

THE BASHFUL MAN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE VESTAL; OR A TALK OF NON-SENSE."

Let him who has never suffered from the horrors of bashfulness, pass by this article. He will find here nothing which which he can sympathise. But he who knows the exquisite misery of a temper...

As my object is but to give a specimen of the numerous contre-temps that incessantly beset me, the moment I appear in ladies' society, I shall merely speak of those that befel me at the only dinner in Paris to which I was invited.

I pass by the various efforts I made, before I could muster sufficient resolution to deliver to Madame O., the one that procured for me, and a friend who came with me, the dinner in question.

Already agitated, and perspiring with nervous trepidation, this ostentatious mode of entrance, so different from the republican simplicity to which I was accustomed, was a formidable trial to me.

"The world forgetting, by the world forgot." I might escape all notice or remark. But truly says the French proverb, "L'honneur se propose, mais, c'est le bon Dieu que Disposer." and very unfortunate were his dispositions for my intention.

For my own part, as soon as I had extricated myself from the terrible crash, covered with confusion and shame I retreated into the most obscure corner of the room, where I sought to hide myself and my overwhelming mortification, behind the guests that were lounging about there.

The call to dinner served as a relief to my embarrassment, for I hoped that that would engross every one's attention, which now, I could not help feeling, must be occupied with my awkwardness.

of servants, all dinner time, had not Madame O.'s eye at length detected me, as I circled round and round, with an hysterically increasing rapidity, my eyes dim with confusion and a clammy perspiration bedewing every pore of my body;

My seat was next to a young lady, whom of course I was expected to entertain. I entertain! Wofully, already, had I entertained the company; but I found myself infinitely better adapted to entertain a company en masse than singularem.

The ordinary routine of a French dinner now commenced. Soup and bouillie, fish, and fowl, and flesh; entremets and hors d'oeuvres, while a regular series of servants appeared each instant at our elbows, inviting us to partake of a thousand different dishes, and as many different kinds of wine, all under strings of names which I no longer understood.

What could I do? The lady's eyes were fixed on me, waiting a reply to her question. But my mouth was in flames. In vain I rolled the burning morsel hither and thither, racking my head from side to side, while my eyes, which involuntarily I had fixed on her, were straining from their sockets.

"Monsieur est malade!" at length she gently, and in an anxious tone, inquired. I could bear no more. My mouth was flayed with the burning mass and smarting with intolerable pain; so, quietly abandoning the point, I opened it to its utmost, and out dropped the infernal fire-brand upon my plate.

"Let no one call himself happy before death," said Saloni; and he said wisely. The ideas of March were not yet over. Before us stood a dish of cauliflower, nicely done in butter.

Would to Heaven that the chou-fleur had vanished along with it. But that remained bodily; and, as I gazed despondingly at the huge mass, that loomed up almost as large, and as burning, as Vesuvius, my heart died within me.

The seriousness of the task I had undertaken, and the resolution necessary to execute it, had given an earnestness and rapidity to my exertions, which appetite would not have inspired; when my plate, having somehow got over the edge of the table, upon my leaning over tilted up, and down slid the disgusting mass into my lap.

weighty a load, bent in its turn; and a great proportion of it was thus safely deposited in my hat. The plate instantly righted itself, as I raised my person; and as I glanced my eye round the table, and saw that no one had noticed my disaster, I inwardly congratulated myself that the nauseous deception was so happily disposed of.

The dinner table was at length deserted for the drawing room, where coffee and liqueurs were served round. Meantime, I had sought out what I considered a safe hiding-place for my hat, beneath a chair in the dining-room, for I dared not carry it longer in my hand; having first thrown a morsel of paper into the crown, to hid the cauliflower from view, should any one chance, in seeking for his own hat, to look into mine.

On my return to the drawing room, I chanced to be again seated by the lady, by whom I had sat at dinner. Our conversation was naturally resumed; and we were in the midst of an animated discussion, when a huge spider was seen running, like a race horse, up her arm.

"Take it off—take it off!" she ejaculated, in a terrified tone. I was always afraid of spiders: so to avoid touching him with my hand, I caught my handkerchief from my pocket, and clapped it at once upon the insect; and who was already mounting over her temple with rapid strides. Gracious Heaven! I had forgotten the cauliflower; which now plastered over her face like an emollient poultice, fairly killing the spider, and blinding an eye of the lady; while little streamlets of soft butter, glided gently down her beautiful neck and bosom.

"Mon Dieu! mon Dieu!" exclaimed the astonished fair.

"Have you cut your head?" inquired one.

"Non! non!—L'araignee—l'araignee. Monsieur vient d'écraquer l'araignee."

"Quelle quantité d'entrailles!" ejaculated an astonished Frenchman, unconsciously to himself.

Well might he be astonished. The spray of the execrable vegetable, had splattered her dress from head to foot. For myself, the moment the accident occurred, I had mechanically returned my handkerchief to my pocket; but its contents reformed.

"What a monster it must have been!" observed a young lady, as she helped to relieve my victim from her cruel situation.

At that moment, I felt some one touch me, and turning, I saw my companion who had come in with me.

Already half dead with confusion at the disaster I had caused, I cast my eyes upon my once white dress, and saw at a glance the horrible extent of my dilemma.

"Sacrer-r-r-r! bete! Sacrer-r-r-r!" the r in the last syllable being made to roll like a watchman's rattle, mingled with another epithet and name, that an angry Frenchman never spares, was heard rising like a fierce tempest without the door.

I rushed from the house, jumped into a fiacre, and arrived safely at home; heartily resolving, that to my last hour, I would never again deliver a letter of introduction.

A Curiosity.—We were shown a beautiful specimen of the ingenuity of birds a few days since, by Dr. Cook of this borough. It was a bird's nest, made entirely of silver wire, beautifully woven together.

Affairs must suffer when recreation is preferred to business.

Debate in the HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

Speech of Mr. Bond,

On Mr. Hopkins's Resolution to divorce the Government from the Press.

(Continued.)

Here, sir, I desire to read a short paragraph from the President's official newspaper the Globe. It was printed a year since, and then met my eye. I have preserved it for the express purpose of noticing it here, on a suitable occasion; and this is the first appropriate moment I have had to do so.

"The bank held immense power in his [my] district, and exerted its moneyed influence in aid of the Federal party, which has stronger hold in that quarter than in any other part of Ohio. It succeeded by a small majority in electing Mr. Bond, the collector of its bonds there. He may be looked upon as the representative of repressed debtors."

"After the vile slanders which the Government press had wantonly heaped upon many of the most eminent and justly distinguished public men of the country, Mr. Bond said an humble individual like himself should not complain, but rather feel honored that he was thus noticed. For himself, personally, he would say nothing; but for his district—his constituents—for the People, who had honored him with their confidence, and made him their representative here, he had much to say.

"What a monster it must have been!" observed a young lady, as she helped to relieve my victim from her cruel situation. "I declare I should think he had been living on cauliflower."

"Let no one call himself happy before death," said Saloni; and he said wisely. The ideas of March were not yet over. Before us stood a dish of cauliflower, nicely done in butter.

This same paper took occasion, the public long since, to quote from some remarks which I had the honor to make in this House, and to say it had never intimated that the Senate was a useless body.

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gauge held by the President's official press towards the American Senate, and yet that same press now has the effrontery to deny that it ever intimated that the Senate was a useless body.

But, Mr. Speaker, in pursuing the individual slanders of the Globe, I have digressed a little from my promise to show that the Government press also does a "wholesale slander business," and throws its poisoned shafts at masses of men—yes, sir, at the great body of the People themselves.

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Upon the whole, sir, I think his case most strongly illustrates the necessity of passing the resolution now under consideration, and, if possible, making a total separation of the newspaper press from the Government.

At all events, if this shall be found impracticable, we can at least destroy the pet system of exclusive favoritism, by inviting competition, and giving the contract "to the lowest bidder," as the reforming report of the gentlemen from New York (Mr. Cambreleng) and his friends induced the People to believe would be done.

The gentleman from New Hampshire, (Mr. Cushman) may deem this end impracticable. I do not. I would rather follow the example of the gallant Col. Miller, (of the gentleman's own State,) who, when ordered on a perilous service on the Niagara frontier, during the war of 1812, did not say it was impracticable, but said "I'll try sir," to the commanding General. He did try, and he succeeded.

In the attempt which the resolution under consideration proposes, no danger awaits us, but a great civil triumph may be obtained by it. I invite the gentleman from New Hampshire to adopt the words of his gallant statesman, and, instead of thinking it "impracticable," let him say "I'll try."

But, sir, we have been greatly disappointed in the failure of this promised reform in many other respects besides that which regarded the public printing and the Executive patronage of the press. And, to establish this, I will state briefly a few items, contrasting the precept with the practice of the reformers.

The prolonged sessions of Congress formed a conspicuous chapter in the book of reform. The committee denounced the usage as "one of the most serious evils attending the national legislation of the country;" and, by way of correcting it, recommended "that the compensation of the members, during the first session of each Congress, be reduced to two dollars per day from and after the first Monday in April, if Congress should sit beyond that time."

The report alleged that abuses had "taken place from the various and arbitrary manner in which members estimated their mileage." This abuse was ascertained to have been practised by the reformers themselves; and they have continued the practice without any restraint. I will give you, sir, an illustration, which may not be thought inappropriate.

In the days of promised reform, the two Senators from the State of Missouri differed in politics; one of them, the great reformer, Mr. Benton; the other, Mr. Barton, who thought the promised reform was a mere humbug.