

Farewell! I leave thee with regret,
 To struggle in the war of life;
 I would not for a world, forget
 Thy words of — Hush! I have a wife:

And two sweet children, one a boy
 Who wears the dark hair of his mother,
 And, full of innocence and joy,
 A radiant little girl the other.

New-York, June 25, 1843.

WILLIAM H. C. HOSMER.

C À E T L À .

BY THE FLÂNEUR.

HERE A LITTLE AND THERE A LITTLE.

Now Samson went down to Gaza,
 To buy up his goods for the season:
 Quoth Mariame: 'Don't make a stay, Sir,
 And come back with some foolish reason.'

OLD AMERICAN BALLAD.

THOU knowest, DIEDRICH, that it has long been settled that Noah landed in America, and that Mount Ararat is in the State of New-York. I am inclined to believe, from this undoubtedly genuine ballad, which I discovered in the lining of an old trunk in the garret of the principal inn at Ramapo, that the Jews resided here at a much later period of their history; but that has nothing to do with us at present. All that I wished to prove by the ballad is, that the great wielder of jaw-bones was hen-pecked. So was Cicero.* So was Mr. Liner. Mr. Liner was, beside, pullet-pecked. Miss Catharine pecked him. Not that Miss Catharine was by any means ill-natured; for I have seen her only 'grin a ghastly' when she met a rival belle better dressed; but she made her poor father keep his eyes open night after night, by pinching himself, and by wondering at her astonishing strength of limb, '*effera vis crurum*,' as he delighted to call it. And when the old gentleman would hint to his daughter that he thought it high time to depart, she would meet his suggestion by a decided negative: 'Oh no! not yet, pa!' pronounced with that sweet asperity and bitter mellifluousness of manner, which we often notice in people whose toes have been trodden upon by a distinguished stranger, who apologizes. Metaphysically speaking, her tone was a cross between a smile and a snarl.

In the summer Miss Liner visited at the watering-places — Saratoga, Sharon, Rockaway — and returned fully impressed with the truth of a late traveller's remark: 'The social intercourse of American watering-places may be defined as follows: the gentlemen spit

* 'AN ille mihi liber cui mulier imperat? cui leges imponit, præscribit, jubet,' etc.

and the ladies spat.' She herself came home with no less than five quarrels on her hands, which she was heroical enough not to regret, when the five foes gave parties and left her out.

The first year or two of this kind of life was very pleasant; but as winter after winter rolled on its balls, and summer after summer found her haunting the same places, and she found herself still remaining Liner, a sigh, soft yet spiteful, escaped from her 'heaving breast.'

(*Nota.*—All breasts 'heave' in romances, as if they were Irishmen employed in coal-yards.)

'Why,' whispered she, softly, 'can I not find some one on whom I may lavish the treasures of affection that I have been hoarding for so many years?'

'There,' hissed she, spitefully, 'is that Henrietta Hooageboom, not half so stylish as I am, and a miserable waltzer, and yet she is engaged!'

One young man, a foreigner from Tobolsk, encouraged by her bravos at his performances, did propose; but was indignantly refused. Old Mrs. Liner, who was a little à la Malaprop, said, crimson with rage, that she 'would n't make use of him as a foot-pad.' Had the youth from Tobolsk asked a few years later, he would have been accepted. A man can carry off any single woman, if he only chooses the right time. Drowning men are said to catch at straws. It may be so. We have never witnessed a drown, and cannot say: but spinsters about sinking into the vast profound of old-maidism do catch at straw men. This we can assert.

No good parti offered. Attention too began to be scanty. The world of beaux, empty-stomach'd as empty-hearted, rushed to her balls to enjoy the suppers, and to dance with newer belles. They were smiling but unsatisfactory. Now and then some eager débutant would claim her hand for a waltz, and lead her off in triumph, amid the sneers of the experienced. Pardon us, good friends, if we again recur to the romance, the *analyses* of which we have been giving you:

'THE ball room was bright and beautiful. Two thousand candles shone in the lofty rooms; two hundred belles flashed as they sidled in the waltz and simpered in the cotillion. The 'middle ages' line the walls; capped, sitting bolt upright, wide awake, smiling, but looking out like highwaymen for rich young men. Tarpenny descends from the dressing-room, and trembles. It is his fourth party. Simple-minded youth! He feels the arduous nature of his undertaking. He gives his hair the last adorning touch, the *coup de grâce*; with hands glued to sides, he enters, fixes his eye upon the hostess, and rushes headlong at her. Politeness urges her to advance to meet him; self-preservation prompts her to avoid. Convulsively forward jerks his hand, eager for a shake; two taper fingers only, cautiously advanced, are feebly placed within his grasp. His friendly force betrays him; he shakes the air; loses his balance; hops upon one foot. While on the hop, his rosy face

meets a cognizant female eye. He bows upon one leg, totters still, and half falls against a man of muslin. He jumps away, muttering an indistinct '*Pardon!*' With a hot, painful sensation in the face, he takes refuge behind a door, to emerge again when coolness brings relief, and the nose no longer glistens. He looks about him, and gallantly resolves to dance. Miss Liner meets his inquiring eye. When a little boy he had seen beaux about her. It was years ago. She is a belle. There can be no doubt about it. How lucky that she is not engaged! He sees distinction close at hand, and hurries to the hostess. She presents him. He stammers out the question. Miss Liner grumbles a '*Yes.*' He leads her off in triumph. Short-sighted mortal!

Mrs. LINER began to ask, 'Why don't the men come forrard?' and old Liner was heard to mutter: '*Quousque tandem Caty Liner abutère patientiâ nostrâ?*'

Another year, and the last faint *spark* expired.

'Why is it Mrs. Liner,' quoth the father, as he was tying his night-cap strings, 'that our daughter cannot get a husband? I know very well that Erasmus says, in speaking of women, *Nulla bona, Nullus beau*; but we, thank God! are rich, and I am sure we all have tried hard enough. There was Shufflesbank, for instance. Did not we run after him at balls, plays, concerts, until I got the pleurisy, and you a bilious attack? And Catharine, poor soul! did she not dance after him until she wore herself down to a skeleton? and all for nothing? Something must be done, Mrs. Liner. Gad! I have a plan ——' A rattling, reverberating snore completed Mr. Liner's paragraph; and soon the married noses, blended in harsh discord, pealed a lullaby through the bed-curtains. As to Miss Catharine, she looked upon the first part of the proverb, '*L'homme propose,*' as an absurd and cruel fiction, invented by a tantalizing wretch. And when her cousin, Miss Frizzle—who like the Scythian in Elian was all face, and poor and ill-natured to boot—when Frederica Frizzle, whose physiognomical and moral qualifications were forcibly described by one of her friends as

'Nose carnation,
Temper darnation!'

when Miss Frizzle, I say, engaged herself to her first offer, a nice musical young man, with the slightest possible moustache, then Catharine waxed gloomy, and her snowy *batiste* was bedewed with tears. As the poet hath it:

'Through fingers tiny
Streamed the briny.'

We have now come to the beginning of our story. Miss Liner sits weeping upon the sofa, regretting Shufflesbank and her first offer from Tobolsk. It remains for us to see what was Mr. Liner's plan.

N O ' T H - E A S T B Y E A S T .

I.

THE wind is East, what little there is,
 No'th-East by East, and the captain lays
 His ship all lady-like in stays,
 Stripped as far as it decent is.
 For three points off her weather-bow
 The curtain of mist that passed just now
 Has shut the light out suddenly ;
 The big bright Eye that over the sea
 Is rolling round unceasingly :
 A dim white-darkness spreads about,
 And sun, and moon, and stars are out,
 Alow and aloft ; from Holmes's Hole
 To a point in the east'ard not yet known ;
 And where the White Bear, shook from the pole
 By an avalanche, sits perched alone,
 Or floating down to the southern sea
 Stalks round in sullen majesty.
 With a keen eye out for the wrecked that come
 With the breaking surge to his icy home ;
 All over this waste of sea and land
 The light is out — as an unseen Hand
 Had drawn a curtain over at once,
 To cool it all for the summer months.

The sea rolls lazily, and whist,
 As the motions of the whirling mist ;
 A pantomime of air and sea,
 That hath a solemn witchery,
 Which puzzles the cock, who has the right
 If any one has, to know day-light ;
 But tired at last, he gives up, dumb
 With wondering when the morn will come ;
 And after straining his lungs all day,
 Kicks up a row in his family.
 The porpoise out on the fishing ground
 With a running start, comes upward-bound,
 Then skimming along the ocean's brim,
 And just in tone with its solemn hymn,
 He snorts and blows, with a careless fling
 Of his short bob-tail, as it suited him
 Exceedingly, that sort of thing ;
 Or, startled from her easy swing,
 The fluttering of a sea-bird's wing,
 The moaning cry of some lost bird,
 Or the dropping of a spar, is heard.
 And sudden, as from eternity,
 Quick to the eye and quickly missed,
 Just in and out of the driving mist,
 A something white moves slowly by,
 And you know that a ship is drifting nigh ;
 A moment in, and a moment out,
 And then with the lull, a smothered shout,
 And all is dull and hushed again
 To the still small talk of the mighty rain ;
 Or the '*Graves*,' that never can quiet be
 While a pulse is left in the heaving sea ;
 The gossiping *Graves*, now off the lee
 You may hear them muttering, either side,
 As the ship heaves round with the lazy tide ;
 And weary and faint, as a sick man raves,
 Is the senseless talk of the gossiping *Graves*.