

swept perfectly clean, delightfully aired, and properly drained, I shall cry out "the stigma of humanity," and shall hint to the Corporation, the advantage of making Julia the Matron of that "bitter bad" place, lest the "unhappy wretches should spread the infection through their close pent neighborhood."

How easy would it be to deceive the public by a long tirade about the impropriety of wasting water, and of illuminating fountains, "and the scena," and the "swelling vesis of the purse-proud citizens," while the same expenditure would convey water to the poor, gratuitously, would ventilate their houses, and would cool their fevers. Bah! it is all rhodomontade.

When talking of our constitution, *the people* laugh at the idea of the Sovereign being supposed to do no wrong. I tell them it is a necessary fiction to prevent the embarrassment of impeaching His or Her Majesty. They would find it rather awkward here to do so, should King John Tyler desire to send an embassy to King Dan O'Connell. I say, that Ministers are more tangible stuff, and the responsibility sharpens their wits in the conduct of their offices. Besides, I tell them, all in good humor—you know, Frank—in course, Jack,—that they have got a mighty great fiction in their constitution, which leaves nothing but its absurdity and its impracticability behind it—that is, "all men are free and equal,"—the freedom I leave to the nullifiers, the Dorrites, the Mormons, the anti-renters, the repudiators, the slave holders and sellers of slaves, they all have made free, in their way, without much scruple.

The equality is in no country more decidedly contradicted, than in this very republic. In France, in the time of Louis the eighteenth, when I was a mere boy,—haw, haw, haw,—hold your tongue, Frank, you put me out,—I cannot say the precise day of the year, nor in what year,—I saw a Corporal of the Guards dancing at the Tivoli Gardens, in the same quadrille with a Dutchess. In Germany, soldiers walk in the same promenade with their Sovereign.

But do not believe one word you hear about equality in this country—no where are old families more valued. The laws prevent their establishing an aristocracy, but the taste is for the distinguished person who shone before themselves.

No where are persons more valued, for titles really valueless with us—the whole population will, in time, be Colonels and Generals; and why should it not be?—if they would only admit that they like distinction, that having acquired it, they carry it even to the breakfast table, in full uniform—put it on not for *parade*, but to be admired, for that very honor which they blame others for exhibiting much more modestly.

Can any man of reflection, suppose it will ever be otherwise?—the superiority of intellect which nature has given to some over others, must always prevail. Intelligence produces