

ence of exposure to the atmosphere under unfavorable circumstances, or damp and cold situations in new building which have a peculiar tendency &c. to excite acute Diseases or reproduce chronic ones.

Durhamtollah, Feb. 10, 1823.

P.

MRS. CASEMENT'S "AT HOME."

The account of Mrs. CASEMENT'S splendid "At Home" flows from the gambol-loving pen of a friend whose truly felicitous effusions have long delighted the readers of the Gazette.

To laugh with them that laugh, to mask with them that mask, and to dance with them that dance, is only another way of putting that kindly injunction in force, which bids us to rejoice with them who rejoice. It is as much the duty of a social being to cheer where his smile can give pleasure, as it is to pay the tribute of a tear at the shrine of mortal sympathy. We have never approved of that species of false wisdom, which stalks with bilious and long faced solemnity through the world, growling at harmless hilarity, and like "the blood hotter'd Bangoo," frightening cheery revellers from their stools. Awaunt the gloomy discontented visage of misanthropical sourness, whose glance curdles the milk of human kindness, and the glow of human joy. Let the weeping, whimpering, drawing, canting disciples of the blubbering Heraclitus retire to their caverns, and batch lugubrious heroics denouncing fatalism, and woe to all who dare pledge a wine cup or squeak a fiddle. Let them pursue their own most edifying lachrymous entertainments, and permit the jolly sons of Momus to follow theirs. The world is wide enough for us all; "for *thou* and *me*," for the weeper and the laugher, the dancer and the moper, the singer and the growler. Pass to one side them, ye admirers of Heraclitus; go to, "bite your thumbs," and permit them who occasionally remember "the merry memory of old Democritus" in the "triumph of their pledge," to follow their own inclinations, and pick up fresh flowers of life, and bloom in the bright path where the rosy feet of Euphrosyne and Terpsichore have

"Lefty prints one dew."

How much more amiable is it to promote social recreations and innocent gaily of heart than to ally ourselves with those dampers who sneer at the entertainments of their neighbours! We know several of these dampers, your slow paced, glum deliberative and exceedingly prudential personages, who "damn with faint praise," or reflect small voiced consciousness candied o'er with sugar'd truisms, and saws dipped in the molasses of their own enccephalic sympathies! Persons who never doing anything for society, themselves sicken with envy at those who do; and though the pipe and the labor never resound within their own churlish walls are under the rose very glad to listen to "flutes and so't recorder's" in the more cheerful and electric mansion of others. As one of the community here, we rejoice to hear of, such less to behold, and to share in those symposiastic meetings which shed a grace on society, where the ear is hailed with welcome greetings, and where one for a time forges the axes of exile. We rejoice with them that rejoice, and are ever ready to wreath the honored statues of the household gods with flowery garlands, and to listen to the voice of gladness

as it echoes the light laughter of buoyants and innocent minds.

Of Mrs. CASEMENT it has been our pleasing task to make mention on former occasions; and we again first perform a similarly gratifying duty in presenting our readers with a hasty sketch of those charming festivities which converted her elegant mansion on Friday night, into a Bower of splendour, music, mirth, dancing and all that can soothe the fancy or captivate the taste.

Now entertain conjecture of a time,
When creeping morn'ng and the poring dark
Fill the wide vessel of the universe.

The dark Genii of fog in vain spread their vapour and noisome wings over the skirts of Chowringhee on Friday night. The imps of darkness fled by the side of the Misses Fog, for both shrunk from the dazzling gleam of what appeared on a galaxy of lightresting and blazing on the Horizon. Long before reaching the portals of the house of Mirth, one felt, as it were, a spirit breathing on the atmosphere that told of an AT HOME, and that an elegant, splendid, and cordial one.

'Tis there was a glowing on the umber'd sky,
As if the Sun's fork beams had pierc'd the veil
Which shrouds his glorious face wh'le in the West.
He doth not need him in his golden slumber!—

It was no easy matter, on account of the phalanx of carriages and palanquins, to gain admittance at the magnificently illuminated gateway, where orient stars of variegated splendour seemed reproaching the Pleiades for twinkling!! The great tree in the Court yard, as formerly, presented a magihei appearance and seemed as if bending under a load of lustrous golden fruit, such as of old was guarded by a Dragon in the gardens of the Hesperides. In the bustle of the crowd we thought of the Syracusan Gossips of Theocritus, at the festival of Adonis:

Gosoo.

'Lord bless me! what a bustling throng!
I scarce could get alive along!
In chariots such a heap of folks!
And men in arms, and men in cloaks.'

PARATROE.

'Lo at the gate what crowd are there!
Immense indeed! Your hand my dear—
And let the maids join hands and close us,
Lest in the bustle they should lose us,
Let's crowd together through the door.

Gosoo.

'Push through the crowd, girl!—bustle, bustle,
Now we're all in as Dromo said
When he had got his bride in bed

Lo! what rich hangings grace the rooms!

Mrs. CASEMENT received her guests as they came, at the head of the stair case; and each person was previously announced by a capital Masque representing a Footman. This wight called himself a Lancashire man, and he had taken good care to hire himself early in the evening, so that he was at his post from the commencement of the festivities, and he appeared to give the greatest satisfaction to his mistress as well as the guests. In dress, language, and every requisite he supported his part capitally. He knew every person, though not one was able to find himself out, and he had something smart to say to all who addressed him. About ten o'clock the rooms swarmed with company; the old and young, the sitters and the standers, the lounging promoublers and the mercenary dancers, the hoppers and the elders, the Salfians and the Spaniards, the gay and the grave, the lovely and the comely, the fair and the magisic, the Minnas and the Blendals, the hyper super fashionable, and the hemi demi semi, the vized

and the unvized, the faces and the plizes, men and women—in short, Calcutta had all her beauty and her chivalry drawn out to grace the occasion. We shall not only be excused for not doing justice to all that was seen, heard, expressed, and understood, but we *must*, that's *poz*. We give all we can, and our readers must "dream the rest." For our part we still almost deem the whole a dream, "an unsubstantial pageant faded." A masque of fairies, a revel of the imagination, a brilliant phantasmagoria of the excited but half slumbering mind. It was, indeed, a happy scene altogether, and every one felt at ease and welcome. I seemed as if the genius of elegant enjoyment had been heard again addressing her votaries—

"Do what you will,

And wander where you list, thou' ball or glade,
Be no man's pleasure for another's stud;
Let each as likes him bid his hours employ,
And eurs'd be he who minds his neighbour's grad!
Here small kind ease, and unrequiring joy;
He little ments bids who others can annoy."

Extracting ourselves from the crowd in the inner rooms, we passed on to that fairy land on the grand terrace, where we soon lost ourselves in the pleasant gloom of its green-wood arcades, where the verdant half-drooping leaves reflected from their dewy surface a dim mysterious light. Here in the course of the evening

'An hundred nymphs their charming descants play'd,
And melting voices died along the glade.'

Towards one side was a spacious and beautiful recess—

'On high a purple canopy appear'd;
And under it in stately form was plac'd
A table with a thousand vases grac'd;
Laden with all the dainties that are found
In air, in sea, or on the fruitful ground.

Among the first persons we met, was 'MONSIEUR JEAN JACQUES MICHEL GUILLAUME CHARLATAN,' who said very little in the early part of the evening, but in process of time proved himself a traveller of observation and a very humorous philosopher. His air was Frenchified according to the Frenchification of the old Regime. He seemed to have inhaled the air of Gascony. He presented us with the following document which he not unaptly termed his 'Gazette Extraordinaire.'

MONSIEUR JEAN JACQUES MICHEL GUILLAUME CHARLATAN has de honneur to avertir, de Ladies and Gentleman of dis most celebrate "City of Paleasses," dat he have just arrive from de Capitale of de Grande Nation, where he reside since de war did terminate, or in order words, since de peace beggin.

At Paris he enjoy de gran felicite, which cannot be express, of de high and gran Patronage of John Bull, and M^s. Bull, and all de little Bulls, of Angleterry.

Monsieur Jean Jacques Michel Guillaume Charlatan, shall be too well known as "Maitre de Langue," dat is to say, (or in oder words) de Langue of de Master, to all de English, who have had de bonheur, dat cannot be speak, to visit Paris; and derefore, dat is de reason, it become not necessary for him to say nosh on on top of his merit. It only require to him to give announce, dat he has take a house in Monsieur Villiam's-Fort, where he propose to teach de English, to spike de French. De Male Pupils he will receive at his own house, every oder day, from ten in de morning till two in de afternoon, and every oder day; he shall attend de Ladies in private, as long as dey like.

De time of each Lesson, for a Gentleman,