—and therefore my impressions of the live pillars of the Capitol at Washington must be received with such grains of allowance as this free confession may seem to demand.

Did I see in this public body, an assemblage of men, bound together in the sacred names of Liberty and Freedom, and so asserting the chaste dignity of those twin goddesses, in all their discussions, as to exalt at once the Eternal Principles to which their names are given, and their own character, and the character of their countrymen, in the admiring eyes of the whole world?

It was but a week since an aged gray haired man, a lasting honor to the land that gave him birth, who has done good service to his country, as his forefathers did, and who will be remembered scores upon scores after the worms bred in its corruption, are but so many grains of dust—it was but a week, since this old man had stood for days upon his trial before this very body, charged with having dared to assert the infamy of that traffic, which has for its accursed merchandise men and women and their unborn children. Yes, and publicly exhibited in the same city all the while, gilded, framed and glazed—hung up for general admiration—shown to strangers not with shame but pride—its face not turned towards the wall, itself not taken down and burned, is the Unanimous Declaration of The Thirteen United States of America, which solemnly declares that All Men are declared Equal; and are endowed by their Creator with the Inalienable Rights of Life, Liberty, and the Pursuit of Happiness!

It was not a month, since this same body had sat calmly by, and heard a man, one of themselves, with oaths which beggars in their drink reject, threaten to cut another's throat from ear to ear. There he sat, among them; not crashed by the general feeling of the assembly, but as good a man as any.

There was but a week to come, and another of that body, for doing his duty to those who sent him there—for claiming in a Republic the Liberty and Freedom of expressing their sentiments, and making known their prayer,—would be tried, found guilty, and have strong censure passed upon him by the rest. His was a grave offence indeed,—for years before he had risen up and said—'A gang of male and female slaves for sale, warranted to breed like cattle, linked to each other by iron fetters, are passing now along the open street beneath the windows of your Temple of Equality! Look!' But there are many kinds of Hunters engaged in the Pursuit of Happiness, and they go variously armed. It is the Inalienable Right of some among them to take the field after their Happiness, equipped with cart and cartwhip, stocks and iron collar, and shout their view halloo! (always in praise of Liberty) to the music of clanking chains and bloody stripes.

Where sat the many legislators of coarse threats,—of words and blows such as coal heavers deal upon each other, when they forget their breeding? On every side. Every session had its anecdotes of that kind, and the actors were all there.

Did I recognize in this assembly a body of men, who applying themselves in a new world to correct some of the falsehoods and vices of the old, purified the avenues to Public Life, paved the dirty way to Place and Power, debated and made laws for the Common Good, and had no party but their country?

I saw in them the wheels that move the meanest perversion of virtuous Political Machinery that the worst tools ever wrought. Despicable trickery at elections—under handed tamperings with public officers: cowardly attacks upon opponents, with scurrilous newspaper for shields, and hired pens for daggers; shameful truckings to mercenary knaves, whose claim to be considered is, that every day and week they sow new crops of ruin with their vernal types, which are the dragon's teeth of yore, in everything but sharpness; aidings and abettings of every bad inclination in the popular mind, and artful suppressions of all its good influences: such things as these, and in a word, Dishonest Faction in its most depraved and most obnoxious form, stared out from every corner of the crowded hall.

Did I see among them the intelligence and refinement, the true, honest, patriotic heart of America? Here and there were drops of its blood and life, but they scarcely colored the stream of desperate adventurers which sets this

way for profit and for pay. It is the game of these men, and of their poffigate organs, to make the strife of politics so fierce and brutal, and so destructive of self respect in worthy men, that sensitive and delicate minded persons shall be kept aloof, and they, and such as they, be left to battle out their selfish views, unchecked. And thus this lowest of all scrambling fights goes on, and they who in other countries would, from their intelligence and station, most aspire to make the laws, do here recoil the farthest from that degradation.

That there are, among the representatives of the people in both houses, and among all parties, some men of high character and great abilities, I need not say. The foremost among these politicians who are known in Europe, have been already described, and I see no reason to depart from the rule I have laid down for my guidance, of abstaining from all mention of individuals. It will be sufficient to add, that to the most favorable accounts that have been written of them, I more than fully and most heartily describe; and that personal intercourse and free communication have bred within me, not the result predicted in the very doubtful proverb, but increased admiration and respect. They are striking men to look at, hard to deceive, prompt to act, lions in energy, Crichtons in varied accomplishments, Indians in fire of eye and gesture, Americans in strong and generous impulse; and they as well represent the honor and wisdom of their country at home, as the distinguished gentleman who is now its minister at the British Court sustains its highest character abroad.

The Senate is a dignified and decorous body, and its proceedings are conducted with much gravity and order. Both houses are handsomely carpeted, but the state to which these carpets are reduced by the universal disregard of the spittoon with which every honorable member is accommodated, and the extraordinary improvements on the pattern which are squirted and dabbled upon it in every direction, do not admit of being described. I will merely observe, that I strongly recommend all strangers not to look at the floor, and if they happen to drop anything, though it be their purse, not to pick it up with an unloved hand on any account.

From Lover's Handy Andy.

IT'S A FINE THING TO BE A GENTLEMAN.
'Och! it's a fine thing to be a gentleman,' said Andy. 'Cock you up,' said his mother. 'Maybe it's a gentleman you want to be,—what puts that in your head you omadhaun?' 'Why, because a gentleman has no hardships compared with one of us. Sure if a gentleman was married his wife wouldn't be tuk off from him the way mine was.' 'Not so soon, maybe,' said his mother drily. 'And if a gentleman breaks a horse's heart he's only a 'bowld rider,' while a poor servant is a 'careless blackguard' for taking a sweat out of him. If a gentleman drink till he can't see 'a hole in a laddier, he's only 'fresh,' but 'drunk' is the word for a poor man. And if a gentleman kicks up a row he's a 'fine spirited fellow,' while a poor man is a 'disorderly vagabone' for the same; and the Justice axes the one to dinner and sends the other to gaol. Oh! fair the law is a dainty lady,—she takes people by the hand who can afford to wear gloves, but people with brown fists must keep their distance.'

ORIGINAL.

Scene—A Shop in Chatham. Enter Monitor.

Monitor: Good morning Mr Titmouse. (A pause.) Dull times these.

Titmouse: Dull enough; but why not endeavour to enliven them?

Mon: How? by what means?

Tit: By countenancing my project instead of scribbling against it.

Mon: What project? Oh! the Amateur Theatre.

Tit: Yes.

Mon: Pardon my stupidity; I have but this moment discovered my being in the presence of a creature—the creation of the immortal Bard of Avon.

Tit: Creature! what creature? why you are if possible, more insulting when present, than offensive when absent.

Mon: My dear Sir, say not so; for instead of an insult, I intended it as a high compliment; I called you by your assumed cognomen—Hamlet.

Tit: You called me a creature of creation.

Mon: Creature of Shakspeare's genius, man; is not that a compliment? but you—

Tit: Oh yes, yes; I forgot; I, I, beg your pardon; but let me ask how

you came to assert that the old Amateur Company were averse to the formation of a new one? I know the contrary.

Mon: Will they play?

Tit: All are most anxious to see it go ahead.

Mon: No doubt; perhaps they could be prevailed on to sell or rent the scenery, on easy terms.

Enter Q. an old Amateur and Shareholder.

Mon: Pray Mr. Q. are you willing to patronize an Amateur theatre this winter?

Q: I am, most certainly.

Tit: to Mon. Ah! ha, Mr Wiseacre; what did I tell you?

Mon: to Q. Will you play a part yourself?

Q: If I could I would.

Mon: If you could! how, we all know you were wont to be a first rate actor.

Q: Yes, but a change has come over me now. 1st, I am older now. 2nd, I am married now—and 3d, I am devoid of taste for play acting now. Save for these small hindrances, I would readily step forward. I will lend a hand; however; and will sell out reasonably.

Mon: For what sum per share?

Q: Form the company, and we'll see.

Mon: Where is the material for such an undertaking?

Q: Material! It is true; that if we were to judge by the specimen exhibited in the Gleaner, by the crack-brained, woebegone swain, assuming the name of Hamlet, material would indeed be materially wanting; but he's an ass.

Mon: An ass!

Q: Yes—stick him into a second hide, having annexed to it two appendages highly requisite to his looking the character well, and I will guarantee he will act the part nobly. Me thinks I see the late Harry Downton laughing in his sleeve, at the idea of having such a successor.

Tit: [in a rage.] Catch me letting you into another secret; if I do I may be hanged.

Mon: [laughing loudly] My good fellow, I declare I let nothing out.

Tit: Nothing! you let the cat out of the bag, you blockhead.

Mon: Why man, had puss been peaceable, she had been snug in the bag still.

Q: seeing the scrape he had got into, runs out.

Mon: Let him go; never heed his nonsense; he's a Quiz; he's no Ghost that you need look so alarmed.

Tit: I don't care a fig of tobacco for him; nor all the Ghosts in Arabia. He's a rascal.

Mon: You should not speak so lightly of Ghosts, you are not the first Hamlet whom a ghost has frightened.

Tit: I am! so none of your insinuations!

Mon: Now be calm, and we will suppose that I be one in forming a company, will you come forward manfully and assist.

Tit: I will; and I am glad to hear you speak so sensibly.

Mon: How much will you advance.

Tit: Advance! what money? nothing.

Mon: And do you imagine, that all which is necessary to the getting up a theatrical company, is the playing a false part?

Tit: That's all. I would have no objections to do that; on condition that the other young men would join us; and get it up.

Mon: Perhaps the other young men are not so capable of playing false characters as we are; hem! Do I understand you then to mean—that