

Summer Mythology.

At present Aquarius moves over the City like a knight in chess. Broadway is cooled and watered in certain places, and a vast interval is left dry and dusty and suffocating. This game of intervals is repeated every day. Even this partial glimpse of the paradise of water is due to private enterprise. The City has nothing to do with it. ARULARIUS is innocent of laying a single particle of dust. He is grand, and careless and useless as ever. Those who live out of Broadway, or come not within the refreshing influence of private watering carts, scarce know what life is. They are dry, dusty, parched-up beings, before whose vision a continual *mirage* is floating, but which they never see realized. ARULARIUS—not reigns—but rules as relentlessly as ever.

This economy in water has given rise to strange speculations in our bosom. We long to behold ARULARIUS. To stand face to face with the great Hydropolitical economist. We want to know if this disinclination to a lavish expenditure of Croton is chronic, or is simply the result of pure reason. We want to know whether ARULARIUS uses water in his own household. Does he wash himself? Does he consume water internally? Is his tea made with water or some spirituous distillation? If ARULARIUS has a garden, we wonder whether he ever waters it—or in order to effect an economy in his favorite fluid, whether he has it planted altogether with artificial flowers, whose muslin blossoms never droop nor die. We would like to know ARULARIUS's opinions on the Temperance question, and what he thinks of PRIESSNITZ. Our own ideas of the man are somewhat vague, but not altogether deficient in sublimity. ARULARIUS it seems to us, must be a fierce, scorching tropical kind of person, beneath whose glance whole oceans dry up in an instant. His breath is a deadly simoon that withers all things, and he is continually surrounded by a pillar of dust. Wherever he goes his track is marked with desolation and drought. People offer up prayers against him in churches, as they do against the plague. He is a deadly foe to all purity and cleanliness. His worshippers, when they wish to propitiate him, offer up terrible sacrifices of putrifying carcasses and decaying vegetables, and modern mythology assert that no perfume smells so sweet in the nostrils of this deity, as the odor of a deceased horse which has been allowed to remain for three days beneath the Summer sunshine. ARULARIUS is said to be ubiquitous. The superstitious behold him in every cloud of dust that gyrates through the streets, and detect his presence in the odoriferous perfumes of the Bowery. He holds, it is said, the power of life and death, and when indignant he envelops the offender in the pillar of dust in which he sits enshrined, when the hapless man immediately breathes his last. Like Mercury, he has the power of rendering himself invisible, and his enemies say that he resembles that volatile deity in more ways than one. What renders ARULARIUS so terrible beyond all the other deities is that he penetrates everywhere. There is no escaping him. He has all the facility of Proteus for changing his shape, and can with equal ease blind you in the form of a cloud of dust, or sweep you into eternity clothed as a stream of mud. There are but two talismans known, which are any preservative against the power of this fierce god. They vary with the seasons. In Winter he flies from a common broom as the devil is said to do from a horse-shoe, and in Summer a watering-pot inspires him with the greatest alarm. It is expected in consequence of this that watering-pots and brooms will form a portion of the attire of all the citizens during ensuing seasons.

Such is our idea of ARULARIUS at present, it may be incorrect, but having no real data to proceed on we were forced to deduce the cause from a careful consideration of the effects. When the ancient Scandinavians heard the thunder rattling between the flashing clouds, not being able to explain the phenomenon scientifically, they gave it an origin such as an ignorant but poetic people would naturally imagine; and created Thor the thunder God, laden with his all-powerful hammer. And we, ignorant of aught relating to ARULARIUS, save the terrible phenomena of dust-clouds and mud-streams that the popular voice connects with his name, are forced to embody these attributes in some fabulous creation which shall satisfy the mind of man that always demands forms.

Deity or not, we must protest against the burden of watering the streets being thrown upon private individuals. It is too bad that a store-keeper in Broadway, who pays taxes enough to entitle him to have his portion of the street watered seven times day, should have also, in self-defence, to contribute to the support of a private watering cart, which he and his neighbors have established, in order to prevent their customers from perishing of suffocation on the very threshold of their stores. If we have elevated ARULARIUS to the dignity of a god, we will, however, not fail to prove ourselves Iconoclasts, and dash him from his bad eminence all the more effectively for his elevation.