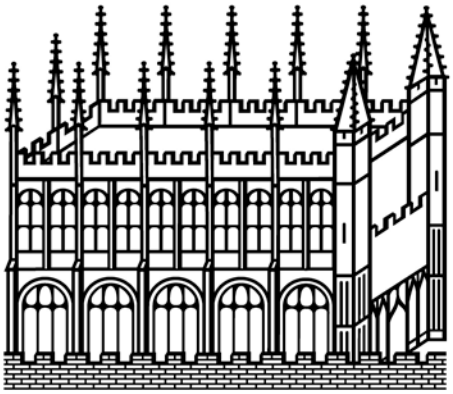


Bodleian Libraries

UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD

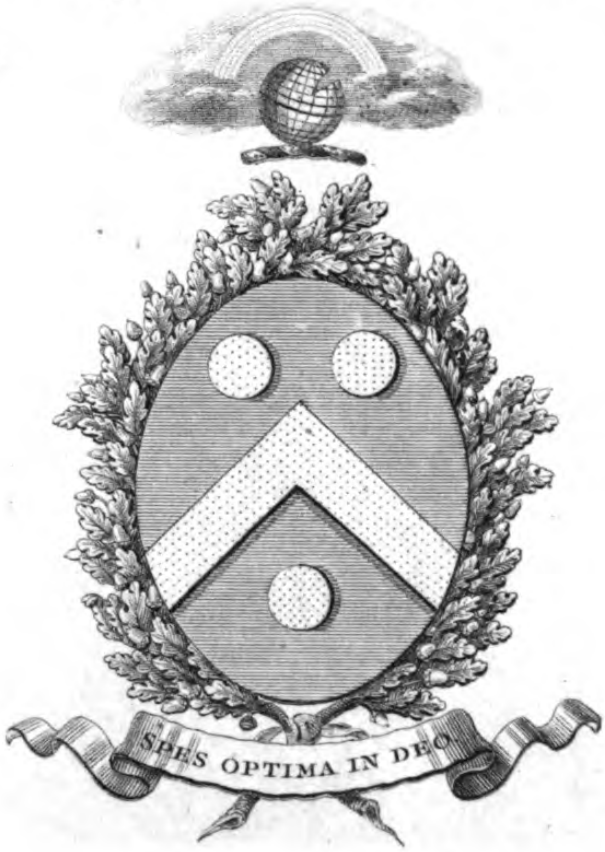
This book is part of the collection held by the Bodleian Libraries and scanned by Google, Inc. for the Google Books Library Project.

For more information see:

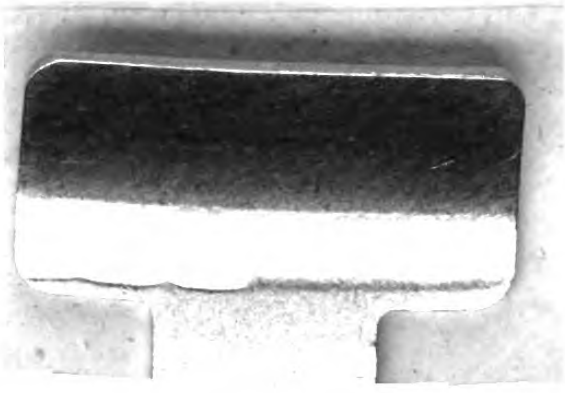
http://www.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/dbooks

This work is licensed under a Creative Commons Attribution-NonCommercial-ShareAlike 2.0 UK: England & Wales (CC BY-NC-SA 2.0) licence.

Hope Essays 172



John Thomas Hope.



SALMAGUNDI;

OR, THE

WHIM-WHAMS AND OPINIONS

OF

LAUNCELOT LANGSTAFF, ESQ.

AND OTHERS.

In hoc est hoax, cum quiz et jokesez,
Et smokem, toastem, roastem, folksez,
Fee, faw, fum. *Psalmanazar.*

With baked, and broiled, and stewed, and toasted,
And fried, and boiled, and smoaked, and roasted,
We treat the town.

REPRINTED FROM THE AMERICAN EDITION,

WITH

AN INTRODUCTORY ESSAY

And Explanatory Notes,

BY JOHN LAMBERT.

VOL. I.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR J. M. RICHARDSON, 23, CORNHILL,
OPPOSITE THE ROYAL EXCHANGE.

1811.

Printed by Galabin and Marchant,
Ingram-court, London.

CONTENTS

OF

VOL. I.

	Page
Introductory Essay	i
Advertisement	1
Publisher's Notice	3
From the Elbow Chair of Launcelot Langstaff, Esq.	4
Introduction	ib.
Theatrics, by William Wizard, Esq.	12
New York Assembly, by Anthony Evergreen, Gent.	15
From the Elbow Chair of Launcelot Langstaff, Esq.	21
Mr. Wilson's Concert, by Anthony Evergreen, Gent.	27
Character of Pindar Cockloft, Esq.	31
Epistle from Pindar Cockloft, Esq.	34
Advertisement	37
Introduction to Mustapha's first letter	40
Letter from Mustapha Rub-a-dub Keli Khan to Asem Hacchem, principal slave-driver to his highness the bashaw of Tripoli	43
Fashions, by Anthony Evergreen, Gent.	48
Wise conjectures of the town respecting the Authors	51
"How now mooncalf!"	55
Proclamation, by Pindar Cockloft, Esq.	57
From the Elbow Chair of Launcelot Langstaff, Esq.	60
Memorandums for a Tour to be entitled "The Stranger in New Jersey; or, Cockney Travelling, by Jeremy Cockloft the younger	64
From the Elbow Chair of Launcelot Langstaff, Esq.	71
Flummery from the Mill of Pindar Cockloft, Esq.	74
Notice, from the Authors	83
From the Elbow Chair of Launcelot Langstaff, Esq.	86
Letter from Mustapha Rub-a-dub Keli Khan, to Abdallah Eb'n al Rahab, sirnamed the snorer, Military Centinel at the gate of his Highness's palace	87
Will Wizard at a ball, by Anthony Evergreen, Gent.	98

CONTENTS.

To the Ladies, from the Mill of Pindar Cockloft, Esq. . 104
From the Elbow Chair of Launcelot Langstaff, Esq. . 109
Characteristics of the Cockloft Family . . . ib.
Theatrics, by William Wizard, Esq. . . . 121
Letter from Mustapha Rub-a-dub Keli Khan to Asem Hacchem 130
From the Mill of Pindar Cockloft, Esq. . . . 141
Character of Launcelot Langstaff, Esq. by Anthony Evergreen, Gent. 147
On Style, by William Wizard, Esq. . . . 156
Answer to certain meddling correspondents . . 163
My Aunt Charity, from the Elbow Chair of Launcelot Langstaff, Esq. 168
From the Elbow Chair of Launcelot Langstaff, Esq. . 175
Letter from Mustapha Rub-a-dub Keli Khan to Asem Hacchem 177
From the Mill of Pindar Cockloft, Esq. . . . 186
From the Elbow Chair of Launcelot Langstaff, Esq. . 193
Letter from Demy-Semiquaver to Launcelot Langstaff, Esq. 195
The Stranger in Pennsylvania, by Jeremy Cockloft the younger 202

PREFACE.

THE American production, which I have now the pleasure to introduce to the notice of the British public, made its appearance during my residence in the United States, in 1807; it was published at New York in twenty numbers, one of which came out nearly once a fortnight.—They met with unprecedented applause, and passed through several editions during the course of their publication. Just before my departure from the United States the essays were disconti-

nued, and I had an opportunity of procuring a complete copy of the whole. On my return to this country I published a work entitled "Travels through Lower Canada and "the United States of North America, in "the years 1806, 1807, and 1808," in three volumes, in which I introduced a few of the Salmagundian Essays, as a specimen of American literature.—This work, on which I had bestowed considerable care and attention, was not, however, to be more fortunate here than its author was in America, for it had scarcely been published two months when one half of the edition was destroyed by a conflagration at the printer's, and, ere I could receive the whole of the money for the copy-right, my publisher became a bankrupt.—Thus the prospect of a second edition, and the emoluments arising from it, are entirely vanished, unless the copy-right should perchance be pur-

chased by a more successful publisher; at present it is locked up in the hands of the assignees. The few essays from the Salmagundi, given in that work, having been greatly admired, I have been induced to publish the whole, together with an Introductory Essay and explanatory notes; these last will, I trust, serve to elucidate such passages as are of a local nature, and, I hope, render my readers better acquainted with American manners than they have hitherto been. Should I have the good fortune to be instrumental to the removal of one single prejudice against the Americans, or, in any way, tend to conciliate the minds of my countrymen in favour of a people whose character has been grossly misrepresented, I shall feel myself amply rewarded for my trouble, and consider such a change of sentiment to have arisen

more from the liberal opinions of my readers than from any feeble effort of mine.

J. L.

London, April 8th, 1811.

INTRODUCTORY ESSAY

TO

SALMAGUNDI.

SO little is really known of the United States of America, on this side of the Atlantic, that it is not a matter of much surprise to find the most absurd and ridiculous prejudices existing with regard to every thing belonging to that country. The unfortunate revolution, which terminated in the emancipation of our colonies, is certainly the ostensible cause of the jealousy which exists between the two nations; and, of the two, I think our prejudices against the Americans are stronger than their animosity towards us.—I believe it is more difficult for a parent to pardon the undutiful behaviour of a child than for a child to forget the ill-treatment of a parent. The same reasoning may, perhaps, apply to nations as well as to individuals; for the conduct of men, in their public capacity, is guided very often by the same feelings and passions as influence them in private life.

From what source, however, such antipathy may flow, it is, at all events, to be regretted, for it not only tends to prevent that friendship and cordiality which ought ever to exist between England and America, but will, if not timely checked, burst into a flame that may hereafter be difficult to quench. I do

not here mean to cast any reflection on our government, who, it must be confessed, have exhibited, in repeated instances, a considerable degree of conciliation and forbearance. The Americans themselves are, in many respects, equally culpable; for, by their open encouragement of European traitors and emissaries, they have occasioned much of that rancour which has contributed both to retard the settlement of the differences between the two nations and to sow discord and enmity among themselves.

The animosity, however, of the Americans is chiefly of a political nature, whereas our prejudices extend to every thing American, whether it be the politics of the democrats, the manners of the people, or the ladies' teeth! *—it is thus the Americans have the advantage of us. They are intemperate in politics, but their intemperance extends no farther; they are noisy and blustering, like ourselves, in their complaints of other nations; they are jealous of all encroachments on their liberties, and tenacious of their political opinions even to a fault.—But view them in private life; in their hours of relaxation; in the circle of friendship; and it will be found that they do not deserve the opprobrium that has been cast on their character.

May not much of our acrimonious feeling towards the Americans be traced to the pride and haughtiness with which we look upon every thing that springs from a colonial soil? May not our contempt for them as individuals arise from their being the descendants of those who were banished from their native country?—And may we not be jealous of them as a nation, because they threw off the yoke of our dominion, and are every day increasing the means of rivalling us in the commerce of the world? If

* Vide Moore, Priest, and other writers.

we allow these premises to be just, and I think none will deny that they are so, we have only the poor excuse to plead, that they arise from the weakness of human nature; this is an excuse, however, that better suits an individual than a nation; for though, as I have observed before, the latter may often be influenced by private feelings, yet it has a superior duty to fulfil in its collective capacity that should elevate it above the mean passions and prejudices which influence individuals. If, therefore, we were calmly to investigate our feelings in these respects we should find that our contempt for the Americans is very ill founded. The majority of the original settlers were our own countrymen; many of them men of noble and respectable families, who voluntarily banished themselves, in order to escape from the political or religious persecutions of our then tyrannical governments; and there cannot be a doubt but that the spirit of independence, which prompted them to such a sacrifice, was the germ of that revolution which, a century after, established them as an independent nation. On this score, therefore, I am of opinion that the Americans are entitled to our admiration rather than contempt; and, were it not that they rebelled against our authority, it would seem a solecism for us, who consider liberty as our birth-right, to treat others with contempt for preferring banishment and freedom, in the wilds of an unknown hemisphere, to persecution and slavery in their paternal soil.

With regard to the jealousy we may entertain of them, as rivals in industry and commerce, it is unbecoming a great nation; and, if it tends in any way to interrupt the harmony and good understanding that ought to prevail between the two countries, it becomes highly detrimental to our interests. The

Americans are allied to us by nature,—by their language, manners, and customs,—all which are the same as our own; even their political institutions, though founded on a broader basis of freedom, are in unison with ours; and, as liberty is the essence of both governments, their objects and views are fundamentally the same.

How distressing, therefore, is it to see these two nations, who are bound by all the ties of nature and interest to be friends, cherishing every trivial prejudice and envious feeling, instead of uniting their efforts to check them. How grievous also to see them both half-inclined to declare war against each other, merely from the insidious machinations of emissaries and traitors, and the Machiavel policy of a foreign usurper. Let it, however, be seriously considered by both parties before they "dig up the "hatchet" and "unsheath the sword," that, in such a contest, they have *much* to lose, and *nothing* to gain; that their true interest is to cultivate peace and friendship with each other, since, in the present state of the world, it is such conduct only that can ensure them the continuance of those blessings which they at present enjoy as free and independent nations.

I have been led into the preceding remarks more from the nature of the task I have undertaken than from any desire to animadvert on the existing differences between Great Britain and America; a subject which has been so often and so amply discussed by the political writers of both nations, that it has almost ceased to interest even them.

In introducing to the patronage of the British public a literary production of the United States, it is my first care to remove those prejudices which exist in the minds of too many of my countrymen against

every thing of American origin; many, I dare say, already begin to prick up their ears at the very name of *American* literature, and, perhaps, suspect that I have an intention of palming upon them, for American genius, the sterling wit of some English author, driven to that country by his grinding creditors. Now, though I will not undertake to deny that many a poor author may really have made his escape to that land of freedom, yet I positively assure my *gentle*, as well as genteel, readers, that the *Salmagundi* is, bona fide, a *dish* of real American cookery; and, if they will only allow me first to disperse those little acrimonious crudities that prevent digestion, I will present them with such an excellent ragout of wit, humour, and genius, that they may feast on for ever without the least apprehension of a surfeit. A SALMAGUNDI is, indeed, a dish that may at first alarm some of delicate appetites, especially those who have no great partiality to the country in which it was cooked; but if they can only be prevailed on to taste it, I promise them it will act like the stimulating curry of India, without which the poor half-stewed nabob would die for want of an appetite! But, metaphor apart, I am confident that, if these essays are favoured with an attentive perusal, and the mind of the reader divested of the prejudices in favour of our own eminent writers in that department, they will not only find considerable amusement and instruction, but also be convinced that the contempt in which American literature is generally held in this country is both unjust and groundless. As it is my intention, in this introductory essay, to notice the most striking passages and characters in the Salmagundi, I shall, in order to prepare the reader for such observations, preface them with a hasty review of the origin of the American union, and of the present state of the manners,

customs, and dispositions, of the people in that country. This will, I hope, serve both to elucidate a considerable portion of the work in question, and to remove many of those false impressions which now prejudice the minds of Englishmen; if I am instrumental, even in the smallest degree, to the removal of one such impression, I shall feel myself amply compensated for any feeble aid which I may have lent towards the attainment of so desirable an object.

It is an extraordinary as well as melancholy fact, that a religion, the most peaceful in its doctrines, the most humiliating in its ordinances, and the most heavenly in its attributes, should have given rise to more persecution and bloodshed,—more infamous and diabolical crimes,—than any other in the known world. We have, however, the consolation of knowing and feeling, that, though these evils have been engrafted on Christianity by the wickedness of mankind, yet we have derived more substantial blessings, more real comfort, from it than any other religion could have afforded us. To the persecutions arising from a profession of the Christian faith, under its various denominations, the English colonies chiefly owed their establishment; for, though several settlements had been previously made, in various parts of North America, by trading companies and private adventurers, with a view to commerce, yet none of any magnitude occured till the religious dissentions in England had prepared the minds of the people for emigration.

America presented the pious fugitives with an extensive field, not only for the unmolested performance of their religious rites, but for the establishment of those particular doctrines of which they were enamoured; and, in the early part of the seventeenth century, we find a very considerable colony of Eng-

lish refugees already settled in the forests of the New World. Here, at least, one should have expected that persecution and religious fanaticism would have ceased, and that mutual misfortunes would have taught these wanderers to live in peace; but such is the fallibility of mankind, that many years had not elapsed before these very people became, themselves, the most violent of persecutors: that toleration of religious faith, which was denied them in England, and for which they encountered the perils of an unknown hemisphere, they began to deny to each other.—The pretensions of some of the strong Calvinistic sects also rose with the prosperity of their new colony; and, though they had been the foremost to oppose the dominion of the established church at home, had now the assurance to require the obedience of every other sect to their doctrines. Such a usurping spirit could not long be brooked with patience; it naturally produced dissentions which at length occasioned the removal of many to other parts of the country. Persecution had now commenced, and, as is generally the case, its abettors would not be satisfied until they were glutted with vengeance. The history of this period of Connecticut and Massuchusets might vie, in point of sanguinary barbarism, with that of Amboyna and the French revolution; such a scene of horror and abominable persecution took place that the bare recital is sufficient to make us shudder; men, women, and children, were indiscriminately accused of sorcery and witchcraft, either by malicious enemies or deluded fanatics; they were thrown into prison by hundreds,—carried before judges as cruel, ignorant, and fanatical, as themselves,—condemned to death, and executed without mercy. Those who would not confess their imaginary guilt were tortured until they involved themselves and hundreds of innocent

persons in one common ruin.—Nor would this scene of iniquity, perhaps, have stopped until the whole colony had been nearly depopulated, if the governor, who was extremely active in the business, had not been also accused of witchcraft, and his family threatened with death by the deluded people; a stop was immediately put to the executions,—people under sentence of death were respited,—others were liberated from prison,—and innumerable accusations suffered to pass unnoticed. The people now came to their senses, repented of what they had done, looked upon those who had suffered as martyred saints, and finally appointed a general fast, to supplicate the Almighty "to pardon all the errors of "his servants and people in a late tragedy, raised "amongst them by Satan and his instruments!"

This violent paroxysm of fanatical fury was not, however, without some good effect, for it is said to have carried off so much of the virulence of the old puritanical humour, that the people of New England became somewhat like the rest of mankind in their manners. Since then they have borne a distinguished part in the history of their country; and, at this day, whether we consider their industry as merchants, their patriotism as citizens, their integrity as men, or their piety as Christians, we may safely pronounce them to be the best and most substantial pillars of the American Union.

Next to the astonishment excited by the extraordinary circumstance of a people liberating themselves from the dominion of a great and powerful nation, we naturally entertain a very exalted opinion of the conduct of those who accomplished such an important object, and are inclined to consider them, in some measure, as beings of a superior order; when we call to mind the difficulties they had to struggle with; the superiority of their antagonists in the art

of war; the courage, fortitude, and patriotism, displayed by them in a long and arduous contest; but, above all, their successful termination of that contest, and the establishment of their independence;—when we, I repeat, consider all these circumstances, and contrast them with the degrading conduct of the nations on the continent of Europe, we certainly can feel no inclination to rank them as inferior to their vanquished opponents, much less to any of those dastardly powers who have sunk under the ambitious despotism of an obscure adventurer.

The American revolution is an event so familiar to every person, and its history has been so often detailed, that any repetition of it in these pages is rendered needless: I cannot, however, let so interesting a subject pass without some observations on the principal personage employed in the attainment of American independence, inasmuch as they are necessary to illustrate the natural genius of the American character, and to shew what it is capable of achieving when possessed of the means of distinguishing itself. Neither can this be by any means an ungrateful nor an unpleasant task for an Englishman to undertake, since, in the praises which he bestows on the character and genius of the Americans, he, in some measure, pronounces a panegyric on those of his own countrymen; indeed, I am only astonished that this circumstance has not occurred to the recollection of those persons who are so eager to stigmatise and decry the American people, or, if it has occurred, that they have not availed themselves of the hint, and tempered their remarks with more of the milk of human kindness. Surely they cannot forget that the Americans are as much Englishmen as ourselves in every thing except the place of their nativity; nor can it be supposed that the climate and soil of America can have wrought such an un-

happy change of character and intellect as some people would have us believe. Whatever therefore we give to or take from the Americans, in point of genius, talent, and character, I cannot help thinking is so much given to or taken from ourselves. It was a smart and pointed reply of an English lady to a French gentleman at Paris, at the commencement of the revolution, who remarked, that, as the Americans had succeeded in gaining their liberty, he thought the French would be equally successful in their struggle; "very possible, sir," replied the lady, "but you must recollect that American independence was the work of *Englishmen!*"

With the exception perhaps of the Grecian Aristides and the Roman Cincinnatus, the American Washington presents the most perfect model of a successful soldier, combined with the disinterested patriot and modest citizen, that ever occurred in any age or nation. If we look for his abilities as a soldier—we shall find them in the talents which he evinced in keeping under subordination the raw undisciplined levies, often without food and raiment, and with such troops finally triumphing over the best disciplined and most courageous soldiers in the world. If we seek for his disinterestedness as a patriot, we shall find it in the cheerfulness with which he forsook the affluence and comforts of domestic society to risk his life in the field as a soldier, and on the scaffold as a rebel;—in his refusal to receive the pay attached to his rank;—and in submitting his property and estates to the plunder and confiscation of an enraged foe; In short, in encountering almost certain death and infamy, for the hazardous attainment of an uncertain object,—the liberty of his country; an object, however, which he proved was more dear to him than wealth or even existence. But, when we consider the disinterestedness with which he resigned almost

the honours of sovereignty,—and his modesty as a citizen in retiring from the splendour of command to the humble walk of private life,—we are in a manner lost in admiration at such distinguished proofs of patriotism and virtue; and, while we venerate the man, we cannot help respecting the country that produced him.

Yet even the sacred character of this virtuous man has been aspersed; and that too by some who are beholden to him for the liberty they now enjoy. It is such inconsistencies in one people that reconcile us to the same in another; and, when we find Americans capable of vilifying the revered character of their benefactor, we can hardly bear to hear them rail at us for our prejudices. Indeed I must do my own countrymen the justice to say, that the character of Washington is no where held in higher estimation than it is in this country: even his Majesty is reported to have declared "that, though he could not admire Washington as a *sovereign*, yet when he retired from the presidency and became a private citizen, he looked upon him as a great man!"

The virtues and excellent qualities of Washington are so conspicuous in all his actions,—and he appears to the world so completely the patriot and benefactor of his country, that after-ages must do justice to his memory. The spots discovered in this American sun were visible only to the envious optics of those who were incapable of withstanding its dazzling effulgence. It was a planet so superior to every other that revolved around it, that these sapient astronomers mistook the splenetic mist in their own eyes for some defect in the glorious luminary they were contemplating. They will not, however, possess the satisfaction of the man who, to immortalize his name, set fire to the temple at Ephesus, for their names are al-

ready buried in oblivion; their calumny alone is a sufficient monument of their infamy and ingratitude.

Since the establishment of an independent government in the United States of America, the people have been generally divided into two great parties, whose aim has been to place their respective favourites in the presidential chair. Much difference of opinion has of course arisen among the people as to the merits of their respective sentiments: and each side has been anxious to mould the government to a form congenial with its own particular notions. During the life-time of Washington, and of the chief promoters of American independence, the federal party possessed a decided superiority in the cabinet; but, since the death of that great man, the anti-federal, or democratic, party have obtained the sway, and now lord it triumphant over their opponents. The federal party are distinguished by their partiality for the measures pursued by Washington, and for that line of conduct which, without sacrificing the interests of their own country, gives a decided preference to British principles, as opposed to those of the French. The anti-federalists on the contrary prefer a line of conduct totally opposite, as far as regards British interests; but, with respect to their own government, their views are much the same as the other party, with this exception, that, while their professions breathe a more republican or democratic spirit than those of their opponents,—their actions are certainly more despotic. This conduct at first sight seems incongruous; but, if we contemplate the course which democracy has taken in Europe within the last ten years, we shall not be surprised to find that its professors in America have partaken of its degeneracy. That the distance between extreme liberty and extreme despotism is not great has been sufficiently proved in

France; and, in the present abject slaves of Buonaparte, we behold men who were formerly the strongest advocates for liberty and equality! Indeed we have too often had occasion to see in almost every country, that men who have been the loudest in their outcries for freedom have, whenever they possessed the power, proved themselves more arbitrary and despotic than those whom they supplanted. Such is the weakness of human nature; and so little dependence is to be placed on the generality of men, when their private interests and public duty clash in so many various shapes.

In touching on American politics, however ungrateful the subject, it is hardly possible to avoid saying something on the existing state of things in that country. Mr. Jefferson and his successor have been much blamed by the opposite party for the conduct they have pursued with regard to foreign politics. Their measures have been considered as pernicious and disgraceful to their own country, their behaviour to our government forward and petulant, while their conduct towards the French has been both partial and humiliating. The embargo is generally considered as a measure totally inadequate to its object, while its consequences are most destructive and ruinous; yet still we find this line of policy approved by a majority of the Americans, or surely the men who now hold the reins of government would be removed. Nevertheless a majority of voices in favour of a thing is not always a proof of its excellence: and the measures of the American administration may perhaps be compared to the efforts of a certain musician among the antients, who gained the prize from his audience by playing a few popular airs, while his more able competitor lost it by playing in a style superior to their comprehension. In short, the first pleased the multitude, while the other delighted only

the select few. This view of American politics has occurred to me from having remarked that the cause of the government-party is not supported by one able writer in the United States: the men of talents and literary repute are uniformly ranged on the federal side, and, by their able and judicious reasoning, have successfully refuted the arguments of their opponents, —exposed to public view the dastard policy of their rulers,—and exhibited the insolence and rapacity of Buonaparte in their true light.

While, however, I am ready to give this tribute of applause to those eminent Americans who have honourably and impartially delivered their political opinions in Congress, as well as through the medium of the press, I would by no means be considered as throwing any degree of opprobrium on those who may entertain a contrary opinion as to the measures of the government. Many, I am convinced, possess not the least hostility in their dispositions towards England, but act entirely from a conscientious opinion, that the line of conduct which has been adopted is the only one that can enable them to avoid a war: the sacrifice is indeed great, for all parties suffer from it.

Before the Embargo and Non-intercourse Acts took place, the American merchants traded with every quarter of the globe,—their ships covered the ocean, —their colours waved in every port. Their maritime towns were crowded with the commodities of other nations, which, together with the produce of their own soil, were conveyed by their shipping to all parts of the known world. This extensive and lucrative commerce encouraged agriculture,—fostered the manufactures,—enriched the people,—and filled the treasury. Instead of calling upon the nation for loans and taxes, the government were enabled for several years to pay off a portion of the national

debt, and to decrease the imposts. In 1807, little more than twenty years from the establishment of their independence, their imports and exports amounted to *one half* those of Great Britain, while their annual expenditure was not a *twentieth*, and their national debt not a *fortieth*, part of ours. In this state of things "the yoke of the government was easy, and its burthen light." Every face wore the smile of prosperity, and every heart beat with the activity of commerce. But no sooner were those paralyzing acts promulgated, than the scene was instantly changed, and American commerce received its death-wound. Their ships, instead of troubling every sea with their burthens, now lay rotting in their harbours: their seamen were compelled either to starve on shore or to enter the British navy. In less than three months above a hundred merchants of one city became bankrupts; and the farmers, finding no market for their produce, desisted from cultivating the soil. Their rising manufactories were checked,—public spirit was unnerved,—and every face wore the marks of despondency. The wharfs, keys, stores, and counting-houses soon became deserted;—and the spot which but a short time before groaned under the ponderous bale or hogshead was now covered with grass.—The government could not avoid partaking of the misery thus entailed on the people; and an exhausted treasury soon compelled it to levy taxes and borrow loans. Such was the situation of American commerce when I left the United States; a situation, however injurious it might be to Great Britain or France, must have been infinitely more so to the Americans.

Since then, nothing but a temporary relief has been obtained, by the occasional suspension of those suicidal acts,—a relief which may be compared to that short lived recovery from sickness, which, by tempting the patient abroad before his strength is sufficiently

recovered, too often brings on a more dangerous relapse. Thus it has been with the American government, who, lured into the occasional suspension of their precautionary measures, have invited their merchants to embark in commercial speculations, that have repeatedly placed their property at the mercy of Buonaparte, and involved the government as well as individuals in still greater difficulties and losses.

The manners, habits, and customs, of the Americans bear so great a resemblance to our own, that to detail the one is almost to give a description of the other. Society in America has its distinctions like those of Europe. Equality is not to be found in the new world any more than in the old: It is only the absence of titles of nobility that renders the Americans more on a level with each other than the inhabitants of Europe. Society, for the most part, is divided into three classes:—the *first* is composed of the constituted authorities and government-officers,—divines,—lawyers, and physicians,—officers of the army and navy,—land-owners, and people of independent property,—rich planters, manufacturers, and merchants. The *second* comprizes the retail dealers, small merchants, cultivators, and planters,—subordinate officers of the government,—and the inferior members of the three professions. The *third* consists of inferior artizans, and the labouring classes of the community.

The first class associate together in a style of elegance and splendour little inferior to Europeans; and in some instances superior to those in a similar station of life. Their houses are furnished with every thing that is useful, agreeable, or ornamental; and many

are fitted up in the tasteful magnificence of the present fashion. The gentlemen dress invariably in the English costume ; but the ladies, particularly at New York, are more disposed to adopt the light, various, and dashing, drapery of the Parisian belles than the modest and becoming attire of our English females, who possess the happy art of improving on French fashions. Nevertheless there are many of the American ladies who give a decided preference to the English costume, particularly at Boston and Philadelphia, where the manners of the people are less relaxed than at New York, Charleston, and other cities: Not however that there is any thing the least unbecoming in the attire of the ladies of these places ; on the contrary, whatever preference they may give to French fashions, they always avoid that indecent and disgusting exposure of the person which prevails among the Parisians.

The females of the United States are elegantly made, and in general handsome. The lily indeed predominates more than the rose, yet few have occasion for cosmetics to heighten their charms. Those travellers who have denied the American fair-sex the advantage of good teeth have, I think, been extremely illiberal in their remarks. In the course of my tour through that country, I met with but few instances of indifferent teeth among the females.— The men indeed are more liable to that defect, though not to the extent which some travellers would insinuate. The premature loss of teeth is in fact acknowledged by the Americans ; and the subject has been discussed in their philosophical societies ; its cause, however, has never been satisfactorily ascertained.

The style of living among persons of the first class is splendid and fashionable. Many of the principal merchants and people of property have elegant equipages ; and those who have none may be accommo-

dated with handsome carriages and horses at the livery-stables. In some of the cities there are regular stands of hackney-coaches. The winter is passed in a round of entertainments and amusements:—at the theatre,—public assemblies,—philosophical and experimental lectures, — concerts, — balls,— tea and card parties,—cariole excursions,—and other recreations, peculiar to their respective climates. Little business appears to be done in the towns before nine or ten o'clock in the morning: most of the merchants and people in trade dine at two; others, who are less engaged, about three; but four or five o'clock is usually the fashionable hour for dining. The gentlemen of the northern states are partial to the bottle, but not to excess: and at private dinner-parties they seldom sit more than a couple of hours drinking wine. They frequently leave the table one after the other, and spend the evening at a tea or card party at some other house.

In the southern states, a more extravagant style of living is adopted by the inhabitants, particularly the planters and cultivators possessing large estates. A degree of showy ostentation is maintained among them extremely flattering to strangers, who always meet with a hearty welcome at their tables. Every article that the market can supply is to be found at their festive board. The wine flows in abundance; and nothing affords the southern gentlemen greater pleasure than to see their guests drop gradually under the table after dinner. Hospitality is indeed their characteristic while the *cash lasts*; when that is gone, they retire to their plantations, where every thing is made subservient to the cultivation of cotton, rice, or tobacco, for the next year's round of dissipation. It has been observed, that the southern gentlemen are too apt to flourish away upon the proceeds of an anticipated crop,—that is, they are generally a year a-head of

their income; and, though possessing most extensive estates, are often not able to command a single dollar. They are of course always in debt; and, though the traders who reside at Charleston, Savannah, and other towns to the southward, charge extravagantly high for their goods, yet it is with difficulty they realize an independency, in consequence of the long credit they are compelled to give, and the number of bad debts which they incur. This injurious extravagance and want of principle considerably lessen the favourable opinion which one should otherwise be apt to entertain of the hospitality and generosity of the Americans, in the southern parts of the United States.—The northern merchant is, generally speaking, a more substantial character than the southern planter. He is plain in his manners, of honest principles, and industrious habits. If he does not display so much apparent hospitality towards strangers, he treats them with ease and politeness; and what he does offer is offered in the spirit of friendship.

The diversions of hunting, fishing, shooting, and horse-racing, are enjoyed in perfection by the Americans: their forests, rivers, and lakes, afford abundance of sport for the three first; and, for the latter, they import some of the best English racers to encourage the breed in their own country. In several parts of the Union, mineral springs of an excellent quality have been discovered. These places have now become the fashionable resorts for the gay and luxurious as well as the invalid: and those who are tired of the smoak of the towns during a long winter generally pass a considerable portion of the summer months at the springs. Here they doze away their time much in a similar way to the good folks who frequent Brighton and Margate. A very smart essay on Ballston springs, in the state of New York, is given in the Salmagundi, and which I recommend to the particular

perusal of those who emigrate periodically to our fashionable watering-places.

Marriages are conducted, in some parts of the United States, in a very splendid style; at New York, particularly, they form an important part of the winter's entertainments. For some years it was the fashion to keep them only among a select circle of friends; but, of late, the opulent parents of the new-married couple have thrown open their doors, and invited the town to partake of their felicity. The young couple, attended by their nearest connexions and friends, are married at home in a magnificent style, and, if the parties are Episcopalians, the Bishop of New York is always procured, if possible, as his presence gives an additional eclat to the ceremony. For three days after the marriage, the bride and bride-groom see company in great state, and every genteel person, who can procure an introduction, may pay his respects to the new-married pair. It is a sort of levee for all the gentry in town; and the visitors, after their introduction, partake of a cup of coffee, or other refreshment, and walk away. Sometimes the night concludes with a concert and ball, or cards, among those friends and acquaintance who are invited to remain. Several young ladies, in the States, have fortunes of a hundred or a hundred and fifty thousand dollars: and it is no uncommon circumstance for these generous girls to bestow their hand upon some favourite youth, who has every thing but fortune to recommend him. Two or three instances of this disinterested conduct occurred while I was at New York. I understand that unhappy marriages are extremely rare; and that parents are not apt to force the inclinations of their children from motives of avarice.

The servants employed by the Americans in household duties are, in the Southern States, all ne-

groes; but, in the Northern States, there are many white servants of both sexes, particularly females, many of whom are young women of good families, who think it no disgrace to support themselves by their own industry. I was even told that the daughter or niece of a gentleman, who had been Mayor of New York, was then residing in the service of some respectable family, merely with a view to acquire a knowledge of domestic duties. The growing refinement of manners will, I dare say, eventually abolish this praise-worthy custom, and render the American females as little capable of managing a family as many of our tradesmen's daughters, who have been educated in all the fashionable frippery and dissipation of the day, and whose highest attainment is the reading of a novel and the strumming of a piano-forte. Slavery is intirely abolished in some of the Northern States; and, in the other parts of the union, there are considerable numbers of free negroes. Those who are unable to purchase slaves generally hire them, by the month or year, of people who are in the habit of keeping a number for that purpose. Many persons in Charleston obtain a handsome living by letting out their slaves for six or ten dollars per month. They also send them out to sell oysters, fruit, millinery, &c. or as carmen and porters. The slaves who are brought up to any trade or profession are let out as journeymen; and many of them are so extremely expert and clever, that they are considered worth 2 or 3000 dollars. The mulattoes, or people of colour, are very numerous; many of them are free, but a greater portion are slaves. They are said to be more insolent and debauched than the Africans, which is, perhaps, owing to the knowledge of their origin, and the liberties they conceive they are entitled to take in consequence. The negroes born in

America have a high opinion of themselves, and look with contempt on the newly-imported Africans. The free blacks consider themselves a step above those who are in bondage; and nothing offends them more than to call them *negroes*. The Americans rebut the charge of inconsistency, in keeping a race of people in slavery, by saying that the Grecians and Romans, who prided themselves beyond all other nations on their love of liberty, did the same thing; and that whole communities of their enemies were condemned to perpetual servitude. The Americans, however, have imitated the laudable example of Great Britain, in prohibiting the slave-trade, a measure which, it is to be hoped, will, in course of time, lead to the complete abolition of slavery.

The religion of the Americans comprises almost every denomination in the known world. There is no established faith or form of worship ordained by the government, and all are equally entitled to fill the highest offices of the state. In political matters the Americans have wisely made religion a distinct concern; and, without endeavouring to support it by the powerful arm of government, as a matter of conscience, they have left it to the care and protection of its divine author. In short, every man is allowed to go his own road to heaven; for, though the paths are numerous and various, they, if properly pursued, all lead to one point. The consequence is, that religious squabbles, contentions, and prejudices, never interfere with the affairs of government; and, though a more heterogenous collection of faiths, creeds, opinions, and sects, never before existed, nor does at present exist, in any other nation of the globe, yet persecutions, tortures, and conspiracies, are unknown.

The Americans, generally speaking, are distinguished for their enterprise, courage, and perseverance, in

almost every thing they undertake, whether it be the pursuits of war or of commerce. They entertain a very high opinion of themselves and their country, in which respect they much resemble Englishmen: but they possess a degree of acuteness, or rather cunning, in their dealings not only with other nations, but even among themselves, that is but rarely met with in the British merchant. Not, however, that the latter is wanting in commercial art and sagacity, but he displays more openness and liberality in his dealings than the trader of any other nation. I say this not out of compliment to my own countrymen, but from the acknowledged character which they bear in every quarter of the globe. A number of circumstances have contributed to give an opposite turn to the actions of the American traders, particularly the neutral capacity in which they have stood for so many years; a situation which has originated more chicanery, deceit, and fraud, than is generally supposed. Can we then be surprised if the disposition of the mercantile part of the Americans, instigated by their eager thirst after riches, and influenced by the mode in which they are to be obtained, exhibits a degree of art and worldly cunning that have too often given strangers an unfavourable opinion of the whole nation; and have prompted them, most unjustly, to consider the American people as little better than knaves and sharpers. It is universally acknowledged, that nothing tends so much to deprave the heart as the constant repetition of petty falsehoods and deceit; for, though they may be considered only as the necessary requisites of business, and, in the estimation of some people, are of no more value than "a custom-"house oath," yet, what strength of mind can withstand their pernicious and demoralising tendency? It may be urged, in palliation of such con-

duct, that deceit in one party is the cause of deception in another; and that artful people must be fought with their own weapons: however this argument may suit the purposes of those who find their interest in such proceedings, they never can avail in point of justice and truth.

The most common vice among the inferior class of the Americans is drunkenness, particularly in the Southern States, where the early habit of drinking strong liquors is too prevalent among the people. Crimes of a vicious nature are, however, not so common as in Europe, and the prisons are in general very clear; were it not for forgery, an offence which is invited by the immense circulation of paper money, there would be few imprisoned for any crime of magnitude. Murder is the only one that is punished with death; all other offences are commuted by imprisonment for a certain term.

The manners and behaviour of the American people have been somewhat contradictorily stated by those who have visited the United States. For my own part, I must declare that I never experienced that rude familiarity and brutal incivility so frequently mentioned by others. If I had ventured to enter the lists with them on politics, I know not indeed how I might have fared; but, as that is a subject which will create animosity between the best of friends, I always took care to avoid so unpleasant a discussion. The American females are virtuous and domestic: their houses display that frugal economy and that happy management of domestic affairs which render a man's home cheerful and inviting. In this respect they do but imitate our English females, whose greatest pride it is, beyond all others, to excel in the private virtues and moral duties of social life.

With respect to the state of learning, and general

education of the Americans, there exists among us almost as much contrariety of opinion as respecting their manners. Those who are inclined to favour the Americans speak of their deficiencies as the result of that infant state in which their country is, compared with European nations; and those who are inclined to depreciate the talents of the Americans argue that they are descended from a highly-cultivated people, and ought, therefore, to possess the same genius and talent as those of the old country. As it is more my province to relate facts than to enter into the discussion of a subject that will bear either way, I shall only state, as my own opinion, that, at present, America ought to be considered in the light of a new country, and judged accordingly. Its yet uncultivated forests open such an extensive range for agricultural and commercial enterprise, that a long period of time must elapse before there will be found any who will decline the certain profit of the field for the precarious one of the closet. And if men of genius and learning do appear, they must, as heretofore, arise from some profession of a more lucrative nature than that of which authorship can boast. Notwithstanding the portion of original literary talent and superlative genius to be found in America is extremely small when brought in competition with that of Europe, yet the Americans are by no means deficient in the solid and rational parts of education, nor in many of those accomplishments which ornament and embellish private life. The riches which have flowed into the country for the last twenty years have brought with them a taste for the refinements of polished society, for literature, and the arts, which bids fair to raise the new world on a level with the old, in every thing that distinguishes a civilized people from a nation of barbarians.

Considered in a mass, the American people appear to be generally better informed, and more conversant in the politics of their country and the common maxims of life, than the mass of other nations are represented to be. In the countries of Europe, what a small proportion of the people have any knowledge of reading, writing, or arithmetic; yet travel through the whole of the United States, and you will scarcely find any of its inhabitants that are ignorant of those important steps to knowledge. It will, perhaps, be asked how this can possibly be the case, when the people are, for the most part, enveloped in forests, and possess not the advantages which Europeans enjoy. I can account for it only on the ground of the original settlers, throughout the interior, having emigrated from the towns, where they most likely had imbibed a certain portion of school-education, which they imparted to their families, until a society sufficiently large was collected, to enable them to establish seminaries. By these means the common rudiments of education have been diffused throughout the States, and contributed to that general knowledge of the world, of which the peasantry of Europe are so deficient. As a proof also that this supposition is not ill-founded, and that climate or situation has no merit in that respect, their neighbours, the French Canadians, are the very reverse of them in point of acquired knowledge; so much so that, upon an average, not five families in a seigniory can read or write; and even some of the French members of the Canadian parliament are destitute of those necessary qualifications. Yet the Canadians are not devoid of natural talent and genius; but, being originally descended from uneducated parents, and taking no pains to remove their ignorance, they continue to propagate it from age to age. There is also another cause, which

has contributed to that general information, so prevalent among the Americans, viz. the acquisition of their independence: this, by giving the meanest inhabitant an interest in the body politic, has turned the attention of every man in the country to the acts of his rulers. In order to gratify their desire of knowing the state of national affairs, they have recourse to newspapers, which are read with greater avidity than even in England; and are distributed over an extent of country, comprising upwards of thirty thousand miles!

Though the fine arts, such as painting, engraving, music, &c. have not, comparatively speaking, arrived to any degree of excellence, nor exhibited such a blaze of talent as illuminates the nations of Europe; yet America has proved in the instances of West, Copley, Stuart, Trumbull, and others, that it is not for the want of native genius. Her sons only require the fostering aid of patronage, to rival the most celebrated masters of the fine arts. An American writer makes the following observations on this subject: "In this country," says he, "patronage "has hardly begun to dawn. The large fortunes "already acquired are too much in the hands of "those who never had any taste for the arts, and "who, of course, would deem it almost a sin to de-"vote any part of their over-grown income to the "promotion of science. Such being the case, is it "surprising that the art of engraving has so long "remained under the freezing influence of neglect; "nay, is it not still more surprising that it has been "so much cultivated, and that too with tolerable "success. Many of our richest citizens, possessed "of 1, 2, or 300,000 dollars, never bestowed a "dollar upon the ingenious artist. Our prospects "are, however, brightening; the younger part "have already begun to add the ornamental to the

" useful. The rooms, which, heretofore, were as " naked as the absence of all taste could make them, " are now, in many instances, embellished with the " productions of some of the first masters; while " printed books are often preferred when accompa- " nied with engravings."

In literary talent, the United States have proved more prolific than in the other liberal studies. The Americans, like ourselves, are a thinking nation :— to think they must study, and to study they must read. Hence, no doubt, has arisen that greater excitement to literature than to the cultivation of those arts and sciences which tend rather to embellish than form the manners of a people. Previous to and during the revolution, the celebrated philosopher, Franklin, was an honourable proof of American genius. From the humble station of a journeyman printer, he rose to the dignity of a natural philosopher of the first eminence. The Royal Societies of Europe, and the learned men of every nation, honoured his discoveries in the various branches of science with their approbation and applause; and, by the dignities they conferred on him, contributed to the establishment of his fame. A long list of illustrious names, eminent for genius, talent, and patriotism, follow that of Franklin, some of whom, if the revolution had not directed to a more important object, might have shone with considerable splendour in the annals of literary and scientific fame. The names of Washington, Hamilton, Ames, Jay, Adams, Jefferson, Pinckney, Munro, Randolph, Mitchill, Ramsay, Barlow, Livingston, and numerous others equally eminent, are all honourable proofs that America is not wanting in original genius any more than in virtue and patriotism. The literary efforts of these eminent characters, though for the most part of a local and temporary

nature, yet are specimens of excellent composition, and sufficiently evince, that, had the talents of their authors been directed to a more favourable pursuit than that which is afforded by political discussion, they would have produced works of equal merit with those of Europe. The few who, after the war, relieved from the active scenes which had so long occupied their attention, had even then but little opportunity of cultivating their taste for literature and the arts. The revolution had ruined most of their private fortunes: they had, therefore, to seek a living, either from agriculture or commerce, or from the three liberal professions of the law, physic, and the church. In the duties of a life devoted to either of these pursuits, it was not to be expected that the Belles Lettres, or the Arts and Sciences, could be even thought of, much less cultivated to any extent. In spite, however, of such serious obstacles, several respectable testimonies to the contrary have been exhibited; and with the increase of wealth, together with those refinements which follow in its train, we may look forward to a considerable display of native talent and genius.

Of recent works, the most conspicuous are the *Echo, Barlow's Columbiad,* and the *Salmagundi.* As the latter is the work which I have undertaken to introduce to the notice and patronage of the British public, I shall reserve my observations thereon for the close of this Essay. The Echo is a smart production of detached poetry, published in one volume, octavo. "The principal poems in this vo-
"lume," say the authors in their preface, "owed
"their origin to the accidental suggestion of a
"moment of literary sportiveness, at a time*

* The first poems of the Echo were published in the newspapers of Hartford, Connecticut, in the year 1791.

" when pedantry, affectation, and bombast, per-
" vaded most of the pieces published in the ga-
" zettes, which were then the principal vehicles of
" literary information. But the ridicule of a vitiated
" mode of writing was not long the sole object of
" the Echo. The important political changes which
" soon after occurred, not only in Europe but in
" America, produced a corresponding change in the
" republic of letters; and some of the principal ga-
" zettes of this country exhibited a disgusting dis-
" play, not only of perversion of taste in compo-
" sition, but a still greater perversion of principle, in
" that hideous morality of revolutionary madness,
" which, priding itself in an emancipation from
" moral obligation, levelled the boundaries of virtue
" and vice, while it contemptuously derided the
" most amiable and sacred feelings of our nature.
" Disgusted with the cruelties exhibited by the
" French revolution, at a very early stage of its
" progress, and viewing it as a consuming fire,
" which, in the course of its conflagration, threat-
" ened to destroy whatever was most valuable in
" society, the authors wished to contribute their ef-
" forts in stemming the torrent of Jacobinism in
" America, and resolved to render the Echo subser-
" vient to their purpose. They, therefore, pro-
" ceeded to attack, as proper objects of satire, those
" tenets, as absurd in politics as pernicious in mo-
" rals, the visionary scheme of equality, and the
" baleful doctrine that sanctions the pursuit of a
" good end by the most flagitious means." The Echo, as its name imports, is a repetition of those offensive Essays, rendered highly ludicrous in satirical verse. It met with considerable applause, not only from the federal party, but also from many who were of an opposite way of thinking.

The Columbiad is the production of Mr. Joel

Barlow, a native of Connecticut, one of the New-England States; and descended from a respectable English family, who were among the first settiers of Fairfield in that state. Mr. Barlow bore a conspicuous part in the revolution, and afterwards practised the law at Hartford. His first poetical work was the *Vision of Columbus*, which he published in London, in 1787. "This work," says one of his biographers, "added much to his reputation in America, "and rendered him somewhat known in Europe." On this poem Mr. Barlow has since reared the *Columbiad*, which, in its present enlarged form, bears a great resemblance to those epic poems which have, for such a length of time, charmed every age and nation. The work consists of ten books, and was published in America about three years ago, in the most splendid style, with elegant engravings, by English artists. How far Mr. Barlow has succeeded in approximating his poem to that of the antients is, I am afraid, but little satisfactory to inquire into: but, making every allowance for the disadvantages under which the subject lies, with regard to time and place, it will not be found undeserving of applause. Modern events and modern personages are but ill adapted to an epic poem. A work of that kind requires that its subject should be moulded to our ideas by the mellowing hand of time; that it should possess all that "witchery of fable" which charms our imaginations, and renders even impossibilities probable.

Besides these and other established works of merit, America has to boast of many excursive flights of wit and genius that occasionally find their way into the magazines, newspapers, and other periodical publications in that country. Some of these, like the Salmagundian Essays, abound with genuine humour, and possess a talent of keen satire, not to

be surpassed by any European production. I very much regret that, during my residence in the United States, I neglected to collect and preserve a number of choice essays that casually appeared in works, the temporary nature of which would soon consign them to oblivion. I yet hope that some one will be more diligent than myself, and rescue from that dross of literature the pure ore which it conceals. Two specimens of these fugitive pieces of wit I published in a former work,—one of them on the subject of duelling,—and the other on a militia muster: they are both highly comic, and afford real proofs of the American talent for humourous satire.

Since this work has been sent to the press, an *American Review* has made its appearance in this country. I understand it is the avowed production of Mr. Walsh, an American gentleman, of considerable literary reputation in Philadelphia. Its politics are decidedly hostile to the present policy pursued by the American government, with regard to its foreign relations; and it breathes a tone of lofty independence and spirited truth, that must recommend it strongly to all those who are not totally absorbed in admiration of the *mild virtues* of the *amiable* Napoleon. It also contains three well-written letters on France and England, together with a slight review of some foreign publications. The plan of this review is not yet fully developed, but it is understood as following a similar plan to that of the Edinburgh Review, a work justly celebrated both here and in America. The American Review will be published quarterly, and enable my readers to appreciate the justness of my remarks respecting the native talent and genius of the American people. I am happy to see a work of the kind introduced into this country, as it will, perhaps, ren-

der us less prejudiced against a people, with whom it is our interest to be on terms of friendship, and who possess as many of the virtues and as few of the defects of human nature as any nation on earth.

Having premised thus much, with respect to the present situation of the United States, and the manners, character, and genius, of the people, I shall conclude this Essay with some brief observations on certain passages in the Salmagundi, which may serve to elucidate the text more agreeably, perhaps, than if they had been arranged as notes.

The distinguishing feature of the Salmagundian Essays is humourous satire, which runs through the whole work like veins of rich ore in the bowels of the earth. These essays partake more of the broad humour and satirical wit of Rabelais and Swift than the refined morality of Addison amd Johnson; their chief aim is to raise a laugh at the expense of folly and absurdity, and to lash the vices of society with the rod of satire:—they do not pretend to improve mankind by a code of ethics and morals, and, therefore, should not be tried by the same critical laws as the British Essays. The American Salmagundi bears much the same relation to the Spectator and Rambler as Roderic Random does to Sir Charles Grandison and Pamela.—The authors, however, have, in several instances, proved that they can speak to the heart as well as the mind; it is only to be regretted that they have not oftener written in a style that seems by no means a stranger to their pen, and which might have contributed to give their work a more classical and instructive tone than it at present bears; nevertheless, it possesses a rich fund of information for those who are desirous of becoming acquainted with the manners of the American people; for, though it naturally partakes of caricature, yet the

features of society are rather heightened than distorted. A very favourable trait in the character of this work, and of which few humourous productions can boast, is the chastity of idea as well as diction which pervades the whole. Though wit, humour, and satire, are its principal ingredients, yet the thoughts and language are clothed in the most chaste and modest habiliments. It is also as free from dulness, pedantry, and affectation, as it is from indecency and immorality; and the best proof of the good sense and abilities of its authors is, that they have avoided that quaint and ridiculous phraseology, so common among the generality of writers in their country. The Salmagundi has afforded much entertainment to the Americans, who have bestowed on it the utmost applause; and, as the whole of the Essays abound in applications to the manners, customs, and constitution, of England, it will therefore, I think, be read with almost as much interest by us as if it had been written expressly for this country. The characters are, for the most part, "representa-" tives of their species," and apply equally to an Englishman as an American. It is thus that they become interesting to us in a double capacity;—First, in their general application to society at large, and, secondly, in the picture they present of American manners, hitherto so imperfectly known on this side of the Atlantic.

From an observation in No. 1, on the character of Anthony Evergreen, it appears that the hours for meals must have undergone as great a change in America as in Europe. "When the ladies paid tea " visits at three in the afternoon"—they must have dined at eleven or twelve, breakfasted at six, and rose at four or five. It was then that that glorious luminary, the sun, was more honoured than the tallow-chandler: Now, the reverse is the case; and

the votaries of pleasure and dissipation seem to dread the light of day, with as much horror as they dread the examination of their own hearts. How little we estimate the benefits we possess, and covet those beyond our reach, is strikingly exemplified in our disregard of one of the greatest enjoyments of this life,—*day-light*. Were we to change situations with the Esquimaux, and even enjoy every comfort and luxury we now possess, except the one of which I am speaking, how severe would be our grief! how incessant our regret, at the loss we had sustained! When almost perpetual night covered us with its impenetrable veil, how anxiously should we look for even the little glimmering of day, which, in that country, would fall to our lot; and how inestimable would appear the blessing which we had thus relinquished. We should then, no doubt, resolve that, if we were once more so fortunate as to recover the light we had formerly so much despised, we would ever after rise with the sun, and no longer turn our days into nights, and our nights into days.

Our dramatic authors and performers will, no doubt, agree with Launcelot Langstaff, that the critics, who so often unmercifully castigate their labours,* "frequently create the fault they find, in "order to yield an opening for their criticisms, and "censure an actor for a gesture he never made, "or an emphasis he never gave."—From the ire of Launcelot, against "neighbour Town," it would appear that New York can boast of as *sound* newspaper critics on the drama as London. As theatrical performances on the other side of the Atlantic are but of modern date, the Americans of course are acquainted only by name with the old English practice of pit-criticism, in vogue a century ago, conse-

* Page 10, vol. 1.

quently they cannot estimate the loss we have sustained, and the miserable exchange we have made from that open and manly decision on dramatic merits, to the anonymous criticism of concealed friends or foes. It is true the old mode, like many other excellent regulations, was open to abuse, from the malignity of enemies, and petty jealousy of rivals; but, unless they resorted to violent measures, the author and the performer always experienced as impartial a judgement on their merits as it was in the power of a mixed assembly to give. If enemies did present themselves, they were compelled to express their sentiments openly, and found their animosity checked by the presence of the author's or performers' friends, as well as of impartial observers. But, since good old customs have been compelled to give place to modern refinement, the young templars, and men of wit and learning, who formerly exercised their censorial duties in the *pit*, and whose presence was sufficient to rouse all the energies of the actor, have now taken their station in the boxes, while their places are occupied by the former tenants of the *two-shilling gallery*. Modern politeness does not admit of any thing so vulgar as a hearty laugh or the clapping of hands in the boxes; and every mark of disapprobation, from the catcall to the gentle hiss, is now completely exploded from that circle of politeness and bon-ton; hence our men of wit and learning, or, to speak more correctly, our *men of fashion*, have no opportunity of openly exercising their critical functions, save and except in the case of a manager's contumelious conduct as occurred in the ever-memorable O.P. war of 1810,—or, in the polite exclamations of "Bravo!" "Bravissimo!"

Under this restraint, the criticism of the theatre has been transferred to the newspapers, where ano-

nymous writers have belaboured with abuse, or bespattered with flattery, the veterans and witlings of the drama,—the heroes and heroines of the sock and buskin, from a first rate performer to a candle-snuffer. They have had as tender regard for the genius of a Cumberland as of a Skeffington; and have argued as profoundly on the merits of a pantomime or melodrama as they have done on the most sterling tragedy or comedy. In short, they have *measured* the talents of actors with a two-foot rule:—the *bigger* the man—the *greater* the performer! and have decided on the merits of a play by the number of puns it contained, and the length of time an audience could sit without falling asleep over it. When we complain that the taste of the age, for dramatic spectacles, is vitiated and depraved, we may, in a great measure, attribute it to the change which has taken place in the mode of criticism, by which bad comedies, miserable farces, and despicable pantomimes, are puffed up, much oftener than good plays are written down. We are, now-a-days, so attentive to *costume* and *propriety*, that the more important parts of the drama are neglected; and the attention of the people diverted from the instructive lessons and delightful sentiments elicited in the many admirable dramatic pieces, of which our country can boast, to the gaudy display of pantomimical pageantry, and the exhibition of real dogs and horses. If former times were marked by errors in theatrical costume, they were, however, distinguished by a greater attention to the real worth and intrinsic merits of the drama. The sight of the critic in the pit was sufficient to check the least impropriety in the actor, and to rouse him to all the exertion of which he was master. The performer, a century ago, had the dread before him of having his talents investigated at "Button's," and other coffee-houses, by the first

wits of the age;—and, if he regarded his credit, he always took care how he passed through such an ordeal.

The observation of Will Wizard,* that because he had "never seen Kemble in Macbeth, he was "utterly at a loss to say whether Mr. Cooper per-"formed well or ill," is an excellent piece of satire on those critics, whose only criterion of judgement is comparison; and who, being completely at a loss what to say respecting an actor's powers, are compelled to drag forward another, in order to *measure* the talents or defects of the one by the other. The suggestion that, if Lady Macbeth had stuck the candle in her night-cap, it would have had a greater effect than the setting it down on the table, or holding it in her hand, (as censured by other critics,) inasmuch as it would have marked more strongly the derangement of her mind, is highly ludicrous, as well as severe on those who are so apt to carp at trifles. So likewise are the observations on errors of costume, and not dipping the daggers so deep in blood by an inch or two, as formerly. The new reading of "*Sorry Sight,*" is no bad hint to the commentators on Shakespeare, and not inapplicable to Mr. Kemble's "*Aitches.*"

Frequent mention is made in these Essays of the word *Cockney*. This phrase is not meant merely for a Londoner, but is intended to designate those consequential gentlemen from England, who cross the Atlantic on the strength of a consignment from Birmingham or Liverpool. These gentry are too apt to estimate the genius of the Americans by the standard of their own intellects, and flatter themselves how much they will "astonish the natives" on their arrival. Disappointed, however, at not attracting that notice, and causing that degree of astonishment

* Theatrics, page 12, vol. 1.

which they fondly expected, they speak with contempt of every thing that is American. The men are brutes;—the women have bad teeth;—the towns are paltry;—the plays are wretched;—the performers miserable;—in short, there is nothing in America as there is in England: and comparisons are hourly drawn between things which bear not the slightest resemblance to each other. Thus it is that the vender of hardware, and broad cloth becomes a critic out of mere spite; He dashes away while his consignment lasts, (too often indeed at the cost of his employers;) and, though he may fail to attract the notice of the *natives* by his merits, he generally contrives to appropriate to himself a tolerable share of their contempt. A most admirable portrait of a Birmingham hero is given in these Essays in the character of Tom Straddle: It abounds with comic touches, and displays a wit and humour, that would do honour to the productions of any of our essayists.

The allusions to the French people, in various passages of the Salmagundian Essays, prove that the writers entertained no very favourable opinion of those who have settled in the United States; and that they thought a little wholesome castigation from their pens might be of service to them. The numerous bands of Frenchmen, who have flocked to that country since the French revolution, have, by no means, tended to the improvement of American manners or morals, or the removal of any of those prejudices which existed between England and America; on the contrary, both domestic dissipation and foreign rancour have considerably increased. The lightness and frivolity of the French character is neatly touched off in several of the Essays; and the deleterious influence of their example on the grave disposition of the Americans successfully exposed. They have inundated America, as they have this country, and

may well be said to "hop about the town in swarms, "like little toads after a shower." It would have been happy for both parties, had their conduct been as exemplary as the reception they met with was liberal; but many are the melancholy instances to the contrary, both in the privacy of domestic retirement as well as in the public walk of politics. They have debauched the wives and daughters of their benefactors,—corrupted the manners of society,—and sowed dissention and rebellion throughout the country. Even their own countryman, the Duke de Rochefoucault Liancourt, in his travels through the United States, can find no excuse for them; and, unreservedly, consigns them to the merited execrations of the Americans. It would, however, be uncharitable to include all Frenchmen in this accusation; it is the dregs of the revolution only who have acted in this manner. There are many who have deserved the hospitality they met with; yet, I fear their number is not equal to those who have abused it.

In contrast to this feeling, with regard to the French, it must afford Englishmen much satisfaction to find the sentiments of a great portion of the American people highly favourable towards them, from a variety of causes. In various parts of these Essays, these favourable sentiments are repeatedly displayed,—particularly in the character of Christopher Cockloft—and the rest of his family. Their antipathy to the French,—partiality to every thing English,—Christopher's voyage to Halifax, to hear our king prayed for in church as he was before the revolution,—giving a dinner on the king's birth-day,—and a variety of other traits, which, though they may be nothing more than the eccentric features of a fictitious character, are, I think, intended as delineations of real traits existing among a considerable portion of the people. Several instances are also men-

tioned in these Essays of the attention and partiality displayed towards our countrymen arriving in the United States: even an insignificant fellow is represented as having worked himself into the good graces of the citizens, merely because he was an *Englishman*.* The claim of consanguinity as well as individual interest is, no doubt, a strong motive of their attachment to Great Britain, which they often denominate *home*, especially those who once lived under the British government, and whose sentiments have been but little changed since the revolution. Others who were children when that event took place, have imbibed from their cradle, as it were, the true republican spirit. Hence though they may prefer British to French interests, are yet tenacious of their independence almost to a fault, and equally jealous of British usurpation as of French intrigue. As to those who are styled Democrats, Jacobins, and Tories, I look upon the violent among them more as a mixture of factious Europeans than real Americans. They have unfortunately from the nature of the government too much influence in political matters; but I think it extremely unfair to judge of the character of the Americans by the scum of the country.

The writers of Salmagundi have happily enough availed themselves of the opportunity which the Tripolitan prisoners gave them, to introduce a very humourous character into their work. *Mustapha Rub-a-dub Keli Khan* is one of the most diverting personages in the whole groupe; and his opinion of the Americans, formed on the prejudices of his own nation, open an extensive field for satire. This character has also the merit of being well supported, for he seldom exceeds the bounds of his supposed knowledge of American manners; and, where he has occa-

* See History of Tom Straddle, vol. 2.

sion to go farther, the information is generally conveyed to him through the medium of some acquaintance or by-stander, by which means he is not a mere *American* observer, tricked out in a *shawl* and *turban*. He really possesses as much the semblance of a Mahomedan as it is possible for fiction to give. The Citizen of the World is more of an Englishman in a Chinese dress than Mustapha an American in masquerade. When a foreign character is brought forward for our amusement, he ought to reason as well as speak agreeable to his own ideas, formed on the manners, customs, and prejudices, of his nation; unless indeed we are to consider him as gifted with a cosmopolitan spirit, and general knowledge of the world,—a foundation on which Goldsmith most likely formed his Chinese Letters. A French work entitled Letters of a Mameluke, published a few years ago, was somewhat of this description. He argued, reasoned, and decided, like a true Frenchman, and evidently possessed no more of the Egyptian than his name and dress. To support such a character throughout, without losing sight of the man's peculiarities, is one of the great arts of delineation; and to attain success in that particular is a point of no small merit in the author. The writers of Salmagundi, though not entirely perfect, have nevertheless proved themselves no mean competitors in this respect with Goldsmith, and others of our essayists who have adopted this mode of conveying their remarks on men and manners.

A considerable portion of Salmagundi is appropriated to the exposure and ridicule of certain travellers who have visited the United States; and whose illiberal aspersions and ridiculous prejudices have drawn upon them the censure of every candid and impartial person. Nor have others, who never crossed the Atlantic, altogether escaped the satirical

lash of these witty writers, as the names of Carr and Kotzebue evidently prove. That the Irish knight should be so unfortunate as to excite the ridicule of the Americans as well as his own countrymen is rather singular; and if it had not been satisfactorily proved to the contrary, I should have condemned the "Stranger in New Jersey," as a plagiarism on "My Pocket Book!" That this was also the opinion of those American critics who endeavoured to write down the Salmagundi may be seen from the note attached to No. 13. From that declaration it however appears, that the "Stranger in New Jersey" is an original production, and made its appearance in these Essays at New York one month before "My Pocket Book" was published in London. This circumstance is peculiarly unfortunate for the knight's literary reputation, as it tends to confirm the opinion which the author of "My Pocket Book" had formed of his "Stranger in Ireland." He has also unluckily the double misfortune of suffering under American and English satire, as it were, of one accord, without the possibility of any previous understanding between the writers to that effect. Weld, Moore, Parkinson, and Priest, who have been particularly severe in their strictures on the American character, also come in for their share of the rod.—Indeed they merit it much more than poor Sir John, who was hardly a fair object of correction: but it might perhaps be done with a view to prevent his visiting the country, though from the general style of his writings I should conceive they would have found him perfectly harmless.

The Essay on Style* may put in its claim for as large a portion of merit as any one in the whole work. The portrait which is there drawn of the man-

* Page 156, vol. 1.

ners of fashionable upstarts is an admirable picture from life, not only as it exists in New York, but also in London. How many families of "Giblets" have we seen in this metropolis, whose sudden elevation from the counter to the chariot has astonished the vulgar and alarmed the great. Never was style, as it is understood in fashionable language, better defined, nor its ridiculous absurdities better pourtrayed, than in that Essay. The humourous contrast of style as it is found in different countries, and the innovations which it occasions in domestic families, are agreeably depicted. But the preposterous whim of Bellbrazen, the Haytian beauty, and the sudden elevation of the Giblets, from the manners of their grub-worm father to the dashing career of fashionable folly, are most happily hit off, and display a rich fund of satirical wit and humour. Who is there that will not immediately recognize in the following passage the manners of our vulgar fashionables, and of those *ci-devant* citizens, who in their migration from Pudding-lane to Portman-square, have bewildered themselves with *style?*—"Then commenced the hurry and bustle and mighty nothingness of fashionable life;—such rattling in coaches! such flaunting in the streets! such slamming of box-doors at the theatre! such a tempest of bustle and unmeaning noise wherever they appeared! the Giblets were seen here, there, and every where;—they visited every body they knew, and every body they did not know; and there was no getting along for the Giblets. Their plan at length succeeded: by dint of dinners, of feeding and frolicking the town, the Giblet family worked themselves into notice, and enjoyed the ineffable pleasure of being for ever pestered by visitors, who cared nothing about them; of being squeezed, and smothered, and par-boiled, at nightly balls and evening tea-parties. They were allowed the privilege of forgetting the few old friends they

once possessed; they turned their noses up in the wind at every thing that was not genteel; and their superb manners and sublime affectation at length left it no longer a matter of doubt that the Giblets were perfectly in *style.*"

Another admirable picture from life is presented to us in the character of "My good aunt Charity,"—a simple, curious, old maid, who unfortunately "died of a Frenchman!" This portrait is drawn with all that warmth of colouring which heightens without disfiguring the features; and though highly ludicrous, is yet a true delineation of human nature. Hogarth never painted with more animation and satirical truth than the authors of Salmagundi have written. Many an antiquated old maid, and many a female gossip, may contemplate the several features of their dispositions in that mirror of formality and curiosity.* The buckram delicacy of "My aunt" in the hey-dey of youth,—and the religious turn she took when that period was past, are highly humorous; the latter is also an excellent satire on those who in their old age make up at "*love-feasts*" for the disappointments they have sustained in *real love.* The other peculiarities of aunt Charity's character are equally appropriate; and even that one, viz. *curiosity,* which unluckily caused her "to die of a Frenchman" was an innocent foible with her. It would be happy for society were it always so with others; but the invincible desire which some females at a certain age,—married as well as single,—widows as well as old maids,—have of knowing every body's character,—business,—and mode of living, and looking after every one's affairs but their own, is too frequently the offspring of pride, envy, and jealousy. There cannot be a more dangerous character in a small society

* See Page 168, No. 9.

than the *envious gossip*, who makes it her business to "get at the bottom of a thing," be it good or bad.—Under the specious mask of friendship and kindness a woman of this description will work herself into the favour of her unsuspecting acquaintance, and, when possessed of the information she sought for, will never fail to sow discord among them;—like poor aunt Charity, but with less innocent motives, "she "will not sleep a wink all night" for fear another Mrs. Sipkins should get the start of her in the morning, and tell her story first. This endeavour "to "give currency to the *good-natured* things said about "every body" is not the only peculiarity of the *envious gossip*, for, so anxious does she pretend to be for the truth of what she asserts (as is the case with all notorious liars), that, if her word is doubted, her neighbours must be brought face to face; away, then, she hobbles from house to house, and never closes her eyes until she has set her little community together by the ears.

Women of this description are the pests of small towns and villages, and will, over their tea and cards, consign more reputations to infamy than even their tongues can repeat; for a shrug and a sneer are, if possible, more dangerous. By such arts married people have been made miserable, and friends and acquaintance been rendered implacable enemies. But what makes a character of this description the more detestable is, that every thing is done out of *pure loving kindness*; for instance, she shall be so mightily afraid lest you, or any of your family, should be contaminated, by acquainting with such and such a character, that she immediately discharges her whole budget of lies, scandal, and malignity, to the utter annihilation, perhaps, of the reputation of some worthy family or innocent girl; this is what she terms friendly advice, and a proof of the interest she takes in your welfare!

Such is the true character of an *envious gossip*, whose impertinent interference in her neighbours' affairs, while it destroys their happiness, does but render herself miserable, and, sooner or later, makes her the object of universal hatred and disgust:—"Take "warning, therefore, my fair country-women, and "you, oh, ye excellent ladies! whether married or "single, who pry into other people's affairs, and "neglect those of your own household, who are so "busily employed in observing the faults of others "that you have no time to correct your own, re-"member the fate of my dear aunt Charity, and "eschew the evil spirit of curiosity."*

A considerable part of these essays are appropriated to the fair sex, and a tolerable portion of satirical correction and wholesome advice dealt out to them; their injurious experiments of tight-lacing, to render themselves fine figures, are frequently noticed, and some humourous animadversions passed thereon, which cannot, I should think, be unpalatable to them, even if they are not inclined to alter their proceedings. It is a pity that the American ladies, who are by nature elegantly made, should resort to experiments which injure their constitutions and put them in torture. The practice of tight-lacing, the eating of pickles and chalk, and the smoaking of tobacco, are, I believe, no strangers to European females; but, whatever necessity the daughter of a Dutch burgomaster, or English farmer, might have for such arts to reduce their size, I do not think those who are naturally slim have any occasion to adopt them. Even the homeliness of nature is superior to the distortions of art; but who can contemplate a fine form tortured into the dimensions of a single span, or a beautiful face washed with cosmetics and

* See page 175, Vol. I.

covered with rouge, without regretting that nature should be so cheated of her worth? No censure certainly can attach to a moderate and becoming care of the person; it is the excess only that is blameable and pernicious: when so much care is taken of the exterior it too often happens that very little attention is paid to internal improvement;—outward ornament, though highly requisite, is, however, subordinate to that which is indispensable for another and more important part——the mind!

" —— 'Tis not an eye, a lip, a face, a hand,
" Though each alone might many a heart command,—
" 'Tis not the heavenly music of the tongue ———
" ——— But 'tis the lasting beauties of the MIND,
" By all the graces tempered and refin'd;
" The honest heart unpractised to deceive,
" Skilled, but as virtue bids, to joy or grieve;
" The soul, by pure religion taught to glow
" At others' bliss, or melt at others' woe!"

Another subject of animadversion, on which the writers of Salmagundi have dwelt in some of their essays, is the folly of what is called style, and the present fashionable mode of "murdering time." Modern life is admirably displayed in the essay on style,* and in some of the passages of Mustapha's letter on the assembly.† After contemplating such scenes of folly, bustle, and dissipation, one cannot help being struck with the insensibility of the people who live in the vortex of fashionable life, and who pursue their career of daring extravagance and vapid nothingness to the very grave, without resting on their journey for one moment to contemplate the awfulness of their situation.—The old and the young are alike engaged in the same senseless routine of

* See page 156, Vol. I.
† See page 190, Vol. II.

folly and absurdity. What man of sense, wishing to marry, would chuse a woman whose days and nights are engrossed with the preparations for, and participations in, continual routs, balls, and card-parties? What satisfaction can be derived from a woman thus educated? Surely such an incessant exposure of female youth and beauty to the gaiety and dissipation of public parties must be as detrimental to the morals as to the health.

Of all the fashionable modes however of "getting "rid of time" the modern tea and card parties are the most pernicious: to old age they are but miserable expedients, and to youth they are most dangerous. All rational conversation is banished the moment the cards are introduced, and in an instant you see the whole company agitated and distressed by the most opposite passions: some find it difficult to contain their momentary joy, and others more difficult to curb their anger:—the scowling brow and the pouting lip are much oftener seen than the cheerful smile, and many a couple return home completely out of humour with each other. Yet many will tell you that they play only for amusement, and not for the sake of the money; if that were true, we should have but few card-parties.—The youthful and aged of both sexes are alike eager to possess themselves of the rich pool, and thus their very amusements are instrumental to the most sordid passions. The men and women of the present day are gamesters from their youth; for though the sums they play for may be considered as trifling, which, by the bye, I much doubt, yet the same acrimonious disposition and frightful passions are engendered by the loss of one pound as by the loss of a thousand.—How trifling! how absurd! nay, were it not for the serious effects, how ludicrous! to see a numerous company assembled together for no earthly purpose but to scald

their throats with a cup of tea,—exhibit their peevishness and ill-humour,—and pick each others pockets!

Some of my fair readers, whose time is not wholly absorbed in the pleasures of the card-table or the seducing witchery of the novel, may, perhaps, acknowledge the truth of the preceding observations; but others will, no doubt, condemn me for exclaiming against that which constitutes their greatest happiness: I shall not, however, strive, like the painter, to please every body, as in that case it must follow that I shall please nobody. The observations which I have made in the course of these essays have arisen out of the various subjects contained therein, and if I have not done my authors all the justice they merit, it is because they have not had an editor of equal talent with themselves. I cannot do better than conclude this Introductory Essay in their own language,* and hope my fair countrywomen will be as ready to comply with their request as the American ladies were:—"We recommend to all *mothers* to purchase our essays for their daughters, who will be taught the true line of propriety, and the most adviseable method of managing their beaux. We advise all *daughters* to purchase them for the sake of their mothers, who shall be initiated into the arcana of the bon ton, and cured of all those rusty old notions which they acquired during the last century.—Parents shall be taught how to govern their children; girls how to get husbands; and old maids how to do without them."

* See page 11. Vol. I.

SALMAGUNDI;

OR, THE

WHIM-WHAMS AND OPINIONS

OF

LAUNCELOT LANGSTAFF, Esq.

AND OTHERS.

In hoc est hoax, cum quiz et jokesez,
Et smokem, toastem, roastem, folksez,
Fee, faw, fum. *Psalmanazar.*

With baked, and broiled, and stewed, and toasted,
And fried, and boiled, and smoked, and roasted,
We treat the town.

NO. 1.] SATURDAY, JANUARY 24, 1807.

AS every body knows, or ought to know, what a SALMAGUNDI is, we shall spare ourselves the trouble of an explanation:—besides, we despise trouble, as we do every thing that is low and mean, and hold the man who would incur it unnecessarily as an object worthy our highest pity and contempt. Neither will we puzzle our heads to give an account of ourselves, for two reasons; first, because it is nobody's business; secondly, because, if it were, we do not hold ourselves bound to attend to any body's business but our own; and even *that* we take the liberty of neglecting when it suits our inclination. To these we might add a third, that very few men *can* give a tolerable account of themselves, let them try ever so hard; but this reason, we candidly avow, would not hold good with ourselves.

There are, however, two or three pieces of information which we bestow gratis on the public, chiefly because it suits our own pleasure and convenience that they should be known, and partly because we do not wish that there should be any ill-will between us at the commencement of our acquaintance.

Our intention is simply to instruct the young, reform the old, correct the town, and castigate the age: this is an arduous task, and, therefore, we undertake it with confidence. We intend, for this purpose, to present a striking picture of the town; and, as every body is anxious to see his own phiz on canvas, however stupid or ugly it may be, we have no doubt but the whole town will flock to our exhibition. Our picture will necessarily include a vast variety of figures; and, should any gentleman or lady be displeased with the inveterate truth of their likenesses, they may ease their spleen by laughing at those of their neighbours,—this being what *we* understand by POETICAL JUSTICE.

Like all true and able editors, we consider ourselves infallible, and, therefore, with the customary diffidence of our brethren of the quill, we shall take the liberty of interfering in all matters, either of a public or private nature. We are critics, amateurs, dillitanti, and cognoscenti; and, as we know "by "the pricking of our thumbs," that every opinion which we may advance in either of those characters will be correct, we are determined, though it may be questioned, contradicted, or even controverted, yet it shall never be revoked.

We beg the public particularly to understand that we solicit no patronage:—we are determined, on the contrary, that the patronage shall be entirely on our side. We have nothing to do with the pecuniary concerns of the paper; its success will yield us neither pride nor profit,—nor will its failure occasion to

us either loss or mortification. We advise the public, therefore, to purchase our numbers merely for their own sakes;—if they do not, let them settle the affair with their consciences and posterity.

To conclude, we invite all editors of newspapers and literary journals to praise us heartily in advance, as we assure them that we intend to deserve their praises. To our next-door neighbour, "TOWN," * we hold out a hand of amity, declaring to him that, after ours, his paper will stand the best chance for immortality. We proffer an exchange of civilities; he shall furnish us with notices of epic poems and tobacco, and we in return will enrich him with original speculations on all manner of subjects; together with the "rummaging of my grandfather's mahogany "chest of drawers," "the life and amours of mine "uncle John," "anecdotes of the Cockloft family," and learned quotations from that unheard-of writer of folios, *Linkum Fidelius*.†

PUBLISHER'S NOTICE.

This work will be published and sold by D. Longworth. It will be printed on hot-pressed vellum paper, as that is held in highest estimation for buckling up young ladies' hair,—a purpose to which similar works are usually appropriated: it will be a small neat duodecimo size, so that, when enough numbers are written, it may form a volume sufficiently portable to be carried in old ladies' pockets and young ladies' work-bags.

* A paper, published at New York, which frequently contained critiques on the dramatic performances in that city.

† For an account of this celebrated personage, see the History of the Little Man in Black, Vol. 2.

As the above work will not come out at stated periods, notice will be given when another number will be published. The price will depend on the size of the number, and must be paid on delivery. The publisher professes the same sublime contempt for money as his authors. The liberal patronage bestowed by his discerning fellow-citizens on various works of taste, which he has published, has left him no *inclination* to ask for farther favours at their hands, and he publishes this work in the mere hope of requiting their bounty.*

FROM THE ELBOW CHAIR OF

LAUNCELOT LANGSTAFF, Esq.

WE were a considerable time in deciding whether we should be at the pains of introducing ourselves to the public. As we care for nobody, and as we are not yet at the bar, we do not feel bound to hold up our hands and answer to our names.

Willing, however, to gain at once that frank confidential footing, which we are certain of ultimately possessing in this doubtless "best of all pos-"sible cities," and anxious to spare its worthy inhabitants the trouble of making a thousand *wise* conjectures, not one of which would be worth a "to-"bacco-stopper," we have thought it, in some degree, a necessary exertion of charitable condescension to furnish them with a slight clue to the truth.

* *It was not originally the intention of the authors to insert the above address in the work; but, unwilling that a* morceau *so precious should be lost to posterity, they have been induced to alter their minds. This will account for any repetition of idea that may appear in the introductory essay.—Am. Ed.*

Before we proceed farther, however, we advise every body, man, woman, and child, that can read, or get any friend to read for them, to purchase this paper:——not that we write for money; for, in common with all philosophical wiseacres, from Solomon downwards, we hold it in supreme contempt. The public are welcome to buy this work, or not, just as they chuse. If it be purchased freely, so much the better for the public—and the publisher;—— we gain not a stiver. If it be not purchased, we give fair warning,—we shall burn all our essays, critiques, and epigrams, in one promiscuous blaze; and, like the books of the Sybils and the Alexandrian library, they will be lost for ever to posterity. For the sake, therefore, of our publisher, for the sake of the public, and for the sake of the public's children, to the nineteenth generation, we advise them to purchase our paper. We beg the respectable old matrons of this city not to be alarmed at the appearance we make;—we are none of those outlandish geniusses who swarm in New York, who live by their wits, or rather by the little wit of their neighbours, and who spoil the genuine honest American tastes of their daughters with French slops and fricasseed sentiment.

We have said we do not write for money,—— neither do we write for fame;—we know too well the variable nature of public opinion to build our hopes upon it;—we *care* not what the public think of us; and we suspect, before we reach the tenth number, they will not *know* what to think of us. In two words,—we write for no other earthly purpose but to please ourselves;—and this we shall be sure of doing, for we are all three of us determined, before-hand, to be pleased with what we write. If, in the course of this work, we edify, and instruct, and amuse, the public, so much the better for the public:—but we

frankly acknowledge, that, so soon as we get tired of reading our own works, we shall discontinue them without the least remorse, whatever the public may think of us.—While we continue to go on, we will go on merrily,—if we moralize, it shall be but seldom; and, on all occasions, we shall be more solicitous to make our readers laugh than cry; for we are laughing philosophers, and clearly of opinion, that wisdom, true wisdom, is a plump jolly dame, who sits in her arm chair, laughs right merrily at the farce of life,—and takes the world as it goes.

We intend particularly to notice the conduct of the fashionable world;—nor in this shall we be governed by that carping spirit with which narrow-minded book-worm cynics squint at the little extravagancies of the ton, but with that liberal toleration which actuates every man of fashion While we keep a more than Cerberus watch over the guardian rules of female delicacy and decorum, we shall not discourage any little sprightliness of demeanour, or innocent vivacity of character.——Before we advance one line farther, we must let it be understood, as our firm opinion, void of all prejudice or partiality, that the ladies of New-York are the fairest, the finest, the most-accomplished, the most bewitching, the most ineffable,beings, that walk,creep,crawl, swim, fly, float, or vegetate, in any or all of the four elements; and that they only want to be cured of certain whims, eccentricities, and unseemly conceits, by our superintending cares, to render them absolutely perfect. They will, therefore, receive a large portion of those attentions directed to the fashionable world;——nor will the gentlemen who *doze* away their time in the circles of the *haut-ton* escape our currying. We mean those stupid fellows, who sit stock-still upon their chairs, without saying a word, and then complain how damned stupid it was at Miss ——'s party.

This department will be under the peculiar direction and controul of ANTHONY EVERGREEN,* GENT. to whom all communications on this subject are to be addressed. This gentleman, from his long experience in the routine of balls, tea-parties, and assemblies, is eminently qualified for the task he has undertaken. He is a kind of patriarch in the fashionable world, and has seen generation after generation pass away into the silent tomb of matrimony, while he remains unchangeably the same. He can recount the amours and courtships of the fathers, mothers, uncles, and aunts, and even grandames, of all the belles of the present day, provided their pedigrees extend so far back without being lost in obscurity. As, however, treating of pedigrees is rather an ungrateful task in this city, and as we mean to be perfectly good-natured, he has promised to be cautious in this particular. He recollects perfectly the time when young ladies used to go sleigh-riding,† at night, without their mammas or grand-mammas, in short, without being matronized at all; and can relate a thousand pleasant stories about Kissingbridge.‡ He likewise remembers the time when ladies paid

* This gentleman bears a great resemblance to Will Honeycomb, in the Spectator, at least his office is of a similar nature to that of Addison's antiquated Beau.

† It was formerly one of the amusements of the people of New York, as well as of other towns to the northward, to ride out in sleighs in the winter season, by torch-light, to some village, where they partook of a dance and supper. This social amusement is now nearly fallen in disuse, by the refinement of modern manners; having been exchanged for the more polished, but formal, assembly at the City Hotel.

‡ This bridge formed one of the liveliest features of their nightly excursions in the winter season, as at this place a kiss was the toll which the gentlemen exacted from the ladies before the sleighs were allowed to pass over. It is situated a short distance from New York.

tea-visits at three in the afternoon, and returned before dark to see that the house was shut up and the servants on duty. He has often played cricket in the orchard in the rear of old Vauxhall, and remembers when the Bull's-Head was quite out of town.* Though he has slowly and gradually given into modern fashions, and still flourishes in the *beau-monde*, yet he seems a little prejudiced in favour of the dress and manners of the *old school*; and his chief commendation of a new mode is, "that it is the same "good old fashion we had before the war." It has cost us much trouble to make him confess that a cotilion is superior to a minuet, or an unadorned crop to a pig-tail and powder. Custom and fashion have, however, had more effect on him than all our lectures; and he tempers so happily the grave and ceremonious gallantry of the old school with the "hail "fellow" familiarity of the new, that, we trust, on a little acquaintance, and making allowance for his old-fashioned prejudices, he will become a very considerable favourite with our readers;—if not, the worse for themselves, as they will have to endure his company.

In the territory of criticism, WILLIAM WIZARD, ESQ. has undertaken to preside; and, though we may all dabble in it a little by turns, yet we have willingly ceded to him all discretionary powers in this respect. Though Will has not had the advantage of an education at Oxford, at Cambridge, or

* This allusion to the increased size and extent of the city of New York is perfectly just. The town is not only very considerably enlarged, but its population, wealth, and resources, have amazingly increased. The number of its inhabitants is now equal to that of the whole state of New York only fifty years ago! Its revenue is equal to one-half of all the other sea-port towns in the United States; and the value of land in the city has increased from 50 to 1500 dollars.

even at Edinburgh or Aberdeen, and though he is but little versed in Hebrew, yet we have no doubt he will be found fully competent to the undertaking. He has improved his taste by a long residence abroad, particularly at Canton, Calcutta, and the gay and polished court of Hayti. He has also had an opportunity of seeing the best singing girls and tragedians of China, is a great connoisseur in mandarine dresses, and porcelain, and particularly values himself on his intimate knowledge of the buffalo, and war-dances of the northern Indians. He is likewise promised the assistance of a gentleman, lately from London, who was born and bred in that centre of science and *bon gout*, the vicinity of Fleet-market, where he has been edified, man and boy, these six-and-twenty years, with the harmonious jingle of Bow-bells. His taste, therefore, has attained to such an exquisite pitch of refinement, that there are few exhibitions of any kind which do not put him in a fever. He has assured Will, that, if Mr. Cooper* emphasises "*and*" instead of "*but*,"—or Mrs. Oldmixon† pins her kerchief a hair's-breadth awry,—or Mrs. Darley offers to dare to look less than the "daughter of a "senator of Venice,"——the standard of a senator's daughter being exactly six feet,——they shall all hear of it in good time. We have, however, advised Will Wizard to keep his friend in check, lest,

* Mr. Cooper is the best performer in the United States, and manager of the New-York Theatre. His abilities are well known in England, having performed during one or two seasons in London, a few years ago. I understand that he has realised a very ample fortune by his theatrical exertions in America. He has recently engaged our celebrated actor, Cooke, by whose talents his fortune will, no doubt, be greatly increased.

† This lady is the wife of Sir John Oldmixon, who emigrated from England some years ago, but from whom she is now separated.

by opening the eyes of the public to the wretchedness of the actors by whom they have hitherto been entertained, he might cut off one source of amusement from our fellow-citizens. We hereby give notice, that we have taken the whole corps, from the manager, in his mantle of gorgeous copper lace, to honest *John* in his green coat and black breeches, under our wing,—and woe be unto him who injures a hair of their heads. As we have no design against the patience of our fellow-citizens, we shall not *dose* them with copious draughts of theatrical criticism; we well know that they have already been well physiced with them of late: our theatrics shall take up but a small part of our paper; nor shall they be altogether confined to the stage, but extend, from time to time, to those incorrigible offenders against the peace of society, the stage-critics, who not unfrequently create the fault they find, in order to yield an opening for their witicisms,—censure an actor for a gesture he never made, or an emphasis he never gave; and, in their attempt to shew off *new readings*, make the sweet swan of Avon cackle like a goose. If any one should feel himself offended by our remarks, let him attack us in return,—we shall not wince from the combat. If his passes be successful, we will be the first to cry out, a hit! a hit! and we doubt not we shall frequently lay ourselves open to the weapons of our assailants. But let them have a care how they run a tilting with us,—they have to deal with stubborn foes, who can bear a world of pummeling: we will be relentless in our vengeance, and will fight "till from our bones the flesh be "hacked."

What other subjects we shall include in the range of our observations we have not determined, or rather we shall not trouble ourselves to detail. The public have already more information concerning us

than we intended to impart. We owe them no favours, neither do we ask any. We again advise them for their own sakes to read our papers when they come out. We recommend to all mothers to purchase them for their daughters, who will be taught the true line of propriety, and the most adviseable method of managing their beaux. We advise all daughters to purchase them for the sake of their mothers, who shall be initiated into the arcana of the bon-ton, and cured of all those rusty old notions which they acquired during the last century: parents shall be taught how to govern their children, girls how to get husbands, and old maids how to do without them.

As we do not measure our wits by the yard or the bushel, and as they do not flow periodically nor constantly, we shall not restrict our paper as to size, or the time of its appearance. It will be published whenever we have sufficient matter to constitute a number, and the size of the number shall depend on the stock in hand. This will best suit our negligent habits, and leave us that full liberty and independence which is the joy and pride of our souls. As we have before hinted that we do not concern ourselves about the pecuniary matters of our paper, we leave its price to be regulated by our publisher; only recommending him, for his own interest and the honour of his authors, not to sell their invaluable productions too cheap.

Is there any one who wishes to know more about us?—let him read SALMAGUNDI, and grow wise apace. Thus much we will say,—there are three of us, "Bardolph, Peto, and I,"* all townsmen good

* The Salmagundi is said to be the joint production of three gentlemen of New York, one of whom, I believe, is a counsellor. and the other two merchants. Their names are not po-

and true;—many a time and oft have we three amused the town, without its knowing to whom it was indebted; and many a time have we seen the midnight lamp twinkle faintly on our studious phizzes, and heard the morning salutation of "past three "o'clock" before we sought our pillows. The result of these midnight studies is now offered to the public; and, little as we care for the opinion of this exceedingly stupid world, we shall take care, as far as lies in our careless natures, to fulfil the promises made in this introduction;—if we do not, we shall have so many examples to justify us, that we feel little solicitude on that account.

THEATRICS.

Containing the quintessence of modern criticism.

BY WILLIAM WIZARD, ESQ.

MACBETH was performed to a very crowded house, and much to *our* satisfaction. As, however, our neighbour TOWN has been very voluminous already in his criticisms on this play, we shall make but few remarks. Having never seen KEMBLE in this character, we are absolutely at a loss to say whether Mr. COOPER performed it well or not. We think, however, there was an error in his *costume*, as the learned Linkum Fidelius is of opinion that in the time of Macbeth the Scots did not wear sandals, but wooden shoes. Macbeth also was noted for

sitively known, nor can any thing be ascertained, with certainty, respecting the persons whose characters are supposed to be drawn in these essays. Several names were mentioned while I resided at New York, but, as they were founded entirely on conjecture, it would be of little use to give them here.

wearing his jacket open, that he might play the Scotch fiddle more conveniently,—that being an hereditary accomplishment in the Glamis family.

We have seen this character performed in China, by the celebrated *Chow-Chow*, the Roscius of that great empire, who, in the dagger-scene, always electrified the audience by blowing his nose like a trumpet. Chow-Chow, in compliance with the opinion of the sage Linkum Fidelius, performed Macbeth in wooden shoes; this gave him an opportunity of producing great effect; for, on first seeing the "air-"drawn dagger" he always cut a prodigious high caper, and kicked his shoes into the pit at the heads of the critics; whereupon the audience were marvelously delighted, flourished their hands, and stroaked their whiskers three times, and the matter was carefully recorded in the next number of a paper called the *Flim Flam (English*—Town).

We were much pleased with MRS. VILLIERS, in Lady MACBETH; but we think she would have given a greater effect to the night-scene, if, instead of holding the candle in her hand, or setting it down on the table, which is sagaciously censured by neighbour Town, she had stuck it in her night-cap. This would have been extremely picturesque, and would have marked more strongly the derangement of her mind.

Mrs. Villiers, however, is not by any means large enough for the character; Lady Macbeth having been, in our opinion, a woman of extraordinary size, and of the race of the giants, notwithstanding what she says of her "little hand,—" which being said in her sleep passes for nothing. We should be happy to see this character in the hands of the lady who played *Glumdalca*, queen of the giants, in Tom Thumb; she is exactly of imperial dimensions, and, provided she is well shaved, of a most interesting physiog-

nomy: as she appears, likewise, to be a lady of some nerve, I dare engage she will read a letter about witches vanishing in air, and such *common occurrences*, without being unnaturally surprised, to the annoyance of honest "Town."

We are happy to observe that Mr. Cooper profits by the instructions of friend Town, and does not dip the daggers in blood so deep as formerly, by a matter of an inch or two. This was a violent outrage upon our immortal bard. We differ with Mr. Town in his *reading* of the words "this is a *sorry* "*sight.*" We are of opinion the force of the sentence should be thrown on the word *sight*, because Macbeth, having been shortly before most confoundedly humbugged with an aërial dagger, was in doubt whether the daggers actually in his hands were real, or whether they were not mere shadows, or as the old English *may* have termed it ſyghtes. (this, at any rate, will establish our skill in *new readings.*) Though we differ in this respect from our neighbour Town, yet, we heartily agree with him in censuring Mr. Cooper for omitting that passage so remarkable for "beauty of imagery, &c." beginning with "and pity like a naked new-born babe, &c." It is one of those passages of Shakespeare which should always be retained, for the purpose of showing how sometimes that great poet could talk like a buzzard; or, to speak more plainly, like the famous mad poet Nat. Lee.

As it is the first duty of a friend to advise,—and as we profess and do actually feel a friendship for honest "Town," we warn him never in his criticisms to meddle with a lady's "petticoats," or to quote Nick Bottom. In the first instance he may "catch a tartar," and, in the second, the ass's head may rise up in judgement against him, and when it is once afloat there is no knowing where some unlucky

hand may place it. We would not, for all the money in our pockets, see Town flourishing his critical quill under the auspices of an ass's head, like the great Franklin in his *Montero-Cap.*

NEW-YORK ASSEMBLY,*

BY ANTHONY EVERGREEN, GENT.

The assemblies this year have gained a great accession of beauty. Several brilliant stars have arisen from the east, and from the north, to brighten the firmament of fashion: among the number I have discovered *another planet,* which rivals even Venus in lustre, and I claim equal honour with Herschell for my discovery. I shall take some future opportunity to describe this planet, and the numerous satelites which revolve around it.

At the last assembly the company began to make some show about *eight,* but the most fashionable delayed their appearance until about *nine,*—nine being the number of the *muses,* and therefore the best possible hour for beginning to exhibit the *graces.* (This

* None but the first class of society can become subscribers to this assembly. It is held at the City-Hotel, Broadway, and conducted on a similar plan to those of London. The subscription is two dollars and a half for each night during the season, and includes tea, coffee, and a cold collation. Another assembly has been recently established, in which the small merchants, store-keepers, and others, are admitted, who were shut out from the former; a spirit of pride and jealousy has caused the subscribers to the *New Assembly* to make their subscription *three* dollars, and to have their balls also at the City-Hotel. It has been so well conducted that many of the subscribers to the *City-Assembly* seceded, and joined the opposition one, or subscribed to both. So much for American equality!

is meant for a pretty play upon words, and I assure my readers that I think it very tolerable.)

Poor WILL HONEYCOMB, whose memory I hold in special consideration, even with his half-century of experience, would have been puzzled to point out the humours of a lady by her prevailing colours: for the "rival queens" of fashion, Mrs. TOOLE and Madame BOUCHARD,* appeared to have exhausted their wonderful inventions in the different disposition, variation, and combination, of tints and shades. The *philosopher* who maintained that black was white, and that, *of course*, there was no such colour as white, might have given some colour to his theory on this occasion, by the absence of poor forsaken white muslin. I was, however, much pleased to see that red maintains it ground against all other colours, because red is the colour of Mr. Jefferson's * * * * *,† Tom Paine's nose, and my slippers.

Let the grumbling smellfungi of this world who cultivate taste among books, cobwebs, and spiders, rail at the extravagance of the age:—for my part, I was delighted with the magic of the scene; and, as the ladies tripped through the mazes of the dance, sparkling, and glowing, and dazzling, I, like the honest Chinese, thanked them heartily‡ for the jewels and

* Two milliners at New-York;—see Fashions, by Anthony Evergreen. No. 3.

† These Shandean stars mean neither more nor less than the late President's *breeches*, which are of *red* velvet; and, it is said, were always worn by him on levee-days, and other particular occasions. They have afforded the American wags much mirth.

‡ This idea, which occurs in the Citizen of the World, reminds me of a very agreable mode of thinking, adopted by some person, mentioned, I think, in the Spectator, who was reconciled to his lot in this world, by considering himself, whereever he went, as the proprietor of every thing he saw. In this manner he looked upon a fine house, park, gardens, collection

finery with which they loaded themselves, merely for the entertainment of bye-standers, and blessed my stars that I was a bachelor.

The gentlemen were considerably numerous, and being, as usual, equipt in their appropriate *black uniforms*,* constituted a sable regiment, which contributed not a little to the brilliant gaiety of the ball-room. I must confess I an indebted for this remark to our friend, the cockney, Mr. 'SBIDLIKENS-FLASH, or *'Sbidlikens*, as he is called for shortness. He is a fellow of infinite verbosity,—stands in high favour—with himself, and, like Caleb Quotem, is "up to "every thing." I remember when a comfortable plump-looking citizen led into the room a fair damsel, who looked for all the world like the personification of a rainbow, 'Sbidlikens observed that it reminded him of a fable, which he had read somewhere, of the marriage of an honest pains-taking snail, who had once walked six feet in an hour for a wager, to a butterfly whom he used to gallant by the elbow, with the aid of much puffing and exertion. On being called upon to tell where he had come across this story, 'Sbidlikens absolutely refused to answer.

It would but be repeating an old story, to say that the ladies of New York dance well;—and well may

of paintings, &c. as if they had been his own, for what more, says he, can the real owners enjoy than the *sight* of them; whereas, I enjoy the *sight*, without the expense of procuring, or the trouble of taking care of, them!

* It is curious enough that *black*, the emblem of mourning, the solemn garb of priests, lawyers, and physicians, should become the inmate of a place devoted to mirth and festivity: such a uniform suits well enough with the *lawyer*, whose actions often partake of the colour of his cloth; with the *physician*, who exists only on the sorrow and misery of his fellow creatures; with the *mourner*, who has to regret the loss of a valuable friend; and, with the *priest*, who has the awful charge of our souls; but with the *votaries of pleasure* a black dress is quite incompatible.

they, since they learn it scientifically, and begin their lessons before they have quitted their swaddling clothes. The immortal DUPORT has usurped despotic sway over all the female heads and heels in this city;—hornbooks, primers, and pianoes, are neglected to attend to his positions; and poor CHILTON, with his pots and kettles and chemical crockery, finds him a more potent enemy than the whole collective force of the "North-river society." 'Sbidlikens insists that this dancing mania will inevitably continue as long as a dancing-master will charge the fashionable price of *five-and-twenty** dollars a quarter, and all the other accomplishments are so vulgar as to be attainable at "half the money;"—but I put no faith in 'Sbidlikens candour in this particular. Among his infinitude of endowments he is but a poor proficient in dancing; and, though he often flounders through a cotillon, yet he never cut a pigeon-wing in his life.

In my mind there is no position more positive and unexceptionable than that most Frenchmen, dead or alive, are born dancers. I came pounce upon this discovery at the assembly, and I immediately noted it down in my register of indisputable facts:—the public shall know all about it. As I never dance cotillons,† holding them to be monstrous distorters of the human frame, and tantamount in their operations to being broken and dislocated on the wheel, I ge-

* Extravagance, it appears, is one of the great land-marks of fashion in America as well as England; whatever is cheap cannot possibly be fashionable, because it comes within reach of the *canaille*; and whatever the *canaille* attempt is extremely horrid to a fashionable mind.

† Cotillons are much in vogue at the American assemblies, since French dancing-masters have gained the ascendency. They are danced alternately with country dances, and, from their figure, are well calculated to display the grace and elegance of a fine form to advantage.

nerally take occasion, while they are going on, to make my remarks on the company. In the course of these observations, I was struck with the energy and eloquence of sundry limbs which seemed to be flourishing about, without appertaining to any body. After much investigation and difficulty, I at length traced them to their respective owners, whom I found to be all Frenchmen to a man. Art may have meddled somewhat in these affairs, but nature certainly did more. I have since been considerably employed in calculations on this subject, and, by the most accurate computation, I have determined that a Frenchman passes, at least, three-fifths of his time between the heavens and the earth, and partakes, eminently, of the nature of a gossamer or soap-bubble. One of these jack-o'lantern heroes, in taking a *figure*, which neither Euclid nor Pythagoras himself could demonstrate, unfortunately wound himself,—I mean his foot,—his better part,—into a lady's cobweb muslin robe; but, perceiving it at the instant, he set himself a spinning the other way, like a top, unravelled his step, without omitting one angle or curve, and extricated himself without breaking a thread of the lady's dress! he then sprang up like a sturgeon, crossed his feet four times, and finished this wonderful evolution by quivering his left leg, as a cat does her paw when she has accidentally dipped it in water. No man "of woman born," who was not a Frenchman or a mountebank, could have done the like.

Among the new faces, I remarked a blooming nymph, who has brought a fresh supply of roses from the country to adorn the wreath of beauty, where lilies too much predominate.* As I wish

* The beauty of the American women partakes more of the lily than the rose, though the soft glow of the latter is not un-

well to every sweet face under heaven, I sincerely hope her roses may survive the frosts and dissipations of winter, and lose nothing by a comparison with the loveliest offerings of the spring. 'Sbidlikens, to whom I made similar remarks, assured me that they were very just, and very prettily expressed, and that the lady in question was a prodigious fine piece of *flesh and blood.* Now could I find it in my heart to baste these cockneys like their own roast beef,—they can make no distinction between a fine woman and a fine horse.

I would praise the sylph-like grace with which another young lady acquitted herself in the dance, but that she excels in far more valuable accomplishments. Who praises the rose for its beauty, even though it *is* beautiful.

The company retired at the customary hour to the supper-room, where the tables were laid out with their *usual* splendour and profusion. My friend 'Sbidlikens, with the native forethought of a cockney, had carefully stowed his pocket with cheese and crackers, that he might not be tempted again to venture his limbs in the crowd of hungry fair ones who throng the supper-room door: his precaution was unnecessary, for the company entered the room with surprising order and decorum. No gowns were torn,—no ladies fainted,—no noses bled; nor was there any need of the interference of either managers or peace-officers.

frequently met with. Their climate, however, is not so favourable to beauty as that of England, in consequence of the excessive heat, and violent changes of the weather, peculiar to America. Fair complexions, regular features, and fine forms, seem to be the prevailing characteristics of the American fair sex.

SALMAGUNDI;

OR, THE

WHIM-WHAMS AND OPINIONS

OF

LAUNCELOT LANGSTAFF, Esq.

AND OTHERS.

In hoc est hoax, cum quiz et jokesez,
Et smokem, toastem, roastem, folksez,
Fee, faw, fum. *Psalmanazar.*

With baked, and broiled, and stewed, and toasted,
And fried, and boiled, and smoaked, and roasted,
We treat the town.

NO. 2.] WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1807.

FROM THE ELBOW CHAIR OF

LAUNCELOT LANGSTAFF, Esq.

IN the conduct of an epic poem it has been the custom, from time immemorial, for the poet occasionally to introduce his reader to an intimate acquaintance with the heroes of his story, by shewing him into their tents, and giving him an opportunity of observing them in their night-gown and slippers. However I despise the servile genius that would descend to follow a precedent, though furnished by Homer himself, and consider him as on a par with the cart that follows at the heels of the horse, without ever taking the lead, yet, at the present moment, my whim is opposed to my opinion, and, whenever

this is the case, my opinion generally surrenders at discretion. I am determined, therefore, to give the town a peep into our divan, and I shall repeat it as often as I please, to shew that I intend to be sociable.

The other night Will Wizard and Evergreen called upon me, to pass away a few hours in social chat, and hold a kind of council of war. To give a zest to our evening, I uncorked a bottle of London particular, which has grown old with myself, and which never fails to excite a smile in the countenances of my old cronies, to whom alone it is devoted. After some little time the conversation turned on the effect produced by our first number: every one had his budget of information, and I assure my readers that we laughed most unceremoniously at their expense; they will excuse us for our merriment, —'tis a way we've got. Evergreen, who is equally a favourite and companion of young and old, was particularly satisfactory in his details, and it was highly amusing to hear how different characters were tickled with different passages. The old folk were delighted to find there was a bias in our junto towards the "good old times;" and he particularly noticed a worthy old gentleman of his acquaintance, who had been somewhat a beau in his day, whose eyes brightened at the bare mention of Kissing-bridge. It recalled to his recollection several of his youthful exploits at that celebrated pass, on which he seemed to dwell with great pleasure and self-complacency: —he hoped, he said, that the bridge might be preserved for the benefit of posterity, and as a monument of the gallantry of their grandfathers, and even hinted at the expediency of erecting a toll-gate there, to collect the forfeits of the ladies. But the most flattering testimony of approbation which our work has received was from an old lady who never

laughed but once in her life, and that was at the conclusion of the last war. She was detected, by friend Anthony,in the very fact of laughing most obstreperously at the description of the little dancing Frenchman. Now it glads my very heart to find our effusions have such a pleasing effect. I venerate the aged, and joy whenever it is in my power to scatter a few flowers in their path.

The young people were particularly interested in the account of the assembly. There was some difference of opinion respecting the *new planet*, and the blooming nymph from the country; but, as to the compliment paid to the facinating little sylph who danced so gracefully,—every lady modestly took that to herself.

Evergreen mentioned also that the young ladies were extremely anxious to learn the true mode of managing their beaux, and Miss DIANA WEARWELL, who is as chaste as an icicle, has seen a few superfluous winters pass over her head, and boasts of having slain her thousands, wished to know how old maids were to do without husbands,—not that she was very curious about the matter, she "only asked "for information." Several ladies expressed their earnest desire that we would not spare those *wooden* gentlemen who perform the parts of *mutes* or stalking horses in their drawing-rooms; and their mothers were equally anxious that we should shew no quarter to those lads of spirit who now and then *cut* their bottles to enliven a tea-party with the humours of the dinner-table.

Will Wizard was not a little chagrined at having been mistaken for a gentleman, who is no more like me, said Will, "than I like Hercules."—"I was "well assured," continued Will, "that, as our cha-"racters were drawn from nature, the originals

" would be found in every society." And so it has happened,—every little circle has its 'Sbidlikens; and the cockney, intended merely as the representative of his *species*, has dwindled into an insignificant individual, who, having recognized his own likeness, has foolishly appropriated to himself a picture, for which he never sat. Such, too, has been the case with DING-DONG, who has kindly undertaken to be my representative,—not that I care much about the matter, for it must be acknowledged that the animal is a good-natured animal enough,—and, what is more, a fashionable animal,—and this is saying more than to call him a *conjuror*. But I am much mistaken if he can claim any affinity to the *Wizard* family.—— Surely, every body knows Ding-dong, the gentle Ding-dong, who pervades all space, who is here and there and every where; no tea-party can be complete without Ding-dong,—and his appearance is sure to occasion a smile.—Ding dong has been the occasion of much wit in his day; I have even seen many puny whipsters attempt to be dull at his expense, who were as much inferior to him as the gad-fly is to the ox that he buzzes about. Does any witling want to distress the company with a miserable pun,—nobody's name presents sooner than Ding-dong's; and it has been played upon with equal skill and equal entertainment to the bye-standers as Trinity bells. Ding-dong is profoundly devoted to the ladies, and highly entitled to their regard; for I know no man who makes a better bow, or talks less to the purpose than Ding-dong. Ding-dong has acquired a prodigious fund of knowledge by reading Dilworth, when a boy; and the other day, on being asked who was the author of Macbeth, answered, without the least hesition,—Shakespeare! Ding-dong has a quotation for every day of the year, and every hour of

the day, and every minute of the hour; but he often commits petty-larcenies on the poets,—plucks the grey hairs off old Chaucer's head, and claps them on the chin of Pope; and filches Johnson's wig, to cover the bald pate of Homer;—but his blunders pass undetected by one-half of his hearers. Ding-dong, it is true, though he has long wrangled at our bar, cannot boast much of his legal knowledge, nor does his forensic eloquence entitle him to rank with a Cicero or a Demosthenes; but, bating his professional deficiencies, he is a man of most delectable discourse, and can hold forth for an hour upon the colour of a ribband, or the construction of a work-bag. Ding-dong is now in his fortieth year, or, perhaps, a little more,—rivals all the little beaux in town in his attentions to the ladies,—is in a state of rapid improvement; and there is no doubt but that, by the time he arrives at years of discretion, he will be a very accomplished, agreeable, young fellow. I advise all clever, good-for-nothing, "learned and authentic," gentlemen, to take care how they *wear this cap*, however well it fits; and to bear in mind that our characters are not individuals, but species: if, after this warning, any person chuses to represent Mr. Ding-dong, the sin is at his own door,—we wash our hands of it.

We all sympathised with Wizard, that he should be mistaken for a person so very different; and I hereby assure my readers, that William Wizard is no other person in the whole world *but* William Wizard; so I beg I may hear no more conjectures on the subject. Will is, in fact, a wiseacre by inheritance. The Wizard family have long been celebrated for knowing more than their neighbours, particularly concerning their neighbours' affairs. They were antiently called JOSSELIN, but Will's great uncle, by the father's side, having been accidentally

burnt for a *witch** in Connecticut, in consequence of blowing up his own house in a philosophical experiment, the family, in order to perpetuate the recollection of this memorable circumstance, assumed the name and arms of Wizard, and have borne them ever since.

In the course of my customary morning's walk, I stepped in at a book-store, which is noted for being the favourite haunt of a number of literati, some of whom rank high in the opinion of the world, and others rank equally high in their own. Here I found a knot of queer fellows listening to one of their company, who was reading our paper; I particularly noticed Mr. ICHABOD FUNGUS among the number.

Fungus is one of those fidgeting, meddling, quidnuncs, with which this unhappy city is pestered: one of your "Q-in-a-corner-fellows," who speaks volumes with a wink,—conveys most portentous information by laying his finger beside his nose,—and is always smelling a rat in the most trifling occurrence. He listened to our work with the most frigid gravity,—every now and then gave a mysterious shrug,—a *humph*,—or a screw of the mouth; and, on being asked his opinion, at the conclusion, said, he did not know what to think of it;—he hoped it did not mean any thing against the government,—that no lurking treason was couched in all this talk. These were dangerous times,—times of plot and conspiracy;—he did not at all like those stars after Mr. Jefferson's name,—they had an air of concealment. DICK PADDLE, who was one of the group, undertook our cause. Dick is known to the world, as being a most knowing genius, who can see as far

* The persecutions of the people of Connecticut, alluded to in this passage, are noticed in the Introductory Essay.

as any body—into a mill-stone, maintains, in the teeth of all argument, that a spade *is* a spade, and will labour a good half-hour by St. Paul's clock to establish a self-evident fact. Dick assured old Fungus that those stars merely stood for Mr. Jefferson's red *what-d'ye-call'ms*; and that, so far from a conspiracy against their peace and prosperity, the authors, whom he knew very well, were only expressing their high respect for them. The old man shook his head, shrugged his shoulders, gave a mysterious Lord Burleigh nod, said he hoped it might be so; but he was by no means satisfied with this attack upon the president's breeches, as, "thereby *hangs* "*a tale.*"

MR. WILSON'S CONCERT.

BY ANTHONY EVERGREEN, GENT.

In my register of indisputable facts, I have noted it conspicuously, that all modern music is but the mere dregs and drainings of the antient, and that all the spirit and vigour of harmony has entirely evaporated in the lapse of ages. Oh! for the chant of the Naïades, and the Dryades, the shell of the Tritons, and the sweet warblings of the mermaids of antient days! where now shall we seek the Amphion, who built walls with a turn of his hurdy-gurdy, the Orpheus, who made stones to whistle about his ears, and trees hop in a country-dance, by the mere quavering of his fiddle-stick! Ah! had I the power of the former, how soon would I build up the new City-Hall, and save the cash and credit of

the corporation; and how much sooner would I build myself a snug house in Broadway,—nor would it be the first time a house has been obtained there for a song. In my opinion, the Scotch bag-pipe is the only instrument that rivals the antient lyre, and I am surprised it should be almost the only one entirely excluded from our concerts.

Talking of concerts reminds me of that given a few nights since by Mr. WILSON, at which I had the misfortune of being present. It was attended by a numerous company, and gave great satisfaction, if I may be allowed to judge from the frequent *gapings* of the audience, though I will not risk my credit as a connoisseur by saying whether they proceeded from wonder or a violent inclination to doze. I was delighted to find, in the mazes of the crowd, my particular friend, SNIVERS, who had put on his cognoscenti phiz,—he being, according to his own account, a profound adept in the science of music. He can tell a crotchet at first sight, and, like a true Englishman, is delighted with the plumb-pudding rotundity of a semibreve, and, in short, boasts of having incontinently climbed up Paff's musical tree,* which hangs every day upon the poplar, from the fundamental concord to the fundamental major-discord, and so on, from branch to branch, until he reached the very top, where he sang "Rule Britannia," clapped his wings, and then—came down again. Like all true transatlantic judges, he suffers most horribly at our musical entertainments;—and he assures me that, what with the confounded scraping, and scratching, and grating, of our fiddlers, he thinks the sitting out

* Paff is a music-seller, in Broadway, and, on a poplar before his door, there hangs the complete genealogy of music: over his door is placed the American eagle, with the notes of the celebrated national air, *Yankee Doodle*, suspended from its beak.

one of our concerts tantamount to the punishment of that unfortunate saint who was frittered in two with a hand-saw.

The concert was given in the tea-room, at the City-Hotel, an apartment admirably calculated by its dingy walls, beautifully marbled with smoke, to show off the dresses and complexions of the ladies, and, by the flatness of its ceiling, to repress those impertinent reverberations of the music which, whatever others may foolishly assert, are, as Snivers says, "no "better than repetitions of old stories."

Mr. Wilson gave me infinite satisfaction by the gentility of his demeanour, and the roguish looks he now and then cast at the ladies; but we fear his excessive *modesty* threw him into some little confusion, for he absolutely *forgot himself*,* and, in the whole course of his entrances and exits, never once made his bow to the audience. On the whole, however, I think he has a fine voice, sings with great taste, and is a very *modest*, good-looking, little man; but I beg leave to repeat the advice so often given, by the illustrious tenants of the theatrical sky-parlour to the gentlemen who are charged with the "nice conduct" of chairs and tables,—"make a bow, Johnny,—Johnny, make a bow!"†

* Mr. Wilson, if he had ever been in England, might have taken a lesson from Braham, Catalani, and others of our first-rate singers, who, so far from treating their audience with contempt, are the most humble creatures in existence; they bow and curtsy most profoundly, and Catalani has often appeared to sink under the weight of applause bestowed upon her; but most probably Mr. Wilson's hauteur arose from the opposite cause; he conceived, perhaps, that he was only bound to humble himself in proportion to the applause he received.

† This expression is repeatedly made use of by the *gods*, at the New York Theatre, whenever, on the change of scenes, the livery servants come on the stage to carry off the chairs and tables; but those gentry, no more than Mr. Wilson, seem in-

I cannot, on this occasion, but express my surprise that certain amateurs should be so frequently at concerts, considering what agonies they suffer while a piece of music is playing. I defy any man of common humanity, and who has not the heart of a Choctow, to contemplate the countenance of one of these unhappy victims of a fiddlestick without feeling a sentiment of compassion; his whole visage is distorted;—he rolls up his eyes, as M'Sycophant says, "like a duck in thunder," and the music seems to operate upon him like a fit of the cholic; his very bowels seem to sympathise at every twang of the cat-gut, as if he heard, at that moment, the wailings of the helpless animal that had been sacrificed to harmony. Nor does the hero of the orchestra seem less affected; as soon as the signal is given he seizes his fiddlestick, makes a most horrible grimace, scowls fiercely upon his music-book, and grins every little trembling crotchet and quaver out of countenance. I have sometimes particularly noticed a hungry looking Gaul, who torments a huge bass-viol, and who is, doubtless, the original of the famous "Raw-head-and-bloody-bones," so potent in frightening naughty children.

The person who played the French horn was very excellent in his way, but Snivers could not relish his performance, having, some time since, heard a gentleman-amateur, in Gotham, play a solo on his *proboscis*, or nozzle, in a style infinitely superior;—Snout, the bellows-mender, never tuned his wind-instrument more musically; nor did the celebrated

clined to humble themselves without receiving their due share of applause; I would, therefore, advise the *American gods*, if they are so anxious for the *courtly* honour of a bow, (which, by the bye, is rather incongruous in a republic,) to greet *Johnny* with some thundering claps of the hand, and I make no doubt they will obtain a bow in return.

"knight of the burning lamp" ever yield more exquisite entertainment with his nose. This gentleman had latterly ceased to exhibit this prodigious accomplishment, having, it was whispered, hired out his snout to a ferryman, who had lost his conch-shell,—the consequence was that he did not *shew his nose* in company so frequently as before.

SITTING late, the other evening, in my elbow chair, indulging in that kind of indolent meditation which I consider the perfection of human bliss, I was roused from my reverie by the entrance of an old servant in the COCKLOFT livery, who handed me a letter, containing the following address from my cousin and old college-chum, PINDAR COCKLOFT.

Honest ANDREW, as he delivered it, informed me that his master, who resides a little way from town, on reading a small pamphlet, in a neat yellow cover, rubbed his hands with symptoms of great satisfaction, called for his favourite Chinese ink-stand, with two sprawling mandarins for its supporters, and wrote the letter which he had the honour to present me.

As I foresee my cousin will one day become a great favourite with the public, and as I know him to be somewhat punctilious as it respects etiquette, I shall take this opportunity to gratify the old gentleman, by giving him a proper introduction to the fashionable world.—The Cockloft family, to which I have the comfort of being related, has been fruitful in old bachelors and humourists, as will be perceived when I come to treat more of its history. My cousin Pindar is one of its most conspicuous members; he is now in his fifty-eighth year,—is a bachelor, partly through choice and partly through chance, and an oddity of the first water; half his life has been

employed in writing odes, sonnets, epigrams, and elegies, which he seldom shews to any body but myself after they are written; and all the old chests, drawers, and chair-bottoms, in the house teem with his productions.

In his younger days he figured as a dashing blade in the great world, and no young fellow of the town wore a longer pig-tail, or carried more buckram in his skirts. From sixteen to thirty he was continually in love, and, during that period, to use his own words, he be-scribbled more paper than would serve the theatre for snow-storms a whole season. The evening of his thirtieth birth-day, as he sat by the fireside, as much in love as ever was man in this world, and writing the name of his mistress in the ashes with an old tongs that had lost one of its legs, he was seized with a whim-wham that he was an old fool to be in love at his time of life. It was ever one of the Cockloft characteristics to *strike* to whim, and had Pindar stood out on this occasion he would have brought the reputation of his mother in question. From that time he gave up all particular attentions to the ladies, and, though he still loves their company, he has never been known to exceed the bounds of common courtesy in his intercourse with them. He was the life and ornament of our family circle in town, until the epoch of the French revolution, which sent so many unfortunate dancing-masters from their country to polish and enlighten our hemisphere. This was a sad time for Pindar, who had taken a genuine Cockloft prejudice against every thing French ever since he was brought to death's door by a *ragout:* he groaned at Ca Ira; and the Marseilles Hymn had much the same effect upon him that sharpening a knife on a dry whetstone has upon some people,—it set his teeth chattering; he might, in time, have been reconciled to these rubs, had not the introduction of

French cockades, on the hats of our citizens, absolutely thrown him into a fever; the first time he saw an instance of this kind he came home with great precipitation, packed up his trunk, his old fashioned writing-desk, and his Chinese ink-stand, and made a kind of growling retreat to Cockloft-Hall, where he has resided ever since.

My cousin Pindar is of a mercurial disposition;—a humourist without ill-nature;—he is of the true gun-powder temper,—one flash and all is over. It is true, when the wind is easterly, or the gout gives him a gentle twinge, or he hears of any new successes of the French,* he will become a little splenetic; and heaven help the man, and more particularly the woman, that crosses his humour at that moment,—she is sure to receive no quarter. These are the most sublime moments of Pindar. I swear to you, dear ladies and gentlemen, I would not lose one of these splenetic bursts for the best wig in my wardrobe, even though it were proved to be the identical wig worn by the sage Linkum Fidelius, when he demonstrated, before the whole university of Leyden, that it *was* possible to make bricks without straw. I have seen the old gentleman blaze forth such a volcanic explosion of wit, ridicule, and satire, that I was almost tempted to believe him inspired. But these sallies only lasted for a moment, and passed like summer clouds over the benevolent sunshine which ever warmed his heart, and lighted up his countenance.

Time, though it has dealt roughly with his person, has passed lightly over the graces of his mind, and left him in full possession of all the sensibilities

* This, and various other passages of a similar nature throughout these Essays, though the offspring of humour, are real proofs that there exists as invincible an antipathy to the French among a great portion of the Americans as there does among us.

of youth. His eye kindles at the relation of a noble or generous action, his heart melts at the story of distress, and he is still a warm admirer of the fair. Like all *old bachelors,* however, he looks back with a fond and lingering eye on the period of his *boyhood,* and would sooner suffer the pangs of matrimony than acknowledge that the world, or any thing in it, is half so clever as it was in those good old times that are "gone by."

I believe I have already mentioned that with all his good qualities he is a humourist, and a humourist of the highest order. He has some of the most intolerable whim-whams I ever met with in my life, and his oddities are sufficient to eke out a hundred tolerable originals. But I will not enlarge on them,—enough has been told to excite a desire to know more, and I am much mistaken if, in the course of half a dozen of our numbers, he dont tickle, plague, please, and perplex, the whole town, and completely establish his claim to the laureatship he has solicited, and with which we hereby invest him, recommending him and his effusions to public reverence and respect.

LAUNCELOT LANGSTAFF.

TO LAUNCELOT LANGSTAFF, ESQ.

DEAR LAUNCE,

As I find you have taken the quill,
To put our gay town and its fair under drill,

* The poetry of Salmagundi, though by no means equal to the prose, is yet sufficiently humourous and entertaining to prevent our repining at its insertion. We must not look for much eleganee of thought, and chastity of diction where broad humour abounds.

I offer my hopes for success to your cause,
And send you, unvarnish'd, my mite of applause.
Ah, Launce, this poor town has been woefully *fashed*,
Has long been be Frenchman'd, be cockney'd, be trash'd;
And our ladies, bedevil'd, bewilder'd, astray,
From the rules of their grandames have wander'd away.
No longer that modest demeanour we meet,
Which whilom the eyes of our fathers did greet;—
No longer bemobbled, bemuffled, bequill'd,
Bepowder'd, behooded, bepatch'd, and befrill'd;—
No longer our fair ones their grograms display,
And, stiff in brocade, strut "like castles" away.
Oh, how fondly my soul *forms departed* has traced,
When our ladies in stays and in boddice well laced,
When bishop'd, and cushion'd, and hoop'd to the chin,
Well callash'd without, and well bolster'd within,
All cased in their buckrams, from crown down to tail,
Like O'Brallagan's mistress, were shaped like a pail,
Well—peace to those fashions—the joy of *our* eyes—
Tempora mutantur,—new follies will rise;
Yet, "like joys that are past," they still crowd on the mind,
In moments of thought, as the soul looks behind.
Sweet days of our boyhood, gone by, my dear Launce,
Like the shadows of night, or the forms in a trance:
Yet oft we retrace those bright visions again,
Nos mutamur, tis true—but those visions remain.
I recal with delight, how my bosom would creep,
When some delicate foot from its chamber would peep;
And when I a neat-stocking'd ankle could spy,
—By the sages of old, I was rapt to the sky!
All then was retiring,—was modest,—discreet;
The beauties, all shrouded, were left to conceit;
To the visions which fancy would form in her eye,
Of graces that snug in soft ambush would lie.
And the heart, like the poets, in thought would pursue
The elysium of bliss, which was veil'd from its view.

We are *old-fashion'd* fellows, our nieces all say:
Old-fashion'd, indeed, coz,—and swear it they may;
For I freely confess that it yields me no pride,
To see them all blaze what their mothers would hide;
To see them, all shiv'ring, some cold winter's day,
So lavish their beauties and graces display,
And give to each fopling that offers his hand,
Like Moses from Pisgah,—a peep at the land.

But a truce with complaining:—the object in view,
Is to offer my help in the work you pursue;
And as your effusions and labours sublime
May need, now and then, a few touches of rhyme,
I humbly solicit, as cousin and friend,
A quiddity, quirk, or remonstrance, to send:
Or should you a Laureat want in your plan,
By the muff of my grandmother, I am your man!
You must know I have got a *poetical mill,*
Which with odd lines, and couplets, and triplets, I fill;
And a poem I grind, as from rags white and blue
The paper-mill yields you a sheet fair and new.
I can grind down an ode, or an epic that's long,
Into sonnet, acrostic, conundrum, or song:
As to dull Hudibrastic, so boasted of late,
The doggerel discharge of some muddle-brain'd pate,
I can grind it by wholesale,—and give it its point,
With Billingsgate dish'd up in rhymes out of joint.

I have read all the poets—and got them by heart,
Can slit them, and twist them, and take them apart,
Can cook up an ode out of patches and shreds,
To muddle my readers, and bother their heads.
Old Homer, and Virgil, and Ovid, I scan,
Anacreon and Sappho, (who changed to a swan;)
Iambrics and sapphics I grind at my will,
And with ditties of love every noddle can fill.

Oh, 'twould do your heart good, Launce, to see my mill grind
Old stuff into verses, and poems refined:—

Dan Spencer, Dan Chaucer, those poets of old,
Though cover'd with dust, are yet true sterling gold,
I can grind off their tarnish, and bring them to view,
New-modell'd, new-mill'd, and improved in their hue.
But I promise no more :—only give me the place,
And I'll warrant I'll fill it with credit and grace;
By the living! I'll figure and cut you a dash,
—As bold as Will Wizard, or 'SBIDLIKENS FLASH.

PINDAR COCKLOFT.

ADVERTISEMENT.

Perhaps the most fruitful source of mortification to a merry writer, who, for the amusement of himself and the public, employs his leisure in sketching odd characters from imagination, is, that he cannot flourish his pen, but every jack-pudding imagines it is pointed directly at himself:—he cannot, in his gambols, throw a fool's cap among the crowd, but every queer fellow insists upon putting it on his own head; or chalk an outlandish figure, but every outlandish genius is eager to write his own name under it. However we may be mortified that these men should each individually think himself of sufficient consequence to engage our attention, we should not care a rush about it, if they did not get into a passion and complain of having been ill used.

It is not in our hearts to hurt the feelings of one single mortal, by holding him up to public ridicule, and if it were, we lay it down as one of our indisputable facts, that no man can be made ridiculous but by his own folly. As, however, we are aware that, when a man by chance gets a thwack in the croud, he is apt to suppose the blow was intended exclusively

for himself, and so fall into unreasonable anger, we have determined to let these crusty gentry know what kind of satisfaction they are to expect from us. We are resolved not to fight, for three special reasons; first, because fighting is at all events extremely troublesome and inconvenient, particularly at this season of the year; second, because, if either of us should happen to be killed, it would be a great loss to the public, and rob them of many a good laugh we have in store for their amusement; and, third, because if we should chance to kill our adversary, as is most likely, for we can every one of us split balls upon razors and snuff candles, it would be a loss to our publisher, by depriving him of a good customer. If any gentleman casuist will give three as good reasons *for* fighting, we promise him a complete set of Salmagundi for nothing.

But, though we do not fight in our own proper persons, let it not be supposed that we will not give ample satisfaction to all those who may choose to demand it;—for this would be a mistake of the first magnitude, and lead very valiant gentlemen perhaps into what is called a *quandary*. It would be a thousand and one pities that any honest man, after taking to himself the cap and bells, which we *merely* offered to his acceptance, should not have the privilege of being cudgeled into the bargain. We pride ourselves upon giving satisfaction in every department of our paper; and to fill that of fighting have engaged two of those strapping heroes of the theatre, who figure in the retinue of our ginger-bread kings and queens,—now hurry an old stuff petticoat on their backs, and strut senators of Rome, or aldermen of London,—and now be-wisker their muffin faces with burnt cork, and swagger right valiant warriors, armed cap-a-pie, in buckram. Should, therefore, any great little man about town take offence at our good-natured villainy,

though we intend to offend nobody under heaven, he will please to apply at any hour after twelve o'clock, as our champions will then be off duty at the theatre, and ready for any thing. They have promised to fight "with or without balls,"—to give two tweaks of the nose for one,—to submit to be kicked, and to cudgel their applicant most heartily in return; this being what we understand by "the *satisfaction* of *a* "*gentleman.*"

SALMAGUNDI;

OR, THE

WHIM-WHAMS AND OPINIONS

OF

LAUNCELOT LANGSTAFF, ESQ.

AND OTHERS.

In hoc est hoax, cum quiz et jokesez,
Et smokem, toastem, roastem, folksez,
Fee, faw, fum. *Psalmanazar.*

With baked, and broiled, and stewed, and toasted,
And fried, and boiled, and smoaked, and roasted,
We treat the town.

NO. 3.] FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1807.

FROM MY ELBOW CHAIR.

As I delight in every thing novel and eccentric, and would at any time give an old coat for a new idea, I am particularly attentive to the manners and conversation of strangers, and scarcely ever a traveller enters this city, whose appearance promises any thing original, but, by some means or another, I form an acquaintance with him. I must confess I often suffer manifold afflictions from the intimacies thus contracted: my curiosity is frequently punished by the stupid details of a blockhead, or the shallow verbosity of a coxcomb. Now I would prefer, at any time, to travel with an ox-team through a Carolina sand flat, rather than plod through a heavy unmeaning conversation with the former; and, as to

the latter, I would sooner hold sweet converse with the wheel of a knife-grinder than endure his monotonous chattering. In fact, the strangers who flock to this most pleasant of all earthly cities are generally mere birds of passage, whose plumage is often gay enough, I own, but their notes, "heaven save the mark," are as unmusical as those of that classic night bird, which the antients humourously selected as the emblem of wisdom. Those from the south,* it is true, entertain me with their horses, equipage, and puns; and it is excessively pleasant to hear a couple of these *four-in-hand* gentlemen detail their exploits over a bottle. Those from the east have often induced me to doubt the existence of the wise men of yore, who are said to have flourished in that quarter; and as for those from parts beyond seas—oh! my master, ye shall hear more from me anon. Heaven help this unhappy town!—hath it not goslings enow of its own hatching and rearing, that it must be overwhelmed by such an inundation of ganders from other climes? I would not have any of my courteous and gentle readers suppose that I am running *a muck*, full tilt, cut and slash upon all foreigners indiscriminately. I have no national antipathies, though related to the Cockloft family. As to honest John Bull, I shake him heartily by the hand, assuring him that I love his jolly countenance, and moreover am lineally descended from him; in proof of which I allege my invincible predilection for roast beef and pudding. I therefore look upon all his children as my kinsmen; and I beg when I tickle a cockney I may not be understood as trimming an Englishman, they being very distinct animals, as I shall clearly demonstrate in a future number. If any

* See the Introductary Essay for the character of the Americans, in the Southern and Eastern parts of the United States.

one wishes to know my opinion of the Irish and Scotch, he may find it in the characters of those two nations, drawn by the first advocate of the age; but the French,* I must confess, are my favourites, and I have taken more pains to argue my cousin Pindar out of his antipathy to them than I ever did about any other thing; when, therefore, I choose to hunt a Monsieur for my own particular amusement, I beg it may not be asserted that I intend him as a representative of his countrymen at large.—Far from this, I love the nation, as being a nation of right merry fellows, possessing the true secret of being happy, which is nothing more than thinking of nothing, talking about any thing, and laughing at every thing; I mean only to tune up those little thing-o-mys, who represent nobody but themselves, who have no national trait about them but their language, and who hop about our town in swarms, like little toads after a shower.

Among the few strangers whose acquaintance has entertained me I particularly rank the magnanimous MUSTAPHA RUB-A-DUB KELI KHAN,† a most illustrious Captain of a Ketch, who figured, some time since, in our fashionable circles, at the head of a ragged regiment of Tripolitan prisoners; his conversation was to me a perpetual feast;—I chuckled with inward pleasure at his whimsical mistakes and unaffected observations on men and manners; and I rolled each odd conceit "like a sweet morsel under "my tongue."

Whether Mustapha was captivated by my iron-bound physiognomy, or flattered by the attentions which I paid him, I wont determine, but I so far gained his confidence that, at his departure, he presented me

* See observations in Introductory Essay.

† For remarks on this character see the Introductory Essay.

with a bundle of papers, containing, among other articles, several copies of letters which he had written to his friends at Tripoli.—The following is a translation of one them: the original is in Arabic-Greek, but, by the assistance of Will Wizard, who understands all languages, not excepting that manufactured by Psalmanazar, I have been enabled to accomplish a tolerable translation; we should have found little difficulty in rendering it into English, had it not been for Mustapha's pot-hooks and trammels:

LETTER

From MUSTAPHA RUB-A-DUB KELI KHAN, *Captain of a Ketch, to* ASEM HACHEM, *principal Slave-Driver to his Highness the Bashaw of Tripoli.*

THOU wilt learn from this letter, most illustrious disciple of Mahomet, that I have, for some time, resided in New York, the most polished, vast, and magnificent, city of the United States of America: but what to me are its delights! I wander a captive through its splendid streets,—I turn a heavy eye on every rising day that beholds me banished from my country. The Christian husbands here lament most bitterly any short absence from home, though they leave but one wife behind to lament their departure; what, then, must be the feelings of thy unhappy kinsman, while thus lingering, at an immeasurable distance, from three-and-twenty of the most lovely and obedient wives in all Tripoli? Oh, Allah, shall thy servant never again return to his native land, nor behold his beloved wives, who beam on his memory beautiful as the rosy morn of the east, and graceful as Mahomet's camel?

Yet beautiful, oh, most puissant slave-driver, as are my wives, they are far exceeded by the women of this country: even those who run about the streets with bare arms and necks, *(et cætera,)* whose habiliments are too scanty to protect them either from the inclemency of the seasons or the scrutinizing glances of the curious, and who, it would seem, belong to nobody, are lovely as the Houris that people the elysium of true believers. If, then, such as run wild in the highways, and whom no one cares to appropriate, are thus beauteous, what must be the charms of those who are shut up in the seraglios, and never permitted to go abroad? Surely the region of beauty, the valley of the graces, can contain nothing so inimitably fair!

But, notwithstanding the charms of these infidel women, they are apt to have one fault, which is extremely troublesome and inconvenient.—Wouldst thou believe it, Asem, I have been positively assured, by a famous dervise, (or doctor, as he is here called,) that at least one-fifth part of them have souls? Incredible as it may seem to thee, I am the more inclined to believe them in possession of this monstrous superfluity from my own little experience, and from the information which I have derived from others. In walking the streets I have actually seen an exceedingly good looking woman with soul enough to box her husband's ears to his heart's content, and my very whiskers trembled with indignation at the abject state of these wretched infidels. I am told, moreover, that some of the women have soul enough to usurp the breeches of the men, but these, I suppose, are married and kept close, for I have not, in my rambles, met with any so extravagantly accoutred; others, I am informed, have soul enough to swear!—yea! by the beard of the great Omar, who prayed three times to each of the one hundred and twenty-four thousand

prophets of our most holy faith, and who never swore but once in his life, they actually swear!

Get thee to the mosque, good Asem, return thanks to our most holy prophet that he has been thus mindful of the comfort of all true mussulmen, and has given them wives with no more souls than cats and dogs, and other necessary animals of the household.

Thou wilt, doubtless, be anxious to learn our reception in this country, and how we were treated by a people whom we have been accustomed to consider as unenlightened barbarians.

On landing we were waited upon to our lodgings, I suppose according to the directions of the municipality, by a vast and respectable escort of boys and negroes, who shouted and threw up their hats, doubtless to do honour to the magnanimous Mustapha, Captain of a Ketch; they were somewhat ragged and dirty in their equipments, but this we attributed to their republican simplicity. One of them, in the zeal of admiration, threw an old shoe, which gave thy friend rather an ungentle salutation on one side of the head, whereat I was not a little offended, until the interpreter informed us that this was the customary manner in which great men were honoured in this country, and that the more distinguished they were the more they were subjected to the attacks and peltings of the mob; upon this I bowed my head three times, with my hands to my turban, and made a speech in Arabic-Greek, which gave great satisfaction, and occasioned a shower of old shoes, hats, and so forth, that was exceedingly refreshing to us all.

Thou wilt not, as yet, expect that I should give thee an account of the laws and politics of this country; I will reserve them for some future letter, when I shall be more experienced in their complicated and, seemingly, contradictory nature.

This empire is governed by a grand and most puis-

sant bashaw, whom they dignify with the title of President; he is chosen by persons who are chosen by an assembly elected by the people;—hence the mob is called the *sovereign people*, and the country *free*,—the body politic, doubtless, resembling a vessel that is best governed by its tail. The present bashaw* is a very plain old gentleman, something, they say, of a humourist, as he amuses himself with impaling butterflies and pickling tadpoles; he is rather declining in popularity, having given great offence by wearing red breeches and tying his horse to a post. The people of the United States have assured me that they themselves are the most enlightened nation under the sun, but thou knowest that the barbarians of the desert, who assemble at the summer solstice, to shoot their arrows at that glorious luminary, in order to extinguish his burning rays, make precisely the same boast;—which of them have the superior claim I shall not attempt to decide.

I have observed, with some degree of surprise, that the men of this country do not seem in haste to accommodate themselves even with the *single* wife, which alone the laws permit them to marry; this backwardness is, probably, owing to the misfortune of their absolutely having no female *mutes* among them; thou knowest how invaluable are these silent

* Mr. Jefferson, who was, at that period, President of the United States, is about sixty years of age; in person he is tall, and of slender make, possessed of a clear and penetrating eye; his manners and deportment are modest and affable. An enemy to luxury and parade, he lives at Monticello, in the simple and negligent style of a man wholly devoted to rural and philosophical pursuits. When the sitting of Congress required his presence at Washington he carried with him the same negligent simplicity; in the plainest garb, and unattended even by a single negro, he would ride up to his splendid mansion, tie his horse to the paling, and immediately receive the visits of foreign ministers and others who had business to transact with him.

companions;—what a price is given for them in the East, and what entertaining wives they make: what delightful entertainment arises from beholding the silent eloquence of their signs and gestures! but a wife possessed both of a tongue and a soul,—monstrous! monstrous! Is it astonishing that these unhappy infidels should shrink from a union with a woman so preposterously endowed?

Thou hast, doubtless, read, in the works of Abul Faraj, the Arabian historian, the tradition which mentions that the muses were once upon the point of falling together by the ears about the admission of a *tenth* among their number, until she assured them, by signs, that she was dumb,—whereupon they received her with great rejoicing. I should, perhaps, inform thee that there are but *nine* Christian muses, who were formerly pagans, but have since been converted, and that, in this country, we never hear of a tenth, unless some crazy poet wishes to pay a hyperbolical compliment to his mistress; on which occasion it goes hard but she figures as a tenth muse, or fourth grace, even though she should be more illiterate than a hottentot, and more ungraceful than a dancing-bear: since my arrival in this country I have met with not less than a hundred of these supernumerary muses and graces,—and may Allah preserve me from ever meeting with any more!

When I have studied this people more profoundly, I will write thee again; in the mean time watch over my household, and do not beat my beloved wives, unless you catch them with their noses out at the window. Though far distant, and a slave, let me live in thy heart as thou livest in mine: think not, O friend of my soul, that the splendours of this luxurious capital, its gorgeous palaces, its stupendous mosques, and the beautiful females who run wild in herds about its streets, can obliterate thee

from my remembrance; thy name shall still be mentioned in the five-and-twenty prayers which I offer up daily; and may our great prophet, after bestowing on thee all the blessings of this life, at length, in a good old age, lead thee gently by the hand, to enjoy the dignity of bashaw of three tails in the blissful bowers of Eden.

MUSTAPHA.

FASHIONS,*

BY ANTHONY EVERGREEN, GENT.

The following article is furnished me by a young lady of unquestionable taste, and one who is the oracle of fashion and frippery; being deeply initiated into all the mysteries of the toilette, she has promised me, from time to time, a similar detail.

Mrs. Toole has, for some time, reigned unrivalled in the fashionable world, and had the supreme

* The New York ladies seem in general more partial to the dashing drapery of the French than to the plain but elegant attire of the English females; yet there are many who prefer the English costume, or at least a medium between that and the French. During my residence at New York, I have been frequently tempted to believe, while admiring the beautiful forms that passed in review before me as I rambled through Broadway, that there existed a sort of rivalry among the New York beauties, as was the case about a century ago among the ladies of England; and that, instead of a patch on the right or left cheek to denote a Whig or a Tory, methought I could discern a pretty Democrat, à la mode Françoise, and a sweet little Federalist, à la mode Angloise. I know not whether my surmises were just; but it is certain that Mrs. Toole and Madam Boucharp have each their partizans and admirers, one because she is an Englishwoman, and the other because she is French. If the ladies are not really divided in opinion as to politics, they are most unequivocally at issue, with respect to dress.

direction of caps, bonnets, feathers, flowers, and tinsel; she has dressed and undressed our ladies just as she pleased; now loading them with velvet and wadding, now turning them adrift upon the world, to run shivering through the streets with scarcely a covering to their —— backs, and now obliging them to drag a long train at their heels like the tail of a paper-kite. Her despotic sway, however, threatens to be limited. A dangerous rival has sprung up in the person of MADAME BOUCHARD, an intrepid little woman, fresh from the head-quarters of fashion and folly, and who has burst, like a second Bonaparte, upon the fashionable world. Mrs. Toole, notwithstanding, seems determined to dispute her ground bravely for the honour of old England. The ladies have begun to arrange themselves under the banner of one or other of these heroines of the needle, and every thing portends open war; Madame Bouchard marches gallantly to the field flourishing a flaming red robe for a standard, "flouting the skies;" and Mrs. Toole, no ways dismayed, sallies out, under cover of a forest of artificial flowers, like Malcolm's host. Both parties possess great merit, and both deserve the victory. Mrs. Toole charges the highest, but Madame Bouchard makes the lowest curtsey. Madame Bouchard is a little short lady, nor is there any hope of her growing larger; but then she is perfectly genteel,—and so is Mrs. Toole. Mrs. Toole lives in Broadway, and Madame Bouchard in Courtlandt-street; but Madame atones for the inferiority of her *stand*, by making two curtseys to Mrs. Toole's one, and talking French like an angel. Mrs. Toole is the best looking,—but Madame Bouchard wears a most bewitching little scrubby wig. Mrs. Toole is the tallest, but Madame Bouchard has the longest nose. Mrs. Toole is fond of roast beef, but Madame

is loyal in her adherence to onions: in short, so equally are the merits of the two ladies balanced that there is no judging which will "kick the beam." It however seems to be the prevailing opinion that Madame Bouchard will carry the day, because she wears a wig, has a long nose, talks French, loves onions, and does not charge above ten times as much for a thing as it is worth.

Under the direction of these High-Priestesses of the beau-monde, the following is the fashionable morning dress for walking.

If the weather be very cold, a thin muslin gown or frock is most adviseable, because it agrees with the season, being perfectly cool. The neck, arms, and particularly the elbows, bare, in order that they may be agreeably painted and mottled by Mr. JOHN FROST, nose-painter-general, of the colour of castile-soap. Shoes of kid, the thinnest that can possibly be procured,—as they tend to promote colds, and make a lady look interesting, *(i. e. grizzly.)* Picnic silk-stockings, with lace clocks, flesh-coloured are most fashionable, as they have the appearance of bare legs,—*nudity* being all the rage. The stockings carelessly bespattered with mud, to agree with the gown, which should be bordered about three inches deep with the most fashionable-coloured mud that can be found: the ladies permitted to hold up their trains, after they have swept two or three streets, in order to shew —— the clocks of their stockings. The shawl scarlet, crimson, flame, orange, salmon, or any other combustible or brimstone colour, thrown over one shoulder like an Indian blanket, with one end dragging on the ground.

N. B. If the ladies have not a red shawl at hand,

a red petticoat turned topsy-turvy, over the shoulders, would do just as well. This is called being dressed *à la drabble.*

When the ladies do not go abroad in a morning, the usual chimney-corner dress is a dotted, spotted, striped, or cross-barred, gown,—a yellowish, whitish, smokish, dirty-coloured, shawl, and the hair curiously ornamented with little bits of newspapers, or pieces of a letter from a dear friend. This is called the "Cinderella-dress."

The recipe for a full dress is as follows: take of spider-net, crape, satin, gymp, cat-gut, gauze, whalebone, lace, bobbin, ribbons, and artificial flowers, as much as will rig out the congregation of a village-church; to these add as many spangles, beads, and gew-gaws, as would be sufficient to turn the heads of all the fashionable fair ones of Nootka-sound. Let Mrs. Toole, or Madame Bouchard, patch all these articles together, one upon another, dash them plentifully over with stars, bugles, and tinsel, and they will altogether form a dress, which, hung upon a lady's back, cannot fail of supplying the place of beauty, youth, and grace, and of reminding the spectator of that celebrated region of finery, called *Rag-Fair.*

Dat veniam corvis, vexat censura Columbus. Juv.

A was an archer, and shot at a frog,
But, missing his aim, shot into a bog.

LINK. FID. vol. ciii. chap. clv.

One of the greatest sources of amusement incident to our humourous knight-errantry is to ramble about and hear the various conjectures of the town respecting our worships, whom every body pretends to

know as well as Falstaff didPrince Hal at Gad's-Hill. We have sometimes seen a sapient, sleepy, fellow, on being tickled with a straw, make a furious effort, and fancy he had fairly caught a gnat in his grasp: so that many-headed monster, the public, who, with all its heads, is, we fear, sadly off for brains, has, after long hovering, come souse down, like a king-fisher, on the authors of Salmagundi, and caught them as certainly as the aforesaid honest fellow caught the gnat.

Would that we were rich enough to give every one of our numerous readers a cent,* as a reward for their ingenuity! not that they have really conjectured within a thousand leagues of the truth, but that we consider it a great stretch of ingenuity even to have guessed wrong,—and that we hold ourselves much obliged to them for having taken the trouble to guess at all.

One of the most tickling, dear, mischievous, pleasures of this life is to laugh in one's sleeve,—to sit snug in a corner, unnoticed and unknown, and hear the wise men of Gotham, who are profound judges, (of horse-flesh,) pronounce, from the style of our work, who are the authors. This listening in cog, and receiving a hearty praising over another man's back, is a situation so celestially whimsical, that we have done little else than laugh in our sleeve ever since our first number was published.

The town has at length allayed the titilations of curiosity, by fixing on two young gentlemen of literary talents,—that is to say, they are equal to the composition of a newspaper-squib, a hodge-podge criticism, or some such trifle, and may occasionally raise a smile by their effusions; but, pardon us, sweet sirs, if we modestly doubt your capability of sup-

* An American coin, something more than a halfpenny.

porting the Atlean burden of Salmagundi, or of keeping up a laugh for a whole fortnight, as we have done, and intend to do, until the whole town becomes a community of laughing philosophers, like ourselves. We have no intention, however, of undervaluing the abilities of these two young men, whom we verily believe, according to common acceptation, to be young men *of promise*.

Were we ill-natured, we might publish something that would get our representatives into difficulties; but far be it from us to do any thing to the injury of persons to whom we are under such obligations. While they stand before us, we, like little Teucer, behind the seven-fold shield of Ajax, can launch, unseen, our sportive arrows, which, we trust, will never inflict a wound, unless, like his, they fly, "heaven directed," to some conscience-struck bosom.

Another marvellous great source of pleasure to us is the abuse our work has received from several wooden gentlemen, whose censures we covet more than ever we did any thing in our lives. The moment we declared open war against folly and stupidity, we expected to receive no quarter, and to provoke a confederacy of all the blockheads in town. For it is one of our indisputable facts, that, so sure as you catch a gander by the tail, the whole flock, geese, goslins, one and all, have a fellow-feeling on the occasion, and begin to cackle and hiss like so many devils bewitched. As we have a profound respect for these antient and respectable birds, on the score of their once saving the Capitol, we hereby declare, that we mean no offence whatever by comparing them to the aforesaid confederacy. We have heard in our walks such criticisms on Salmagundi as almost induced a belief that folly had here, as in the east, her moments of inspired idiotism. Every silly royster has, as if by an instinctive sense of antici-

pated danger, joined in the cry, and condemned us without mercy. All is thus as it should be. It would have mortified us very sensibly had we been disappointed in this particular, as we should then have been apprehensive that our shafts had fallen to the ground, innocent of the "blood or brains" of a single numskull. Our efforts have been crowned with wonderful success. All the queer fish, the grubs, the flats, the noddies, and the live-oak and timber gentlemen, are pointing their empty guns at us; and we are threatened with a most puissant confederacy of the "pigmies and cranes," and other "light militia," backed by the heavy-armed artillery of dulness and stupidity. The veriest dreams of our most sanguine moments are thus realized. We have no fear of the censures of the wise, the good, or the fair; for they will ever be sacred from our attacks. We reverence the wise, love the good, and adore the fair; we declare ourselves champions in their cause,—in the cause of morality,—and we throw our gauntlet to all the world besides.

While we profess and feel the same indifference to public applause as at first, we most earnestly invite the attacks and censures of all the wooden warriors of this sensible city, and especially of that distinguished and learned body, heretofore celebrated under the appellation of "The North-River So-"ciety." The thrice valiant and renowned Don Quixote never made such work amongst the wood-clad warriors of Trapoban, or the puppets of the itinerant showman, as we promise to make amongst these fine fellows; and we pledge ourselves to the public in general, and the Albany skippers in particular, that the North-river shall not be set on fire this winter, at least, for we shall give the authors of that nefarious scheme ample employment for some time to come.

" —— *How now, mooncalf!*"

We have been congratulating ourselves exceedingly on having, at length, attracted the notice of a ponderous genius of this city, Dr. Christopher Costive,* L.L.D. &c. who has spoken of us in such a manner that we are ten times better pleased than ever we were before. It shall never be said of us that we have been out-done in the way of complimenting, and we, therefore, assure Dr. Christopher Costive that, for a Yankee-doodle song, about " Sister Ta-" bitha," " our cow," and " dandy," and " sugar-" candy," and all these jokes of truly *eastern saltness*, we know no man more " cute" than himself."

If Dr. Costive should find fault with having nothing but whipped syllabub from us, we promise him that, if circumstances render it necessary, we will occasionally give it a little variety by whipping him up in it as completely as ever a dish of ass's milk was whipt up in this world. Our friend seems rather vociferous in his demand for a dish of " flummery," and as such a dish is not in our bill of fare, we immediately requested our publisher to procure us one that would suit our friend's appetite. He has brought us " Democracy Unveiled, or Tyranny stripped of " the Garb of Patriotism," by Christopher Costive, L.L.D. &c. &c. &c. &c. &c. &c. We can now promise our friend to serve him up a plentiful dish of flummery from his own shop, whenever he thinks fit to demand it, and garnished with a little Salma-

* The title assumed by Mr. Fessenden, author of " Terrible " Tractoration, &c." How he came to give offence to the *Trio*, I know not; but from the severity with which he is lashed in this Essay, as well as in No. 4, it would appear that the crime was not trifling.

gundi for sauce. We hope he will not behave like his prototype, Dr. Lampedo, and gag at his own "patent draught."

Our respected friend appears a little worried that we do not write for money. Now this looks ill of Dr. Costive,—not that we thereby mean to insinuate that Dr. Costive is an ill-looking personage:* on the contrary, we think him a great poet, a very great poet, the greatest poet of the age; and, considering the excessive gravity of his person, we are the more astonished at the sublime flights of his fat fancy. To convince him that we are disposed to befriend him all in our power, we take this opportunity to inform our numerous readers, that there *is* such a man as Dr. Christopher Costive, and that he publishes a *weakly* paper, called the "Weekly Inspector," somewhere in this city; and that he writes *for money*. We, therefore, advise "every body, man, woman, "and child, that can read, or get any body to read "for them, to purchase *his* paper," where they will find the true "bubble and squeak," and "topsy-"turvy," which Dr. Costive will, at any time, exchange *for money*.

Upon the whole, we consider him a very modest, decent, good-looking, *big* man, who writes *for money;* being but "half a fish and half a monster."

* One would think, from this reservation, that the writers of Salmagundi were afraid of bringing themselves into the same scrape as Dennis, the critic, did with Sir Richard Steele, when he ridiculed the latter for his "Black peruke," and "dusky "countenance."—Sir Richard, instead of appearing angry at such ridiculous abuse, treated it with the most contemptuous ridicule, in the 18th No. of his *Theatre*. Whether Dr. Costive would have shewn as much forbearance to the *Trio* if they had abused *his person* is extremely doubtful.

PROCLAMATION,

FROM THE MILL OF PINDAR COCKLOFT, ESQ.

To all the young belles who enliven our scene,
From ripe five-and-forty to blooming fifteen,
Who racket at routs, and who rattle at plays,
Who visit, and fidget, and dance, out their days:
Who conquer all hearts, with a shot from the eye,
Who freeze with a frown, and who thaw with a sigh:
To all those bright youths who embellish the age,
Whether young boys or old boys, or numskull or sage:
Whether DULL DOGS, who cringe at their mistress's feet,
Who sigh, and who wine, and who try to look sweet;
Whether TOUGH DOGS, who squat down stock still in a row,
And play wooden gentlemen stuck up for show;
Or SAD DOGS, who glory in *running their rigs*,
Now dash in their sleighs, and now whirl in their gigs;
Who riot at Dyde's on imperial champaign,
And then scour our city,—the peace to maintain;
To whoe'er it concerns, or may happen to meet,
By these presents their worships I lovingly greet.
NOW KNOW YE, that I, PINDAR COCKLOFT, Esquire,
Am Laureat, appointed at special desire;
A censor, self-dubb'd, to admonish the fair,
And tenderly take the town under my care.

I'm a ci-devant beau, cousin Launcelot has said,—
A remnant of habits long vanish'd and dead:
But still, though my heart dwells with rapture sublime,
On the fashions and customs which reign'd in my prime,
I yet can perceive,—and still candidly praise,
Some maxims and manners of these "latter days;"
Still own that some wisdom and beauty appears,
Though almost entomb'd in the rubbish of years.

No fierce nor tyrannical cynic am I,
Who frown on each foible I chance to espy;
Who pounce on a novelty, just like a kite,
And tear up a victim through malice or spite:
Who expose to the scoffs of an ill-natur'd crew
A trembler for starting a whim that is new.
No, no,—I shall cautiously hold up my glass,
To the sweet little blossoms who heedlessly pass;
My remarks not too pointed to wound or offend,
Nor so vague as to miss their benevolent end:
Each innocent fashion shall have its full sway;
New modes shall arise to astonish Broadway;
Red hats, and red shawls, still illumine the town,
And each belle, like a bon-fire, blaze up and down.

Fair spirits, who brighten the gloom of our days,
Who cheer this dull scene with your heavenly rays,
No mortal can love you more firmly and true,
From the crown of the head to the sole of your shoe.
I'm old-fashion'd, tis true,—but still runs in my heart
That affectionate stream, to which youth gave the start:
More calm in its current,—yet potent in force;
Less ruffl'd by gales,—but still stedfast in course.
Though the lover, enraptured, no longer appears,—
'Tis the guide and the guardian, enlighten'd by years.
All ripen'd, and mellow'd, and soften'd by time,
The asperities polish'd, which chafed in my prime;
I am fully prepared for that delicate end,
The fair-one's instructor, companion, and friend.
—And should I perceive you in fashion's gay dance,
Allured by the frippery-mongers of France,
Expose your weak frames to a chill wintry sky,
To be nipp'd by its frosts, to be torn from the eye;
My soft admonitions shall fall on your ear,
Shall whisper those parents to whom you are dear,—
Shall warn you of hazards you heedlessly run,
And sing of those fair ones whom *Frost* has undone;—

Bright suns, that would scarce on our horizon dawn,
Ere *shrowded* from sight, they were early withdrawn:
Gay sylphs, who have floated in circles below,
As pure in their souls and as transient as snow;
Sweet roses, that bloom'd and decay'd to my eye,
And of forms that have flitted and pass'd to the sky.
But as to those brainless pert bloods* of our town,
Those sprigs of the ton who run decency down;
Who lounge, and who lout, and who booby about,
No knowledge within, and no manners without;
Who stare at each beauty with insolent eyes;
Who rail at those morals their fathers would prize;
Who are loud at the play,—and who impiously dare
To come in their cups to the routs of the fair;
I shall hold up my mirror to let them survey
The figures they cut as they dash it away:
Should my good-humoured verse no amendment pro-
Like scare-crows, at least, they shall still be of use;[duce,
I shall stitch them in effigy up in my rhyme,
And hold them aloft through the progress of time,
As figures of fun to make the folks laugh,
Like that fright of an angel erected by Paff,
"What shtops," as he says, "all de people what come:
"What smiles on dem all, and what peats on de trum."

* This and the following lines will apply equally well to this side of the Atlantic. For who is there that cannot perceive the striking resemblance between the "*brainless pert bloods*" of Broadway, and the *wooden-headed beaux* of Bond-street.

SALMAGUNDI;

OR, THE

WHIM-WHAMS AND OPINIONS

OF

LAUNCELOT LANGSTAFF, ESQ.

AND OTHERS.

In hoc est hoax cum quiz et jokesez,
Et smokem, toastem, roastem, folksez,
Fee, faw, fum. *Psalmanazar.*

With baked, and broiled, and stewed, and toasted,
And fried, and boiled, and smoaked, and roasted,
We treat the town.

No. 4.] TUESDAY, FEBRUARY, 24, 1807.

FROM MY ELBOW CHAIR.

PERHAPS there is no class of men to which the curious and literary are more indebted than travellers*—I mean travel-mongers, who write whole volumes about themselves, their horses, and their servants, interspersed with anecdotes of inn-keep-

* This Essay contains a very fair satire on many of the travellers who have visited the United States, and given their opinions thereon to the world. It is also equally severe on the productions of a certain fashionable tourist, from which the writers of Salmagundi have made ample quotations. In this respect they have only followed his excellent example of culling the choicest morceaux from his works, as he did from th. celebrated Joe Miller,—or as Will. Wizard would say, "*Josephus Millerius.*"

ers, droll sayings of stage-drivers, and interesting memoirs of the lord knows who. They will give you a full account of a city, its manners, customs, and manufactures, though perhaps all their knowledge of it was obtained by a peep from their inn-windows, and an interesting conversation with the landlord or the waiter. America has had its share of these buzzards; and in the name of my countrymen, I return them profound thanks for the compliments they have lavished upon us, and the variety of particulars concerning our own country, which we should never have discovered without their assistance.

Influenced by such sentiments, I am delighted to find that the Cockloft family, among its other whimsical and monstrous productions, is about to be enriched with a genuine travel-writer. This is no less a personage than Mr. JEREMY COCKLOFT, the only son and darling pride of my cousin Mr. Christopher Cockloft. I should have said Jeremy Cockloft *the younger*, as he so styles himself, by way of distinguishing himself from *Il Signore Jeremo Cockloftico*, a gouty old gentleman, who flourished about the time that Pliny the elder was smoaked to death with the fire and brimstone of Vesuvius, and whose travels, if he wrote any, are now lost for ever to the world. Jeremy is at present in his one-and-twentieth year, and a young fellow of wonderful quick parts, if you will trust to the word of his father, who, having begotten him, should be the best judge of the matter. He is the oracle of the family, dictates to his sisters on every occasion, though they are some dozen or more years older than himself,—and never did son give mother better advice than Jeremy.

As old Cockloft was determined his son should be both a scholar and a gentleman, he took great pains with his education, which was completed at our uni-

versity, where he became exceedingly expert in quizzing his teachers and playing at billiards. No student made better squibs and crackers to blow up the chemical professor; no one chalked more ludicrous caricatures on the walls of the college; and none was more adroit in shaving pigs and climbing lightening rods. He moreover learned all the letters of the Greek alphabet, could demonstrate that water never "of its own accord" rose above the level of its source, and that air was certainly the principle of life, for he had been entertained with the humane experiment of a rat worried to death in an air-pump. He once shook down the ash-house by an artificial earthquake, and nearly blew his sister Barbara and her cat out of the window with thundering powder. He likewise boasts exceedingly of being thoroughly acquainted with the composition of Lacedemonian black broth, and once made a pot of it which had well nigh poisoned the whole family, and actually threw the cook-maid into convulsions. But, above all, he values himself upon his logic, has the old college conundrum of the cat with three tails at his finger's ends, and often hampers his father with his syllogisms, to the great delight of the old gentleman, who considers the major, minor, and conclusion, as almost equal in argument to the pulley, the wedge, and the lever, in mechanics. In fact, my cousin Cockloft was once nearly annihilated with astonishment, on hearing Jeremy trace the derivation of Mango from Jeremiah King;—as Jeremiah King, Jerry King! Jerkin, Girkin! Cucumber, Mango! In short, had Jeremy been a student at Oxford or Cambridge, he would, in all probability, have been promoted to the dignity of a *senior wrangler*. By this sketch, I mean no disparagement to the abilities of other students of our college, for I have no doubt that every commencement ushers into society luminaries full as brilliant as *Jeremy Cockloft the younger*.

Having made a very pretty speech on graduating, to a numerous assemblage of old folks and young ladies, who all declared that he was a very fine young man, and made very handsome gestures, Jeremy was seized with a great desire to see, or rather to be seen by, the world; and as his father was anxious to give him every possible advantage, it was determined Jeremy should visit foreign parts. In consequence of this resolution, he has spent a matter of three or four months in visiting strange places, and in the course of his travels has tarried some few days at the splendid metropolis of Albany and Philadelphia.

Jeremy has travelled as every modern man of sense should do, that is, he judges of things by the sample next at hand,—if he has ever any doubt on a subject, he always decides against the city where he happens to sojourn, and invariably takes *home** as the standard by which to direct his judgement,

Going into his room the other day, when he happened to be absent, I found a manuscript volume lying on his table, and was overjoyed to find it contained notes and hints for a book of travels which he intends publishing, He seems to have taken a late fashionable *travel-monger* for his model, and I have no doubt his work will be equally instructive and amusing with that of his prototype. The following are some extracts, which may not prove uninteresting to my readers.

* One of the complaints which the Americans make against our English travellers is that they are everlastingly comparing things *abroad* by the standard of things *at home*; and that they can never speak of an object in America without setting off its defects against the beauties of a similar object in England.

MEMORANDUMS*

For a Tour, to be entitled,

"THE STRANGER IN NEW JERSEY;

OR, COCKNEY TRAVELLING."

BY JEREMY COCKLOFT *the younger.*

CHAPTER I.

THE man in the moon†—preparations for departure—hints to travellers about packing their trunks‡—straps, buckles, and bed-cords—case of pistols *a la cockney*—five trunks—three bandboxes—a cocked hat—and a medicine-chest *à la française*—parting advice of my two sisters—quere, why old maids are so particular in their cautions against naughty women—Description of Powles-Hook ferry-boats—might be converted into gun-boats and defend our port equally well with Albany sloops—BROM, the black ferryman—Charon—River Styx—ghosts—Major Hunt—good story—ferryage nine-pence—city of Harsimus—built on the spot where the folk once danced on their stumps, while the devil fiddled—quere, why do the Harsimites talk Dutch?—story of the Tower of Babel, and confusion of tongues—get into the stage—driver a wag—famous fellow for running stage-races—killed three passengers and crippled

* The greater part of these memorandums are extracted from the writings of Sir John Carr and other travellers. Their object is to display that unconnected wandering from one subject to another, and introduction of stale anecdotes and jests, so conspicuous in their respective works.

† Vide Carr's Stranger in Ireland. ‡ Vide Weld.

nine in the course of his practice—philosophical reasons why stage-drivers love grog—causeway—ditch on each side for folk to tumble into— famous place for *skilly-pots;* Philadelphians call 'em tarapins —roast them under the ashes as we do potatoes—quere, may not this be the reason that the Philadelphians are all turtle-heads?—Hackensack-bridge—good painting of a blue horse jumping over a mountain—wonder who it was painted by—mem. to ask the *Baron de Gusto* about it on my return—Rattlesnake-hill, so called from abounding with butterflies —salt-marsh, *surmounted* here and there by a solitary hay-stack—more tarapins—wonder why the Philadelphians dont establish a fishery here, and get a patent for it—bridge over the Passaick*—rate of toll—description of toll-boards—toll-man had but one eye—story how it is *possible* he *may* have lost the other—pence-table, &c.†

CHAP. II.

Newark‡—noted for its fine breed of fat musquitoes—sting through the thickest boot§—story about

* In this river there is a very beautiful cataract, and, in the summer months, parties of pleasure are made by the inhabitants of New-York to visit it.

† Vide Carr.

‡ Newark is a thriving village, famous for its manufacture of leather and riding carriages. Cider and stone are exported in considerable quantities from this place. The anecdote of musquitoes stinging through the thickest boot, mentioned by Weld and alluded to here, has puzzled the Americans strangely. Weld asserts that General Washington told it him for a fact; and the Americans say, that, as Washington was never known to tell a lie, either he must have related the story as a joke, with a view to try the faith of the traveller, or the latter must have misunderstood him.

§ Vide Weld.

gallynippers—Archy Gifford and his man Caliban—jolly fat fellows—a knowing traveller always judges of every thing by the inn-keepers and waiters*—set down Newark people all fat as butter—learned dissertation on Archy Gifford's green coat, with philosophical reasons why the Newarkites wear red worsted night-caps, and turn their noses to the south when the wind blows—Newark academy full of windows—sunshine excellent to make little boys grow—Elizabeth-town—fine girls—vile musquitoes—plenty of oysters—quere, have oysters any feeling?—good story about the fox catching them by his tail—ergo, foxes might be of great use in the pearl-fishery—landlord member of the legislature—treats every body who has a vote—mem. all the inn-keepers members of legislature in New Jersey—Bridge-town, vulgarly called *Spank-town*, from a story of a quondam parson and his wife—real name, according to Linkum Fidelius, Bridge-town, from *bridge*, a contrivance to get dry shod over a river or brook, and *town*, an appellation given in America to the accidental assemblage† of a church, a tavern, and a blacksmith's shop—Linkum as right as my left leg—Rahway-river—good place for gun-boats—wonder why Mr. Jefferson dont send a *river-fleet* there, to protect the hay-vessels!—Woodbridge—landlady mending her husband's breeches—sublime apostrophe to conjugal affection and the fair sex‡—Woodbridge famous for its crab-fishery—sentimental correspondence between a crab and a lobster—digression to Abelard and Eloisa—mem. when the moon is in *Pisces* she plays the devil with the crabs.

* Vide Carr; vide Moore; vide Weld; vide Parkinson; vide Priest; vide Linkum Fidelius, and vide Messrs. Tag, Rag, and Bobtail. Am. Ed.

† Vide Moore's Odes, and other poems.

‡ Vide the Sentimental Kotzebue.

CHAP. III.

Brunswick—oldest town in the state—division-line between two counties in the middle of the street—posed a lawyer with the case of a man standing with one foot in each county—wanted to know in which he was *domicil*—lawyer couldn't tell for the soul of him—mem. all the New-Jersey lawyers *nums*—Miss Hay's boarding-school—young ladies not allowed to eat mustard,—and why—fat story of a mustard pot, with a good saying of Ding Dong's—Vernon's tavern—fine place to sleep, if the noise would let you—another Caliban!—Vernon *slew*-eyed—people of Brunswick, of course, all squint—Drake's tavern—Fine old blade—wears square buckles in his shoes—tells bloody long stories about last war—people, of course, all do the same—Hook'em Snivy, the famous fortune-teller, born here—cotemporary with Mother Shoulders—particulars of his history—died one day—lines to his memory, *which found their way into my pocket-book**—melancholy reflections on the death of great men—beautiful epitaph on myself.

CHAP. IV.

Princeton—college—professors wear boots!—students famous for their love of a jest—set the college on fire, and burn out the professors; an excellent joke, but not worth repeating—mem. American students very much addicted to burning down colleges—reminds me of a good story, nothing at all to the purpose—two societies in the college—good notion—encourages emulation, and makes little boys fight

* Vide Carr and *Blind Bet!*

—students famous for their eating and erudition—saw two at the tavern, who had just got their allowance of spending-money—laid it all out in a supper—got fuddled, and d——d the professors for nincoms. N.B. Southern gentlemen.—Church-yard—apostrophe to grim death—saw a cow feeding on a grave—metempsychosis—who knows but the cow may have been eating up the soul of one of my ancestors—made me melancholy and pensive for fifteen minutes—man planting cabbages*—wondered how he could plant them so straight—method of mole-catching—and all that—quere, whether it would not be a good notion to ring their noses as we do pigs—mem. to propose it to the American agricultural society—get a premium perhaps—commencement—students give a ball and supper—company from New-York, Philadelphia, and Albany—great contest which spoke the best English—Albanians vociferous in their demand for sturgeon—Philadelphians gave the preference to racoon† and splacnuncs—gave them a long dissertation on the phlegmatic nature of a goose's gizzard—students can't dance—always set off with the wrong foot foremost—Duport's opinion on that subject—Sir Christopher Hatton the first man who ever turned out his toes in dancing—great favourite with Queen Bess on that account—Sir Walter Raleigh—good story about his smoaking—his descent into New Spain—El Dorado—Candid—Dr. Panglos—Miss Cunegunde—Earthquake at Lisbon—Baron of Thundertentronck—jesuits—monks—Cardinal Wolsey—Pope Joan—Tom Jefferson—Tom Paine, and Tom the————whew! N.B. Students got drunk as usual.

* Vide Carr. † Vide Priest.

CHAP. V.

Left Princeton—country finely diversified with sheep and hay-stacks*—saw a man riding alone in a waggon! why the deuce didn't the blockhead ride in a chair? fellow must be a fool—particular account of the construction of waggons, carts, wheelbarrows, and quail-traps—saw a large flock of crows—concluded there must be a dead horse in the neighbourhood—mem. country remarkable for crows—won't let the horses die in peace—anecdote of a jury of crows—stopped to give the horses water—good-looking man came up, and asked me if I had seen his wife? heavens! thought I, how strange it is that this virtuous man should ask *me* about his wife—story of Cain and Abel—stage-driver took a *swig*—mem. set down all the people as drunkards—old house had moss on the top—swallows built in the roof—better place than old men's beards—story about that—derivation of the words *kippy, kippy, kippy*, and *shoo-pig*†—negro-driver could not write his own name—languishing state of literature in this country‡—philosophical inquiry of 'Sbidlikens, why the Americans are so much inferior to the mobility of Cheapside and Shoreditch, and why they do not eat plum-pudding on Sundays—superfine reflections about any thing.

CHAP. VI.

Trenton—built above the head of navigation to encourage commerce—capital of the state—only wants a castle, a bay, a mountain, a sea, and a volcano, to bear a strong resemblance to the bay of

* Vide Carr.

† Vide Carr's learned derivation of *gee* and *whoa*.

‡ Moore.

Naples*—supreme court sitting—fat chief justice—used to get asleep on the bench after dinner—gave judgement, I suppose, like Pilate's wife, from his dreams—reminded me of Justice Bridlegoose deciding by a throw of a die, and of the oracle of the holy bottle—attempted to kiss the chamber-maid—boxed my ears till they rang like our theatre-bell—girl had lost one tooth—mem. all the American ladies prudes, and have bad teeth†—Anacreon Moore's opinion on the matter—State-house—fine place to see the sturgeons jump up - quere, whether sturgeons jump up by an impulse of the tail, or whether they bounce up from the bottom by the elasticity of their noses—Linkum Fidelius of the latter opinion—I too—sturgeon's nose capital for tennis-balls—learnt that at school—went to a ball—negro wench principal musician!—N.B. People of America have no fiddlers but females!—origin of the phrase, "fiddle of your "heart"—reasons why men fiddle better than the women—expedient of the Amazons who were expert at the bow—waiter at the City-Tavern—good story of his—nothing to the purpose—never mind—fill up my book like Carr—make it sell. Saw a democrat get into the stage followed by his dog. N.B.

* Carr.

† This is certainly a fair subject for American severity. The ladies of the United States have no reason to be gratified with the remarks of English travellers; if truth would not have permitted the latter to hide the imperfections of the fair, gallantry might, at least, have prompted them to soften the asperity of their remarks; but, in fact, these gentlemen have not truth on their side; their representations are not only ungenerous but ill-founded, when applied generally to the American females, and to them in particular. The men are much more liable to loss of teeth than the women; indeed, I do not believe there are more instances of that misfortune among the latter than are to be met with in England, making allowance for the numerical difference in population.

This town remarkable for dogs and democrats*—superfine sentiment†—good story from Joe Miller—ode to a piggin of butter—pensive meditations on a mouse-hole—make a book as clear as a whistle!

FROM MY ELBOW CHAIR.

I have observed a particular intimacy, for these few days past, between that dry wag Will Wizard and my cousin Pindar. The latter has taken his winter quarters at old Cockloft's, in the corner room, opposite mine, in order to be at hand and over-look the town. They hardly gave themselves time, on Sunday last, to wait for the family-toast of "our "absent friends," before they adjourned to Pindar's chamber. In the course of an hour my cousin's enormous mandarine inkstand was sent down to be replenished;—I began to be seriously alarmed, for I thought, if they had exhausted its contents without exhausting their subject, there was no knowing where it would end.

On returning to tea, my cousin Pindar was observed to rub his hands; a sure sign that something tickled his fancy; he, however, maintained as mysterious a countenance as a seventh-ward politician. As to Will Wizard, he took longer strides than usual, his inflexible phiz had an uncommonly knowing air, and a sagacious wink occasionally betrayed that he had more in his head than he chose to communicate. The whole family (who in truth are much given to *wonder* at every thing) were sadly puzzled to con-

* Moore. † Carr.

jecture what their two precious noddles had been bothering about.

In the evening, after I had retreated to my citadel, the elbow chair, I was surprised by the abrupt entrance of these two worthies. My cousin opened the budget at once: he declared that it was as necessary for a modern poet to have an assistant as for Don Quixote to have a Sancho;—that it was the fashion for poets, now a-days, to write so ineffably obscure, that every line required a page of notes to explain its meaning, and render its "darkness visi-"ble";—that a modern poem could no more succeed without notes than a paper kite could fly without a tail. In a word, Pegasus had become a most mulish animal, and would not budge a foot, unless he lumbered along a cart-load of quotations, and explanations, and illustrations, at his heels: he had, therefore, prevailed on Will Wizard to assist him occasionally, as annotator and illustrator. As a specimen of their united labours, he handed me the following complimentary ode, to that king of the buzzards, Dr. Christopher Costive, informing me that he had plenty more on hand whenever occasion required it. I had been rather surprised lately at the doctor's meddling with us, as he was sure of gaining more kicks than coppers in return; but I am told an ass loves to have his muzzle scratched with nettles. On expressing my surprise, Will informed me that it was all a sham battle; that he was very intimate with the doctor, and could relate a thousand diverting anecdotes concerning him; and that the doctor, finding we were in want of a butt, had generously volunteered himself as our target—I wish him joy of his bargain.

In the following poem it will be observed, that, while my cousin Pindar tunes his pipe on the top of the

page, Will Wizard worries away at his thorough bass below. The notes of a modern poem being like the sound of a French horn, bassoon, kettle-drum, and bass-viol, in our orchestra, which make such a confounded racket, that they entirely drown the song; and no man, who has not the sublime ear of a connoisseur, can make out what tune they're playing.

FLUMMERY.*

FROM THE MILL (1) OF PINDAR COCKLOFT, ESQ.

Being a Poem with Notes, or rather Notes with a Poem, (2) *in the manner of*

DOCTOR (3) CHRISTOPHER COSTIVE.

" Prick me Bull-calf till he roars." (4)
FALSTAFF.

The greatest (5) poet of our day,
From State of Maine to Louisiana ; (6)

* This piece of poetic satire being chiefly of a personal nature, it is unnecessary to enter into any other elucidation than what is contained in the accompanying notes. Mr. Fessenden's " Terrible Tractoration," being an attack on Perkins's metalic tractors, was first published in England, and is well known to the British Reviewers. This gentleman is styled the Hudibras of America, but with what truth (having never read his poem) it is impossible for me to say. He seems however to have met with his match in the authors of Salmagundi: though the retaliation is such that the reader is led to wish they had imitated the moderation of the nobleman mentioned in the following anecdote, rather than run the chance of sickening their readers, by physicing the doctor with his own medicine. " The Earl of Carnarvon, in the reign of James the first, being at dinner one day at the house of his father in law, a physician either belonging to or of the acquaintance of the family, gave this noble Earl the lie direct. The company present appeared in the utmost astonishment at the imprudence of this son of Esculapius," but the Earl very calmly replied, " I will take the *lie*, but I will never take *physic* of him: he may speak what does not become him; I will not do what is unworthy of me ! "

The hero who did 'sist upon't
He wouldn't be deputy to Mr. Hunt; (7)

NOTES, BY WILLIAM WIZARD, ESQ.

1. *Mill.*] As we are not a little anxious to cultivatethe intimacy so happily commenced between the doctor and ourselves, we feel bound in candour to confess the charge made against us, of having borrowed from him some of the phrases and ideas of our last number; and we justify ourselves by attributing it to our high regard for his talents: for what can be a greater proof of friendship, now a days, than borrowing? if we were his enemies, we might justify it by the old maxim of "foiling the devil with his own weapons." As to the "mill," which the Doctor so vociferously claims, honest Pindar acknowledges that he borrowed the idea from the Doctor's writings in general: for he never dipped in them without thinking of our nocturnal music-grinder, who continually grinds over and over the same sleepy tune of "Oh, hard is my fate."

2. *Notes with a poem.*] Whatever merit may appear in this poem, my friend Cockloft must own that it is entirely owing to his close adherence to his *big* prototype Dr. Costive. The rhymes are generally *borrowed* from the Doctor's own works, possessing all that quaintness, *cuteness*, and clumsiness, for which he is remarkable. As the lesser thing should always depend upon the greater, we have rather inverted the usual title of such works, and made the poem minor. We recommend the Doctor's mode of *compiling* a book to all the nums of the day—as an example, we instance his "Terrible Tractoration," of which, as few buy and still fewer read it, (a proof that the town are not quite such fools as the Doctor would make them) we shall say little. This book was smothered in notes, like a goose in onions:—some ill-natured cynics have asserted that what little whim the work contained, lay entirely in the notes, which we are sorry to say were not written by the Doctor:—his poem might therefore be said to resemble the *leg of a stool,* dressed up with *savoury sauce*; or, as the Doctor will understand it better, that famous dish called *pumpkin-pie,* where, though the *pumpkin* gives the *name* to the dish, yet the great skill of the cook is to hide the twang of it as much as possible with *spice* and *sugar.*

3. *Doctor.*] The Doctor, we are told, was not bred a physician; nor was he indebted for his appellation to a gratuitous donation from any university, as Doctor of Laws.—He was humourously so dubbed by his neighbours in Vermont, on account

Who rear'd a gallows for each elf, and
Did for *hangman* his own self stand, (8)

of having once benevolently physicked a sick horse: his works bear testimony to his drenching abilities; and we may justly apply to him an unlucky epigram, written on a brother quack in physic and poetry:

" *For physic and farces*
" *His equal there scarce is;*—
" *His* farces *are* physic,—
" *His* physic *a* farce *is.*"

4. *Prick Bull-calf, &c.*] We had not the least expectation that our notice of Dr. Costive, in the last number, would have put him into such an indecent passion. Bless us how he has roared! and, like Falstaff, not only roared, but " run and " roared."—

———" *unpacked his heart with words,*
" *And fell a cursing—like a very drab!*
" *A scullion.*"

He has given us a most woeful *scolding* through some eight or nine columns, and plainly proved that our work was not worth a fig, because " Salmagundi" had been heretofore given as a title to another work.—Launcelot Langstaff was evidently copied from Isaac Bickerstaff, because they ended with *staff*.—" Whim " whams" was the same as " Flim flams."—" Will Wizard" was taken from—the lord knows where.—" *Wintry*" was accidentally mispelled or misprinted *wintery*,—and " *weakly*" was borrowed from his own *weakly* productions.—Oh Midas! Midas! how thine ears do loom through the fog of thy writings.—When a man of the Doctor's *gumption* can write nine columns against our work and discover no greater faults, we may well be vain; were we to criticise our own writings, they would stand a much poorer chance. In spite of the Doctor's crustiness we still love him in our hearts: he may scold like an old woman, but we know it all arises from that excessive irritability common to all men who have " written a book," and particularly a book of doggerel rhymes. We again assure him of our perfect good will towards himself and his most amiable offspring, that delectable pair of twin brothers, Terrible Tractoration and Democracy Unveiled. May the whole world in general, and posterity in particular, know the proper distinction

And made folks think it very odd, he
Should turn *Jack Ketch* to every body,—

between Hudibrastic and doggerel, and acquit the Doctor from the imputation, meanly levelled against him by sundry nimcoms, of imitating Hudibras. We are sorry that he should ever have been thought capable of descending to be a copyist, and we challenge the whole world to deny that the Doctor's verse is doggerel; genuine, broken-winded, rickety, doggerel; whatever his enemies may insist to the contrary. The Doctor's waggery, however, like that of many other double-headed wits, seems often to have been taken by the wrong end.—On the first appearance of his Terrible Tractoration the critics were absolutely at a loss, such was the delicacy of his wit, to say whether he was the champion or opponent of Perkinism: thus the Critical Review for 1803: "His real object cannot always be ascer-"tained;—we *think* him, however, the friend of the Tractors." Either the Doctor or the critic must have been a dunderhead;—we charitably suppose the critic. The Doctor, afterwards, like John a-Gudgeon, in the "Pleader's Guide," explained, and his explanation proved so perfectly satisfactory, that there were but very few of the reviewers but could tell, or at least *guess* at, his object. The fact was, the Doctor, good inoffensive soul, did not mean to attack any thing,—except common sense. We recommend this work as a soporific specimen of his skill in *balderdash*.

5. *Greatest poet.*] *Great* is sometimes a positive, sometimes a figurative, term,—as we say a *great man*; a *great mountain*; or, when speaking of the Doctor, a *great man-mountain*, having no allusion, here, to the mountain which brought forth a mouse. When, however, we speak of the Doctor as a *great* man, or *great* poet, we mean to be understood that he is some six feet six inches high, three feet across the shoulders, nine round the waist; that he weighs about half a ton, and is withal most clumsily hung together.

6. *Louisiana.*] Though we plume ourselves on adhering closely to the Doctor's rhymes, yet we have taken the liberty of differing a little in the pronunciation of this word; the Doctor gives it, in the true eastern dialect, Lousy-anee; but to give it *a-la-Costive*:—

"*Which late, 'tis said, in weather rainy,*
"*Was melted in Louisiana.*"

Again: for when the Doctor gets hold of a good rhyme he is a "woundy toad" for harping on it,—

This modern mounter of Pegasus,
This clumsy jolter of jackasses, (9)

" *But, please his highness-ship, I wont (or wunt)*
" *Be deputy to Mr. Hunt;*
" *No,—were it offered, 'twould be in vain, he*
" *Wont catch me in Louisiana, (or Lousy-anee.)*

These two latter lines are truly as musical as marrow-bones and cleavers, and reminds us of that sweet couplet, by the Doctor's rival, the inimitable SEARSON :—

" *From this seat I pass'd to Alexandria,*
" *And am pleased through rural scenes to wander.*"
SEAR. M. V.

If our reader wishes for more specimens of the Doctor's knack at rhyming we will give him the oft-repeated tags of " rogues and demagogues;" " brewing and ruin;" " wildering " and children;" " women and common;" " trimming and wo- " men;" " well knows and fellows;" " comparison and har- " rass'd 'em;" together with an occasional mixture of those attic eastern jingles of " dandy and handy," and " sugar-candy." The Doctor and Searson's poetic contest is similar to one that whilom took place between two honest tars; (we beg the gentle Joe Miller's pardon for *borrowing* an anecdote;) one gave, as a *prize-couplet*,

" *As she slips she slides along:*
" *A faithful friend is hard to find.*"

But the other *rhymster* beat him all hollow by singing out,—

" *My quart pot holds a gallon,*
" *By zounds!*"

7. *Deputy to Mr. Hunt.*] Mr. Hunt was a *little* man and a young man; the Doctor, although of the same age, feeling the *immensity* of his qualifications, refuses to second such a governor, urging his *size*, and, like Billy Bugby, alleging that what he wanted in years he made up in *bulk*; and if he lacked in brains he atoned for all in *garbage*.

8. *Did for hangman, &c.*] How the Doctor ever came to stumble on this unhappy idea we are at a loss to imagine; it is an odd whim-wham for a fellow to dub himself with the humourous epithet of *hangman*.—" We would not have his ene-

Who, now the poet's dray-horse starts on,
Anon, the gibbet hurdle carts on,
Now o'er a poem dozes happy,
And next expertly draws the cap; he
Who cares not, though the world should know it,
That he's half hangman,—half a poet; (10)

mies say so." Whether the Doctor has a *hanging-look* or not we leave others to determine. We are certain he is in no danger of the gallows himself: but we warn him to take care how he visits Connecticut;—he may chance to be burnt for a witch. We give the Doctor's own claim to his *Tyburn title.*

Now since ye are a ruffian crew,
As honest Jack Ketch ever knew,
No threats nor growling shall prohibit
My hanging you on satire's gibbet. Costive.

9. *This clumsy jolter of jackasses.*] As this line partakes of the true Costive obscurity, we beg leave to explain. There is no intention of calling the Doctor a jackass, we only mean that he makes an ass of Pegasus, and even when on poor Pegasus (so degraded) he is but a miserable rider. His trotting, pacing, nigglety-naggletty, lines put us often in mind of that pious but quaint expression about the "devil riding rough-shod over a "soul."

10. *Half a poet.*] Oh fie, friend Cockloft, this savours of sheer envy. Were there any doubts of the Doctor's being a whole poet,—ay, and a *big* poet, the following verse would set them at rest. It shows that he is a complete jockey on Pegasus; and, when the poor nag wont pace, he'll cudgel him as soundly as he does his own brains.

Yes, we were 'raptured when he said
We're all republican, all fed—
Real fellow-citizens, Americans,
And hoped we'd done with faction's hurricanes! Costive.

Is this poetic frenzy (alias idiotism), or is it turgid stupidity? truly it is as smooth as a pine-log causeway; it confirms the Doctor's right to his *sir-name*, and can only be matched by a stave from the Doctor's contempory bard and rival *rhymester*, Searson:—videlicet.

Who gibbetted the knaves so knowing
That kept democracy a going,
Hung his *fac-simile*, fam'd Toney (11)
Pasquin, the friend of Mr. Honée;
Who drags, like snail, his filthy slime
Through many a ragged hobbling rhyme,
Then calls his Billingsgate—sarcastic!
His drabbling doggerel—Hudibrastic!

From house to house soon took my departure,
And to the garden looked for sweet nature.
The fishing very great at Mount Vernon,
When there with other scenes I looked upon.
This pleasing seat hath its prospects so high,
That one would think 'twas for astronomy,
'Twould answer for an observatory.

The reader will perceive the similarity in taste, style, and ear, of these rival poets. I have their works bound up together, and Minshull's into the bargain. It shall go hard but that they shall all descend the gutter of immortality together.

11. *His fac simile famed Toney.*] The Doctor's abusing poor Toney Pasquin brought forcibly to our recollection the vulgar cant saying about the pot and the kettle. Perhaps no two of the *great* poets of the day are more alike, in most particulars, than Doctor Costive and honest Toney. The Doctor is a true poetic blackguard;—and so is Toney. The Doctor is an adept in the Billinsgate vocabulary;—so is Toney. The Doctor has bespattered many a poor devil who never offended him;—so has Toney. The Doctor has written a book;—so has Toney. It may be said of each of them:—

"*We will not rake the dunghill for his crimes,*
"*Who knows the man will never read his rhymes.*"

The only particular in which they disagree is, that Toney has been occasionally convicted of saying a good thing;—the gentle stupidity of the Doctor being entirely innocent of any thing of the kind.

"Oh, here's another pumpion, the cramm'd son of a "starved usurer, Cacafogo. Both their brains buttered can-" not make two spoonsfull." *Rule a Wife.*

[Good lack, my friends, 'twould make you soon (12)
laugh,
To see this jolter-headed moon-calf,
From Hudibras his honours steal,
And break Sam Butler on the wheel.] (13)
With other things that I might tell ye on,
Performed by this rump-fed hellion. (14)

12. *Soon.*] This word is entirely unnecessary to the sense, and is dragged in for no other purpose whatever but to eke out the line, in humble *imitation* of a dull, but honest, expedient, frequently made use of by the illustrious Searson and his great rival Doctor Costive.

13. *And break, &c.*] It has, for some time, been a trick with many a sleepy scribbler, beside the Doctor, though now it has grown rather notorious, to break their crabbed lines with a "fist or stick" or crow-bar, and then term their *chopped hay* Hudibrastic:—thus is poetry daily put on the rack; and thus is poor Butler crucified every hour!

14. *Rump-fed hellion.*] Lest the Doctor should here again accuse us of *borrowing*, a thing, by-the-bye, we strongly suspect him of, as we think we can discover that many of his thoughts, and certainly some of his rhymes, are *borrowed* from the immortal Searson and the inimitable Minshull, we acknowledge that we are indebted for this line to Shakespeare. Whether the term *rump-fed* applies to the Doctor or not, we cannot exactly tell; but, if we were not afraid of swelling our notes, we would, following the example of the Doctor in his Democracy Unveiled, give our readers an account of the famous *rump*-parliament, and truly 'twould be as much in point as most of the notes in that celebrated work.

Hellion.] "A deputy scullion employed in regions below "to cook up the broth."—Link. Fid. The Doctor, good man, has employed himself while on earth, as far as his *weakly* powers would go, in stewing up many a woeful kettle of fish.—

"*Double, double, toil, and trouble,*
"*Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.*"

Shakespeare must certainly have had the Doctor's weekly mess of *bubble* and *squeak* in view when he wrote the above.

—But not o'er long to dwell upon't,
This man as big as an elephant. (15)
This *sweetest* witling of the age, (16)
This hero, hangman, critic, sage, (17)
This poet of five hundred pound, (18)
Has come to grace our hapless town;
And when he entered, every goose
Began to cackle like the deuce;
The asses brayed to one another,—
'Twas plain—the creatures smelt a brother.

15. *As big as an elephant.*] There is more truth than poetry in this comparison. The following curious anecdote was told me by the Doctor himself when I breakfasted with him the other morning: The elephant, which travelled lately through our country, was shewn in New England; two simple country girls, desirous of seeing what kind of a beast it was, applied for admittance. On entering the room the Doctor, who was stooping to tie his shoe-string with his back towards them, was for a moment taken for the elephant! they declared it was a clumsy creature,—"they could not make head nor tail of it." No wonder, poor things, the critics were as much puzzled themselves, as we have already shewn.

16. *Sweetest witling.*] A poetic licence, the Doctor certainly being none of the sweetest of personages. Many a fair flower, however, springs out of a dung-hill, and the Doctor is not the first poet who has written a *sweet* song in "marvellous dirty "linen."

17. *This hero-hangman. &c.*]

All hush'd in mute attention sit,
To hear this critic, poet, wit,
Philosopher, all all at once,
And to complete them all, this DUNCE.

LLOYD.

18. *Five hundred pounds.*] i. e. five hundred pounds weight; or, in true avoirdupoise, 4 cwt. 1 qr. 24 lbs.

GENERAL REMARK.

We have endeavoured to copy the Doctor's style and manner, as correctly as possible, throughout this charming poem: the *rhymes* are chiefly "filched" from his own *labours*, and jingle as harmoniously as sleigh-bells;—like him we have sometimes risen, and sometimes descended, with all his leaden profundity. Some poets sip in the Heliconean stream, others dabble in it. The doctor exceeds them all,—he has a true poetic DIVING-BELL,—plunges boldly to the bottom, and there drabbles in the mud like a flounder. In the *gallows* part of his poem, the Doctor may truly be said to *rise*; and in our touch on the Hellion we have certainly almost equalled those profound sinkings of his genius, where the Doctor even descends *below himself*. We conclude with *borrowing* a speech from old Shakespeare,—"Give me thy hand, Doctor, I am sorry I "beat thee; but, whilst thou livest, keep a good "tongue in thy head."

NOTICE.

While in a "state militant," waging war with folly and stupidity, and assailed on all sides by a combination of nincoms and numskulls, we are gratified to find that our careless effusions have received the approbation of men of wit and genius. We have expressed heretofore our contempt for the applause of *the million*, but we confess ourselves ambitious of the praises of *the few;* we have read, therefore, with infinite self-congratulation, the encomiums passed on our productions by the learned

and liberal editor of the "People's friend." The attacks of that *Billingsgate droll*, Dr. Costive, and his whole *North-River fraternity*, could not give us greater delight. We also publish, with pride, the following card, from the authors of "THE ECHO,"* a work which we have commended to a conspicuous post in our library; and we do hereby shake its authors by the hand, as a set of right merry wags, choice spirits, and, what we think better than all, genuine humourists.

CARD.

"The authors of THE ECHO send a copy of it to "the writers of SALMAGUNDI, which they request "them to accept, as a mark of the pleasure they "have received from their Cervantic effusions."

Now we are in the humour of card-writing, we would acknowledge the reception of several effusions, in prose and verse, which, though they do great credit to the writers, and would doubtless be both pleasing and instructing to the public, yet do not come exactly within the intention of our work; the authors, therefore, will excuse our not publishing them.†

We have likewise received a note, written in a French hand, but in villainous bad English. Will Wizard has been at much pains to decipher it, but in vain, it is as unintelligible as a Herculanean ma-

* For an account of this work, see the Introductory Essay.

† From this intimation, I am led to believe that the whole of the Salmagundian Essays are the joint productions of the three persons, styling themselves Launcelot Langstaff, William Wizard, and Anthony Evergreen.

nuscript. He has discovered, however, that it is a vindication of dancing, together with a long eulogy on the *pas de chat*.

As a considerable part of this paper is taken up with a stupid subject, viz. the Doctor, and as we do not wish that our readers should pay for "flum-"mery" merely, we have directed our publisher to give them eight pages extra; this will account for the unusual size of the present number. We confess we *borrowed* this idea among many others from the Doctor, who, lately finding that his readers were dissatisfied with the *contents* of his *weakly* paper, endeavoured to put them in good humour by doubling its *bulk*, this he waggishly enough terms *doubling the dose*:—oh, the droll dog!

SALMAGUNDI;

OR, THE

WHIM-WHAMS AND OPINIONS

OF

LAUNCELOT LANGSTAFF, Esq.

AND OTHERS.

In hoc est hoax, cum quiz et jokesez,
Et smokem, toastem, roastem, folksez,
Fee, faw, fum. *Psalmanazar.*

With baked, and broiled, and stewed, and toasted,
And fried, and boiled, and smoked, and roasted,
We treat the town.

NO. 5.] SATURDAY, MARCH 7, 1807.

FROM MY ELBOW CHAIR.

THE following letter of my friend Mustapha appears to have been written some time subsequent to the one already published. Were I to judge from its contents, I should suppose it was suggested by the splendid review of the twenty-fifth of last November, when a pair of colours was presented, at the City-Hall, to the regiments of artillery, and when a huge dinner was devoured by our corporation, in the honourable remembrance of the evacuation of this city.* I am happy to find that the

* The 25th November is the anniversary of the evacuation of New York, by the British troops, at the peace of 1783. The militia, or rather volunteer corps, (for they receive no pay, and are clothed at their own expense,) assemble on that occasion

laudable spirit of military emulation which prevails in our city has attracted the attention of a stranger of Mustapha's sagacity;—by military emulation I mean that spirited rivalry in the size of a hat, the length of a feather, and the gingerbread finery of a sword-belt, this being what I understand by *military foppery*.

LETTER

From MUSTAPHA RUB-A-DUB KELI KHAN, *to* ABDALLAH EB'N AL RAHAB, *surnamed the* SNORER, *military sentinel at the gate of his highness's palace.*

THOU hast heard, oh Abdallah, of the great magician, MULEY FUZ, who could change a blooming land, blessed with all the elysian charms of hill and dale, of glade and grove, of fruit and flower, into a desert, frightful, solitary, and forlorn; who with the wave of his wand could transform even the disciples of Mahomet into grinning apes and chat-

at the grand battery, by the water side. This place is so called, from a fort having been formerly built on the spot, though at present it is nothing more than a lawn, for the recreation of the inhabitants, and for the purpose of military parade. The troops do not amount to more than 600, and are gaudily dressed in a variety of uniforms, every ward in the city having a different one; some of them, with helmets, appear better suited to the theatre than the field. The general of the militia and his staff are dressed in the national uniform of blue and buff. They also wear immense cocked hats and feathers, which, with their large gold epaulets, have a very showy appearance; and, as Mustapha observes, are well calculated for levying a contribution of smiles, winks, and nods, on the fair infidels. One of the corps consists wholly of *Irishmen* dressed in light green jackets, white pantaloons, and helmets.

tering monkeys. Surely, thought I to myself this morning, the dreadful Muley has been exercising his infernal enchantments on these unhappy infidels. Listen, O Abdallah, and wonder. Last night I committed myself to tranquil slumber, encompassed with all the monotonous tokens of peace, and this morning I awoke enveloped in the noise, the bustle, the clangour, and the shouts, of war. Every thing was changed as if by magic. An immense army had sprung up, like mushrooms, in a night, and all the coblers, tailors, and tinkers, of the city had mounted the nodding plume; had become, in the twinkling of an eye, helmeted heroes and war-worn veterans.

Alarmed at the beating of drums, the braying of trumpets, and the shouting of the multitude, I dressed myself in haste, sallied forth and followed a prodigious crowd of people to a place called the Battery. This is so denominated, I am told, from having once been defended with formidable *wooden* bulwarks, which in the course of a hard winter were *thriftily* pulled to pieces, by an *economic* corporation, to be distributed for fire-wood among the poor; this was done at the hint of a cunning old engineer, who assured them it was the only way in which their fortifications would ever be able to keep up a *warm fire*. Economy, my friend, is the watch-word of this nation; I have been studying for a month past to divine its meaning, but truly am as much perplexed as ever. It is a kind of national starvation, an experiment how many comforts and necessaries the body politic can be deprived of before it perishes. It has already arrived to a lamentable degree of debility, and promises to share the fate of the Arabian philosopher, who proved that he could live without food, but unfortunately died just as he had brought his experiment to perfection.

On arriving at the Battery, I found an *immense*

army, of SIX HUNDRED MEN, drawn up in a true mussulman crescent. At first, I supposed this was in compliment to myself, but my interpreter informed me that it was done merely for want of room, the corporation not being able to afford them sufficient to display in a straight line. As I expected a display of some grand evolutions and military manœuvres, I determined to remain a tranquil spectator, in hopes that I might possibly collect some hints which might be of service to his highness.

This great body of men I perceived was under the command of a small *bashaw*, in yellow and gold, with white nodding plumes, and most formidable whiskers, which, contrary to the Tripolitan fashion, were in the neighbourhood of his ears instead of his nose. He had two attendants called aid-de-camps, (or *tails*) being similar to a bashaw with two tails. The bashaw, though commander in chief, seemed to have little more to do than myself:—he was a spectator within the lines, and I without;—he was clear of the rabble and I was encompassed by them, this was the only difference between us, except that he had the best opportunity of shewing his clothes. I waited an hour or two, with exemplary patience, expecting to see some grand military evolutions or a sham battle exhibited, but no such thing took place; the men stood stock still, supporting their arms, groaning under the fatigues of war, and now and then sending out a foraging party, to levy contributions of beer and a favourite beverage which they denominate *grog*. As I perceived the crowd were active in examining the line, from one extreme to the other, and as I could see no other purpose, for which these sunshine warriors should be exposed so long to the merciless attacks of wind and weather, I of course concluded that this must be *the review*.

In about two hours the army was put in motion,

and marched through some narrow streets, where the *economic corporation* had carefully provided a soft carpet of mud, to a magnificent castle of painted brick, decorated with grand pillars of pine boards. By the ardour which brightened in each countenance, I soon perceived that this castle was to undergo a vigorous attack. As the ordnance of the castle was perfectly silent, and as they had nothing but a straight street to advance through, they made their approaches with great courage and admirable regularity, until, within about a hundred feet of the castle, a pump opposed a formidable obstacle in their way, and put the whole army to a nonplus. The circumstance was sudden and unlooked for,—the commanding officer ran over all the military tactics with which his head was crammed, but none offered any expedient for the present awful emergency. The pump maintained its post, and so did the commander; there was no knowing which was most at a stand. The commanding officer ordered his men to wheel and take it in flank; the army accordingly wheeled, and came, full-butt, against it in rear, exactly as they were before.—"Wheel to the left!" cried the officer; they did so; and again, as before, the inveterate pump intercepted their progress. "Right about, face! cried the officer; the men obeyed, but bungled; they *faced back to back*. Upon this the bashaw with two tails, with great coolness, undauntedly ordered his men to push right forward, pell-mell, pump or no pump; they gallantly obeyed: after unheard-of acts of bravery the pump was carried* without the loss of a man, and the army firmly entrenched itself under the very walls of the castle.

* Foote, in his laughable farce of the Mayor of Garrat has not displayed more genuine humour than is contained in this passage.

The bashaw had then a council of war with his officers; the most vigourous measures were resolved on. An advanced guard of musicians were ordered to attack the castle without mercy: then the whole band opened a most tremendous battery of drums, fifes, tambourines, and trumpets, and kept up a thundering assault, as if the castle, like the walls of Jericho, spoken of in the Jewish chronicles, would tumble down at the blowing of rams' horns. After some time a parley ensued. The grand bashaw of the city appeared on the battlements of the castle, and, as far as I could understand from circumstances, dared the little bashaw of two tails to single combat; this, thou knowest, was in the style of antient chivalry:—the little bashaw dismounted with great intrepidity, and ascended the battlements of the castle, where the great bashaw waited to receive him, attended by numerous dignitaries and worthies of his court, one of whom bore the splendid banners of the castle. The battle was carried on entirely by *words*, according to the universal custom of this country, of which I shall speak to thee more fully hereafter. The grand bashaw made a furious attack in a speech of considerable length; the little bashaw, by no means appalled, retorted with great spirit. The grand bashaw attempted to rip him up with an argument, or stun him with a solid fact; but the little bashaw parried them both with admirable adroitness, and run him clean through and through with a syllogism. The grand bashaw was overthrown, the banners of the castle yielded up to the little bashaw, and the castle surrendered after a vigourous defence of three hours, during which the besiegers suffered great extremity from muddy streets and a drizzling atmosphere.

On returning to dinner I soon discovered that, as

usual, I had been indulging in a great mistake. The matter was all clearly explained to me by a fellow-lodger, who, on ordinary occasions, moves in the humble character of a tailor, but, in the present instance, figured in a high military station, denominated *corporal*. He informed me that what I had mistaken for a castle was the splendid palace of the municipality, and that the supposed attack was nothing more than the delivery of a flag given, by the authorities, to the army for its magnanimous defence of the town for upwards of twenty years past, that is, ever since the last war! O, my friend, surely every thing in this country is on a great scale! The conversation insensibly turned upon the military establishment of the nation, and I do assure thee that my friend the tailor, though being, according to a national proverb, but the ninth part of a man, yet acquitted himself, on military concerns, as ably as the grand bashaw of the empire himself. He oberved that their rulers had decided that wars were very useless and expensive, and ill befitting an economic philosophic nation; they had, therefore, made up their minds never to have any wars, and, consequently, there was no need of soldiers or military discipline: as, however, it was thought highly ornamental to a city to have a number of men dressed in fine clothes and *feathers*, strutting about the streets on a holiday, and as the women and children were particularly fond of such *raree shows*, it was ordered that the tailors of the different cities throughout the empire should, forthwith, go to work, and cut out, and manufacture, soldiers as fast as their sheers and needles would permit.

These soldiers have no pecuniary pay; and their only recompense for the immense services which they render their country, in their voluntary parades,

is the plunder of smiles, and winks, and nods, which they extort from the ladies.* As they have no opportunity, like the vagrant Arabs, of making inroads on their neighbours, and as it is necessary to keep up their military spirit, the town is, therefore, now and then, but particularly on two days of the year, given up to their ravages. The arrangements are contrived with admirable address, so that every officer, from the bashaw down to the drum-major, (the chief of the eunuchs, or musicians,) shall have his share of that invaluable booty, the *admiration of the fair*. As to the soldiers, poor animals, they, like the privates in all great armies, have to bear the brunt of danger and fatigue, while their officers receive all the glory and reward. The narrative of a parade-day will exemplify this more clearly.

The chief bashaw, in the plenitude of his authority, orders a grand review, of the *whole army*, at two o'clock. The bashaw with *two tails*, that he may have an opportunity of vapouring about as greatest man on the field, orders the army to assemble at twelve. The kiaya, or *colonel*, as he is called, that is, commander of one hundred and twenty men, orders his regiment, or tribe, to collect, *one mile, at least*, from the place of parade, at eleven. Each captain (or *fag-rag*, as we term them) commands his squad to meet at ten, at least *a half-mile* from the regimental parade, and, to close all, the chief of the eunuchs orders his infernal concert of fifes, trumpets, cymbals, and kettle-drums, to assemble at ten; from that moment the city receives no quarter.—All is noise, hooting, hubbub, and combustion. Every window, door, crack, and loop-hole, from the garret to the cellar, is crowded with the fascinating

* I think this mode of remuneration may, with propriety, be termed the "cheap defence of nations."

fair, of all ages, and of all complexions. The mistress smiles through the windows of the drawing-room; the chubby chambermaid lolls out of the attic casement, and a host of sooty wenches roll their white eyes, and grin, and chatter, from the cellar-door. Every nymph seems anxious to yeild voluntarily that tribute which the heroes of their country demand. First struts the chief eunuch, or drum-major, at the head of his sable band, magnificently arrayed in tarnished scarlet. Alexander himself could not have spurned the earth more superbly. A host of ragged boys shout in his train, and inflate the bosom of the warrior with tenfold self-complacency. After he has rattled his kettle-drums through the town, and swelled and swaggered like a turkey-cock before all the dingy Floras, and Dianas, and Junos, and Didos, of his acquaintance, he repairs to his place of destination, loaded with a rich booty of smiles and approbation. Next comes the FAG-RAG, or captain, at the head of his mighty band, consisting of one lieutenant, one ensign or mute, four serjeants, four corporals, one drummer, one fifer, and if he has any privates so much the better for himself. In marching to the regimental parade he is sure to paddle through the street or lane which is honoured with the residence of his mistress or intended, whom he resolutely lays under a heavy contribution. Truly it is delectable to behold these heroes, as they march along, cast side glances at the upper windows, to collect the smiles, the nods, and the winks, which the enraptured fair ones lavish profusely on the magnanimous defenders of their country.

The fag-rags having conducted their squads to their respective regiments, then comes the turn of the colonel, (a bashaw with *no tails,)* for all eyes are now directed to him; and the fag-rags, and the eu-

nuchs, and the kettle-drummers, having had their hour of notoriety, are confounded and lost in the military crowd. The colonel sets his whole regiment in motion; and, mounted on a mettlesome charger, frisks, and fidgets, and capers, and plunges, in front, to the great entertainment of the multitude, and the great hazard of himself and his neighbours. Having displayed himself, his trappings, his horse, and his *horsemanship*, he at length arrives at the place of general rendezvous, blessed with the universal admiration of his country-women. I should, perhaps, mention a squadron of hardy veterans, most of whom have seen a deal of service during the nineteen or twenty years of their existence, and who, most gorgeously equipped in tight green jackets and breeches, trot, and amble, and gallop, and scamper, like little devils through every street, and nook, and corner, and poke-hole, of the city, to the great dread of all old people, and sage matrons with young children. This is truly sublime! This is what I call making a mountain out of a mole-hill. Oh, my friend, on what a *great scale* is every thing in this country. It is in the style of the wandering Arabs of the desert *El-Tih*. Is a village to be attacked, or a hamlet to be plundered, the whole desert, for weeks before hand, is in a buz;—such marching and counter-marching, ere they can concentrate their ragged forces! and the consequence is, that before they can bring their troops into action, *the whole enterprize is blown.*

The army being all happily collected on the battery, though, perhaps, two hours after the time appointed, it is now the turn of the bashaw with two tails to distinguish himself. Ambition, my friend, is implanted alike in every heart, it pervades each bosom, from the bashaw to the drum-major. This is a sage truism, and I trust, therefore, it will not

be disputed. The bashaw, fired with that thirst for glory inseparable from the noble mind, is anxious to reap a full share of the laurels of the day, and bear off his portion of female plunder. The drums beat, the fifes whistle, the standards wave proudly in the air. The signal is given!—thunder roars the cannon!—away goes the bashaw, and away go the *tails!* The review finished, evolutions and military manœuvres are generally dispensed with, for three excellent reasons; first, because the army knows very little about them; second, because, as the country has determined to remain always at peace, there is no necessity for them to know any thing about them; and, third, as it is growing late, the bashaw must despatch, or it will be too dark for him to get his quota of the plunder. He, of course, orders the whole army to march; and now, my friend, now comes the tug of war,—now is the city completely sacked. Open fly the battery-gates, forth sallies the bashaw with his two tails, surrounded by a shouting body-guard of boys and negroes! Then pour forth his legions, potent as the pismires of the deserts! The customary salutations of the country commence; those tokens of joy and admiration which so much annoyed me on first landing: the air is darkened with old hats, shoes, and dead cats, they fly in showers like the arrows of the Parthians. The soldiers, no way disheartened, like the intrepid followers of Leonidas, march gallantly under their shade. On they push, splash-dash, mud or no mud. Down one lane, up another,—the martial music resounds through every street,—the fair ones throng to their windows,—the soldiers look every way but straight forward. "Carry arms!" cries the bashaw,—"tantara-ra-ra," brays the trumpet,—"rub-a-dub," roars the drum,—"hurraw," shout the ragamuffins. The bashaw smiles with exultation,—every fag-rag

feels himself a hero:—"None but the brave deserve the fair!" Head of the immortal Amrou, on what a great scale is every thing in this country.

Aye, but you will say, is not this unfair that the officers should share all the sports while the privates undergo all the fatigue? Truly, my friend, I indulged the same idea, and pitied, from my heart, the poor fellows who had to drabble through the mud and the mire, toiling under ponderous cocked hats, which seemed as unwieldy and cumbrous as the shell which the snail lumbers along on his back. I soon found out, however, that they have their quantum of notoriety. As soon as the army is dismissed, the city swarms with little scouting parties, who fire off their guns at every corner, to the great delight of all the women and children in their vicinity; and woe unto any dog, or pig, or hog, that falls in the way of these magnanimous warriors;—they are shewn no quarter. Every gentle swain repairs to pass the evening at the feet of his Dulcinea, to play "The soldier tired of war's alarms," and to captivate her with the glare of his *regimentals*, excepting some ambitious heroes, who strut to the theatre, flame away in the front boxes, and hector every old apple-women in the lobbies.

Such, my friend, is the gigantic genius of this nation, and its faculty of swelling up nothings into importance. Our bashaw of Tripoli will review his troops of some thousands, by an early hour in the morning. Here a review of six hundred men is made the mighty work of a day! With us a bashaw of *two tails* is never appointed to a command of less than ten thousand men; but here we behold every grade, from the bashaw down to the drum-major, in a force of less than one-tenth of the number. By the beard of Mahomet, but every thing here is *indeed* on a great scale!

BY ANTHONY EVERGREEN, GENT.

I was not a little surprised the other morning at a request from Will Wizard, that I would accompany him that evening to Mrs. ——'s ball. The request was simple enough in itself, it was only singular as coming from Will:—of all my acquaintance, Wizard is the least calculated and disposed for the society of ladies,—not that he dislikes their company; on the contrary, like every man of pith and marrow, he is a professed admirer of the sex; and, had he been born a poet, would undoubtedly have bespattered and be-rhymed some hard-named goddess, until she became as famous as Petrarch's Laura, or Waller's Sacharissa; but Will is such a confounded bungler at a bow, has so many odd bachelor habits, and finds it so troublesome to be gallant, that he generally prefers smoking* his cygar, and telling his story among cronies of his own gender:—and thundering long stories they are, let me tell you;—set Will once a going about China, or Crim Tartary, or the Hottentots, and heaven help the poor victim who has to endure his prolixity,—he might better be tied to the tail of a Jack-o'lantern. In one word,—Will talks like a traveller. Being well acquainted with his character, I was the more alarmed at his inclination to visit a party, since he has often assured me that he considered it as

* A cygar is in the mouth of an American almost from morning to night, when in the house; and not unfrequently when walking the street. A box full is constantly carried in the coat-pocket, and handed occasionally to a friend as familiarly as our dashing youths offer a pinch of snuff from their gold box.

equivalent to being stuck up for three hours in a steam-engine. I even wondered how he had received an invitation;—this he soon accounted for. It seems Will, on his last arrival from Canton, had made a present of a case of tea to a lady, for whom he had once entertained a sneaking kindness when at grammar-school, and she, in return, had invited him to come and drink some of it,—a cheap way enough of paying off little obligations. I readily acceded to Will's proposition, expecting much entertainment from his eccentric remarks; and, as he has been absent some few years, I anticipated his surprise at the splendour and elegance of a modern rout.

On calling for Will in the evening, I found him full dressed, waiting for me. I contemplated him with absolute dismay. As he still retained a spark of regard for the lady who once reigned in his affections, he had been at unusual pains in decorating his person, and broke upon my sight arrayed in the true style that prevailed among our beaux some years ago. His hair was turned up and tufted at the top, frizzled out at the ears, a profusion of powder puffed over the whole, and a long plaited club swang gracefully from shoulder to shoulder, describing a pleasing semicircle of powder and pomatum. His claret-coloured coat was decorated with a profusion of gilt buttons, and reached to his calves. His white kersimere small-clothes were so tight that he seemed to have grown up in them; and his ponderous legs, which are the thickest part of his body, were beautifully clothed in sky-blue silk-stockings, once considered so becoming. But, above all, he prided himself upon his waistcoat of China silk, which might almost have served a good housewife for a short gown; and he boasted that the roses and tulips upon it were the work of *Nang-Fou*, daughter of the great *Chin-Chin-Fou*, who had fallen in love with

the graces of his person, and sent it to him as a parting present;—he assured me she was a remarkable beauty, with sweet obliquity of eyes, and a a foot no longer than the thumb of an alderman;—he then dilated most copiously on his silver-sprigged Dicky, which he assured me was quite the rage among the dashing young mandarins of Canton.

I hold it an ill-natured office to put any man out of conceit with himself; so, though I would willingly have made a little alteration in my friend Wizard's picturesque costume, yet I politely complimented him on his rakish appearance.

On entering the room I kept a good look-out on Will, expecting to see him exhibit signs of surprise; but he is one of those knowing fellows who are never surprised at any thing, or, at least, will never acknowledge it. He took his stand in the middle of the floor, playing with his great steel watch-chain, and looking round on the company, the furniture, and the pictures, with the air of a man "who had "seen d——d finer things in his time;" and, to my utter confusion and dismay, I saw him coolly pull out his villainous old japanned tobacco-box, ornamented with a bottle, a pipe, and a scurvy motto, and help himself to a quid in face of all the company.

I knew it was all in vain to find fault with a fellow of Will's Socratic turn, who is never to be put out of humour with himself; so, after he had given his box its prescriptive rap, and returned it to his pocket, I drew him into a corner, where we might observe the company, without being prominent objects ourselves.

"And pray who is that stylish figure," said Will, "who blazes away in red, like a volcano, and who "seems wrapped in flames, like a fiery dragon?" that, cried I, is Miss Laurelia Dashaway;—she is the highest flash of the ton,—has much whim

and more eccentricity, and has reduced many an unhappy gentlemen to stupidity by her charms;—you see she holds out the red flag in token of "no quarter." "Then keep me safe out of the sphere of her attractions," cried Will, "I would not e'en come in contact with her train, lest it should scorch me like the tail of a comet.——But who, I beg of you, is that amiable youth who is handing along a young lady, and at the same time contemplating his sweet person in a mirror as he passes?" His name, said I, is BILLY DIMPLE,—he is a universal smiler, and would travel from Dan to Beersheba and smile on every body as he passed. Dimple is a slave to the ladies,—a hero at tea-parties, and is famous at the *pirouet** and the pigeon-wing;—a fiddle-stick is his idol, and a dance his elysium. "A "very pretty young gentleman, truly," cried Wizard, "he reminds me of a contemporary beau at Hayti.† You must know that the magnanimous Dessalines gave a great ball to his court one fine sultry summer's evening; Dessy and I were great cronies,—hand and glove,—one of the most condescending great men I ever knew. Such a display of black and yellow beauties! such a shew of Madras handkerchiefs, red beads, cocks' tails, and peacocks' feathers!—it was, as here, who should wear the highest top-knot, drag the longest tails, or exhibit the greatest variety of combs, colours, and gew-

* Figures of the cotillon dance.

† The Island of St. Domingo. It will be recollected that the black tyrant Dessalines assumed the title and dignity of emperor, in imitation of his brother Napoleon; and never was there a more complete travestie than that which Hayti presented of the Court of St. Cloud. If men of lofty minds are ever hurt by the lash of ridicule, I think Napoleon must have felt extremely uncomfortable at such a palpable mockery of his usurpation.

gaws. In the middle of the rout, when all was buz, slip-slop, clack, and perfume, who should enter but TUCKY SQUASH! The yellow beauties blushed blue and the black ones blushed as red as they could, with pleasure, and there was a universal agitation of fans,—every eye brightened and whitened to see Tucky, for he was the pride of the court, the pink of courtesy, the mirror of fashion, the adoration of all the sable fair ones of Hayti. Such breadth of nose, such exuberance of lip! his shins had the true cucumber curve,—his face in dancing shone like a kettle; and, provided you kept to windward of him in summer, I do not know a sweeter* youth in all Hayti than Tucky Squash. When he laughed there appeared from ear to ear a chevaux-de-frize of teeth, that rivalled the shark's in whiteness; he could whistle like a north-wester,—play on a three-stringed fiddle like Apollo; and, as to dancing, no Long-Island negro could shuffle you "double trouble" or "hoe "corn and dig potatoes" more scientifically;—in short, he was a second Lothario, and the dusky nymphs of Hayti, one and all, declared him a perpetual Adonis. Tucky walked about, whistling to himself, without regarding any body; and his *nonchalance* was irresistable."

* The strong odour of the African is well known; but no where so well as in a hot climate. I do not envy the Carolinians their negro attendants, whose presence I found at times almost insufferable. I dreaded to breath in such a tainted atmosphere, yet very delicate ladies seemed to bear it with great composure. Perhaps from being constantly with the negroes some people may not only be reconciled to the smell, but, like the celebrated Doctor in Humphrey Clinker, be absolutely *refreshed* and *elevated* by it. That gentleman was of opinion that a stink or stench meant nothing more than a strong impression on the olfactory nerves, and might be applied to things of the most opposite qualities. So prepossessed was he in favour of offensive smells, that he would have endeavoured to make his auditors believe they were the most agreeable perfumes.

I found Will had got neck and heels into one of his traveller's stories, and there is no knowing how far he would have run his parallel between Billy Dimple and Tucky Squash, had not the music struck up, from an adjoining apartment, and summoned the company to the dance. The sound seemed to have an inspiring effect on honest Will, and he procured the hand of an old acquaintance for a country dance. It happened to be the fashionable one of "the Devil among the Tailors," which is so vociferously demanded at every ball and assembly: and many a torn gown and many an unfortunate toe did rue the dancing of that night; for Will thundered down the dance like a coach and six, sometimes right, sometimes wrong, now running over half a score of little Frenchmen, and now making sad inroads into ladies cobweb muslins and spangled tails. As every part of Will's body partook of the exertion, he shook from his capacious head such volumes of powder, that, like pious Eneas on the first interview with queen Dido, he might be said to have been enveloped in a cloud. Nor was Will's partner an insignificant figure in the scene. She was a young lady of most voluminous proportions, that quivered at every skip; and, being braced up in the fashionable style, with whalebone, stay-tape, and buckram, looked like an apple-pudding tied in the middle, or, taking her flaming dress into consideration, like a bed and bolsters rolled up in a suit of red curtains. The dance finished,—I would gladly have taken Will off, but no,—he was now in one of his happy moods, and there was no doing any thing with him. He insisted on my introducing him to Miss Sophy Sparkle, a young lady unrivalled for playful wit and innocent vivacity, and who, like a brilliant, adds lustre to the front of fashion. I accordingly presented him to her, and began a conversation in which I thought he

might take a share; but no such thing. Will took his stand before her, straddling like a Colossus, with his hands in his pockets, and an air of the most profound attention; nor did he pretend to open his lips for some time, until, upon some lively sallies of hers, he electrified the whole company with a most intolerable burst of laughter. What was to be done with such an incorrigible fellow?—to add to my distress, the first word he spoke was to tell Miss Sparkle that something she said reminded him of a circumstance that happened to him in China,—and at it he went, in the true traveller style,—described the Chinese mode of eating rice with chop-sticks,—entered into a long eulogium on the succulent qualities of boiled bird's nests, and I made my escape at the very moment when he was on the point of squatting down on the floor, to shew how the little Chinese *Joshes* sit cross-legged.

TO THE LADIES.*

FROM THE MILL OF

PINDAR COCKLOFT, Esq.

THOUGH jogging down the hill of life,
Without the comfort of a wife;

* The chief merit of this poem consists in its reprobation of the fascinating but lascivious poetry of Anacreon Moore, whose widely-circulated productions have proved extremely injurious to the morals of the rising generation. It would have

And though I ne'er a helpmate chose,
To stock my house and mend my hose;
With care my person to adorn,
And spruce me up on Sunday morn;—
Still do I love the gentle sex,
And still with cares my brain perplex,
To keep the fair ones of the age
Unsullied as the spotless page;
All pure, all simple, all refined,
The sweetest solace of mankind.

I hate the loose insidious jest
To beauty's modest ear addrest,
And hold that frowns should never fail
To check each smooth but fulsome tale:
But he whose impious pen should dare
Invade the morals of the fair;
To taint that purity divine
Which should each female heart enshrine;
Though soft his vicious strains should swell,
As those which erst from Gabriel fell,
Should yet be held aloft to shame,
And foul dishonour shade his name.

Judge then, my friends, of my surprise,
The ire that kindled in my eyes,

been fortunate for Pindar Cockloft could he have written with as much ease and elegance as the object of his animadversion. He is, however, entitled to the approbation of every virtuous mind for that which he has done; and it would be well for society, if some modern productions partook more of Pindar's rough morality, and less of Anacreon's elegant lasciviousness. Such works as Moore's Odes and Lewis's Monk are far more dangerous than the coarse ribaldry of a Swift or Rabelais. The first are captivating and seductive, the others are entertaining but disgusting. The Americans are much exasperated at Mr. Moore's remarks, and, in one of their periodical publications, have taken some pains to prove the falsehood of them.

When I relate, that t'other day
I went a morning call to pay,
On two young nieces just come down
To take the *polish* of the town;
By which I mean no more nor less
Than *à la Française* to *undress;*
To whirl the modest waltz's rounds,
Taught by Duport for *snug ten pounds.*
To thump and thunder through a song,
Play *fortes* soft and *dolces* strong;
Exhibit loud *piano* feats,
Caught from that crotchet-hero, Meetz;
To drive the rose-bloom from the face,
And fix the lily in its place;
To doff the white, and in its stead
To bounce about in brazen red.

While in the parlour I delay'd,
Till they their persons had array'd,
A dapper volume caught my eye,
That on the window chanc'd to lie.
A book's a friend,—I always choose
To turn its pages and peruse;—
It proved those poems known to fame
For praising every Cyprian dame,—
The bantlings of a dapper youth,
Renown'd for *gratitude* and *truth;*
A little pest, hight TOMMY MOORE,
Who hopp'd and skipp'd our country o'er;
Who sipp'd our tea and lived on sops,
Revell'd on syllabubs and slops,
And when his brain, of cobweb fine,
Was fuddled with five drops of wine,
Would all his puny loves rehearse,
And many a maid debauch—in verse.

Surprised to meet in open view,
A book of such lascivious hue,
I chid my nieces,—but they say,
'Tis all the *passion* of the day;—
That many a fashionable belle
Will with enraptured accents dwell
On the sweet *morceaux* she has found
In this delicious, curs'd, compound!

Soft do the tinkling numbers roll,
And lure to vice the unthinking soul;
They tempt by softest sounds away;
They lead entranced the heart astray,
And satan's doctrine sweetly sing,
As with a seraph's heavenly string.
Such sounds, so good old Homer sung,
Once warbled from the Siren's tongue—
Sweet melting tones were heard to pour
Along Ausonia's sun-gilt shore.—
Seductive strains in ether float,
And every wild deceitful note,
That could the yielding heart assail,
Was wafted on the breathing gale,—
And every gentle accent bland
To tempt Ulysses to their strand.

And can it be this book so base
Is laid on every window-case?
Oh! fair ones, if you will profane
Those breasts where heaven itself should reign,
And throw those pure recesses wide,
Where peace and virtue should reside,
To let the holy pile admit
A guest unhallowed and unfit;
Pray, like the frail ones of the night,
Who hide their wanderings from the light,

So let *your* errors secret be,
And hide, at least, your fault from me:
Seek some bye corner to explore
The smooth polluted pages o'er;
There drink the insidious poison in;
There *slily* nurse your souls for sin;
And while that purity you blight,
Which stamps you messengers of light,
And sap those mounds the gods bestow,
To keep you spotless here below,
Still, in compassion to our race,
Who joy not only in the face,
But in that more exalted part,
The sacred temple of the heart,
Oh! hide for ever from our view
The fatal mischief you pursue;—
Let MEN your praises still exalt,
And none but ANGELS mourn your fault.

SALMAGUNDI;

OR, THE

WHIM-WHAMS AND OPINIONS

OF

LAUNCELOT LANGSTAFF, ESQ.

AND OTHERS.

In hoc est hoax, cum quiz et jokesez,
Et smokem, toastem, roastem, folksez,
Fee, faw, fum. *Psalmanazar.*

With baked, and broiled, and stewed, aud toasted,
And fried, and boiled, and smoaked, and roasted,
We treat the town.

NO. 6.] FRIDAY, MARCH 20, 1807.

FROM MY ELBOW CHAIR.

THE Cockloft family,* of which I have made such frequent mention, is of great antiquity, if there be any truth in the genealogical tree which hangs up in my cousin's library. They trace their descent from a celebrated Roman knight, cousin to the progenitor of his majesty of Britain, who left his native country, on occasion of some disgust, and went into Wales, where he became a great favourite of prince Madoc, and accompanied that famous Argonaut in the voyage

* The Cockloft family, it is said, are meant, as representatives of the Livingstons, of New York, one of the most respectable families in the United States. With what truth the assertion is made, I cannot venture to say.

which ended in the discovery of this continent. Though a member of the family, I have sometimes ventured to doubt the authenticity of this portion of their annals, to the great vexation of cousin Christopher, who is looked up to as the head of our house, and who, though as orthodox as a bishop, would sooner give up the whole decalogue than lop off a single limb of the family tree. From time immemorial, it has been the rule for the Cocklofts to marry one of their own name; and, as they always bred like rabbits, the family has increased and multiplied like that of Adam and Eve. In truth, their number is almost incredible, and you can hardly go into any part of the country without starting a warren of genuine Cocklofts. Every person of the least observation or experience must have observed, that where this practice of marrying cousins and second cousins prevails in a family, every member, in the course of a few generations, becomes queer, humourous, and original; as much distinguished from the common race of mongrels as if he was of a different species. This has happened in our family, and particularly in that branch of it of which Mr. Christopher Cockloft, or to do him justice, Christopher Cockloft, Esq. is the head. Christopher is, in fact, the only married man of the name who resides in town; his family is small, having lost most of his children, when young, by the excessive care he took to bring them up like vegetables. This was one of his first whim-whams, and a confounded one it was, as his children might have told,—had they not fallen victims to his experiment before they could talk. He had got, from some quack philosopher or other, a notion that there was a complete analogy between children and plants, and that they ought both to be reared alike. Accordingly he sprinkled them every morning with water, laid them out in the sun, as he

did his geraniums, and, if the season was remarkably dry, repeated this wise experiment three or four times of a morning; the consequence was, the poor little souls died one after the other, excepting Jeremy and his two sisters, who, to be sure, are a trio of as odd, runty, mummy-looking originals as ever Hogarth fancied in his most happy moments. Mrs. Cockloft, the larger, if not the better, half of my cousin, often remonstrated against this vegetable theory, and even brought the parson of the parish, in which my cousin's country-house is situated, to her aid,—but in vain; Christopher persisted, and attributed the failure of his plan to its not having been exactly conformed to. As I have mentioned Mrs. Cockloft I may as well say a little more about her while I am in the humour.—She is a lady of wonderful notability, a warm admirer of shining mahogany, clean hearths, and her husband, who she considers the wisest man in the world, bating Will Wizard and the parson of our parish; the last of whom is her oracle on all occasions. She goes constantly to church every Sunday and saint's day, and insists upon it that no man is entitled to ascend a pulpit unless he has been ordained by a bishop; nay, so far does she carry her orthodoxy, that all the argument in the world will never persuade her that a presbyterian, or a baptist, or even a Calvinist, has any possible chance of going to heaven. Above every thing else, however, she abhors paganism,—can scarcely refrain from laying violent hands on a Pantheon when she meets with it, and was very nigh going into hysterics when my cousin insisted that one of his boys should be christened after our laureat, because the parson of the parish had told her that Pindar was the name of a pagan writer, famous for his love of boxing-matches, wrestling, and horse-racing; to sum up all her qualifications in the shortest possible way, Mrs.

Cockloft is, in the true sense of the phrase, a good sort of a woman, and I often congratulate my cousin on possessing her. The rest of the family consists of Jeremy Cockloft, the younger, who has already been mentioned, and the two Miss Cocklofts, or rather the *young ladies*, as they have been called by the servants time out of mind; not that they are really young, the younger being somewhat on the shady side of thirty, but it has ever been the custom to call every member of the family young under fifty. In the south-east corner of the house I hold quiet possession of an old-fashioned apartment, where myself and my elbow chair are suffered to amuse ourselves undisturbed, save at meal times. This apartment old Cockloft has facetiously denominated cousin Launce's Paradise, and the good old gentleman has two or three favourite jokes about it, which are served up as regularly as the standing family dish of beef-steaks and onions, which, every day maintains its station at the foot of the table, in defiance of mutton, poultry, or even venison itself.

Though the family is apparently small, yet, like most old establishments of the kind, it does not want for honourary members.—It is the city rendezvous of the Cocklofts, and we are continually enlivened by the company of half a score of uncles, aunts, and cousins, in the fortieth remove, from all parts of the country, who profess a wonderful regard for cousin Christopher, and overwhelm every member of his household, down to the cook in the kitchen, with their attentions. We have, for three weeks past, been greeted with the company of two worthy old spinsters, who came down from the country to settle a law-suit; they have done little else but retail stories of their village-neighbours, knit stockings, and take snuff, all the time they have been here; the whole family are bewildered with

church-yard tales of sheeted ghosts, white horses without heads, and with large goggle eyes in their flanks; and not one of the old servants dares budge an inch, after dark, without a numerous company at his heels. My cousin's visitors, however, always return his hospitality with due gratitude, and now and then remind him of their fraternal regard by a present of a pot of apple-sweetmeats, or a barrel of sour cider at Christmas. Jeremy displays himself to great advantage among his country relations, who all think him a prodigy, and often stand astounded, in "gaping wonderment," at his natural philosophy. He lately frightened a simple old uncle almost out of his wits by giving it as his opinion that the earth would one day be scorched to ashes by the eccentric gambols of the famous comet, so much talked of, and positively asserting that this world revolved round the sun, and that the moon was certainly inhabited.

The family mansion bears equal marks of antiquity with it's inhabitants. As the Cocklofts are remarkable for their attachment to every thing that has remained long in the family, they are bigoted towards their old edifice, and, I dare say, would sooner have it crumble about their ears than abandon it; the consequence is, it has been so patched up and repaired, that it has become as full of whims and oddities as its tenants, requires to be nursed and humoured like a gouty old codger of an alderman, and reminds one of the famous ship in which a certain admiral circumnavigated the globe, which was so patched and timbered, in order to preserve so great a curiosity, that, at length, not a particle of the original remained. Whenever the wind blows, the old mansion makes a most perilous groaning, and every storm is sure to make a day's work for the carpenter, who attends upon it as regularly as the

family physician. This predilection for every thing that has been long in the family shews itself in every particular; the domestics are all grown grey in the service of our house; we have a little, old, crusty, grey-headed, negro who has lived through two or three generations of the Cocklofts, and, of course, has become a personage of no little importance in the household: he calls all the family by their Christian names, tells long stories about how he dandled them on his knee, when they were children, and is a complete Cockloft chronicle for the last seventy years. The family carriage was made in the last French war, and the old horses were, most indubitably, foaled in Noah's ark, resembling marvelously in gravity of demeanour those sober animals which may be seen, any day of the year, in the streets of Philadelphia, walking their snails' pace, a dozen in a row, and harmoniously jingling their bells. Whim-whams are the inheritance of the Cocklofts, and every member of the household is a humourist, *sui generis*, from the master down to the footman: the very cats and dogs are humourists, and we have a little runty scoundrel of a cur, who, whenever the church-bell rings, will run to the street-door, turn up his nose in the wind, and howl most piteously. Jeremy insists that this is owing to a peculiar delicacy in the organization of his ears, and supports his position by many learned arguments which nobody can understand; but I am of opinion that it is a mere Cockloft whim-wham which the little cur indulges, being descended from a race of dogs which has flourished in the family ever since the time of my grandfather. A propensity to save every thing that bears the stamp of family antiquity has accumulated an abundance of trumpery and rubbish, with which the house is incumbered, from the cellar to the garret, and every room, and closet,

and corner, is crammed with three-legged chairs, clocks without hands, swords without scabbards, cocked hats, broken candlesticks, and looking-glasses, with frames carved into fantastic shapes of feathered sheep, woolly birds, and other animals that have no name excepting in books of heraldry. The ponderous mahogany chairs in the parlour are of such unwieldy proportions that it is quite a serious undertaking to gallant one of them across the room, and sometimes make a most equivocal noise when you sit down in a hurry. The mantle-piece is decorated with little lacquered earthen shepherdesses, some of which are without toes, and others without noses, and the fire-place is garnished out with Dutch tiles, exhibiting a great variety of scripture-pieces, which my good old soul of a cousin takes infinite delight in explaining: poor Jeremy hates them most cordially, for, while a younker, he was obliged, by his mother, to learn the history of a tile every Sunday morning, before she would permit him to join his play-mates; this was a terrible affair for Jeremy, who, by the time he had learned the last, had forgotten the first, and was obliged to begin again. He assured me the other day, with a round college-oath, that, if the *old house* stood out till he inherited it, he would have these tiles taken out, and ground into powder, for the perfect hatred he bore them.

My cousin Christopher enjoys unlimited authority in the mansion of his forefathers; he is truly what may be termed a hearty old blade; has a florid, sunshine, countenance, and, if you will only praise his wine, and laugh at his long stories, himself and his house are heartily at your service; the first condition is, indeed, easily complied with, for, to tell the truth, his wine is excellent; but his stories, being none of the best, and often repeated, are apt to create

a diposition to yawn, being, in addition to their other qualities, most unfeelingly long; his prolixity is the more afflicting to me since I have all his stories by heart; and, when he enters upon one, he reminds me of Newark-causeway, where the traveller sees the end at the distance of several miles. To the great misfortune of all his acquaintance, cousin Cockloft is blessed with a most provoking retentive memory, and can give day and date, and name and age, and circumstance, with the most unfeeling precision. These, however, are but trivial foibles, either entirely unnoticed, or passed over with indulgence, by those who know with what a rich redundant harvest of kindness and generosity his heart is stored; it would delight you to see with what social gladness he welcomes a visitor into his house; and the poorest man that enters his door never leaves it without a cordial invitation to sit down and drink a glass of wine. By the honest farmers, around his country-seat, he is looked up to with love and reverence; they never pass him by without his inquiring after the welfare of their families, and receiving a cordial shake of his liberal hand. There are but two classes of people who are thrown out of the reach of his hospitality, and these are Frenchmen and democrats. The old gentleman considers it treason against the majority of good-breeding to speak to any visitor with his hat on; but, the moment a democrat enters his door, he forthwith bids his man Pompey bring his hat, puts it on his head, and salutes him with an appalling "Well, Sir, what do you want with me?"

He has a profound contempt for Frenchmen, and firmly believes that they eat nothing but frogs and soup-meagre in their own country. This unlucky prejudice is partly owing to my great aunt PAMELA having been, many years ago, run away with by a French count, who turned out to be the son of a ge-

neration of barbers, and partly to a little vivid spark of toryism which burns in a secret corner of his heart. He was a loyal subject of the crown, has hardly yet recovered the shock of independence, and, though he does not care to own it, always does honour to his majesty's birth-day, by inviting a few cavaliers, like himself, to dinner, and gracing his table with more than ordinary festivity. If, by chance, the revolution is mentioned before him, my cousin shakes his head, and you may see, if you take good note, a lurking sneer of contempt in the corner of his eye, which marks a decided disapprobation of the sound.—He once, in the fullness of his heart, observed to me that green peas were a month later than they were under the old government; but the most eccentric manifestation of loyalty he ever gave was making a voyage to Halifax, for no other reason under heaven but to hear his majesty prayed for in church,* as he used to be here formerly. This he never could be brought fairly to acknowledge; but it is a certain fact, I assure you. It is not a little singular that a person so much given to long story-telling as my cousin should take a liking to another of the same character; but so it is with the old gentleman; his prime favourite and companion is Will Wizard, who is almost a member of the family; he will set before the fire, with his feet on the massy andirons, and smoke his cygarr, and screw his phiz, and spin away tremendous long stories of his travels, for a whole evening, to the great delight of the old gentle-

* Though the character here pourtrayed may be entirely fictitious, yet, I have no doubt, this is a real feature of the partiality for England which still exists among many of the inhabitants of the United States; their predilection for this country, and their hatred of the French, is, probably, as unbounded as it possibly can be in the mind of any Englishman.

man and lady, and especially of the *young ladies*, who, like Desdemona, do "seriously incline," and listen to him with innumerable "O dears;" "is it "possibles;" "goody graciouses;" and look upon him as a second Sinbad, the sailor.

The Miss Cocklofts, whose pardon I crave for not having particularly introduced them before, are a pair of delectable damsels, who, having purloined the family bible, pass for just what age they please to plead guilty to. BARBARA, the eldest, has long since resigned the character of a belle, and adopted that staid, sober, demure, snuff-taking, air, becoming her years and discretion; she is a good-natured soul, whom I never saw in a passion but once, and that was occasioned by seeing an old favourite beau of her's kiss the hand of a pretty blooming girl; and, in truth, she only got angry because, as she very properly said, it was spoiling the child. Her sister MARGERY, or MAGGIE, as she is familiarly termed, seemed disposed to maintain her post as a belle until a few months since, when, accidentally hearing a gentleman observe that she broke very fast, she suddenly left off going to the assembly, took a cat into high favour, and began to rail at the forward pertness of young misses. From that moment I set her down as an old maid; and so she is, "by the hand of my body." The *young ladies* are still visited by some half a dozen of veteran beaux, who grew and flourished in the *haut ton* when the Miss Cocklofts were quite children, but have been brushed rather rudely by the hand of time, who, to say the truth, can do almost any thing but make people young. They are, notwithstanding, still warm candidates for female favour, look venerably tender, and repeat over and over the same honeyed speeches and sugared sentiments to the little belles that they poured so profusely into the

ears of their mothers. I beg leave here to give notice, that, by this sketch, I mean no reflection on *old bachelors*; on the contrary, I hold that next to a fine lady (the *ne plus ultra)* an old bachelor is the most charming being upon earth, in-as-much as by living in "single blessedness," he, of course, does just as he pleases; and if he has any genius, must acquire a plentiful stock of whims and oddities, and whalebone habits, without which I esteem a man to be mere beef without mustard, good for nothing at all but to run on errands for ladies, take boxes at the theatre, and act the part of a screen at tea-parties, or a walking-stick in the streets. I merely speak of those *old boys* who infest public walks, pounce upon ladies from every corner of the street, and like old Tommy Fizgig, worry and frisk, and amble and caper, before, behind, and round-about, the fashionable belles, like old ponies in a pasture, and strive to supply the absence of youthful whim and hilarity by grimaces and grins, and artificial vivacity. I have sometimes seen one of these "reverend youths" endeavouring to elevate his wintry passions into something like love, by basking in the sun-shine of beauty, and it did remind me of an old moth attempting to fly through a pane of glass towards a light, without ever approaching near enough to warm itself, or scorch its wings.

Never, I firmly believe, did there exist a family that went more by tangents than the Cocklofts. Every thing is governed by whim; and, if one member starts a new freak, away all the rest follow on, like wild geese in a string. As the family, the servants, the horses, cats, and dogs, have all grown old together, they have accommodated themselves to each other shabits completely; and, though every

body of them is full of odd points, angles, rhomboids, and ins and outs, yet, some how or other, they harmonize together like so many straight lines, and it is truly a grateful and refreshing sight to see them agree so well. Should one, however, get out of tune, it is like a cracked fiddle, the whole concert is ajar, you perceive a cloud over every brow in the house, and even the old chairs seem to creak affetuoso. If my cousin, as he is rather apt to do, betrays any symptoms of vexation or uneasiness, no matter about what, he is worried to death with inquiries, which answer no other end but to demonstrate the good-will of the inquirer, and put him in a passion; for every body knows how provoking it is to be cut short in a fit of the *blues*, by an impertinent question about what is the matter, when a man can't tell himself. I remember a few months ago, the old gentleman came home in quite a squall, kicked poor Cæsar, the mastiff, out of his way, as he came through the hall, threw his hat on the table with most violent emphasis, and, pulling out his box, took three huge pinches of snuff, and threw a fourth into the cat's eyes as he sat purring his astonishment by the fire-side. This was enough to set the body politic going;—Mrs. Cockloft began my dearing it as fast as tongue could move;—the *young ladies* took each a stand at an elbow of his chair;—Jeremy marshalled in the rear;—the servants came tumbling in;—the mastiff put up an inquiring nose;—and even grimalkin, after he had cleaned his whiskers and finished sneezing, discovered indubitable signs of sympathy. After the most affectionate inquiries on all sides, it turned out that my cousin, in crossing the street, had got his silk-stockings bespattered with mud by a coach, which it seems belonged to a dashing gentleman who had formerly

supplied the family with hot rolls and muffins! * Mrs. Cockloft thereupon turned up her eyes, and the *young ladies* their noses; and it would have edified a whole congregation to hear the conversation which took place concerning the insolence of upstarts, and the vulgarity of would-be-gentlemen and ladies, who strive to emerge from low life, by dashing about in carriages, to pay a visit two doors off, giving parties to people who laugh at them, and *cutting* all their old friends.

THEATRICS,

BY WILLIAM WIZARD, ESQ.

I went a few evenings since to the theatre, accompanied by my friend Snivers, the cockney, who is a man deeply read in the history of Cinderella, Valentine and Orson, Blue-Beard, and all those recondite works so necessary to enable a man to understand the modern drama. Snivers is one of those intolerable fellows who will never be pleased with any thing until he has turned and twisted it divers ways, to see if it corresponds with his notions of congruity, and, as he is none of the quickest in his ratiocinations, he will sometimes come out with his approbation, when every body else has forgotten the cause which excited it. Snivers is, moreover, a great critic, for he finds fault with every thing,—this being what I understand by *modern criticism*. He, however, is pleased to acknowledge that our

* How many are there in this country who have reason to sympathise with old Christopher?

theatre is not so despicable, all things considered, and really thinks Cooper one of our best actors. As the house was crowded, we were complimented with seats in Box No. 2, a sad little rantipole place, which is the strong hold of a set of rare wags, and where the poor actors undergo the most merciless tortures of verbal criticism. The play was OTHELLO, and, to speak my mind freely, I think I have seen it performed much worse in my time. The actors, I firmly believe, did their best, and whenever this is the case, no man has a right to find fault with them,—in my opinion. Little RUTHERFORD, the Roscius of the Philadelphia theatre, looked as big as possible, and what he wanted in size he made up in frowning.—I like frowning in tragedy; and, if a man but keeps his forehead in proper wrinkle, talks big, and takes long strides on the stage, I always set him down as a great tragedian, and so does my friend Snivers.

Before the first act was over, Snivers began to flourish his critical wooden sword, like a harlequin. He first found fault with Cooper for not having made himself as black as a negro; "for," said he, "that "Othello was an arrant black appears from several "expressions of the play,—as for instance, thick "lips, sooty bosom, and a variety of others. "I am "inclined to think," continued he, "that Othello "was an Egyptian by birth, from the circumstance "of the handkerchief given to his mother by a "native of that country; and, if so, he certainly "was as black as my hat, for Herodotus has told us "that the Egyptians had flat noses and frizzled "hair, a clear proof that they were all negroes." He did not confine his strictures to this single error of the actor, but went on to run him down in toto. In this he was seconded by a red-hot Philadelphian, who proved, by a string of most eloquent logical

puns, that Fennel * was unquestionably, in every respect, a better actor than Cooper. I knew it was vain to contend with him, since I recollected a most obstinate trial of skill these two great *Roscii* had last spring in Philadelphia. Cooper brandished his blood-stained dagger at the theatre,—Fennel flourished his snuff-box and shook his wig at the Lyceum, and the unfortunate Philadelphians were a long time at a loss to decide which deserved the palm. The literati were inclined to give it to Cooper, because his name was the most fruitful in puns; but then, on the other side, it was contended that Fennel was the best Greek scholar. Scarcely was the town of Strasburgh in a greater hub-bub about the courteous stranger's nose,—and it was well that the doctors of the university did not get into the dispute, else it might have become a battle of folios. At length, after much excellent argument had been expended on both sides, recourse was had to Cocker's Arithmetic and a carpenter's rule; the rival candidates were both measured by one of their most steady-handed critics, and by the most exact measurement it was proved, that Mr. Fennel was the greatest actor † by three inches and a quarter. Since this demonstration of his inferiority, Cooper

* Mr. Fennel, who has lately retired from the stage, was the principal performer at Boston; and considered by the people of that city as equal, if not superior, to Cooper. He has since opened a classical seminary, opposite Boston, for the education of young gentlemen, preparatory to their entrance into the colleges.

† A most excellent hint for our newspaper dramatic censors, in their critiques on the abilities of two rival performers. The *measuring* of talents upon this plan would save a world of dispute, and render a *carpenter* or a *tailor* more correct critics on theatrical performances than many of those who now work for the newspapers.

has never been able to hold up his head in Philadelphia.

In order to change a conversation, in which my favourite suffered so much, I made some inquiries of the Philadelphian concerning the two heroes of his theatre, WOOD and CAIN; but I had scarcely mentioned their names, when whack! he threw a whole handful of puns in my face:—'twas like a bowl of cold water. I turned on my heel, had recourse to my tobacco-box, and said no more about Wood and Cain; nor will I ever more, if I can help it, mention their names in the presence of a Philadelphian. Would that they could leave off punning! for I love every soul of them, with a cordial affection, warm as their own generous hearts, and boundless as their hospitality.

During the performance, I kept an eye on the countenance of my friend the cockney, because, having come all the way from England, and having seen Kemble once, on a visit which he made from the button-manufactory to *Lunnun*, I thought his phiz might serve as a kind of thermometer, to direct my manifestations of applause or disapprobation. I might as well have looked at the backside of his head, for I could not, with all my peering, perceive by his features that he was pleased with any thing,—except himself. His hat was twitched a little on one side, as much as to say, "demme, I'm "your sort!"—he was sucking the end of a little stick,—he was "gemman" from head to foot; but as to his face, there was no more expression in it than in the face of a Chinese lady on a tea-cup. On Cooper's giving one of his gun-powder explosions of passion, I exclaimed, "fine, very fine!" "Pardon "me," said my friend Snivers, "this is damnable! "the gesture, my dear sir,—only look at the ges- "ture?—how horrible!—do you not observe that

" the actor slaps his forehead, whereas, the passion " not having arrived at the proper height, he should " only have slapped his—pocket-flap. This figure " of rhetoric is a most important stage-trick, and " the proper management of it is what peculiarly " distinguishes the great actor from the mere plod- " ding, mechanical, buffoon. Different degrees of " passion require different slaps, which we critics " have reduced to a perfect manual, improving " upon the principle adopted by Frederic of Prus- " sia, by deciding that an actor, like a soldier, is a " mere machine; as thus,—the actor, for a minor " burst of passion, merely slaps his pocket-hole,— " good!—for a major burst, he slaps his breast,— " very good!—but, for a burst maximus, he whacks " away at his forehead, like a brave fellow;—this " is excellent!—nothing can be finer than an exit " slapping the forehead from one end of the stage to " the other." " Except," replied I, " one of those " slaps on the breast, which I have sometimes ad- " mired in some of our fat heroes and heroines, " which make their whole body shake and quiver " like a pyramid of jelly."

The Philadelphian had listened to this conversation with profound attention, and appeared delighted with Snivers's mechanical strictures; 'twas natural enough in a man who chose an actor as he would a grenadier. He took the opportunity of a pause to enter into a long coversation with my friend, and was receiving a prodigious fund of information concerning the true mode of emphasising conjunctions, shifting scenes, snuffing candles, and making thunder and lightning, better than you can get every day from the sky, as practised at the royal theatres, when, as ill-luck would have it, they happened to run their heads full-butt against a *new reading*. Now this was a *stumper*, as our friend Paddle would say, for the

Philadelphians are as inveterate new-reading hunters as the cockneys, and, for aught I know, as well skilled in finding them out. The Philadelphian thereupon met the cockney on his own ground, and at it they went, like two inveterate curs at a bone. Snivers quoted Theobald, Hanmer, and a host of learned commentators, who have pinned themselves on the sleeve of Shakespeare's immortality, and made the old bard, like General Washington, in General Washington's life, a most diminutive figure in his own book:*—his opponent chose Johnson for his bottle-holder, and thundered him forward like an elephant, to bear down the ranks of the enemy. I was not long in discovering that these two precious judges had got hold of that unlucky passage of Shakespeare, which, like a straw, has tickled, and puzzled, and confounded, many a somniferous buzzard of past and present time. It was the celebrated wish of Desdemona, that heaven had made her such a man as Othello. Snivers insisted that "the gentle "Desdemona" merely wished for such a man for a husband, which, in all conscience, was a modest wish enough, and very natural in a young lady, who possibly might have had a predilection for flat noses, like a certain philosophical great man of our day.† The Philadelphian contended, with all the vehemence of a member of Congress moving the house to have "whereas," or "also," or "never-"theless" struck out of a bill, that the young lady wished heaven had made her a man instead of a wo-

* This alludes to the Life of Washington, by Judge Marshall, published in several volumes, which, like the Life of Chaucer, by Godwin, is rather a history of the period when he flourished than the real biography of the individual.

† It is said that Mr. Jefferson is not altogether blind to the charms of an African Venus. But why should not Mr. Jefferson have his *Cleopatra* as well as Mark Anthony?

man, in order that she might have an opportunity of seeing the "anthropophagi, and the men whose "heads do grow beneath their shoulders;" which was a very natural wish, considering the curiosity of the sex. On being referred to, I incontinently decided in favour of the honourable member who spoke last, inasmuch as I think it was a very *foolish*, and therefore very *natural*, wish for a young lady to make before a man she wished to marry. It was, moreover, an indication of the violent inclination she felt to *wear the breeches*, which was afterwards, in all probability, gratified, if we may judge from the title of "our captain's captain," given her by Cassio, a phrase which, in my opinion, indicates that Othello was, at that time, most ignominiously *hen-pecked*. I believe my argument staggered Snivers himself, for he looked confoundedly queer, and said not another word on the subject.

A little while after, at it he went again on another tack, and began to find fault with Cooper's manner of dying;—"it was not natural," he said, for it had lately been demonstrated by a learned doctor of physic, that, when a man is mortally stabbed, he ought to take a flying leap of at least five feet, and drop down "dead as a salmon in a fishmonger's basket." Whenever a man, in the predicament above-mentioned, departed from this fundamental rule, by falling flat down, like a log, and rolling about for two or three minutes, making speeches all the time, the said learned doctor maintained that it was owing to the waywardness of the human mind, which delighted in flying in the face of nature, and dying in defiance of all her established rules. I replied, "for "my part, I held that every man had a right of "dying in whatever position he pleased, and that "the mode of doing it depended altogether on the "peculiar character of the person going to die."

A Persian could not die in peace unless he had his face turned to the east;—a Mahometan would always chuse to have his towards Mecca: a Frenchman might prefer this mode of throwing a somerset; but Mynheer Van Brumblebottom, the Roscius of Rotterdam, always chose to thunder down on his seat of honour whenever he received a mortal wound. Being a man of ponderous dimensions, this had a most electrifying effect, for the whole theatre "shook "like Olympus at the nod of Jove." The Philadelphian was immediately inspired with a pun, and that mynheer must be great in a dying-scene, since he knew how to make the most of his *latter end.*

It is the inveterate cry of stage-critics that an actor does not perform the character naturally, if, by chance, he happens not to die exactly as they would have him. I think the exhibition of a play at Pekin would suit them exactly, and I wish with all my heart they would go there and see one: nature is there imitated with the most scrupulous exactness in every trifling particular. Here an unhappy lady or gentleman who happens unluckily to be poisoned or stabbed is left on the stage to writhe and groan, and make faces at the audience, until the poet pleases she should die, while the honest folks of the *dramatis personæ,* bless their hearts! all crowd round and yield most potent assistance, by crying and lamenting most vociferously; the audience, tender souls, pull out their white pocket handkerchiefs, wipe their eyes, blow their noses, and swear it is natural as life, while the poor actor is left to die without common christian comfort. In China, on the contrary, the first thing they do, is to run for the doctor and *Tchoonc,* or notary. The audience are entertained, throughout the fifth act, with a learned consultation of physicians, and, if the patient must die, he does it *secundem artem,* and always is allowed time to

make his will. The celebrated Chow-Chow was the completest hand I ever saw at killing himself, he always carried under his robe a bladder of bull's blood, which, when he gave the mortal stab, spirted out, to the infinite delight of the audience. Not that the ladies of China are more fond of the sight of blood than those of our own country, on the contrary, they are remarkably sensitive in this particular, and we are told by the great Linkum Fidelius, that the beautiful Ninny Consequa, one of the ladies of the emperor's seraglio, once fainted away on seeing a favourite slave's nose bleed, since which time refinement has been carried to such a pitch, that a buskined hero is not allowed to run himself through the body in the face of the audience. The immortal Chow-Chow, in conformity to this absurd prejudice, whenever he plays the part of Othello, which is reckoned his master-piece, always keeps a bold front, stabs himself slily behind, and is dead before any body suspects that he has given the mortal blow.

P.S. Just as this was going to press, I was informed, by Evergreen, that Othello had not been performed here the lord knows when; no matter, I am not the first that has criticised a play without seeing it,* and this critique will answer for the last performance, if that was a dozen years ago.

* The truth of this the editor of a Sunday paper can safely attest, since he inserted a most ingenious critique, a few years ago, upon a play, said to have been performed the preceding evening, but which, as it afterwards turned out, had been changed in consequence of the indisposition of a principal performer; and which said performer, very unluckily for the editor's credit, was most unmercifully handled for his *bad performance!*

SALMAGUNDI;

OR, THE

WHIM-WHAMS AND OPINIONS

OF

LAUNCELOT LANGSTAFF, ESQ.

AND OTHERS.

In hoc est hoax, cum quiz et jokesez,
Et smokem, toastem, roastem, folksez,
Fee, faw, fum. *Psalmanazar.*

With baked, and broiled, and stewed, and toasted,
And fried, and boiled, and smoaked, and roasted,
We treat the town.

NO. 7.] SATURDAY, APRIL 4, 1807.

LETTER

FROM MUSTAPHA RUB-A-DUB KELI KHAN,

To ASEM HACCHEM, *principal slave-driver to his highness the Bashaw of Tripoli.*

I PROMISED in a former letter, good Asem, that I would furnish thee with a few hints respecting the nature of the government by which I am holden in durance.—Though my inquiries for that purpose have been industrious, yet I am not perfectly satisfied with their results, for thou mayest easily imagine that the vision of a captive is overshadowed by the mists of illusion and prejudice, and the horizon of his speculations must be limited indeed.

I find that the people of this country are strangely at a loss to determine the nature and proper character of their government. Even their dervises are extremely in the dark as to this particular, and are continually indulging in the most preposterous disquisitions on the subject; some have insisted that it savours of an *aristocracy*; others maintain that it is a *pure* democracy; and a third set of theorists declare absolutely that it is nothing more nor less than a *mobocracy*. The latter, I must confess, though still wide in error, have come nearest to the truth. You, of course, must understand the meaning of these different words, as they are derived from the antient Greek language, and bespeak loudly the verbal poverty of these poor infidels, who cannot utter a learned phrase without laying the dead languages under contribution. A man, my dear Asem, who talks good sense in his native tongue, is held in tolerable estimation in this country; but a fool, who clothes his feeble ideas in a foreign or antique garb, is bowed down to as a literary prodigy. While I conversed with these people in plain English I was but little attended to, but the moment I prosed away in Greek every one looked up to me with veneration as an oracle.

Although the dervises differ widely in the particulars above-mentioned, yet they all agree in terming their government one of the most *pacific* in the known world. I cannot help pitying their ignorance, and smiling, at times, to see into what ridiculous errors those nations will wander who are unenlightened by the precepts of Mahomet, our divine prophet, and uninstructed by the five hundred and forty-nine books of wisdom of the immortal Ibrahim Hassan al Fusti. To call this nation pacific! most preposterous! it reminds me of the title assumed by the Sheck of that murderous tribe of wild

Arabs, that desolate the valleys of Belsaden, who styles himself STAR OF COURTESY,—BEAM OF THE MERCY-SEAT!

The simple truth of the matter is, that these people are totally ignorant of their own true character; for, according to the best of my observation, they are the most warlike, and I must say, the most savage, nation, that I have as yet discovered among all the Barbarians. They are not only at war (in their own way) with almost every nation on earth, but they are at the same time engaged in the most complicated knot of civil wars that ever infested any poor unhappy country on which ALLA has denounced his malediction!

To let thee at once into a secret, which is unknown to these people themselves, their government is a pure unadulterated LOGOCRACY, or *government of words*. The whole nation does every thing *viva voce*, or by word of mouth, and in this manner is one of the most military nations in existence. Every man who has what is here called the *gift of the gab*, that is a plentiful stock of verbosity, becomes a soldier outright, and is for ever in a militant state. The country is entirely defended *vi et lingua*, that is to say, by *force of tongues*. The account which I lately wrote to our friend, the snorer, respecting the immense army of six hundred men, makes nothing against this observation; that formidable body being kept up, as I have already observed, only to amuse their fair country women by their splendid appearance and nodding plumes, and are, by way of distinction, denominated the "*defenders of the fair.*"

In a logocracy thou well knowest there is little or no occasion for fire-arms, or any such destructive weapons. Every offensive or defensive measure is enforced by *wordy-battle* and *paper-war*; he who has

the longest tongue, or readiest quill, is sure to gain the victory,—will carry horror, abuse, and *ink-shed*, into the very trenches of the enemy, and, without mercy or remorse, put men, women, and children, to the point of the—pen!

There are still preserved in this country some remains of that Gothic spirit of knight-errantry, which so much annoyed the faithful in the middle ages of the Hegira. As, notwithstanding their martial disposition, they are a people much given to commerce and agriculture, and must, necessarily, at certain seasons, be engaged in these employments, they have accommodated themselves by appointing knights, or constant warriors, incessant brawlers, similar to those, who, in former ages, swore eternal enmity to the followers of our divine prophet.—These knights, denominated editors, or SLANG-WHANGERS, are appointed in every town, village, and district, to carry on both foreign and internal warfare, and may be said to keep up a constant firing "in words." Oh, my friend, could you but witness the enormities, sometimes committed by these tremendous slang-whangers, your very turban would rise with horror and astonishment. I have seen them extend their ravages even into the kitchens of their opponents, and annihilate the very cook with a blast; and, I do assure thee, I beheld one of these warriors attack a most venerable bashaw, and at one stroke of his pen lay him open from the waistband of his breeches to his chin!

There has been a civil war carrying on with great violence, for some time past, in consequence of a conspiracy among the higher classes to dethrone his highness, the present bashaw, and place another in his stead. I was mistaken when I formerly asserted to thee that this disaffection arose from his wearing *red breeches*. It is true, the nation have long held

that colour in great detestation, in consequence of a dispute they had some twenty years since, with the Barbarians of the British islands. The colour, however, is again rising into favour, as the ladies have transferred it to their heads from the bashaw's—— body. The true reason, I am told, is that the bashaw absolutely refuses to believe in the deluge, and in the story of Balaam's ass;—maintaining that this animal was never yet permitted to talk, except in a genuine logocracy, where it is true his voice may often be heard, and is listened to with reverence, as "the voice of the sovereign people." Nay, so far did he carry his obstinacy that he absolutely invited a professed *antideluvian*, from the Gallic empire, who illuminated the whole country with his principles——and his *nose*.* This was enough to set the nation in a blaze;—every slang-whanger resorted to his tongue or his pen; and for seven years have they carried on a most inhuman war, in which volumes of words have been expended, oceans of ink have been shed, nor has any mercy been shewn to age, sex, or condition. Every day have these slang-whangers made furious attacks on each other, and upon their respective adherents, discharging

* It is confessed, even by Mr. Jefferson's warmest admirers, that, when he invited Tom Paine to America, "with prayers "for the success of his useful labours," he committed a very indiscreet act; indeed, there cannot be a greater proof of it than the general detestation and contempt in which Paine was held by every respectable inhabitant of New York, where he resided. Not the most zealous partizan of Mr. Jefferson would notice him in public, and even those who professed to admire his writings were ashamed to be seen in his company. The conduct of the people, in this respect, was highly praise-worthy, and was a severe rebuke to the president for having invited such an infamous character into the country. It is said that Paine died last year, but the report has never been authenticated.

their heavy artillery, consisting of large sheets, loaded with scoundrel! villain! liar! rascal! numskull! nincompoop! dunderhead! wiseacre! blockhead! jackass! and I do swear by my beard, though I know thou wilt scarcely credit me, that in some of these skirmishes the grand bashaw himself has been woefully pelted! yea, most ignominiously pelted!—and yet have these talking desperadoes escaped without the bastinado!

Every now and then a slang-whanger, who has a longer head, or rather a *longer tongue,* than the rest, will elevate his piece and discharge a shot quite across the ocean, levelled at the head of the Emperor of France, the King of England, or, (wouldst thou believe it, O Asem) even at his sublime highness, the bashaw of Tripoli! these long pieces are loaded with single ball, or langrage, as tyrant! usurper! robber! tiger! monster! and thou mayest well suppose they occasion great distress and dismay in the camps of the enemy, and are marvelously annoying to the crowned heads at which they are directed. The slang-whanger, though perhaps the mere champion of a village, having fired off his shot, struts about with great self-congratulation, chuckling at the prodigious bustle he must have occasioned, and seems to ask of every stranger, " well, sir, " what do they think of me in Europe."* This is

NOTE, BY WILLIAM WIZARD, ESQ.

* The sage Mustapha, when he wrote the above paragraph, had probably in his eye the following anecdote, related either by Linkum Fidelius, or Josephus Millerius, vulgarly called Joe Miller,—of facetious memory.

The captain of a slave-vessel, on his first landing on the coast of Guinea, observed, under a palm-tree, a negro chief sitting most majestically on a stump, while two women, with wooden spoons, were administering his favourite pottage of boiled rice,

sufficient to shew you the manner in which these bloody, or rather *windy*, fellows fight; it is the only mode allowable in a *Logocracy*, or government of words. I would also observe that their civil wars have a thousand ramifications.

While the fury of the battle rages in the metropolis, every little town and village has a distinct broil, growing like excrescences out of the grand national altercation, or rather agitating within it, like those complicated pieces of mechanism where there is a "wheel within a wheel."

But in nothing is the verbose nature of this government more evident than in its grand national divan, or congress, where the laws are framed; this is a blustering windy assembly where every thing is carried by noise, tumult, and debate; for thou must know, that the members of this assembly do not meet together to find wisdom in the multitude of counsellors, but to wrangle, call each other hard names, and hear *themselves talk*. When the congress opens, the bashaw first sends them a long message (i. e. a huge mass of words—*vox et preterea nihil*) all meaning nothing; because it only tells them what they perfectly know already. Then the whole assembly are thrown into a ferment, and have a *long talk*, about the quantity of words that are to be returned in answer to this message; and here arises many disputes about the correction and alteration of "*if so be's*" and "*how so ever's*." A month, perhaps, is spent in thus deter-

which, as his imperial majesty was a little greedy, would part of it escape the place of destination and run down his chin. The watchful attendants were particularly careful to intercept these scape-grace particles, and return them to their proper port of entry. As the captain approached, in order to admire this curious exhibition of royalty, the great chief clapped his hands to his sides, and saluted his visitor with the following pompous question, "Well, sir! what do they say of me in England."

mining the precise number of words the answer shall contain, and then another, most probably, in concluding whether it shall be carried to the bashaw on foot, on horseback, or in coaches. Having settled this weighty matter, they next fall to work upon the message itself, and hold as much chattering over it as so many magpies over an addled egg. This done they divide the message into small portions, and deliver them into the hands of little juntos of *talkers*, called committees: these juntos have each a world of talking about their respective paragraphs, and return the results to the grand divan, which forthwith falls to and *re-talks* the matter over more earnestly than ever. Now after all it is an even chance that the subject of this prodigious arguing, quarreling, and talking, is an affair of no importance, and ends entirely in smoak. May it not then be said, the whole nation have been talking to no purpose; the people in fact seem to be somewhat conscious of this propensity to talk, by which they are characterized, and have a favourite proverb on the subject, viz. "all talk and no cider;" this is particularly applied when their Congress (or assembly of all the sage chatterers of the nation) have chattered through a whole session, in a time of great peril and momentous event, and have done nothing but exhibit the length of their tongues and the emptiness of their heads.* This has been the case more than once, my friend; and to let thee into a secret. I have been told, in confidence, that there have been absolutely several old women smuggled into Congress from different parts of the empire, who, having once got on the breeches, as thou mayest well imagine, have taken the lead in

* I am afraid that many persons will be inclined to find a great resemblance in this particular between the American congress and a certain assembly on this side of the Atlantic.

debate, and overwhelmed the whole assembly with their garrulity; for my part, as times go, I do not see why old women should not be as eligible to public councils as old men who possess their dispositions, —they certainly are eminently possessed of the qualifications requisite to govern in a logocracy.

Nothing, as I have repeatedly insisted, can be done in this country without talking; but they take so long to talk over a measure, that, by the time they have determined upon adopting it, the period has elapsed which was proper for carrying it into effect. Unhappy nation,—thus torn to pieces by intestine talks! never, I fear, will it be restored to tranquillity and silence. Words are but breath,—breath is but air; and air put into motion is nothing but wind. This vast empire, therefore, may be compared to nothing more nor less than a mighty windmill, and the orators, and the chatterers, and the slang-whangers, are the breezes that put it in motion; unluckily, however, they are apt to blow different ways, and, their blasts counteracting each other,—the mill is perplexed, the wheels stand still, the grist is unground, and the miller and his family starved.

Every thing partakes of the windy nature of the government. In case of any domestic grievance, or an insult from a foreign foe, the people are all in a buzz,—town-meetings are immediately holden, where the quidnuncs of the city repair, each like an Atlas, with the cares of the whole nation upon his shoulders, each resolutely bent upon saving his country, and each swelling and strutting like a turkey-cock, puffed up with words, and wind, and nonsense. After bustling, and buzzing, and bawling, for some time; and after each man has shewn himself to be indubitably the greatest personage in the meeting, they pass a string of resolutions (i. e.

words) which are *previously prepared* for the purpose; these resolutions are whimsically denominated the *sense* of the meeting, and are sent off for the instruction of the reigning bashaw, who receives them graciously, puts them into his red breeches pocket, forgets to read them,—and so the matter ends.

As to his highness, the present bashaw, who is at the very top of the logocracy, never was a dignitary better qualified for his station. He is a man of superlative ventosity, and comparable to nothing but a huge bladder of wind. He *talks* of vanquishing all opposition by the force of reason and philosophy; throws his gauntlet at all the nations of the earth, and defies them to meet him—on the field of argument!*—is the national dignity insulted, a case in which his highness of Tripoli would immediately call forth his forces,——the bashaw of America—utters a *speech*. Does a foreign invader molest the commerce in the very mouth of the harbours, an insult which would induce his highness of Tripoli to order out his fleets,——his highness of America—utters a *speech*. Are the *free* citizens of America dragged from on board the vessels of their country and forcibly detained in the war-ships of another power,——his highness—utters a *speech*. Is a peaceable citizen killed by the marauders of a foreign power, on the very shores of his country,——his highness utters a *speech*. Does an alarming insurrection break out in a distant part of the empire,——his highness utters a *speech*!—nay, more, for here he shews his "energies"—he most intrepidly despatches a courier on horseback, and orders him to ride one hundred and twenty miles a day, with a most formidable army of *proclamations*, (i. e. a col-

* It really at one time did seem as if Mr. Jefferson thought to vanquish his enemies with *proclamations*.

lection of words,) packed up in his saddle-bags. He is instructed to shew no favour nor affection, but to charge the thickest ranks of the enemy, and to speechify and batter by words the conspiracy and the conspirators out of existence. Heavens, my friend, what a deal of blustering is here! it reminds me of a dunghill-cock in a farm-yard, who, having accidentally in his scratchings found a worm, immediately begins a most vociferous cackling,—calls around him his *hen-hearted* companions, who run chattering from all quarters to gobble up the poor little worm that happened to turn under his eye. Oh, Asem, Asem! on what a prodigious great scale is every thing in this country!

Thus, then, I conclude my observations. The infidel nations have each a separate characteristic trait, by which they may be distinguished from each other: —the Spaniards, for instance, may be said to *sleep* upon every affair of importance,—the Italians to *fiddle* upon every thing,—the French to *dance* upon every thing,—the Germans to *smoak* upon every thing,—the British islanders to *eat* upon every thing,—and the *windy* subjects of the American logocracy to *talk* upon every thing.*

Ever thine,

MUSTAPHA.

* Whatever truth there may be in Mustapha's character of other nations,—he certainly has delineated the English and Americans with fidelity. An Englishman without his *dinner* is like a mechanic without his tools. Even our very charities are subservient to *eating* and *drinking*; for heart and purse are both open to the heerful glass. As to the Americans, they are certainly as much inclined to eating and drinking as Englishmen; nay, I am of opinion they are much greater epicures in the modern acceptation of that term than even ourselves. But, with respect to *talking* and drinking of *toasts* they are far beyond us. Indeed, take them either as an *eating* or a *windy* nation, or both together, we are by no means a match for them.

FROM THE MILL OF

PINDAR COCKLOFT, Esq.

How oft* in musing mood my heart recals,
From grey-beard father Time's oblivious halls,
The modes and maxims of my early day,
Long in those dark recesses stow'd away:
Drags once more to the cheerful realms of light
Those buckram fashions, long since lost in night,
And makes, like Endor's witch, once more to rise
My grogram grandames to my raptured eyes!

Shades of my fathers! in your pasteboard skirts,
Your brodered waistcoats and your plaited shirts,
Your formal bag-wigs,—wide-extended cuffs,
Your five inch-chitterlings and nine-inch ruffs.
Gods! how ye strut, at times, in all your state,
Amid the visions of my thoughtful pate!
I see ye move the solemn *minuet* o'er,
The modest foot scarce rising from the floor;
No thundering *rigadoon* with boisterous prance,
No *pigeon-wing* disturb your *contra-dance*.
But silent, as the gentle Lethe's tide,
Adown the festive maze ye peaceful glide!

Still in my mental eye each dame appears,—
Each modest beauty of departed years;

* There is a considerable degree of merit in this poem, as well in the diction as the subject matter; it is an agreeable retrospect of past manners and fashions in America, and sufficiently evinces that modern refinement and laxity of morals are no strangers to that portion of the globe.

Close by mamma I see her stately march,
Or sit, in all the majesty of starch;—
When for the dance a stranger seeks her hand,
I see her doubting, hesitating, stand,
Yield to his claim with most fastidious grace,
And sigh for her *intended* in his place!

Ah golden days! when every gentle fair
On sacred sabbath conn'd with pious care
Her Holy Bible or her Prayer-book o'er,
Or studied honest Bunyan's drowsy lore.
Travell'd with him the PILGRIM'S PROGRESS through,
And storm'd the famous town of MAN-SOUL too;—
Beat *Eye* and *Ear gate* up with thund'ring jar,
And fought triumphant through the HOLY WAR;
Or if perchance, to lighter works inclin'd,
They sought with *novels* to relax the mind,
'Twas GRANDISON'S politely formal page,
Or CLELIA or PAMELA were the rage.

No plays were then,—theatrics were unknown,—
A learned pig,—a dancing monkey shown,—
The feats of Punch,—a cunning juggler's slight,
Were sure to fill each bosom with delight.
An honest, simple, humdrum, race we were,
Undazzled yet by fashion's wildering glare,
Our manners unreserved, devoid of guile,
We knew not then the modern monster *style;*
Style, that with pride each empty bosom swells,
Puffs boys to manhood, little girls to *belles.*

Scarce from the nursery freed, our gentle fair
Are yielded to the dancing-master's care;
And e'er the head one mite of sense can gain,
Are introduced mid folly's frippery train.
A stranger's grasp no longer gives alarms,
Our fair surrenders to their very arms,

And in the insidious *Waltz* (1) will swim and twine,
And whirl and languish tenderly divine!

NOTES, BY WILLIAM WIZARD, ESQ.

1. *Waltz.*] As many of the retired matrons of this city, unskilled in "gestic lore," are doubtless ignorant of the movements and figures of this modest exhibition, I will endeavour to give some account of it, in order that they may learn what odd capers their daughters sometimes cut when from under their guardian wings.

On a signal being given by the music, the gentleman seizes the lady round her waist,—the lady, scorning to be outdone in courtesy, very politely takes the gentleman round the neck, with one arm resting against his shoulder to prevent encroachments. Away then they go, about, and about, and about,——"about what, sir?——about the room, madam, to be sure. The whole economy of this dance consists in turning round and round the room in a certain measured step: and it is truly astonishing that this continued revolution does not set all their heads swimming like a top; but I have been positively assured that it only occasions a gentle sensation which is marvelously agreeable. In the course of this circumnavigation, the dancers, in order to give the charm of variety, are continually changing their relative situations,——now the gentleman, meaning no harm in the world, I assure you, madam, carelessly flings his arm about the lady's neck, with an air of celestial impudence, and anon, the lady, meaning as little harm as the gentleman, takes him round the waist, with most ingenuous modest languishment, to the great delight of numerous spectators and amateurs, who gener lly form a ring, as the mob do about a pair of amazons pulling caps, or a couple of fighting mastiffs.

After continuing this divine interchange of hands, arms, *et cetera*, for half an hour or so, the lady begins to tire, and with "eyes upraised," in most bewitching languor petitions her partner for a little more support. This is always given without hesitation. The lady leans gently on his shoulder, their arms intwine in a thousand seducing mischievous curves,——don't be alarmed, madam,——closer and closer they approach each other, and, in conclusion, the parties being overcome with exstatic fatigue, the lady seems almost sinking into the gentleman's arms, and then,——"Well, sir! and what then?——lord, madam, how should I know!

Oh, how I hate this loving, hugging, dance,
This imp of Germany,—brought up in France;
Nor can I see a niece its windings trace,
But all the honest blood glows in my face.
" Sad, sad, refinement this," I often say,
" 'Tis modesty indeed refined away!
" Let France its whim, its sparkling wit, supply,
" The easy grace that captivates the eye,
" But curse their Waltz,—their loose lascivious arts,
" That smooth our manners, to corrupt our hearts!"(2)

2.] My friend Pindar, and, in fact, our whole junto, has been accused of an unreasonable hostility to the French nation: and I am informed, by a Parisian correspondent, that our first number played the very devil in the court of St. Cloud. His imperial majesty got into a most outrageous passion, and, being withal a waspish little gentleman, had nearly kicked his bosom friend, Talleyrand, out of the cabinet, in the paroxisms of his wrath. He insisted upon it that the nation was assailed in its most vital part: being, like Achilles, extremely sensitive to any attacks upon the *heel*. When my correspondent sent off his despatches, it was still in doubt what measure would be adopted; but it was strongly suspected that vehement representations would be made to our government. Willing, therefore, to save our executive from any embarrasment on the subject, and above all, from the disagreeable alternative of sending an *apology* by the HORNET, we do assure Mr. Jefferson, that there is nothing farther from our thoughts than the subversion of the Gallic empire, or any attack on the interests, tranquillity, or reputation, of the nation at large, which we seriously declare possesses the highest rank in our estimation. Nothing less than the national welfare could have induced us to trouble ourselves with this explanation; and, in the name of the junto, I once more declare that, when we toast a Frenchman, we merely mean one of those *inconnus*, who swarmed to this country, from the kitchens and barber's shops of Nantz, Bourdeaux, and Marseilles,—played the game of *leap-frog* at our balls and assemblies,—set this unhappy town *hopping mad*,—and passed themselves off on our tender-hearted damsels for *unfortunate noblemen*, ruined in the revolution! such only can wince at the lash, and accuse us of severity; and we should be mortified in the extreme if they did not feel our well-intended castigation.

Where now those books, from which in days of yore
Our mothers gained their literary store?
Alas! stiff-skirted Grandison gives place
To novels of a new and *rakish* race;
And honest Bunyan's pious dreaming lore
To the lascivious rhapsodies of MOORE.

And, last of all, behold the mimic stage
Its morals lend to *polish* off the age,
With flimsy farce, a comedy miscall'd,
Garnish'd with vulgar cant, and proverbs bald,
With puns most puny, and a plenteous store
Of smutty jokes, to catch a gallery roar.
Or see, more fatal, graced with every art
To charm and captivate the female heart,
The false, "the gallant, gay, Lothario's smiles, (3)
And loudly boasts his base seductive wiles,—

3. *Fair Penitent.*] The story of this play, if told in its native language, would exhibit a scene of guilt and shame which no modest ear could listen to without shrinking with disgust; but, arrayed as it is in all the splendour of harmonious, rich, and polished, verse, it steals into the heart like some gay, luxurious, smooth-faced, villain, and betrays it insensibly to immorality and vice; our very sympathy is enlisted on the side of guilt, and the piety of Altamont and the gentleness of Lavinia are lost in the splendid debaucheries of the "gallant gay Lothario," and the blustering, hollow, repentance of the fair Calista, whose sorrow reminds us of that of Pope's Eloise,—"I mourn the lover, not lament the fault." Nothing is more easy than to banish such plays from our stage. Were our ladies, instead of crowding to see them again and again repeated, to discourage their exhibition by absence, the stage would soon be indeed the school of morality, and the number of "Fair Penitents,"* in all probability, diminish.

* This is a piece of advice that might be adopted by the British, as well as the American, ladies; nothing would so effectually tend to banish impurities from the stage as the marked indignation of the females, expressed by their absence from the theatre.

In glowing colours paints Calista's wrongs,
And with voluptuous scenes the tale prolongs.
When COOPER lends his fascinating powers,
Decks vice itself in bright alluring flowers,
Pleas'd with his manly grace, his youthful fire,
Our fair are lured the villain to admire;
While humbler virtue, like a stalking-horse,
Struts clumsily and croaks in honest MORSE.

Ah, hapless days! when trials thus combin'd
In pleasing garb assail the female mind;
When every smooth insidious snare is spread
To sap the morals and delude the head!
Not Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego,
To prove their faith and virtue here below,
Could more an angel's helping hand require
To guide their steps uninjured through the fire,
Where had but heaven its guardian aid deny'd,
The holy trio in the proof had died.
If, then, *their* manly vigour sought supplies
From the bright stranger in celestial guise,
Alas! can we from feebler natures claim
To brave seduction's ordeal, free from blame:
To pass through fire unhurt like golden ore,
Though ANGEL-MISSIONS bless the earth no more!

SALMAGUNDI;

OR, THE

WHIM-WHAMS AND OPINIONS

OF

LAUNCELOT LANGSTAFF, ESQ.

AND OTHERS.

In hoc est hoax, cum quiz et jokesez,
Et smokem, toastem, roastem, folksez,
Fee, faw, fum. *Psalmanazar.*

With baked, and broiled, and stewed, and toasted,
And fried, and boiled, and smoaked, and roasted,
We treat the town.

NO. 8.] SATURDAY, APRIL 18, 1807.

BY ANTHONY EVERGREEN, GENT.

" In all thy humours, whether grave or mellow,
" Thou'rt such a touchy, testy, pleasant, fellow,—
" Hast so much wit, and mirth, and spleen, about thee,
" There is no living with thee,—nor without thee."

" NEVER, in the memory of the oldest inhabi-
" tant, has there been known a more backward
" spring." This is the universal remark among the almanac-quidnuncs and weather-wiseacres of the day; and I have heard it, at least, fifty-five times from old Mrs. Cockloft, who, poor woman, is one of those walking almanacs that foretel every snow, rain, or frost, by the shooting of corns, a pain in

the bones, or an "ugly stitch in the side." I do not recollect, in the whole course of my life, to have seen the month of March indulge in such untoward capers, caprices, and coquetries, as it has done this year: I might have forgiven these vagaries had they not completely knocked up my friend Langstaff, whose feelings are ever at the mercy of a weather-cock, whose spirits sink and rise with the mercury of a barometer, and to whom an east wind is as obnoxious as a Sicilian *sirocco*. He was tempted, some time since, by the fineness of the weather, to dress himself with more than ordinary care, and take his morning stroll; but, before he had half finished his peregrination, he was utterly discomfited, and driven home by a tremendous squall of wind, hail, rain, and snow, or, as he testily termed it, a most vil-
" lainous congregation of vapours."

This was too much for the patience of friend Launcelot; he declared he would humour the weather no longer in its whim-whams, and, according to his immemorial custom on these occasions, retreated, in high dudgeon, to his elbow chair, to lie-in of the spleen, and rail at nature for being so fantastical.—
" Confound the jade," he frequently exclaims,
" what a pity Nature had not been of the masculine
" instead of the feminine gender, the almanac-ma-
" kers might then have calculated with some degree
" of certainty."

When Langstaff invests himself with the spleen, and gives audience to the blue devils from his elbow chair, I would not advise any of his friends to come within gun-shot of his citadel, with the benevolent purpose of administering consolation or amusement; for he is then as crusty and crabbed as that famous coiner of false money, Diogenes himself. Indeed his room is, at such times, inaccessible, and old Pompey is the only soul that can gain

admission, or ask a question, with impunity; the truth is, that, on these occasions, there is not a straw's difference between them, for Pompey is as grum, and grim, and cynical, as his master.

Launcelot has now been above three weeks in this desolate situation, and has, therefore, had but little to do in our last number. As he could not be prevailed on to give any account of himself in our introduction, I will take the opportunity of his confinement, while his back is turned, to give a slight sketch of his character,—fertile in whim-whams and bachelorisms, but rich in many of the sterling qualities of our nature. Annexed to this article our readers will perceive a striking likeness* of my friend, which was taken by that cunning rogue Will Wizard, who peeped through the key-hole and sketched it off, as honest Launcelot sat by the fire, wrapped up in his flannel *robe de chambre*, and indulging in a mortal fit of the *hyp*. Now, take my word for it, gentle reader, this is the most auspicious moment in which to touch off the phiz of a genuine humourist.

Of the antiquity of the Langstaff family I can say but little, except that I have no doubt it is equal to that of most families who have the privilege of making their own pedigree without the impertinent interposition of a college of heralds. My friend Launcelot is not a man to *blazon* any thing, but I have heard him talk, with great complacency, of his ancestor, Sir Rowland, who was a dashing buck in the days of Hardicanute, and broke the head of

* In the American edition of Salmagundi a small wood engraving was given, by the authors, as the portrait of Launcelot Langstaff; as neither of those merry wags could possibly have possessed such an indescribable phiz, it, of course, could not be considered as a correct likeness, and I have accordingly omitted it in this edition.

a gigantic Dane, at a game of quarter-staff, in presence of the whole court; in memory of this gallant exploit Sir Rowland was permitted to take the name of Langstaffe, and to assume, as a crest to his arms, a hand grasping a cudgel. It is, however, a foible so ridiculously common in this country for people to claim consanguinity with all the great personages of their own name in Europe, that I should put but little faith in this family boast of friend Langstaff, did I not know him to be a man of most unquestionable veracity.

The whole world knows already that my friend is a bachelor, for he is, or pretends to be, exceedingly proud of his personal independence, and takes care to make it known in all companies where strangers are present: he is for ever vaunting the precious state of "single blessedness," and was, not long ago, considerably startled at a proposition of one of his great favourites, Miss Sophy Sparkle, "that old bachelors should be taxed as luxuries!" Launcelot immediately hied him home, and wrote a tremendous long representation in their behalf, which I am resolved to publish if it is ever attempted to carry the measure into operation. Whether he is sincere in these professions, or whether his present situation is owing to choice or disappointment, he only can tell; but, if he ever does tell, I will suffer myself to be shot by the first lady's eye that can twang an arrow. In his youth he was for ever in love; but it was his misfortune to be continually crossed and rivalled by his bosom-friend, and contemporary beau, Pindar Cockloft, Esq. for, as Langstaff never made a confidant on these occasions, his friend never knew which way his affections pointed; and so, between them both, the lady generally slipped through their fingers.

It has ever been the misfortune of Launcelot

that he could not, for the soul of him, restrain a *good thing*; and this fatality has drawn upon him the ill-will of many whom he would not have offended for the world. With the kindest heart under heaven, and the most benevolent disposition towards every being around him, he has been continually betrayed by the mischievous vivacity of his fancy, and the good-humoured waggery of his feelings, into satirical sallies, which have been treasured up by the invidious, and retailed out with the bitter sneer of malevolence, instead of the playful hilarity of countenance which originally sweetened, and tempered, and disarmed them of their sting. These misrepresentations have gained him many reproaches and lost him many a friend.

This unlucky characteristic played the mischief with him in one of his love-affairs.—He was, as I have before observed, often opposed in his gallantries by that formidable rival, Pindar Cockloft, Esq. and a most formidable rival he was,—for he had Apollo, the nine muses, together with all the joint tenants of Olympus, to back him, and every body knows what important confederates they are to a lover: poor Launcelot stood no chance,—the lady was cooped up in the poet's corner of every weekly paper, and, at length, Pindar attacked her with a *sonnet* that took up a whole column, in which he enumerated at least a dozen cardinal virtues, together with innumerable others of inferior consideration. Launcelot saw his case was desperate, and that unless he sat down forthwith, be-cherubimed and be-angeled her to the skies, and put every virtue under the sun in requisition, he might as well go hang himself, and so make an end of the business; at it, therefore, he went, and was going on very swimmingly, for, in the space of a dozen lines, he had enlisted under her command at least three score

and ten substantial house-keeping virtues, when, unluckily for Launcelot's reputation as a poet, and the lady's as a saint, one of those confounded *good thoughts* struck his laughter-loving brain;—it was irresistible;—away he went, full sweep before the wind, cutting and slashing, and tickled to death with his own fun; the consequence was, that, by the time he had finished, never was poor lady so most ludicrously lampooned since lampooning came into fashion. But this was not half; so hugely was Launcelot pleased with this frolic of his wits that nothing would do but he must shew it to the lady, who, as well she might, was mortally offended, and forbade him her presence. My friend was in despair, but, through the interference of his generous rival, was permitted to make his apology, which, however, most unluckily, happened to be rather worse than the original offence; for, though he had studied an eloquent compliment, yet, as ill-luck would have it, a most preposterous whim-wham knocked at his pericranium, and inspired him to say some consummate *good things*, which, all put together, amounted to a downright *hoax*, and provoked the lady's wrath to such a degree, that sentence of eternal banishment was awarded against him.

Launcelot was inconsolable; and determined, in the true style of novel heroics, to make the tour of Europe, and endeavour to lose the recollection of this misfortune among the gaieties of France and the classic charms of Italy; he accordingly took passage in a vessel, and pursued his voyage prosperously as far as Sandy-Hook, where he was seized with a violent fit of sea-sickness, at which he was so affronted that he put his portmanteau into the first pilot-boat, and returned to town completely cured of his love and his rage for travelling.

I pass over the subsequent amours of my friend

Langstaff, being but little acquainted with them; for, as I have already mentioned, he never was known to make a confidant of any body. He always affirmed a man must be a fool to fall in love, but an idiot to boast of it,—ever denominated it the *villainous passion*,—lamented that it could not be cudgeled out of the human heart,—and yet could no more live without being in love with somebody or other than he could without whim-whams.

My friend Launcelot is a man of excessive irritability of nerve, and I am acquainted with no one so susceptible of the petty "miseries of human "life;" yet its keener evils and misfortunes he bears without shrinking, and, however they may prey in secret on his happiness, he never complains. This was strikingly evinced in an affair where his heart was deeply and irrevocably concerned, and in which his success was ruined by one for whom he had long cherished a warm friendship. The circumstance cut poor Langstaff to the very soul; he was not seen in company for months afterwards, and, for a long time, he seemed to retire within himself, and battle with the poignancy of his feelings; but not a murmur or a reproach was heard to fall from his lips, though, at the mention of his friend's name, a shade of melancholy might be observed stealing across his face, and his voice assumed a touching tone that seemed to say, he remembered his treachery "more in sorrow than in anger." This affair has given a slight tinge of sadness to his disposition, which, however, does not prevent his entering into the amusements of the world; the only effect it occasions is, that you may occasionally observe him, at the end of a lively conversation, sink for a few minutes into an apparent forgetfulness of surrounding objects, during which time he seems to be indulging in some melancholy retrospection.

Langstaff inherited from his father a love of literature, a disposition for *castle-building*, a mortal enmity to noise, a sovereign antipathy to cold weather and brooms, and a plentiful stock of whimwhams. From the delicacy of his nerves he is peculiarly sensible to discordant sounds; the rattling of a wheelbarrow is "horrible," the noise of children "drives him distracted," and he once left excellent lodgings merely because the lady of the house wore high-heeled shoes, in which she clattered up and down stairs, till, to use his own emphatic expression, "they made life loathsome" to him. He suffers annual martyrdom from the razor-edged zephyrs of our "balmy spring," and solemnly declares that the boasted month of May has become a perfect "vaga-"bond." As some people have a great antipathy to cats, and can tell when one is locked up in a closet, so Launcelot declares his feelings always announce to him the neighbourhood of a broom, a household implement which he abominates above all others; nor is there any living animal in the world that he holds in more utter abhorrence than what is usually termed a *notable housewife*, a pestilent being, who, he protests, is the bane of good fellowship, and has a heavy charge to answer for the many offences committed against the ease, comfort, and social enjoyments, of sovereign man: he told me, not long ago, "that he had rather see one of the weird sisters "flourish through his key-hole on a broomstick "than one of the servant-maids enter the door with "a *besom*."

My friend Launcelot is ardent and sincere in his attachments, which are confined to a chosen few, in whose society he loves to give free scope to his whimsical imagination; he, however, mingles freely with the world, though more as a spectator than an actor, and, without an anxiety, or hardly a care, to

please, is generally received with welcome and listened to with complacency. When he extends his hand, it is in a free, open, liberal, style, and when you shake it you feel his honest heart throb in its pulsations. Though rather fond of gay exhibitions, he does not appear so frequently at balls and assemblies since the introduction of the drum, trumpet, and tamborine, all of which he abhors on account of the rude attacks they make on his organs of hearing:—in short, such is his antipathy to noise, that, though exceedingly patriotic, yet he retreats every fourth of July* to Cockloft-Hall, in order to get out of the way of the hub-bub and confusion, which make so considerable a part of the pleasure of that splendid anniversary.

I intend this article as a mere sketch of Langstaff's multifarious character;—his innumerable whim-whams will be exhibited by himself, in the course of this work, in all their strange varieties; and the machinery of his mind, more intricate than the most subtle piece of clock-work, be fully explained. And trust me, gentlefolk, his are the whim-whams of a courteous gentleman, full of most excellent qualities; honourable in his disposition, independent in his sentiments, and of unbounded good nature, as may be seen through all his works.

* The anniversary of American independence.'

ON STYLE,

BY WILLIAM WIZARD, ESQ.

STYLE, *a manner of writing; title; pin of a dial; the pistil of plants.* JOHNSON.

STYLE *is.....style.* LINKUM FIDELIUS.

Now I would not give a straw for either of the above definitions, though I think the latter is by far the most satisfactory; and I do wish sincerely every modern numskull who takes hold of a subject he knows nothing about would adopt honest Linkum's mode of explanation. Blair's Lectures on this article have not thrown a whit more light on the subject of my inquiries;—they puzzled me just as much as did the learned and laborious expositions and illustrations of the worthy professor of our college, in the middle of which I generally had the ill luck to fall asleep.

This same word *style*, though but a diminutive word, assumes to itself more contradictions, and significations, and eccentricities, than any monosyllable in the language is legitimately entitled to. It is an arrant little humourist of a word, and full of whim-whams, which occasions me to like it hugely; but it puzzled me most wickedly on my first return from a long residence abroad, having crept into fashionable use during my absence; and, had it not been for friend Evergreen, and that thrifty sprig of knowledge Jeremy Cockloft the younger, I should have remained to this day ignorant of its meaning.

Though it would seem that the people of all countries are equally vehement in the pursuit of this phantom style, yet, in almost all of them, there is a strange diversity in opinion as to what constitutes its essence; and every different class, like the Pagan nations, adore it under a different form. In England, for instance, an honest cit packs up himself, his family, and his style, in a buggy, or timwhiskey, and rattles away on Sunday with his fair partner blooming beside him, like an eastern bride, and two chubby children squatting, like Chinese images, at his feet. A baronet requires a chariot and pair,—a lord must needs have a barouche and four;—but, a duke,—oh! a duke cannot possibly lumber his style along under a coach and six and half a score of footmen into the bargain. In China a puissant mandarin loads at least three elephants with style; and an overgrown sheep at the Cape of Good-Hope trails along his tail and his style on a wheelbarrow. In Egypt or at Constantinople style consists in the quantity of fur and fine clothes a lady can put on without danger of suffocation;—here it is otherwise, and consists in the quantity she can put off without the risk of freezing. A Chinese lady is thought prodigal of her charms, if she exposes the tip of her nose, or the ends of her fingers, to the ardent gaze of bye-standers: and I recollect that all Canton was in a buzz in consequence of the great belle Miss Nangfou's peeping out of window with her face uncovered! Here the style is to shew not only the face, but the neck, shoulders, &c.; and a lady never presumes to hide them except when she is *not at home** and not sufficiently *undressed* to see company.

* Our fashionable phrases appear to be as much "*at home*" in the cities of the United States as they are in London.

This style has ruined the peace and harmony of many a worthy household; for no sooner do they set up for style, but instantly all the honest old comfortable *sans-ceremonie* furniture is discarded, and you stalk cautiously about, amongst the uncomfortable splendour of Grecian chairs, Egyptian tables, Turkey carpets, and Etruscan vases. This vast improvement in furniture demands an increase in the domestic establishment; and a family that once required two or three servants for convenience now employ half a dozen for style.

Bellbrazen, late favourite of my unfortunate friend Dessalines, was one of these patterns of style; and whatever freak she was seized with, however preposterous, was implicitly followed by all who would be considered as admitted in the stylish arcana. She was once seized with a whim-wham that tickled the whole court. She could not lay down to take an afternoon's loll but she must have one servant to scratch her head, two to tickle her feet, and a fourth to fan her delectable person while she slumbered. The thing *took*,—it became the *rage*, and not a sable belle in all Hayti but what insisted upon being fanned, and scratched, and tickled, in the true imperial style. Sneer not at this picture, my most excellent townswomen, for who among you but are daily following fashions equally absurd!

Style, according to Evergreen's account, consists in certain fashions, or certain eccentricities, or certain manners, of certain people, in certain situations, and possessed of a certain share of fashion or importance. A red cloak, for instance, on the shoulders of an old market-woman is regarded with contempt; it is vulgar, it is odious:—fling, however, its usurping rival, a red shawl, over the fine figure of a fashionable belle, and let her flame away with

it in Broadway, or in a ball-room, and it is immediately declared to be the *style*.

The modes of attaining this *certain situation* which entitles its holder to style are various and opposite: the most ostensible is the attainment of wealth, the possession of which changes, at once, the pert airs of vulgar ignorance into fashionable ease and elegant vivacity. It is highly amusing to observe the gradations of a family aspiring to style, and the devious windings they pursue in order to attain it. While beating up against wind and tide they are the most complaisant beings in the world,—they keep "boo-"ing and booing," as M'Sycophant says, until you would suppose them incapable of standing upright; they kiss their hands to every body who has the least claim to style;—their familiarity is intolerable, and they absolutely overwhelm you with their friendship and loving-kindness. But having once gained the envied pre-eminence, never were beings in the world more changed. They assume the most intolerable caprices; at one time, address you with importunate sociability, at another, pass you by with silent indifference, sometimes sit up in their chairs in all the majesty of dignified silence, and at another time bounce about with all the obstreperous ill-bred noise of a little hoyden just broke loose from a boarding-school.

Another feature which distinguishes these new made fashionables is the inveteracy with which they look down upon the honest people who are struggling to climb up to the same envied height. They never fail to salute them with the most sarcastic reflections; and, like so many worthy hodmen clambering a ladder, each one looks down upon his next neighbour below, and makes no scruple of shaking the dust off his shoes into his eyes. Thus, by dint of perseverance merely, they come to be

considered as established denizens of the great world; as in some barbarous nations an oyster-shell is of sterling value, and a copper-washed counter will pass current for genuine gold.

In no instance have I seen this grasping after style more whimsically exhibited than in the family of my old acquaintance TIMOTHY GIBLET. I recollect old Giblet when I was a boy, and he was the most surly curmudgeon I ever knew. He was a perfect scare-crow to the *small fry* of the day, and inherited the hatred of all these unlucky little shavers; for never could we assemble about his door of an evening to play, and make a little hub-bub, but out he sallied from his nest, like a spider, flourished his formidable horse-whip, and dispersed the whole crew in the twinkling of a lamp. I perfectly remember a bill he sent in to my father for a pane of glass I had accidentally broke, which came well nigh getting me a flogging; and I remember, as perfectly, that the next night I revenged myself by breaking half a dozen. Giblet was as arrant a grub-worm as ever crawled; and the only rules of right and wrong he cared a button for were the rules of multiplication and addition, which he practised much more successfully than he did any of the rules of religion or morality. He used to declare they were the true *golden rules,* and he took special care to put Cocker's arithmetic in the hands of his children, before they had read ten pages of the bible or prayer-book. The practice of these favourite maxims was at length crowned with the harvest of success; and, after a life of incessant self-denial and starvation, and after enduring all the pounds, shillings, and pence, miseries of a miser, he had the satisfaction of seeing himself worth a *plum,* and of dying just as he had determined to enjoy the remainder of his days in

contemplating his great wealth and accumulating mortgages.

His children inherited his money, but they buried the disposition, and every other memorial, of their father in his grave. Fired with a noble thirst for *style*, they instantly emerged from the retired lane in which themselves and their accomplishments had hitherto been buried, and they blazed, and they whizzed, and they cracked, about town, like a nest of squibs and devils in a firework. I can liken their sudden *éclat* to nothing but that of the locust, which is hatched in the dust, where it increases and swells up to maturity, and after feeling, for a moment, the vivifying rays of the sun, bursts forth a mighty insect, and flutters, and rattles, and buzzes, from every tree. The little warblers, who have long cheered the woodlands with their dulcet notes, are stunned by the discordant racket of these upstart intruders, and contemplate, in contemptuous silence, their tinsel and their noise.

Having once started, the Giblets were determined that nothing should stop them in their career, until they had run their full course, and arrived at the very tip-top of *style*. Every tailor, every shoemaker, every coach-maker, every milliner, every mantua-maker, every paper-hanger, every piano-teacher, and every dancing-master, in the city were enlisted in their service; and the willing wights most courteously answered their call, and fell to work to build up the fame of the Giblets, as they had done that of many an aspiring family before them. In a little time the young ladies could dance the Waltz, thunder Lodoiska, murder French, kill time, and commit violence on the face of nature in a landscape in water-colours, equal to the best lady in the land: and the young gentlemen were seen lounging at corners of streets, and driving tandem;

heard talking loud at the theatre, and laughing in church, with as much ease, and grace, and *modesty*, as if they had been gentlemen all the days of their lives.

All the Giblets arrayed themselves in scarlet and in fine linen, and seated themselves in high places, but nobody noticed them except to honour them with a little contempt. The Giblets made a prodigious splash in their own opinion; but nobody extolled them except the tailors and milliners who had been employed in manufacturing their paraphernalia. The Giblets thereupon being, like Caleb Quotem, determined to have "a place at the review," fell to work more fiercely than ever;—they gave dinners, and they gave balls, they hired cooks, they hired fiddlers, they hired confectioners, and they would have kept a newspaper in pay, had they not been all bought up at that time for the election. They invited the dancing men and the dancing women, and the gormandizers and the epicures of the city, to come and make merry at their expense; and the dancing men and the dancing women, and the epicures, and the gormandizers, did come, and they did *make merry* at their expense, and they ate, and they drank, and they capered, and they danced, and they—laughed at their entertainers.

Then commenced the hurry, and the bustle, and the mighty nothingness, of fashionable life;—such rattling in coaches! such flaunting in the streets! such slamming of box-doors at the theatre! such a tempest of bustle and unmeaning noise wherever they appeared! the Giblets were seen here, there, and every where;—they visited every body they knew, and every body they did not know, and there was no getting along for the Giblets. Their plan at length succeeded. By dint of dinners, of feeding and frolicking the town, the Giblet family worked

themselves into notice, and enjoyed the ineffable pleasure of being for ever pestered by visitors, who cared nothing about them, of being squeezed, and smothered, and par-boiled, at nightly balls and evening tea-parties,—they were allowed the privilege of forgetting the very few old friends they once possessed,—they turned their noses up in the wind at every thing that was not genteel, and their superb manners and sublime affectation at length left it no longer a matter of doubt that the Giblets were perfectly in the *style*.

"——Being, as it were, a small contentmente in a never-content-
"ing subjecte; a bitter pleasaunte taste of a sweete-seasoned
"sower; and, all in all, a more than ordinarie rejoycing in
"an extraordinarie sorrowe of delyghts!" LINK. FIDELIUS.

We have been considerably edified of late by several letters of advice from a number of sage correspondents, who really seem to know more about our work than we do ourselves. One warns us against saying any thing more about SNIVERS, who is a very particular friend of the writer, and who has a singular disinclination to be laughed at. This correspondent in particular inveighs against personalities, and accuses us of ill-nature in bringing forward old Fungus and Billy Dimple, as figures of fun to amuse the public. Another gentleman, who states that he is a near relation of the Cockloft's, proses away most soporifically on the impropriety of ridiculing a respectable old family, and declares that, if we make them and their whim-whams the subject of any more essays, he shall be under the

necessity of applying to our theatrical champions for satisfaction. A third, who, by the crabbedness of the hand-writing and a few careless inaccuracies in the spelling, appears to be a lady, assures us that the Miss Cockloft's, and Miss Diana Wearwell, and Miss Dashaway, and Mrs.——, Will Wizard's quondam flame, are so much obliged to us for our notice, that they intend in future to take no notice of us at all, but leave us out of all their tea-parties, for which we make them one of our best bows, and say, "thank you, ladies."

We wish to heaven these good people would attend to their own affairs, if they have any to attend to, and let us alone. It is one of the most provoking things in the world that we cannot tickle the public a little, merely for our own private amusement, but we must be crossed and jostled by these meddling incendiaries, and in fact, have the whole town about our ears. We are much in the same situation with an unlucky blade of a cockney, who having mounted his bit of blood to enjoy a little innocent recreation, and display his horsemanship along Broadway, is worried by all those little yelping curs that infest our city, and who never fail to sally out and growl, and bark, and snarl, to the great annoyance of the Birmingham equestrian.

Wisely was it said, by the sage Linkum Fidelius, "howbeit, moreover, nevertheless, this thrice wick-"ed towne is charged up to the muzzle with all "manner of ill-natures and uncharitablenesses, and "is, moreover, exceedinglie naughtie." This passage of the erudite Linkum was applied to the city of Gotham, of which he was once lord mayor, as appears by his picture, hung up in the hall of that antient city;—but his observation fits this best of all possible cities "to a hair." It is a melancholy

truth that this same New York, though the most charming, pleasant, polished, and praise-worthy, city under the sun, and, in a word, the *bonne bouche* of the universe, is most shockingly ill-natured and sarcastic, and wickedly given to all manner of backslidings,—for which we are very sorry indeed. In truth, for it must come out, like murder, one time or other, the inhabitants are not only ill-natured, but manifestly unjust; no sooner do they get one of our random sketches in their hands, but instantly they apply it most unjustifiably to some "dear friend," and then accuse us vociferously of the personality which originated in their own officious *friendship!* Truly it is an ill-natured town, and most earnestly do we hope it may not meet with the fate of Sodom and Gomorrah of old.

As, however, it may be thought incumbent upon us to make some apology for these mistakes of the town, and as our good-nature is truly exemplary, we would certainly answer this expectation were it not that we have an invincible antipathy to making apologies. We have a most profound contempt for any man who cannot give three good reasons for an unreasonable thing; and will, therefore, condescend, as usual, to give the public three special reasons for never apologizing;—first, an apology implies that we are accountable to somebody or another for our conduct,—now, as we do not care a fiddle-stick, as authors, for either public opinion or private ill-will, it would be implying a falsehood to apologize;—second, an apology would indicate that we had been doing what we ought not to have done;—now, as we never did, nor ever intend, to do any thing wrong, it would be ridiculous to make an apology:—third, we labour under the same incapacity in the art of apologizing that lost Langstaff his mistress,—

we never yet undertook to make an apology without committing a new offence, and making matters ten times worse than they were before, and we are, therefore, determined to avoid such predicaments in future.

But, though we have resolved never to apologize, yet we have no particular objection to explain, and if this is all that's wanted, we will go about it directly:——*allons*, gentlemen!——before, however, we enter upon this serious affair, we take this opportunity to express our surprise and indignation at the incredulity of some people. Have we not, over and over, assured the town that we are three of the best-natured fellows living? And is it not astonishing that having already given seven convincing proofs of the truth of this assurance, they should still have any doubts on the subject? but, as it is one of the impossible things to make a knave believe in honesty, so, perhaps, it may be another to make this most sarcastic, satirical, and tea-drinking, city believe in the existence of good-nature. But to our explanation.——Gentle reader! for we are convinced that none but gentle or genteel readers can relish our excellent productions,—if thou art in expectation of being perfectly satisfied with what we are about to say, thou mayest as well "whistle lille-"bullero," and skip quite over what follows, for never wight was more disappointed than thou wilt be most assuredly.—But to the explanation: We care just as much about the public and its wise conjectures as we do about the man in the moon and his whim-whams, or the criticisms of the lady who sits majestically in her elbow chair in the lobster, and who, belying her sex, as we are credibly informed, never says any thing worth listening to. We have launched our bark, and we will steer to

our destined port with undeviating perseverance, fearless of being shipwrecked by the way. *Good-nature* is our steersman, *reason* our ballast, *whim* the breeze that wafts us along, and MORALITY our leading star.

SALMAGUNDI;

OR, THE

WHIM-WHAMS AND OPINIONS

OF

LAUNCELOT LANGSTAFF, ESQ.

AND OTHERS.

In hoc est hoax, cum quiz et jokesez,
Et smokem, toastem, roastem, folksez,
Fee, faw, fum. *Psalmanazar.*

With baked, and broiled, and stewed, and toasted,
And fried, and boiled, and smoaked, and roasted,
We treat the town.

NO. 9.] SATURDAY, APRIL, 25, 1807.

FROM MY ELBOW CHAIR.

It in some measure jumps with my humour to be "melancholy and gentleman-like" this stormy night, and I see no reason why I should not indulge myself for once.—Away, then, with joke, with fun, and laughter, for awhile; let my soul look back in mournful retrospect, and sadden with the memory of my good AUNT CHARITY,*—who died of a Frenchman!

Stare not, oh most dubious reader, at the mention of a complaint so uncommon; grievously hath it afflicted the antient family of the Cocklofts, who

* For observations on this character, see Introductory Essay.

carry their absurd antipathy to the French so far, that they will not suffer a clove of garlic in the house; and my good old friend Christopher was once on the point of abandoning his paternal country mansion of Cockloft-hall, merely because a colony of frogs had settled in a neighbouring swamp. I verily believe he would have carried his whim-wham into effect, had not a fortunate drought obliged the enemy to strike their tents, and, like a troop of wandering Arabs, to march off towards a moister part of the country.

My aunt Charity departed this life in the fifty-ninth year of her age, though she never grew older after twenty-five. In her teens, she was, according to her own account, a celebrated beauty,—though I never could meet with any body that remembered when she was handsome; on the contrary, Evergreen's father, who used to gallant her in his youth, says, she was as knotty a little piece of humanity as ever he saw; and that, if she had been possessed of the least sensibility, she would, like poor old *Acco,* have most certainly run mad at her own figure and face, the first time she contemplated herself in a looking-glass. In the good old times that saw my aunt in the hey-day of youth, a fine lady was a most formidable animal, and required to be approached with the same awe and devotion that a Tartar feels in the presence of his Grand Lama. If a gentleman offered to take her hand, except to help her into a carriage, or lead her into a drawing-room, such frowns! such a rustling of brocade and taffeta! her very paste shoe-buckles sparkled with indignation, and for a moment assumed the brilliancy of diamonds. In those days the person of a belle was sacred; it was unprofaned by the sacrilegious grasp of a stranger: ——simple souls!—they had not the *Waltz* among them yet!

My good aunt prided herself on keeping up this buckram delicacy; and, if she happened to be playing at the old-fashioned game of forfeits, and was fined a kiss, it was always more trouble to get it than it was worth; for she made a most gallant defence, and never surrendered until she saw her adversary inclined to give over his attack. Evergreen's father says, he remembers once to have been on a sleighing party with her, and, when they came to Kissing-bridge, it fell to his lot to levy contributions on Miss Charity Cockloft, who after squalling at a hideous rate, at length jumped out of the sleigh plump into a snow-bank, where she stuck fast like an icicle, until he came to her rescue. This Latonian feat cost her a rheumatism, which she never thoroughly recovered.

It is rather singular that my aunt, though a great beauty, and an heiress withall, never got married. The reason she alleged was, that she never met with a lover who resembled Sir Charles Grandison, the hero of her nightly dreams and waking fancy; but I am privately of opinion that it was owing to her never having had an offer. This much is certain, that, for many years previous to her decease, she declined all attentions from the gentlemen, and contented herself with watching over the welfare of her fellow-creatures. She was, indeed, observed to take a considerable lean towards methodism, was frequent in her attendance at love-feasts, read Whitfield and Westley, and even went so far as once to travel the distance of five-and-twenty miles to be present at a camp-meeting. This gave great offence to my cousin Christopher and his good lady, who, as I have already mentioned, are rigidly orthodox; and, had not my aunt Charity been of a most pacific disposition, her religious whim-wham would have occasioned many a family altercation,

She was, indeed, as good a soul as the Cockloft family ever boasted; a lady of unbounded loving kindness, which extended to man, woman, and child, many of whom she almost killed with good-nature. Was any acquaintance sick? in vain did the wind whistle and the storm beat; my aunt would waddle through mud and mire, over the whole town, but what she would visit them. She would sit by them for hours together with the most persevering patience, and tell a thousand melancholy stories of human misery, *to keep up their spirits.* The whole catalogue of *yerb* teas was at her fingers' ends, from formidable wormwood down to gentle *balm;* and she would descant by the hour on the healing qualities of horehound, catnip, and penny-royal. Woe be to the patient that came under the benevolent hand of my aunt Charity, he was sure, willy nilly, to be drenched with a deluge of decoctions; and full many a time has my cousin Christopher borne a twinge of pain in silence, through fear of being condemned to suffer the martyrdom of her materia-medica. My good aunt had, moreover, considerable skill in astronomy, for she could tell when the sun rose and set every day in the year; and no woman in the whole world was able to pronounce with more certainty at what precise minute the moon changed. She held the story of the moon's being made of green cheese as an abominable slander on her favourite planet; and she had made several valuable discoveries in solar eclipses, by means of a bit of burnt glass, which entitled her at least to an honourary admission in the American Philosophical Society. *Hutchin's improved** was her favourite book; and I shrewdly suspect that it was from this valuable work

* An Almanac published in the United States; containing a number of medical recipes.

she drew most of her sovereign remedies for colds, coughs, corns, and consumptions.

But the truth must be told,—with all her good qualities my aunt Charity was afflicted with one fault, extremely rare among her gentle sex:—it was CURIOSITY. How she came by it I am at a loss to imagine, but it played the very vengeance with her, and destroyed the comfort of her life. Having an invincible desire to know every body's character, business, and mode of living, she was for ever prying into the affairs of her neighbours, and got a great deal of ill will from people towards whom she had the kindest disposition possible. If any family on the opposite side of the street gave a dinner, my aunt would mount her spectacles, and sit at the window until the company were all housed, merely that she might know who they were. If she heard a story about any of her acquaintance, she would forthwith set off full sail, and never rest until, to use her usual expression, she had got "to the bottom "of it," which meant nothing more than telling it to every body she knew.

I remember one night my aunt Charity happened to hear a most precious story about one of her good friends, but unfortunately too late to give it immediate circulation. It made her absolutely miserable; and she hardly slept a wink all night for fear her bosom friend MRS. SIPKINS should get the start of her in the morning, and blow the whole affair. You must know there was always a contest between these two ladies, who should first give currency to the good-natured things said about every body, and this unfortunate rivalship at length proved fatal to their long and ardent friendship. My aunt got up full two hours, that morning, before her usual time; put on her pompadour taffeta gown, and sallied forth to lament the misfortune of her dear friend.—

Would you believe it!—wherever she went Mrs. Sipkins had anticipated her; and, instead of being listened to with uplifted hands and open-mouthed wonder, my unhappy aunt was obliged to sit down quietly and listen to the whole affair, with numerous additions, alterations, and amendments!—Now, this was too bad; it would almost have provoked Patient Grizzle or a saint,—it was too much for my aunt, who kept her bed for three days afterwards, with a cold as she pretended; but I have no doubt it was owing to this affair of Mrs. Sipkins, to whom she never would be reconciled.

But I pass over the rest of my aunt Charity's life, chequered with the various calamities, and misfortunes, and mortifications, incident to those worthy old gentlewomen who have the domestic cares of the whole community upon their minds; and I hasten to relate the melancholy incident that hurried her out of existence in the full bloom of antiquated virginity.

In their frolicksome malice the fates had ordered that a French boarding-house, or *Pension Française*, as it was called, should be established directly opposite my aunt's residence. Cruel event! unhappy aunt Charity!—it threw her into that alarming disorder denominated the *fidgets;* she did nothing but watch at the window day after day, but without becoming one whit the wiser, at the end of a fortnight, than she was at the beginning: she thought that *neighbour Pension* had a monstrous large family, and some how or other they were all men! she could not imagine what business *neighbour Pension* followed to support so numerous a household, and *wondered* why there was always such a scraping of fiddles in the parlour, and such a smell of onions from neighbour Pension's kitchen; in short,

neighbour Pension was continually uppermost in her thoughts, and incessantly on the outer edge of her tongue. This was, I believe, the very first time she had ever fail'd "to get at the bottom of a thing," and the disappointment cost her many a sleepless night, I warrant you. I have little doubt, however, that my aunt would have ferreted neighbour Pension out, could she have spoken or understood French, but, in those times, people in general could make themselves understood in plain English; and it was always a standing rule in the Cockloft family, which exists to this day, that not one of the females should learn French.

My aunt Charity had lived at her window for some time in vain, when one day, as she was keeping her usual look-out, and suffering all the pangs of unsatisfied curiosity, she beheld a little meagre, weazel-faced, Frenchman, of the most forlorn, diminutive, and pitiful, proportions, arrive at neighbour Pension's door; he was dressed in white, with a little pinched-up cocked hat; he seemed to shake in the wind, and every blast that went over him whistled through his bones, and threatened instant annihilation. This embodied spirit of famine was followed by three carts, lumbered with crazy trunks, chests, band-boxes, *bidets*, medicine-chests, parrots, and monkeys, and at his heels ran a yelping pack of little black-nosed pug-dogs. This was the one thing wanting to fill up the measure of my aunt Charity's afflictions; she could not conceive, for the soul of her, who this mysterious little apparition could be that made so great a display; what he could possibly do with so much baggage, and particularly with his parrots and monkeys; or how so small a carcase could have occasion for so many trunks of clothes. Honest soul! she had never had

a peep into a Frenchman's wardrobe, that *depot* of old coats, hats, and breeches, of the growth of every fashion he has followed in his life.

From the time of this fatal arrival, my poor aunt was in a quandary;—all her inquiries were fruitless;—no one could expound the history of this mysterious stranger;—she never held up her head afterwards;—drooped daily;—took to her bed in a fortnight;—and, in "one little month," I saw her quietly deposited in the family vault,—being the seventh Cockloft that has died of a whim-wham!

Take warning, my fair country-women! and you, oh ye excellent ladies,—whether married or single, who pry into other people's affairs, and neglect those of your own household,—who are so busily employed in observing the faults of others that you have no time to correct your own;—remember the fate of my dear aunt Charity, and eschew the evil spirit of curiosity.

FROM MY ELBOW CHAIR.

I find, by perusal of our last number, that WILL WIZARD and EVERGREEN, taking an advantage of my confinement, have been playing some of their confounded gambols. I suspected these rogues of some mal-practices, in consequence of their queer looks, and knowing winks, whenever I came down to dinner, and of their not showing their faces at old Cockloft's for several days after the appearance of their precious effusions. Whenever these two waggish fellows lay their heads together, there is always sure to be hatched some notable piece of mischief, which, if it tickles nobody else, is sure to

make its authors merry. The public will take notice that, for the purpose of teaching these my associates better manners, and punishing them for their high misdemeanors, I have, by virtue of my authority, suspended them from all interference in Salmagundi, until they show a proper degree of repentance, or I get tired of supporting the burthen of the work myself. I am sorry for Will, who is already sufficiently mortified, in not daring to come to the old house, and tell his long stories and smoke his cygarr; but Evergreen, being an old beau, may solace himself in his disgrace, by trimming up all his old finery, and making love to the little girls.

At present my right-hand man is cousin Pindar, whom I have taken into high favour. He came home the other night all in a blaze, like a sky-rocket,—whisked up to his room in a paroxysm of poetic inspiration, nor did we see any thing of him until late the next morning, when he bounced upon us at breakfast,

"Fire in each eye,—and paper in each hand."

This is just the way with Pindar: he is like a volcano, will remain for a long time silent without emitting a single spark, and then all at once burst out in a tremendous explosion of rhyme and rhapsody.

As the letters of my friend Mustapha seem to excite considerable curiosity, I have subjoined another. I do not vouch for the justice of his remarks, or the correctness of his conclusions; they are full of the blunders and errors into which strangers continually indulge, who pretend to give an account of this country, before they well know the geography of the street in which they live. The copies of my friend's papers being confused, and without date, I

cannot pretend to give them in systematic order,—in fact they seem now and then to treat of matters which have occurred since his departure: whether these are sly interpolations of that meddlesome wight Will Wizard, or whether honest Mustapha was gifted with the spirit of prophecy or second sight, I neither know,—nor, in fact, do I care. The following seems to have been written when the Tripolitan prisoners were so much annoyed by the ragged state of their wardrobe. Mustapha feelingly depicts the embarrasments of his situation traveller-like, makes an easy transition from his breeches to the seat of government, and incontinently abuses the whole administration; like a sapient traveller I once knew, who damned the French nation *in toto*,—because they eat sugar with green-peas.

LETTER

From MUSTAPHA RUB-A-DUB KELI KAHN, *captain of a ketch, to* ASEM HACCHEM, *principal slave-driver to his highness the bashaw of Tripoli.*

Sweet, oh, ASEM! is the memory of distant friends! like the mellow ray of a departing sun it falls tenderly, yet sadly, on the heart. Every hour of absence from my native land rolls heavily by, like the sandy wave of the desert, and the fair shores of my country rise blooming to my imagination, clothed in the soft illusive charms of distance. I sigh,—yet no one listens to the sigh of the captive; I shed the bitter tear of recollection, but no one sympathises in the tear of the turbaned stranger! Think not, however, thou brother of my soul, that

I complain of the horrors of my situation;—think not that my captivity is attended with the labours, the chains, the scourges, the insults, that render slavery, with us, more dreadful than the pangs of hesitating, lingering, death. Light, indeed, are the restraints on the personal freedom of thy kindsman; but who can enter into the afflictions of the mind;—who can describe the agonies of the heart? they are mutable as the clouds of the air, they are countless as the waves that divide me from my native country.

I have, of late, my dear Asem, laboured under an inconvenience singularly unfortunate, and am reduced to a dilemma most ridiculously embarrasing. Why should I hide it from the companion of my thoughts, the partner of my sorrows and my joys? Alas! Asem, thy friend Mustapha, the sublime and invincible *captain of a ketch*, is sadly in want of a pair of breeches! Thou wilt doubtless smile, oh most grave Mussulman, to hear me indulge in such ardent lamentations about a circumstance so trivial, and a want apparently so easy to be satisfied; but little canst thou know of the mortifications attending my necessities, and the astonishing difficulty of supplying them. Honoured by the smiles and attentions of the beautiful ladies of this city, who have fallen in love with my whiskers and my turban; courted by the bashaws and the great men, who delight to have me at their feasts; the honour of my company eagerly solicited by every fiddler who gives a concert; think of my chagrin at being obliged to decline the host of invitations that daily overwhelm me, merely for want of a pair of breeches! Oh, Allah! Allah! that thy disciples could come into the world all-befeathered, like a bantam, or with a pair of leather breeches like the wild deer of the forest! Surely, my friend, it is the destiny of man to be

for ever subjected to petty evils, which, however trifling in appearance, prey in silence on his little pittance of enjoyment, and poison those moments of sunshine which might otherwise be consecrated to happiness.

The want of a garment, thou wilt say, is easily supplied, and thou mayest suppose need only be mentioned, to be remedied at once by any tailor in the land: little canst thou conceive the impediments which stand in the way of my comfort; and still less art thou acquainted with the prodigious *great scale* on which every thing is transacted in this country. The nation moves most majestically slow and clumsy, in the most trivial affairs, like the unwieldy elephant, which makes a formidable difficulty of picking up a straw! When I hinted my necessities to the officer who has charge of myself and my companions, I expected to have them forthwith relieved; but he made an amazing long face, told me that we were prisoners of state, that we must, therefore, be clothed at the expense of government; that, as no provision had been made by Congress for an emergency of the kind, it was impossible to furnish me with a pair of breeches, until all the sages of the nation had been convened to *talk* over the matter, and debate upon the expediency of granting my request. Sword of the immortal Khalid, thought I, but this is great!—this is truly sublime! All the sages of an immense *logocracy* assembled together to talk about my breeches! Vain mortal that I am;—I cannot but own I was somewhat reconciled to the delay which must necessarily attend this method of clothing me, by the consideration that, if they made the affair a national act, my "name must of course "be embodied in history," and myself, and my breeches, flourish to immortality in the annals of this mighty empire!

"But pray," said I, "how does it happen that a "matter so insignificant should be erected into an "object of such importance as to employ the repre- "sentative wisdom of the nation, and what is the "cause of their talking so much about a trifle!" "Oh," replied the officer, who acts as our slave-driver, "it all proceeds from *economy*. If the go- "vernment did not spend ten times as much money "in debating whether it was proper to supply you "with breeches as the breeches themselves would "cost, the people who govern the bashaw and his "divan would straightway begin to complain of "their liberties being infringed; the national finan- "ces squandered; not a hostile slang-whanger "throughout the logocracy but would burst forth like "a barrel of combustion; and ten chances to one but "the bashaw and the sages of his divan would all "be turned out of office together." "My good "Mussulman," continued he, "the administration "have the good of the people too much at heart to "trifle with their pockets; and they would sooner "assemble and *talk* away ten thousand dollars than "expend fifty silently out of the treasury; such is "the wonderful spirit of *economy* that pervades "every branch of this government." "But," said I, "how is it possible they can spend money in talk- "ing;—surely words cannot be the current coin of "this country?" "Truly," cried he, smiling, "your question is pertinent enough, for words in- "deed often supply the place of cash among us, and "many an honest debt is paid in promises; but the "fact is, the grand bashaw and the members of "Congress, or grand talkers of the nation, either "receive a yearly salary, or are paid *by the day*." *

* The salaries paid to the president and the government officers are not very great, though quite enough, perhaps, for every good

" By the nine hundred tongues of the great beast in " Mahomet's vision, but the murder is out;—it is " no wonder these honest men talk so much about " nothing, when they are paid for *talking* like day- " labourers:" " You are mistaken," said my driver, " it is nothing but *economy!*"

I remained silent for some minutes, for this inexplicable word *economy* always discomfits me; and, when I flatter myself I have grasped it, it slips through my fingers like a jack-o'lantern. I have not, nor perhaps ever shall acquire, sufficient of the philosophic policy of this government, to draw a proper distinction between an individual and a nation. If a man were to throw away a pound, in order to save a beggarly penny, and boast at the same time of his economy, I should think him on a par with the fool in the fable of Alfanji, who, in skinning a flint worth a farthing, spoiled a knife worth fifty times the sum, and thought he had acted wisely. The shrewd fellow would doubtless have valued himself much more highly on his *economy*, could he have known that his example would one day be followed by the bashaw of America, and the sages of his divan.

This economic disposition, my friend, occasions much fighting of the spirit, and innumerable contests of the tongue, in this talking assembly. Wouldst thou believe it? they were actually employed for a whole week in a most strenuous and eloquent debate about patching up a hole in the wall of the room ap-

purpose in a republic. The president receives about £5,300 sterling;—Vice-president, £1060;—Speaker of the House of Representatives, 12 dollars per diem during his attendance. The members of the Senate, and House of Representatives, 6 dollars each for every day's attendance, as well as for every twenty miles travelling to and from the seat of government. The chief justice of the United States has £850 per annum,—the rest in proportion.

propriated to their meetings! A vast profusion of nervous argument and pompous declamation was expended on the occasion. Some of the orators, I am told, being rather waggishly inclined, were most stupidly jocular on the occasion; but their waggery gave great offence, and was highly reprobated by the more *weighty* part of the assembly, who hold all wit and humour in abomination, and thought the business in hand much too solemn and serious to be treated lightly. It is supposed by some that this affair would have occupied a whole winter, as it was a subject upon which several gentlemen spoke who had never been known to open their lips in that place except to say *yes* and *no*. These silent members are by way of distinction denominated *Orator Mums*, and are highly valued in this country on account of their great talents for silence,—a qualification extremely rare in a logocracy.

In the course of debate on this momentous question, the members began to wax warm, and grew to be exceeding wrath with one another, because their opponents most obstinately refused to be convinced by their arguments,—or rather their *words*. The hole in the wall came well nigh producing a civil war of words throughout the empire; for, as usual in all public questions, the whole country was divided, and the *holeans* and the *anti-holeans*, headed by their respective slang-whangers, were marshalled out in array, and menaced deadly warfare. Fortunately for the public tranquillity, in the hottest part of the debate, when two rampant Virginians, brim-full of logic and philosophy, were measuring tongues, and syllogistically cudgelling each other out of their unreasonable notions, the president of the divan, a knowing old gentleman, one night slyly sent a mason with a hod of mortar, who, in the course of a few minutes, closed up the hole, and put

a final end to the argument. Thus did this wise old gentleman, by hitting on a most simple expedient, in all probability save his country as much money as would build a gun-boat, or pay a hireling slang-whanger* for a whole volume of *words*. As it happened, only a few thousand dollars were expended in paying these men, who are denominated, I suppose in derision, legislators.

Another instance of their economy I relate with pleasure, for I really begin to feel a regard for these poor barbarians. They talked away the best part of a whole winter before they could determine *not* to expend a few dollars in purchasing a sword to bestow on an illustrious warrior; yes, Asem, on that very hero† who frightened all our poor old women and young children at Derne, and fully proved himself a greater man than the mother that bore him. Thus, my friend, is the whole collective wisdom of this mighty logocracy employed in somniferous debates about the most trivial affairs, like I have sometimes seen a Herculean mountebank exerting all his energies in balancing a straw upon his nose. The sages behold the minutest objects with the microscopic eye of a pismire; mole-hills swell into mountains, and a grain of mustard-seed will set the whole ant-hill in a hub-bub. Whether this indicates a capacious vision or a diminutive mind I leave thee to decide; for my part I consider it as another proof of the *great scale* on which every thing is transacted in this country.

I have before told thee that nothing can be done without consulting the sages of the nation, who compose the assembly called the Congress. This

* A news-paper editor.

† General Eaton, who was employed in the war against Tripoli. It was this person who gave information to the American government of Burr's designs against Mexico.

prolific body may not be improperly termed the "mother of inventions;" and a most fruitful mother it is, let me tell thee, though its children are generally abortions. It has lately laboured with what was deemed the conception of a mighty navy.—All the old women and the good wives that assist the bashaw in his emergencies hurried to head-quarters to be busy, like midwives, at the delivery. All was anxiety, fidgeting, and consultation; when, after a deal of groaning and struggling, instead of formidable first rates and gallant frigates, out crept a litter of sorry little gun-boats! These are most pitiful little vessels,* partaking vastly of the character of the grand bashaw, who has the credit of begetting them,—being flat shallow vessels that can only sail before the wind,--must always keep in with the land,—are continually foundering or running ashore: and, in short, are only fit for *smooth water*. Though intended for the defence of the maritime cities, yet the cities are obliged to *defend them*, and they require as much nursing as so many rickety little bantlings. They are, however, the darling pets of the grand bashaw,

* These gun-boats are a small despicable craft, built of various shapes and sizes; some with one, others with two, masts. The latter have one mast raking forward, the other aft; with small narrow lug sails. They are not pleasing to the eye of a seaman, for I have never yet heard them spoken of with approbation by any nautical man. They generally carry one gun, from twenty-four to thirty-eight pounder, and from twenty to thirty men, with two or three officers; though their complement is upwards of fifty men. A part of the crew are artillerymen, who act also as marines. The accommodations on-board these gun-boats are very uncomfortable, for few of them will admit a man to stand upright, being built broad and shallow for the purpose of running into shoal water. When they put to sea in blowing weather the men are constantly wet. They are only fit for smooth and shallow waters, as a defence against the armed boats of hostile shipping, but never against the ships themselves; for one broadside from a frigate would sink a dozen of them.

being the children of his dotage, and, perhaps from their diminutive size and palpable weakness, are called the "infant navy of America." The act that brought them into existence was almost deified by the majority of the people as a grand stroke of *economy*.—By the beard of Mahomet, but this word is truly inexplicable!

To this economic body therefore was I advised to address my petition, and humbly to pray that the august assembly of sages would, in the plenitude of their wisdom and the magnitude of their powers, munificently bestow, on an unfortunate captive, a pair of cotton breeches! "Head of the immortal "Amrou," cried I, but this would be presumptuous to a degree:—what! after these worthies have thought proper to leave their country naked and defenceless, and exposed to all the political storms that rattle without, can I expect that they will lend a helping hand to comfort the *extremities* of a solitary captive?" my exclamation was only answered by a smile, and I was consoled by the assurance that, so far from being neglected, it was every way probable my breeches might occupy a whole session of the divan, and set several of the longest heads together by the ears. Flattering as was the idea of a whole nation being agitated about my breeches, yet I own I was somewhat dismayed at the idea of remaining *in querpo*, until all the national grey-beards should have made a speech on the occasion, and given their consent to the measure. The embarrasment and distress of mind which I experienced was visible in my countenance, and my guard, who is a man of infinite good-nature, immediately suggested, as a more expeditious plan of supplying my wants,—a benefit at the theatre. Though profoundly ignorant of his meaning, I agreed to his proposition, the result of which I shall disclose to thee in another letter.

Fare thee well, dear Asem ;—in thy pious prayers to our great prophet, never forget to solicit thy friend's return; and, when thou numberest up the many blessings bestowed on thee by all bountiful Allah, pour forth thy gratitude that he has cast thy nativity in a land where there is not an assembly of legislative chatterers,—no great bashaw, who bestrides a gunboat for a hobby-horse,—where the word *economy** is unknown,—and where an unfortunate captive is not obliged to call upon the whole nation to cut him out a pair of breeches.

Ever thine.
MUSTAPHA.

FROM THE MILL OF

PINDAR COCKLOFT, Esq.

THOUGH entered on that sober age,
When men withdraw from fashion's stage.
And leave the follies of the day,
To shape their course a graver way;
Still those gay scenes I loiter round,
In which my youth sweet transport found:
And, though I feel their joys decay,
And languish every hour away,—
Yet, like an exile doomed to part
From the dear country of his heart,

* This letter is humourously satirical on those public bodies, who, in their legislative and executive functions, too often strain at gnats and swallow camels.

From the fair spot in which he sprung,
Where his first notes of love were sung,
Will often turn to wave the hand,
And sigh his blessing on the land.
Just so my lingering watch I keep,—
Thus oft I take my farewel peep.

And, like that pilgrim who retreats
Thus lagging from his parent seats,
When the sad thought pervades his mind,
That the fair land he leaves behind
Is ravaged by a foreign foe,
Its cities waste,—its temples low,
And ruined all those haunts of joy
That gave him rapture when a boy;
Turns from it with averted eye,
And, while he heaves the anguish'd sigh,
Scarce feels regret that the loved shore
Shall beam upon his sight no more:—
Just so it grieves my soul to view,
While breathing forth a fond adieu,
The innovations pride has made,—
The fustian, frippery, and parade,
That now usurp with mawkish *grace*
Pure tranquil pleasure's wonted place!

T'was *joy* we look'd for in my prime—
That idol of the olden time;
When all our pastimes had the art
To please, and not mislead, the heart.
Style cursed us not,—that modern flash,—
That love of racket and of trash,
Which scares at once all feeling joys,
And drowns delight in empty noise;
Which barters friendship, mirth, and truth,
The artless air,—the bloom of youth,

And all those gentle sweets that swarm
Round nature in her simplest form,
For cold display,—for hollow state,—
The trappings of the *would-be-great*.

Oh! once again those days recal,
When heart met heart in fashion's hall;
When every honest guest would flock
To add his pleasure to the stock,
More fond his transports to express,
Than shew the tinsel of his dress!
These were the times that clasped the soul
In gentle friendship's soft controul;
Our fair ones, unprofaned by art,
Content to gain *one* honest heart,
No train of sighing swains desired,—
Sought to be *loved*, and not *admired*.
But now 'tis form,—not love unites,—
'Tis show,—not pleasure, that invites.
Each seeks the ball to play the queen,
To flirt, to conquer,—to be *seen;*
Each grasps at universal sway,
And reigns the idol of the day;
Exults amid a thousand sighs,
And triumphs when a lover dies.
Each belle a rival belle surveys,
Like deadly foe with hostile gaze;
Nor can her "dearest friend" caress,
Till she has slyly scann'd her dress;
Ten conquests in one year will make,
And six *eternal friendships* break!

How oft I breathe the inward sigh,
And feel the dew-drop in my eye,
When I behold some beauteous frame,
Divine in every thing but name,

Just venturing, in the tender age,
On Fashion's late new-fangled stage!
Where soon the guiltless heart shall cease
To beat in artlessness and peace;
Where all the flowers of gay delight
With which youth decks its prospects bright,
Shall wither 'mid the cares,—the strife,—
The cold realities of life!

Thus lately, in my careless mode,
As I the world of fashion view'd,
While celebrating *great and small,*
That grand *solemnity,*—a ball,
My roving vision chanced to light
On two sweet forms, divinely bright;
Two sister-nymphs, alike in face,
In mein, in loveliness, and grace;
Twin rose-buds, bursting into bloom,
In all their brilliance and perfume;
Like those fair forms that often beam
Upon the eastern poets dream;
For Eden had each lovely maid
In native innocence arrayed,—
And heaven itself had almost shed
Its sacred halo round each head!

They seem'd, just entering hand in hand,
To cautious tread this fairy land;
To take a timid hasty view,
Enchanted with a scene so new.
The modest blush, untaught by art,
Bespoke their purity of heart:
And every timid act unfurl'd
Two souls unspotted by the world.

Oh, how these strangers joy'd my sight,
And thrill'd my bosom with delight!

They brought the visions of my youth
Back to my soul in all their truth,
Recalled fair spirits into day,
That time's rough hand had swept away!
Thus the bright natives from above,
Who come on messages of love,
Will bless, at rare and distant whiles,
Our sinful dwelling by their smiles!

Oh! my romance of youth is past,
Dear airy dreams too bright to last!
Yet when such forms as these appear,
I feel your soft remembrance here;
For, ah! the simple poet's heart,
On which fond love once play'd its part,
Still feels the soft pulsations beat,
As loth to quit their former seat.
Just like the harp's melodious wire,
Swept by a bard with heavenly fire,
Though ceased the loudly-swelling strain,
Yet sweet vibrations long remain.

Full soon I found the lovely pair
Had sprung beneath a mother's care,
Hard by a neighbouring streamlet's side,
At once its ornament and pride.
The beauteous parent's tender heart
Had well fulfill'd its pious part;
And, like the holy man of old,
As we're by sacred writings told,
Who, when he from his pupil sped,
Pour'd two-fold blessings on his head,—
So this fond mother had imprest
Her early virtues in each breast,
And, as she found her stock enlarge,
Had stampt new graces on her charge.

The fair resign'd the calm retreat,
Where first their souls in concert beat,
And flew, on expectation's wing,
To sip the joys of life's gay spring;
To sport in fashion's splendid maze,
Where friendship fades, and love decays
So two sweet wild flowers, near the side
Of some fair river's silver tide,
Pure as the gentle stream that laves
The green banks with its lucid waves,
Bloom beauteous in their native ground,
Diffusing heavenly fragrance round:
But, should a vent'rous hand transfer
These blossoms to the gay parterre,
Where, spite of artificial aid,
The fairest plants of nature fade;
Though they may shine supreme awhile,
Mid *pale ones* of the stranger soil,
The tender beauties soon decay,
And their sweet fragrance dies away.

Blest spirits! who enthron'd in air,
Watch o'er the virtues of the fair,
And with angelic ken survey
Their windings through life's checquer'd way;
Who hover round them as they glide
Down Fashion's smooth deceitful tide,
And guard them o'er that stormy deep
Where Dissipation's tempests sweep:
Oh, make this inexperienced pair
The objects of your tenderest care!
Preserve them from the languid eye,
The faded cheek,—the long-drawn sigh;
And let it be your constant aim
To keep the fair ones *still the same;*
Two sister-hearts, unsullied, bright,
As the first beam of lucid light,

That sparkled from the youthful sun,
When first his jocund race begun.
So when these hearts shall burst their shrine,
To wing their flight to realms divine,
They may to radiant mansions rise,
Pure as when first they left the skies.

SALMAGUNDI;

OR, THE

WHIM-WHAMS AND OPINIONS

OF

LAUNCELOT LANGSTAFF, Esq

AND OTHERS.

In hoc est hoax, cum quiz et jokesez,
Et smokem, toastem, roastem, folksez,
Fee, faw, fum. *Psalmanazar.*

With baked, and broiled, and stewed, and toasted,
And fried, and boiled, and smoaked, and roasted,
We treat the town.

NO. 10.] SATURDAY, MAY 16, 1807.

FROM MY ELBOW CHAIR.

THE long interval which has elapsed since the publication of our last number, like many other remarkable events, has given rise to much conjecture, and excited considerable solicitude. It is but a day or two since I heard a knowing young gentleman observe, that he suspected Salmagundi would be a nine-days wonder, and had even prophesied that the ninth would be our last effort. But the age of prophecy, as well as that of chivalry, is past; and no reasonable man should now venture to foretel aught but what he is determined to bring about himself;—he may then, if he please, monopolize prediction, and be honoured as a prophet even in his own country.

Though I hold whether we write or not write to be none of the public's business, yet as I have just heard of the loss of three thousand votes, at least, to the Clintonians, I feel in a remarkable dulcet humour thereupon, and will give some account of the reasons which induced us to resume our useful labours,—or rather our amusements; for, if writing cost either of us a moment's labour, there is not a man but what would hang up his pen, to the great detriment of the world at large, and of our publisher in particular, who has actually bought himself a pair of trunk breeches, with the profits of our writings!!

He informs me that several persons, having called last Saturday for No. 10, took the disappointment so much to heart that he really apprehended some terrible catastrophe; and one good-looking man in particular expressed his intention of quitting the country, if the work was not continued. Add to this, the town has grown quite melancholy in the last fortnight; and several young ladies have declared, in my hearing, that, if another number did not make its appearance soon, they would be obliged to amuse themselves with teasing their beaux, and making them miserable. Now I assure you, my readers, there was no flattery in this, for they no more suspected me of being Launcelot Langstaff than they suspect me of being the emperor of China or the man in the moon.

I have also received several letters, complaining of our indolent procrastination; and one of my correspondents assures me that a number of young gentlemen, who had not read a book through since they left school, but who have taken a wonderful liking to our paper, will certainly relapse into their old habits, unless we go on.

For the sake, therefore, of all these good peo-

ple, and most especially for the satisfaction of the ladies, every one of whom we would love if we possibly could, I have again wielded my pen, with a most hearty determination to set the whole world to rights, to make cherubim and seraphim of all the fair ones of this enchanting town, and raise the spirits of the poor federalists, who, in truth, seem to be in a sad taking, ever since the American ticket* met with the accident of being so unhappily *dished.*

TO LAUNCELOT LANGSTAFF, ESQ.

SIR,

I felt myself hurt and offended by Mr. Evergreen's terrible phillipic against modern music in No. 2. of your work, and was under serious apprehension that his strictures might bring the art, which I have the honour to profess, into contempt. The opinions of yourself and fraternity appear, indeed, to have a wonderful effect upon the town.—I am told the ladies are all employed in reading Bunyan and Pamela, and the waltz has been entirely forsaken ever since the winter balls have closed. Under these apprehensions I should have addressed you before had I not been sedulously employed, while the theatre continued open, in supporting the astonishing variety of the orchestra, and in composing a new chime, or bob-major, for Trinity-church, to be rung during the summer, beginning with *ding-dong di-do,* instead of *di-do ding-dong.* The citizens, especially those who live in the neighbourhood of

* An American ticket is a list of the names of persons proposed as candidates at an election.

that harmonious quarter, will, no doubt, be infinitely delighted with this novelty.

But to the object of this communication.—So far, sir, from agreeing with Mr. Evergreen, in thinking that all modern music is but the mere dregs and drainings of the antient, I trust, before this letter is concluded, I shall convince you and him, that some of the late professors of this enchanting art have completely distanced the paltry efforts of the antients, and that I, in particular, have, at length, brought it almost to absolute perfection.

The Greeks, simple souls! were astonished at the powers of Orpheus, who made the woods and rocks dance to his lyre;—of Amphion, who converted crotchets into bricks, and quavers into mortar;—and of Arion, who won upon the compassion of the fishes. In the fervency of admiration their poets fabled that Apollo had lent them his lyre, and inspired them with his own spirit of harmony. What, then, would they have said had they witnessed the wonderful effects of my skill? Had they heard me, in the compass of a single piece, describe, in glowing notes, one of the most sublime operations of nature, and not only make inanimate objects dance, but even speak, and not only speak, but speak in strains of exquisite harmony?

Let me not, however, be understood to say that I am the sole author of this extraordinary improvement in the art, for I confess I took the hint of many of my discoveries from some of those meritorious productions that have lately come abroad, and made so much noise, under the title of *overtures*. From some of these, as, for instance, Lodoiska, and the Battle of Marengo, a gentleman, or a captain in the city-militia, or an Amazonian young lady, may indeed acquire a tolerable idea of military tactics, and become very well experienced in the firing of musketry, the roaring of cannon, the rattling of drums,

the whistling of fifes, braying of trumpets, groans of the dying, and trampling of cavalry, without ever going to the wars ;—but it is more especially in the art of imitating inimitable things, and giving the language of every passion and sentiment of the human mind, without the assistance of speech, that I particularly excel the most celebrated musicians of antient and modern times.

I think, sir, I may venture to say there is not a sound in the whole compass of nature which I cannot imitate and even improve upon ;—nay, what I consider the perfection of my art, I have discovered a method of expressing, in the most striking manner, that undefinable, indescribable, silence, which accompanies the falling of snow.

In order to satisfy you that I do not arrogate to myself what I am unable to perform, I will detail to you a few of the movements of a grand piece, which I pride myself upon exceedingly, called the Breaking-up of the Ice in the North-river.

The piece opens with a gentle andante affetuoso, soft, sleepy, and monotonous, intended to represent a discussion in the House of Assembly, at Albany, which always breaks up at the same time with the river; the speaker delivers his farewell address to the tune of "oh must we part, to meet no more," and the members wipe their eyes, and blow their noses, in melodious symphony. This is followed by a *hard frost*, which, if given with proper fire and animation, will make every body's teeth chatter, and their flesh creep on their bones. It is to be managed by one of our furious-looking little fiddlers, flourishing his fiddle-stick at the rate of one-hundred and fifty bars in a minute, tearing an honest, portly, peaceable, semibreve "to tatters, to very rags," and throwing every real *amateur* into an absolute ecstacy ;—this being what is called *execution*. I also

place great dependence for *effect* upon a quarrel among the Albanians, in *Dutch*. To introduce a quarrel with perfect *harmony* and *concord* you may think rather extravagant; but have not our enlightened audiences applauded the same, over and over, in several of those musical monsters, called melodrames, wherein they even fight to a contra-dance, stab with a crotchet, and die with a quaver! And, as to the Dutch language, I have succeeded most happily in imitating it, by the assistance of a tin trumpet, a cracked fiddle, and a hand-saw.

My second part opens with a grand musical experiment, which is nothing less than to perform a GREAT THAW!——Talk to me of your hail-storms and snow-storms, and thunder and lightning;—here is something that will out-do them all;—such melting airs, such soft flowing strains:—my only apprehension is from our confounded fiddlers, who have fallen of late into such an abandoned habit of sawing, and strumming, and piping "to the very top "of the compass," that they can scarcely draw a fiddlestick, without setting every nerve in your body in a tremor. Let them only acquit themselves in this part with the true *graziozo*, and they may afterwards indulge in their favourite noise to their heart's content; for afterwards comes the bustle, the hub-bub, and the *effect*, of my piece;—then every catgut hero is at full liberty to scrape, and saw, and quaver, and bray, and rattle, and thunder, and produce a very tempest and whirlwind of *sweet sounds*. The ice shall crash, the sleigh-bells shall jingle, the drums shall beat on Governor's Island, and the whole shall conclude with *the blowing up of Sands's powder-house*.

Thus, sir, you perceive what wonderful powers of expression have been hitherto locked up in this enchanting art,—a whole history is here told with-

out the aid of speech or writing; and, provided the hearer is in the least acquainted with music, he cannot mistake a single note. As to the blowing up of the powder-house, I look upon it as a chef d'ouvre, which I am confident will delight all modern amateurs, who very properly estimate music in proportion to the noise it makes, and delight in thundering, cannon, and earthquakes.

I must confess, however, it is a difficult part to manage, and I have already broken six pianos in giving it the proper force and effect. But I do not despair; and am quite certain, that, by the time I have broken eight or ten more, I shall have brought it to such perfection as to be able to teach any young lady of tolerable ear to thunder it away to the infinite delight of papa and mamma, and the great annoyance of those Vandals, who are so barbarous as to prefer the simple melody of a Scots air to the sublime effusions of modern musical doctors.

You will observe, likewise, how admirably the music of my piece is calculated to illustrate the subject:—"Suit the *action* to the word, the word to the "*action*," says Hamlet;—"Suit the *music* to the "*fact*, the *fact* to the *music*," say I; and I'll be bound no melo-dramatist ever succeeded better than myself in achieving impossibilities.—Let me only have a few thorough-going *amateurs* to back me, and to applaud every thing with true scientific enthusiasm and credulity, and I have no doubt of a harvest of laurels.—Oh, sir, your *men of gusto*, your men of gusto, are invaluable! Dramatists, picture-daubers, toad-eaters, poetasters, and music-manufacturers, might all starve or hang themselves, were it not for your *amateurs*,—your *connoisseurs*,—and your *men of gusto*.

In my warm anticipations of future improvement, I have sometimes almost convinced myself that

music will, in time, be brought to such a climax of perfection as to supersede the necessity of speech and writing, and every kind of social intercourse be conducted by flute and fiddle. The immense benefits that will result from this improvement must be plain to every man of the least consideration. In the present unhappy situation of mortals, a man has but one way of making himself perfectly understood;—if he loses his speech, he must inevitably be dumb all the rest of his life; but, having once learned this new musical language, the loss of speech will be a mere trifle, not worth a moment's uneasiness. Not only this, Mr. L. but it will add much to the harmony of domestic intercourse, for it is certainly much more agreeable to hear a lady give lectures on the piano, than *viva-voce*, in the usual discordant measure. This manner of discussing may also, I think, be introduced with great effect into our national assemblies, where every man, instead of wagging his tongue, should be obliged to flourish a fiddlestick; by which means, if he said nothing to the purpose, he would, at all events, "discourse most "eloquent music," which is more than can be said of most of them at present. They might also sound their own trumpets, without being obliged to a hireling scribbler for an immortality of nine days, or subjected to the censure of egotism.

But the most important result of this discovery is, that it may be applied to the establishment of that great desideratum in the learned world, an universal language. Wherever this science of music is cultivated, nothing more will be necessary than a knowledge of its alphabet, which, being almost the same every where, will amount to an universal medium of communication. A man may thus, with his violin under his arm, a piece of resin, and a few bundles

of catgut, fiddle his way through the world, as conveniently as a savoyard in France, a bag-piper in Scotland, or a music-grinder in America.

I am, &c.

*DEMY SEMIQUAVER.**

FROM MY ELBOW CHAIR.

THE memorandums which I published some time since from the common-place book of Mr. Jeremy Cockloft were received with universal approbation throughout the Cockloft family, and were read with peculiar delight—by his mother and himself. Old Christopher, likewise, betrayed great symptoms of self-congratulation on this specimen of his son's genius, and declared he had no doubt Jeremy would make a great lawyer, for he had the *gift of the gab* to perfection. This is a common notion among parents, who generally devote their most pert and forward children to the law;—and hence the ingenious sophistry, the verbose wrangling, the knowing finesse, and the superlative ventosity, that give such brilliancy, froth, and flummery, to our bar. Jeremy was so delighted with the encomiums lavished upon him, and particularly with a compliment from Will Wizard, who declared that he was as sapient as a ten-pound justice,—that he put his whole budget of memorandums into my hand, with full powers to make what use of them I pleased.

The notes which follow those already published are entitled

* An excellent satire on the cognoscenti, dilletanti, &c. as also certain musical compositions, which would serve nearly as well for the breaking up of ice, or an earthquake, as they do for a battle or sea-fight.

"THE STRANGER IN PENNSYLVANIA."

The first chapter contains an account of his route from Trenton to Philadelphia: it is, as usual, much in the style of Carr, sweetened, now and then, with a sentimental episode in the manner of Kotzebue, or a picturesque description *a la Radcliffe*, wherein, wood and water, and grove, and rock, and silver streams, and golden clouds, are mixed up as intelligibly as in a Chinese landscape on a teaboard:—and now and then he bounces upon you of a sudden with a downright—cracker, as electrifying as those of Weld, of Moore, of Parkinson, or Janson. He is extremely facetious at every tavern, and takes care his readers shall not lose a single good saying that passed;—he undertakes to explain, most learnedly, why the Pennsylvanian cattle are better lodged than the farmers, and insists that they build their barns, as the old Roman peasant did his trees, "for posterity and the immortal gods." In short, he writes twenty solid pages so ingeniously, that, although, at first sight, there appears to be a world of information, yet the only real article on which we are really instructed, is, that he travelled from Trenton to Philadelphia, and scribbled the whole way. The second chapter is written the day after his arrival, and I shall give it in his own words, as containing the very cream of a modern traveller's observations on *men and manners*.

CHAP. II.

MALADIES.] Among the most prevalent maladies, is the punning distemper. It is a kind of mania which seizes all classes of people, who forthwith become strangely diseased in mind, and vent their

fury upon the English language, committing the most unheard-of barbarities. If not speedily checked it is apt to become a confirmed complaint, and to terminate in a complete mental debility. Strangers always experience an attack of the kind on their first arrival, and undergo a *seasoning* as Europeans do in the West Indies. In my way from the stage-office to Renshaw's, I was accosted by a good-looking young gentleman from New Jersey, who had caught the infection:—he took me by the button and informed me of a contest that had lately taken place between a tailor and shoemaker about I forgot what;—SNIP was pronounced a fellow of great *capability*, a man of gentlemanly *habits*, who would doubtless *suit* every body. The shoemaker *bristled* up at this, and *waxed* exceeding wrath,—swore the tailor was but a *half-souled* fellow, and that it was easy to *shew* he was never *cut-out* for a gentleman. The *choler* of the tailor was up in an instant, he swore by his thimble that he would never *pocket* such an insult, but would *baste* any man who dared to repeat it.—Honest CRISPIN was now worked up to his proper *pitch*, and was determined to yield the tailor no *quarters*;—he vowed he would lose his *all* but what he would gain his *ends*. He resolutely held on to the *last*, and; on his threatening to *back-strap* his adversary, the tailor was obliged to *sheer* off, declaring, at the same time, that he would have him *bound over*. The young gentleman, having finished his detail, gave a most obstreperous laugh, and hurried off to tell his story to somebody else:—*licentia punica*, as Horace observes:—it did my business,—I went home, took to my bed, and have been ever since confined with this singular complaint.

NAME.] Having, however, looked about me with the Argus eyes of a traveller, I have picked up enough in the course of my walk from the stage-

office to the hotel to give a full and impartial account of this remarkable city. According to the good old rule, I shall begin with the etymology of its name, which, according to Linkum Fidelius, Tom. LV. is clearly derived, either from the name of its first founder, viz. PHILO DRIPPING-PAN,* or the singular taste of the aborigines, who flourished there, on his arrival. Linkum, who is as shrewd a fellow as any theorist or F. S. A. for peeping with a dark lantern into the lumber-garret of antiquity, and lugging out all the trash which was left there for oblivion by our wiser ancestors, supports his opinion by a prodigious number of ingenious and inapplicable arguments; but particularly rests his position on the known fact, that Philo Dripping-pan was remarkable for his predilection to eating, and his love of what the learned Dutch call *doup*. Our erudite author, likewise, observes that the citizens are to this day, noted for their love of "a sop in the "pan," and their portly appearance, "except, in-"deed," continues he, "the young ladies, who are "perfectly genteel in their dimensions;"—this, however, he ill-naturedly enough attributes to their eating pickles and drinking vinegar; not that his idea is altogether erroneous, for I am informed that the fair sex have of late years taken a wonderful fancy to *acids*, whether to improve their health, their persons, or their dispositions, is best known to themselves; but the *effects* are known to every body.—— Mem. a severe hit at skin and bone, chalky faces, *delicate* stomachs, and tart tempers.

SITUATION.] The Philadelphians boast much of the situation and plan of their city; and well may they, since it is undoubtedly as fair and square, and

* I defy any travel-monger to excel friend Jeremy in *forcing* a derivation. W. WIZARD.

regular, and right-angled, as any mechanical genius could possibly have made it. I am clearly of opinion that this hum-drum regularity has a vast effect on the character of its inhabitants, and even on their looks, " for you will observe," writes Linkum, " that they are an honest, worthy, square, good-" looking, well-meaning, regular, uniform, straight-" forward, clockwork, clear-headed, one-like-ano-" ther, salubrious, upright, kind of people, who " always go to work methodically, never put the " cart before the horse, talk like a book, walk ma-" thematically, never turn but in right angles, think " syllogistically, and pun theoretically, according " to the genuine rules of Cicero and Dean Swift; " —whereas the people of New York,—heaven " help them,—tossed about over hills and dales, " through lanes and alleys, and crooked streets;— " continually mounting and descending, turning and " twisting;—whisking off at tangents, and left-an-" gle-triangles, just like their own queer, odd, topsy-" turvy, rantipole, city, are the most irregular, " crazy-headed, quicksilver, eccentric, whim-wham-" sical, set of mortals that were ever jumbled toge-" ther in this uneven, villainous, revolving, globe, " and are the very antipodeans to the Philadel-" phians."

STREETS.] The streets of Philadelphia are wide and strait, which is wisely ordered, for the inhabitants having generally crooked noses, and most commonly travelling hard after them, the good folk would undoubtedly soon *go to the wall,* in the crooked streets of our city. This fact of the crooked noses has not been hitherto remarked by any of our American travellers, but must strike every stranger of the least observation. In the course of my walk, however, I encountered one crooked street, whereupon " I thanked my stars and thought it luxury!"

It was Dock-street, the only street in Philadelphia that bears any resemblance to New York; and I recommend it to all my fellow-citizens, who come after me, as a promenade:—how tender and exquisite are the feelings awakened in the bosom of a traveller, when his eye encounters some object which reminds him of his far-distant country! The pensive New Yorker, having drunk his glass of porter, and smoaked his cygarr after dinner, (by the way I would recommend Sheaf, as selling the best in Philadelphia,) may here direct his solitary steps and indulge in that mellow tenderness in which the sentimental Kotzebue erst delighted to wallow;—he may recal the romantic scenery and graceful windings of Maiden-lane and Pearl-street, trace the tumultuous gutter in its harmonious meanderings, and almost fancy he beholds the moss-crowned roof of the Bear-market, or the majestic steeple of St. Paul's towering to the clouds. Perhaps, too, he may have left behind him some gentle fair one, who, all the live-long evening, sits pensively at the window, leaning on her elbows, and counting the lingering, lame, and broken-winded, moments that so tediously lengthen the hours which separate her from the object of her contemplation! delightful Lethe of the soul;—sunshine of existence;—wife and children poking up the cheerful evening fire;—paper windows, mud walls, love in a cottage;—sweet sensibility,—and all that.

BANK.] Every body has heard of the famous bank of Pennsylvania, which, since the destruction of the tomb of Mausolus, and the Colossus of Rhodes, may fairly be estimated as one of the wonders of the world. My landlord thinks it unquestionably the finest building upon earth:—but I never yet heard of a city that had not some grand architectural wonder. The people of Rome point with

triumph to the church of St. Peter,—the Parisian boasts of the Louvre and the Thuilleries,—the Cockney extols St. Paul's and the monument; and the *Cicerone* of one of our little villages entertained me lately with the ingenious construction of a new pillory and whipping-post. The poor citizens of New York are the worst off in this particular; for, though no city in the union has expended more money on public buildings, yet no city has less to brag of; they console themselves, however, with boasting of what they will have—*some fifty years hence.*

COMMERCE.] Philadelphia is a place of great trade and commerce,—not but that it would have been much more so, that is, had it been built on the site of New York; but as New York has engrossed its present situation, I think Philadelphia must be content to stand where it does at present: —at any rate it is not Philadelphia's fault, nor is it any concern of mine, so I shall not make myself uneasy about the affair. Besides, to use Trim's argument, were that city to stand where New York does, it might perhaps have the misfortune to be called New York, and not Philadelphia, which would be quite another matter, and this portion of my travels had undoubtedly been smothered before it was born,—which would have been a thousand pities indeed.

MANUFACTURES.] Of the manufactures of Philadelphia I can say but little, except that the people are famous for an excellent kind of confectionary, made from the drainings of sugar. The process is simple as any in Mrs. Glasse's excellent and useful work, (which I hereby recommend to the fair hands of all young ladies who are not occupied in reading Moore's poems,)—you buy a pot,—put your molasses in your pot,—boil your molasses to a proper

consistency; but if you boil it too much, it will be none the better for it,—then pour it off, and let it cool, or draw it out into little pieces about nine inches long, and put it by for use. This manufacture is called by Bostonians *lasses' candy*;—by the New Yorkers *cock-a-nee-nee*;—but the polite Philadelphians give it a name which my delicacy will not suffer me to pronounce.*——There are other manufactures in Philadelphia, such as beer, ropes, jugs, mustard, critiques, Glauber salts, puns, new readings, great men, &c. but, as these have been treated of by other travellers, I did not think them worthy of notice: maxim, a travel-monger should never trouble himself about any thing that will not help towards swelling his book.

Fair Sex.] The Philadelphia ladies are some of them beautiful, some of them tolerably good looking, and some of them, to say the truth, are not at all handsome. They are, however, very agreeable in general, except those who are reckoned witty, who, if I might be allowed to speak my mind, are very disagreeable, particularly to young gentlemen who are travelling for information. Being fond of tea-parties, they are a little given to criticism,—but are in general remarkably discreet, and very industrious, as I have been assured by some of my friends. Take them all in all, however, they are much inferior to the ladies of New York, as plainly appears, from several young gentlemen having fallen in love with some of our belles, after resisting all the female attractions of Philadelphia. From this inferiority I except one, who is the most amiable, the most accomplished, the most bewitching, and the most of every thing that constitutes the divinity of woman:—mem.—Venus,—Paris, and *golden apple*.

* The Philadelphians call it *belly-gute*.

AMUSEMENTS.] The character of a people is often to be learnt from their amusements; for, in the hour of mirth the mind is unrestrained and takes its natural bent. The Philadelphians are fond of dancing,—but in this accomplishment they are far inferior, as I am informed by sundry travellers of observation, to the beau monde of New York. This may be ascribed to their stupidly prefering to idle away time in the cultivation of the *head* instead of the *heels*. It is a melancholy fact, that a great number of young ladies in Philadelphia, whose minds are elegantly accomplished in literature, have sacrificed thereto all those valuable acquisitions, the pigeon-wing, the waltz, the Cossac-dance and other matters of equal importance. Now, this is what I call an absurdity,—does not an architect first attend to finishing his foundation, before he thinks of decorating the attic story; and should not the *heels*, which form the foundation of the human frame, be attended to before the *head*, which is merely the garret?——Maxim.—A bad figure will sometimes pass for a good argument. Another amusement to which the Philadelphians are very much given, as has been before hinted, is the celebration of tea-parties: as these answer to European routs and *converzaziones*, they are well worthy the attention of the curious or *lounging* traveller, who has an evening on hand,—which he has no objection to waste. The Philadelphians conduct them with as much gravity and decorum as they would a funeral, and very properly too, for they celebrate the obsequies of many a departed reputation. The ladies in general are disposed close together, like a setting of jewels or pearls round a locket, in all the majesty of good behaviour;—and, if a gentleman wishes to have a conversation with one of them, about the backwardness of the spring, the improve-

ments in the theatre, or the merits of his horse, he is obliged to march up in the face of such vollies of eye-shot! such a formidable artillery of glances! that if he escapes annihilation he should cry out a miracle! and never encounter such deadly perils again. I remember to have once heard a very valiant British officer, who had served with great credit for some years in the train bands, declare, with a veteran oath, that sooner than encounter such deadly peril, he would fight his way clear through a London mob, though he were pelted with brick-bats all the time.

Jeremy then goes on to treat of the theatre, rope-dancing, *Spottee* the learned horse, the taverns, the watch-house, and several other places of amusement and polite resort, and ends this chapter with a most unmeasurable paragraph, entitled MYSELF. As an apology, he observes, that Carr, Weld, Kotzebue, and other learned travellers, have scattered their innumerable egotisms throughout their works, whereas he has thought proper to collect his in a mass; and, author like, he flatters himself that this will be more interesting and more thumbed than any other portion of his narrative. To do Jeremy justice, he has acquitted himself most ably, considering he has written so much without stirring beyond the precincts of his tavern; and he bids fair to be ranked on a par with MOORE, who saw enough of America from a stage-waggon to damn the whole of it, or with the elegant BRYDONE, who gives a sublime description of the top of Mount Etna, which he never reached,—or with the rhapsodical DUPATY, who scampered, exclaiming, and apostrophising, and ah!-ing, and oh!-ing all over Italy,—adored every marble-headed saint,—deified every

nameless scoundrel of a *Torso,*—threw himself into an ecstasy before every painting,—and yet never stirred from his chamber the whole time.———Oh, these travel-mongers!

END OF VOL. I.

Galabin and Marchant, Printers,
Ingram-court, London.