

live than the disposition, even among many who are professedly religious, to look upon the other world as only a continuation of the activities of the present; but we affirm with all boldness, that such a view receives no support from the Bible. Rest, security, calmness, peace, removal from all agitation, from all excitement, from all commingling in the scenes of this busy, restless, probationary life—these are the thoughts which are suggested by its parables, its metaphors, its visions, its direct and positive assertions. Especially clear and prominent is the idea of entire separation from the present world. They have "entered into rest"—they are in "Abraham's bosom"—they are "with Christ in Paradise." To the same effect would the spiritually-minded reader interpret certain phrases employed in the Older Scriptures. They are in "the secret of his pavilion," in the "hiding-place of his tabernacle"—they abide "under the shadow of the Almighty." Such expressions may have a meaning in connection with this life; but their fullest import is only brought out when their consoling assurances are referred to the state of the departed in the spirit-world.

And here the thought most naturally suggests itself—How striking the difference between the sensual obtrusiveness, the impious pretensions, the profane curiosity exhibited in connection with this modern charlatanism, and what may be called the *solemn reserve* of the Holy Scriptures. The Bible never condescends to gratify our curiosity respecting what may be called the physiology, or *physical* theory of the other life. On the other hand, the *moral* effect is ever kept in view, and to this, in all its communications, it ever aims at giving the deepest intensity. In the light of this thought let any one contrast the sublime vision of Eliphaz (Job iv.) with any of these modern spiritual manifestations. The veil is for a moment withdrawn. A light just gleams upon us from the spirit-world, not to show us things within, but to cast its moral irradiation upon things without. The formless form, the silence, and the voice leave all things physical, or psychological as much unknown as before; but how deep the moral impression! There are no disclosures of the scenery or topography of the unseen state; no announcement of "great truths about to break forth;" nothing said of "throwing down barriers between the two worlds." But instead of this, a most solemn declaration of a Divine moral government, and a moral retribution, to which all that is physical, or physiological, or psychological even, is intended ever to be kept subservient.

Thus it is throughout the Bible. Paul had visions of the third Heavens. Christ descended into Hades, and rose again; but he has told us nothing of the state or doings of departed spirits. Where the sacred penmen draw back, and scarce afford a hint, except as to the certainty of retribution in another world, modern mystics, modern impostors have given us volumes.

Fools rashly venture in
Where angels dare not tread.

And so, too, in respect to death itself. The impostor Davis profanely assumes to describe the process of the elimination of the spirit from the struggling body, and some have pronounced the unfeeling caricature worthy of the genius of Dante or of Milton. But with what solemn reserve does the Scripture cast a veil over this dread event, and reveal to us only its moral consequences. It is a going down into a "Valley of Shadows," and all that the believer is allowed to know of it is, that in that Valley there is one to take him by the hand, one who will walk with him through its darkness, and "whose rod

and staff shall comfort him" through all that dreary way. To this correspond the terms expressive of the idea in primitive languages. It is a going into *Hades*, the *Invisible*, the *Unknown*, not in the sense of any doubt, implied as to the real existence of a spirit world (for men have never been without a distinct belief in this, as matter of fact), but unknown as to its physical states and modes of being. In the Hebrew it is *Beth Olam*, the *Hidden House* (imperfectly rendered *the long home*, Eccles. xii.), where the souls of the dead take no part in things that are done beneath the sun." The living go to them, but they come not back any more to us. And what right-feeling heart would have it otherwise. They are

Not dead, but parted from their house of clay.

They still dwell, too, in our memories; they are enshrined in our hearts. Who would not trust them to the Scripture promises of rest and peace, rather than imagine them as subject to the unrest, and sharing in the agitating and tumultuous scenes of this pseudo-spiritualism. The believer in rappings charges his opponent with a Sadducean lack of faith. But we would take issue with him on the term. The naturalistic spirit-hunter is a stranger to the idea. With him it is only the sensualism and sensual scenes of this earth carried into a supposed spiritual world. It is a faith which has no trust, no patient waiting. It is not "the evidence of things unseen." It is not "the substance of things hoped for." It is rank materialism, after all. It is, moreover, *essentially* irreligious. As far as it extends, it threatens, to an awful degree, to de-religionize the human soul—not only to take away all true spirituality of view, but to render men incapable of those ideas, on which alone a right religious belief can be founded.

We hope our readers will not think that we have indulged in a train of thought too serious or sombre for the pages of a literary Monthly Magazine. It is directly forced upon us by our subject, if we would treat it as it deserves to be treated; and our only apology for choosing such a theme, is found in the fact that it is connected with one of the most widespread and mischievous delusions of the day. We should indeed think that we had discharged a most important editorial duty, could we only convey to the many thousands of our readers our deep impression, not only of the falsehood and wickedness of these "*lying wonders*," but also of the immense moral evil of which they threaten to be the cause.

Editor's Easy Chair.

THE Spring hangs fire, like a rusty match-lock; and even as we write—though the almanac tells stories of "pleasant showers about this time"—the snow-flakes are dappling the distant roofs, and shivering under a northern wind. The early-trout fishers upon the south-shore of the Island, are bandaged in pea-coats, and the song-making blue-birds twitter most scattered and sorry orisons.

It is a singular circumstance—and one of which the meteorologic men must give us the resolution—that the seasons of the Eastern and Western Continents balance themselves so accurately as they do. Thus, the severe winter which, leaning from the Arctic Circle, has touched our Continent with an icy right hand, has kindled with a warm left, the north of Europe into a premature Spring. The journalists tell us of flowers blooming in Norway, through all the latter half of February: and the winter in Paris has proved as sham a winter, as their Republic is sham republic

Is there any tide of atmosphere which makes flux and reflux of cold—kindred to the sweep of the ocean? And may not that Northern Centre, which geographers call the Pole, have such influence on the atmospheric currents, as the moon is said to have upon the sea?

Poor Sir John, meantime, shivering in the Northern Regions, or—what is far more probable—sealed up in some icy shroud, that keeps his body whole, and that will not break or burst until the mountains melt—is not forgotten. Even now the British Admiralty are fitting out another expedition, to flounder for a season among the icebergs, and bring back its story of Polar nights, and harsh Arctic music.

A little bit of early romance, associated with the great navigator, has latterly found its way into the journals, and added new zest to the talk of his unknown fate. Lady Franklin was, it appears, in her youthful days, endowed with the same poet-soul—which now inspires her courage, and which then inspired her muse. Among other rhymed thoughts which she put in print, were some wild, weird verses about the Northern realms, and the bold navigators who periled life and fortune among the Polar mountains. The verses caught the eye and the sympathies of Sir John Franklin. He traced them to their source, and finding the heart of the lady as true and brave, as her verse was clear and sound, he challenged her love, and won such wife as became the solace of his quieter days, and the world-known mourner of his fate.

DOMESTIC talk plays around the topic of the coming Presidential campaign, and not a dinner of the whole Lenten season but has turned its chat upon this hinge. And it is not a little curious to observe how the names of the prospective Presidents narrow down, as the time approaches, to some two or three focal ones, toward which converge all the rays of calumny and of laudation. Yet in this free speech—thanks to our privilege—we offer a most happy contrast to that poor shadow of a Republic, which is now thriving in embroidered Paris coats, and whose history is written under the ban of Censors. It is amusing to recall now the speeches of those earnest French Republicans, who, in the debates of 1848, objected so strongly to any scheme of representation which should bear that strong federal taint that belonged to our system. "It is an off-shoot," said they, "of British and lordly birth, and can not agree with the nobler freedom which we have established, and which has crowned our Revolution."

May God, in his own good time, help the French—if they will not help themselves—and give them no worse a ruler, than the poorest of our present candidates!

SOME little time ago we indulged in a pleasant strain of self-gratulation, that the extraordinary woman, Lola Montes—*danseuse, diplomate, widow, wife, femme entretenue*—should have met with the humblest welcome upon American shores, and by such welcome given a lift to our sense of propriety. It would seem, however, that the welcome was only stayed, and not abandoned. The cordial reception which our national representatives have given the Bavarian Countess, was indeed a matter to be looked for. Proprieties of life do not rule high under the Congressional atmosphere; nor is Washington the moving centre of much Christian enterprise—either missionary or other. But that Boston, our staid rival, should have shown the *danseuse* the honor of Educational

Committees, and given her speech in French and Latin of the blooming Boston girls, is a thing as strange as it was unexpected. We observe, however, that the officer in attendance upon Lola, pleads simple courtesy as a warrant for his introduction, and regrets that newspaper inquiry and comment should make known to his pupil-*protégées* the real character of the lady introduced. It certainly is unfortunate—but still more unfortunate, that the character of any visitor should not be proof against inquiry.

Lola, it seems, resents highly any imputation upon her good name, and demands proof of her losses.

Her indignation is adroit, and reminds us of a certain old "nut for the lawyers," which once went the round of the almanacs:

"Will Brown, a noted toper, being out of funds, and put to his wits, entered the beer-shop, and called for four two-penny loaves of bread. After ruminating awhile, with the loaves under his arm, he proposed to exchange a couple of the loaves for a mug of ale. Bruin of the bar assented to the bargain. Will quietly disposed of his ale, and again proposed a further exchange of the remaining loaves, for a second mug of the malt liquor.

"Will quietly discharged his duty toward the second tankard, and as quietly moved toward the door. Bruin claimed pay. Will alleged that he had paid in two-penny loaves. Bruin demanded pay for the bread; but Will, very unperturbably swore that he did not keep the bread, and challenged poor Bruin to prove his indebtedness."

JENNY LIND has latterly slipped from the public eye into the shades of her newly-found domestic life. Rumor, however, tells the story of one last appearance, during the Spring, when all the world will be curious to see how she wears her bridal state, and to take fuller glimpse of the man, who has won her benevolent heart. Can the married world explain to us, how it is that matrimony seems to dull the edge of triumph, and to round a grave over maiden glory? Why is Madame Goldschmidt so much less than Jenny Lind? Simply in this way: she who has conquered the world by song and goodness, has herself been conquered; and the conqueror, if rumor tells a fair story, is no better, or worthier, or stronger than the average of men. The conclusion, then, is inevitable, that she, having yielded, is, in some qualities of head or heart—even less than he; and so reduced to the standard of our dull every-day mortality.

Rumor says again, that the songstress, after a visit only to her own shores, is to return to the pleasant town of Northampton for a home. The decision, if real, does credit to our lady's love of the picturesque; for surely a more sightly town lies no where in our western world, than that mass of meadow and sweeping hill which lies grouped under the shoulder of Holyoke.

WITH the spring-time, the city authorities are brushing the pavements—very daintily—for the summer's campaign. Mr. Russ is blockading the great thoroughfare, for a new fragment of his granite road; and "May movings," on the very day this shall come to the eye of our reader, will be disturbing the whole quiet of the metropolis. High rents are making the sad burden of many a master of a household; and a city paper has indulged in philosophical speculations upon the influence of this rise in rent upon the matrimonial alliance. The matter is not without its salient points for reflection. Young ladies, whose extravagance in dress is promoting high prices of all

sorts, must remember that they are thereby cheapening their chances of a home and a husband. The good old times, when a thousand or two thousand a year were reckoned sufficient income for a city man to marry upon, and to bring up such family as Providence vouchsafed him, are fast falling into the wake of years.

A wife and a home are becoming great luxuries—not so much measured by peace as by pence.

Would it not be well for domestically inclined clerks—whose rental does not run to a large figure—to organize (in the way of the Building Associations) cheap Marriage Associations? We do not feel competent to suggest the details of such a plan, but throw out the hint for younger men to act upon.

It is pleasant to fancy the "Special Notices" of the Tribune newspaper lit up with such sparkling inducements for bachelors as these:

The BLOOMER MARRIAGE ASSOCIATION will hold its regular meeting on Friday at half past seven. Those who appreciate the advantages of a good wife, at small cost, with reliable men for trustees, will not fail to attend. The stock is now nearly all taken. A few shares are left. Several new names of modest and marriageable young ladies—also two thriving widows with small families—are registered upon the books of the Association. Every information supplied.

JEDEDIAH RULETHEROOST, *Secretary*.

CHEAP WIVES for poor and deserving young men. The CAROLINE FRY Marriage Association is the best and oldest of similar organizations. Hundreds of young men are now in the enjoyment of estimable partners for life, and all the endearments of the domestic circle through the agency of this Association. Shares are still to be sold, and the surplus of capital already amounts to the incredible sum of fourteen thousand dollars.

Particular attention paid to proper matching of temperaments. Only two unfortunate marriages have thus far been contracted under the auspices of this Association. The best of medical advisers.

Remember the number, 220 Broadway.

SILAS WIDDERS, *Secretary*.

ENGLISH Punch is busy nowadays in twisting the Jew locks of the new leader in the House of Commons. The personal peculiarities of Mr. Disraeli make him an easy subject for the artists of Fleet-street. We shall expect, however, to see some rare debates led off by the accomplished Hebrew. Disraeli has his weaknesses of manner and of action; but he is a keen talker, and can make such show of brilliant repartee as will terribly irk the leaders of the Left.

The Earl of Derby, notwithstanding his fine and gentlemanly bearing, comes in for his share of the Punch caricature. Few British statesmen are so accomplished and graceful speakers as the Earl of Derby; and, with the burden of the Government upon his shoulders, to spur his efforts, we shall confidently look for such strong pleading, as will surpass anything yet heard from Lord Stanley.

FRENCH talk is tired of political prognostic, and has yielded itself, with characteristic indolence and insouciance, to the gayeties of the *mi-carté*. Balls have broken the solemnities of Lent, and a new drama of the younger Dumas, which turns upon the life and fortunes of a *courtisane* of the last century, seems to chime with the humor of the time.

The broided coats are thickening under imperial

auspices; and Napoleon is winning a host of firm supporters among the broidering girls of Nancy and of the metropolis. The Americans, it would seem, are doing their part toward the festivities of the season; and forget Lent and Republic, in the hilarity of balls and routs. An American club, holding its meetings in the old saloon of Frascati, is among the *on dits* of the winter.

A proposition for shaving the beards of judges and advocates, has awakened the apprehensions of all the benchers; and, in defense of their old-time prerogatives, the subjects of the proposed edict have brought to light an old pleading for their hirsute fancies, which may well have its place.

The shaved chin is an incongruity as connected with the toga; the beard, on the contrary, is in perfect keeping. If it had not existed by a wise provision of Providence, it must have been invented. What more imposing spectacle than a court rendering a solemn decree, in the presence of both chambers—and what measure of authority would not the white beard of the judge give to the sentence he pronounces!

If then, you have a real care for your dignity, oh magistrates, curb not the flowing beard, but rather tempt its honors, with all the aids of art. And if the eccentric sallies of some brother gownsman, or some naïve testimony of an unkept witness, put your gravity in peril, you can laugh—in your beard. Thus nature will have her rights, and your dignity rest unmolested.

We commend these opinions to their honors of the New York Bench; only adding, that such aldermanic judges as are proof against wit—as they are proof against sense, might yet value the beard to hide their blushes.

ALL European travelers know the value and the awkwardness of passports, and the importance of securing them *en règle*.

The Count B, —wishing latterly to pass into Austria with a domestic and a favorite horse, sent to the legation for the necessary papers, charging his secretary to see that all was in order.

"As to the domestic," said the official, "he will have a separate passport; but there are some formalities as to the horse; we must have a perfect description of him, to insert in the passport of his owner."

"Very good," said the secretary, "I will send the groom with it."

The ambassador proceeded to fill up the passport: "We, Envoy Extraordinary, &c., invite the civil and military authorities to allow M. le Comte, with his horse, to pass, and in case of need, to render all possible aid and assistance to —"

Here occurred a blank, in view of the fact that the applicant might possess either wife or family. The good ambassador (whom it is reasonable to suppose a bachelor) reckoning the horse equivalent to one or the other—filled up the blank with the word "them."

The signature being appended, the task of filling up the description was left to the *attaché*.

In due time the groom arrived. The sub-official copied faithfully the description of the count's gelding.

Age—three years and a half.

Height—fourteen hands.

Hair—dark sorrel.

Forehead—spotted with white.

Eyes—very lively.

Nose—broad nostrils.

Mouth—A little hard.

Beard—none (the count was a veritable Turk).

Complexion—none.

Private marks—ears very long; small star branded on the left thigh.

In course of time the count departed, his passport in the guardianship of his accomplished secretary.

The frontier officers are not, travelers will remember, either very brilliant men, or very witty men. They have a dull eye for a joke.

The count's passport was scrutinized severely; the description did not accord accurately, in the opinion of the *sergent* of police, with the actual man. The *sergent* pulled his mustache, looked wise—and put Monsieur le Comte under arrest. The story about the horse was a poor story. The *sergent* was not to be outwitted in that fashion.

The consequence was a detention under guard for four days, until the necessary explanations could be returned from Paris, and the *sergent* be fully persuaded that the description attached to the count's horse, and not to some dangerous political refugee.

Under the head of "Touching Matrimonial Confidence," a French provincial paper gives the following: A certain Gazette of Auvergne published, a few days since, this notice (not unknown to our newspaper annals):

"No person will give credit to the woman Ursula-Veronica-Anastasia-Cunegonde Piot—my wife, as I shall pay no debts of her contracting."

The same Gazette published, a few days after, the following rejoinder (which we commend to all wives similarly situated):

"Monsieur Jerome Barnabas, my husband, could have spared himself the trouble of his late notice.

"It is not to be supposed that I could get credit on his account; for, since he pays no debts of his own, nobody would count on him to pay any debts of mine.

"FEMME BARNABAS—NEE PIOT."

We should not be greatly surprised if the precedent here afforded, should lead to a new column of city advertisements.

Après of the late balls in Paris, a very good story is told of a bouncing student at law (with rooms and *ménage* in the quarter of the Pantheon), who recently made his *début*, under the auspices of his father, at a ball of the Chaussée d'Antin.

His father, a stout provincial, but bolstered into importance by a fat vineyard, and wine cellars to match, insisted upon introducing his son to the high life of the capital. The son declined, urging that he did not dance (the truth being that his familiarity was only with the exceptional dances of the *Chau-mière* and such grisette quarters).

"*Mon Dieu*—not dance!" said the old gentleman.

"*Oui*—after a fashion, but in a way not appreciated, I fear, in such salons."

The old gentleman chuckled over his son's modesty—he could imagine it nothing else—and insisted upon the venture. The student was a guest; but determined to keep by the wall, as a spectator of the refined gallopadés of the quarter d'Antin. The first look, however, at the salon polka plunged him into a profound reverie. Was it indeed true that he was in the elegant saloon of the *Marquise M*—? thought he, gaining courage.

It was his method precisely—the very dance that

Amy had taught him—practiced with all their picturesque temerity. Sure of his power, and using all the art of the *Mabile*, he gave himself up to two hours of most exhilarating pastime.

"They have calumniated the *beau monde*," mused he in leaving. "I find it very entertaining. Our dances are not only understood, but cultivated—practiced; and, *ma foi*, I rather prefer handling these countesses, to those very greedy grisettes."

Our brave student at law might possibly find his paces as well understood, in some American saloons as in those of the *Chaussée d'Antin*!

We close our long chat for the month with a little whimsicality of travel, which comes to us in the letter of a friend.

Major M'Gowd was of Irish extraction (which he denied)—had been in the English service (which he boasted), and is, or was two years ago, serving under the Austrian flag.

He was not a profound man; but, as majors go, a very good sort of major, and great disciplinarian—as the following will show:

You have seen the Austrian troops in review, and must have noticed the curious way in which their cloaks are carried around their necks, making the poor fellows look like the Vauxhall showman, looking out from the folds of a gigantic anaconda.

On one occasion, the major, being officer of the day, observed a soldier with his cloak lying loosely upon his arm.

"Where's your cloak, rascal?" was the major's peremptory demand.

"Here, sir," was the reply.

"What's the use of a cloak if it's not rolled up?" thundered the major; and the poor scamp was sent to the lock-up.

Thus much for the major's discipline. But like most old officers of no great depth of brain, the major had his standard joke, which had gone the rounds of a hundred mess-tables. Latterly, however, he had grown coy of a repetition, and seems to cherish a suspicion that he has not cut so good a figure in the story as he once imagined.

A little after-dinner mellowness, however, is sure to bring the major to his trump card, and in knowledge of this, Ned and myself (who had never heard his story), one day tempted the major's appetite with some very generous Tokay.

Major M'Gowd bore up, as most old officers are able to do, to a very late hour, and it was not till eleven that he seemed fairly kindled.

"Well, major, now for the story," said we.

"Ah, boys, it won't do" (the major looked smilingly through his glass), "it was really too bad."

"Out with it, major," and after as much refusing and urging as would seat half the girls in New York at the piano, the old gentleman opened:

"It's too bad, boys; it was the most cutting, sarcastic thing that perhaps ever was heard. You see, I was stationed at Uxbridge; you know Uxbridge, p'raps—situated on a hill. I was captain, then; young and foolish—very foolish. I wrote poetry. I couldn't do it now. I never have since; I wish I hadn't then. For, do you see, it was the most cruel, cutting thing—"

The major emptied his glass.

"Go on, major," said Ned, filling for him again.

"Ah, boys—sad work—it cut him down. I was young, as I said—stationed at Uxbridge—only a captain then, and wrote poetry. It was there the thing happened. It's not modest to say it, but really, a more cutting thing—fill up your glasses, my boys.

"I became acquainted with a family of the name of Porter—friends of the colonel; pray remember the name—Porter. There was a daughter, Miss Porter. Keep the name in mind, if you please. Uxbridge, as you know, is situated on a hill. About fifteen miles away was stationed another regiment. Now, a young officer of this regiment was very attentive to Miss Porter; don't forget the name, I beg of you.

"He was only a lieutenant, a second son—nothing but his pay to live on; and the old people did not fancy his attentions, being, as I said, second son, lieutenant; which was very sensible in them.

"They gave him a hint or two, which he didn't take. Finally they applied to me, Captain M'Gowd, at that time, begging me to use my influence in the matter. I had not the pleasure of acquaintance with the lieutenant; though, apart from his being second son, lieutenant, small pay, &c., I knew nothing in the world against the poor fellow.

"The more's the pity, boys; as I had no right to address him directly on the subject, I determined to hit him off in a few lines of poetry—those fatal, sarcastic lines!" sighed the major, finishing his glass.

"I had the reputation of being witty, and a poet; and though I say it myself—was uncommonly severe.

"They commenced in this way," (the major threw himself into attitude.)

"The other day to Uxbridge town—

"You recollect the circumstance—I was at Uxbridge—young and foolish—had made the acquaintance of the Porters (remember the name)—young lieutenant was attentive to Miss Porter (lively girl was Mary Jane); poor, second son, not agreeable to old people, who, as I told you, called on me to settle the matter. So I wrote the lines—terribly sarcastic:

"The other day to Uxbridge town—
now you're coming to it—

"A major (he was lieutenant, you know) of dragoons (he was in the infantry) came down (Uxbridge is on a hill). It was a very sarcastic thing, you see.

"The other day to Uxbridge town
A major of dragoons came down—

saw for the point, my boys,

"The reason why he came down here

"Twas said he had—

You remember the name—Porter, and how I was at Uxbridge, situated on a hill, was Captain M'Gowd, then—young lieutenant, &c., devilish severe verses—but now mind—here they are:

"The other day to Uxbridge town

A major of dragoons came down,

The reason why he came down here

"Twas said he had a love (remember the name)
for—Beer!"

If you have never heard a maudlin, mess-table story, told over the sixth bottle, you have at the feast, read one.

Editor's Drawer.

THE readers of the "Drawer" will be amused with a forcible picture, which we find in our collection, of the ups-and-downs of a strolling player's life. One would think such things enough to deter young men and women from entering upon so thorny a profession. "In one of the writer's professional excursions," runs our extract, "his manager finds himself in a woeful predicament. His pieces will not 'draw' in the quiet New England village where he had temporarily 'set up shop;' he and his

company are literally starving; the men moodily pacing the stage; the women, who had kept up their spirits to the last, sitting silent and sorrowful; and the children, little sufferers! actually crying for food.

"I saw all this," says the manager, "and I began to feel very suicidal. It was night, and I looked about for a rope. At length I spied just what I wanted. A rope dangled at the prompt-side, and near a steep flight of stairs which led to a dressing-room. 'That's it!' said I, with gloomy satisfaction: 'I'll mount those stairs, noose myself, and drop quietly off in the night; but first let me see whether it is firmly fastened or no.'

"I accordingly approached, gave a pull at the rope, when 'wish! wish!' I found I had set the rain a-going. And now a thought struck me. I leaped, danced, and shouted madly for joy.

"Where did you get your liquor from?" shouted the 'walking-gentleman' of the company.

"He's gone mad!" said Mrs. —, principal lady-actress of the corps. 'Poor fellow!—hunger has made him a maniac. Heaven shield us from a like fate!'

"Hunger!" shouted I, 'we shall be hungry no more! Here's food from above (which was literally true), manna in the wilderness, and all that sort of thing. We'll feed on rain; we'll feed on rain!'

"I seized a hatchet, and mounting by a ladder, soon brought the rain-box tumbling to the ground.

"My meaning was now understood. An end of the box was pried off, and full a bushel of dried beans and peas were poured out, to the delight of all. Some were stewed immediately, and although rather hard, I never relished any thing more. But while the operation of cooking was going on below, we amused ourselves with parching some beans upon the sheet-iron—the 'thunder' of the theatre—set over an old furnace, and heated by rosin from the lightning-bellows.

"So we fed upon rain, cooked by thunder-and-lightning!"

There is nothing in the history of IRVING'S "Strolling Player" more characteristic of his class than the foregoing; and there is a *verisimilitude* about the story which does not permit us to doubt its authenticity. It is too natural *not* to be true.

THINK of a patent-medicine vender rising at the head of his table, where were assembled some score or two of his customers, and proposing such a toast as the following:

"Gentlemen: allow me to propose you a sentiment. When I mention *Health*, you will all admit that I allude to the greatest of sublunary blessings. I am sure then that you will agree with me that we are all more or less interested in the toast that I am about to prescribe. I give you, gentlemen,

"Physic, and much good may it do us!"

This sentiment is "drunk with all the honors," when a professional Gallenic vocalist favors the company with the annexed song:

"A BUMPER of Febrifuge fill, fill for me,
Give those who prefer it, Black Draught;
But whatever the dose a strong one it must be,
Though our last dose to-night shall be quaffed.
And while influenza attacks high and low,
And man's queerest feelings oppress him,
Mouth-making, nose-holding, round, round let it go,
Drink our Physic and Founder—ugh, bless him!"

THE reader may have heard a good deal from the poets concerning "*The Language of Flowers*;" but here is quite a new dialect of that description, in the shape of mottoes for different fruits and vegetables in different months: