

Strolling down Broadway, I went into Barnum's Museum. Not that I had any particular desire to see his bearded lady, but that I had a curiosity to see the great man himself, who, according to all accounts, must have made an admirable Prime Minister, if, as Mr. Weller says, he had been born in that line of life. The great man, however, did not appear; so, after inspecting sundry baboons and bears, with which a crowd of children were amusing themselves, I entered an apartment fitted up as a theatre and lighted with gas, where a dramatic representation was going on. The scene was laid in England, and the plot was something of this kind:—An old cotton-spinner, who has grown very rich, is desirous of becoming "genteel," so he cuts his old friends, and promotes a match between one of his sons and the Lady Valeria, daughter of a Countess. But he has another son who does not "pretend to be better than his neighbours merely because he is richer." He insists upon wearing the workman's dress, and is in love with one of the factory girls, named Martha, the daughter of a game-keeper of the Countess. The most ludicrous scene occurs when the old man, expecting a visit from the Countess, comes on in his new blue coat, to look at himself in the glass, and lecture his workman son for not being genteel.

At last the Countess is announced, and the old man is in a desperate flutter. She enters with a fan in her hand, and a magnificent plume of ostrich feathers on her head. After a word or two exchanged, she perceives the "workie" in the room, and, looking at him for some time through her eye-glass, drawls out,