

MISCELLANEOUS.

PICTURE OF NEW YORK,
By a New Yorker.

The one broad and long picture stamped upon the face of every street, creature, and countenance in this great city is—gain! Nature designed New York for the greatest commercial emporium in the world, and it fulfils its destinies. Its situation is one of those wonderful accidents, if such it may be called without profanity, which startle and delight the observer of natural wonders. It is a nucleus of access. It seems to me, whenever I approach it by any of its avenues, that the original discoverer must have held his breath while he contemplated it as the site of a future city. There is the sound sweeping up to it with its majestic channel, from the sea, and giving a protected passage for its shore navigation to the east; the ocean itself swelling in from another quarter to the feet of its “merchant princes;” the Hudson opening two hundred miles into the heart of the most magnificent and productive state of the Union, threading valleys of such beauty as the world flocks to see, and washing the bases of noble mountains, and the feet of other cities, populous and prosperous; and, to the south, channels for its smaller navigation running parallel with the sea, and yet protected from its violence; and the city itself, rising by a gentle ascent from the bay on one side, and sinking as gently to the river on the other, leading off its refuse waters by natural drains, and washing its streets with every shower. What could the hand of nature have done more? Add to this the enterprise of the people, which has so seconded nature; beginning their canals where she had stopped her rivers, and opening waters, three hundred miles to her inland seas; and you have a picture of facility and prosperity which, for the brief period it has existed, is unequalled in the history of the world. All this, of course, gives a character to society, and every man feels its influence, whatever be his pursuits. There are here none of the professed idlers such as you may find in Boston or Philadelphia.—The gentleman according to the dictionary, “one who has no visible employment for his support,” is an uncommon, if not an unpopular character. The beaux have each a “vocation.” The same wit that bewilders the belles at night, is exercised with hammer in hand in the morning auction. You will find the unexceptionable exquisite, who shaved your wheel on Monday afternoon with his superb four-in-hand, ready to shave your note with equal adroitness at his broker’s box in Wall-street, at Tuesday noon. The man that gives you a dinner that would satisfy an emperor to-day, is model of “cent. per cent.” to-morrow; a slave to slate and pencil from day-light till three, and the prince of gay hospitalities from that hour till morning. And all these incongruities

harmonize perfectly. They are gentlemen of the first water, with one exception, they have no ennui. Business takes its place. Their pleasures are, of course more delightful from the relief; and I think, on the whole, it makes a very pretty philosophy for happiness. I am willing at any rate, that in our republican country the necessity of our nature for occupation should be consistent, as it is here, with the most fastidious claim to the title of “gentlemen.”—*N. P. Willis.*

OCCASIONAL SERMONS.

An author tells the following anecdote in the way of illustrating the remarkable shrewdness of some professional gentlemen who figured in the course of the 18th century:

Reed, before turning his attention to legal studies, had preached a few sermons; and in one of these eccentric excursions he called on a clergyman whose name was Walker, in the afternoon of a Saturday. Walker had been Reed’s chum at College, and the greatest friendship had subsisted between them. He was rejoiced again to see his old friend Reed, after so long an interval of time, and invited him to spend the Sabbath with him, to which Reed willingly agreed. In the evening Walker told Reed that he must preach for him the next day. Reed said he could not preach. Walker said, you have preached, you *can* preach, and you *shall* preach. After some further conversation, Reed found that he must either preach or disoblige and offend his old friend; he choose the former and consented to preach. The next day, after the first prayer and singing, Reed rose and opened the bible, and looking round on the congregation, read his text: and the Lord said unto Satan, whence comest thou? and Satan said unto the Lord, from going *to* and *fro* in the earth, and from *walking* up and down thereon. Reed looked round on the congregation and said, “without any formal introduction to this discourse, from these words, I shall raise this doctrinal proposition, viz.: the devil is a *Walker*.” Walker was electrified; his eyes expanded to twice their usual extent; the old people sat aghast; the young people could not conceal their giggling; Reed’s countenance remained unchanged, an unusual solemnity spread over his face. He proceeded to show what the devil’s object was in walking up and down the earth. *This*, he said, was to draw men from the path of virtue, piety and religion. He then went on to show the infinite variety of means the devil made use of in tempting mankind to sin and iniquity, all of which he particularly specified; and when some means failed, he resorted to others more suited to the particular bent of the person’s mind; all which he particularly illustrated. He then went on to state the means which men ought

in all cases to resort to in order to defeat the attempts of the devil; in which he was very particular, and closed the whole with some pressing practical reflections. The whole was a sermon that would do honour to Tillotson or a Sherlock.

Walker, who was no contemptible theologian, even to Reed, took his text in the afternoon: “What went ye out for to see, a *Reed* shaken with the wind?” and did, “Without any formal introduction to his discourse, I shall raise this doctrinal proposition, that wherever true religion comes it makes the *Reeds* shake.”

WILD ANIMALS IN A MENAGERIE.

The Dumfries Courier, a Scotch paper, relates some interesting particulars in relation to the rise and progress of Wombwell’s menagerie, which is the largest in the world. Mr. Wombwell, it appears, is now a man of immense fortune; but so great in his attachment to his business, that he cannot be prevailed upon to relinquish it, although the situation of his family almost demands such a measure.

Mr. Wombwell, of late years, has been successful in the breeding of animals, and possesses at this moment ten lions and five elephants—more, we believe, than all England can produce. Twice the black tigers devoured her young; but by removing the male, and placing a *cradle* in the den, she was weaned from this vicious propensity, and is now as good a nurse as could possibly be desired. The value of wild animals, like every thing else, varies according to supply and demand. Tigers have been sold as high as £300, but at other times they can be purchased for £100. A good panther is worth £100; hyænas, from £30 to £40; zebra from £150 to £200; the rarer kinds of monkeys are very valuable, and lamas and goats are always very high. Upon lions and elephants it is impossible to fix any particular price.

Menagerie keepers suffer much loss from disease, mortality, and accident. Not many weeks ago, a fine ostrich, worth £200, which could have picked crumbs from a ceiling 12 feet high, thrust his bill between the bars of his cage, gave it an unlucky twist, and in attempting to withdraw it, literally broke his neck. Monkeys become exceedingly delicate when imported into Britain. Cold affects them very easily; and when they begin to cough, they very generally fall into a consumption, and exhibit all the symptoms of human beings labouring under the same complaint. Their general food is bread and milk, varied with a stock of lettuce and a few young onions, of both of which articles they are very fond. Mr. Wombwell calculates that he has lost, from first to last, no less than £10,000 by disease and death among his birds and beasts. Most zebras, he thinks, might be made as tame as the