

lived here, or how much they have been here, there is always something new, if one walks with eyes open. No one need die of *ennui* here. A few days ago, as I came down town, my attention was attracted by a gentleman in full dress, who with a hasty movement, as though he could not and would not hesitate any longer, whether he exhibited his vanity or not, drew a brush from his pocket, and gave his whiskers and moustache a vigorous brushing. Forgetting every thing but the ludicrousness of the picture, I laughed, whereupon the poor man reddened, as if caught in a crime, hastily concealed his brush, and hurried along. A chance for a new invention, whereby gentlemen can arrange their whiskers without having the act so apparent. The thing should be attended to. One comes to the conclusion, in passing along Broadway, that the only difference between the ladies in the street, and those ladies that turn round and round in the windows, is, that the first are not confined to circular motion, they have a little wider sphere of action than the last, but that both are chiefly valuable, as exhibitors of the fashions. The gentlemen, at least the young ones, seem to be matches for the ladies. They have an air of bustling importance, are very sleek, and have coats and hats of unexceptionable quality. I was amused this morning at a little incident that occurred, exhibiting as it did the politeness that these broadcloth men possess. It was very muddy, and, of course, unusually bad walking, though it is bad enough any time in this filthy city, but I had business, and was compelled to go out, though only a few blocks. Returning home, at a crossing, I took the inside, though it was my left, because it was the more passable, when I suddenly encountered a gentleman. He made no motion toward stepping out of my way, and we both stood still, I, unconsciously, rather expecting him to move, till I saw we were attracting some attention; and at the same time glancing down, I dis-