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Erie Weekly Observer.

A. P. DURLIN & CO., PROPRIETORS

B. F. SLOAN, Editor.

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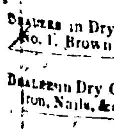
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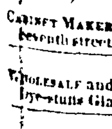
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OUR NEW LIVERY, AND OTHER THINGS.

A LETTER FROM MRS. POTIPHAR TO MISS CAROLINE PETTITOES.

New York.

My dear Caroline.—Lent came so frightfully early this year, that I was very much afraid my new bonnet *a l'Imperatrice* would not be out from Paris soon enough. But fortunately it arrived just in time, and I had the satisfaction of taking down the pride of Mrs. Crœsus, who fancied hers would be the only stylish hat in church the first Sunday. She could not keep her eyes away from me, and I sat so unmoved and so calmly looking at the doctor, that she was quite vexed. But, whenever she turned away, I ran my eyes over the whole congregation, and would you believe that, almost without an exception, people had their old things? However, I suppose they forgot how soon Lent was coming. As I was passing out of church, Mrs. Crœsus brushed by me:

"Ah!" said she, "good morning. Why, bless me! you've got the pretty hat I saw at Lawson's. Well, now, it's really quite pretty; Lawson has some taste left yet;—what a lovely sermon the doctor gave us. By the by, did you know that Mrs. Gnu has actually bought the blue velvet? It's too bad, because I wanted to cover my prayer-book with blue, and she sits so near, the effect of my book will be quite spoiled. Dear me! there she is beckoning to me: good-bye, do come and see us; Tuesdays, you know. Well, Lawson really does very well."

I was so mad with the old thing, that I could not help catching her by the mantle and holding on while I whispered, loud enough for every body to hear:

"Mrs. Crœsus, you see I have just got my bonnet from Paris. It's made after the Empress's. If you would like to have yours made over in the fashion, dear Mrs. Crœsus, I shall be glad to lend you mine."

"No, thank you, dear," said she, "Lawson won't do for me, Bye-bye."

And so she slipped out, and I've no doubt, told Mrs Gnu, that she had seen my bonnet at Lawson's. Isn't it too bad? Then she is so abominably cool. Somehow, when I'm talking with Mrs. Crœsus, who has all her own things made at home, I don't feel as if mine came from Paris at all. She has such a way of looking at you, that it's quite dreadful. She seems to be saying in her mind, "La! now, well done, little dear." And I think that kind of mental reservation (I think that's what they call it) is an insupportable impertinence. However, I don't care, do you?

I've so many things to tell you that I hardly know where to begin. The great thing is the livery, but I want to come regularly up to that, and forget nothing by the way. I was uncertain for a long time how to have my prayer book bound. Finally, after thinking about it a great deal, I concluded to have it done in pale blue velvet, with gold clasps, and a gold cross upon the side. To be sure, it's nothing very new. But what *is* new now a days?—

Sally Shrimp has had hers done in emerald, and I know Mrs. Crœsus will have crimson for hers, and those people who sit next us in church (I wonder who they are; it's very unpleasant to sit next to people you don't know: and positively, that girl, the dark-haired one with large eyes, carries the same muff she did last year; its big enough for a family,) have a kind of brown morocco binding. I must tell you one reason why I fixed upon the pale blue. You know that aristocratic-looking young man, in white cravat and black pantaloons and waistcoat whom we saw at Saratoga a year ago, and who always had such a beautiful sanctimonious look, and such small white hands; well, he is a minister, as we supposed, "an unworthy candidate, an unprofitable husbandman," as he calls himself in that delicious voice of his. He has been quite taken up among us. He has been asked a good deal to dinner, and there was hope of his being settled as colleague to the doctor, only Mr. Potiphar (who can be stubborn, you know) insisted that the Rev. Cream Cheese, though a very good young man, he didn't doubt, was addicted to candlesticks. I suppose that's something awful. But, could you believe any thing awful of him? I asked Mr. Potiphar what he meant by saying such things.

"I mean," said he, "that he's a Puseyite, and I've no idea of being tied to the apron-strings of the Scarlet Woman."

Dear Caroline, who *is* the Scarlet Woman?—Dearest, tell me upon your honor, if you have ever heard any scandal of Mr. Potiphar.

"What is it about candlesticks?" said I to Mr. Potiphar. "Perhaps Mr. Cheese finds gas too bright for his eyes; and that's his misfortune, not his fault."

"Polly," said Mr. Potiphar, who *will* call me Polly, although it sounds so very vulgar, "please not to meddle with things you don't understand. You may have Cream Cheese to dinner as much as you choose, but I will not have him in the pulpit of my church."

The same day, Mr. Cheese happened in about lunch-time, and I asked him if his eyes were really weak.

"Not at all," said he, "why do you ask?"

Then I told him that I had heard he was so fond of candlesticks.

Ah! Caroline, you should have seen him then.—He stopped in the midst of pouring out a glass of Mr. P's. best old port, and holding the decanter in one hand, and the glass in the other, he looked so beautifully sad, and said in that sweet low voice:

"Dear Mrs. Potiphar, the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church." Then he filled up his glass, and drank the wine off with such a mournful, resigned air, and wiped his lips so gently with his cambric handkerchief (I saw that it was a hem-stitch,) that I had no voice to ask him to take a bit of the cold chicken, which he did, however, without my asking him. But when he said in the same low voice, "A little more breast, dear Mrs. Potiphar," I was obliged to run into the drawing-room for a moment, to recover myself.

Well, after he had lunched, I told him that I wished to take his advice upon something connected with the church (for a prayer-book *is*, you know, dear,) and he looked so sweetly at me, that, would you believe it, I almost wished to be a Catholic, and to confess three or four times a week, and to have him for my confessor. But it's very wicked to wish to be a Catholic, and it wasn't real much, you know: but somehow I thought so. When I asked him in what velvet he would advise me to have my prayer-book bound, he talked beautifully for about twenty minutes. I wish you could have heard him. I'm not sure that I understood much of what he said—how should I?—but it was very beautiful. Don't laugh, Carrie, but there was one thing I did understand, and which, as it came pretty often, quite helped me through: it was, "Dear Mrs. Potiphar;" you can't tell how nicely he says it. He began by telling me that it was very important to consider all the details and little things about the church. He said they were all Timbales or Cymbals—or something of that kind; and then he talked very prettily about the stole, and the violet, and scarlet capes of the cardinals, and purple chasubles, and the lace edge of the Pope's little short gown; and—do you know it was very funny—but it seemed to me, somehow, as if I was talking with Portier of Florine Lefevre, except that he used such beautiful words. Well, by and by, he said:—

"Therefore, dear Mrs. Potiphar, as your faith is so pure and childlike, and as I observe that the light from the yellow panes usually falls across you pew, I would advise that you cymbalize your faith, (wouldn't that be noisy in church?) by binding your prayer-book in pale blue: the color of skim-milk, dear Mrs. Potiphar, which is so full of pastoral associations."

Why did he emphasis the word "pastoral?" Do you wonder that I like Cream Cheese, dear Caroline, when he is so gentle and religious—and such a pretty religion too! For he is not only well-dressed, and has such aristocratic hands and feet, in the parlor, but he is so perfectly gentlemanly in the pulpit. He never rises his voice too loud, and he has such wavy gestures. Mr. Potiphar says that may be all very true, but he knows perfectly well that he has a hankering for artificial flowers, and that, for his part, he prefers the Doctor to any preacher he ever heard; "because," he says, "I can go quietly to sleep, confident that he will say nothing that might not be preached from every well regulated pulpit; whereas, if we should let Cream Cheese into the desk, I should have to keep awake to be on the look out for some of these new fangled idolatries; and, Polly Potiphar, I, for one, am determined to have nothing to do with a Scarlet Woman."

Darling Caroline—I don't care much—but did he ever have any thing to do with a Scarlet Woman?

After he said that about artificial flowers, I ordered from Martello the sweetest sprig of *immortelle* he had in his shop, and sent it anonymously on St. Valentine's day. Of course, I didn't wish to do any thing secret from my husband, that might make people talk, so I wrote—"Reverend Cream Cheese; from his grateful *Skim Milk*." I remarked the last words, and hope he understood that I meant to express my thanks for his advice about the pale-blue cover. You don't think it was too romantic, do you dear?

You can imagine how pleasantly Lent is passing since I see so much of him; and then it is so appropriate to Lent to be intimate with a minister. He goes with me to church a great deal, for Mr. Potiphar, of course, has no time for that, except on Sundays; and it is really delightful to see such piety. He makes the responses in the most musical manner; and when he kneels upon entering the pew, he is the admiration of the whole church. He buries his face entirely in a cloud of cambric pocket-handkerchief, with his initial embroidered at the corner; and his hair is beautifully parted down behind, which is very fortunate, as otherwise it would look so badly when only half his head showed. I feel so good when I sit by his side; and when the Doctor (as Mr. P. says) "blows up" those terrible sinners in Babylon and the other Bible towns, I always find the Rev. Cream's eyes fixed upon me, with so much sweet sadness, that I am very, very sorry for the naughty people the Doctor talks about. Why did they do so, do you suppose, dear Caroline? How thankful we ought to be that we live now with so many churches, and such fine ones, and with such gentlemanly ministers as Mr. Cheese. And how nicely it's arranged that, after dancing and dining for two or three months constantly, during which, of course, we can only go to church Sundays, there comes a time for stopping, when we're tired out, and for going to church every day, and (as Mr. P. says) "striking a balance;" and thinking about being good, and all those things. We don't lose a great deal, you know. It makes a variety, and we all see each other, just the same, only we don't dance. I do think it would be better if we took our lorgnettes with us, however, for it was only last Wednesday, at nine o'clock prayers, that I saw Sheena Silke across the church, in their little pew at the corner, and I am sure that she has a new bonnet on; and yet, though I looked at it all the time, trying to find out, prayers were fairly over before I discovered whether it was only new, or only that old white one made over with a few new flowers. Now, if I had my glass, I could have told in a moment, and shouldn't have been obliged to lose all my prayers.

But, as I was saying, those poor old people in Babylon and Nineveh! only think, if they had had the privilege of prayers for six or seven weeks in Lent, and regular preaching the rest of the year, except, of course, in the summer: (by the by, I wonder if they all had some kind of Saratoga or Newport to go to?—I mean to ask Mr. Cheese)—they might have been good, and all have been happy.—It's quite awful to hear how eloquent and earnest the doctor is when he preaches against Babylon.—Mr. P. says he likes to have him "pitch into those old sinners: it does 'em so much good;" and then he looks quite fierce. Mr. Cheese is going to read me a sermon he has written upon the maidenhood of Lot's wife. He says that he quotes a great deal of poetry in it, and that I must *dam* up the fount of my tears when he reads it. It was an odd expression for a minister, wasn't it? and I was obliged to say, Mr. Cheese, you forget yourself." He replied, "Dear Mrs. Potiphar, I will explain;" and he did so; so that I admired him more than ever.

Dearest Caroline, if you should only like him! He asked one day about you; and when I told him what a dear good girl you are, he said: "And her father has worldly possessions, has he not?"

I answered, yes; that your father was very rich. Then he sighed, and said he could never marry an heiress unless he clearly saw it to be his duty. Isn't it a beautiful resignation?

I had no idea of saying so much about him, but you know it's proper, when writing a letter in Lent, to talk about religious matters. And, I must confess, there is somthing comfortable in having to do with such things. Don't you feel better, when you've been dancing all the week, and dining, and going to the opera, and flirting and flying round, to go to church on Sundays? I do. It *seems* somehow, as if we ought to go. But I do wish Mrs. Croesus would sit somewhere else than just in front of us, for her new bonnets and splendid collars and capes make me quite miserable: and then she puts me out of conceit of my things by talking about Lawson, or somebody, as I told you in the beginning.

Mr. Potiphar has sent out for the new carpets.—I had only two spoiled at my ball, you know, and that was very little. One always expects to sacrifice at least, two carpets upon the occasion of seeing one's friends. That handsome one in the supper-room was entirely ruined. Would you believe that Mr. P., when he went down stairs the next morning, found our Fred and his cousin hoeing it with their little hoes? It was entirely matted with preserves and things, and the boys said they were scraping it clean for breakfast. The other spoiled carpet was in the gentlemen's dressing-room where the punch-bowl. Young Gauche Boosey, a very gentlemanly fellow, you know, ran up after polking, and was so confused with the light and heat that he went quite unsteadily, and as he was trying to fill a glass with the silver ladle (which is rather heavy,) he somehow leaned too hard upon the table, and down went the whole thing, table, bowl, punch and Boosey, and ended my poor carpet. I was sorry for that, and also for the bowl, which was a very handsome one, imported from China by my father's partner—a wedding gift to me—and for the table, a delicate rose-wood stand, which was a work table of my sister Lucy's—whom you never knew, and who died long and long ago. However, I was amply repaid by Boozey's drollery afterward. He is a very witty young man, and when he got up from the floor, saturated with punch, (his clothes I mean,) he looked down at the carpet and said:

"Well, I've given that such a punch it will want some *lemon aid* to recover."

I suppose he had some idea about lemon acid taking out spots.

But the best thing was what he said to me. He is so droll that he insisted upon coming down and finishing the dance just as he was. The funny fellow brushed against all the dresses in his way, and finally, said to me, as he pointed to a lemon-seed upon his coat:

"I feel so very *lemon choly* for what I have done."

I laughed very much (you were in the other room) but Mr. P. stepped up and ordered him to leave the house. Boosey said he would do no such a thing; and, I have no doubt we should have had a scene, if Mr. P. had not marched him straight to the door, and put him into a carriage, and told the driver where to take him. Mr. P. was red enough when he came back.

"No man shall insult me or my guests, by getting drunk in my house," said he; and he has since asked me not to invite Boosey nor "any of his kind," as he calls them, to our house. However, I think it will pass over. I tell him that all young men of spirit get a little excited with wine sometimes, and he mustn't be too hard upon them.

"Madame," said he to me, the first time I ventured to say that, no man with genuine self-respect ever gets drunk twice; and if you had a manifest idea of the misery which a little intoxication has produced in scores of families that you know, you would never insinuate again that a little excitement from wine is an agreeable thing. There's your friend Mrs. Crœsus (he thinks she's my friend, because we call each other "dear"!); she is delighted to be a fashionable woman, and to be described as the "peerless and accomplished Mrs. C—s," in letters from the Watering places to the Herald; but I tell you, if any thing of the woman or the mother is left in the fashionable Mrs. Crœsus, I could wring her heart as it never was wrung—and never shall be by me—by showing her the places that young Timon Crœsus haunts, the people with whom he associates, and the drunkness, gambling, and worse dissipations of which he is guilty.

"Timon Crœsus is eighteen or nineteen, or, perhaps, twenty years old; and, Polly, I tell you, he is actually *blase*, worn out with dissipation, the companion of black legs, the chevalier of Cyprians, tipsy every night, and haggard every morning. Timon Crœsus is the puny caricature of a man, mentally, morally, and physically. He gets 'elegantly intoxicated' at your parties; he goes off to sup with Gauche Boosey; you and Mrs. Crœsus think them young men of spirit—it is an exhilarating case of sowing wild oats, you fancy—and when at twenty-five, Timon Crœsus stands ruined in the world, without aims or capacities, without the esteem of a single man or his own self-respect—youth health, hope and energy, all gone for ever—then you and your dear Mrs. Crœsus will probably wonder at the horrible harvest. Mrs. Potiphar, ask the Rev. Cream Cheese to omit his sermon upon the maidenhood of Lot's wife, and preach from this text: 'they that sow the wind shall reap the whirlwind.' Good heavens! Polly, fancy our Fred growing up to such a life! I'd rather bury him to-morrow!"

I never saw Mr. P. so much excited. He fairly put his handkerchief to his eyes, and I really believe he cried! But I think he exaggerates these things, and as he had a very dear friend who went worse and worse, until he died frightfully, a drunkard, it is not strange he should speak so warmly about it. But as Mrs. Croesus says:

"What can you do? You can't curb these boys, you don't want to break their spirits, you don't want to make them milk-sops."

When I repeated the speech to Mr. P., he said to me with a kind of solemnity:

"Tell Mrs. Croesus that I am not here to judge nor dictate; but she may be well assured, that every parent is responsible for every child of his to the utmost of the influence he can exert, whether he chooses to consider himself so or not; and if not now, in this world, yet somewhere and somehow, he must bear and heed the voice that called to Cain in the garden, 'Where is Abel, thy brother?' "

I can't bear to hear Mr. P. talk in that way: it sounds so like preaching. Not precisely like what I hear at church, but like what we mean when we say, 'preaching,' without referring to any particular person. However, he grants that young Timon is an extra case; but, he says, it is the result that proves the principle, and a state of feeling which not only allows, but indirectly fosters, that result, is frightful to think of.

"Don't think of it, then, Mr. P.," said I. He looked at me for a moment with the sternest scowl I ever saw upon a man's face, then he suddenly ran up to me, and kissed me on the forehead (although my hair was all dressed for Mrs. Gnu's dinner), and went out of the house. He hasn't said much to me since, but he speaks very gently when he does speak and sometimes I catch him looking at me in such a singular way, so half mournful, that Mr. Cheese's eyes don't seem so very sad, after all.

However, to return to the party, I believe nothing else was injured except the curtains in the front drawing-room, which were so smeared with ice cream and oyster gravy, that we must get new ones, and the cover of my porcelain tureen was broken by the servant, though the man said he really didn't mean to do it, and I could say nothing; and a party of young men, after the German Cotillon, did let fall that superb cut-glass Claret, and shivered it, with a dozen of the delicately engraved straw-stems that stood upon the waiter. That was all, I believe—oh! except that fine "Dresden Gallery," the most splendid book I ever saw, full of engravings of the great pictures in Dresden, Vienna, and the other Italian towns, and which was sent to Mr. P. by an old friend, an artist, whom he had helped along when he was very poor. Somebody unfortunately tipped over a bottle of claret that stood upon the table, (I am sure, I don't know how it got there, tho' Mr. P. says Gauche Boosey knows,) and it lay soaking into the book, so that almost every picture has a claret stain, which looks so funny. I am very sorry, I am sure, but, as I tell Mr. P., it's no use crying for spilt milk. I was telling Mr. Boosey of it at the Gnus' dinner. He laughed very much, and when I said that a good many of the faces were sadly stained, he said in his droll way, "You ought to call it *L'opera di Bordeaux; Le Domino rouge*." I suppose it was something funny, so I laughed a good deal. He said to me later.

"Shall I pour a little claret into your book—I mean into your glass?"

Wasn't it a pretty *bon-mot?*

Don't you think we are getting very *spirituel* in this country?

I believe there was nothing else injured except the bed-hangings in the back room, which were somehow badly burnt and very much torn in pulling down, and a few of our handsomest shades that were cracked by the heat, and a few plants, which it was hardly fair to expect wouldn't be broken, and the colored glass door in my *escritoire*, against which Flattie Podge fell as she was dancing with Gauche Boosey; but he may have been a little excited you know, and she, poor girl, couldn't help tumbling, and as her head hit the glass, of course it broke, and cut her head badly, so that the blood ran down and naturally spoiled her dress; and what little *escritoire* could stand against Flattie Podge? So that went, and was a good deal smashed in falling. That's all, I think, except that the next day Mrs. Croesus sent a note, saying that she had lost her largest diamond from her necklace, and she was sure that it was not in the carriage, nor in her own house, nor upon the sidewalk, for she had carefully looked every where, *and she would be very glad if I would return it by the bearer.*

Think of that!

Well, we hunted every where, and found no diamond. I took particular pains to ask the servants, if they had found it, for if they had, they might give it up at once, without expecting any reward from Mrs. Croesus, who wasn't very generous. But they all said they hadn't found any diamond; and our man John, who you know, is so guileless,—although it *was* a little mysterious about that emerald pin of mine,—brought me a bit of glass that had been nicked out of my large custard dish, and asked me if that was not Mrs. Croesus's diamond. I told him no, and gave him a gold dollar for his honesty. John is an invaluable servant he is so guileless.

Do you know I am not so sure about Mrs. Croesus' diamond.

Mr. P. made a great growling about the ball.—But it was very foolish, for he got safely to bed by six o'clock, and he need have no trouble about replacing the curtains, and glass, &c. I shall do all that, and the sum total will be sent to him in a lump, so that he can pay it.

Men are so unreasonable. Fancy us at seven o'clock that morning, when I retired. He wasn't asleep. But whose fault was that?

"Polly," said he, "that's the last."

"Last what?" said I.

Last ball at my house," said he.

"Fiddle-dee-dee," said I.

"I tell you, Mrs. Potiphar, I am not going to open my house for a crowd of people who don't go away till daylight: who spoil my books and furniture; who involve me in a foolish expense; for a gang of rowdy boys, who drink my Margaux, and Lafitte, and Marcobrunner, (what kind of drinks are those, dear Caroline?) and who don't know Chambertin from liquorice-water, for a swarm of persons few of whom know me, fewer still care for me, and to whom I am only 'Old Potiphar,' the husband of you, a fashionable woman. I am simply resolved to have no more such tomfoolery in my house."

"Dear Mr. P." said I, "you'll feel much better when you have slept. Besides, why do you say such things? Mustn't we see our friends, I should like to know; and if we do, you are going to let your wife receive them in a manner inferior to old Mrs. Podge or Mrs. Croesus? People will accuse you of meanness, and of treating me ill; and if some persons hear that you have reduced your style of living, they will begin to suspect the state of your affairs. Don't make any rash vows, Mr. P." said I, "but go to sleep."

(Do you know that speech was just what Mrs. Croesus told me she had said to her husband under similar circumstances?)

Mr. P. fairly groaned, and I heard that short, strong, little word that sometimes inadvertantly drops out of the best regulated mouths, as young Gooseberry Downe says when he swears before his mother. Do you know Mrs. Settum Downe? Charming woman, but satirical.

Mr. P. groaned, and said some more illnatured things, untill the clock struck nine, and he was obliged to get up. I should be sorry to say to any body but you, dearest, that I was rather glad of it; for I could then fall asleep at my ease; and these little connubial felicities (I think they call them) are so tiresome. But every body agreed it was a beautiful ball; and the great gratification of hearing young Lord Mount Ague (you know you danced with him, love) say that it was quite the same thing as a ball at Buckingham Palace, except, of course, in size, and the number of persons, and dresses, and jewels, and the plate, and glass, and supper, and wines, and furnishing of the rooms, and lights, and some of those things, which are naturally upon a larger scale at a palace than in a private house.—But, he said excepting such things, it was quite as fine. I am afraid Lord Mount Ague flatters; just a little bit, you know.

Yes: and there was young Major Staggers, who said that "Decidedly it was *the* party of the season."

"How odd," said Mrs. Croesus, to whom I told it, and, I confess, with a little pride. "What a sympathetic man: that is, for a military man, I mean.—Would you believe, dear Mrs. Potiphar, that he said precisely the same thing to me two days after my ball?"

Now, Caroline, dearest, *perhaps* he did!

With all these pleasant things said about one's party, I cannot see that it is such a dismal thing as Mr. P. tries to make out. After one of his solemn talks, I asked Mr. Cheese what he thought of balls, whether it was very wicked to dance, and to go to parties, if one only went to Church twice a day on Sundays. He patted his lips a moment with his handkerchief, and then he said,—and Caroline you can always quote the Rev. Cream Cheese as authority,—

"Dear Mrs. Potiphar, it is recorded in Holy Scripture that the King danced before the Lord."

Darling, *if any thing should happen*, I don't believe he would object much to your dancing.

What gossips we are, to be sure! I meant to write you about our new livery, and I am am afraid I have tired you out already. You remember when you were here, I said that I meant to have a livery, for my sister Margaret told me that they used to drive in Hyde Park, with the old Marquis of Mammon, it was always so delightful to hear him say,

"Ah! there is a Lady Lobster's livery."

It was so aristocratic. And in countries where certain colors distinguished certain families, and are hereditary, so to say, it is so convenient and pleasant to recognize a coat-of-arms, or a livery, and famous family is passing by.

"That's a Howard, that's a Russell, that's a Dorset, that's de Colique, that's Mount Ague," old Lord Mammon used to say as the carriages whirled by. He knew none of them personally, I believe, except de Colique and Mount Ague, but then it was so agreeable to know them.

Now why shouldn't we have the same arrangement? Why not have the Smith colors, and the Black colors, and the Potiphar colors, &c., so that the people might say, "Ah! there go the Potiphar arms."

There is one difficulty, *Mr. P. says*, and that is, that he found five hundred and sixty-seven Smiths in the Directory, which might lead to some confusion. But that was absurd, as I told him, because every body would know which of the Smiths was able to keep a carriage, so that the livery would be recognized directly the moment that any of the family were seen in the carriage. Upon which he said, in his provoking way, "Why have any livery at all, then?" and he persisted in saying that no Smith was ever *the* Smith for three generations, and that he knew at least twenty, each of whom was able to set up his carriage and stand by his colors.

"But then a livery is so elegant and aristocratic," said I, "and it shows that a servant is a servant."

That last was a strong argument, and I thought Mr. P. would have nothing to say against it; but he rattled on for some time, asking me what right I had to be aristocratic, or, in fact, any body else;—went over his eternal old talk about aping foreign habits, as if we hadn't a right to adopt the good usages of all nations, and finally said that the use of liveries among us was not only "a pure peacock absurdity," as he called it, but that no genuine American would ever ask another to assume a menial badge.

"Why!" said I, "is not an American servant a servant still?"

"Most undoubtedly," he said; "and when a man is a servant, let him serve faithfully; and in this country especially, where to-morrow he may be the served, and not the servant, let him not be ashamed of serving. But, Mrs. Potiphar, I beg you to observe that a servant's livery is not, like a General's uniform, the badge of honorable service, but of menial service. Of course, a servant may be as honorable as a General, and his work quite as necessary and well done. But for all that, it is not so respected nor coveted a situation, I believe; and, in social estimation, a man suffers by wearing a livery, as he never would as if he wore none. And while in countries in which a man is proud of being a servant (as every man may well be of being a good one) and never looks to any thing else, nor desires any change, a livery may be very proper to the state of society, and very agreeable to his own feelings, it is quite another thing in a society constituted upon altogether different principles, where the servant of to-day is the senator of to morrow. Besides that, which I suppose is too fine-spun for you, livery is a remnant of a feudal state, of which we abolish every trace as fast as we can. That which is represented by livery is not consonant with our principles."

How the man runs on, when he gets going this way! I said, in answer to all this flourish, that I considered a livery very much the thing; that European families had liveries, and American families might have liveries;—that there was an end of it, and I meant to have one. Besides, if it is a matter of family, I should like to know who has a better right? There was Mr. Potiphar's grandfater, to be sure, was only a skilful blacksmith and a good citizen, as Mr. P. says, who brought up a family in the fear of the Lord.

How oddly he puts those things!

But *my* ancestors, as you know, are a different matter. Starr Mole, who interests himself in genealogies, and knows the family name and crest of all the English nobility, has "climbed our family tree," as Staggers says, and finds that I am lineally descended from one of those two brothers who came over in some of those old times, in some of those old ships, and settled in some of those old places somewhere. So you see, dear Caroline, if births gives any one a right to coats of arms and liveries, and those things, I feel myself sufficiently entitled to have them.

[CONCLUDED ON THE FOURTH PAGE.]