

the purpose of gaining admiration, is then pure vanity. The vain man is an impostor—one who seeks one's goods under false pretenses. This will be evident from whatever point of view he is contemplated.

Regard him as an intellectual being—certainly there is nothing in his mental qualities which entitles him to admiration. His wit is elaborated slowly, and with great difficulty. His mind works heavily in the creation of thought. Few images of beauty ever adorn the chambers of his imagination. His powers of observation are so obtuse, that I have known men to go to a place of worship, and after spending an hour or so, leave without being able to tell the colour of any lady's ribbon, or the shape of a solitary bonnet. Even when men seem to excel in any department in which learning or intelligence is necessary, they would blush to confess at what infinite evil their excellence was obtained.

In fact, men are so conscious of their intellectual inferiority, that many never are vain of it. If they have any sense, they feel humiliated in view of their mental imbecility; and if they are without sense, they seek admiration or flattery for their personal appearance, manners, or imaginary qualities.

But is there anything in man's exterior for which he may reasonably expect admiration? Certainly from this point of view he is very unprepossessing. View the rigidity of his muscles, the hardness of his features, the prominence of his bones, the tawny cast of his complexion. Then, as if to remind him of his relative approximation to the brutes, his chin and cheek and upper lip are covered with hair, so that he resembles a sheep or goat, just as the case may be. Viewed anatomically then, that man is decidedly vain who expects that there is anything in his shape, complexion, or even in his mustachios, to awaken admiration in the breasts of the most tasteless and inconsiderate.

But perhaps there is something in his movements, or voice, or manners, which destroys the disagreeable impression produced by his physical conformation. On the contrary, his walk is heavy and clumsy,—his gestures

are fierce and unnatural,—his movements are all utterly deficient in gracefulness,—his laugh is a roar, beginning with a horrible grin,—and his voice resembles rather the braying of a certain animal with long ears, than that of any other creature of which natural history makes mention.

Now, has art made the least improvement in him? Judging by what art has done for the fair sex, the symmetry which it has added to the form, the grace which it has lent to the movements, one would anticipate that by this time man would have learned the use of flowing drapery, and crinoline, and those dear little bonnets. But man is a creature whom no persuasion can influence, no example improve; and though tailors and hatters have been busy for these last six thousand years, endeavoring to make some improvement in him, while the form and structure of woman has undergone a transformation—advancing from beautiful to more beautiful and most beautiful,—man remains precisely the same uncouth and unshapen animal that he was at first.

Behold a creature, in the likeness of a mammoth ourang-outang, surmounted by a hat, which increases the lankness of his appearance, and totally destroys what little symmetry of shape he originally possessed. The legs are encased in a tight fitting sack, called trousers—the chest is stowed away in a coat and waistcoat—which combine to increase the deformity of his shape, and the awkwardness of his movements,—while his head is kept rigidly in its position by a stiffly starched piece of linen, called a collar, which acts mechanically and morally,—mechanically, by the force of starch,—morally, by the dread infused lest any free and natural movement of the head should disarrange this extraordinary piece of linen.

The only man I ever heard of, who was really entitled to admiration on account of his outward appearance, was one whose name was never mentioned except with ridicule, who yet, by a very simple expedient, united comfort with elegance, rendered it possible to abrogate the shirt collar, and to modify indefinitely the style of pantaloons,—I allude to Paddy from Cork, who wore his coat buttoned behind;