extend to their children the advantages which had been denied to themselves. Though their hands had been hardened by labor, and the play of their minds restricted to the dull round of mercantile pursuits, yet the good sense of many taught them that, as their children would enter the world with different prospects, so should their minds be enlightened and prepared for a different rank in life. From such persuasions, new and beautiful mansions were successively rising, and the wealthy merchants and even mechanics were retreating from the indifferent and noisy habitations which had sheltered them in poorer times, to live in the style which their riches not only allowed, but required for the sake of their children. It was not pride, save in a few, that prompted this change, for many felt severely the removal from old habits and situations even for better, where they might gather around their children the elegancies and refinements of life. An academy was opened, and their sons and daughters were fast becoming fit companions for the lovely and accomplished Mary. The mean, low mortals who pursued a different course, delving on in the muddy paths of trade merely for the pleasure of getting, grew rich, surpassingly rich, and gladdened their sordid souls with the thought that they were not such spendthrifts as their neighbors—and what followed? While the sons and daughters of the former were growing up and increasing in virtue and knowledge, the children of the latter were neglected and vicious, or were kept toiling and drudging till the free and generous spirit of youth was exhausted and worn out. When death or their own age relieved them of him who had been only a task-master, they plunged the deeper into excess and dissipation for their former restraint, and in a few years scattered the wealth which it had required a life-time of labor and speculation to collect. ÆSCU.

[To be continued.]

THE DISAPPOINTED BRIDEGROOM.

The Sugar Loaf Mountain had already hidden the sun from the goodly inhabitants of the village of S——, and its parting rays were only visible lingering on the green foliage that covered Mount Toby at the east. There was mirth, and joy, and tiptoe expectation, in that village, for Sarah Baker, the boast and pride of the plain, was to become a bride that night. All was hurry and preparation, and the traveller who had passed through the place in its usual quietness, would discover a change in almost every thing, save the slow and sullen waters of the Connecticut that rolled along in silent majesty, seemingly alone in being regardless of the 'notes of preparation' on its banks.

The parents of Sarah were wealthy, but possessed none of that haughtiness which would despise their inferiors, and of course nearly all that little community were 'invited guests.' Groups of smiling faces were already wending their way towards the antique but tidy mansion, that stood at the head of the green, annoyed only by the 'quick hurrying to and fro' of a few gallants, who showed at the same time their skill in driving and kind-heartedness, by putting all the chaises the place afforded in requisition to transport the more distant part of the company to the long anticipated wedding.

Sarah Baker had now blushed into womanhood, and the returning suns of twenty two summers had seen her in her quiet abode. When little more than sixteen, she had been betrothed to Andrew Ramsay, a youthful playmate, with whom in childhood she had often sported. But Andrew was of an unsteady temperament, and several years had now elapsed since he left the lovely retirement of his home, and embarked for a foreign coast. Intelligence of his safe arrival in due time reached his friends, but hardly a year had elasped since he bid his parents farewell, before they were seen in the village church clothed in the sombre habliments of mourning, and asking for the sanctification to their hearts of the death of this darling son in a distant land. The grief of Sarah was deep, and for a time you might read in her saddened countenance the disappointment that day and night was present to her recollection. But time (what does it not impair?) had again renewed the smiles that erewhile mantled on her cheek, for she was not one of those who pine under misfortune from the effects of a high wrought sensibility. By degrees, you might see her mingling in the little social parties and innocent amusements of her companions, and so much loveliness could not but be beloved by them all. But it was not among her own sex alone, she was admired. Happy was that swain who could engage her in conversation, and happier still if any sally of his wit could draw a smile from the lovely Sarah. Among the most worthy of these was David Graves; and, whether it was the sober truth, or the bickerings of envy, we cannot tell, but it was currently reported in the village that David was honored with more smiles of graciousness from the fair one than any competitor. We need not follow him through all the windings by which he gained the consent of Sarah, nor tell the alternate hopes and fears which agitated him for a season; let it suffice to say that young Graves was to perform the conspicuous part of bridegroom on the eventful evening at which our story commences.

With a bounding heart, and fond felicity in his expectations, he ushered the blushing bride into the room which was literally filled to overflowing by all the finery the village could boast. The older part looked with a smile of benignant approbation on the young couple as they advanced, and if the younger part could not but envy the splendor of their appearance, still not one of them would wish to mar the universal happiness that reigned throughout the circle. But how uncertain are all human expectations! how often are the fondest anticipations destroyed! The pious divine had already invoked the best of heaven's blessings on the happy couple, and was commencing the holy ceremony, when a bustle was heard at the door and a voice exclaiming 'Forbear! the bride is mine.' All eyes were directed on a miserable figure that stood looking in on the astonished group, and their feelings were shocked, when an elderly matron, who stood near the door, exclaimed, 'Bless my heart, if here a'nt Andrew Ramsay that we all thought dead so long ago.'

Those readers who have already anticipated the conclusion need peruse no farther; for they see at once that David must resign his fair one to her first betrothed, who will undoubtedly stay very contentedly at home now, and make one of the kindest of husbands. But for the benefit of such as have patience, we will add a few more particulars. The stupefaction into which the company were thrown by the unexpected occurrence of the evening, was general; inanimate as a stone the pale form of Sarah sunk into the arms of her terrified lover—every one had enough to do to calm the tumult of their own surprised feelings, and some minutes elasped before even the mother of the long lost Andrew could summon resolution to approach him; at length however, she did, and was just ready to rush into his arms and imprint on his brow the maternal kiss he was wont to share, when another sudden revulsion took place in the feelings of the company from her exclamation: 'La, this is never our Andrew, but crazy Allen, that scares us so often.'

Of the gradual recovery of the group from the panic into which they had been thrown by the exclamation of the poor maniac, we will not speak, and only add that long before the sun had again conquered the ascent of Mount Toby, all the fair damsels of the village had enjoyed golden dreams, and underneath each pillow might be found the inspiring cause, that is to say, a piece of the cake, distributed after the hands of David Graves and Sarah Baker were united in the holy bands of matrimony.

Poor crazy Allen lived several years after he had, in a wild vagary, claimed the bride on her festive night, and passed for that unfortunate youth whose remains had for five years been mingling with a foreign soil, and to the time of his death, he was frequently jeered at as the *Disappointed Bridegroom.*

ARIAN.

THE HUMORIST.

ADVENTURES OF A FIG.

[From a MS. volume.]

I first saw the light in the beautiful town of Sentari, opposite Constantinople. The tree which produced me was one of the larg-

est and most beautiful of its species—it stood alone in an extensive meadow; almost at its feet rolled the placid waves of the sea of Marmora, and at a little distance across the narrow strait which divides Europe from Asia, arose the glittering minarets and lofty domes of the great city of Constantinople. There in a climate the most luxurious I enjoyed every moment of existence. I hung on one of the middle boughs of my parent tree, so high that I could court the mild breeze which played over my cheek, and look abroad on the world, and yet able to see the grave turbaned Seignor, and the blooming maiden, who strayed beneath our shade. I was surrounded by thousands of my fellow figs, and as I have seen the tall and stately ships riding proudly over the neighboring waves, I have longed to go with them, and see the foreign climes, which the birds had told me of. Alas! I knew not the misery to which I was fated. The green was just changing to a purple on my surface, and I felt that I was approaching maturity when my misfortunes began. It was a fine day in midsummer, and I saw without fear, a tall Turk climbing our tree; he grasped the bough to which I was suspended, and shook it. I felt my sinews cracking and was precipitated to the earth. I knew not what followed, but on recovering, found myself in a basket with others; we were carried to Constantinople, and exposed for sale in the market, our cruel master exclaiming with solemnity as he stroked his beard, 'in the name of the Prophet! Figs.' I would willingly spend the little strength remaining in recounting the curious scenes by which we were surrounded, but this was only the beginning of my miseries, und I must hasten on. There were many purchasers, but by *all* I was thrown by as unripe. At night I was taken back to the country, and condemned to be dried for exportation. Who shall describe the tortures by which I was hung up in the scorching sun, my vital moisture exhaling, and my fair round form shrivelled up. The idea is horrible. The process was completed, and then with my fellow sufferers, I was crammed and squeezed into a small box. I was fortunate however, in being placed in the outer circle, near a small hole, from which I could see what was going on. We were carried to Smyrna, and there again exposed for sale in a warehouse. The fate of the drum to which I belonged was soon determined; we were sold and carried on board a ship. It was a far nobler vessel than any I had ever seen on the sea of Marmora. Her sails were bent, and a flag full of stripes and stars was floating from her masts. I should have trembled with delight at the uncertainty I now felt of visting foreign countries, had I not have been so crowded that I could not move. Long and tedious was our passage; enveloped in darkness, I heard nothing, I saw nothing, for months, until my arrival in Boston. I was soon after carried to the store of a grocer near Cornhill—taken out of my prison, and once more permitted to see the light, and feel the air. Being one of the largest and best I was placed in the shop window, and for days did nothing but gaze out at the passers by. I was struck with the beauty of the ladies, and the singularity of their dress and manners, so different from the Turkish. I soon recognized faces, and found to my astonishment, that the same ladies passed and repassed twenty times in a day, and repeated this day after day. Why is this allowed, sirs?—Why do not the seignors shut them up?—they do in Turkey. I have deliberated much upon this subject, and come to the conclusion that these poor creatures must be paid so much an hour by the city authorities to beautify the streets, and make them lively and attractive. I was not allowed to stay in this situation very long, but was sold to a lady who was going to give a ball, and whose name I could not learn. In the afternoon I was deposited with several of my companions, on a superb glass dish, and a girl carried us to the supper table. It was very long and splendidly decorated, and I thought how delightful it is to be a traveller—how much more honored am I than I was in the market place at Constantinople. In short I became very vain, and thought that all the parade was made for me. Then I was put on the table, the black man having first been asked 'where shall I put the figs?' I then had leisure to look about. Many strange things were about me, and the number was continually increasing. Decorations were added, articles arranged, plates distributed, and it was not till late in the evening that the moment of greatest magnificence arrived—then the whole was illuminated by candles, and it all seemed a scene of enchantment. But I soon found that there were many other personages of greater importance than I was, and not knowing by what names to call them, I determined to enter into conversation with my next neighbor. He was a curious looking fellow; quite long, and of a dark red color; I afterwards learned that he was called Tongue, and I found him very talkative. 'Friend,' said I to him, 'I am a stranger, come from foreign countries, and should like to know the meaning of all this show and grandeur.' 'Alas!' said he, 'I know not; we are in the hands of cruel ruffians. Would you think it, they plunged me into a kettle of hot water and actually boiled me.' 'Boiled you! I shall die with affright; do you think they will boil me?' 'Oh no,' said he with a sneer, 'they never boil Figs.' I felt mortified, and it was some minutes before I resumed the conversation. I then asked, 'who is that large portly gentleman at the head of the table?' 'He is called Mr. Turkey, and I assure you, proud as he is now, I saw him spitting and sputtering before the fire this morning. They gave him a terrible roasting below.' The Turkey darted an ugly look at the Tongue. I saw he was stuffed up with pride, and we were again silent. Presently he began again—'Do you see that tall Pyramid, as white as snow, which towers above us all?' 'Yes, and every time I look at him I shiver with cold, and should not dare to approach him, he is so repulsive; has he been roasted?' Tongue laughed heartily, and I saw I had made some sad mistake. I therefore directed his attention to a delicate white creature, who lay near us, and who quivered every moment with fear; it was called Blanc-Mange, and I never saw any thing so beautiful. The conversation had now become general. The Chickens were talking to the Ducks; the Nuts and the Raisins held a confabulation, and a puffed up Trifle was lecturing to a crowd of Jellies, Creams and Custards who pressed around her. A bright Orange from Saville, was talking to a bunch of Grapes from Marseilles, and some Almonds from Africa commenced an acquaintance with Wine from Madeira, who was all the time eyeing the Grapes, as if there was some consanguinity between them, and I recounted my adventures to some old acquaintances, some Raisins from Smyrna. The tall Pyramid alone remained silent. Almost every one had something to say of the cruelty of man. The Raisins and Prunes, in common with myself, complained of having been dried and squeezed into boxes, the Trifle of having been beaten, even the bleached Almonds uttered their complaints, and absolutely looked pale, as they told how they had been deprived of their skins. Some fine Apples were congratulating themselves that injury was never offered to them, when a voice was heard from some of their brothers who were shut up in an apple pye, lamenting their fate and describing the incredible sufferings which they had undergone. They had been peeled, then cut in pieces, and pounded and stewed, and finally put into a prison of flour paste, and baked. Thinks I to myself, my own misfortunes are nothing to this. Some Pears also looked rather smiling, but their cheerfulness was turned to gloom, when they saw the miseries of their brothers and their relations, the Quince family, who, on the fruitless pretence of being *preserved*, had been condemned to similar sufferings. Presently I remarked that there was here and there vacant places, and that our company was not complete. While I was thinking of the cause, in came several servants bearing smoking dishes, one of which was placed near me. There was an universal silence, which I ventured to break, by asking them what was the matter, and why they put forth such quantities of hot vapour and smoke. 'We are,' said they, 'poor unfortunate Oysters, and we are suffering the horrors of being stewed.' Every one pitied them; even the icy Pyramid, who melted into tears, which trickled down his cheeks.—Blanc-Mange trembled, the Turkey and Chickens wept at the recollection of their own sufferings, and my friend Tongue was si-

lent. There was a gloom over all—the wine alone exhorted them to keep up their spirits. At this moment the music which I had heard in the adjoining apartment ceased, and in rushed a crowd of ladies and gentlemen. They were elegantly dressed, and I recognized many faces which I had seen while lying at the shop window in Cornhill. There was a pause for an instant, and then they all commenced an attack on us poor defenceless creatures. The destruction was terrible. The poor Oysters were gone in an instant, and the dish scraped again and again, least some one should have escaped. A small gentleman with black whiskers, flourished about a great fork, and the unresisting Turkey received it in his breast; the Ice was cut off by slices, and also vanished; the poor Blanc-Mange yielded herself to the invading spoon; and Trifle flew from side to side. Tongue did not escape, but what seemed to trouble him most was, that he was forced into company with a fellow of great asperity and sharpness, Mr. Mustard. I heard a great many fine speeches and compliments whispered, but I cannot repeat them, nor describe the company, for my own fate approached. The gentleman with black whiskers placed me on a plate, and handed me to a beautiful lady dressed in pink. Well, thought I, if I must die, I shall be happy to meet my fate at your hands; but she turned from me with coldness, as if I were beneath her notice, exclaiming, 'I never eat Figs.' The next instant a fair, rosy cheeked, bright eyed damsel in black seized me, and horrible to relate, bit me off in the middle, and threw me down mutilated on the table. In this state I have remained ever since—every body neglects me. I saw the company depart, and the light extinguished. This morning every thing is in confusion—I was huddled into a basket and carried into the kitchen, and by the assistance of a black cat, whom I directed to a cream near me, I have contrived to write you this account of my life—my days of prosperity, and adversity. Oh! that I could have been contented at home, and not have come to this horrible country. Yours, FIG.

LITERARY NOTICES.

'Francis Berrian, or the Mexican Patriot. Boston, 1826.'

'I would go fifty miles on foot to kiss the hand of that man, whose generous heart will give up the reins of his imagination into his author's hands—be pleased he knows not why, and cares not wherefore.'—*Sterne.*

MESSRS. EDITORS—We are informed by the Salem Observer, that the author of this interesting work is the Rev. Timothy Flint, from whose lately published travels extracts have occasionally appeared in your columns. Having just received much pleasure from its perusal, and supposing other matters might prevent your noticing it this week, I pen these superficial remarks merely to attract the attention of your readers to the work. A novel from a Rev. Missionary, not confined chiefly to religious subjects, would some years since have been considered a *rara avis* in literature; but the warmest admirer of affecting scenes and romantic incidents will be gratified by these volumes. I cannot conjecture what the reviewers will say of the work; possibly they will pronounce it hastily written, and that the same materials in the hands of a Scott or Cooper would have furnished a still more interesting result. The marks of carelessness do certainly appear; we are not present on the battle field with the hero, as with most of Scott's warriors, yet the varied, beautiful and majestic scenes of nature are before us in all their charms, and some of the characters become endeared to us as we advance. The sojourn of the hero and the Benvelts in the cave, is to me the most affecting part of the book, and if any one can trace the decay of the kind old father, the slow and meek wasting of the two gentle maidens, and then look on the three flowery graves side by side on the mountain, without feeling the tenderness of tears coming over him, I envy not his temperament. The character of the surviving sister, who has more than the heroism of Rebecca in Ivanhoe, without her stateliness—her long suppressed attachment, her utter loneliness and magnanimous self-control, though they did not so much attract on the perusal, have made an impression that will abide when more striking passages are forgotten.

The descriptions may probably be regarded as taken from nature; indeed they in some places appear to be copied from the journal. In the midst of a beautiful painting of scenery, of mountains, vallies, streams and flowers, we are told that the soil is well watered and fertile; this is at once bringing the exalted imagination to the *ground* in a way which most novelists would avoid, although the information is not unimportant to the land speculator. My motto is at war with criticism however, and it is no pleasure to pick out blemishes from a work which has afforded me such high gratification. I would only remark, that the typography is unworthy of the press from which it issued. Nothing grates upon the feelings of a bibliophilist more harshly than to find frequent errors, which are plainly the result of inattention; in these volumes are many which it seems impossible that a single *coup d'œil* of a proof-reader should not detect.

We are informed by travellers, that the wild horses on the immense savannahs of South America are under good internal discipline, each squadron, containing from five hundred to one thousand, having its general with his aids and scouts. When on a march, they form a procession in regular platoons of four abreast, preceded and flanked by scouts, with their chief in front, and other officers to bring up the rear. When a man approaches, the scouts neigh and the troop halts; if unmolested they resume their march, but if an attempt be made to pass by the squadron, they leap on the imprudent traveller and crush him under their feet. The following extract may interest some who may not have early access to the volumes. ÆSCU.

'The day before we came in view of the Rocky Mountains, I saw in the greatest perfection, that impressive, and, to me, almost sublime spectacle, an immense drove of wild horses, for a long time hovering round our path across the prairie. I had often seen great numbers of them before, mixed with other animals, apparently quiet, and grazing like the rest. Here there were thousands unmixed, unemployed; their motions, if such a comparison might be allowed, as darting and as wild as those of humming birds on the flowers. The tremendous snorts with which the front columns of the phalanx made known their approach to us, seemed to be their wild and energetic way of expressing their pity and disdain for the servile lot of our horses, of which they appeared to be taking a survey. They were of all colors, mixed, spotted, and diversified with every hue, from the brightest white to clear and shining black; and of every form and structure, from the long and slender racer, to those of firmer limbs and heavier mould; and of all ages, from the curvetting colt to the range of patriarchal steeds, drawn up in a line, and holding their high heads for a survey of us, in the rear. Sometimes they curved their necks, and made no more progress than just enough to keep pace with our advance. Then there was a kind of slow and walking minuet, in which they performed various evolutions with the precisions of the figures of a country dance. Then a rapid movement shifted the front to the rear. But still, in all their evolutions and movements, like the flight of sea-fowl, their lines were regular, and free from all indications of confusion. At times a spontaneous and sudden movement towards us, almost inspired the apprehension of an united attack upon us. After a moment's advance, a snort and a rapid retrograde movement seemed to testify their proud estimate of their wild independence. The infinite variety of their rapid movements, their tamperings and manœuvres, were of such a wild and almost terrific character, that it required but a moderate stretch of fancy to suppose them the genii of these grassy plains. At one period they were formed for an immense depth in front of us. A wheel, executed almost with the rapidity of thought, presented them hovering on our flanks. Then, again, the cloud of dust that enveloped their movements, cleared away, and presented them in our rear. They evidently operated as a great annoyance to the horses and mules of our cavalcade. The frighted movements, the increased indications of fatigue, sufficiently evidenced, with their frequent neighing, what unpleasant neighbours they considered their wild compatriots to be. So much did our horses appear to suffer from fatigue and terror in consequence of their vicinity, that we were thinking of some way to drive them off; when on a sudden a patient and laborious donkey of the establishment, who appeared to have regarded all their movements with philosophic indifference, pricked up his long ears, and gave a loud and most sonorous bray from his

Printing

This PDF document has been sized to the full dimensions of the facsimile page image(s) and may exceed the dimensions of standard printer paper sizes. Please check your printer settings to customize printing to your needs. Common solutions for printing large-size documents to standard paper sizes may include "tiling" or "fit to page size".

Text

This document may include machine-generated Optical Character Recognition (OCR) text enabling the PDF Find function. With OCR you may also highlight, copy, and paste text into another document. The text may have errors. Refer to the facsimile page image to ensure accuracy when using the OCR text in research.

Permanent links to items compiled in this document:

- "ADVENTURES OF A FIG.", Boston Spectator & Ladies' Album. September 30, 1826. 306-3063. http://search.ebscohost.com/login.aspx?direct=true&db=h9i&AN=39558353&site=ehost-live&ppid=divp2&lpid=divl3