

heavy snow-storm fell, and the frost became intense. Then the New York carnival began, and the beautiful light-looking sleighs made their appearance. The rapidity with which they are driven, at the rate of ten or twelve miles an hour, is very delightful, and so exciting, that the most delicate females of New York think an evening drive, of ten or twenty miles, even in the hardest frost, conducive to their amusement and health. Even the stages are taken off their frames, and mounted upon sleighs.

At this time the Irish prodigy, young Burke, was performing at the Park Theatre, at New York. I saw him several times; but neither then, nor on other occasions, at the New York Theatres, or at the Theatres of Philadelphia, Boston, New Orleans, or Charleston, did I ever see any rudeness on the part of any portion of the male audience, nor do I believe any person would have been tolerated in sitting on the edge of the box enclosure, with his back to the performers. I mention this in reference to a statement of a contrary import which Mrs. Trollope has made, in order, most probably, to add to the effect of one of the whimsical sketches which accompany her volumes. The occurrence, which she has noticed, must have taken place after the curtain had dropped.

Not long after the frost had become very severe in the end of January, when the thermometer was only two or three degrees above,—one night as low as zero,—our worthy landlord, Mr. Van Boskerck, who was at an advanced period of life,—I suppose verging on seventy,—was seized with a bad cold, which speedily