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From a Correspondent of the Boston Atlas. PEN AND INK SKETCHES. MACAULEY-SIR ROBERT PEEL.

our eyes and ears.

would not think, on looking at the forehead, things. No man is denounced for acting difficult to accomplish of the two. which is low, that behind its barrier of and thinking, in the sixteenth century, what all perception of the man. Your closest little respect for impracticable theories of assailed: etted by, his matter.

and looking somewhat awkward, as he low." Macauley resumes his seat, a dead silence tesy—he speaks, and his persuasive, plaus-volving upon every member of a family to acting which helped both voice and beauty.

with all his deep sense and detestation of in- and the greenest of them all, who ventur- home.

justice and corruption, with all his fine per- ed to puzzle Peel, sit with gaping mouths BY E. WELLS, JR. & G. W. HODGES, ception of the harmonious and true, in litera- and open ears. At last a soft voice issues ture and laws, there is hardly any statesman from those wreathed lips—soft yet perfectly more throoughly practical than Macauley. distinct, and very harmonious. As he pro-He can sympathize with the great works of ceeds, the manufacturers, whose stern faces imagination, and his rhetoric revels in their are made up for a burst of disapprobation, slow-paced walk yesterday afternoon, on the praise and illustration; but he sympathises begin to relax the rigidity of their features with them merely as works of imagination, as the importance of their interests are ad-ADVERTISEMENTS.—\$1 per square for three inser- and he carries but few of his idealities into his verted to. Then the agriculturists, whose tions—14 lines of small type or 16 of large type view of actual life and established govern- visages had been growing lengthy, are tickquent insertion. If the number of insertions be ment. He tolerates no writer whose sensi-led by the knowing hand of the Minister, not marked on the advertisement it will be pub-bility and imagination are predominent in like so many trout, and they are smilingly lished until forbid, and charged accordingly. A discussing questions of national policy, of taken in the snare. Cheer after cheer bursts liberal deduction made to those who advertise by finance, manufactures, commerce or laws. forth, and Sir Robert's face is radiant with He allows the introduction of no Utopias smiles. No decided answer has been given, in the living, breathing, sinning world of but promises have been made; the very act. No mercy is shown to those who soul of candor seems to have possessed the treat government as a fine art, and 'judge Premier, who now becomes earnest and of it as they would of a statue or picture,' eloquent—he finds a way to the hearts of and the mental constitution of political phi- his hearers; which way, like a road to a losophers, who erect theories out of mate-certain place which shall be nameless, is As I have introduced to my readers a few rials furnished from other sources than rea- paved with good intentions. He at last ! of our political Peers, let them now accom- son and observation, is analyzed with un- sits down amidst "cheers from all parts of pany me to the Commons; and having rivalled dexterity and discrimination. All the house." Not a question is replied to snugly ensconced ourselves below the pubrant about the rights of man, all whining —not an explicit statement made—not a
letter about the evening of which I thus
They are curiosities, if it were only for the lic's gallery, let us make the best use of and whimpering about the clashing interest person satisfied, but all, saving a few knowof body and soul, are treated with haughty ing ones, cleverly humbugged. No-Sir That is Macauley who has just risen. He scorn, or made the butt of contemptuous Robert Peel is not to be caught; you may

bone there was so busy a brain. His eyes the sixteenth century acted and thought; attention will be demanded to, and be riv- freedom, neither will he hold any terms

eloquent lips brilliant ideas chase each of the house, a gentleman of remarkably other in rapid succession, until the House bland and open countenance. He is tall is wrapt in the closest attention. But Ma- and well proportioned, but rather inclined garchs and regain my former position, I bor, for overhearing me asking a question the stage, that she showed where the lesscauley's speeches consist not of ideas only to corpulency. To look at him, one would -he grapples with no shadows. Truth is imagine that nothing could ruffle the placihis weapon, honesty is his armor, and facts dity of his countenance. His air and bearare the weapons with which he fights. Wo ing is that of a perfect gentleman, and he be unto the unlucky wight who, for the is dressed with scrupulous care—even nicesake of display, has gone forth to the ty. A snow-white cambric neckloth and wordy combat, clad in the gew-gaw pano- collar surmounts a white waistcoat and blue ply of sophism. For him, and for such as frock coat; and nether garments of the help of some quotations from other serve. he, Macauley has no mercy. He proceeds same color, neatly strapped over nattily to the attack of such an adversary, smiling made shoes, complete his costume. Not in undissembled scorn, as he raises the a muscle of his face moves—as he hears point of his glittering lance—and almost the government attacked or commended ere we can sufficiently admire the temper the fiercest ebullition of party wrath, and propitious towards me. Since that period her second appearance. My first impresand polish of the weapon, his victim is the most violent invective, are alike unheedunhorsed, a "spectacle to gods and men." ed; the same bland smile—the same cour-Champion after champion he disposes of teous demeanor is exhibited. Sir Robert in a like manner; and when the lists are Peel never exhibits himself—his mind is cleared, and not another foe presents him- busily working, but not a wheel of the maself, he stands alone in his glory—a sturdy chinery is to be seen. He rises the personand victorious champion of truth. When ification of candor—the incarnation of courensues, and then a burst of applause, such lible tones allure your attention and almost endeavor to make all belonging to it happy. and I began to discover that she had a mouth as only sterling eloquence can command, is win your confidence—and you admire the This may, with a little pleasant exertion, like a crack in a rose-leaf, big eyes full of ease. He was the first man in America that heard;—before it ceases somebody chips color of the fish which you think you have be done. Let every one contribute towards darkness, and a voice that was mellow when out "Mr. Speaker," and in a twinkling the caught—but while gazing, it slips through improving the ground belonging to their she forgot the audience. She was immensebenches are half cleared—the library is fill- your fingers—you have not made anything house. If the house is cold and uncom- ly applauded; but I assure you I thought before he entered the room. That man fills ed with loungers; the lobbies are crowded, out of Sir Robert.

and indulge in dreams of places and pen- tails of his coat, and the other playing with flowering shrubs and trees be planted, and son of a ship's boatswain and a voice as ex- fo the glass which hangs by a ribbon from his vines and woodbines be trailed around the quisitely soft as an Æolian harp, and, (with capacities, has gone down, not to the grave, It has been said, and with much truth, neck—some member of the Opposition has windows and doors—add interesting vol- one's eyes shut) he is a singer who gives p that Mr. Macauley's speeches are his spo- put a few plain questions to him—ques- umes to the library, little articles of furni- one delicious enjoyment,—but I will not few plain questions to him—ques- umes to the library, little articles of furni- one delicious enjoyment,—but I will not few plain questions to him—ques- umes to the library, little articles of furni- one delicious enjoyment,—but I will not few plain questions to him—ques- umes to the library, little articles of furni- one delicious enjoyment,—but I will not few plain questions to him—ques- umes to the library in the mire and filth of intemperance."—Hartken essays. To give, therefore, a correct tions to which plain answers have been re-ture to replace those which are wearing bother you with more about the opera. idea of them, I cannot do better than quote quested. The Premier is surely going to out, wait upon and anticipate each other's As the curtain fell after the first act, the from an article on Macauley, which appear- give candid replies—his face looks as in- wants, and ever have a pleasant smile for men in the stalls all rose to straighten themed some three years since in the Boston nocent as that of a lamb. Those who see all and each.

is about the middle height, his face is ra- ridicule. Society is viewed as it is, and as well try to fix a shadow. Nay, the pinther of the "rotund" formation, and one principles adapted to the existing state of ning of the Premier would be the least

Some members of the House—one of oppression. After scattering all arguments Reason' to you. You may remember that thing you can think of! If I had been so happy that it is contagious. I quite made palace-like structure, with a few balls from with the thin sophisms used in palliation ceedings of the French rulers during the scratching my head after the payment. what he is about to advance. Slowly he overthrown. His enthusiasm and imagina- constantly expecting, like the others, with- "You cannot wear your cloak in, sir!" said phide," and Taglioni glided to the chair of goes on at first like a practised swimmer, tion march in the train of his understand- out a moment's warning, to be transferred he. "But I am a sick man, and require it." her sleeping lover. I looked at her ladywho wades carefully over unseen rocks, ing, and never lead where they should fol- to the guillotine, it was suggested to me "Against the rule, sir!"—"It is very hard like face with the same feeling of admirathat if I would make it known that I was that one who has a stall to himself and no tion for its modest unconsciousness as bepicks his way—but he is soon in deep wa- As an Edinburgh Reviewer, Macauley is a devout worshipper of the Goddess of one to incommode, should not be allowed fore, but—alas! fcr what it costs beauty to ter, and away he dashes, fearlessly flinging as well-nay, from the cheapness of the Reason,' and utterly rejected every thing to keep himself from taking cold!"-"Can't stay in this wicked world! I would not rearound him the glittering spray, and rejoic- reprinted edition of his works here, I may Christian, I might escape the decapitation be done, sir!" So saying he took off my cord, if I were writing for a paper that would ing in his strength. Macauley is now fairly say better known in America than in Eng- to which I fancied myself doomed. A tacit cloak, and charged me a shilling for taking ever reach her eye, how much I missed released from the shallowness of introducout a rival. But I must leave him and her life was spared I should write a work adlife was spared I should write a work adtory matter, and away he goes, far and fast. out a rival. But I must leave him, and beg life was spared I should write a work ad-land! As he proceeds, his voice increases in vol- the reader's attention whilst I direct it to- verse to Christianity, expressly to be disume and force—his right arm is in inces- wards another member of the "body politic." seminated in Britain, to weaken the power full dress, and a very fine, aristocratic-look- swift motions—in all her more powerful

sources, I composed the 'Age of Reason,' The opera was the "Roberto Devereux" I have never concerned myself about any sion of her was very unfavorable. She came some companions to ridicule the hypocriti- other unbecomingables of Queen Elizabeth, cal fanatics and their priestcraft."

fortable, let each exert himself to render it her very inferior to Pico, both as an actress and sleepy country members repair to the Just observe him for a few moments, as better and more pleasant. If it is good and and a singer. side galleries, there to finish their slumbers, he stands with one of his hands under the pleasant, let each strive to adorn it—let Moriani, the famous tenor, has the per-

From the New York Mirror. LETTER FROM N. P. WILLIS.

London, July 3. My DEAR MORRIS: I was taking my sunny side of Regent street, thinking of little except the sore iron-wires not yet physicked out of the brain, when, in a shopwindow I chanced to spy a placard of the opera. In large letters 1 read "TAGLIONI ngly description, in "Pencillings by the Way," of the very first performance of this ballet, and feeling more curiosity to know who sne (which I had the good fortune to witness ten or twelve years ago on my first arrival trust the Royal atmosphere forgave my proin Paris,) and my enthusiastic description of fane admiration! Taglioni, you will easily fancy how my blood was stirred with the chance of re-seeing the enchanting picture—the same ballet NESE DANCERS tripped upon the stage. with the same matchless woman as the en These, as you know, are twenty or thirty chantress. It was five o'clock, P. M.—with-children, apparently from five years old to in an hour of my prescribed bed time—and ten, who dress and dance like full-grown the opera commences at eight and lasts till dancing-girls, and produce astonishing ef-"did" the Doctor.

"I do not often gulp very hard at the price Seen through a magnifying glass, their short of a thing I want, but the charge of eight petticoats, etc., would hardly look decent; dollars (a guinea and a half) for a seat to but as children, the plumptitudes which they see one opera—in the habit as I am editori- expose by every movement are humorously ally of paying nothing for the same commo- beautiful. They must have been drilled ORIGIN OF PAINE'S "AGE OF REASON." dity-certainly made me say "ehem!" The with wonderful patience to make such sudare small, quick, and vivacious, and a faint or attacked because he did not accommode are small, quick, and vivacious, and a faint or attacked because he did not accommode the first bench behind the orchestra, they pile up into a bower—the next they are small or attacked because he did not accommode the first bench behind the orchestra. smile plays about the corners of the mouth. date his conduct to the principles of the principles of the line of th Altogether it might be called a good humored rather than an intellectual looking countenance. Maculey's figure is a trifle awk
Altogether it might be called a good humorinineteenth. To the discussion of all pracof the discussion of all pracof the solution of New York, relates the following account
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of the solution of the stalls of the stalls of the solution of the stalls of the stalls of the solution of the stalls of the stalls of the solution of the stalls of the stall of the stalls of the stall of t ward, and his action is by no means grace- of the actual world. He would belong to itself contains internal testimony that Paine pit" so called, which is separated by a bar other and re-appear, multiply and diminish, ful—but just watch him as he proceeds that party which is just enough in advance had a very slight acquaintance with those able and crowded, that, in my weak condition that is whelly incomprehensible. And with his speech, and you will soon lose little respect for impressionable theories of the risk of standing all the evening. So, withal, their little faces are as round and with theoretical advocates or apologists of "I will explain the origin of the 'Age of away went the price of many a good rosy as Cupid's in a picture, and they look

the illustrious obscures—has been theoriz- for a political institution he often opposes in consequence of my vote against the ex- charged for the moisture of the English cli- my well-bred neighbors stare with my uning away for the last half hour, and now its demolition, from expediency. He never ecution of Louis XVI., with some other mate because my hair curls tighter here than London-y laughter. Perhaps I should have Macauley is about to demolish his Aladdin's allows the majesty of reason to be insulted circumstances that were opposed to the pro- in America, I should not have felt more like been excused, however, if they had looked his practical battery. See—he catches the or descrice of political and social abuses; Reign of Terror, I was first suspected of No one is admitted to the London opera out of her box, kept time with the music Speaker's eye, and listen, as he commences but he is too little of an idealist in politics disaffection to Murat, Robespierre, and their except in full dress, but I took my cloak on with her head and bouquet, and watched his address in a low tone of voice—paus- to suppose that, because those abuses are accomplices, and finally arrested and cast my arm, fearful of the draught of cold air the little magicians with a continual smile ing between each sentence, as if to recon- unfounded in reason, they are necessarily into prison." I think Mr Paine said La that comes over the warm pit when the cur- throughout. sider what he had said, or well weigh and altogether pernicious, and should be Conciergerie. "While in the dungeon and tain is lifted. The door-keeper stopped me. The curtain drew up at last, for the "Syl-

cant motion—his eye kindles, and from his There is, seated on the Ministerial side of Pitt and his administration. By the ing old man, whose seat was elegantly efforts. It was in the slow poisings, in the death of Robespierre I was liberated from cushioned, and who evidently had it by the pirouettes, in those parts of the dance which prison, and to obtain the favor of the Oli- season. He turned out to be a useful neigh- require more than mere graceful bounds over determined to compose the work entitled of the musician before me which showed ened muscle had lessened her charm. The the 'Age of Reason.' Great difficulty was that it was my first appearance at the opera, bill I held in my hand declared that with interposed—for a copy of the Bible could he remarked to me that I was apparently a the five nights of this engagement, she was not be found: I had not seen or read a word stranger, and seemed to take great pleasure of it for a long period before. At length a in pointing out to me the notabilities of the was sorry she had waited till the world Testament was procured; probably," Paine stage and audience. I am glad to mention thought it was time! Queen Victoria left added, "also afterwards a Bible; and, by it as an exception to the usual English re- the opera before the curtain drew up for her

> which produced the effect designed-for the of Donizetti, and the primma donna (who ter, I'll go out for my short walk. Adieu proscription of the work by the British played "Queen Elizabeth") was a novelty for to-day. Government rendered the French rulers in London, Madame Rossi Caccia. It was that made me advert to it, as I hold no con- voice so sharply fine that it pricked the ear ly at New Haven, says: versation upon the subject except with uncomfortably; and, in the red hair and her looks, (which are half the music,) were of three of my early companions who startalso against her. As the plot deepened, ed in life with myself. One of them pos-MAKE HOME HAPPY.—It is the duty de- however, she showed a passionateness of

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 and feeling more curiosity to know who sne

At the close of the second act, the VIENrobust developement of their little bodies. at the Queen, for Her Majesty quite leaned

to take her final leave of the stage—and I

And now having made rather a long let-Yours faithfully, N. P. WILLIS.

Young Men, Beware.-Mr. Potter, of religion, and it was only your sentiments forward in a solo in which she drew her Yale College, in a temperance address late-

"My heart bleeds as I remember the fate sessed the finest mathematical mind I ever knew. He would take the ledger and go up with three columns at a time with perfect beat the automaton chess player, and he told me that he had every move in his head a drunkard's grave. Another, who was an excellent accountant, and could command almost any salary, met the same melancholy fate. Another, possessing the same brilliant perhaps, but is sunk clear out of sight amid ford Courant.

Woman.-Judge Lewis says, speaking of selves and take a stare over the house; and, this last, tho' best, gift to man: God bless Miscellany, from the pen of Mr. Whipple. him for the first time, fling at once to the Make home happy! Parents ought to for the first time, it occurred to me to in- the sex! Ever foremost in the work of It is not too much to say that the brilliant winds all their preconceived notions of Sir teach this lesson in the nursery, and by the quire if the Queen were present. "You are charity—always ministering to the sick paper in question is worthy of its eminent Robert's cunning. The house is silent, fireside; give it the weight of their precept looking straight at Her Majesty," said my lingering longest at the cross—speeding and eloqueut subject—for as an ably writ- anxious and expectant. O'Connel looks and example. If they would neighbor; "she is talking to one of the la- earliest to the sepulchre! They never errten critical essay on the writings and genius up from under his broad brimmed hat, with be a happy and more virtuous country.— dies of her bedchamber, and Prince Albert ed but once, and if that error had been of Macauley, it is unequalled in this coun- an incredulous sneer on his countenance; Drunkenness, profanity and other disgust- is in the back of the box, talking to the committed at a later period of the worldtry, or in England. Mr. Whipple says: some of the ex-Ministers wink knowingly ing vices would die away; they could not King of Belgium." The box I was looking after 4,000 years of bright and lovely deeds "With all his fondness for speculative truth, at each other; the green ones of the house, live in the influence of a lovely and refined into was directly at the end of the stage —the Accusing Spirit had carried the offence lights, and of course very near me. I had to Heaven's Chancery in vain!