

## EXTRACTS FROM A JOURNAL OF 1843 &amp; 1844.\*

*Saratoga.*

MY DEAR FRANK,—I have been amusing myself with the character given to our race by the fair writer of "*Change*." Bitter is her sarcasm—loud and long do the *changes* ring upon our unhappy country. The writer throughout proclaims her disbelief in our "being improved by her exertions, and is clearly of opinion that our skulls are quite too obtuse to be pierced" by even her pointed wit!

I can safely say, that I do not anticipate its being necessary to drag the Serpentine when her fiat shall become known to you; but should deem it a most inglorious death, were you, in despair, to seek that watery element, and bubble out your last sighs to the sympathetic swans.

I shall give you a few specimens of the light darts in this "book of information," and then to the serious charges:—"Rolled down the Haymarket, and passed the statue of George the Third, with a pigtail: the sculptor must have owed His Majesty a grudge." "The Mansion House is *squab* and square, as beseems a civic mansion." "At Guildhall I saw the hideous figures of Gog and Magog." The dainty lady had better have taken the trouble of seeing Copley's famous picture of the destruction of Gibraltar. It is there, with many others, celebrated; and what is more, the artist's father was a portrait painter of Boston, and his son is Lord Chancellor of England.

"Went into the Bank of England, where: sovereigns were flung about like pebbles, and saw a pompous looking man sitting with some others in a sort of cage." She forgot to mention that there were twelve millions sterling of specie in the vaults, which did not happen to be in the vaults of the Bank of the United States, when Mr. Biddle "sat with others in a sort of cage;" and the poor unfortunate thousands, in both countries, who have been reduced to beggary by its break-down, must smile a ghastly smile at idle ribaldry from such a quarter on such a subject, and sigh in vain to see the eagles "flung about like pebbles."

The truth is, that when persons write merely for effect, they are apt to sacrifice too much to it; and if the *lady* (leather breeches, dragoon serjeant, and gin-shop notwithstanding) had confined herself to facts, she might have afforded real gratification, by turning her talents of observation to matters of importance, and by calmly stating her unprejudiced opinions.

The ignorance of the English relative to America is held up to ridicule on all occasions. I will venture to say, that very few of the people here assembled know who is the

\* Continued from the July number, page 146.