Money
[A witty correspondent of the *Courier des États Unis* writes the following *jeu d'esprit*, which we have thought proper to lay before the readers of the Colleton. As it is the first line of French which the translator has ever attempted, he has naturally failed, in some instances, to give the full humor of the original.—En.]

**MONEY.**

*Quousque tandem abutere, respublica, nostra pecunia?* It is thus, at least I imagine so, Cicero would have commenced a series of funeral orations, having for a title "Money!" Money! Money if you please! Money for the love of God! Money for the love of money! This alone resounds incessantly in my ears. Alas! why so? Has the thing become a none-such, proverbial, a mere hypothesis, an impossibility? One would certainly suppose as much from its rarity. Horace, the immortal Horace, says,

"*O cives, civis quaerenda pecunia primum est,*"

which, being interpreted, goeth to say: Oh, my dear fellow citizens, above all else put money in your pockets! Hurrah for money! which gives us our purple, our ornaments, our joyous entertainments, and procures for us those enchanting damsels of Suburban notoriety! Money! which allows us to say to the beggar, "Here, take this purse, dine as Lucullus, and get drunk with the priests of Jove! drink my health!"—so true it is that Horace was a socialist; every one is, in his own way.

There are some ultra republicans, who persistingly see in silver a corrupting metal, whose importance monarchical prejudices have exaggerated, and the total suppression whereof is demanded by the interests of virtue; but, nevertheless, these personages have by no means despised the seducing coin; the state treasury has more than once felt their tender caresses since their acquaintance with the same, and I'm inclined to think that they slander money with pretty much the same spirit as drunken folks abuse the wine, of which they are unable to drink more; and I would furthermore submit to these gentlemen whether this austere language doesn't slightly resemble the hypocritical morality of Seneca; the philosopher who, being possessor of fifty-nine millions, which immense sum he had accumulated during three years of ministry, wrote on tablets of great value his work entitled "*The Contempt of Riches.*"

How! does money prevent virtue or chastity? As for that matter France is now well nigh canonized. Oh no, money is not as pernicious as it is represented to be. What period can boast more as regards morals and decency, or lay more claim to a character for honesty, candor, and especially the absence of all political and social prejudices? What generation has seen more churches and fewer revolutions, or has distributed more of the Montyon premiums, and at the same time has known less of police officers?
Money.—From the French.

What period so happy as that wherein Saturn was declared by acclamation the President of the Italian Republic? (!) and yet this is called, as that, the golden age! which proves, as clear as daylight—whose existence Mons. Proudhon hath not as yet contested, thank God—that gold was thought of even in that model period, in which they practiced virtue so much more readily than in this coarse epoch of ours, which is stigmatized as the age of brass. I will permit you to deny the existence of the sun, or would excuse your rigorously denying the philosophical theories of M. Pierre Leroux; I wouldn’t prevent your questioning the universal good resulting from the harmonies of Fourier; the bliss enjoyed by the inhabitants of Icaria; the eloquence of Caussidière; the pacific intentions of the house of Raspail, Barbes, and Co., whose social reason has not been demonstrated to me; any or all of these truths I would allow you to handle without gloves, even though they were axioms; but as for money—stop there!—you shall not touch it. I shall plead its cause pro and con with the same disinterestedness with which Monsieur Lachard plead the case of a certain defendant, whose acquittal was not of so much pecuniary profit to him, as the honor of his appearing an able advocate, and at the same time making it an occasion of charity to a poor indigent devil. Yes, I will defend money and prove the falsity of the proverb—The absent are always wrong.

Money and I never meet, unless by some strange fortune, but instead of revenging myself thereon for its prolonged absence from my purse, I promise it my perpetual esteem, and quite a hospitable reception, if the fancy should ever seize it to come and take up its abode with me. Alas! the only consolation I can afford myself for its contempt and abandonment, is by the reflection that I’m not the only one thus neglected. If the general complaint is to be heeded, silver has become more invisible than ever, and gold—umph! One never sees it, unless it be in the boxes of the money changers. If things go on at this rate, in a few years we can find it only as the choicest specimen in some mineralogical collection, with an inscription of this kind:

SPECIMEN OF GOLD DISCOVERED IN THE ENVIRONS OF PROUDHONVILLE IN 2020.

And further down we may read the following notice:

“Persons visiting this cabinet are particularly requested to respect, in the interest of science, this curious piece; which is the more valuable, as it will be impossible to replace it.”

And, in all probability, we may read below, the following historic note:

“This gold abounded formerly. It procured, it is said, that which constituted the happiness of life; and men put themselves to incredible trouble for its acquisition, for without it they conceived happiness must be incomplete. But gold lost in one day its value and importance. Its possession became a positive danger in that famous epoch, when the false republic of the veritable Thor was proclaimed in France, and recognized in the five
divisions of the Globe. The *cosmo-social* assembly determined, on the proposition of the *cosmo-citizen*, M. Proudhon, the abolition of all proprietorship, and moneyed aristocracy. One piece of gold found on some person sufficed to stamp on him the flagrant vice of plutocracy, (?) a crime prohibited by the article 18,952 of the Universal Code, the punishment whereof varies from five to ten years in the workhouse. Finally, however, the last traces of this mineral were effaced which so compromised the virtue of its possessors."

What would happen if by some misfortune a mineralogist of the school of M. Proudhon should set foot in this cabinet? I shudder to think of it! The precious specimen would vanish, and soon be numbered amongst the things that were. One would then read in works on chemistry:—"*Gold was a simple substance, a very bright metal, very ductile, unchangeable to the eye, etc. etc.*" Troja fuit!

You would be delighted recurring on the wings of imagination to this remote period. What wise books have been written on gold! What learned commentaries! What ingenious discussions! What curious theses produced relative to this material! They will be divided into two classes. One part bearing the name "*les or-alists,*" will support the anterior existence of the metal in question, whilst the other, designated "*les contre-or-alists,*" will deny its existence, and allege its fabulousness. Perhaps these last, at the end of their arguments, may append a passage from *Robert le Diable,* which they will cite as authority, and even have the boldness to form the following syllogism.

Gold is a chimera;
A chimera never existed;
Therefore, gold never existed.

But why the mischief should I allow myself to be carried away by this hypothesis? That which is sadly true in all this foolishness, is, that without being reduced to this fossil state, money has become singularly rarefied. Economy is the order of the day. And what economy—ye gods! that which extends over the least things, and gnaws everything; which regards wax-candles as a luxury, since a person may burn tallow; tea as useless, and coffee unhealthy at the approach of the cholera; which modestly refuses all, and thinks 'twere better if all the filth in Paris were picked up; an economy which never buys silk, velvet, or lace, but makes it a point to dress in printed calicoes, and merinos; bah! this is enough for one Republic; an economy which renounces all arts, music, theatres, and light literature, prose and verse, etc.

These are the pretexts. You have your pockets filled with money. You have not, however, received the rent of your farms, and have hastily lost your situation and the fruit of twenty years' labor, perhaps, unless you are an old functionary. You are not a sufficiently good republican to figure the finances, or write in the cabinet, for there you'll have nothing but customers and commands; but if you fail, notwithstanding, to pay your imposts, the
proprietor and deputy will immediately discover you as one of the aristocracy, the reactioners, the examiners; then you'll see your money caught at; you're rich, and in consequence it's quite a catch! Oh, how the poor are rich, and the rich are poor, in this time in which we live! The Blouse bears envy to the Cloak, which is really wrong. The Blouse, which has never reached revolutions, which finds everywhere—whatever to the contrary—bread and work, doesn't know the grief and misery which the Cloak bears within its folds. Nor does it know how much it is elbowed by the Coats, which say to it—clear out! They lose more than they gain by the change.

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ON RECEIVING A WATCHGUARD FROM A LADY.

THE Parese are three mythologic dames;
Lachesis, Clotho, Atropos, their names.
Clotho a distaff holds, from which is spun
The thread of life by Lachesis; this done,
Sad Atropos, in sable vesture, stands
To clip the thread, with scissors in her hands.

Oh, what transcendent spinsters! spinning still
The varied filaments of good and ill!
Here golden hope, brown melancholy there,
White peace, red war, dun sorrow, black despair;
All particolored shades of weal and woe,
All forms of joy and grief the fibres show.
Trembling with hope and fear, I gazed to see
What fate the busy dames would spin for me.

Behold! a blithesome maid comes tripping by,
Song in her voice, and laughter in her eye;
Beside those shriveled termagants she seems
Fair as Diana in Endymion's dreams.
Is she my guardian sprite from fairy land?
And what that slender texture in her hand?
Entranced I saw her on the distaff place
That braid, that might Apollo's bosom grace.
"Good dames," she said, "my fingers this have wrought
For a dull fellow, who my friendship sought;
Be kind, and in his sombre life-thread twine
The brighter colors of this work of mine."
THE GERMANS OF PENNSYLVANIA.

There are no people within the bounds of our country, so peculiar, and so distinct from all others as the Germans of Pennsylvania. Being among the first inhabitants of the State, they have given a tone to its general character, and although mingled with the descendants of nearly every other European nation, they remain to this day a distinct and peculiar race. An iron wall of partition, rarely broken down by intermarriage, or familiar intercourse, stands between them and the offspring of other races; and to this is owing, in a great measure, that slowness of progress which so distinctively marks them.

The restless ambition of the Grand Monarque, and the horrible cruelty of Turenne, converted the beautiful valley of the Rhine into a smoking desert, and the wretched peasantry of the Palatinate fled from their desolated firesides to seek a more hospitable home in the forests of Pennsylvania.

The greater part of them landed in America stripped of their all, and dependent for the bare necessaries of life upon their own exertions. Many were sold to defray the expenses of their passage, and the rest went forth, with nothing but the woodman's axe, to earn a subsistence amid the deep forests of the Schuylkill and the Susquehanna.

They were ignorant and superstitious, and brought with them the wild legends and superstitious rites of their fatherland. The spirits of the Hartz mountains and the genii of the Black Forest were transferred to the woods of Pennsylvania, and the same unearthly visitants which haunted the old castles of the Rhine, continued their gambols in some deserted cabin on the banks of the Susquehanna.

The Germans of this State have been but little changed by time, so far as regards the general character of the race. They have, it is true, made some progress; and many of the distinguished men of Pennsylvania trace back their descent to German origin; yet these are but solitary cases, and, considered as a body, they have been far outstripped by the other races. In manners and customs, and too often in ignorance and superstition, they are the same as when they first crossed the Atlantic. In the darker and more unfrequented districts, the horse-shoe is yet nailed above the door—a sure preventive against the presence of 'some troublesome "spook"'—the ancient and mysterious Black Art is yet secretly practiced, and other ceremonies, relics of Pagan or Romish superstition, are still in vogue.

Rough in their manners, and plain in their appearance, they nevertheless conceal within this uncouth exterior a warm hospitality, and the stranger is seldom turned from the threshold of a German farmer. Having for the most part, by dint of hard labor and perseverance, attained to competence, they yet retain those habits of economy and industry by which they have