THE DICKENS FURORE.

CHARLES DICKENS AND THE N. Y.

THERE is a wide difference between just criticism and an exhibition of malice, and it too fre quently happens that the one is put forth under the assumption of the other. It may be perfeetly proper and in good taste for many Americans to treat Mr. Dickens with that respect. but not enthusinsm, which his great talents merit; but when the attack comes from one who is stinging under the caustic pen of the author of "Martin Chuzzlewit," its taste is very questionable. The persistent attacks on Mr. Dickens indulged in by James Gordon Bennett form a noted contrast to the toadyism shown him by that gentleman when he was here last. The question is natural, why the virtuous indignation of the New York Hersld against Dickens now and its fawning then? The result is found in the disgust evinced by Mr. Dickens for Mr. Bennett, and not concealed by him when he returned to England. To show how the notorious James Gordon now seeks to reply to the criticism expended upon him, we quote the following letter by his special correspondent, who is following Mr. Dickens from post to

BOSTON, Nov. 30 .- All the Dickens excitement Boston, Nov. 30.—All the Dickens excitement is confined to one class of persons—a class sometimes useful, perhaps, but never popular. These monopolists of the furore are the speculators in tickets—those Jews of amusement who live on the edge of everybody's pleasure without ever having their souls soitened by taking a little themselves, and who are equally ready to make their game out of the notoriety of the great lampooner, or out of the popular hunger and thirst for the exquisite notes of some marvellous prima denus. As there are to be but four "readings" here, and as the charge for tickets was put very low, all these were readily sold was put very low, all these were readily sold out. Some, but apparently not many, were bought to sell, nearly the whole number falling the first into the hands of bong fide pur chasers—solid men of Boston, who wish to treat their wives and very respectable families to a sight of the only foreigner who ever appreciated Boston, admired Boston, and flattered and praised Boston in beautiful print; more than praised Boston in beautiful print; more than that even—to a sight of the man who praised Boston and the Boston people on those very pages on which he ridiculed and vilified all the rest of the country. Here is distinction that does not come often. Surely the privilege of sitting and gazing on that man for two hours must be well worth \$2 to any. Bostonian possessing a particle of sectional pride; and where is the solid man of Boston who is wanting in that particular article of intellectual furniture?

But let the Bostonians take care. They may not know what is coming. The thing that is coming may be very like the following extract from Mr. Dickens' novel of "Martin Chuz-

Of course the man who writes thus must be himself the purest of the pure in every possible respect, and must come from a country whose people, even the dullest, always talk like the fellows in Congreve's comedies; who are not fellows in Congreve's comedies; who are not mercenary, and never discuss money; and the most deprayed of whom never says anything worse than is to be found in Spurgeon's sermons. Imagine such an authority telling Boston that it regards "honor and fair dealing" as "worthless ballast." Wouldn't Boston be cut up and put down at that?

Or imagine Bostonians reading future volumes of Dickens to find their dinner parties described in such words as these, which occur in Chapter XI, "American Notes:"—

in Chapter XI, "American Notes:"—

I never in my life did see such incless, heavy duliness as brooded over those meals; the very recollection of it weight me down and makes me for the moment writched.

"Healthy chaerfulness and good spirits forning a part of the banques, I could sock my cruats in the foundain with Le bage's atrolling players, and revel in their giad enjoyment; but sitting down with so many fellow-animals to war off thirst and nunger as a business—to empty each creature his Yahoo's trough as quickly as he can, and then allok sulienly away to have those social sacraments stripped of everything but the mere greedy satisfaction of the natural cravings, goes so against the grain with me that I seriously believe the recollection of these funeral feasts will be a waking nighton of these funeral feasts will be a waking nigh mare to me all my life.

How would Boston like that for the great author's account of a lively dinner party? or this for any other sort of gathering of its wits and philosophers?—

Nothing could have made head against the depress ing influence of the general body. There was a mag netism of duliness in them which would have beated down the most facetious companion that the earti-ever knew. A jest would have been a crime, and amile would have taded into a grinning horror. Such am he would have isded into a granning horror. Such deadly, leaden people; such systematic, piodding, weary, insupportable heaviness; such a mass of ani-mated indigetion in respect of all that was genial, joyial, frank, social, or hearty, never, sure, was brought together elsewhere since the world began.

There are ridiculous, dull, absurd, and outra-geous people in the United States, as there are in all other States. Mr. Dickens makes his sketches of these characters, and then, printing them in England, puts them forth and circulates them as veritable pictures of the whole people, declaring that the habits and traits be laughs at are national. He sketches in England faughs at are national. He sketches in Eugland his poorhouse people, and all Englishmen not associated in the management of poorhouses laugh at or hate those people. He does the same for English model boarding schools, or for the English Chancery Court. He appeals to the whole people against the abuses, weakness, and vanities of a class, and the satire is healthy and perhaps effective; but he picks out our ridiculous people and does not satirize them as what they are, but holds them up to the world as the types and images of the whole people. Pawkins, in Martin Chuzlewii, is not ridiculous as a boarding-house keeper, but as an American. a boarding-house keeper, but as an American. Diner is not mean as a rogue who might be found anywhere, but as a rogue who can be

found anywhere, but as a rogue who can be found only in this country.

The Norrises are not satirized as pretenders, and people who want to be thought a great deal better than they are, but as Americans. In thus putting a whole people in the pillory for the sins of certain persons; in laughing at the nation collectively because he found in it many pretenders, many wretches, much ignorance and blatant self-assertion—in doing this Mr. Dickens has atimulated national jealousles and Dickens has stimulated national jealousies and dislikes, and has ministered so far as he was able to keeping alive the hatreds and bitternesses that part two great peoples, speaking the same language. In doing this Mr. Dickens has done more evil than he will ever balance with good, though he live to write a thousand volumes crammed full of sentimental humanity.

Bome of the tickets for the readings, as I have Some of the tickets for the readings, as I have said, but apparently not a large number, fell into the hands of the speculators. They were agarly all sold by these thrifty fellows at an advance of fifty cents per ticket. This did not indicate a tremendous businement. The advance on the price of tickets may mark either the increasing excitement, and desire to see the great man, or the small number of tickets that remain in the hands of dealers. Tickets have risen in price apparently just in proportion as they have become scarce; though the ticket dealers make some exer into work up a manis over the man and his readings. So far they have had small success. They have promised themselves to carry the price of single seats to \$20, but to day I bought a seat for Monday night for \$7, and seats for subsequent nights for much less.

It may seem odd that there is not served.

day night for \$7, and seats for subsequent nights for much less.

It may seem odd that there is not great excitement over the noveltst here, whatever there may prove to be elsewhere, barticularly in view of the known Hostonian tendency to idolize all literary men who are so high up in the world that there can be no question of rivarry or envy between them and the Boston coterie. But I heard the other day a hint on this subject from a gentleman who is in sympathy with the really high culture and intellect that exists here by which I do not mean the intellect that runs to seed in the imagazines. His him touches on the national sentiments—the real patriotism of what is best in the city society—and the rememorance that is kept of Mr. Dickens' thoughts and expressions against us during the war.

during the war.

With such a record behind him of expressions on the great cyll of the nation, a man can scarcely find fund with others if they remain ber that when the times of trial came his sympainles were given to the upholders of the in silluing that had seemed to him to tineture

the whole people with a moral disease, Here there is a systematic attempt to under-mine any cordiality in the reception of Mr. Dickens, by raising local prejudice against mine any cordiality in the reception of Mr. Dickens, by ratsing local prejudice against him. We will doubtless see the same plan fel-

lowed out in detail during all the future movements of the distinguished novelist. But editorially a general and sweeping attack is made, as an article in the Herald of Dec. 4 will show:-

Newman Hall is a divine, while the chief boast of Charles Dickens is that he is "human." Both the divine and the "human," however, have come to America for the same purposenot for Almighty God, but for the almighty dollar. Their object is the same, but they are following different roads to reach it. Charles Dickens announces his arrival in Boston by a new edition of his "American Notes." His letters of introduction are his

Notes." His letters of introduction are his criticisms on American society. Several specimens of them were given in the sprightly letter of our Boston correspondent which we published yesterday. He could not have brought better recommendations than these criticisms, because they are true as well as sharp, and because the American people like to be criticized and to return the compliment.

It is true that some Americans do spit. They splt in a way that astonishes, if not the natives.

splt in a way that astonishes, if not the natives, every foreigner. Mr. Dickens discovered and recorded this fact twenty-five years ago. It is every foreigner. Mr. Dickens discovered and recorded this fact twenty-five years ago. It is to be hoped that on renewing his investigations, he will ascertain precisely how far and how accurately they splicat present. The world will be bappy to learn whether American splitters aim at the fireplace, the window pane, or the splittoon, and which of the three they hit.

It is true, moreover, that some Americans have a keen appreciation of the value of dollars, whether in gold or in greenbacks. If Dickens were a disinterested witness, and had not been tempted across the ocean by the very same pe-

were a disinterested witness, and had not been tempted across the ocean by the very same pecuniary motives for which he censures Americans, we should be giad to listen again to his testimony against inordinate love of filthy lucre. To be sure, if he were to read the items profusely scattered without comment in American newspapers, as if occasious for them were too frequent and common to require comment, and chronicling contribations by single private individuals, of sums from ten thousand doil as to five bundred thousand to various charities, he might discover this other fact—that an he might discover this other fact—that an American may know how to spend and give away dollars as well as to earn them. Americans can therefore, afford to be criticized by Mr. Dickens and by other foreigners who—as you might imagine, to hear them talk—come to this country with a sublime indifference as to whether they "make anything" out of it or not. It is also true that a dull dinner party is no liveller in America than in Europe, and that if liveller in America than in Europe, and that if Mr. Dickens chooses "to feed silently with fel-low-animals, each of whom empties his Yahoo's trough as quickly as he can, and then slinks sullenly away" (there elegant expressions are pretty nearly his own), he cannot expect to enjoy such a "funeral feast" here any more than be would enjoy it at home. We would not have our critic spare the rod when he finds here

have our critic spare the rod when he finds here or elsewhere "creatures who strip these social sacraments of everything but the mere greedy satisfaction of the natural cravings." But if he catches himself "sitting down with so many fellow-animals to ward off thirst and hunger as a business," why, it's no business of ours. Only we warn him that he will disappoint everybody it, in his new "American Notes," he does not more vigorously than ever "pitch into" the stupid hosts whose invitations he may accept.

The truth is that Americans are no longer so The truth is that Americans are no longer so thin skinned as they used to be. They have become so accustomed to foreign abuse and mispresentation, and they have so much else to hink of, that they scarcely heed any attacks which are not far more pungent than those of tourists like Parson Fiddler and Mrs. Trollope. Mr. Dickens himself must season his next dish of criticisms more highly than the first if he wishes to have his American readers relish it, Give us more curry and cayenne pepper, Mr. Dickens, if you would whet our appetite for what we have learned to like. Now that we can give as well as take, and do not hesitate to return a Roland for an Oliver, we smack our lips over such spicy criticisms as Mr. Dickens dishes up for us, and we ask for more, like Oliver Twist. Dickens, whip in hand, is galloping along the right road to his goal.

The cause of the antipathy on the part of James Gordon Bennett is easily detected. We will republish, without drawing inferences or pointing out the character portrayed, that portion of "Martin Chuzzlewit" which refers to Mr. Dickens' visit to New York city. Let it explain for itself the reason why the Heraid to-day denonnces the novelist.

Some trifling excitement prevailed upon the very brink and margin of the laud of liberty, for an alderman had been elected the day before, and Party Feehing naturally running rather bigh disappointed candidate had found it necessary to assert the great principles of Purity of Election and Freedom of Opinion by breaking a few legs and arms, and furthermore pursuing one obnoxious gentleman through the streets with the design of slitting his nose. These good-humored little outbursts of the popular fancy were not in themselves sufficiently remarkable to create any great stir, after the lapse of a whole night; but they found fresh life and notoriety in the breath of the newsboys, who not only proclaimed them with shrill yells in all the highways and byways of the town, upon the wharves and among the shipping, but on the deck and down in the cabins of the steamboat, which, before she touched the shore, was boarded and overrun by legion of these young citizens.
"Here's this morning's New York Sewer!"

"Here's this morning's New York Stabber! Here's the New York Family Spy! Here's the New York Private Listener! Here's the New York Peeper! Here's the New York Plunderer! Here's the New York Keyhole Reporter! Here's the New York Rowdy Journal! Here's all the New York papers! Here's full particulars of the particular locofoco movement yesterday, in which the Whigs was so chawed up; and the last Alabama gouging case; and the interesting Arkansas dooel with Bowie-knives; and all the Political, Commercial, and Fasnionable News! Here they are! Here they are! Here's the papers, here's the papers!" "Here's the Sewer!" cried another. "Here's

the New York Sewer! Here's some of the twelith thousand of to-day's Sewer, with the best accounts of the markets, and all the ship ping news, and four whole columns of country correspondence, and a full account of the Bail at Mrs. White's last night, where all the beauty and fashion of New York was assembled, with the Sewer's own particulars of the private lives of all the ladies that were there! Here's the Sewer! Here's some of the twelfth thousand of the New York Sewer! Here's the Sewer's exposure of the Wall Street Gang, and the Scwer's exposure of the Washington Gang, and the Sewer's exclusive account of a flagrant act of ishonesty committed by the Secretary of State when he was eight years old; now communicated, at a great expense, by his own nurse, Here's the Sewer! Here's the New York Sewer, its twelfth thousand, with a whole of New Yorkers to be shown up, and all their names printed! Here's the Sewer's article upon the Judge that tried him, day afore yesterlay, for libel, and the Sewer's tribute to the ndependent Jury that didn't convict him, and the Sawer's account of what they might have expected if they had! Here's the Sewer, here's Here's the wide-awake Sewer the Sewer. always on the look-out; the leading Journal of the United States, now in its twelfth thousand, and still a printing off-Here's the New York

"It is in such enlightened means," said a voice, almost in Martin's ear, "that the bubbling passions of my country find a vent." Martin turned involuntarily, and saw, standing close at his side, a sallow gentleman with sunker checks, black hair, and smalt winkling eyes, and a singular expression hovering about that region of his face, which was not a frown, nor a leer, and yet might have been mistaken at the first giance for either. Indeed, it would have been difficult, on a much closer acquaintance, to describe the state of scribe it in any more satisfactory terms than as a mixed expression of vulgar cunning and cona mixed expression of buyar controls and ceit. This gentleman were a rather broadceit. This gentleman were a rather broadceit. This gentleman were a rather broadceit. This gentleman was somewhat shabbily dressed in a blue surtout reaching nearly to his angles, short loose thousers of the same color, and a faded bud waistorat, through which a decolored shirt-frill struggled to large theelf into notice, as a serting an equalify to civil rights with the other portions of his cress, and maintaining a declaration of independence on its own account. His feet, which were of unusually large propor-

preat metal knob at the other, depended from a mangy old writing table in this apartment, a line and tassel from his wrist. Thus attired, and thus composed into an aspect of great pro-fundity, the gentleman twitched up the right-hand corner of his mouth and his right eye simultaneously, and said, once more:—

simultaneously, and said, once more:

"It is in such enlightened means, that the
bubbling passions of my country find a vent."

As he hoked at Martin, and nobody else was
by, Martin inclined his head, and said:

"You allude to—"

"To the Palladium of rational Liberty at
heme, sir. and the dread of Foreign oppression
absend." returned the greatlength as he pointed

abroad," returned the gentleman, as he pointed with his cane to an uncommonly dirty news-boy with one eye. "To the Envy of the world, sir, and the leaders of Human Civilization. Let me a k you, sir," he added, bringing the ferule of his stick heavily upon the deck with the air of alman who must not be equivocated with; "how

do you like my Coantry?".
"I am hardly prepared to answer that question yet," said Martin," seeing that I have not

"Well, I should suspect that you were not prepared, sir," aid the gentleman, "to behold such signs of National Prosperity as those?" He pointed to the vessels lying at the wharves; and then gave a vague flourish with his stick, as f he would include the air and water, generally, "Really," said Martin, "I don't know." Yes. I

The gentleman glanced at him with a knowirg lock, and said he liked his policy. It was natural, be said, and it pleased him as a philosopher to observe the prejudices of human

nature.

"You have brought, I see, sir," he said, turning round towards Martin, and resting his chin on the top or his stick, 'the usual amount of misery and poverty, and ignorance and crime, to be located in the bosom of the Great Republic Mail and later and compage on in ship-loads lic. Well, sir! let 'em come on in ship-loads

from the old country: when ve-sels are about to founder, the rats are said to leave 'em. There is considerable of truth. I find, in that remark."

"The old thip will keep affort a year or two longer yet, perhaps," said Martia, with a smile, partly occasioned by what the gentleman said, and partly by his manner of saying it, which was odd enough; for he emphasized all the small words and syllables in his discourse, and left the others to take care of themselves; he thought the larger parts of speech could be trusted alone, but the little ones required to be constantly looked after.

'Hope is said by the poet, sir," observed the gentleman, "to be the nurse of Young Desire."

Martin signified it at he had heard of the carfinal virtue in question serving occasionally in that domestic capacity.
"She will not rear her infant in the present

instance, sir, you'll find," observed the gentle-

"Time will show," said Martin. The gentleman nodded his head gravely; and aid, 'What is your name, sir?" Martin told him. "How old are you, sir ?"

Martin told him. "What's your profession, sir?" Martin told him that, also, "What is your destination, sir?" inquired the gertleman "Really," said Martin, faughing, "I can't

satisfy you in that particular, for I don't know it myself." 'Yes ?" said the centleman. "No," sa d Martin. The gentleman adjusted his cane under his left

arm, and took a more deliberate and complete survey of Martin than he had yet had leisure to When he had completed his inspection, he put out his right hand, shook Martin's hand,

"Ny name is Colonel Diver, sir. I am the Editor of the New York Rowdy Journal." Martin received the communication with that degree of respect which an announcement so distinguished appeared to demand. "The New York Howdy Journal, sir," resumed the colonel. "is, as I expect you know, the organ of our aristocracy in this city."

"Oh, there is an anistocracy bere, then " said srtin. "Of what is it composed?"

"tif intelligence, sir," replied the colonel, "of intelligence and virine. And of their necessary consequence in this republic—dollars, sir."

Martin was very glad to hear this, feeling well ssured that if intelligence and virtue led, as a matter of course, to the acquisition of dollars would speedily become a great capitalist He was about to express the gratification such news afforded him, when he was interrupted by the captain of the ship, who came up at the moment to shake hands with the colonel, and who, seeing a a well-dres-ed strauger on deck (for Martin had thrown aside his cloak), shook bands with aim also. This was an unspeakable relief to Martin, who, in spite of the acknow-ledged supremacy of Intelligence and Virtue in that happy country, would have been deeply mortified to appear before Colonel Diver in the poor character of a steerage passenger. "Well, cap'en!" said the colonel.

"Well, colonel!" cried the captain. "You're looking most uncommon bright, sir. I can hardly realize its being you, and that's a fact." "A good passage, cap'en?" inquired the colonel, taking him aside. "Well row! It was a pretty spanking run, sir," said, or rather sung, the captain, who was a genuine New Englander, "sonsiderin" the

'Yes ?" said the colonel. "Well! It was, sir," said the captain. "Fve just now sent a boy up to your office with the passenger list, colonel."

"You haven't got another boy to spare, p'raps, cap'en?" said the colonel, in a tone almost amounting to severity.

"I guess there air a dozen if you want 'em. "One moderate big un could convey a dezen of champagne, perhaps," observed the colonel, musing, "to my office. You said a spanking run, I think?"

"Well I so I did," was the reply. "Heil's very nigh, you know," observed the colonel. "I'm glid it was a spanking run, cap'en. Don't mind about quarts, if you're short of 'em. The boy can as well bring fourand-twenty pints, and travel twice as once. A sirst-rate spanker, cap'en, was it? Yes?"

"A most e-tarnal spanker," said the skipper. "I admire at your good fortune, cap'ea. You might loan me a corkscrew at the same and half a dozen glasses, if you liked. Howcountry's noble packet-ship the Screw, sir,' said the colonel, turning to Martin, and drawing a flourish on the surface of the deck with his cane, "her passage either way is almost cer-tain to eventuate a spanker!"

The captain, who had the Sewer below at that moment, lunching expensively in one

cabin, while the amiable Stabber was drinking himself into a state of blind madness in another, took a cordial leave of his triend and captalu the colonel, and hurried away to despatch the chan pagne; - well knowing (as it afterwards appeared) that if he faired to conciliate the editor of the Rowdy Journal, that potentate would denounce him and his ship in large capitals before he was a day o der, and would pre-bably assault the memory of his mother also, who had not been dead more than nuenty years. The colonel being uzain left alone with Martin, checked him as he was moving away, and offered, in consideration of his being an Englishmen, to show him the town, and to introduce him, it such were his desire, to a genteel boarding house. But before they entered on these proceedings (he said), he would be each the honor of his company at the office of the Rowdy Journal to partake of a bot'le of champagne of his own importation.
All this was so extremely kind and hospitable, that Martin, though it was quite early in the morning, readily acquireced.

They made their way as they best could through the melancholy crowd of emigrants upon the wharf until at last they stopped before house whereon was painted in great characters

"Rowdy Journal." The colonel, who had walked the whole way with ore hand in his breast, his head occasionally wegging from side to side, and his hat thrown back noon his cars—like a man who was oppressed to inconvenience by a sense of his own greatness—led the way up a dark and cirty flight of stairs into a room of similar character, all littered and bestrewn with odds and ends of newspapers and other crampled frag-

a mangy old writing table in this apartment, sat a figure with the stump of a pen in its mouth, and a great pair of scis-ors in its right Journals; and it was such a laughable figure that Martin had some difficulty in preserving his gravity, though conscious of the close observation of Colonel Diver.

The individual who sat clipping and slicing as

aforesaid at the Rowdy Journals, was a small young gentleman of very juvenile appearance, and unwholesomely pale in the face; partly, perhaps, from intense thought, but partly, there is no doubt, from the excessive use of tobacco. which he was at that moment chewing vigor

Upon the upper lip of this young gentleman were tokens of a sandy down-so very, very smooth and scant that, though encouraged to the utmost, it looked more like a recent trace of gingerbread than the fair promise of a monstache; and this conjecture, his apparently tender age went far to strengthen. He was intent upon his work, and every time he snapped the great pair of scissors, he made a corresponding motion with his jaws, which gave him

Martin was not long in determining within himself that this must be Colonel Diver's son, the hope of the family and future mainspring of the Rowdy Journal. Indeed, he had begun to say that he presumed this was the Colonel's little boy, and that it was very pleasant to see him playing at Editor in all the guilelessness of childhood, when the Colonel proudly interposed

"My War Correspondent, sir-Mr. Jefferson Brick !"

Martin could not help starting at this unexpected announcement, and the consciousness of the irretrievable mistake he had nearly made. Mr. Brick seemed pleased with the sensation he produced upon the stranger, and shock hands with him with an air of patronage designed to reassure him, and to let him know that there was no occasion to be frightened, for he (Brick) wouldn't let him.
"You have heard of Jefferson Brick I see,

sir," quota the Colonel, with a smile. "England has heard of Jefferson Brick. Enrope has heard of Jefferson Brick. Let me see. When did you leave England, sir?" 'Five weeks ago," said Martin.

"Five weeks ago," repeated the colonel, thoughtfully, as he took his seal upon the table, and swung his legs. "Now let me ask you, sir, which of Mr. Brick's articles had become time the most obnoxious to the British Parliament and the Court of St. James?

"Upon my word," said Martin, "I—"
"I have reason to know, sir," interrupted the colonel, "that the aristocratic circles of your country quail before the name of Jefferson I should like to be informed, sir, from your lips, which of his sentiments has struck the deadliest blow—"
"—At the hundred heads of the Hydra of Cor-ruption now grovelling in the dust beneath the

lance of Reason, and spouting up to the universal arch above us, its sanguinary gore," said Mr. Brick, putting on a blue cloth cap with a glazed front, and quoting his last article.
"The libation of freedom, Brick"—hinted the colonel.

"-Must sometimes be quaffed in blood, colonel," cried Brick. And when he said "blood," he gave the great pair of scissors a sharp snap, as if, they said blood too, and were quite of his This done, they both looked at Martin, pausing

for a reply. "Upon my life," said. Martin, who had by this time quite recovered his usual coolness, "I can't give you any satisfactory information about it;

"Stop!" cried the colonel, glancing sternly at his war correspondent, and giving his head one shake after every sentence. "That you never heard of Jefferson Frick, sir. That you never read Jefferson Brick, sir. That you never saw the Rewdy Journal, sir. That you never knew, sir, of its mighty influence upon the cabinets of Europe—Xes?"

"That's what I was about to observe, certain-

ly," said Martin.

"Keep cool, Jefferson," said the colonel gravely. 'Don't bust! ob, you Europeans! Arter that, iet's have a glass of wine!" So saying, he got down from the table, and produced from a basket outside the door, a bottle f champagne, and three glass

"Mr. Jefferson Brick, sir," said the colonel. filling Martin's glass and his own, and pushing the bottle to that gentleman, "will give us a sentiment."

"Well, sir!" cried the war correspondent, since you have concluded to call upon me, will respond. I will give you, sir, The Rowdy Journal and its brethren; the well of Truth, whose waters are black from being composed of printers' ink, but are quite clear enough for my country to behold the saadow of her Destiny

"Hear, hear!" cried the colonel, with great complacency. "There are flowery components, sir, in the language of my friend "Very much so, indeed," said Martin.
"There is to one as Rowdy, sir," observed the
Colonel, handing him a paper. "You'll find
Jefferson Brick at his usual post in the van of

human civilization and moral purity. The Colonel was by this time seated on the table again. Mr. Brick also took up a position on that same piece of furniture, and they fell to drinking pretty hard. They often looked at Martin as he read the paper, and then at each other; and when he had laid it down; which was not until they had finished a second bottle,

the colonel asked him what he thought of it. Why it's horribly personal," said Martin. The Colonel seemed much flattered by this remark, and said he hoped it was. "We are independent here, sir," said Mr. Jefferson Brick. "We do as we like." "If I may judge from the specimen," returned Martin, "there must be a few thousands here

rather the reverse of independent, who do as they don't like." "Well! They yield to the mighty mind of the Popular Instructor, sir," said the Colonel, "They rile up sometimes, but in general we have a hold upon our citizens, both in public and in private life, which is as much one of the enhobling institutions of our happy country

"As nigger slavery itself," suggested Mr. Brick. "En-tirely so," remarked the colonel.
"Pray," said Martin, after some hesitation. may I venture to ask, with reference to a case

observe in this paper of yours, whether the Popular Instructor often deals in-I am at a loss to express it without giving you offense—in for-gery? In lorged letters, for instance," he pursued, for the colonel was perfectly calm and quite at his ease, "solemnly purporting to have been written at recent periods by living men?"
"Well, sir!" replied the colonel, "it does, now

'And the popular instructed-what do they asked Martin. "Buy em," said the colonel, Mr. Jefferson Brick expectorated and faughed

the former copiously, the latter approvingly. "Buy 'em by hundreds of thousands," resumed the colonel. "We are a smart people here, and can appreciate smartness." smartness American for forgery " asked

Martin

American for a good many things that you call by other names. But you can't help yourselves in Europe. We can." "And do, sometimes," thought Martin. "You help yourselves with very little ceremony, too!"

Well !" said the colonel, "I expect it"

"At all events, whatever name we choose to employ," said the colonel, stooping down to roll the third empty bottle into a corner after the other two, "I suppose the art of lorgery was not invented here, sir " "I suppose not," replied Martin.
"Nor any other kind of smartness, I reckon?"

"Invented! No, I presume not."
"Well!" said the colonel, "then we got it all from the old country, and the old country's to blame for it, and not the new 'm. There's an end of that. Now if Mr. Jafferson Brick and you will be so good as to clear, I'll come out last, and lock the door." Rightly interpreting this as the signal for

their departure, Martin walked down stairs after the war correspondent, who preceded him with great majesty. The colonel following, they left the Rowdy Journal Office and walked forth into the streets: Martin feeling doubtful whether he ought to kick the colonel for having pre-

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sumed to speak to him, or whether it came within the bounds of possibility that he and his establishment could be among the boasted usages of that regenerated lant.
It was clear that Colonel Diver, in the secu-

rity of his strong position, and in his perfect understanding of the public sentiment, cared very little what Martin or anybody else thought about him. His high-spiced wares were made to seil, and they sold; and his thousands of readers could as rationally charge their delight in filtl upon him, as a glutton can shift upon his cook the responsibility of his beastly excess. Nothing would have delighted the colonel more than to be told that no such man as he could walk in high success the streets of any other country in the world; for that would only have been a logical assurance to him of the correct adaptation of his labors to the prevailing taste, and of his being strictly and peculiarly a national feature in America.

They walked a mile or more along a handsome street, which the Colonel said was called Broadway, and which Mr. Jefferson Brick said "whip-pe I the universe." Turning, at length, into one of the numerous streets which broad into one pe I the universe." Turning, at length, into one of the numerous streets which branched from this main thoroughfare, they stopped before a rather mean tooking house with jalousie blinds to every window; a flight of steps before the green street door, a shining white ornament on the rails on either side like a petrified pineapple, polished; a little oblong plate of the same material over the knocker, whereon the name of "Pawkins" was engraved; and four accidental

ierial over the knocker, whereon the name of "Pawkins" was engraved; and four accidental pies looking down the area.

The Colonel knocked at this house with the air of a man who lived there; and an Irish girl popped her head out of one of the top windows to see who it was. Pending her journey down stairs the pigs were joined by two or three friends from the next street, in company with whom they lay down sociably in the gutter.

Mr. Jefferson Brick followed in the Rowdy Journal's footsteps without returning any Journal's footsteps without returning any

The colonel led the way into a room at the back part of the house upon the ground-door.

A gentleman in the rocking-chair having his back towards them, and being much engaged in his intellectual pastime, was not aware of their approach until the stove contributed hig mite towards the support of the left-hand spittoon, just as the major—for it was the mator—bore down upon it. Maj. Pawkins then reserved his fire, and looking upward, said, with a peculiar air of quiet weariness, like a man who had been up all night—an air which Martin had already observed both in the colo-nel and Mr. Jefferson Brick—

"Well, colonel?" "Here is a gentleman from England, major," the colonel replied. "who has concluded to locate himself here if the amount of compensation suits

"I am glad to see you, sir," observed the major, shaking hands with Martin, and not moving a muscle of his face. "You are pretty

bright, I hope?" Never better," said Martin. "You are never likely to be," returned the ajor. "You will see the sun shine here." "I think I remember to have seen it shine at

bome, sometimes," said Martin, smiling.
"I think not," replied the major. He said so with a stoical indifference certainly, but still in a tone of firmness which admitted of no further dispute on that point. When he had thus settled the question, he put his hat a little further on side for the greater convenience of scratch ing his bead, and saluted Mr. Jefferson Brick with a lazy nod.

"One of the most remarkable men in our country, sir !" It must not be supposed, however that the perpetual exhibition in the market place of all his stock in trade for sale or hire, was the malor's sole claim to a very large share of sym-pathy and support. He was a great politician; and the one article of his creed, in reference to all public obligations involving the good faith and integrity of his country, was, "run a moist pen slick through everything, and start fresh." This made him a patriot. In commercial affairs he was a bold speculator. In plainer words, he had a most distinguished genius for swindling, and could start a bank, or negotiate a toan, or form a landjobbing company (entailing ruin, pestilence, and death on bundreds of families). with any gifted creature in the Union. This

made him an admirable man of business But as a man's private prosperity does not always keep pace with his patriotic devotion to public affairs; and as fraudulent transactions save their downs as well as their ups, the major was occasionally under a cloud. Hence, just now. Mrs. Pawkins kept a boarding-house, and Major Pawkins rather "loafed" his time away, than otherwise.

"You have come to visit our country, sir, season of great commercial depression,' "At an alarming crisis," said the colonel

"At a period of unprecedented stagnation, ald Mr. Jefferson Brick, "I am sorry to hear that," returned Martin.
"It's not likely to last, I hope "
Martin knew nothing about America, or he

ould have known perfectly well that if its individual citizens, to a man, are to be believed, it always is depressed, and always is stagnated, and always is at an alarming crisis, and never was otherwise; though as a body they are ready make oath upon the Evangelists at any hour of the day or night, and that it is the mos thriving and prosperous of all countries on the habitable globe,

"It's not likely to last, I hope?" said Martin.
"Well!" returned the major, "I expect we shall get along somebow, and come right in the end,"

"We are an elastic country," said the Rowdy We are a young lion," said Mr. Jefferson

"We are a young hor," said all selected.

"We have revivifying and vigorous principles within ourselves," observed the major. "Shall we drink a bitter afore disner, colonel?"

The colonel asseming to this proposed with great alacrity, Major Pawkins proposed an adjournment to a neighboring barroom, which, as he observed, was "only in the next block."

When the major rose from his rocking chair before the store, and so disturbed the hot air before the stove, and so disturbed the hot air

and balmy whiff of soup which fanned their brows, the odor of stale tobacco became so decidedly prevalent as to leave no doubt of its proceeding mainly from that gentleman's ature. Indeed, as Martin walked behind him to the bar-room, he could not help thinking that the great square major, in his listlessness and lan-guor, looked very much like a stale weed himself, such as might be hoed out of the public garden with great advantage to the decent growth of that preserve, and tossed on some

congenial dunghill.

They encountered more weeds in the baroom, some of whom (being thirsty souls as well as dirty) were pretty stale in one sense, and pretty fresh in another. Among them was a gentleman who, as Martin gathered from a the conversation that took place over the bitter, started that afternoon for the Far West on a six months, business tour; and who, as his outfit and equipment for this journey, had just such another shiny hat and just such another little pale value as had composed the luggage of the gentleman who came from England in the Screw.

They were walking back very lensurely: Mar-tin arm-in arm with Mr. Jefferson Brick, and the major and the colonel side-by-side before them: when, as they came within a house or two of the major's residence, they heard a bell ringing violently. The instant this sound struck upon their ears the colonel and the major darted off, dashed up the steps and in at the street door (which stood ajar) like lunatics; while Mr. Jefferson Brick, detaching his arm from Mar-

tin's, made a precipitate dive in the same direction, and vanished also.

"Good Heauen!" thought Martin, "the premises are on fire! It was an alarm-bell!" But there was no smoke to be seen, nor any flame, por was there any smell of fire. As Martin fairered on the pavement, three more gentle-men, with horror and agitation depicted in their faces, came plunging wildly round the corner; jostled each other on the steps; struggled for an instant; and rushed lato the house in a confused heap of arms and legs. Unable to bear it any longer, Martin followed. Even in its rapid progress, he was run down, thrust aside, and passed, by two more gentlemen, stark mad, as it appeared, with fierce excite-

"Where is it?" cried Martin, breathlessly, to a negro whom he encountered in the passage. "In a eatin-room sa. 'Kernel sa, him kept'a seat 'side himself sa.

"A seat!" cried Martin. "For a dinner sa, Martin stored at him for a moment, and burst into a hearty laugh; to which the negro, out of his natural good humor and desire to please, so hearfily responded, that his teeth shone like a gleam of light, "You're the pleasantest fellow I have seen yet," said Martin, clapping him on

the back, 'and give me a better appetite than With this sentiment he walked into the diningroom, and slipped into a chair next the colone which that gentleman (by this time nearly through his dinner) had turned down, in reserve for him, with its back against the table. When the colonel had finished his dinner,

which event took place while Martin, who had sent his plate for some turkey, was waiting to begin, he asked him what he thought of the begin, he asked him what he thought of the boarders, who were from all parts of the Union. and whether be would like to know any particu-

lars concerning them.
"Pray," said Martin, "who is that sickly little girl opposite, with the tight round eyes? I don't see anybody here who looks like her mother, or who seems to have charge of her."
"Do you mean the matron in blue, sir?" asked the colonel, with emphasis. "That is Mrs. Jefferson Brick, sir,

"No, no," said Martin, "I mean the little gi:
like a doll—directly opposite.
"Well, sir!" cried the colonel. "That is Mi. Martin glanced at the colonel's face, but he

was quite serious.

"Bless my soul! I suppose there will be a young Brick then, one of these days?" said

"There are two young Bricks already, sir," returned the colonel.

The matron looked so uncommonly- like a child herseif, that Martin could not help saying as much. "Yes, sir," returned the colonel, "but

some Institutions develope human natur: others "Jefferson Brick," he observed, after a short silence, in commendation of his correspondent, "is one of the most remarkable men in our

This had passed almost in a whisper, for the distinguished gentleman alluded to sat on Martin's other hand.

Pray, Mr. Brick," said Martin, turning to him, and asking a question more for conversa-tion's sake than from any feeling of interest in its subject. "who is that" he was going to say "young," but thought it prudent to eschew the word—"that very short gentleman youder, with That is Pro-fessor Mullet, sir," replied

"May I ask what he is Professor of?" asked "Of education, sir," said Jefferson Brick.
"A sort of schoolmaster, possibly?" Martin

ventured to observe.

"He is a man of one moral elements, sir, and not commonly endowed," said the war correspondent. "He felt it necessary, at the last election for President, to repudia e and denounce his father, who voted on the wrong interest, He has since written some powerful pamphlets, under the signature of 'Suturb,' or Brutus re versed. He is one of the most remarkable men

n our country, sir." "There seems to be plenty of 'em," thought Martin, "at any rate."

Martin, "at any rate."

Porsuing his inquiries, Martin found that there were no fewer than four majors present, two colonels, one general, and a captalo, so that he could not help thinking how aroughy officered the American militia must b; and wondering very much whether the officers commanded each other; or if they did not, where on earth the privates came from. There seemed to be no man there without a title; for those who had not attained to mil tary honors were either doctors, trolessors, or reverends. Three very hard and professors, or reverends. Three very hard and