

her real standing, by a casual remark of her "drawing room," "front parlour," or the dusting of her "carpets," or the polishing of her "silver," and sometimes the mischievous cat had broken a large "terrene," &c. When in fact she occupied a house containing one room and a bed-room, particular parts of which where designated as the *drawing-room*, *parlour*, kitchen, sitting-room, &c., and the "silver plate" was an old silver spoon which once belonged to her grandmother, her "large terrene," a brown earthen pan, and her "carpets," a few straw and rag mats. I should suppose the pain she must have felt, caused by detection, would have over-balanced the momentary pleasure of her imaginary distinction. Pomposity seems to be a kind of distemper that is not confined to age, sex, or condition, and is often infectious, though sometimes it appears in a milder form, as—"my uncle, the general," or, "Esq. B. my cousin," another is delighted with the study of *Greek*, who never saw a *Lexicon*: or a pen behind the ear of another who can scarcely sign his own name. The only cure that I can think of for the malady of pomposity, is to observe it well in others, and if the patient have any sensibility he will speedily amend.—*Cynthia*.

A MARK OF DISGRACE.—We perceive by the *Rhode Island Temperance Herald*, that the respectable opponents of the License Law in that city, have been driven to the necessity of acknowledging the truth, that *to drink strong drinks at a tavern subjects a man to disgrace*. At the late trial of Mr. Whitcomb, keeper of the Franklin Hotel at Providence, Colonel Thomas Rivers was put upon the stand as a witness, and sworn. A number of questions were asked him—among which were the following: "Have you purchased and paid for wine or other strong liquors at the defendant's bar within the time specified in the writ?" The witness positively declined answering the question on the ground, that according to the rules of evidence, a man was not bound to criminate or disgrace himself. As it seemed to be a question with the Court, says the *Temperance Herald*, whether it was any disgrace for a man to drink temperately at the bar-room of a tavern—the witness declares under oath, that he considered, in the present state of public opinion, it materially lessened a man in the estimation of the community, if it were known that he was in the habit of drinking strong drinks at the bar—and added further, that he would as soon think of going out on the centre of the bridge, and publicly proclaim that he had got the itch, and then expect respectable people to come and shake hands with him, as to think of preserving the respect of the community, if it were known

that he was a bar-room *tippler*. After the question had been argued on both sides at some length, the Court decided that the gentleman was not obliged to answer the question, because if facts should compel him to answer it in the affirmative, it would most assuredly disgrace him in the community.

"A LADY."—The word 'lady' is an abbreviation of the Saxon *Laff-day*, which signifies *Bread-giver*. The mistress of a manor, at a time when affluent families resided constantly at their country mansions, was accustomed, once a-week, or oftener, to distribute among the poor a certain quantity of bread. She bestowed the boon with her own hand, and made the hearts of the needy glad by the soft words and the gentle amenities which accompanied her benevolence. The widow and the orphan 'rose up, and called her blessed'—the destitute and the afflicted recounted her praises—all classes of the poor embalmed her in their affections as the *Laff-day*—the giver of bread and dispenser of comfort—a sort of ministering angel in a world of sorrow. Who is a lady now? Is it she who spends her days in self-indulgence, and her nights in the dissipations of folly? Is it she who rivals the gaiety of the butterfly, but hates the industrious hum of 'the busy bee'? Is it she who wastes, on gaudy finery, what would make many a widow's heart sing for joy, and who, when the rags of the orphan flutter before her in the wind, sighs for a place of refuge, as if a pestilence were in the breeze? This may be 'a woman of fashion'—she may be an admired and an admiring follower of the gay world; but, in the ancient and most just sense of the word, she is not—alas! she is not—'a lady.' She who is a lady indeed, excites no one's envy, and is admired, esteemed, and loved by many; she stands on the pedestal of personal excellence, and looks round on the men and women beneath her as her brethren and sisters, 'formed of one blood,' in the great family of the Creator; she is 'kind,' she is 'pitiful,' she is 'courteous,' to all: 'she stretcheth out her hand to the poor, yea, she reacheth forth her hands to the needy; she openeth her mouth with wisdom, and in her tongue is the law of kindness';—this is the true *Laff-day*, whom hundreds or thousands vie with one another, in raising to grander distinction, and far nobler celebrity, than was ever won by mere rank, or wealth, or title; and if she have grace and wisdom to distribute among hungry souls 'the bread of life'—to tell the poor of the love of Christ—and to draw the hearts of the needy to 'the Father of mercies and God of all comfort,' then is she an '*elect lady*,'—one of those choicest of all women, who shall be ever distinguished, and 'had in everlasting remembrance.'