

critter. Sam, ses she to me, 'go and lick that brute'—it did tickle me a few, mind I tell you, and I bust right out a larfin. I guess I'd better snickered in my sleeve though, for she fetched me sich a lick on the chops, 'what do you mean, you impudent scamp,' sed she, rale riled, 'what dew you mean by this larfin, go, dew what I tell you or I'll skin you within an inch of your life.' I shet up about the quickest. Now, you're jest sich an awful critter as aunt Jerushy, there aint no pleasin' on you, no way you can fix it."

Not liking to rest under this imputation, I told my companion that I neither liked ground that was too level, nor that which was too rough, preferring as in all other things, a just medium.

"I say, squire," resumed he, "you aint a lawyer, I spose?" I shook my head and smiled. "Oh! you're not a doctor, nor a minister, nor a schoolmaster, perhaps?"

"Neither," I replied.

"Oh! I see! you aint an engineer or a canawl contractor, air you?"

"Neither of these, my friend," was the response.

"Then," said he, while his countenance bore all the marks of baffled curiosity, "what on airth air you?"

"A man of leisure," replied I, hesitating a little,—"and now permit me to return the question. 'What are you?'"

"Me!—why I'm an injineer on the state works down to Columby."

"Then I imagine you are a violent politician," said I.

"Then I rather guess you are mistaken," responded the injineer. "Every body talks of politics, and the hull country is in a great hurry to change their rulers, as if they ever gained by sich swopping."

"And do they not?" inquired I.

"In course not," was the answer, "they have to give tew much boot."

"You are right; you are right, indeed," I answered, "abuse is certainly heaped on every man, and it is a great and a crying evil. Pray heaven, it may not shake my country to fragments, and leave her once mighty name to be the plaything of forgetfulness!"

"Well, you are takin' on at a great rate, I declare, eenamost about nothin' at all. As for the abusin', it does a man a nation sight o' good. It fixes his flint the right way. The more you abuse a man, providin' he don't turn round and abuse you, the better it is for him. People air apt to examine, and if a man's bad, and you say he's a little worser, their sympathy gets riz, and they vote for him. Why, when Deacon Jones wanted to go to the legislature, he guy old Sal Slocum, and she was a hull team in the slanderin' line, ten dollars to go round and call him names. She arned her money tew, mind I tell you. Well, people had never heard tell of the deacon afore, and they began to inquire about him. Some said it was a shame that such an old git-out should abuse an honest man, and he oughter be sustained, and they voted for him. Others again said he must be a man of consequence, or his enemies wouldn't find out sich means to blackguard him, and they voted for him. And the deacon's private friends, without distinction of party, got riled at hearin' him slanged in this way, and they voted for him. Atwixt 'em all he got an amazin lot o' votes, and was elacted just as slick as a whistle. Arter the 'lection, some people came to him and said he hadn't oughter to stand old Sal's lies, and he'd better, now he was elected, have her up before the court for libel-in'. The deacon had like to snicker right out, but he put on a long face, and talked away a spell about his imprenable honesty, that only shone brighter for such rubbin, and talk of that kind, until everybody left him, convinced he was the most sufferin' patriot in all natur'."

I laughed heartily at the anecdote, and said, "I should like to hear the political experience, as recited, myself. I would make a saleable volume of it."

"Oh! ho!" exclaimed the engineer, in a tone of triumph, "you're an author, air you? Jest as like as not now, you've been takin me off the hull time, but I rayther guess you won't find anything what aint creditable."

"I should hope not," I replied.

"Not very like on so short an acquaintance," said he, in reply, "though you might tew. Surveyin character on bein newly presented to your view is like examinin a statue or a pictur at a distance. When you get nearer it, appearant beauties air defects, and those which appearant were defects, are arter all beauties."

"Well," said I, "you are a shrewd fellow, and I think your opinions are exceedingly correct."

"None of your flattery, if you please, mister," said my companion, while a cunning smile played over his features. "But hallo! here I am near home," and as he uttered the last words, the coach stopped. "Now," he exclaimed, turning towards me, "you appear to be a clever chap, and as you aint in no great hurry, I should calculate, suppose you stay at my house a few days. I've got a couple of first rate horses, and you can ride over to Millars-town jest whenever you're a minder. Oh! come along," seeing I hesitated, "I see what you're a thinkin about, don't mind our short acquaintance, you're jest as welcome as the Governor, come along," and before I could decide to refuse or not, he dragged me out of the stage.

"Needs must be when the—yankee engineer drives," said I to

myself; and comforted with this pithy apothegm, I bade the driver assist me in taking down my baggage. This done, my new acquaintance requested me to be tolerably patient; as his own conveyance would be there shortly. And truly enough he spake, for in a few minutes, a country light waggon, driven by a young negro, made its appearance.

"Now, Joe," said the engineer, "lift these trunks into the waggon. Get in, sir. Mister—Mister—"

"Claimbake," said I, supplying the word.

"Mr. Claimbake," continued he, "and we'll soon get to home. Obeying his request, I found myself conveyed at a rattling pace towards his domicile.

During the way, my entertainer commenced discoursing on divers topics, and among the rest mankind engaged his attention.

"The women are curious critters, that's a fact. Joe, cut long sorrel, will you. There's somethin' about 'em I don't know what it is, that's a peg above anythin', the masters of nature can produce. Here's my darter Mary, for instance, she left me the wildest little country girl in all natur. I sent her to Boston to school, for four years and better. In the meanwhile I moved down to this place, for I got it mighty cheap, and as I got a situation on the state improvements, I thought it was a first rate chance. Home she come lately, and she was altered amazin'. Of course, as I'm a father of hern, I think a little more of her than any body else, but there was a great many said last Sunday, she was the prettiest gal, and the most like a lady of any in church. But jist look at that orchard. It's next to mine; and observe at the difference between the two. My trees is almost breakin' down with fruit, and them sickly things ain't got nothin' on to speak of."

"Your neighbour is unfortunate," I rejoined.

"Unfortunate! no sich thing. He don't bestow enough labour on nothin' about his place. He ain't got enough elbow grease for a mainure.—Look at his house, why it's eenamost tumbledown. I'll tell you the upshot of the matter.—His folks don't rise before seven, whilst mine eat their breakfast at early candle light."

Our conversation was now suspended by the stoppage of the coach before the door of a substantial stone house, near which stood a spacious barn and stable.

"Now, git out," said he, "and we'll jest be in time for dinner. Joe will attend to the baggage."

We passed up a short avenue, and I saw upon the porch two ladies, one old and the other young, who rushed forward to greet my companion. He bestowed a hearty kiss on the lips of the youngest, and turning round introduced me. I stammered—would have spoken—but was unable; for it was my divinity of the steamboat. She was as confused at first as myself, but at length observed to her father,

"This is the gentleman who preserved me from drowning, and of whom you have heard me speak."

"What?" exclaimed the astonished parent; "you aint the chap, be you, that saved my darter. Give me your hand. Seize me!" said he, at the same time inflicting a tremendous shake on my right arm, "if you shall leave here for a month. Come in, come in all hands. Wife, you've got dinner ready?" and receiving an affirmative answer, he led us into the house.

And so ended my adventure, which began in a stage coach, and terminated in a farm house.

"But," exclaims some astonished and angry reader, "are you not going to tell us of your interview with the lady? Did you not make love to her? Were you accepted? Did you marry her? Come enlighten us."

Dear reader, if you be a gentleman, it is none of your concern, and so I make free to tell you.—But, perchance the inquirer may be a lady, and then I must be civil. Now to save a world of trouble and a great deal of unnecessary ink-spilled, I present the following announcement, which I cut some two years since out of a country paper—

"Married, on the 9th inst., by the Rev. Escalus Takemwell, Caleb Claimbake, Esq. of Philadelphia, to the amiable and accomplished Miss Mary Sherman, only daughter of Ichabod Sherman, Esq. of this county, and formerly of Wallingford, Connecticut."

MR. MACAW—A SKETCH.

The barber is now almost extinct. Modern civilization has, indeed, so completely transformed the quaint barbarism of the olden time, that an attempt to discover the pole now-a-days would puzzle even Sir John Ross!

Even those descendants of the great shavers of our forefather's chins, who enjoy the old-established shops as a hair-loom have universally knocked out the dim windows of their predecessors, and now very appropriately show forth in all the glory of a "new front," while the chips of the old blocks, (who were wont to friz and crop our grandsires,) retaining but a small portion of the ancient practice, are reduced to a—little shaving!

The old barber during the reign of powder—the flour of his day—was accustomed to puff off his customers, while the smart hair-dresser of to-day only puffs—himself.

Again—instead of the dirty, snug, gossiping room, whose white washed walls were adorned with a jack-towel (*pro bono publico*) a hand-glass, the play-bills of the day, and broad caricatures, we are now ushered into a "salon" (or, as a slender brother of the

white-aproned craft called it in my hearing, a "salon pour la coupe de chevaux!" all red paper, gilding, looking-glass, and gas.

Our head (and the head of this article) requiring a cut, we dropped in at one of the most notorious Emporiums of Fashion in this renowned city of Cockaigne, where (see advertisement) there are more bears "slaughtered" monthly than are imported into the "tight little island" in the whole course of a year!

Poor bears! how vividly they call to mind the fate of a certain great poet—like him they fall martyrs to the love of *caress*!

As we entered the "salon," Mr. Macaw, the proprietor, of the splendid establishment, had just received a huge pair of curling-irons from the "paws" of a broad-nosed African, dressed in white trousers and a jacket, and was twirling them dexterously over his thumb, and blowing upon them after the most improved fashion.

He bowed; took my hat, and handed it to the "nigger," informing me that "he should have the honour, &c." in half a moment.

He "indicated" a handsome sofa. "Currier, Times, Globe, Herald," continued he, pointing to several papers, "all sorts o' politics—cording to taste o' customers; fit 'em to a hair."

There was also a volume of the "Heads of the People" lying on the sofa. I smiled; for, where could they find a more appropriate place than in a hair-dresser's shop?

There were several assistants, or journeymen, at work in the room; but they only whispered in monosyllables, Mr. Macaw, the great Macaw! apparently monopolizing the whole of the talking "aloud" as his particular province.

He undoubtedly possessed one great essential of an orator—confidence! and was, in truth, a strange compound of wit, ignorance, and vulgar assurance.

The spark, upon whose cranium he was operating, appeared to enjoy his gabble, and laughed repeatedly, to the imminent danger, as we thought, of a "sing" from the tongs.

"It's precious cold to-day," remarked he.

"Rayther easterly—what I call a cutting hair, sir," replied Macaw.

"Precisely," continued his customer.

"Ralely, sir, (I must say it,) you have been most shamefully cut; who could have had the owdaciousness to operate, to spile, in fact, a gentleman's head in this way?"

"Oh! a fellow at the West End—"

"Ah! I thought as much. They don't understand it, sir. Cut a hundred to their one in the city; and practice (a leetle to the left) practice, sir, is every thing."

"Shan't touch me again," said the youth. "I've got some experience—"

"A notch, sir, if you will allow the word," said Macaw; "nothing more or less than a 'notch,' pon the honor of a professor. They're mere 'prentices in the *hair*, sir, and fit only to clip parish boys. Why, it'll take a month and some pots o' bears' grease to hobviate the hinjury."

"And do you really think bears' grease of any use?"

"Of any use!" cried Macaw, with a start. "My dear sir, if your head was as smooth as the palm of my hand, I could assure you a crop in—in a twinkling! Rub a block—a head I mean, as polished as a billiard-ball, and you'll be surprised, perfectly astounded; yes, sir, the crown will have a LITTLE HAIR-APPARENT in no time. We have a harticle, sir, as is bin given the preference by, I may say, the 'nobs' of the city; and the nobs are, without vanity, the better for it." And here he took breath and grinned at his own facetiousness. "There, sir, I think I have done wonders," resumed he, giving the finishing touch to his labours, "that is, considering of the miserable state to which that West-End-er have reduced you, sir."

While undergoing a brush to take off the superfluous hairs from his coat, the youth turned to a small glass case containing a tempting display of perfumery, &c.

"Have you got any tooth-powder you can recommend?"

"Pon my honor, sir, we have nothing but we will recommend; but here's a thing, sir, as will recommend itself. We sell an immensity of it. Next to a fine head of hair, sir, I'm of opinion, sir, a fine set o' teeth is the *ne plus ultra* to a gentleman. Some blades indeed, would have little to boast on, if it was not for good *grinders*. Half-a-crown, if you please, sir, thank you, sir. Good evening." And he bowed him out.

"I say, Macaw, how thick you laid it on," remarked one of the 'finished' gentlemen, carefully fixing his hat over his poodled crop.

"All in the way of business, as my old governor used to say. 'Mac,' said he, 'when you wish to shave a gentleman easy, always soap him well.'"

At this moment a dark, broad shouldered man, with black whiskers and eyebrows, and a "froity pow," as Burns pathetically describes, entered the saloon, and throwing down his broad-brimmed beaver, he seized a paper, and seated himself in the first vacant chair.

"How would you like it cut, sir?" said Macaw, endeavouring to put his fingers through the stubble.

"Close," laconically and gruffly growled the gentleman.

"Umph! short!" said Macaw, and wielding his scissors, set to work, rather perplexed how to handle his customer. He at length caught his eye directed to an article on the affairs of Russia, and took his "cue" accordingly.

"Roosher, sir," said he, "is grabbing at every thing. Got a