

For The Tribune.

WELL SHONE, MOON

MAN in the Moon! thy comic phiz, Slow rising o'er the eastern hills, Seems predetermine to quiz Earth's little joys, and leiser ills.

SUMMER NOTES OF A HOWADJIL.

NAHANT.

Correspondence of The N. Y. Tribune, SEPTEMBER 3, 1851.

MY DEAR EDITOR: Nahant is a shower of little brown cottages fallen upon the rocky promontory that terminates Lynn beach. It has a hotel upon its finest, foremost point, which is a fashionable resort a score of years since.

Yet no city has an ocean-gallery, so near, so convenient and rapid of access, so complete and satisfactory in characteristics of the sea, as Boston in Nahant. You step upon the steamer in the city and in less than an hour you land at Nahant and breathe the untainted air from the "boreal pole," and gaze upon a sublime seasweep, whose vision refreshes the mind as the air the lungs.

The area of Nahant is very small. From almost any cottage porch you survey the whole scene. But it has these two great advantages for a Summer sojourn, an air of entire repose, for there seems to be no opportunity or convenience for any other than a life of leisure, and the perpetual presence of the sea. At Nahant you cannot fancy poverty or labor. Their appearance is elided from the landscape.

and although itself shall as surely stay forever fresh and un worn as now, there shall be furrows plowed elsewhere which even its waves can never smooth. No harm is done if the younger Nahantese sometimes catch glimpses of the ghosts that the elders see. So shall the Summer that ripens the brilliant promise of Spring into the mellow maturity of Autumn, touch a deeper dye upon the petals of the flowers that make the city fair.

ringing laughter dissolve your Grecian dream into a Western reality. For its sea, too, Nahant is unsurpassed. You cannot escape the ocean here. It is in your eye and in your ear forever. At Newport the ocean and a luxury. You live away from it and drive to it as you drive to the lake at Saratoga, and in the silence of midnight as you withdraw from the polling parlor, you hear it calling across the solitary fields, waiting over your life and wondering at it. At Nahant the sea is supreme. The place is so small that you cannot build your house out of sight of the ocean, and to watch the splendid play of its life, its satisfaction and enjoyment enough. Many of the cottages are built directly upon the rocks of the shore. Of course there are few trees, except the silver poplar, which thrives luxuriantly in the salt air, and which, waving in the fresh wind and turning its glistening leaves to the sun, is like a tree in perpetual blossom. Flowers are cherished about several of the houses, and they have an autumnal gorgeousness and are doubly dear and beautiful on the edge of the salt sea waste.

The air which the ocean breathes over the spot is electrical. No other ocean air is so exhilarating. After breakfast at Nahant, said Mot, I feel like Cour de Lion, and burn to give battle to the Saracens. But the brave impulse ends in smoke, and musing and chatting, and fascinating hope with aerial architecture, you loiter away the day upon the piazza, ending by climbing about the cliffs at sunset or galloping over the beach.

Thus the ocean and the cliffs are the natural glories of Nahant, and the sky which you see as from the deck of a ship, and which adequately completes the simple outline of the world as seen from those rocks. The cliffs are grand. They are the jagged black edges of the rock with which the promontory tears the sea. Chased by the tempests beyond, the ocean dashes in, and leaping upon the rocks lashes them with the fury of its scorn. In a great gale the whole sea drives upon Nahant. One day the storm came, sullen and showery from the east, sending in blinding mists over the sea, breaking toward the blue, struggling, wailing, howling, losing the blue again, with a sharper chill in its breath and a drearier dash of the surf. Then an awful lull, an impenetrable mist, and the hoarse gathering roar of the ocean. The day darkened, and sudden sprays of rain like volleys of sharp arrows, rattled gustily against the windows, and dull, booming thunder was flattened and dispersed in the thick moisture of the air. But the gustiness and pauses of the wind and rain, the bodiless roar of the sea, was constant and increasing. It was invisible, except in the long flashing line of surf that momentarily plunged from out the gray gloom of the fog, and that surf was like the advancing lines of an incomprehensible enemy flinging itself upon the shore. Behind, the mighty rush of multitudinous waters, but more awful to imagination than any mere natural sound could be, for all the dead and lost, all who sailed and never came to shore, all who dreamed and hoped, and struggled, and went down, and a world of joy with them; all their woe was in the ocean's wail, the death shriek of as much happiness as lives. And so the storm gathered terribly over the sea, in terror commensurate with the sea's vastness and awfulness, and beat upon Nahant like a hail of fire upon a besieged citadel. The next day, as children seek upon a battle-field the buttons and ornaments that adorned the heroes, so there were figures bending along the shore, to find the delicate, almost impalpable mosses that the agony of the sea tosses up, as fragments of frail song drop from the torture of the heart. The mosses are pressed and cherished in volumes, each of which is a book of songs, of the ardent fancies, of the aptest symbols, of the delicatest dreams of the sea. Nothing in nature is more touching and surprising, nothing more richly reveals the tenderness of the great mystery than these fairy-threaded and infinitely various sea-weeds and mosses. They are the still, small voices, in which is the lord.

Nahant would not satisfy a New Yorker, nor indeed a Bostonian, whose dreams of sea-side Summering are based upon Newport life. The two places are entirely different. It is not quite true that Newport has all of Nahant and something more. For the repose, the freedom from the fury of fashion, is precisely what endears Nahant to its lovers, and the very opposite is the characteristic of Newport. If a man had any work to do, Nahant opens its arms to him and folds him into the sweetest silence and seclusion. It has no variety, I grant. You stroll along the cliffs and you gallop upon the beach, and there is nothing more. But he is a tyrant in the observation of Nature who does not know that, by the sea, it is the sky-cape and not the landscape in which enjoyment lies. It a man dwelt in the vicinity of beautiful inland scenery, yet near the sea, his horse's head would be turned daily to the sea, for the sea and sky are exhaustless in interest as in beauty, while, in the comparison, you soon drink up the little drop of satisfaction in fields and trees. The sea externally fascinates by its infinite suggestion, and every man upon the sea-shore is still a Julius or a Maddaloe.

Besides it is always the ocean which is the charm of other shore resorts, that have more variety than Nahant. If not alone, then in combination. Even at Newport the eye is unsatisfied until it rests upon the sea, and as sea-side scenery with us is monotonous, there is rather more of the same thing at Newport than a greater variety. The genuine objection to Nahant is the feeling of its dullness, on the part of the young, and of its intense sadness of association, with the elders. The air is full of ghosts to them. At twilight they see figures glide pallid along the cliffs, and hear vague voices singing airy songs by moonlight in the rocky caves of the shore. Every stone, every turn is so familiar, that the absence of this look and the word, which in memory are integral parts of every rack, turn, sharpen the sense of change into acute sorrow. Not to the visitor of to-day, who hears the stories of old Nahant days as he reads romances, is it possible to watch without tenderness of thought, even without a kind of sadness, if you will, the pleasant evening promenade along the Lynn beach. They bound over the beach in the favoring sunset, those graceful forms, fresh and un worn as the sea that breaks languidly beside them and slips smoothly to their horses' heads. I do not wonder that it slips so softly toward them and touches their flight as with a musk-kiss. I do not wonder that it breathes faintly upon their cheeks and luts their hair as lightly as if the fingers of viewless spirits were toying with their locks. I do not wonder that as they turn homeward in the moonlight and leave the sea alone, it calls gently after them and fills the air with soft sounds as they retire, nor that it rises and rise until it has gathered into its bosom the light tracks they left upon the shore. The sea knows the brevity of that glad bound along the beach. These are not the first, they shall surely not be the last.

NEW TRACKS ON OLD ROADS.

AN OVERFLOWED WATERING-PLACE.

Correspondence of The N. Y. Tribune, BADEN-BADEN, August 3, 1851.

That storm spoken of in my last turned out to be anything but a fit subject for jesting. It rained steadily till noon of the next day. The little Oosbach rose ten feet above its ordinary level, driving the inhabitants in the lower part of the town out of their dwellings, invading three of the principal hotels situated near its banks, tearing away right and left, through pleasure-gardens and streets, and overflowing far and wide the meadows lower down the stream. Country people, who had come in early with marketing, were unable to return along the flooded roads. Some of them were fearing the worst for their homes during this forced absence. They told of an earthquake in the night, which had pressed the water out from its secret springs in the earth—for they said that no rain of twelve hours could raise the streams so high. The injury to property hereabout is large, and falls on many who can ill afford to bear additional hardship. The clouds broke away for a while in the afternoon, when I made my way up to the Staufen, a high near the town of two thousand feet. The path was often crossed by fierce little brooks, some thick and red with the soil through which they gullied, others milk-white with foam, and beautiful to see, as they came dashing along down through the green forest.

From the tower on this mountain there is a wide view—feasting the eye as hardly another prospect in Germany can. It stretches over the valley of the Rhine from Mannheim far below Strassburg, whose famous Minster is distinctly visible, and out westward to the Vosges mountains in France, close at hand are Baden and Eberstadt, and the lower Murthal with its river and villages, while eastward, north and south, the eye rests on the rounded hills of the Schwarzwald, clothed to their summit with a dense growth of pines and firs, now in their very lustriest prime of foliage; add to all this the contrast of the waters on the flowed low-land, glittering like burnished silver in the slant afternoon light. The view from the Kaiserstuhl above Heidelberg, is a little thing in comparison. But the 1st of August was not a day to enjoy this grand panorama. All the morning I had seen poor people moving their little possessions out of harm's way, and heard them lamenting the damage done to their neighbors, and that, by the way, was a bright spot in the general gloom—the quick and working sympathy of the unfortunate. A poor fellow dripping wet came into the gastmeyer, where I was breakfasting, and while he drank a schoppin of wine, told us how his shop-floor was two feet under water; an hour afterward I saw him up to his waist in water, with a poor woman sitting high and dry on his shoulders, whom he brought safe to pavement. At every step from the town up to the Tower of Mercury, roads and bridges and pathway had suffered more or less injury. And there was the keeper's wife, one of those self-hearted, lachrymose, lopsided creatures, sitting in a room full of smoke, and out-germing Jeremiah in wailful lamentations over the storm, the earthquake, the late eclipse of the sun, and such other evils and portents as had happened, or might happen, in her time. Finally, there were the hundreds of acres of arable land under water in plain sight below me, and the rational fear that they would be increased by hundreds and hundreds more, when old Father Rhine received the full contributions of his tributaries from the Vosges and the Schwarzwald.

The great line of railroad from Mannheim to Bale was so much damaged that no trains could pass from the 1st to the 4th of August, and no mails from the Rhine country farther north than Carlsruhe came in, unless, perhaps, late this (Sunday) afternoon. Night before last two companies of troops marched in here from the garrison at Rastadt. One of them told me that the flood had done much harm there. Lumber from the many saw-mills on the Marz floated down that river, and gathered in such quantities against the railroad bridge and embankment near Rastadt, that the swollen stream set back threatening a fearful inundation. The corps of sappers from the garrison were set to work to break up this raft. What the soldiers were marched over here for, neither they nor some of the citizens, as whom they were quartered, could tell me. They were sent for by some city authority or other, and as they came in fatigued dress, it was thought they were, perhaps, to work on the repairing of damages, but toward night they marched out of town in a drizzling rain, much to the satisfaction of the inhabitants, without having put hand to shovel or hoe. They enjoyed the trip to the Springs very much. The night-march was not more than the daily drill, and the townspeople, who preferred keeping any spare room they might have for guests that would pay more than twelve kreuzers per day, (all that is allowed to a householder for feeding and sheltering a soldier who is forced on his hands), sent them to the taverns, where they had vastly better fare than their ordinary rations. Reports from other quarters in the neighborhood are of the same general tenor as those from Rastadt. The journals from the Rhine will reach you as soon as my letter, and give the extent of the storm and its consequences, which I hope will prove less than the fears of people hereabout represent.

The gaiety of Baden received a check in these days, as you may suppose. One-half of the householders, as appears by the city directory, which is also a prolonged advertisement, are tax-emers lessors of furnished rooms, so anything that diminishes the attractions of Baden, or convenience of access to it, by diminishing the number of visitors, lessens their incomes, and indirectly lessens the income of the city and the State. The city authorities, therefore, posted notices, thanking citizens and strangers for their good behavior on the day of trial, and assuring the "high and honored guests" that all arrangements are made for the speedy restoration of beauty and order. To-day—the first bright one throughout since last Tuesday—workmen have been busy with shovels (and such shovels! flattened spoons with crooked sticks six feet long for handles,) and carts, filling up gullies and clearing away rubbish. The fine avenue up to Lichtenthal was full of well-dressed promenaders, in the afternoon hundreds sat at Weber's dinner-tables. Toward night the space in front of the Conversation Hall and its grand portico were gay with the costumes of all nations, though the French mode and its imitations were predominant. The French language too, pure Parisian, provincial Strasburg, German dialect, and English patois, is almost as prevalent as French fashion in dress and in certain conventionalities. When it was fully dark, the Conversation Hall was crowded. The main room is very large and fitted up with splendid effect. Large chandeliers of cut glass depend from its richly painted lofty ceiling, mirrors on the walls repeat the brilliancy. A band of music is stationed in the gallery at one end to relieve the embarrassment of dull talkers, and heighten the general cheerfulness. Quieter rooms, more plainly furnished, are thrown open to every one who chooses to enter. In two of them and also in the great hall are Roulette and Rouge et Noir tables. These tables are each presided over by four plainly dressed, excessively respectable, calm, clean-shaved gentlemen. I observed one of them who carried the joke so far as to wear gray hair and a white neckcloth. They look like our men of the counting-room, or even of Wall-st., only more placid. The tables are covered with green cloth, and there is no ostentatious rattling of coin. Pretty piles of silver and gold lie in front of these gentlemen, from which sometimes they take a little portion and cast it over, piece by piece, to where the winner sits, in easy graceful parabolas. When they draw in lost money they rake it in softly and gently with their taper-handled rakes. They never laugh and never scowl. I should say that in their vocation they had brought "a subdued elegance of manner" to its ultimatum. I saw men—among them one of your "above Bleekers"—women, one very pretty woman—gray-haired men and young fellows, and, in two instances at Wisbaden, children gaming at the tables. I have not seen much deep play, at the four different times, however, when I have stood by the tables here and at Wisbaden, there has been one or more who played only with gold. As the night wears the play is said to deepen. I saw one man take nearly a hundred gold pieces at Rouge et Noir, he was very calm, rarely lost, and appeared to play by system. "Infallible rules for winning" at these games are published and for sale in the book-shops here and elsewhere, said to be written by old gamblers who, like old witches and gold-diviners, do not get rich by their knowledge. This idea of getting blind luck into harness is, however, a very common one with gamblers.

The tables here are said to be managed by M. Benazet, a Frenchman, who was formerly largely interested in the gaming-houses of Paris. For the exclusive privilege in this business, he pays to the Government (said to be paternal of Baden about \$16,000 yearly, (35,000 francs.) Besides this, he agrees to spend a very much larger sum in adding to the attractions of the place—as instance his costly embellishment of the Hall. Still further, he must pay the large expenses of croquet, bankers and attendants. Yet M. Benazet's lease is supposed to be very profitable to him. At Homburg, a watering-place nine miles from Frankfurt-on-the-Maine, and at Wisbaden, French losses pay a large rent to Government, and make money. When the Revolutionists were in power, three years ago, among other acts destructive of good order, religion, etc., they broke up the gaming at Homburg. The paternal and pious Prince, however, on the full recovery of his divine right of rule, restored the conservative institution. It is supposed by many that these gaming establishments and others at other German Springs are owned by one company, of which Messrs. Chabert, Benazet & Co. are the directors. The rules and regulations, printed in French and German, are posted in the rooms here, and signed by Grand Ducal authority. I translate a portion of them.

The tables are to be opened yearly on the 1st of May, and closed on the 1st of October. Before the opening, on single chances, a half-crown, six times on the Sabbath and religious holidays it shall not begin till after divine service. On days when balls are given (three times a week) it may continue till midnight. Countrymen, (Landst., domestics, laborers, and all sea persons, are not admitted to play. At Roulette, the minimum stake is two francs on single chances, a half-crown, six times on the Sabbath and religious holidays, or on single chances, four times on the Sabbath. At all times, the minimum stake is a half-crown, six times on the Sabbath and religious holidays, or on single chances, four times on the Sabbath.

A general law exists in the very States that draw up these rules, forbidding their own subjects to gamble, under severe penalties! If, however, one of these subjects wishes to play, and does not care to pass over the boundary to some neighboring State, which he can do in an hour's ride on the railroad, he has only to engage the services of certain Professeurs de jeu, who are always in attendance and understand the game, who claim to have reduced it to a science, and assure their employers of success.

On one side of the Conversation Hall are a look-stre, reading room and theater; the wing on the other side is occupied by a smoking-room and Weber's large restaurant, where a very good dinner may be had, at the general table, at 5 o'clock, for 4 francs—all eaten to suit music from the band. On the same side of the stream, across which the waters are brought from the springs in pipes, is the Trinkkabin. A handsome portico runs the whole length of its extended front, which is also adorned with rough-scarves, illustrating legends of the Black Forest. People drink the waters here in the morning—either those of Baden, or of any other German Spring, a supply of the latter being imported, and here, too, the band plays for an hour. These springs and their virtuous effects have been known ever since the time of the Romans. I went into what remains of one of their vapor baths. What seems a little curious, an attendant at the modern vapor baths chided me over this old Roman one again and again in vain search for it. It was finally shown me by a tailor of the neighborhood. It lies under a paved court, or square, in front of a nunnery. A stone floor is supported by low columns of circular bricks. The water flowed under this floor, sending up the vapor through the pipes of burned clay which originally covered two sides of the chamber. Many of them still remain entire and in their places. Snow never rests on the ground in this part of the town, from which vapor is always rising. It goes by the name of Hall, I am sorry to say, and all visitors go there. The largest spring is said to deliver 1,300 (Grazville makes it more than twice that quantity)

cubic feet of water daily. Its unvarying temperature is 153 degrees of Fahrenheit, which it loses when exposed to the air more slowly than common water heated to the same degree. It holds in solution twenty-two grams of mineral matter, of which 16 are hydrochlorate of soda, 3 sulphate of lime, and one-tenth of carbonate of iron. It has a slight fleshy flavor, a saltish taste, and is not palatable. Its use as a bath and for drinking, is recommended, with sundry restrictions and preparations, for rheumatism, scrofulous diseases, chalky joints, and emia. A very small proportion of the visitors come here for the cure of bodily disease—not more than one in ten at the largest calculation. They come for the amusement, fun and fashion of the great watering-place. Baden-Baden is supposed to be more select than Wiesbaden, i. e., more Princes, Nobles and wealthy foreigners are seen here than there, more blacklegs, more formality, (though very little, compared with what they have at English and, I am told, American first-class watering-places,) more French, and more expense. The strangers' list, dating from the first of April, already numbers 18,225 arrivals—this includes all who stop one night in the town. One-half of the visitors are foreigners, English and French, Italian or Russian, with a sprinkling of individuals from all other presentable nations. Excursions to the numberless fine points of view in the neighborhood, make business for the day. The amusements of the evening I have already alluded to. There are other places where one gets a better sight of German life at the Springs, than in Baden-Baden. Every German who can afford it goes to some one, or more, of the hundred Springs, once in the year. Some of the resorts count their yearly guests by the tens of thousands, there are very many others, not laid down in the English guide-books, whose guests come in from a circuit of a few miles, without bands of military music and gaming-tables and a theater, where still there is a great deal of quiet German enjoyment. Some of these I shall come to in my walk through the Schwarzwald, which I begin to-morrow.

ITALLY. Naples after the Revolution. It was one of the mildest days of November when I embarked at Genoa, together with my traveling companion, a distinguished English gentleman, named Black. On the third morning, at about 7 o'clock, we landed in the beautiful Bay of Naples. The sun was up, and small clouds of smoke arose from Vesuvius, as if the mountain were preparing its breakfast. The people were already engaged in celebrating the festival of the Immaculate Conception, splitting our ears with the crack of their little cannons—notably was asleep, but the policemen, who let us remain for an hour or two, in the ante chamber of the court, as it were, in the true style of grand-seigneurs. At last, about 9 o'clock, an officer came on board, but not to release us from our confinement in the ship, but merely to receive our pass-ports and papers, which he took in a large close tin-box, which appeared to have been smoked thoroughly, in order to carry them to the police-office. Several hours now elapsed, before these documents were examined, and registered in certain books. Meantime a small, thin, and miserable pattern of a man came on board, who eyed each of us closely from the vessel to the pier, and peered into every portion of the vessel. About 11 o'clock, at length, our hour struck, but even then, not for all. A young merchant from Genoa who was intending to pass the honeymoon with his young wife in the poetical vicinity of Naples, was prohibited from landing, on the sole ground that "he was a Genoese, and that the Neapolitan Government had no understanding with the Democratic Cabinet at Turin." The unlucky individual was still more annoyed by this, as he had suffered severely from sea-sickness during the whole passage, and was longing for the moment when he should set foot on land, and be able to recruit himself ashore.

The same fate was experienced by another Piedmontese, who was going to Palermo on business. In spite of every remonstrance on the part of their Consul, both were compelled to remain in the ship, and I believe returned to Genoa by the next steambot, without touching the Neapolitan shore. All the passengers were greatly excited by this arbitrary procedure, and my English companion declared that if such a violation of the rights of one of "Her Majesty's subjects" had taken place, Lord Palmerston would not have delayed long in showing an English Vesuvius in the Bay of Naples.

On landing we went directly to the Custom-house. Our effects were here submitted to the most provoking examination. The searchers were especially on the alert for printed matter. Even old straps of paper in which articles had been wrapped up, were eagerly torn open and inspected with paying curiosity, although it was evident from the faces of the inspectors, that they had no the slightest knowledge of any language but the Italian. I happened to have a volume of Goethe's Poems with me, the leaves of which they turned over with great suspicion, passing it from one stupid hand to the other, no doubt expecting to find it filled with revolutionary ballads. We at last got through the custom-house, and after inexpressible trouble crowded ourselves back into our narrow trunks. One of the officers followed us as we were walking off, and was shameless enough to reach out his hand for "drinking money," on account of the trouble which he had taken. The same corruption runs through every place and office, like a corrosive ulcer. At the post-office, for example, the Government was obliged to establish the regulation that no letter should be mailed without giving a written receipt, because, as we were often privately informed, the smallest postage-money was liable to be pilfered.

The condition of public establishments and means of communication, is always a good criterion of the degree of civilization to which a State has attained. In this respect, Naples is almost behind barbarian countries. Foreign letters are sent only three times a week, and the mail comes in only on three days. The Post-office presses to be open daily from 8 to 3 for the reception and delivery of letters, but if you go there at 8 o'clock, you will find it not yet open, and at 3 it will be already shut.

The communication with the provinces is equally defective. Steamers go to Palermo only once a week—to Messina, still more seldom. You can go to the interior of Sicily only by mules or horses, in the highest degree vicious and unsafe, while the roads are so impassable, that you could easily imagine yourself on a Hungarian foot path, if the poetry of nature did not constantly remind you that you were traveling through a "bit of Paradise." In no branch of the public administration do you find the influence of a humane and benevolent hand, no elevation of agriculture, no protection of trade, no fostering of industry. The king has expressly prohibited the industrial classes from visiting the World's Fair at London, and every passport for this purpose is stringently refused. The action of the Government is confined to the construction of prisons and fortresses and the increase of its military resources, which have already swelled to an enormous height. A monstrous army eats out the marrow of the country, and is more imposing by its numbers than by its efficiency or moral power. We witnessed a review of about 20,000 men, in different branches of the service, and were astonished at the almost fugal elegance of the uniform, (which was carried so far that whole regiments appeared in yellow kid gloves) to which certainly their herd-like marching presented a disagreeable contrast.

In the social relations we witnessed numerous occurrences not less repulsive. The unhappy people, condemned to a purely animal life by a Government which is at war with progress, daily become more degraded, passing thoughtlessly on without the slightest reflection. The common classes are characterized by a cringing servility, addressing every one in conversation by the title of "Your Excellency," and even the "Patrone" and "Signore," which terms are not unobtrusively among people of a higher degree, show a trace of the servility which is noticed in the lowest classes. The mass of the people are in a state of such utter ignorance, that immense travel-writing desks, in the vicinity of the post-office and under the arcades of St. Carlo, drive a profitable business, being employed even by well-dressed men and women that do not know how to write, and whose ideas and wishes are put on paper with sufficient accuracy, if not literally, by these peripatetic scribes.

But ignorance always gives birth to sloth and immorality. While the lazzaroni cannot be compelled at any price to work any longer than is absolutely necessary to keep soul and body together, preferring to loaf about the streets or to sun their wretched carcasses on the wharves, the worse class of beggars endeavor to excite the compassion of the passers-by on the most frequented promenades, by making an offensive display of their misery, as ordinary poverty is unable to attract attention. In Santa Lucia and on the Molo, children of 8 and 10 years old are seen perfectly naked, without any sense of shame, covering on the pavements, and uttering the most heart-rending groans, while at the same time cripples of the most frightful deformity regard their misfortunes almost as a boon from heaven, as they make the trade of beggary, which they have inherited, more profitable by the exhibition of new horrors.