

as much pride in the wearer, when cut according to an ancient model, as when by a modern one. To this class of persons the words of Dr. Young seem to be addressed:

"Though wrong the mode, comply: more sense is shown

In wearing others' follies than your own."

It has been well said, that "variety is the spice of life," and it might be as truly said that variety is the civilizing agent in life. A people that never change the style of their hats, or the cut of their coats, are in a fair way to remain unprogressive in everything else.

Buffon has somewhere remarked that a man's clothes are a part of the individual, and enter into our conception of the character. The outward appearance speaks to the eye in plain and unmistakable language, and before we know what a man is, or hear him speak, we judge of him from what we see of him. If his garb is slovenly, or badly arranged, we conclude that he is a drone, or else, as an able writer has expressed it, "shows him to be a man, satisfied with his own recourses, engrossed with his own notions and schemes, indifferent to the opinion of others, and not looking abroad for entertainment." There is no excuse for a tatterdemalion; a neat patch is cheap, even if a new suit of clothes is not, and is ever a symbol of honorable thrift waging war against adverse circumstances. A man of negligent habits ostracizes himself from good society, for to him no one feels encouraged to make any advances, because his personal appearance shows that he keeps aloof from society. On the other hand, a finished dress indicates a man of the world, one who takes pleasure in society, and is looking abroad for entertainment. It shows, also, a kind of general offer of acquaintance, and a willingness to enter at any time into conversation. I speak now of a carefully dressed gentleman, and not of a dandy. The latter individual shows the cloven foot of his vulgarity and ill breeding in his foppish and unsymmetrical attire. Hands set off with rings instead of gloves; watch-guard loaded with trinkets; hat cocked to one side. Instead of making himself the agreeable gentleman that he should be, he bores everybody with his everlasting cigar and insipid prattle. His highest aim and ambition in life is dress, and his ideal of a man might be aptly summed up in the figure of a wax dandy. His outward appearance seems stiff and out of place. There is something about his whole bearing that displeases, and renders his company little else than a nuisance.

The dress of people is a badge of their calling as well as a symbol of their character. The knights and warriors of the middle ages clothed themselves in steel armor because their occupation was war. "The peculiar dress of physicians and lawyers of ancient times deepened the limits of professional difference, and doubtless quickened professional devotion." The sailor is known everywhere by his tarpaulin hat and pea-jacket; and even the business man can generally be distinguished by his snugly fitting suit of brown or gray, while the professional man is characterized by his dingy black. The parson is known by the length of his coat, and the man of fashion by his kid gloves. A man must choose his dress as most befits his occupation and rank in society; but of whatever kind or degree this may be, whether of patrician or plebeian, he should dress with carefulness and taste, with a view of pleasing his fellow beings, and making himself appear the noble being for which he is divinely fitted. URIEL.

Popularity and Culture.

Now is the day of our national pride and self-gratulation. Rigged in our best holiday attire, we are having a gigantic picnic at the close of a busy century's work. The eagle soars high—the flag floats wide upon the breeze. Our neighbors from across the Atlantic, from the Orient, the Isles of the Pacific, and from south of the Gulf, are all gathering at our commodious hearthstone. They are all bringing their tributes of congratulation and respect, and whispering pretty things, and insinuating graceful compliments in our ears. It is the *expected* and correct thing to do on this occasion. Dame Columbia has tricked out her precocious and somewhat obstreperous sons in their best bibs and tuckers to do honor to all this pageantry.

But pause a moment, Madam, in your matronly pride, and pause also, ye sons of Columbia! Flattery is a dangerous thing! Don't you know that vanity—love of praise, is one of our national weaknesses? Why, we are never weary of admiring and praising ourselves, even in ordinary circumstances, when we can find no one else to tickle our ribs! Beware, therefore, lest, in all this profusion of buns and sweetmeats, this foible be pampered into a frightful blemish on the national character! The fact is nations, like individuals, have *private*, as well as a public, character.

It is my firm conviction, that they owe their ultimate fall more frequently to certain unlovelinesses and unamiablenesses of private disposition, than they do to the greed of avarice, the lust of ambition, or pestilence and war. And it is a sad truth, which ought not to be concealed, that there are some unlovely blemishes in our nation's *private* character. Though Mrs. Columbia—like all good mothers—will not thank us for pointing out faults in her idolized offspring—especially before visitors—however impish the aforesaid progeny may appear in the eyes of everybody else—yet conscience compels us to play the cynical Apemantus at this feast of Timon.

The American is proud of his courage—he likes to be called *brave*. In truth he is not without a fair share of this admirable virtue. But there is a vast difference between *bravery* and *boldness*. Hear Lord Bacon: "Wonderful like is the case of boldness in civil business; what first? Boldness: what second and third? Boldness. And yet boldness is a child of ignorance and baseness, far inferior to other parts; but, nevertheless, it doth fascinate, and bind hand and foot those that are either shallow in judgment, or weak in courage, * * yea and prevaileth with wise men at weak times." Thus the great Philosopher describes our generic vice, of which there are many species. Boldness is a plant indigenous to Freedom's soil. The very air of Liberty we breathe is pregnant with its aroma. And alas! where culture is lacking, it charms the judgment; and *vaeddyism* and reckless effrontery pass for a free and courageous spirit. The typical Yankee, the "Uncle Sam" of the infimitable Nast, with his cowhides, and checkered pantaloons, is a bit of a bully, an omnipresent braggart, and very vulgar withal. Our more refined cousins across the water regard the *traveling* yankee as a sort of precocious monster, a kind of Centaur, a savage Chiron, whom, on the whole, it is better to humor and caress, than to offend; for it

by no means follows, as that sweetest of essayists, Charles Lamb, insists, and the American has satisfactorily demonstrated, that a *bully* is necessarily a *coward*.

The American is fond of his Institutions. The infallibility and perfection of American institutions is our national postulate. If you are a foreigner and want to make a yankee mad, just criticize the Constitution! The son of Liberty, the American boasts of his pedigree. Possessing the ballot, and having all the seats of honor winking at, and beckoning him, he likes to call himself a *king*, worthy to hobnob, like Sam Slick's father, with the proudest potentates. Like that worthy statesman, the Senator, in James De Mille's "Dodge Club," he will elevate his heels at an angle of sixty degrees, insert his thumbs in his armpoles, cock his eye, thrust his tongue in his cheek, and puff his cigar under the very noses of princes. Of course there is something admirable in all this, but here is the difficulty:—True royalty of character implies something more than reckless boldness. There must be refinement, culture, wise conservatism, due respect for others, a healthy regard for the *fitness of things*. The Yankee is decidedly ill-bred. There is danger of becoming too fond of one's country—of making an idol of Liberty and kissing her blemishes into perfections. Are *our* Institutions perfect? May *they* not grow with the world's growth? The tree of Liberty is as dangerous a trust as that celebrated tree of Eden. It must be guarded and hemmed in by *law* on every side. We have not half so many absolute, God-given personal rights as we suppose. Perhaps ours is not the highest ideal of *Freedom*? The eminent Frenchman, De Tocqueville, observes, that one of the first things a foreigner notices on landing in the United States, is the quickness of the American to take offense at criticism on his Institutions. We are *childish* in this respect. For shame! Let it no longer be said. Let us earn the title of kings by controlling ourselves. Let us burn our debasing image, and worship the pure, omnipotent spirit of Liberty. This foolish pride will be the death of us some time, if we don't have a care—it will breed corruption!

Diogenes, the Cynic, once, unbidden, entered the richly decorated rooms of Plato during a splendid entertainment. Clothed only in his filthy blanket, he stamped with his bare and muddy feet on the costly carpets, and exclaimed—"Thus do I trample on the pride of Plato the Athenian!" "With still *greater pride*, O Diogenes of Sinope!" Plato replied. Beware, American, lest while all unbidden you enter the palaces of princes and spurn with your coarse brogans their venerable penates exclaiming—"Thus do I trample on the prerogatives of blood and the pride of kings." Royalty may justly retort—"With still more abject pride, O sons of Columbia, in the idol ye have set up!" It is not so surprising, after all, that Dickens and other European travellers misrepresent, and satirize us so severely. In spite of all Mr. Paulding or anyone else can say to the contrary, are we not a good deal to blame?

Another little flaw in the American character is its *impetuosity*—its thirst for speedy popularity, and in consequence, its *superficiality*. This is an insidious species of boldness, and it is telling upon the intellectual development of the nation. We are over-anxious to gain notoriety for doing something practical, *pro bono publico*. Hence young men vault into life's amphi-

theater, with very little previous training. They expect to achieve great feats with untrained muscles, without "getting wind-ed." Mark the consequence—the people are demanding shorter courses of education, and they get them—they are imposed upon by all kinds of industrial quackery. You can get your diploma now-a-days, by studying all the way from six weeks in a Business College, up to six years in a University; and the people rate them at about the same value, with a partiality, if anything, for the six week's document. The fact is, all the advantages of liberty will not make us superior to our neighbors, without *sound culture*. Yet I have known young men of talent, hastening to gain public reputation, and be called *men*, who have abandoned their college studies on the very threshold, to engage in the Law, or Journalism. And how did they seek success? By becoming the companions of bummers, the composers of vile squibs, the disseminators of local pestilence, the inditers of barbarous English, the authors of weak and mawkish editorials—all to gain the applause of bar-room critics, and interested villains! The American public man is the boldest individual extant. He is vulgar, and an excruciatingly bad grammarian, on principle. He talks slang from policy. Let old stagers like Abraham Cowley, rhapsodize about "obscurity;" I say, "Be popular by all means!" But you need not, therefore, kiss the feet of the rabble, nor crawl in the dust with the multitude. The notion has seized hold on the minds of journalists and politicians, that, in order to reach the people, to hit them *hard*, they must strike *low*. This is "scoundrel ethics," says E. P. Whipple, and through its precepts, they not only drag the people lower, but are themselves possessed by the very Imp they thought to use as a tool. It is not necessary to strike so low as you suppose to hit the masses. A deep reverence and respect for the grand, pure, and noble, exist in the heart of every man, in spite of himself. The very rough who laughs at the slang and indecent allusions of the daily paper and cheers the fustian and rhodomontade of the political orator, at heart, despises the clown who amuses him, and could be reached and moved far easier by chaste, noble, and grammatical sentiments. Quintilian says that nearly all words, except a few which are too indecent, may be used with propriety in an oration. The politician has transposed the statement, and says:—Nearly all slang, abusive epithets, vulgarly, and foolishness have their place in a speech, except a few which are too refined for the popular taste! Bad grammar is about the worst disease with which our system corporeal is afflicted. It is fast becoming chronic. Perhaps a liberal dose of pure syntax would be the best cathartic we could administer. I am not sure but we need orthoepists and dancing-masters more than we do doctors and statesmen.

But, with pride and expectation, we turn to the American Bar. Surely here we shall find a balancing power of wise conservatism—an unshaking pillar upon which we may safely rest our institutions. Says De Tocqueville, in criticizing American Democracy. In the United States, the lawyers are the Aristocracy; hence the law-and-order men, the wise conservatives, whose influence is a perpetual check to the impetuosity, and radicalism of the people at large. The Legal Profession is our Aristocracy, that is true. It represents much learning and talent. But how is it