LIFE IN NEW-YORK.

A NEW-YORK PARVENU.

Jonathan's account of his Cousin Jason Slick, and how Jason was too lazy to work, and got rich on soft sodder. The dinner of a Connecticut Coaster. A New-York coat of arms, lions, couchant and levant—Yankee ancestry. The way a Yankee speculates, and gets up States, Railroads and Banks, by soft sodder.

To Mr Zephaniah Slick, Esquire, Justice of the Peace and Deacon of the Church, over in Weathersfield, State of Connecticut.

Dear Par—It is cenamost twelve o'clock, jist arter New Years, and here I be as wide awake as a night hawk, and a feeling party considerably rily in the upper story. So I believe I'll be about the somthing I can do to slap down and tell you all about New Year's Day here in New York. But first I want to tell you something about all the trials and troubles that I've had to go through since I wrote my last letter—I don't believe there ever was a human critter so chased arter as I've been. They talk about Cherry-street not being fashionable, but I'll be darned if I believe there's a more genteel street to the city. It's the folks that live in a place that make it genteel or not, and if Cherry-street aint at the top of the mark afore many more weeks, it'll be because I move my office out on it, for there's no end to the great shining carriages that come down and stop jist afore my door, cenamost every hour in the day. It

[illegible] I wouldn't hold in no longer, neither I, all alone as myself as wrathy as could be, sez I, Madame ma Belle Elisler and be darned, for what I know I wish to goodness she knew how to write English. Time by I took up the thing again, for it made me feel sharpish to think I couldn't read as much Latin as a gal could write after going to grammar school so long; but it wasn't for no use, I thinks, sez I; I'll jist go down to the bar-room and see where the critter is going to be sold, and what [illegible] is that's going to knock her off. So down I [illegible] and sez I to the man sort of easy, sez I—

'Are you to going to have an auction here, aint you?'

The chap looked up, and at fust he didn't seem to know me again in my fix up, but arter a minit he smiled [illegible]

'Dear me, Mr. Slick, is it you agin? An auction? not as I knows on.'

'Oh!' sez I, and with that I begun to twistify the [illegible] paper about on my fingers, and at last I seemed [illegible] reading it as arnest as could be, all the while a [illegible] sort of easy towards him, as if I'd forgot he was there. He kept a eyeing it kinder slantingdicular, till at last [illegible]

'Fine y' party writing, Mr. Slick; a lady's, I should [illegible]

'Mebby you've seen it afore,' sez I, a trying to look [illegible] as if I did read every word on't a dozen times. Rather consumptious little curlecues them are, don't you [illegible]

Thinks I handed over the pesky thing kinder nat'ral, I couldn't rally think what I was doing, and he seemed [illegible] it off as easy as water.

'Oh yes,' sez he, 'this is her *own* hand writing; a [illegible] compliment, Mr. Slick. I know of many a fine [illegible] that would give his ears to get such a card from Madame Elisler.'

'Oh! am I,' thinks I, 'if, she has a notion for ears, she'd better [illegible] walk them Baltimore chaps that we've heard on. [illegible] prime ones there, as long as a beet leaf, but I reckon she'll find them rather scarce here in York; for she aint rich enough for 'em.

Here the chap boat out a larfing, and haw-hawed jill it seemed as if he'd go right off the handle. He tried to make it out but only made him top off short, with a [illegible] of the whooping cough. Arter a while he wiped his eyes, and sez he—

'Very good, Mr. Slick! very good indeed!' But of course you accept the Elisler's invitation to the theatre tonight?'

'To the theatre,' sez I, 'so she goes off there, does [illegible] Well, a feller may see the fun without bidding, [illegible] why, you'll go!'

'I require for the Astor House box, and it'll [illegible] it,' sez the chap, and with that he took up the [illegible] paper, and sez he, 'how neatly they do turn off [illegible] compliments in French, don't they?'

'In what?' sez I.

'In French,' sez he.

'Oh! sez I, 'and I have tried more and more to find out what the French gal had writ to me.'

'How beautifully she's turned this sentence about your [illegible]' sez he.

'Yes,' sez I, all of a twitter inside, but as cool as a cucumber for what he knew. 'Yes, party well [illegible] But look a here now, I'll bet a cent you can't read it as easy as I can.'

'Read it!' sez he, a looking as if he'd be stunned [illegible] I read it as easy as I do English.'

'Read it!' sez I, a handing it to him, 'I can tell you, and come with larnal [illegible] some Indian in them parts.'

'Yes,' sez he, sort of interrupting what I was going to say; 'but you aint a looking at the coat of arms—that is what I want you to see.'

'Wal,' says I, a giving the nigger a party genteel survey that set back of the horses dressed up in sort of regimentals, all fineled off with buttons and yaller cloth; 'the coat is well enough—I don't see much to find fault with in it, though to own the truth, Captain Wolf, of the Weathersfield Independent Company, had a training coat that beats it all to nothing. As for the critters arms, niggers may be different to white people in that way, but I don't see no difference—but mebby you mean this other chap's, and his are long enough, that's a fact.' With that I jist took a good squint at a great tall shote of a feller with arms like a pair of flails hung up arter threshing. He was a standing up back of the coach, and a hanging on to a couple of great tassles fastened to it, as independent as a monkey in a show. His coat and trousers were jist like the nigger's, and he had a great wide band of gold stuff round his hat! My pussy Cousin only shook his head when I looked at the chap. The nigger twisted his neck round, and the tall varmint stuck hisen up, and they begun to grin and see be at each other over the coach.

'See here, this is what I mean,' sez my Cousin; and his fat cheek begun to grow red with the cold or something. With that he put his finger on a pictur all sprigged out with gold that was figgered on the door, and sez he "this is the coat and arms."

'Wal,' sez I, 'I've seen a goon many pieters, but I never heard them called by that name afore. I s'pose this is some York notion that you've picked up, aint it?'

'It's the genuine thing,' sez he, 'and I paid a good deal of money for it, I can tell you.'

'Wal,' sez I, a looking at the consarn purty sharp; 'them two critters a lying down there cut a considerable of a dash, that's a fact; but the rooster on the top that are beats all. It's so nat'ral, it seems to me as if I could hear it cookadoodledoo right out.'

'Yes,' sez my cousin, 'that is well done, aint it? But I see you don't exactly comprehend the science of heraldry. Now all these things mean something.'

'You don't say so,' sez I.

'These are lions crouchant,' sez he a pinting to the wild critters.

'You don't say so!' sez I agin; 'I've seen a good many lions in the shows that travel through Weathersfield, but I never saw a croushong afore. They look purty much alike, don't they though?'

With that the two varmints stuck up at each end of the carriage begun to tee hee agin, and my pussy cousin sez he 'Mr. Slick, supposing we go in?'

'Wal,' sez I, 'but if you'd jist as leves, I should kinder like to know what that rooster means afore we go.'

'Can't you guess what part of the Slick family that belongs to?' sez he a strutting up and rubbing his hands together as proud as could be.

'Wal,' sez I, 'I don't know, without it belongs to aunt Lidia—par's old maid of a sister; she sartinly did beat all natur a raising chickens. You never heard of an egg turning out rotten, or a duck getting drowned, on her premises.'

With that the two chaps gigled right out, and stuck their fists into their darned great tatur-traps as if they felt a cold; and my pussy cousin, sez he, 'It's a giving cold—less go in.'

'Wal,' sez I, 'I don't care if we do; but I tell you what, if them two chaps dont jist hush up their everlasting yop, I'll give them both an allfired thrashing—I will, by gosh!'

I rather guess the two mean critters hauled in their horns a few at this; and arter I'd gin them both a purty savage look, we went into the office agin.

'Now,' says my pussey cousin, jist as soon as we'd both sot down agin, 'Cousin Slick, I've found you out, and I mean to do something for you—something handsome, you may depend on't. Jist you call up to my house next new-year's day, and get acquainted with my folks, and arter that you needn't be consarned about any thing. I'm purty well known here in the city, and my relation can hold up his head almost any where. I should think I was down to the Astor House t'other day,' sez he, a stepping to git breath and sticking both hands in his pockets, mighty big, 'and there was that foreign Count and Miss Mile's Brother running on about you, and swearing that they'd skin you alive the first time they caught you in Broadway; but I went up to them and, sez I, 'that young gentleman is a near relation of mine, and any thing you say agin him, I take to my self.' You won't tatine, cousin

They met but once, in youth's sweet hour,
And never since that day
Hath aught on earth, time, or grief had power
To chase that dream away.

They've seen the suns of other skies,
On other shores have sought delight;
But never more to bless their eyes
Can come a dream so bright.

They met but once,—a day was all,
Of love's young hopes they knew,
And still their hearts that day recall
As fresh as then it flew.

Sweet dream of youth!—oh ne'er again
Let either meet the blow,
They left so smooth and smiling then,
Or see what it is now.

For, youth, the spell was only thine,
From thee alone th' enchantment flows
That makes the world around thee shine
With light thyself bestows

They met but once—oh, ne'er again
Let either meet the brow
They left so smooth and smiling then,

"We Shall Miss Each Other."

BY CATHARINE M. WAYNEMAN.

We shall miss each other sadly,
We shall miss the gentle word
Which our young hearts gladly
With responsive pleasure stir'd.

We shall miss each other's glance,
When the hearth fire blazes bright,
When heart with heart rejoices
At the gathering hour of night.

We shall miss the sweet caresses
With which [illegible] bound us [illegible]
And the gentle tone that blesses
Our fond care shall fall in grief.

They will crowd around the places
Where in youth we fondly strayed,
And in vain the eye retraces
The deep prints our footsteps made.

They were always seen together
By the hill side and the plain,
But in bright or shady weather
They shall ne'er be seen again.

Thou art passing from thy dwelling
In thy manfulness and truth,
And the bitter tear is swelling
In the homestead of thy youth

On the faces thou hast cherish'd
From thy childhood's earliest hour,
The bright joyous smile hath perish'd
Like the early blighted flower.

They have wept that thou wert leaving
The old haunts that knew thee first,
And the loving ones bereaving
That thine infancy hath nurst.

Long the silent tear of sorrow
Their fond watching eyes shall gem,
For the glad sun of to-morrow
Will not bring thee back to them.

Many—many tones may meet thee,
And in gentle murmure come,
But their music cannot greet thee
Like the voices of thy home.

Oh! we shall miss each other,
And the words of earlier years
When they're whispered by a mother,
Shall not wake our subdued tears.

[illegible]

Forgive thee!—yes I do forgive thee,
And bless thee as we part,
And pray that years may never leave thee
My agony of heart.
I call no shadowy malison
Upon thy fair young brow,
But would thy life might ever run
As unwardly as now.

I know that I have knelt too lowly
For smiles so oft withdrawn,
That trusting love received too slowly
The lesson of thy scorn—
That thou hast had thy triumph hour
Unquestioned and complete—
When prompted by a spell of power
I knelt me at thy feet.

'Tis over now—the charm is broken—
The feverish dream hath fled,
And pass'd away like thoughts unspoken
The vows that I have said.
I give thee back thy plighted word—
Its tones of love shall be
Like music by the slumberer heard—
A dreamer's melody.

Go now—the light of hope is on thee—
Thy lover's claims are o'er;
A thousand miles thy charms have won thee—
They'll win a thousand more.
For beauty hath a chaining spell
Upon the human will—
Though false the heart it veils so well,
It hath its homage still.

Go blue-eyed girl! the proud shall meet thee,
And gladden in thy smile,
And flattery's pleasant lip shall greet thee
With the bland words of guile.
Go, try the recklessness of earth
With that young heart of thine,
And lavish its unpracticed mirth
On pleasure's every shrine.

Thy pleasant paths may yet be shaded—
A shadow cross thy sun—
The rosy wreaths which love has braided,
Fall from thee one by one;
The flatterer's tones may pass away—
The lyre of love be broken—
And manhood's evil scorn repay
The fondness thou hast spoken.

Go, heartless girl!—thou'lt smile to-morrow
As I had never been—
And scorn thy lover's words of sorrow,
For those of happier men.
A [illegible] destiny [illegible]
Of coming years may [illegible]—
God help thee in thy pilgrimage—
Loved being! fare thee well!

THE OLD MAID—AUNT RUTH.

BY MRS. SEBA SMITH.

Reader dear, when thou beholdest one of those unappropriated ladies, one of those "better halves" of creation, who has dared to take the responsibility of going through the world alone in her blessedness, art thou for asking the reason? Art thou curious to deal out the wherefore of such an anomaly? I know thou art. And yet it is a vain fantasy; for say to me thou wilt stray very wide of the truth, seeking incidents and heart-breaking catastrophes, when the cause may be found in the most common-place circumstances imaginable. Some may, and probably many do, remain "single," after the example of good Queen Bess, simply because their "proud stomach" cannot brook any will but their own; others for any and every reason but the lack of an offer. But wherefore ask why? Did'st thou never behold an amiltonia vine, springing in its loveliness, at first imploringly and gently spreading out its delicate tendrils for support, but none appearing, how it daily grew sturdy in its helpless solitude, the stock becoming more and more consolidated, knots and excrescences making their appearance, till it stands alone, asking and needing help from none? Did'st thou never see this? Then why ask a reason for the solitary state of many of the beautiful of creation? Such is the fact, and that is enough.

I plead guilty to having suffered much from this kind of idle curiosity, especially in the case of *Aunt Ruth*, whose sketch I am about to give thee, and the result may serve as a caution to all who are looking to find aught that is strange or marvellous in these things.

Aunt Ruth was somewhat small in stature, with black glossy hair, and sparkling eyes, a round, pretty forehead, a neat nose, and small mouth. I like to be explicit in these things, for, indeed, her little person was so pretty that it increased the mystery of her blooming solitude. I have often heard those who were familiar with my good Aunt in her younger days, tell of the conquests she achieved, and how every gid in the village, if she married at all, must be content to take up with one of the discarded lovers of Aunt Ruth. Many were the middle aged men pointed out to me, who at one time imagined themselves ready to die "all for the love" of Aunt Ruth. True, they were now sturdy, robust men, who looked entirely guiltless of such folly, but such had been the fact.

Perhaps Aunt Ruth might have been a little too prim-looking for a belle, even in her "palmiest" days, but then her bewitching smile must have done great execution. Even now, when I dare not "guess" at her age, she is exceedingly lovable, and would be entirely so, were it not for a certain air of precision and nicety, which must always have characterized her. She is now the very pink of maidenly neatness and propriety. I should be utterly horrified to behold a hair upon her head misplaced; and a crimp upon the skirts of her dress or a spot upon her muslins would alarm me with serious fears for her health, or the sanity of her mind. Her pocket-handkerchief has always a peculiar fold, and her ruffles a peculiar stiffness, that make them look as if belonging to Aunt Ruth and no one else.

She is in great demand by all the married ladies, not one of whom, I verily believe, but envies as her state of "single blessedness," for the little haunts of the good spinster are not the things for certain delicate kinds of needle work, and then nothing can excuse her admirable taste in such [illegible] Aunt

[illegible] and, with as much of a shrug as her fine taste will [illegible] upon, replied, "Well, it must be confessed, I am one of the [illegible] sort."

She is secretary to most of our charitable societies, and [illegible] ionary societies; indeed is an active member in every thing of the kind, except the Maternal Association, and it was at one time seriously considered whether she could not be a member of this, for the sake of having her for secretary, for her penmanship is exquisite, looking like her own self, small, neat and firm.

Now, dost thou ask, why is she single? Gentle reader, thou must have divined the reason.—It is simply this. Aunt Ruth was always so *nice*. Many and many were her admirers, and "offers," but somehow they did'nt exactly suit. She could'nt always tell why, to be sure, but she did'nt like them, and that was enough. One was as illiterate as a Hottentot, or as chary as a bear; another had carroty hair, and a sheepish look; one was too sentimental, another too matter-o-factish, etc. etc. and so the dear creature went on multiplying objections until considerable past twenty, and every body prophesied she would "go through the swamp and at last take up with a broken stick." The old ladies shook their heads and looked grave, the young ones curled their pretty lips, tossed their heads, and one after another married the rejected lovers of the fastidious maiden, and settled down into sober, every-day matrons.

At length the village circle was enlivened by the addition of another to the number of beaux, and, of course, one more to the list of Aunt Ruth's admirers. This was in the person of a black-eyed, dashing young sailor, all animation, wit and humor, and retailing his nautical yarns with the best grace imaginable. Henry Jackson walked, and sang, and talked with Aunt Ruth, and, for once, she seemed exactly suited. There could be no mistake about it. Whatever Henry Jackson might choose to say or do, he was sure to suit Aunt Ruth.

But, alas, with all his recklessness, he somehow lacked the courage to tell a lady that he loved her. Had it been otherwise, this sketch had never been written, and Aunt Ruth, instead of being as she is, the pink of maidenly precision, might have been humdrum Mrs. Jackson, and a slattern into the bargain. Henry knew every rope in a ship, and knew how to manage the taughtest wind that ever blew, so that his strong little barque could ride it out in safety; wouldn't mind hoisting his colors, trimming his sails, and heaving to, to fire a salute to the commodore himself, when occasion served, for all these things were familiar to him; but somehow, all his daring forsook him, and he could never give his lips the right pucker to say, "I love you." So he was forced to resort to pen and ink to say what every body knew before.

Now, Aunt Ruth was nice in all matters. She shuddered at the least infringement of maidenly decorum. No wonder, therefore, she delayed some days to answer the epistle of her lover. To do so earlier, might argue an indelicate precipitation. Unhappy maiden! the letter was destined to be her only solace through the rest of her solitary pilgrimage.

Henry waited, and wondered, puzzling in vain to conjecture the cause of her silence; for, frank and ardent himself, he could scarcely be expected to sympathize with the scruples of a maiden so exceedingly particular. At length, from waiting and wondering, his pride became piqued, and to convince his "lady love" that, if rejected, he was inconsolable, in sheer revenge he offered himself to a village rival, with fewer charms indeed, but also with fewer scruples than Aunt Ruth.

In the mean time, the unconscious maiden feasted on the honied words with which the warm-hearted sailor had clothed the language of his love, little dreaming of the storm that was gathering around her.

Propriety at length became fully satisfied, and she was seated at her desk to pen a response. Aunt Ruth must have weighed every word; the one chosen must have been just the thing, neither too warm, nor too cold; and every letter must have been made just as it should be. While thus occupied, a young gossip came in with the astounding intelligence that Henry Jackson and Lucy Cobb were published. Aunt Ruth turned slightly pale, and her small foot beat time to her thoughts. When her reporter had left the room, she took the paper on which she had been writing, and slowly, and thoughtfully, tore it piece by piece, carefully wiped her pen, arranged her papers, and closed the escritoire, and from that day never *appeared* to think any thing more about it.

It was observed, that from that time Aunt Ruth began to wear a pocket, in which it was supposed the precious letter was deposited; for, more than once, she has been detected conning the characters upon a sheet of paper somewhat worn and discolored by age, which she afterwards deposited with a saddened smile and a suppressed sigh, in her pocket. Still further, she has been seen gluing strips of paper upon the severed angles of a decaying document, which she concealed in her own quiet way. It must have been the long-treasured letter.

Great hath been my curiosity to behold it—to luxuriate in its delicious periods. But in vain. When we have been in states of the same chamber, and I have been witness to all the ceremony of a "Maiden Lady's" toilet—have witnessed the removal of one garment after another, each one being carefully folded before it was laid aside, and then the identical pocket deposited beneath her pillow; how I have longed to lay sacrilegious hands upon it! But no; Aunt Ruth's propriety had become contagious, and I could not—dared not do it. No, no, it were a cruelty.

But the luxury of perusing the precious relic was reserved for two sunny urchins, of twelve and fourteen, [illegible] some unaccountable fatality, the strings of Aunt Ruth's pocket one day broke from their allegiance, and dropped it upon the floor. The two boys held their breath till she was fairly out of sight, and then pounced upon the prize. Scissors, thimble, pinball, and all the etceteras of an old maid's pocket, were ceremoniously tumbled upon the floor, and the sacred letter dragged out in a trice. Attracted by the noise, I found them kneeling in the midst of Aunt Ruth's treasures, and reading the letter with all the glee and eagerness of unentitlement [illegible] hood. The honied words, that had been like the dew of Heaven to the heart of Aunt Ruth, were gabbled over amid shouts of merriment.

Scarcely had I discovered them, when she made her appearance. I will not attempt to describe the mingled expressions of her face. One instant she paused to take in the whole evil, and then rushed upon them. I had never seen her flustered. The graceless rogues took to their heels, pouring out into a shout and laugh, such as boys only utter. Since then I have overheard them repeating some [illegible] to each other with a chuckling laugh, at which Aunt Ruth [illegible] will notice them back naway, and I grow seriously angry [illegible]