

**THE HERMIT IN  
PHILADELPHIA.  
SECOND SERIES**

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The hermit in Philadelphia. Second series by Peter Atall

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**PETER ATALL**

**THE HERMIT IN  
PHILADELPHIA.  
SECOND SERIES**



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# HERMIT IN PHILADELPHIA.

SECOND SERIES.

CONTAINING SOME ACCOUNT OF

YOUNG BELLES AND COQUETTES; ELEGANTES AND SPOILED CHILDREN; DANDIES AND RUFFIANS; OLD MAIDS AND OLD BACHELORS; DANDY SLANG AND LADY-SLANG; MORNING VISITS AND EVENING PARTIES; DRESS AND ORNAMENTS; FEMALE SLANDERERS AND MALE EXQUISITES; LONG BRANCH LETTERS AND PRICES CURRENT; LOTTERIES AND QUACKS; BILLIARDS AND PHARO; GAMBLING AND SPORTING; ELECTIONS AND AMUSEMENTS; THEATRICALS AND HORSE RACING; WIFE SELLING AND BETTING; BOXING AND COCKING; DOG FIGHTING AND BULL BAITING, &c. &c. &c.

You speak o' the people, as if you were a God to punish,  
not a man of their infirmity! *Coriolanus.*

You think this cruel?—take it for a rule,  
No creature smarts so little as a fool. *Pope.*

BY PETER ATALL, ESQ.  
*Peter Atall Esq.*  
EDITOR OF THE "HERMIT IN AMERICA," AND AUTHOR  
OF "AMERICAN BARDS" AND "SISYPHI OPUS OR  
TOUCHES AT THE TIMES."

PHILADELPHIA:

PUBLISHED FOR THE AUTHOR BY J. MAXWELL AND MOSES THOMAS,  
AND BY HALEY AND THOMAS, NEW YORK.

1821.

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## PREFACE.



My venerable friend, the Hermit of Guiana, has not yet returned from the arctic expedition in which he so rashly engaged, nor have the English discovery ships thrown any light upon the subject. It is a reasonable conclusion, that he has succeeded in reaching the entrance of an interior world, at the North Pole, and been prevented, by the reclosing of the passage, from returning to that in which he was born.

In memory of him who may at this moment be in another world, without death or decay, I have arranged a portion of extensive notes taken at various periods, and offer them to the public, under the title of the Hermit in Philadelphia;—promising—should the path thus marked out by my old friend, be adorned with the flowers of benevolence, and smoothened by the kindness of encouragement,—to pursue it so

long as it may afford a moment of amusement, or a mite of instruction.

If it can cheat from the heart of sorrow one pang of its misery, or beguile the hours of sickness with one moment of forgetfulness,—but, above all, if it can point out to youth, the follies and seductions of fashion, it will afford a full recompense to the labours of the author, and a soothing reward to his heart.

**PETER ATALL.**



## THE HERMIT IN PHILADELPHIA.

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### CHAPTER I.

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#### COQUETTES.

O! that deceit should dwell in such a gorgeous palace!  
*Shakspeare.*

Away,—away,—you're all the same;  
A flattering, smiling, jilting throng!  
Oh! by my soul, I burn with shame  
To think I've been you're slave so long! *Moore.*

---

THERE is not a being in society, however destitute may be his condition, who does not, at some period of his life, look forward, with anticipated delight, to the enjoyments of matrimony;—and I do not admire the cold heart, that in its progress towards maturity, has never felt the pangs and the endearments of love. Bachelors are never formed by nature: if we could penetrate the

secret annals of those solitary men, and lay open the various causes that have influenced their destiny, a black catalogue of female heartlessness and depravity would stand forth in their vindication. We are indebted to the female sex alone, for the great body of bachelors, although individual character, depressed circumstances, and cold blooded temperament have all had a similar effect, in a more limited degree.

When the young blood flows in our veins, like the spring-tides from the mountains, every drop is impregnated with the nectared succulence of love:—woman is the fairy form that delights and brightens the visions of our youth;—we feel that

‘The world was sad—the garden was a wild,  
And *man* the hermit mourned till *woman* smiled;’

we gaze upon her as upon a superior being;—we honour her as the last, best gift of God’s creation—we love her as the guardian of our childhood,—the fountain of our hopes,—the day-spring of our happiness,—the solace of our misfortunes. She is the guiding-star that brightens the gloomy vista of life; our hearts would sicken without the balm of her affection, and our veins beat

feebly without the impulse of her love. Without her, sickness would assume new horrors, and sorrow clothe itself in new torments; happiness would live only in the grave; and the joys of this world be but the anticipations of a better. We look towards her as to a blessed asylum planted by heaven in the wilderness of the world, to which we may flee in the days of our affliction.

Such is woman adorned with the loveliness of her purity;—such are our early associations, when the mind slumbers in confidence, free from the canker of suspicion, and resting in the bliss of its ignorance: too noble to raise the veil that covers her deformity, the day-dreams of our happiness are not shrouded by the horrors of its reality.

But—in an evil hour—that veil *must* be withdrawn, and lo! Coquetry springs forth clothed in a bright garment, glittering with tinsel; honey hangs on her pouting lip,—wormwood and gall rankle in her heart; her step is soft and light as that of Flora wooing Zephyr o'er the enamelled lawn; her eyes are brightened with the seducing fires of love, or clouded in languishing fondness; the brilliancy of the rose spreads its tempt-