

or god? and on what errand dost thou come?" A hollow voice replied—"I am thy Evil Genius, Brutus. Thou shalt see me at Philippi." "I will see thee there," says Brutus. The ghost departed, and the Stoic patriot turned him again to his book. It was the brief appointment of two stern foes—one in the flesh, the other an inhabitant of the ghostly world—yet neither of whom had time or words to waste in useless speech, or empty ceremony.

Almost every reader must be familiar with Shakespeare's representation of this scene. We will conclude our homily on ghosts, by giving a version of it from Cowley's Ode to Brutus, which is probably less known, although among the finest gems of English poetry:

"Ill Fate assum'd a body thee 't affright,
And wrapt itself in terrors of the night.
'I'll meet thee at Philippi,' said the sprite,
'I'll meet thee there,' saidst thou,
With such a voice, and such a brow,
As put the trembling ghost to sudden flight.
It vanish'd as a taper's light
Goes out when spirits appear in sight.
One would have thought 't had heard the morning crow,
Or seen her well appointed star
Come marching up the eastern hill afar."

Editor's Easy Chair.

THE new year thrives like the old one, and spreads luxuriance, and wealth, like a carpet. The gold comes on in floods; steamships multiply week by week; banks rise up at street-corners like Aladdin palaces; new stocks cumber the brokers' lists; new equipages throng the streets; new bonnets greet the April sunshine; new firms grace the brown fronts of Courtlandt-street; new debts and profits quicken the stir of trade; and new churches—here and there—lift a warning finger of stone, from this ripening world, to the world that is ripening above.

Seriously, for a moment—if we in our careless way, and with a cigar upon our lips, can hazard a serious reflection—whither is all this growth, and quick succulence of the opening year to tend? Is moderation all gone by? Will the fast Californians trample us down utterly? Is a man good for nothing, if he win no coat of gold? Is steam to drive our quiet coaching to the wall? Must ships tear their rent through ocean at fifteen knots the hour, or be condemned?

Where is old, slow-paced learning to stand if it stands at all? And what, pray, is to become of ancient quietude of manner and of life? For ourselves, we feel out of breath. We grow afraid to show our thread-bare coat in the street. We hide our old books. We blush for our old silver tea-set. We fear the contrast even of our plain-bound Bible with some new Scriptural book, or the lectures of some new Dr. — Parker.

"Fast," is the word: and it irks us terribly. Society is tumbling "ahead" neck and heels. We grow dizzy with watching it. We seek for quiet streets, where we may stretch our office limbs into healthful warmth, and we are horrified with some new line of omnibuses, or crazed by the infernal music of some "fine, athletic company of target-shooters." Our old friends that we counted on, four years back, for a quiet sit-down, or a cheerful rubber at whist, in a cosy parlor, twelve by fifteen, have all moved up town, equipped their daughters with guitars, and grown bloated with "Caloric," or with "Spirits."

The terrible glitter of the mines has crept into every fashion of life; tables glitter with galvanized

plate; hotels glitter with vanity-teaching mirrors; boats glitter with chandeliers and stained glass; churches glitter with guilt crosses, and *guilty* clergy; wives glitter in showy diamonds and daughters; and home itself is glittering with this awful gold-guiltiness!

Seriously, is it not time to think whether we are upon the whole, making the new-coming wealth count toward the healthy development of character, and to the permanence and the advancement of what is most prized in domestic and in social life? Are we not, between steam and gold, growing into a mechanical and outside life—very rapid, to be sure, and very splendid; but not doing much to ennoble taste, and to build up those best bulwarks of any really strong people—cheerful and contented fire-sides?

Take your hair-brained Californian, steaming away from all the influences of the good old estate, and making money, and modeling character, among unshaven gold-diggers, and godless gamblers—with not so much religion about him as "sees God in clouds," and in what way does he grow fitting to be father of honest citizens?

Or, Mr. Cressus, consider your daughter, whom you have cloaked in bedizenments that outshine every neighbor's daughter, making all your earnestness tend toward shrewd investments, and offering all your home-thought as a sacrifice to the Moloch of mammon. Are you kindling in your child such aspirations, or such quiet virtues, as will make her the mother of any Washington, or indeed of any good fellow whatever?

Is there not something earnest in life, after all, besides steam and besides gold; or even besides Caloric, and railroads? If one might judge by the papers nowadays, and their paragraphs, he might think there was not. Take up any journal you please, and how much will you find in it, dear madam—or dear reader of any sort—to stir a man's soul into a quicker and keener relish for the true refinements of life and of manners?—how much to stimulate to a bolder and sterner study of duty and to an ambition for that eminence which grows out of duty performed?—how much to chasten one's thoughts of life and its tasks; and to lighten its humblest phases with that dignity which grows out of cultivation and content?

On the other hand, scarce a column but will incite madly the thirst for that species of eminence which comes by wealth, and for that enterprise which braves all risks for its attainment. We are preaching like an old man, we know: but old men are growing rarer every day; and we cling to our pleasant privilege of garrulity while we may. Life hums and dashes by our dusty office window with a sad, exultant monotone; cabs and cars and biers, and target men and men in gigs, whirl by, and startle us into such musings as we have written down; while a frail flower, lifting its leaves against the dusty panes, is always a sort of God's voice to us, teaching us those old quiet truths of nature to which we have attuned our homily.

It is done now; and we turn to lighter things.

THE coming up of another Twenty-second of February, (a month gone by when this comes to our reader's eye) revives, spasmodically, our national interest in monuments; but we can not say that the disposition to invest in marble or in statue grows any stronger, with our growing means for making such a monument a worthy one. And historians, fifty years hence, will say, "that in those days (1853)

wealth abounded, and the mansions of the merchants were decorated like the mansions of princes. Rich carriages, and gay liveries were to be seen in all the thoroughfares of the town; yet scarce an effort was made to insure to posterity the perpetuation of those great examples of virtue and of patriotism, which now (thanks to a more generous and far-seeing posterity) are commemorated in our noble statues to Washington, Hamilton, and Franklin."

The Cooper memorial still stands, as it stood upon the evening of the Metropolitan meeting; and the enthusiasm of that night has gone out with the speeches of the time, and with the fading away of that great presence which held the chair. Will not our rich men spend a quiet thought upon the matter—considering, if they will not lend a trifling portion of their current income for such marble investment as shall be repaid on account of the dignity and gratitude of the city? And when some foreign traveler dines off their plate, and drinks of their stock of Burgundy, will it not add to the esteem in which they will desire to be held, if they can take him in their carriage to some rich chiseling of an author whose name is known far and wide, upon the other continent, and say—This is something our artists have done, in memory of Cooper.

Speaking of Cooper, reminds us again of that old, almost baronial place where he lived and died; but which now, unfortunately, has passed out of the name, and having been ransacked by upholsterers and plasterers, is about to change, by our wonderful American metonymy, into a "Cooperstown Boarding-house." It happened to us not long ago, while yet the leaves were green, and the turf half-rooted upon the dead master's grave, to stroll about the precincts of Otsego Hall; to muse among the shrubbery that his hands had planted; to pluck an ivy leaf from the wall that skirted his chamber; and to sigh in the desolate, cold rooms, which so little time ago were made alive with his presence, and cheerful with his hospitality. It is a large, old brick mansion, with baronial-fashioned turrets, and flanking tower; the walls are of a pleasant neutral tint, and hung over here and there with ivies, and creepers, and honey-suckles; the walks twist away easily from the hall-door among dense coppices, which conceal the limited extent of the grounds; and a gun-shot away, the placid Otsego Lake laves the shores of the little town which bore his family name, and mirrors the wooded hills that live in perpetual greenness upon the pages of his story.

The little church, whose decorations had grown under his eye, into English semblance, stands a short way behind the mansion; and between the two are copses of wood, and the graves which hold the man and the wife.

The little town struggles on in its old traffic; and the town's people trade, and eat, and sleep, and go to church, as they have done any time these fifty years; but the town's MAN, who made their little village known over the world, and their lake lisp its eventide ripples in the ears of millions who were born, and will die, thousands of miles away, is gone from them! leaving no weightier tokens among them than a dismantled hall, and a rounded grave.

He may have been cold, and ascetic, and unimpassioned: but a debt is due to his memory, not only by his townsmen, but by his mate-citizens all, which is not paid.

THE new President has spoken caution to the fast spirit of Young America, in the quiet and modest way with which he has made his entry to the capital.

Noiselessness often teaches a good lesson; and none need the lesson more than Young Americans. Great strength is always quiet; and conscious power is never boastful. We do not mean to write down any party eulogium, or to magnify the abilities of the new-come magistrate; but we do mean to lend the testimony of our voice in approval of that unostentatious and reserved bearing, which has characterized Gen. Pierce from the very eve of his election. What a quiet satire he has been reading to those mouth-full politicians, who only win notoriety by noisiness, and who, with their bloated concert, have no capacity for solid sound.

And if we had space here, we are not sure but we should run on in another homily, upon that earnestness of life and of character, which needs no bravado and empty cheers, but which achieves success by healthful and quiet action. Young America is by much too fond of elbowing, and steaming, and puffing; and measures strength and speed by the amount of froth and spray that a man leaves in his wake. Let our young ones remember, that our gallant yacht, when she rode by the quickest craft of England, in the Southampton waters, parted the waters *cleanly*, dashing up only a few sparkles at her prow, and leaving not half so many bubbles behind as the clumsy cutters, whose fat sails bellied in her wake.

THE Ericsson ship and its success are still prominent topics in public talk. That a new motive power has come to light under the investigations of the accomplished inventor, no man now appears to doubt. But whether this power shall prove sufficiently effective to propel vessels against wind and tide, so as to compete with our admirable steam-marine, seems quite another question.

The Government has, it appears, made the matter one of serious consideration; and an Ericsson frigate or two are in contemplation. We greatly fear that this announcement will not materially add to public faith in the Caloric engine: the truth is, our government has heretofore shown such unfortunate attachment to unsuccessful experiments in the way of steam-navigation, that its patronage is no longer an *a priori* argument in favor of any invention whatever.

We may be mistaken (we hope sincerely that we are) but we can not now recall the name of any really successful steam-vessel built by Government within the last six or eight years. The Princeton, the Powhattan, the San Jacinto, the Saranac, have all had their mishaps, and their enormous outlays for repairs. Nor do we think that either one of them, at this present writing (although their cost has exceeded, by twenty per cent., that of the mercantile steam-marine), is in such sea-worthy state, as would warrant their connection with any mercantile line out of the port of New York.

These truths are humiliating; but they are not to be slept upon.

In the way of Opera, the promises for the opening season are magnificent. Maretzek with his old troupe, is to join forces with Alboni (who is a troop in herself), and the throngs of Exhibition lookers-on will be gratified (if they desire) with Opera, throughout the summer.

Madame Sontag, with her winning ways, has kept one of our largest halls full to repletion; and only leaves the city, to make her next welcome an added triumph.

In view of all this devotion to the better kinds of

music, and to the fascinations of an educated voice, it becomes a curious matter of inquiry if the profession of vocalist will not rise to the highest place upon the social scale?

How is it, Mesdames—you who have daughters, supposing them gifted with natural advantages sufficient—would you be willing to educate them for a position which secures such nightly plaudits, to say nothing of a plethoric purse? Or is there something in the publicity of the thing which forbids, and will always forbid, modesty and delicacy to shiver in such open gaze?

Only a few years ago, when most lecturers were mountebanks, and a man of dignity and reputation kept aloof from the employment. But what do we find nowadays? Bancroft and Robert Winthrop, and Mr. Graham, and Dr. Hawks, and we know not how many others, are figuring under the lights of a lecture room; and joining company with the great troop of itinerants. Is any thing kindred supposable of the profession of vocalist; and shall we have by-and-by for our entertainment, a concert in which "those accomplished amateurs, the Misses A—, and Mrs. B—, and the widow C— will lend their voices to the enchantment of the occasion?"

Or must great genius, if it have the misfortune to be hedged by family associations, slumber in the quietude of the parlor; and the "mute, inglorious" Corinnas or Sontags die without public token of their power? We throw out the hints, not because we have any intention of educating our daughters, Amelias, or Maria-Janes, to such a life; but only because the hint flashes upon us, in view of the honors we do, both publicly and socially, to our distinguished vocal guests.

In view of the Great Exhibition, and of the throngs attendant upon it, the city world (well housed in city homes) is curious to know in what quarters the throng will repose itself? Even with the spring influx of trading merchants, our hotels are again gorged; and add them fast and magnificently as we will, the cry is still "All full." How is it that while London and Paris are never (or most rarely) packed to their utmost limits, the stranger must here always bide the inconveniences of a crowd?

The reason lies, as we apprehend, in the prevalence of that taste for glitter and noise, which is growing sadly characteristic of our people. Young men are not content to live in quiet side-streets; or, for that matter, young women either. The lodging-houses of London, clean kept and orderly, in all the lanes ramifying from Piccadilly, and Regent-street, and Pall Mall, are unknown to the side-streets of New York. The *maisons garnies* of Paris, with their series of floors, and each floor a home, are as yet unknown here. The hotels proper are encumbered by bachelor residents; and no well known quiet quarters are ready for the quiet-minded strangers.

Is it not worth while to pay a little heed to side tastes, and to give some less pretentious front than graces Broadway, to some orderly and well furnished home for strangers;—such strangers as do *not* come merely to gaze upon the vagrant strollers upon Broadway, and who would love greatly some better type of home in an hotel, than can ever belong to the thronged palaces of our great thoroughfare?

While Mr. Greeley is busy contriving homes for the homeless, would it not be well for some capitalist to contrive a home for the hopeful? Some quadrangular house, with court within, and with Parisian division of apartments, and Parisian *concièrge* at the

door, and Parisian ignorance of your neighbor (if you choose it) upon the same floor? Will not our cosmopolitan tendencies lead us to this in time; and is not the time nearly drawn nigh?

WITH the wet streets of spring-time, when the pavements are slippery, and the crush earnest, comes up the old topic of over-crowded Broadway. What, pray, has become of that old suggestion of the bridges of cast iron, light and elegant, to cross Broadway twice below the Park, as well as Canal and Courtlandt streets? Has any serious objection been urged? Or are we to pin our faith, and all our action, in such matters, to the stale notions of such City Fathers as rob us not only of our pence, but of our pride, and of all our self-respect? Is it enough merely to say, in so many newspaper lines, that the Council is a base one, and that we will have better things, without even an earnest effort in that direction?

Even as we write, we hear tidings of a movement which may, we trust, give to worthier men the keeping of the City Keys.

JUST now there is much stir and talk *à propos* of society, and ladies' habits, and balls, and all the littlenesses which go to make what wears the name of Fashion. We fancy that there never existed a more sadly be-written company of ladies than belong to the tea-tables, and salons of New York. Their dresses, their equipages, their hair, their talk, their shop-bills, and their gloves are regular topics for ambitious writers; and strange as it may seem, and unpatriotic as the matter looks, one writer vies with the other—not in praises—but in the harshness of his speech. Under this habit, a sort of fashionable paragraphing is growing up into the stature of a small literature—terribly conventional in its aspect, and bearing all the dead smell which belongs to a last night's ball room, or a faded bouquet.

We notice, in the same connection, that some thriving young Scotchman (he must be very young) has been amusing himself with kindred comment upon the habits and manners of our ladies; and his remarks are so very *naïve* that we venture to transcribe a portion of them:—

"At parties, the ladies wear little jaunty aprons of various kinds of colored silk. There are two little pockets to them, trimmed with lace or gay ribbons. Out of one pocket peeps a beautiful and costly handkerchief, while out of the other peeps a bunch of flowers, giving the wearer a most coquettish appearance, which, to borrow the words of a friend of mine, 'comes round one's heart-strings so.' They do not dress much in white muslins, or other thin material. Silks and satins, of the gayest and dearest kinds, are worn. Their extravagance is prodigious. Here money is made quick, and spent as quickly. I could scarcely believe my eyes when I first walked up Broadway—such dresses, such frizzled, and curled, and pasted back heads of hair—nearly every lady with white, or very light colored kid gloves. Young girls, who ought to have been playing pal-lal in the nursery, dressed up like dolls; their forms pinned up in tight dresses, their hair tortured up by the hair-dresser, screwed, curled and twisted—tight gloves and lovely light boots—any quantity of jewelry, large heavy ear-rings weighing down and putting out of shape their ears: very beautiful to look at, but very sad to think of. I believe there is no city in the world, unless it be Paris, where the women dress themselves up as they do here. They live for dress, and their whole aim is vanity, added to the desire

to get married. The natural consequence is, that they make poor wives, and still poorer mothers; neither mind nor body being adapted for the one or the other. A very few years, and they lose their good looks, and become miserably, prematurely old. I never in my life saw such puny children as the children of American parents. This is no exaggeration.

"There is another custom peculiar to American ladies which I must mention. When a lady is invited to a tea-party, or ball, it is understood, she goes accompanied by a gentleman. If she has no brother, or if she prefer her *beau* instead, she writes a note to him, asking him to accompany her to So-and-so's party. He accepts, and calls for her with a carriage, unless the distance they have to go is short. On arriving at the house, the lady introduces the gentleman. This is the custom of even the highest society. Owing to this, few gentlemen are invited, except such as they particularly wish to make sure of. In dressing for these parties, the American lady uses a white powder which she rubs upon her forehead and other parts of her face, upon her neck and upon her arms. It is rubbed on with a little bit of flannel. This gives the skin an appearance of dazzling brilliancy, beautifully clear and white. They make no secret of using it, bringing their powder-box with them, and putting it on just before entering the room where those gentlemen are, for whom, and in the hope of captivating whom, they thus consent to follow a practice ruinous to their health and constitution, adding to the *present*, but taking from the *future*, beauty of their looks. It is said they look shocking bad when seen the morning after an evening's powdering."

The world is still agog about the Imperial marriage, and we have so many *reckonings* of Her Imperial face (the bride's), and figure, and dress, and character, that the late Montijo has become to us an errant kind of myth. But it is funny that Louis Napoleon, the great subjugator, should have thus fallen victim to a passion, which the world had given him credit for outliving. That any man should be thoroughly in love is funny enough; that a man near fifty should be in love is funnier still; but when that man is Emperor and rake the thing is funniest of all.

We believe the world, however, awards him unanimously the praise of making his marriage an *affaire du cœur*. This is rare enough anywhere; but in the atmosphere of courts is a miracle. We wish well to the Emperor and Empress; and may Heaven grant that the new estate in which he finds himself, may warp his ambition into kindly method; and that new wakened sympathies, may make his soul humane.

AKIN to French subject, is the new-started marvel about a "Bourbon;" which by dint of an ingenious magazinist, pitted by a distinguished Doctor of the Church, has set all the ladies of the country gadding, and gossiping.

All hail to the great Eleazer! He takes his place now in the mammoth metropolitan file of lions, where Kossuth, and the Lind, and Sontag, and Thackeray have gone triumphantly before him. No city in the world, and no people of any city, has such aptitude for these eminent displays of generosity, as the city and people of New-York. We shall look anxiously for subscription lists to the "lost Bourbon" fund; we have expectations of seeing before April is over, a "Bourbon" bonnet; we shall hope to tie our editorial neck about, with an Eleazer cravat; and we commend to Strakosch or any good composer, an "Eleazer Waltz."

Editor's Drawer.

THE habit of betting, or laying wagers, always struck us as, under any circumstances, a very foolish piece of business, to say the least of it: sometimes it is a great deal worse than foolish, being immoral, and oftentimes ruinous to the comfort and peace of individuals and families. A friend of ours revealed a new phase of the passion for betting, in a conversation which we had with him the other morning, which is worth repeating, from the ludicrous result of the wager.

"I was going up the Hudson the other day," said he, "in one of the pleasant little steamers that ply alternately between the eastern and western banks of that noble river, dropping passengers successively at the different pleasant villages on either shore, when my attention was attracted by a singularly dressed person, apparently a gentleman, who was occupying a favorable seat on the promenade deck.

"His linen was white, and well laundered; he wore a black coat, well made, and of unexceptionable *matériel*; and a head, of more than common intellectuality, according to the phrenologists, was surmounted by a glossy and fashionable hat; his 'vestment' was of black satin; his shoes were of patent French leather, and as lustrous as his hat. In short, every thing about him was *point-dé-vise*, with one single exception; and that was a most striking and remarkable one.

"I was presently joined by a friend, whom I had observed looking over the top of a paper which he had been pretending to read, and examining furtively the same discrepancy which had attracted my attention.

"He caught my eye while so engaged, and, with a half-suppressed smile, crossed over to where I was seated, and in an under-tone said:

"That's a curious specimen of style in dress, isn't it? Did you ever see any thing so ridiculous in your life?"

"Never!" said I.

"But let us explain in what this discrepancy of which we have spoken consisted.

"Our singular 'stranger' had on a pair of pantaloons that looked as if they had been cast off by some beggar. They were of a pretty-enough pattern, originally, being a medium-sized plaid, of a neutral tint in color that was by no means in bad taste: moreover they had evidently been well made at first; but they were ragged and tangled in looped threads at the bottom of the legs; they were bulged out at the knees, in each of which there were large irregular holes; and from a similar orifice in the rear, something white, as the wearer walked along the deck, dangled like a pocket-handkerchief. It was enough to make a Quaker laugh outright, so grotesque was the appearance of the eccentric stranger.

"He had seen both of us looking at him, as was quite evident from a peculiar expression that came over his face, while we were so engaged, as stealthily, however, as was possible; so we got up and began to promenade the deck, seemingly forgetting that we had been noticing him. At length he got up, and began to walk backward and forward also, keeping at the farther end of the promenade-deck from us at each turn. Presently he stopped in the middle of the boat, and waited until we came up. As we were about passing him, he 'motioned as if to speak,' as Hamlet says. We paused.

"Gentlemen," said he, in the easy, self-possessed manner of a gentleman, 'I seem to be an object of curiosity to you?'