THE PRIMPENNY FAMILY.

BY FITZ-HUGH LUDLOW.

(CONTINUED.)

CHAPTER II.

Everybody knows that Bleecker-street, between Broadway and Thompson, is an asylum for patriots. All the boarding-houses there (and there are hardly any other kind in that charming locality) swarm with dark, stern men, men with lustrous eyes, heavily moustached men, men with very small shiny patent-leather boots. Men carrying a settled melancholy, and as a general thing, a slender yellow cane with an ivory leg, dog's head, or doubled fist, for a top to it. Men who never get out of their gloves, and for all purposes of human vision, might just as well have been born in them. Men who are perpetually wrapping little flat scales of tobacco into inconceivably small strips of tissue paper, and performing wonderful feats of necromancy by lighting them, and keeping them burning for one minute and a half, without singing their beards, all this transaction taking place under the idea that it is a comfortable smoke. Men who wear massive jewelry, and waistcoats of a flowered but somewhat sombre pattern. Men in fine, who have vast estates on the Island of Cuba, which yield a larger income than they would know what to do with, if they could only lay their hands on it, which they can't. It may be set down as an established principle in the science of human nature, that when a gentleman is unfortunate in the West Indies he always takes to Bleecker-street as the next best thing.

There is a tall brick house in Bleecker-street—I don't care to indicate the locality more precisely than to say that it's somewhere between Broadway and Thompson, which affords an asylum, to put the figure moderately, for at least half a hundred of these distressed, yet unextinguished patriots. A high flight of steps which may have been originally marble, but at present, from the effects of age, feet, and weather, seems rather the product of some builder who had large quantities of soap-stone at his disposal, ascend to the entrance, flanked on either side by balustrades of iron, bursting into every variety of ingenious efflorence. Big black lilies, spiked trumpet vines, honey-suckles, cabbage roses—all conveying the idea that some ingenious botanist has been sowing ten-penny nails in a stone-soil and been rewarded by an elaborate harvest of railing. Having climbed these steps, you stand in a deep archway with a very prominent key-stone to it, sculptured in imitation of some mythological head or other, and a door before you, whose color, probably from the benign desire of suggesting tropical associations to the exiles who may own night-keys to it, is a subdued and streaky lemon. But conspicuous above all other adornments of the edifice is a very large composition-metal door-plate, from which confronts you, in correspondingly obvious letters, the name of Mrs. McCROWDER.

At nine o'clock P. M. of the same day on which Mr. PRIMPENNY senior promised his son an establishment, the latter gentleman ascended the steps of Mrs. McCROWDER's and tugged at the bell-pull. There is nothing remarkable in this action which gives it historic value, but for the fact that one tug at Mrs. McCROWDER's bell was merely a formal preliminary for two others, it being a peculiar advantage of that commodious establishment that no person seeking admission was allowed to enter rashly, but that he should always have abundance of time to consider whether he really wanted to get in from proper motives, and might not after all spend his time better in going somewhere else. In the present instance STUYVESANT was determined, and accordingly, after two tugs more, the lemon-colored door opened briskly, and disclosed a huge shock of red hair, a big twinkling freckled face, and a measureless expanse of soiled cotton apron.

"Bliss me sowl!" exclaimed the apparition. "An it's yerself Misther PRIMPENNY! If I'd knowd it was you, I'd have let thim knives I was clanin' go to the divil, but I niver heard yer ring till the last time. An' I suppose it's Mr. MUFFLES ye'll be seein?"

"Yes, TEAGUE, you villain—it *is* Mr. MUFFLES. Is he in?"

"No, sir—he's in Jersey for the night," replied TEAGUE FLYNN, in an ostentatiously loud tone—then went through a series of winks and gestures directed over his shoulder to the back stair-case, and sunk his voice to a whisper at Mr. PRIMPENNY's ear, "an that's a lie, too, bad luck to it—but I hear the ould woman in the basement entry, and Mr. MUFFLES don't want her to know he's in." TEAGUE again resorted to pantomime, and drew quite an intelligible picture of the act known as presenting a board-bill, followed by another equally characteristic, which consisted of turning his empty pocket inside out.

"Well," replied STUYVESANT, loudly, with an appreciative nod, "Give my respects to Mr MUFFLES, when he returns, and tell him I'm very sorry not to find him in."

The young man slipped a quarter into TEAGUE's hand. That admirable domestic demonstratively slammed the front door, and made a great deal of unnecessary noise with his heels, while STUYVESANT, under cover of its deception, stole softly up the stairs.

To reach Mr. MUFFLES, much effort was necessary even under those favorable circumstances of pecuniary accountability, which enabled him to keep his door open. His abode was a top-layer over several strata of Cuban patriots—being the fourth story back room. He was accessible therefore, only by ascending through at least four different boarding-house atmospheres. The first, that boiled atmosphere which always lingers in the lowest entry of such localities, and consists of one part oxygen, to four parts of immemorial beef-soup. The second a bath-room atmosphere, compounded of soap, steam and volatilized Croton fixtures. The third a dense, beddy atmosphere, as of compact and insufficiently aired families. The fourth, tobacco-smoke struggling with odors of laid-away trunks, old furniture, beams, plaster, and the combination of elements which compose the garrety atmosphere generally. Through all these successive layers of atmosphere there ran at Mr. CROWDER's an additional flavor of onions. Around this the others were harmoniously constructed—as Linda is built around the air, "*Ah Consolarm!*" This vegetable element Mr. MUFFLES delighted in calling "that favorite little Spanish air, you know!"

When Mr. PRIMPENNY reached the fourth story back, he found it both dark and inaudible. There was not even a ray glimmering through the keyhole. But he put his mouth to that aperture and whispered his name. After which a rustling arose within, and the door presently opening, Mr. MUFFLES appeared.

"Come in quick, old boy!" said Mr. MUFFLES. "I've gone into secret session on the financial difficulties of the country, and we'll lock the door if you please." Mr. PRIMPENNY obeyed—and Mr. MUFFLES turned the key. After which he took it out and hung a towel over the knob.

"This is a sweet state of things, I must confess!" said Mr. PRIMPENNY. "If you were hard up why didn't you come and borrow the money for your board-bill of me?"

"Couldn't think of such a thing! Never borrow money for my amusements. Now paying Mrs. McCROWDER just at this present

period would be an amusement. In fact when we consider the quality of the article she gives, I think that paying her on the nail would be about the amusingest little thing I could do. If I'd been out of cigars—or wanted a new coat—or was distressed for any other of the necessaries of life, why I'd have come to you. Rely on me, old boy! You'll find me a friend in every time of need—mine or your own."

And Mr. MUFFLES struck a dramatic attitude of greatly magnanimous expression.

"Why MUFFLES, I thought you liked Mrs. McCROWDER's!" continued Mr. PRIMPENNY, helping himself to a seat on the iron bedstead which furnished the apartment, assisted by three cane-bottomed chairs, boasting ten legs and more or less incapacitated backs between them; a wash-stand kept from bringing still further grief to its broken crockery by a WEBSTER's Dictionary set on end to prop its lower shelf, a cherry table, dusted the day the new chambermaid came, as a perfidious stimulus to the belief that she meant to keep on doing it; a walnut-stained bureau, whose drawers invariably pulled zig-zag and then wedged tight; a cheval glass, calculated for interesting optical experiments, by the fact that wherever the foil still stuck on, it gave the looker just three times the longitudinal amount of jaw donated by nature; and a book-rack slung to the wall by green cords, containing light literature, two Schiedam Schnapp bottles, an odd volume of STORY on the Constitution, a spirit-lamp, a pair of boxing-gloves, a lot of loose manuscript, and a broken fiddle.

"Like Mrs. McCROWDER's?" replied Mr. MUFFLES, solemnly; "I *do* like Mrs. McCROWDER's! I adore the place! I cherish the woman! Mrs. McCROWDER's is a school of philosophy! Mrs. McCROWDER's is a college—an academe! *Life* is to be seen at Mrs. McCROWDER's! Not the luxurious side of life, as perhaps you may have gathered from glances around this humble appartment. That side of life is to be studied on Broadway or the Boulvards. This is the Cheapside of life."

"It's more like the Seven Dials or Grub-street," said Mr PRIMPENNY, sarcastically, shrugging his shoulders as he looked about the room.

"Five dollars a week for life, as seen here in its most remarkable phase—feed, lodging, fuel and gas thrown in. The Spanish animal—the Landlady animal—the Irish waiter, the Dutch chambermaid—the Patriot—every variety of unusual creature is here to be studied in its haunts and habits. That's worth five dollars per week, decidedly! Now supposing the father of a family should come to me and say, 'MUFFLES, I feel a responsibility for the development of my children, where can I get their eye-teeth cut?' Laying my hand on my bosom, I would reply, 'Mrs. McCROWDER's! Mrs. McCROWDER is herself an embodiment of sound practical wisdom—wisdom as taught in all ages by the vehicle of the adage. Take this proverb for instance, 'Go farther and fare worse'—Mrs. McCROWDER is a living illustration! She makes her butcher's meat do the first, her boarders the second, to a degree attained by no other professional in New York!"

"Be serious for a minute, MUFFLES, for I've come to consult with you. At last the Governor's consented to give me an establishment. I want your advice as to the style of thing you'd have."

"Trotting waggon, I should say; wheels red, picked out in yellow, span of dark bays, tiger, and c———"

"Bah! I mean a house—a bachelor establishment."

Mr. MUFFLES jumped to his feet, in the excitement of the moment breaking the last reliable chair-back in the room.

"A house of your own?" he exclaimed. "I'll go and board with you!"

"No you won't! not in the ordinary sense. You shall live with me if you choose, and I'll be jolly glad to have you. But no bills to dodge, no shutting yourself up in the garret, you know! You are my bosomest friend, old MUFF, and I have the greatest confidence in your opinion. Now I want your idea in regard to the house. What sort of a house should it be? Where would you take it? How would you keep it? Would you have a housekeeper—or a respectable family to look after things—or only a man-servant, and an old woman to sweep and dust, while you fed at the club? Just give us your idea of a house, MUFFLES!"

"You want a real model, do you? Well—take this house for instance"—answered Mr. MUFFLES with the bitterly sarcastic air as a wronged man, who could not unhitch his mind from the subject on which it was sorest—"*This* is the pattern house to live in. We have all the modern improvements here. Not only the usual appliances of vulgar luxury, but a good many with which Civilization up-town hasn't kept pace. Look at our Croton. It's none of your common Crotons! It's arranged on the principle of ingenious little surprises which stimulate the mind to cheerfulness. You want hot water? An ordinary intellect naturally thinks of the hot cock and turns it. What do you get? *Cold* water! That's a peculiarly nice astonishment, when you're taking a bath in winter, you know. Or do you want cold water? By the same pleasant system, hot water runs at the cold cock. To prevent monotony, the surprise is once in a while agreeably varied by both cocks' running cold and hot mixed. If you want a drink that's the agreeablest of all the surprises. It illustrates the principle of copartnership, and it's an excellent emetic beside. I don't know but our bell-pulls are a prettier attraction than our Croton. Gentlemen who hope some day to have a home of their own, and want to acquire the accomplishment of ringing for things, can practise on them, as a child learns music on a dumb piano, without disturbing anybody in the house. I rang for TEAGUE the other day fifteen times by count, and hanged if Mrs. McCROWDER made the slightest objection! Speaking of TEAGUE suggests another of our improvements. All the servants but him are German. This is vastly conducive to morality, for the boarders, with my exception, are all Spanish, and when they swear at a girl who brings up coals an hour after they've sent her for ham-sandwiches, why she can't understand 'em you see. This is a kind of a house to have! Here's your model—Mrs. McCROWDER's!"

How much longer the mildly ironical MUFFLES would have continued his eulogy it is impossible now to ascertain. For just at this juncture a solid tramp as of armed battalions was heard on the stair-case below, and the roar of foreign voices mingled with it like the sound of many waters. It appeared at that instant to Mr. PRIMPENNY that at least a hundred people, in a state bordering on insanity, had met in the entry for mutual assassination. From a Spanish tour which lasted three days, during the period of his abandoned youth Mr. PRIMPENNY had acquired enough familiarity with CASTILIAN to conclude that the dialect in which the crowd were making their noise was Spanish—but *such* a noise he had never heard in Spanish, or any other tongue.

"Good Heavens, MUFFLES," he exclaimed turning very pale, "what can they be fighting about?"

"It isn't a fight," said MUFFLES, "it's only a Junta."

"What's a 'Hoonta'?"

"It's an amicable assembly of Spanish gentlemen, who meet once a week to declare their eternal hatred to despots—smoke cigarettes—drink maraschino—free Cuba—and go home with the girls in the morning. Cuba stays freed just a week, then the Spanish gentlemen come and do it again. They're going to do it now. They feel very bad till they get the hatred to despots off their minds, and that's the reason they talk so loud. When that's over they'll feel better, and consider that they've done their duty to their country. There's another feature of Mrs. McCROWDER's! Periodical patriotism! Very funny it is too. The Junta meets in the room just under us. Keep quiet and you will hear it through the floor."

By this time the infuriated crowd of friendly patriots had locked themselves in the room below—and a comparative lull ensued, during which they appeared to be taking their seats. Then a sepulchral base voice said something unintelligible to American ears with a ceiling in their way—which was followed by a tumultuous burst of bravos and hand-clapping. At this instant the gas in Mr. MUFFLE's burner began dwindling to a small blue cone. Then it shot higher in a broad yellow blaze—and finally, after sending forth a series of very pretty multi-colored sparkles, quietly went out altogether.

"D—n that gas!" exclaimed Mr. MUFFLES, "there's another feature of Mrs. McCROWDER's! That's the fifth time this week.

Perhaps this pyrotechnic display, common to boarding-house gas-fixtures, owes somewhat of its attraction to novelty. It is to be expected that after it has run for five successive evenings, unscientific minds will find it monotonous and call for some other entertainment less purely philosophical. In accordance with these views, the gas had hardly concluded its final disappearance when the gentlemen of the Junta were heard rushing to the top of the stairs, and emitting sounds which persons the least versed in polite Spanish would scarcely have interpreted as applause.

"PRIMPENNY!" exclaimed Mr. MUFFLES, jumping up and seizing his friend by the arm. "Let's run down stairs just a minute. It's a good chance now to see life! All the Junta's in the entry, and when a Junta's mad there's no fun like it. All the hatred they've been bottling up the last week for despots has burst out on the gas! Quick as you can! Come along!"

(*To be continued.*)

Red Precipitate.

South Carolina.

What Major Anderson's "Fort" is.

Fort Sumpter.

ARTEMUS WARD

ON HIS TRAVELS.

LETTER V.

ONTO THE WING, DEC. 1860.

Gents of the Editoral Corpse of Vanity Fair:—

Since I last rit you I've met with immense success a showin my show in varis places, particly at Detroit. I put up at Mr. RUSSEL's tavern, a very good tavern too, but I am sorry to inform you that the clerks tried to cum a Gouge Game on me. I brandished my new sixteen dollar huntin-cased watch round considerble, & as I was dresst in my store clothes & had a lot of sweet-scented wagon-grease on my hair, I am free to confess that I thought I lookt putty gay. It never once struck me that I lookt green. But up steps a clerk & axes me hadn't I better put my watch in the Safe. "Sir," sez I, "that watch cost sixteen dollars! Yes Sir, every dollar of it! You can't cum it over me, my boy! Not at all, Sir." I know'd what the clerk wanted. He wanted that watch himself. He wanted to make believe as tho he lockt it up in the safe, then he would set the house a fire and pretend as tho the watch was destroyed with the other property! But he caught a Tomarter when he got hold of me. From Detroit I go West'ard hoe. On the cars was a he-lookin female, with a green-cotton umbreller in one hand and a handful of Reform tracks in the other. She sed every woman should have a Spear. Them as didn't demand their Spears, didn't know what was good for them. "What is my Spear?" she axed, addressin the peple in the cars. "Is it to stay to home & darn stockins & be the ser-*lave* of a domineerin man? Or is it my Spear to vote & speak & show myself the ekal of man? Is there a sister in these keers that has her proper Spear?" Sayin which ths eccentric female whirled her umbreller round several times, & finally jabbed me in the weskit with it.

"I hav no objecshuns to your goin into the Spear bizniss," sez I, "but you'll please remember I ain't a pickeril. Don't Spear me agin, if you please." She sot down.

At Ann Arbor, bein seized with a sudden faintness, I called for a drop of suthin to drink. As I was stirrin the beverage up, a pale-faced man in gold spectacles laid his hand upon my shoulder, & sed, "Look not upon the wine when it is red!"

Sez I, "This ain't wine. This is Old Rye."

"*It stingeth like a Adder and biteth like a Sarpent!*" sed the man.

"I guess not," sed I, "when you put sugar in it. That's the way I allers take mine."

"Hav you sons grown up, Sir?" the man axed.

"Wall," I replide, as I put myself outside my beverage, "my son ARTEMUS junior is goin on 18."

"Ain't you afraid if you set this example be4 him, he'll cum to a bad end?"

"He's cum to a waxed end already. He's learnin the shoemakin bizness," I replied. "I guess we can both on us git along without your assistance, Sir," I obsarved, as he was about to open his mouth agin.

"This is a cold world!" sed the man.

"That's so. But you'll git into a warmer one by and by, if you don't mind your own bizniss better." I was a little riled at the feller because I never take anythin only when I really need it. I arterwards learned he was a temperance lecturer, and if he can injuce men to stop settin their inards on fire with the frightful licker which is retailed round the country, I shall hartily rejoice. Better giv men Prusick Assid to onct, than to pizen 'em to deth by degrees.

At Albion I met with overwhelmin success. The celebrated Albion Female Semenary is located here, & there air over 300 young ladies in the Institushun pretty enuff to eat without seasonin or sass. The young ladies was very kind to me, volunteerin to pin my handbills onto the backs of their dresses. It was a surblime site to see over 300 young ladies goin round with a advertisement of A. WARD's onparaleld show, conspickusly posted onto their dresses.

They've got a Panick up this way and refooze to take Western money. It never was worth much, and when western men, who know what it is, refooze to take their own money it is about time other folks stopt handlin it. Banks are bustin every day, goin up higher nor any balloon of which we hav any record. These western bankers air a sweet & luvly set of men. I wish I owned as good a house as some of 'em would break into!

Virtoo is its own reward. A. WARD

THE PUGS OF MERRY ENGLAND,

BY ONE OF 'EM.

The Pugs of merry England, what happy dogs be they!
Examples rare, I'm safe to swear, of Dogs as has their day:
And if, in making this remark, you think I'm a cove as chaffs,
I'll clinch my boast from the Lon'on *Post*, with a couple of paragraphs.

The first it tells of a fancy-fair in Brummagen's button-eyed town,
A nobby show of the fullest blow, for elegance and renown:
But of all the beauty that there did duty, none fetched anythink, we're told,
Like the figure snug forked out for a Pug—a thousand guineas in gold.

The second it tells of the two-legged Pug that snarls for old England,
TOM SAYERS tough who acknowledged good stuff when he shook the Benicia Boy's hand.
Two thousand eight-hundred and fourteen guineas for him has been raised about.
Which it's fourteen hundred and seventy dollars, unless my figures is out.

So here's to beer-washed England (which she's likeways washed by the sea,)
Where it's made a duty that things of beauty for ever a joy do be,
Where the man and the dog, in sweet dialogue, each unto t'other can say—
"O! the Pugs of merry England, what blessed times have they!"

The Landlady's Mot.

X. and the Landlady protest against the modern fashion of miscalling things.

"Why do you say a man is 'ripe for heaven,'" asked X. of the Spiritualist, "when you mean he is dead?"

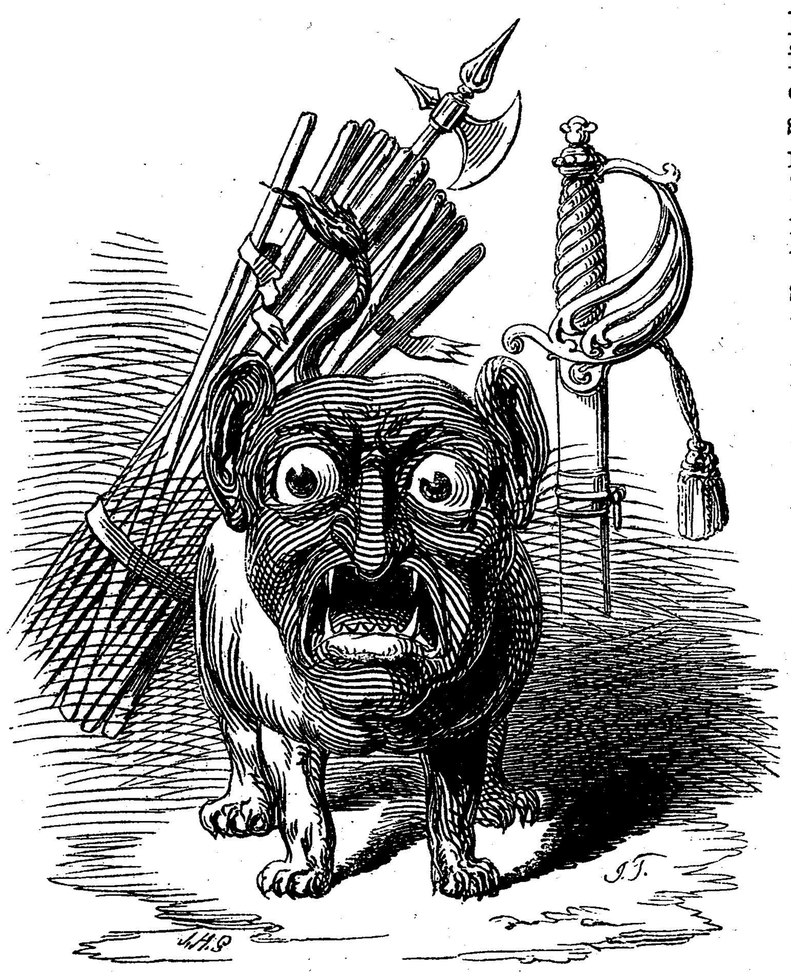
"There is no death," replied the Spiritualist; "what you call death is the beginning of life, when one is really ripe for heaven."

"Yes," added the Landlady; "Dead-ripe!

The Health of the President.

December 27th—*Fort mal!*

MR. LINCOLN HAS SPOKEN.



RESPONSES in church ought to be slow and dignified. Or in Politics. In response to the persuasive calls of the N. Y. *Herald*, and moved by the convincing logic thereof, Mr. LINCOLN has responded He *has spoke* and forwarded to VANITY FAIR proof-sheets of his words, copies of which will be sent to every paper in the United States, and likewise to South Carolina.

Speech delivered on the roof of the State House in Springfield, Illinois, on a moonlight night, viz., New Year's Eve, 1860.

FRIENDS AND FELLOW CITIZENS :—From my exalted position I see stars. Yes I do. But I feel a little dizzy. 'My head swims when I drink a little whiskey.' Elevation is twofold, yea threefold ; that produced by getting "high," by going up high, and being raised high above ye fellows. Excuse me, gentlemen, for calling you *fellers*. I mean feller citizens. You are felloes in the wheel of our glorious industrial wheel, the trade and commerce of this country. One spoke is rattling like thunder now down South, but I guess we'll get that fixed by-and-by.

"Fellow citizens, I appear before you to-night in consequence of the urgent calls made upon me by that whole-souled BENIT (his name means blessed you know—*benit* is French.) Gentlemen, I respect Mr. B., and commit every copy of his paper to memory. His words are engraven upon my shoulder-blades like the marks of the descending thong upon his. How could I refuse to speak when so called upon ? Gentlemen, *I am* speaking. Now what do you want me to say ? I suppose you want to know about my Cabinet, my policy, my appointments, my administration, &c., in advance. I will tell you. (At this stage the most intense silence prevailed. You could have heard a needle stick into a pincushion. A shooting star, a million miles off, exploded ; everybody heard it.) I mean to have Cabinet pictures in my house, the best I can get, and Cabinet champaigne, the best that I can buy, and any other necessary Cabinet that may be required.

"As to my policy, or policies—for I shall have several—I will have my two Life policies in two good companies for $5000, each in favor of Mrs. ABE. Insurance policies upon my personal property in several staunch associations. Lottery policies I am opposed to. The best policy, Honesty, I am in favor of.

"How as to my 'appointments,' like my 'habit they will be costly as my purse can buy, though not expressed in fancy.' Mr. GREELEY I shall not employ for my tailor. As to my 'administration,' I shall spank my children, and kiss my wife, and go to meeting as often as I please, and I shall pay all my bills as I go along, and exhort everybody else to do the same.

"As to my 'and so forth,' that is nobody's business, and you need not ask me about it.

"Now, fellow citizens, I trust that you are satisfied with my exposition of my principles. I have defined my position. But if you don't understand it fully, look up and see where I am.

"Fellow citizens, good night."

(Exit ABRAHAM through the scuttle.)

The vast audience slowly dispersed, pondering in their hearts the words of mighty wisdom that they had just heard. Prior to their separation they gave H. A. L. nine hundred and ninety-nine hearty cheers.

Anderson's fine cut.

Cutting from Fort Moultrie to Fort Sumpter.

BOOLE AMONG THE BOOKS !

Is SAUL among the Prophets ?

VANITY FAIR has had occasion to ask this question once before, but in reference to a different subject. The question paraphrased to our taste in this article would read : "Is BOOLE also among the Literati ?" "Have yellow kids playfully skipped over the hitherto awful barrier placed between them and the domains of the publisher ? and do they now gambol undisturbed, amid the flowers of Romance and Poetry ?"

Else, what means this which we saw in an advertisement the other day ?

"BOOLE'S FINITE DIFFERENCES. MACMILLAN & SONS, Cambridge, 1860, 1 vol. 12mo. Price $1.00."

Oh BOOLE ! BONNER where art thou ? Hast thou fled, O mighty man, to some sequestered nook ? Dost thou hide thyself there at the sound of this awful trump ? Has VANITY again been fated to discover this rose blooming in the desert, and to bring it to the notice of the world ? BOOLE !

So it seems.

Now, BOOLE writes a book. (Supposing this to be *the* BOOLE) BOOLE'S Finite Differences,—BOOLE'S Differences. Yes, we are aware that BOOLE has had "a many" differences in this life. For instance, a difference with the policemen of New York, regarding certain moneys ; a difference with the Mayor, a lot of differences with Gentlemen—especially in the matter of yellow kids ; and a continual difference with VANITY FAIR on the hackneyed subjects of Honesty and Truth. Truly, if any man is capable of writing on the subject of "Differences" it is BOOLE. But if he *did* write this work, VANITY, with all humility and reverence, submits that, in view of the number of subdivisions of the subject mentioned above, the title of the work should be In-Finite Differences.

A LOVER'S LETTER.

BY P. GASUS.

Write to me often, love ;
Tell me of every changing thought,
In soft drawn shades with pleasing imagery,
And seal the words in sentences heart-wrought,
So they will to my heart most fondly fly,
And nestle there
Under the wing of prayer.

Write to me often, love ;
Joy of my life, thou should'st not deem
Thy lightest zephyr-wish beyond my yearning care,
I gladly hear if but a vanishing dream,
Because my love hath dreamed it—ANABEL fair,
Where'er I rove,
Write to me often, love.

TEN YEARS AFTER.

Don't ask for money, dear—
I can't allow it, really now I can't ;
You *must* be thoughtful ; this my summer tour
Is costing like ——don't speak of *every* want,
It's no strange news,
If TOMMY does need shoes.

Perhaps you'd best not write—
For I am changing places every day ;
I'm sorry MARY's sick—but can't you dye
The silk you've got ?—good patience ! lonesome ! you
With all those children round you ? well, if I
Can come I will—
But don't expect me, till I do !

Profound Thoughts.

A monk is the worst kind of person to entrust with a secret, because no consideration can prevent him from Telling his beads.

Query by a Philologist.

Is it not a little paradoxical, that the most common Indian Meal is Game and Whiskey ?

A Sweet Style of Thing.

Why is Mr. HAYES's scenery, in the new piece at the Winter Garden, like a loud snore ! Because it is a Sleepy Holler !

A DESIRABLE BOARDER!

Omnivorous Frenchman.—"YOU LET ZE LODGING AND ZE BOARD?—VELL, I HAVE NEVARE NO MONNAIE, BUT I AM ONE POLYPHLOSBOYISTE—MAKE MUSEEK OUT OF EVERYTING ZAT IS—AND I VILL PAY MY BOARD BY TEACH YOUR DAUGHTER TO TING-TING ON ZE GUITARRE, YOUR SONS TO BLOW UPON ZE TRUMPETS AND ZE HORNS, AND YOUR SMALL SHEELDRENS TO GO RUB-A-DUB AND TEETLE-TEE UPON ZEE DRUM, ZE TAMBOURINE, AND ZE TRIANGLE!"

Jockey of Norfolk, be not too Bold.

The classical remark of JOHN TYLER JR., at Norfolk, recently, viz: "Let the Union go to H——l," reminds us very forcibly of MAWWORM's Exit speech in the "Hypocrite," when bowing Old Lady LAMBERT off, he turns to the company with the remark, "You are all going to the Devil! Come Madam, you go first." This would make it very bad for Madam Virginia.

Our Regiment.

The gallant Seventh intend giving a grand Concert at the Academy, on the Twelfth. When we hear the drum Roll played by their Band, we shall think of the Banderole, which ensigns were wont to bear and put up a F. P——fervid prayer, you know—that their pennon may never flag in battle.

Our Stuttering Contributor

Upon reading in the veracious *Herald*, that J. B. was afraid of being assassinated, remarked, it wouldn't be "the first time in J. B.'s administration that there had been an Ass-Ass in the White House."

By our Disgusted-with-Things Contributor.

Waiter in Delmonico's to no Party man—"Take Coffee Sir?"

No Party man—"No, I won't take Office, sir. Not under Nobody. I'd swallow pizon things first.

A Fixed Salary.

Your own, when you can't raise it.

Motto for the Historiographer of Storm.

Memento MAURY.

WEBSTER'S STATUE.

BOSTON, DEC. 24, 1860.

DEAR VANITY FAIR:—You remember that a year since my old chum, EDWARD—Mr. BONNER'S EDWARD—outdid DEMOSTHENES at the inauguration of the WEBSTER Statue in the village of Boston. You will remember, farther, that at the close of this oration EDWARD made an announcement of a very serious character. He announced that, should anybody in these United States go to seceding, or cutting any cognate capers, the said statue was going to get down immediately from off its pedestal, stalk about Boston Common, and holla, "Liberty and Union." Being of a skeptical turn of mind, I was unable to credit the statement at the time. I told EDWARD so when, as usual, he read me his manuscript in advance of its public recital. "EDWARD," said I, impressively, "that statue will do no such thing."

He looked at me with surprise.

"There's no machinery inside it?" I enquired.

"Oh no," he exclaimed, in a tone of as much disgust as his great politeness permitted him to express

"Then," I rejoined, "It won't stir a step, nor make a squeak as loud as a mouse's, not even if the Governor of Massachusetts should appoint a day of fasting and prayer for the express purpose of operating it. You think it will, I know; else you wouldn't say so. You are quite superior to mere trumpery rhetoric. *But that statue won't stir.* I wish it would! It might then take the opportunity to escape out of those hideous trowsers. Or it might even flee from its general ugliness, into the depths of the sea.

Here EDWARD looked grave. "Mr. WEBSTER's statue," said he solemnly, "would never commit suicide."

Upon this a bright thought struck me. "Would Mr. WEBSTER's statue act contrary to precedent," I asked with a tone of triumph. "And would not the conduct you prognosticate, be wholly unprecedented in a statue? Surely it would. Surely it is what no statue of a constitutional lawyer, and conservative statesman, could meditate doing for a moment. It would be a radical movement. It would be an inexcusable innovation upon all custom of statues."

I closed, thinking my statement unanswerable. But I was mistaken. "Me dear SCARRY," here his voice faltered, and he was compelled to put his handkerchief to his eyes, which he did very elegantly. After a time he recovered. "Me dear SCARRY," said he resuming, "pardon me emotion, and pardon me extreme brevity and bluntness in saying that, had you possessed those inestimable opportunities for forming a correct judgment upon this momentous question, which it has been me happy and honored priveledge to enjoy, you might probably, or possibly arrive at an opinion different from that you now express. I have ventured upon the prediction. I am indeed a bold man, a daring man, taking council only of truth and me own heart, and making a straight path always: in the face of me public career, so much cannot be denied. But though bold, I am not inconsiderate. And knowing well that should this announcement ever be falsified, I could never encounter the eyes of me fellow citizens, but, flying in shame, must pass the brief and mournful remainder of me days in the deepest recesses of Mammoth Cave, I should surely refrain from making it, were I not *certain* of its being justified by the event."

So he spoke and was silent. Well, secession has come. And now will the announcement of my dear EDWARD be falsified? Will he be conpelled to go into that gloomy exile? These are the questions I ask continually. I seize upon the newspapers day after day, to learn whether said statue has moved or spoken; but the provoking things never allude to the subject. Dear V. F., you know everything. You don't let everybody know how much you know, because everybody would be rushing to you to recover his missing silver spoons. But, *entre nous*, you do know everything, nevertheless. Tell me, therefore, (in strict confidence) *has* that statue succeeded in moving its trowsers? *Have* the "bronze lips" hollaed? And if not, *will* they holla?

Yours anxiously,

ISCARIOT PETERS.

The "Most Distinguished Consideration."

A Pecuniary consideration.

STUNNING.

OUR FRIEND APPLESAS, WHO HAS HEARD OF "ALLIGATOR BOOTS," GETS UP WHAT HE CONCEIVES TO BE ABOUT THE THING, TO THE TERROR OF BOOT-BLACK BOYS IN THE PARK.

Letting Him Down Easy.

Good, simple old souls, like the *Boston Recorder*, have a charming way of letting a friend down easy, when they think he has been going it a little too fast, but don't like to tell him so, plump. There is an article in the current number of the *Atlantic Monthly*, entitled "A Visit to the Asylum of Aged and Decayed Punsters," which bears about it strong evidence of "The Professor" having been around when it was written. The *Boston Recorder*, in giving the table of contents of the *Atlantic*, calls this "A Visit to the Asylum of Aged and Decayed Ministers," thus bringing the author into the field in which JOHN HOWARD and ELIZABETH FRY ran their respective races, and placing him in the light of a person who would rather be stuck with a pin than with a pun. But the *Recorder* is wily, too; and we are half inclined to think that he compounded with his conscience by "accidentally" mistaking the title of the fleshly article referred to, so that he might devour it on the spot—in which case we forgive him.

Metallurgic!

Irony at the Bar—Bar-iron-y.
In the Senate—Flat-iron-y.
In the House—Pig-iron-y.
In Thackeray—Sad-iron-y.
In *Punch*—Wrought-iron-y.
In VANITY FAIR—Rail-iron-y.

Unseasonable.

Why is a Mosquito like a Railroad? Because it fastens upon sleepers, and takes heavy draughts over them.

How to Calm the Carolinas.

Carry liners of war to Charleston.

FROM THE HUB.

A WAY DOWN EAST, Dec. 24th.

Mr. Vanity Fair, Esq.:

DERE SUR:—As I was a reedin the *Herald* (N. Y.) wich paper is like the *Farmer Allmanack* meaning just contrairy of wot it sais, I cum acrost the doins of the "South Carolina Convention," in said doins was found the annext paragraff

PRIVILEGES OF THE FLOOR.

Mr. KEITT—I now move that a committee of three be appointed to invite the Hon. HOWELL COBB, of Georgia, to take a seat on the floor. (Applause.)

The question being put it was decided in the affirmative.

The Idee! Now I think if anybody inwited me to take a seet on the flor I'd fust look reound and see if I coodent find a milkin steul or a pale that I mite repossit my febel lims upon, before I akcepted there kind inwitation.

I'm afeerd some of them S. C's, (South Carolinians, You Know, EDS.) will hev to come to Bosting to learn maners afore they start there own apple stand, Hopin there educashun may not be neglected in future,

I am Yous to Command,

ETTIKETTE.

P. S. Arfter readin the above paragraff 12 Times more I hev cum to the conclusion that the Hon. HOWELL COB was so corned he coudent stand up and hense the moshun to give him a seet on the flor.

So the S. C's. was perlite arfter all. E.

There's a Lower Depth.

"DAVID STUART, of Chicago, has commenced a suit for slander against Mr. BURCH for personal damages in the sum of $100,000; another party claims $40,000. Mr. BURCH seems to be universally execrated. Report says that the Marine Bank threw out his checks the other day. All sorts of indignities are offered to him."

BURCH is down pretty low—that's a fact—about as nastily low as humanity can well crawl. He stands before the world a coward, a vile oppressor of his wife, a husband leading his spouse into temptation that he might cheat her out of her property, and above all this, a canting Puritanical rascal snuffling about her soul—her precious lost soul—lost by his abominable villainy! Pretty low. But then BURCH might have been a New York Alderman, You Know, and Then he'd have got up Somewhere in Public and chuckled and boasted of it all, and called himself One of the Divorce Boys! Wouldn't that have been Funny?

Howell Cobb.

The scorn of every manly, honest heart,
The proud contempt of Woman, leal and true,
Rest on thee ever, Traitor to thy trust.
Thou Parricide of Statesmen! Parthian knave!
Who, in thy flight sent back a venomous shaft
To wound thy Country deeper: Treason's King,
Worthy to wear for ever on thy brows
The Coronal of Infamy and Shame:
Are there no Men in that broad land of thine
Sired by Patriots—baptized by the fire
Through which our Country's Martyrs nobly passed,
To brand thee as the ARNOLD of thy time?
If not, 'tis well that from our starry host,
Her glory and her shame should trail to Chaos.

W. A. S.

By Our Doctor.

Why are the bones in a man's leg like the Union? Because united we stand, divided we fall.

A GOOD BOY.

COLUMBIA.—Never mind, Bobby Anderson, if your Father don't like what you've done, I do, and I'll see that you are not sent back.

THE THIRD HOUSE.

"A shambles of the parliament house!"

3 *Henry VI.*, *Act* 1, *Scene* 1.

LETTER II.

OF LOBBYMEN IN GENERAL.

HY, good gracious! I declare I have quite forgotten to tell you what the Lobby is! I was actually about to set my watch going, without for a moment remembering that I had forgotten the key.

Had I the pen of Mr. RICARDO or Mr. JOHN STUART MILL, how nobly I could discourse upon the manifold beauties of the theory of Division of Labor; with what forcible language I could depict the practical working of that admirable theory, when applied to legislation! and how neatly, after I had done so would Mr. RUSKIN pounce down upon me in the *Cornhill* and rip my exposition into argumentative tatters, in one of his grand articles under the appropriate title of *Conticuere Omnes*, or *In Sacula Saculorum*. But as it is hardly necessary to observe that I have not the nibs of those eminent writers, I must be content with referring you to the first chapter, in which I remarked in effect, only not so neatly, that the Senate and House of Representatives, being exclusively occupied with the shells of political bickerings, have between them left the oyster of the Public Welfare in the undisturbed possession of the Lobby.

Architecturally, the Lobby is the space which surrounds the Halls of either House of Congress, and serves as an ante-room or entrance chamber. But as we don't care anything about architecture just now, let us say that the political Lobby is that highly respectable and eminently virtuous body which surrounds the members of the two Houses, as the architectural does their Halls: the entrance chamber to their votes. It sees that our Representatives do their duty by voting for the right bills and against the wrong ones; it sees that justice is done though the Heavens fall; is the Tariff Bill before the House?—it sees that the manufacturing interests are protected: is a private bill pending? it gives the prudent claimant good advice, which, if he is unable or unwilling to follow, so much the worse for him. For patriotism? Go to! For friendship? Go to! For a consideration — — —

Yes, my friend, for a consideration, your little bill shall be put through. Yes, my dear madam, for a consideration, that little pension which you have been these ten years trying to get on account of your husband's services—wasn't it at Buena Vista that he fell, leading his company in that famous charge?—shall at last be granted to you. Yes, Colonel, for a consideration, that patent out of which, to be sure, you have not made more than one fortune as yet, shall be extended. Yes, gentlemen, wool, with which those free-trade fellows have been tinkering these twenty years, with their absurd notions about the raw materials of manufactures shall be made free, for a consideration.

Do I mean to say that bribery prevails to such an alarming extent? I don't. It doesn't. There are black sheep in every flock: there have been MATTESONS in Congress. But the flock is by no means black, and that estimable gentlemen has few disciples. If the Lobby is not too honest to bribe, it is at least too prudent. Bribery is a great mistake, and an awful word in most ears. Why hang the animal, when there are so many pleasanter modes of disposing of it? Why should they bribe, as long as there are dinners for the alimentaries; dear Mrs. JOBBY and her charming FANNY for the gallants; "evenings" for the fashionables; when old BOREE—that man knows everything and everybody—is thick with the rising politicians: in short, when they have a prop for every man's weakness?—and is not the world ruled by weaknesses? How will they know, those veterans, just how many votes they need to carry our little bill, and just where to find them when wanted. Bribery? Faugh! A low and expensive practice. Our Lobbyman knows a trick worth two of it. His talisman is Influence; its object is Jobs.

Don't you remember one of our favorite sketches of that wonderful artist, JOHN LEECH, in which his wonderful boy horrifies his wonderful old lady by exclaiming—"Now, grandmother, I've eaten the plums, and if you don't give me sixpence, I'll swallow the stones!" What a study it is. The venerable ancestor is completely in the boy's power, and of course we know the sixpence was forthcoming. Just so, you will find yourself in the Lobbyman's power; just so, you will be compelled to part with your sixpence. Give the sixpence, my friend, or as much more as the job is worth, and your bill will go through; refuse it, and he'll oppose it, tooth and nail, so effectually that you may whistle for the wind you expect to raise by its passage.

I recollect when I was in Congress (I had the happiness of representing the 35th district of New York, consisting of Onondaraugus and Wyoga counties, in 1841–42) and was trying to get an appropriation for deepening the Harbor of Gracchus, I thought I had succeeded in my object, and was chuckling over the prospective mortification of the city delegation and the powerful Lobby which the merchants had sent down here. If the bill had passed, we meant to have established direct trade with Europe, through the St. Lawrence, and so cut off the Gothamites entirely. Well, one day while I was in the House, franking copies of Mr. TYLER's last veto, and momentarily expecting my bill to be taken up and passed, up comes a page with this note, in a delicate female hand, which I at once recognised as dear Mrs. JOBBY's:

"Do, my dear Mr. WARE, come to us, old BENTON has been speaking all morning against the bank, and we want you to hear him so much.

4 o'clock. M. J.

P. S. I have something very particular to say to you."

"Lady's a waitin' in the Sennitgalry," says the page.

Of course I went to the Senate Gallery and couldn't get back again. Of course, dear Mrs. JOBBY was even more entertaining than usual, and her charming daughter FANNY never so fascinating—her mother and I both remarked it, at which the young lady became deliciously confused. I did once think—But, never mind! She married that horrid Captain EPLETTS, of the Quartermaster's Department, whom I never could bear; and when one fine morning I forgot how many thousand dollars of the public money turned up missing, of course it was I to whom those two women came and wept into getting the fellow let off, and allowed to resign by bleeding his wife's friends to refund the amount; I have been expecting the wretch to drink himself to death for a dozen years past, but those fellows never do.

Altogether it was one of the happiest hours of my life, and I declare I don't remember one word that old BENTON said, though I did hear he had been awful on the Bank. As we were coming down the capitol steps I met CUSHING. He nodded—we were very particular friends and boarded in the same house. "I suppose you know that bill of yours is defeated?" says he. "Where were you?"

Alas! so it was. And I had been—O MARIA! O FANNY! I have forgiven you for that, but you little thought of the consequences you were bringing upon your country. Had that bill passed, the wealth in which now roll the merchant princes of New York, would have been stored in the warehouses and floating at the wharves of Gracchus! When I behold what New York is, and think of all that Gracchus might have been, but for you—!

And I wasn't reëlected.

All my friends said it was a shame, but though I explained the whole thing to my satisfaction in the Wormwood Tocsin; though I strongly recommended twelve gentlemen of the highest character and standing for Postmaster, nominated sixteen for the collectorship, sent four promising youths to West Point, all of whom signally failed to pass the barbarous preliminary examination, and actually went so far as to have my opponent in the convention appointed to a small clerkship, it was no use. The stupid people didn't seem to see it. Mr. TYLER, when he heard of my defeat, wanted to give me the Spanish mission, but I yielded in favor of my friend WASHINGTON IRVING, who needed the place, and got it through my influence.

The other evening young CARRAWAY LEE, who is a mighty fine young fellow, by the way, and who generally drops in at night to read the papers to me (my eyes are not so good as they were), for the sake of my cigars and decanters, and intellectual conversation, showed me what he calls a "piece," which he says he wrote after

reading my last paper. While I was looking over it, he warmed his coat-tails and tried very hard to appear as if he didn't care a great deal what I thought about it; a miserable failure. This is the piece:

THE ANGEL IN THE HOUSE.

BEN ADAMS, wearied by a dull debate,
Dozed off, unmindful of his country's fate
Evolved around him; as he dozing dreams
Of pleasing jobs and gain-compelling schemes,
An angel writing in a book of gold
Appeared: and BEN, whom brass had rendered bold,
Seeing the angel of the Lobby said,
"What writest thou?" The vision raised its head,
And with a look which spoke a strange mistrust,
Answered—"The names of men whose claims are just."
"And is mine one?" said ADAMS; "nay, not so,"
Replied the Angel.—ADAMS spoke more low,
Winking with new-born joy of rising hopes,
"Write me down, then, as one who KNOWS THE ROPES."

The angel wrote, and, as the House adjourned,
Vanished. But on the morrow it returned,
And showed the names of these whose chance stood best,
And lo! BEN ADAMS' name led all the rest!

"What ADAMS is that?" says I; "I don't know him."

"Oh, pshaw!" says the youngster. "I might have known you'd say that. You think nobody can do anything good except yourself!"

"You impertinent young ——! Never mind, my boy," says I gently, "we'll print the 'piece,' just to gratify your vanity."

You see I like to encourage the boys.

ONE OF THOSE UNFORTUNATES WHO HAVE BEEN SYSTEMATICALLY KEPT IN DARKNESS.

Putting a Ve-ry fine Point upon It.

The following is elaborate:—

CHARLESTON, Jan. 5.—Mr. HUGER, P. M. of the United States at Charleston, has replied to Mr. HOLT, the P. M. General, that he considers himself accountable to the federal government for the faithful discharge of his duties, *by permission of the ordinance of secession.*"—*Telegram from Washington.*

Fine as silk. If any body *can* whip the devil round the stump closer than this, V. F. would like to see it tried.

THE ONE-PONY EXPRESS.

Perhaps there is no kind of literature so revelled in by our local press as is the Descriptive. And for a nice little bit of Description, harmonious in tone and exquisite in finish, commend us especially to the *New York Express.* Under the heading "Skating Carnival in Brooklyn," thus the *Express:*

"On Christmas Eve the Mill Pond was covered with skaters, and until a late hour, their heels glistened on the moonbeams." . . . . .

"As soon as the hour had passed when the inner man 'with good capon lined,' and those who know not 'grace before or after meat,' with others of every degree who live on hope deferred, wended their way to the pond aforesaid." . . . .

"Grey-haired veterans, who, once on a time were deemed fast on gutters, were skipping along on flat bottoms with all the grace of parvenues."

VANITY (*loq.—to The Office Boy*)—Here, JAMES, you want to be an Editor some day, take these three paragraphs and review them.

Office Boy—Review, s'? Yes, s'. (*Goes to a desk and writes.*)

I wud lik to bee Down on the mill Pond Crismus. I love verry mutch fur too Skat. It must be So nice to Slid on the moonbeams.

(*Lets himself down from the stool.*) Mist' VANITY please, what does this mean aft' "Inne' man 'th good cap on, lined?"

VANITY—Why, JAMES! Let me see it. (Reads.) "As soon as the hour had"—um—"and those who"—um—"with others"—what? (*editorial forehead is rubbed*)—"wended their"—(*editorial eyes pronouncedly open*). Well, never mind, JAMES. Go on with the rest.

JAMES—Yes, s'. (*Goes on.*)

Sum ole men has ben verry smart wen he wus a boy. We ar verry spri on a gutter miself with 1 Skat on. But we cant skip lik them gra hared Vetteran. Sumtims We slid down hill that wa. But — —— ——

(*Loq.*) "With all the grace of"—p-a-r—par—v-e—ve—n-u-e-s—noos—"parvenoos." (*Takes down Worcester.*) Parvenoos—parvenoos—ah!—Parvenoo: an upstart. (*Writes.*)

And we allus cood jump Up easy to.

VANITY (*looking over the Office Boy's shoulder.*)—Very good, JAMES!

LEDGE. LEDGER, LEDGEREST.

The above degrees of comparison were suggested to us by the discovery of a pun made upon the word "*Ledger,*" by the Hon. EDWARD EVERETT, so long ago as October, 1858—which was a good while before he culminated his glory by becoming a contributor to the journal bearing that name. The curious prognostical priming referred to, flashed from the pan of the great orator on the occasion of the consecration of the new Light House upon Minot's Ledge, and the words, as given in a report of the period, run as follows:

"If Minot's Ledge could keep a Minot's Ledger, in which the value of every cargo that passes it could be entered"—etc.

From some unexplained cause, perhaps on account of the Minot's Ledge Light not being a cheerful one in which to view things—this sally of the great orator had rather a depressing effect than otherwise, upon the grave Boston personages around the festive ledge, who gazed upon each other in a sad manner, and then upon the speaker in a sorrowful one. And yet it was a splendid burst of genius, unapproached in playful brilliancy, perhaps, save by a famous witticism of a well known Pilot, who, when beating up the lower bay, once, in a Jersey lighter, was heard to say:

"If Sandy Hook would light his Hookah with this here Lighter, what a high old smoke we should have—eh?"

The Muscles of War.

In the construction of the great fortifications at Cherbourg, the French engineers have availed themselves of a curious natural resource. The shell-fish known as the mussel, or muscle, binds itself to piers and rocks with a strong fibrous ligament with which it is provided, and hundreds of tons of these valvulars are now sown among the great loose boulders of the Cherbourg breakwaters, to serve as binders.

And in this what a beautiful division of forces is manifest! for if Emperor NAPOLEON has furnished the Sinew of war for the construction of his marine forts, so has King NEPTUNE supplied the Muscles.

This medal is presented by Vanity Fair to James Buchanan, President of the United States, as a testimonial of respect for his MANLY and PATRIOTIC stand in defence of the rights of the Union.

THE ÆSTHETICS OF BOOTS.

II.

O thou invisible spirit of VANITY! If in the circle of thy magic sphere, when souls are out taking an airing, thou meetest mine, be it in Centaural Park or Irving Square or Hoboken, strike hands with him, as thou wouldst with a man on the swelling tide of prosperous fortune, and ask him up to drink.

I am not mad, most potent VANITY; nor drunk, though my horn is exalted; but——

Now By All My Hopes! (an exclamation I picked up from the walking gent. at the New Bowery), which are of the celestialest, rosiest red, I am the happiest man, VANITY, of all your joyous contributors.

I had been occupying my mind on the subject of Ladies' Boots, and was Prosing and Conning the several propositions in those lines by a true poet:

> "There's magic in a pretty foot,
> And well the ladies know it,
> And she who has a pretty one
> Is pretty sure to show it."

(The truth of the first of these said—or sung, as the reader or singer wishes—propositions, no one doubts; it is abundantly proved by the attraction which the little mice peeping in and out on a rainy day possess for the philosophic young Grimalkin, *sans purr et sans mus-tache*.) I approached the subject with all the palpitating awe of Celibascetic Middle-age. Tried to catch and individualize some of the myriad forms of Gaiter Boot tripping fantastically through my brain. It was useless though, and I yearned that the tuberose Crinoline could be a bud again, and disclose to us the wished-for secret in Bloomering Boots. But neither pet-p-Pedal nor petal would be curtailed or caught. So imagine my relief on receiving the following, from ARMINELLA, Angeliferous ARMINELLA!

LILY DALE, Dec.—

MY DEAR, *dear* MR. PHORNIOSTICUS:—I am in a perfect *flutter* of excitement. My poor brain has been in such a *whirl*, a kind of *exaltation*, you know, that I could not get one wink of sleep all last night. And I thought I would just sit right down and tell you all about it. I've read this week's VANITY FAIR. But of course you knew I had, you *wonderful* man! as soon as you set eyes on my agitated handwriting. O, I do so long to see you! But I feel as it I had known you since I was—O, ever so little! The soul affinities are *so strong*—don't you think so, Mr. PHORNIOSTICUS? What is the reason, I wonder? Can it be that your language awakened something sympathetic in my consciousness? Now don't judge my character by my *horrible* writing. But dear me! I know you will.

I had noticed that mysterious Something about Boots myself. I remember thinking at first that it was like what the *Saturday Press* said about Mr. WHITMAN's poems, "The meaning is subtle and well enveloped, eluding definition,"—I think that was it. O! those Boots of d'ORSAY's must have been *so nice*. I have seen something like them too. Ah! yes, it was at the Winter Garden, I think.

But why didn't you give us some more of the Representative Boots, Mr. PHORNIOSTICUS? You must have *so many* stored up in the chambers of your soul! O! I am going to make a collection. I've hunted *all over* the house, and I've got two pairs of common gaiters, one pair of Balmorals—boots, you know—a pair of satin shoes, and one odd slipper. And they look just for all the world like me. Now I'm going to tell you *some* of the Representative Boots I've thought of; and you must let me know whether they are *right*. And first have you *ever* noticed the *nationality* in feet. There is the English Boot and the French Boot; I *think* the difference is just the same as between the nations in soldierly qualities: one steady and unflinching, but awkward and plodding; the other full of fire and dash—and the French always shining with lacquer, like their conversational brilliancy, you know. And just think how our theory is proved (mayn't I call it ours?) by reference to the Chinese. Can they be *anything* but the feeblest of nations, when the *natural* expression of their women's souls is cabined in a little hard box—(iron isn't it?) You might as well look for intelligence in a *manumitted oyster*. [ARMINELLA here instances the shapeless feet of our negro help as a type of their unformed minds; but I, being a D. D.,* cannot entertain the argument, forcible as it is. At this Alarming Crisis, it is not well-judged.—A. B. F. P.] And in Manners, at the dinner-table, for instance, you see the Awkward Boots, heel-twiddling; the Business Boots, square-set and practical, lending poise to eat an American meal American fashion; and the Gentlemanly Boots, one knee-depending in well-bred *nonchalance* over its fellow. And then there are the Parrot-toed Boots, universally insidious, deceptive and cunning; our Indians are a good type. And the Splay-footed Boots, on the contrary, guileless, honest, and stolidly good-humored; type, Hob the Ploughman.

But I'm afraid you'll get tired of my scribbling, Mr. PHORNIOSTICUS. Now *do* write me a line, and say what you think of my ideas. I should like it *so* much. *Ever* yours,

ARMINELLA.

ARMINELLA, I will! Ah! artless but appreciative ARMINELLA! if you but knew the gush of joy your sympathizing words have brought to this bosom—yesterday arid as my Croton-bereft cistern!

* * * * * * *

Ah! in those good old days of Scriptural simplicity, when a spade was a spade, and had no conventional covering; when each man's conceived thought was born to the world's view, without a dimming, swaddling cloud between; when the Venus and Danæ of nude art were seen in the religious light of nature's truth,—then the Æsthetic was not among the Lost Arts, but the wayfaring man, though a fool, might air his dusty perceptions therein. The works of the Old Masters—MOSES, PLATO, and the rest—how bare are they of all serpent-suggested figleaf covering! A hero is evoked; lo! a stripling with his sling and a smooth stone from the brook—

And whither tends all this, does the Reader ask? Here: Or ever the Buskin strode this earthly stage, when Spatterdashes were not, nor had Galoshes smothered in triple folds the life hidden within, was there not the Sandal, the earliest form of the Boot?

O! could we but return to those days of primitive honesty!

Then, and Now. As the brave old fireplace, with its cheery blaze, to the subterranean subtleties of the modern heating apparatus; as the open, beaming countenance of an Avenue belle, in habit, hat, and high feather, to the dark-eyed mystery beneath the Spanish mantilla.

Could we but return to the Sandal period, how visible would be the hopes and joys, and fears and sorrows, the levers which move the world of Society! How would we show the cloven foot! Be-

*Evidently Doug. Dem. Which of course has nothing to do with Divinity.—V. F.

ware, ye Bulls of Wall-street, lest a thong from your side be then taken to scourge you withal.*

* * * * * * *

I did intend to record the manifestations of the world's progress, as seen in Boots of the period, from the Sandal epoch to the present time. In England, the almost contemporary grafts in Architecture and in boots, of the Pointed Style—when on one occasion, the gallant cavaliers hacked off even the gracefully curved and dearly cherished integuments of the latter, and laid them on the hard-fought field, the shrine of their country's glory. The bourgeoning and blossoming of literature and art and enterprise in the Elizabethean era, the time of the founding of Virginia by RALEIGH, and of the circumnavigation of the globe by DRAKE, when SHAKESPEARE wrote, and when the fruitful mind of the age budded rosettes on the all-adaptive Boots. But as I intend publishing at an early date the result of many years' observation and study of the Æsthetics of Boots, I must invoke the anxious Reader's patience.

Beaming benevolently down on us from your "dim and tenuous effluence," VANITY, allow yr. ob. st. to say Adieu.

ALDI BORONDI FOSCA PHORNIOSTICUS.

"ONCE MORE UNTO THE BREACH."

O the Editor of V. F.:—I have a crow to pick with the man who signs himself M.T. HEAD U. S. C. U. S. It is a black crow, a very black crow. In fact, I should not wonder if it turned out to be a crow

"——as black as black could be,"

as saith the poet (in Goose, we believe, if not, J. G. B—N—TT.)

M. T. HEAD has called me the "Disagreeable man." Well, I have no objections to that title, you know. People who speak the truth are often called disagreeable, and with reason. For instance if M. T. H. were to ask J. B. or BOOLE, or ENRIGHT, or the whole city government of New York, who was the most disagreeable person they knew, or, *who knew them*—why, with the velocity and eagerness of an urchin liberated from school, or of a Georgia pig rushing upon an unexpected shower of corncobs, they would reply—VANITY FAIR! But opinions differ. You, dear V. F., are personally aware of the greatness of my mind. You know that I am above being affected by the remarks of a personal nature, made by the young man of the name of HEAD. When he calls me "the Disagreeable man," I gaze upon him through the S. M. (not Sarcasm Man, as he blindly terms it, but smoke of my meerschaum) with indifference and magnanimity. But that the young man of the name of HEAD has angered me, I will confess. He has. I am amazed, indignant, and—and—and mad, I am!

Oh, V. F.! Old boy! *Do* you know what this man "has been and gone and done?" Do you know the crime of which he has been guilty in sending to you a piece of composition, entitled, "Wardroom Wind"? (By the way, I've always thought a wardroom wind was a blow-up with the caterer. How is it?) He has done the most impudent and unpardonable thing on record.

It was kind o' imperdent in THESEUS—leaving ARIADNE, warn't it? It was slightually cool for BRUTUS to kill CÆSAR, and then try to justify himself, warn't it? It was decidedly brassy for RICHARD, Duke of Gloucester, to court King HENRY's widow, just after he had murdered her husband. Some people say it's impudent for BOUCICAULT to produce plays in his peculiar way—about which the less said the better. It was rather bold for J. B. to send out that ferocious message of his to "a excited populace;" warn't it! Yes it war. *But when a man of the name of* HEAD *writes a piece for* VANITY FAIR, *commences it with a quotation* (and poor at that) *from the New York Ledger!!!!*

Oh! what shall I say? V. F., *did* you know that verse was from It? From IT! J. B. writes for it—yes. COBB writes for it—yes! J. G. B. writes for it—yes!! But, *that* VANITY FAIR *should quote from it!!!* Shades of—of! The subject is too umbrageous for me. I'll quit it, or I shall bust.

And, besides, it ain't true. Look, for instance, at this verse:

"The line we follow is not *base*, though we follow a *base* line."

Now, you know, they *don't* "follow a base line." They invariably leave the base line behind 'em, and proceed from it! Again he says:

"We are Surveyors of the coast, in weather dark or fine."

Now, that ain't so. For they can't survey in the dark. To survey implies seeing, and people can't see in the dark. Strictly speaking, every man in the dark is a sort of modern R. C. (Robinson Crusoe) and is, therefore,

"——monarch of all he surveys."

If M. T. H. surveys the coast in the dark, I pity him; and do not envy him his crown and dominion. Especially if that dominion happens to be Barnegat bearing W.S.W. distant ten miles, with the thermometer down to 40° Fahr., and a gale from E.N.E.

But beware, D. M.! You are attempting to criticise a "Pome" from IT! Oh, horrors! Forgive me, VANITY, and I will offend no more.

To return to M. T. HEAD. I next call upon the P. P. (Professional Punster) of V. F. to vindicate the character of the paper, from the aspersions that will be cast upon it by those who see that awful pun "*Cost* Survey!" made by the Sarcasm Man, was it? O VANITY! I sadly fear the S. M. is yet young, and will not live long. Then why has he hid his candle under a bushel-basket, until now? *Why, ah why?* and—No, "echo" *don't* "answer why"—(you can't come that on me, reader), but we'll let the S. M. answer why—when we get through with him.

In the next place. See here, you fellow; you—you HEAD of the Coast Survey. You can't do this, you know; you really CAN'T! It won't do! I know all about the C. S.—I do. My Aunt REBECCA ANN was intimately acquainted with the mother of a young C. S. O. (officer, you know.) It won't do for you to talk to me about staterooms in the wardroom of a Coast Survey Schr. That's really trespassing on good nature. There *are* chords, M. T. H.! Do you take such beings as V. F. and the D. M. for Jollies, M. T. H.?—or for third class Boys, M. T. H.? STATEROOMS!! Gods of the Steerage! Why, from the aged female relative, above referred to, we received, this morning, a Dispatch, stating that there were no staterooms in any schr. in ye Coast Survey—nothin' but berths! Oh! go away, now! That's good, ain't it? The fact is, M. T. H., you've not done well. You've roused the D. M., thinking you had him, the moment you came the nautical. But it won't do. It distinctly will not jibe. You didn't haul that mainsail of your's soon enough, and the result is, you're in irons: or as old DOYLE used to say, (know old DOYLE, M. T. H.?) your "main-to'-gallan'-s'l 's gone over into your foretop!"

Do better next time, M. T. HEAD. And, above all things—Oh, beware! beware that you bring no more vain oblations from IT! For they are an abomination to VANITY; and an ill-savor in the nostrils of the

DISAGREEABLE MAN.

*The reticent A. B. F. P. should reduce his puns more to the level of the average mind. Who but VANITY could discover that you must take a dip-thong from a Crœsus to whip him to a Crisis?—V. F.

Not so bad for Brooklyn.

The N. Y. Correspondent of the Philadelphia *Press* writes that "the senior partner of a House in New York which recently failed, lived 'in a quiet way' in Brooklyn and spent $167,000 in ten years." Will any gentlemen resident in the City of Churches favor us with a few statistics of the expenses of living in a fast way there? We have been for some time in the receipt of a magnificent income as Editor of VANITY FAIR, and although living at a slashing pace, we find a startling sum to our credit in bank at the expiration of the year, and have therefore had serious thoughts of dividing our stupendous balance among some of the needy rich men of New York. If we could get the figures we might be induced instead to remove to Brooklyn, in the hope of dissipating it luxuriously. No doubt we could get rid of a respectable sum by going in for the first choice of a pew in BEECHER'S Church, but what can we do with the six figure item which would still remain on the first of January?

The Path to Hayti.

Redpath.