T R Hooper

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POET'S CORNER.

"To charm the languid hours of solitude,
He oft invites her to the Muse's lore."

[For the Star.]

EASTONIANA—No. 2.

BIG HORACE.

Big Horace—Phœbus what a name!
Who dares to claim a bigger?
Old Horace was a *poet* born,
Big Horace is a *digger*.

No doubt the sire who first made claim
To such a classic treasure,
Designed his worship should excel
In Anapœstic measure.

Alas! could he but see him now!
How delicate his figure!
How moulded the ideal head
Of this Horatian Nigger!

His limbs are student-like and thin,
His eye in rapture gleaming,
His lips quite Attican, his brow
With lofty visions beaming.

His step just suits the parlor-floor,
So delicately tripping!
His fingers were just made to be
O'er letter paper slipping.

Old Horace differed wide from him,
Whose fame we are defending—
The *Poet* took an *upward* flight
While his is *downward* tending.

The one in Cæsar's lofty court,
Bright laurels erst was winning,
The other's found most any where,
And always found a grinning.

The one they say could only skim,
And never thought profoundly,
The other 'neath the surface *digs*,
And probes each subject soundly.

On, on he toils, thro' troubles dire
Rise like a rugged mountain,
Nor does he deem the task well done,
'Till traced unto its *fountain*.

CHIPS.

[For the Star.]

ISRAEL'S REPLY TO "CHIPS."

BY SMIKE.

Ye gentlemen of color, oh did you read the song
About your "Uncle Israel,"—to 'Chips' the praise belongs;
He wrote some lovely verses, and put 'em in the 'Star',
Which will spread the fame of "Carroll" to regions very far.

He gave a true description of my form and features too,
And of my coat and breeches he took a slight review;
But about that "jug and barrel" and those little extra 'fips',
I didn't wish them mentioned by Mr. Poetaster 'Chips.'

I pity all you *darkies*,—you common herd of swine,
You never can in *print* appear—takes Israel thus to shine;
And I thank you, 'Mr. Chips,' that you *carrol'd* forth in verse,
A line about that 'sorrel pair,' although for wear the worse.

I have been a public servant for many weary years,
I've travelled up and down hill on horse-back and in gear;
I've lived upon the little change, by trade, (not plunder) got,
And the other little *extras* that I've raised upon my lot.

To the Steamboats have I wandered in sunshine and in storm,
And back again to Easton lots of *baggage* has been borne;
I've made a many dollar, but honestly declare
I have'nt got the first *red cent* in my locker now to spare.

I've owned some noble *animals* as ever trod the road,
From Easton to the Point, with a light or heavy load;
I gave them corn and fodder, and wish I may be shot
If I ever bought a *critter* yet "to turn it out to rot."

'Tis true I've seen the buzzards, in their majestic flight,
Circle round about "horse haven," and soon in fury light
Upon the slumbering carcase of some poor *nag* of mine
That alas! had fell a victim by the ravages of time.

My house and home is where the flags and rushes wave
In all their native loveliness, and where the streamlet laves
The margin of that grass-grown shore, adjacent to my cot,
And I think there's not in Easton such a fair and lovely spot.

When evening twilight steals around my humble home,
'Tis sweet to muse on sorrows past and joys yet to come;
And as each quiet zephyr moves so gently 'mong the flags,
Fond memory often brings to mind my poor, departed NAGS.

But now I'm growing old, and soon must bid adieu
To scenes that cluster my heart—steamboats and *bundles* too;
But yet one thing I crave, ere my spirit does depart,
That 'Chips' may fill my place, and own my sorrel horse and cart.

[*From the New York Evening Mirror.*]

WILLIS' LETTERS FROM LONDON.

LETTER III.

LONDON, July 3.

My Dear Morris.—I was taking my slow-paced walk yesterday afternoon, on the sunny side of Regent street, thinking of little except the sore iron-wires not yet physicked out of my brain, when, in a shop-window I chanced to spy the placard of the opera. In large letter I real "TAGLIONI IN THE SYLPHIDE!" If you remember my description, in "Pencillings by the Way," of the *very first performance* of this ballet, (which I had the good fortune to witness ten or twelve years ago on my first arrival in Paris,) and my enthusiastic description of Taglioni, you will easly fancy how my blood was stirred with the chance of re-seeing the enchanting picture—the same ballet with the same matchless woman as the enchantress. It was 5 o'clock, P. M.—within an hour of my prescribed bed-time—and the opera commences at eight and lasts till twelve—but I *went*. Let me make a whole letter about the evening of which I thus "did" the Doctor:

I do not often gulp very hard at the price of a thing I want, but the charge of *eight dollars* (a guinea and a half) for *a seat to see one opera*—in the habit as I am editorially of paying nothing for the same commodity—certainly made me say "a-hem!" The seat I got for this little piece was in the middle of the first bench behind the orchestra, in the pit—that is to say in one of the "stalls" or elbow-seats into which the first four or five benches of the pit are divided. "The pit," so called, which is separated by a bar from these privileged seats, is so uncomfortable and crowded, that, in my weak condition, I could not venture it, especially with the risk of standing all the evening. So, away went the price of —— many a good thing you can think of! If I had been charged for the moisture of the English climate because my hair curls tighter here than in America, I should not have felt more like scratching my head after the payment.

No one is admitted to the London opera except in full dress, but I took my cloak on my arm, fearful of the draught of cold air that comes over the warm pit when the curtain is lifted. The door-keeper stopped me. "You cannot wear your cloak in, sir!" said he. "But I'm a sick man, and require it." "Against the rule, sir!" "It is very hard that one who has a stall to himself, and no one to incommode, should not be allowed to keep himself from taking cold." "Can't be done, sir." So saying, he took off my cloak, and charged me a shilling for taking care of it! Some nice things about England.

I found myself seated between a lady in full dress and a very fine, aristocratic looking old man, whose seat was elegantly cushioned, and who evidently had it by the season. He turned out to be a useful neighbor, for overhearing me asking a question of the musician before me, which showed that it was my first appearance at the opera, he remarked to me that I was apparently a stranger, and seemed to take great pleasure in pointing out to me the notabilities of the stage and audience. I am glad to mention it as an exception to the usual English reserve.

The opera was the "Roberto Devereux" of Donizetti, and the prima donna (who played Queen Elizabeth) was a novelty in London, Madame Rossi Caccia. It was her second appearance. My first impression of her was very unfavorable. She came forward in a solo, in which she drew her voice so sharply fine that it pricked the ear uneomfortably; and, in the red hair and other unbecomingables of Queen Elizabeth, her looks (which are half the music) were also against her. As the plot deepened, however, she showed a passionateness of acting which helped both voice and beauty, and I began to discover that she had a mouth like a crack in a rose leaf, big eyes, full of darkness, and a voice that was mellow when she forgot the audience. She was immensely applauded; but I assure you I thought her very inferior to Pico, both as an actress and a singer.

Moriani, the famous tenor, has the person of a ship's boatswain, and a voice as exquisitely soft as an Æolian harp, and (with one's eyes shut) he is a singer who gives one delicious enjoyment—but I will not bother you with more about the opera.

As the curtain fell after the first act, the men in the stalls all rose to straighten themselves and take a stare over the house; and, for the first time, it occurred to me to inquire if the Queen were present. "You are looking straight at her Majesty," said my neighbor; "she is talking to one of the ladies of her bedchamber, and Prince Albert is in the back of the box, talking to the King of Belgium."—The box I was looking into was directly at the end of the stage lights, and of course very near me. I had seen the Queen come in without recognizing her, though I had studied her face at Court when I was presented to William IV some years ago, and of course see portraits of her every day.—She looked far younger and prettier than any picture I know of her, and her manner to her maids of honor, and their evident ease, made it look precisely like a most agreeable private party. There was no mark to distinguish the box she occupied, and the fact is that I had insensibly looked more at the Queen that at any body else, thinking her a remarkably pretty girl, and feeling more curiosity to know who she was than who were in the other boxes! I trust the Royal atmosphere forgave my porfane admiration.

At the close of the second act, the Viennese dancers tripped upon the stage.—These, as you know, are twenty or thirty children, apparently from five years old to ten, who dress and dance like full grown dancing-girls, and produce astonishing effects by their well-drilled combinations.—They are curiosities, if it were only for the robust developements of their little bodies. Seen through a magnifying glass, their short petticoats, etc., would hardly look decent; but as children, the plumptitudes which they expose by every movement are humorously beautiful. They must have been drilled with wonderful patience to make such sudden and exact transitions. At one instant they pile up into a bower—the next they are revolving in a many spoked wheel—the next they are braiding themselves in a complete waltz. They seem to swallow each other and re-appear, multiply and diminish, swim and fly, with a one-mindedness, a grace, and an ease of countenance and motion that is wholly incomprehensible. And withal, their little faces are as round and rosy as Cupid's in a picture, and they look so happy that it is contagious. I quite made my well-bred neighbors stare with my un-London-y laughter. Perhaps I should have been excused, however, if they had looked at the Queen, for her Majesty quite leaned out of her box, kept time with the music with her head and bouquet, and watched the little magicians with a continual smile throughout.

The curtain drew up at last, for the "Sylphide," Taglioni glided to the chair of her sleeping lover. I looked at her lady-like face with the same feeling of admiration for its modest unconsciousness as before, but alas! for what it costs beauty to stay in this wicked world! I would not record, if I were writing for a paper that would ever reach her eyes, how much I missed from her shoulders, how much from her limbs, how much—but I will not dwell upon her losses. She was herself, in all her swift motions—in all her more powerful efforts. It was in the slow poisings, in the pirouettes, in those parts of the dance which require more than mere graceful bounds over the stage, that she showed where the lessened musicle had lessened her charm. The bill I held in my hand declared that with the five nights of this engagement she was to take final leave of the stage—and I was sorry she had waited till the world thought it was time! Queen Victoria left the opera before the curtain drew up for her to appear.

And now having made rather a long letter, I'll go out for my short walk. Adieu for to-day.

Yours, faithfully, N. P. WILLIS.

THE TUTOR AND THE PROPRIETOR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE GREAT METROPOLIS.

We passed pretty near a house which was a short time ago the scene of an incident which, in the hands of a skilful novelist, might be so spun out as to make the orthodox three volumes. In that house there lived—I am not sure that he does not still reside there—an eccentric old rich landed proprietor.—His own dress and his modes of life homely; but intending a handsome fortune for each of his family—two sons and a daughter—it was his great ambition to give them a first-rate education. The daughter, being the eldest, had returned from one of the first boarding schools, quite an accomplished lady. He doated on her, and fully made up his mind, that she should either be married to a man of rank and importance in the world or not married at all. For the two sons, as he said, that they might be educated under his own eye, and that he might see that full justice was done to them, he employed a talented young man, whom the old eccentric gentleman constantly lauded to the skies for his exceeding modesty of manner. Things went on for a season as smoothly as either party could wish, the tutor growing every hour in the good gracious of his patron. He became, in fine, a confirmed favorite, and was in ever respect "treated as one of her family." One day after dinner the modest tutor (there being no one present but themselves,) said to the old gentleman, in hesitating accents, scarcely venturing to raise his head as he spoke, that he wished to consult him confidentially for a few minutes on a very important and delicate matter, and to get his advices as to how he ought to act in the peculiar circumstances in which he was placed.

"Quite ready to hear you, sir; and to give you the best advice in my power,' observed the other, who had always been remarkable for his rough, blunt manner of speaking.

"I really do not know how to begin I'm almost afraid to mention the thing to you," remarked the tutor, tying and untying a piece of twine on his finger, on which he kept his eye thoughtfully fixed.

"Oh, don't be affraid, sir, out with it.—Its nothing horrible, I hope!"

"Oh dear, no."

"Well then, let us hear it at once."

"It's about an affair of the heart."

"Ah! an affair of the heart! Ay, I see you young men know something about these matters. It's long since I had an affair of the heart, though I have plenty of other "affairs" far more serious; but young men must be young men; yes, they must. Come take a glass of wine, and tell us all about this affair of the heart.

As he spoke, the eccentric old gentleman poured out a glass of unexceptionable port, and handed it to the tutor which the latter deliberately drank off.

"Now, sir, for this love story—this affair of the heart; you have fallen in love with some pretty girl and wish to marry her, I suppose."

The tutor owned the soft impeachment.

"Well, and why not marry her?"

"That's just the point about which I wished to consult you."

"Is she an amiable girl?"

"The very perfection of every thing that is morally good and mentally excellent.

"So, so. And belongs to a respectable family?,'

"A very respectable family. Indeed, she moves in a better sphere of life than myself, and her family are so respectable, that any gentleman might and would be proud to be connected with."

"Then why, you spalpeen, don't you marry her at once?" said the old man raising his right leg and placing it on adjacent chair.

But I have not yet obtained the consent of her father," replied the tutor, speaking in a seemingly subdued and timid tone, and not having courage enough to look his patron in the face.

"Then why, sir, don't you obtain it?"

"I'm afraid to ask it."

"Why afraid to ask? Don't be a coward."

"I'm afraid, because she assures me that she knows her father would never give his concurrence to her marriage to one who is entirely without means, and has nothing but his education and good moral character to recommend him."

"Does she speak confidently on the point?"

"Oh most confidently. She is quite positive."

"Quite sure, eh?"

'Perfectly certain.'

'No chance of the father yielding?"

'Not the slightest.'

'Is he an old man?'

'He is advanced in years."

'Then sir, he must be an old fool.—Come, take another glass of wine."

The eccentric old gentleman here filled up the glass of his son's preceptor, and the latter quietly quaffed its contents.

'Do I know this stupid piece of antiquity?'

'Intimately.'

'And for sometime?'

'For very many years."

'Does he and his daughter reside in this neighborhood?'

'They do.'

"Is it a fair question to ask the old idiot's name?'

'I would rather not mention it under existing circumstances?'

'Oh, very good, very good. I would not press you, not by any means—I say!' The love struck tutor was all attention. Listen to me sir. Lend me your ears.

'I will with the greatest pleasure."

'What I'm going to say is worth hearing.'

'I'm anxious to hear it.'

'I'll tell you what you'll do."

"I shall be most grateful for your advice in so trying a situation as that in which I am placed.'

"Take another glass of port. Keep up your heart, sir."

The tutor took another glass, the example being set him by his friend and counsellor.

'Is the young lady very much attached to you?'

'I have no reason to doubt the ardor of her affection.'

'Would she elope; that is run away with you?'

'She is willing to do anything."

'Then, sir your course is clear.—Carry her off and get married at once.'

'I'm afraid of offending the old gentleman, her father.'

'Oh!—the old gentleman, her father. Never mind him if you can get the girl herself.'

'And would you really advise me to run away with her? I would not like to take so important a step without your approval.'

'Would advise you? I do advise you and let it be done directly, sir. Why, sir you have no pluck or spirit about you, or you would have done it before now. Thunder and lightning! old as I am sir, I would do it myself. You do it at once.

'I was anxious to consult you on so delicate a matter.'

'Well, sir, you know my opinion and have got my advice. Don't be faint hearted, sir, get up early and elope with the lady to morrow morning, and take my horse and gig for the purpose. They are quite at your service, very much at your service.'

"I am really under infinite obligations to you, for the deep interest you have taken in the matter. I'll adopt your advice and avail myself of your kind offer of your horse and gig to enable me to carry her off.'

Do, sir, do; and mind do it effectually. Let there be no mistake, no failure in the matter. Success to you in your enterprise. Let me know when you have made the young lady your wife."

'I will with the greatest possible pleasure."

On the following morning, the old gengentleman summoned his daughter, as was his custom, down to breakfast, he stationed himself on the occasion at the foot of the stairs. No response was made to his first summons.

'What do you mean you lazy, indolent huzzy, that you don't come when you are called?" bawled the old and eccentric personage, in the way of continuing his first call.

Still there was no answer.

'You are sound asleep, I suppose.—Why don't you get up and come down directly? Do you hear?'

'I say, you indolent, good-for-nothing piece of goods, why don't you'—

'Please, sir,' interposed an out door man servant who had just entered the hall, 'please sir, I saw Miss and the tutor driving away at 5 o'clock this morning, the (horse, gig and all) seemed as if they were in a dreadful hurry. They were indeed, sir.' The old man audibly groaned, and sank down on the stairs. The truth flashed into his mind. It was his own daughter who had eloped with the tutor; in obedience to his own advice tendered to the latter so emphatically on the previous day.

[*From the N. O. Picayune.*

A YANKEE OUTWITTED.

We are always ready to give the natives of the Universal Yankee Nation full credit for shrewdness, sagacity and wisdom. If there be, as a general rule, a soft spot in their character, it is, like the philosopher's stone, not easily discovered. But some naturalists assert that such things have been seen as "white black-birds;" those who place any credence in the assertion cannot surely doubt us when we tell them that we have positively seen—saw no later than yesterday—a green Yankee; one who, in the confidence of his unsuspecting nature, actually suffered himself to be fleeced—diddled by a "simple" Southerner.

We saw the Yankee at the police office, as we said before, yesterday, where he went to seek Dame Justice—a lady, like the North-West Passage, oftener sought than found. Barring the transparency, he was a cold, hard, ice-faced fellow, altogether whiskerless; but if he lacked beard he had a surplusage of yellow-ish hair, which clustered over his coat collar like long sticks of candy, as seen in a glass jar in a confectioner'e window, and he was so tall and thin that it would not be surprising if he feels apprehensive of being broken across the middle, and his upper part being blown off some stormy day. His dress was loose and hung listlessly about him like the sail of a vessel in a calm.

After finding out the Recorder—after having caught his eye, as they say in Congress—Jonathan commenced to tell his story thus:

"Squire, I'm a sweltered individual—used up—done brown; there aint nothin' of me left; but if I wonst get hum—out of this cussed Louisianer—this steam-kettle of all creation—Fashion, and I guess she's about the quickest critter ever ran—Fashion herself could never *catch* me down South agin."

Recorder—"What is the matter? If you have any complaint to make let me hear it."

Yankee—"If I have a complaint to make! Well, now, Squire, I swon to a man, as Eleazar Ellis, the schoolmaster, used to say—I swon, you're *subjunctive*; now I rayther guess I have a complaint to make, and a tolerable chunk of a one at that.—Oh, Squire, won't Patience be as riley as all wrath when she hears it; she'll be out of all patience with me for making such a tarnation fool of myself, condemn the luck."

Recorder—"It would seem you mean to make a fool of me. If you have any complaint to make, state it; if not, withdraw from the court.'

Yankee—"Just hold on a minit, Squire, and I'll set a goin'."

Recorder—"Well, then, proceed."

Yankee. "Fact is, Squire, I cum down here South on a little speckilation, 'tendin' to clear out 'fore yaller fever time; and if 'twarn't for what happened me to-day, I'd made pooty considerable of a profit on the consarn."

Recorder. "Then let me hear at once what did happen to you."

Yankee. "Why, I lost my money; ain't that enough to happen any feller any day?"

Recorder. "How much did you lose, and how?"

Yankee. "Twenty dollars, darn my skin if I didn't, and by one of the meanest tricks that ever was played off on a free American citizen. Why, I wouldn't sarve a nigger so."

Recorder. "Then I again ask how were you served?"

Yankee. "Most rascally: as I was agoin' along on the Levee, a makin' calkilations and talkin' to myself, I sees a feller that looked just as honest as Parson Potter, and as respectable as a selectman, stoop down right afore me, and pick up a fifty dollar bill—here's the darn consarn, blast his picter," said the Yankee indignantly, at the same time taking from his pocket a clean, but badly forged bill of the Union Bank. 'Hush!' says the feller to me, almighty slyly: 'Hush!' said I to him; 'what am I afeerd of?" 'I'll give you half,' says he. 'I haint no objection,' says I, 'seein' as how you cum by it honestly: I jest wanted as much as would buy me a present to take hum to Patience: but I haint no change.' 'Haint *you*?' said he. 'Nothin' comeatable but a twenty dollar bill,' says I. 'Give it to me,' says he; 'here's the fifty, and I'll call on you this evening for the five.' 'It's a trade,' says I, givin' him my good twenty dollar bill; but a cussed bad trade it turned out to me, for his fifty dollar bill isn't worth the first continental red cent, and I want to have the infernal rascal taken right up"

This, the Recorder told him, was no easy task. His portrait was, however, taken by the police, as the Yankee described him, after which he withdrew, it being the general impression among those in court that he was badly *burned*.

A SNAKE STORY.

As a flatboat-man and his son were recently descending the Tallahatchie in their flat, they discovered, near Locopolis landing, a large rattle snake essaying to cross the river. They got the "varmint" alive, and contrived to put him into a temporary cage, with apertures in it, through which father and son could look on and admire the windings and wrigglings of his snakeship.

Shortly after having confined the snake they caught a ground mole, an animal about the size of a mouse, which has its habitation and travels under ground. To test the voracity of the snake, and to experiment upon his sociability at the same time, they thrust the mole into his quarters. As Mons. Adrian, the conjurer, used to say when he would make the gold watch disappear from the sight of his audience, it said of the mole—"By gar, he was dere—he was not in any place!" The fact was, he no sooner came within the influence of the jaws of the rattlesnake, than ravling his tail with delight, he gulped him down whole! The Hoosier father said it was a "shabby trick to swallow the mole without even a chawin on him!—he'd be cussed if he'd treat his tobaccer so mean!" The Hoosier son laconically remarked—'Sarved him right!" But while they were disputing about the justice of the act, the mole was not idle—he was literally boring or scratching his way through the snake's belly, which in good time he accomplished and bolted out, as if conscious of having performed a feat of some consideration. But again the snake *took him in*, and again he made his way out as before! A third time the snake swallowed him, and a third time did he effect his liberation, at least from the close quarters which he must have had in the snake's inner apartments. The snake, from the operations performed on his sides, became by this time exhausted; and, as refinement has modernized the verb "to die"—he actually "deceased."

The Hoosiers, both father and son, swore, or at least affirmed, that the mole was a critter of the best grit they had ever seen, and would, when they went home run him at the "bar."

If nothing else, there is a moral in this story; for it proves the truth of the old saw, that 'the battle is not always to the strong,' since here we find that the mole not only "scotch'd the snake but killed it."—*N. O. Picayune.*

The existence of a band of thieves and pickpockets in the U. States has been for a long time suspected, and disclosures from time to time made at the police office have shown that the gang is composed mostly of a body of Englishmen, most expert and practised in the arts of their nefarious profession. We have been furnished, from an authentic source, with some statistics which will prove interesting to the community, showing as they do the number and resources of this gang and the mode of their operation:

English Thieves, residing in Phil. & N. Y.

Regular pickpockets,		59
" burglars,		23
		82
Of these 20 are worth	$10,000 each,	$200,000
35 " "	2,000 each	70,000
27 " "	1,000 "	27,000
		$297,000

The average number of trips between Philadelphia and New York, made annually by each of these scoundrels, is ten. The amount of fare paid by them to the Railroad Company, is therefore $6,560 per annum.

The average expense of living by each, is $3000 per annum, making a total of $246,000.

Out of the 82, 76 have been transported from England to Botony Bay, and have either served out their time or have escaped.

They generally all assist each other in every emergency when required—but usually operate in squads from 3 to 8. They travel at intervals over the United States—attend with regularity all large conventions or assemblies, distinguished Springs and watering places, race courses, &c. Some of the number, however, remain for business at home. They may be found daily in Wall street, watching persons who visit the banks. They may also be seen engaged in the same employment in the vicinity of the Banks in Philadelphia. At night they frequent places of amusement of every description. They keep a vigilant eye upon travellers, and particularly upon agents who carry packages between the large cities, especially between Boston and Philadelphia. They are for the most part thoroughly educated to their business, and seem to be peculiarly qualified to elude and subdue the police.

Now with such a gang of experienced rougues running at large, it is very easy to account for the number of robberies and burglaries which take place in our large cities, and not only in the cities but in the suburban villages, where most of our wealthy citizens spend the summer months. The amount of money which they are worth in the aggregate, and which is no doubt the result of their plunder, also explains a mystery which has puzzled the public for a long while—how such rascals invariably escaped conviction after detection. Three hundred thousand dollars is a sum sufficient to corrupt virtue stronger than the commodity usually possessed by police officers, and much more severely tried in the crucible of tempation. Some of these thieves have been able to accumulate the snug sum of $10,000, which proves that roguery is almost as profitable as honesty, and falsifies in a measure the maxim that honesty is the best policy.

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