

Indeed, if it were not for the opportunity of talking about the trip to the neighbors then alluded to, and comparing notes with them about "our stay in the country," we honestly believe that the family would have enjoyed themselves much better at home.

We have omitted to mention that a capital cook we had on leaving town, and to whom we gave a fortnight's leave of absence on going away, has never made her appearance again.

Upon the whole, we think it a mistake to suppose that a love of the country, or the enjoyment of it, is a thing to be "gotten up" on call, like a taste for the Opera, or extra shares of the Cumberland Coal Stock. We have a fancy that it is a thing "bred in the bone," wherever it is strong enough to give relaxation and pleasure; and we think it must be followed after leisurely, and enjoyed quietly, even as a *bon vivant* sits down in orderly and tranquil manner to the discussion of a good meal; and not in the fashion in which they consume dishes of meat and bread stuffs at the Irving or the Metropolitan Hotels.

We suggest, meantime, for some of our graceful limners of the daily press, the scheme of occupying themselves with portraits of that old and respectable class who go, during the summer season, to such resorts as Saratoga and Newport, because they *really* enjoy the air or the water; and take rational satisfaction in keeping up, from year to year, their acquaintance with the landmarks of twenty years gone by. The class is fast going by: their pictures will prove as effective within a short time (if tastefully done) as that of Will Honeycomb, or of the Squire of Bracebridge Hall.

**THE TOWN**—by which we mean the stay-at-home Town—is busier than ever, with pulling down and building up. We despair of ever seeing Broadway completed. We can recall the time, not many years back, when the brick range opposite the Metropolitan Hotel was counted a most respectable pile, giving honor to that portion of the city, and subject for very much of newspaper encomium. We shall expect to see it coming down some fine morning, to give place to some new Lafarge Hotel, with a pine balustrade.

New schemes are afloat for an "Upper-story Railway," to carry the Broadway drift of passengers. One of these schemes proposes a second side-walk to flank the rails, and the adjustment of second-story rooms to lighter sorts of traffic. Something very like this, English travelers will remember, belongs to the quaint old town of Chester; and it may be that the antique doings of the stout Constables of Cheshire may yet give a hint to our mechanical and matter-of-fact age and people.

By the way, is it not something odd, in all our aimings at economy of space, and studies for brilliant effect, that we have neglected thus far to introduce the very convenient and the very showy *passages* of Continental cities? What could be prettier, or more suited to the shopping times, than a glazed Arcade reaching from Broadway through to Mercer-street, with dozens of little confectioners', hatters', and booksellers' shops at either hand? Would not every shower bring custom? and (if the position were adroitly chosen) would not the gayety and splendor of the scene convert the speculation into a most profitable fashionable Arcade? We throw out the hint gratuitously—venturing meantime the prediction that within ten years it *will be done*, and that it *will pay*.

Of course, in our climate, great care should be taken to secure very free and full ventilation.

THE monster Palace by the Reservoir has at length fulfilled the design of its projectors, and though we write in advance of the time, we can speak safely of a thronged exhibition. Dublin, meantime, with its Palace, is provoking admiration over the seas; and its great compeer of the Sydenham Park is rapidly advancing toward the fulfillment of the grandest promise yet made by man to the world of art and of nature.

Nor a little of boudoir and salon talk has rested upon a late order of our State department *apropos* of diplomatic and consular dress. It is eminently a Young American movement, without, however, having any thing about it dangerous to the old cherishment of either constitution or firesides. Henceforth, says Mr. Marey, Americans shall be only Americans, whether charged with full missions or half missions; they shall wear no gold or trappings, but measure themselves simply by republican tailor standards. This new order is specially noticeable in contrast with that counter-action of the new French Emperor, which has sought the restoration of the imperial magnificence of the early part of the century.

The question becomes interesting, whether the black coat of the American Republic, or the blue and gold of the Emperor, will have most imitators in the world of 1900.

**MR. VANDERBILT**, of the monster steam-yacht, is, they tell us, playing the sovereign in the old English town of Southampton. And while the good burghers of the place, with their wives and daughters, are eating his dinners, the quiet lookers-on from Portsmouth and Cowes are carefully studying the model of his vessel. Once let the British add the symmetry of our hulls to their easy working and powerful machinery, and we fear that new Yankee steamers would require to be built to maintain the ocean mastery.

### Editor's Drawer.

**T**HERE was a time when *Phrenology* was even more in vogue than *Spirit-Rappings*; and many a map of one's cranium is now laid carefully aside in some out-of-the-way drawer, which used to be consulted as if it were the very oracle of Fate. To be sure, *Phrenology* has many devotees now, and charts are every day given to such persons as desire to know exactly what manner of persons they are of; still, the "science," if not in its decadence, is not at that "flood-tide of success" which might have been claimed for it some years ago.

*Phrenology* was at its height when Gall and Spurzheim were in Edinburgh together, illustrating the science—making numerous proselytes on the one hand, and creating a great deal of laughter and ridicule on the other. About this time a most amusing circumstance took place, which almost threw the unbelievers in the science into spasms of mirth. Guffaws were heard in the streets "like the neighing of all Tattersall's," at the success of a joke that was put upon one of the most prominent and learned of the societies which had been gotten up in the University.

Then, as nowadays, the illustrators of the science were assisted in their explication of its mysteries by numerous and various casts, upon which the different "organs," or propensities, were more or less developed. One morning, while the Society was holding a protracted sitting, and discussing the

accumulating proofs of the truth of the grand science, a messenger came in with a note, accompanied by a bag, in which was a large plaster cast of a human head. The note read somewhat as follows:

"Gentlemen of the — Phrenological Society:

"Taking a great interest in the new science which you are engaged in making clear to the world, and having perused your able discussions of this great theme, I take the liberty of sending you a plaster cast, which I have received from a friend at Stockholm. It is taken from the head of a celebrated Swede, named *Thornipsson*; and I should esteem it a favor if you would furnish me with a chart of the character of the different 'organs,' or characteristics, developed upon it.

"Awaiting an early reply, I am, gentlemen, your obedient servant,

"JAMES MACDONALD.

"LOCHIEL, April 2, 18—."

The Society were in ecstasies when the cast had been taken from the bag. The "specimen" was indeed a splendid one: such a development of the "intellectual" organs was not to be found in any one of the numerous casts in the possession of the Society; and as it passed from one member to another, and each bump was separately examined by each, the admiration was unbounded: and, what was more, some of the more eminent of the members were enabled to find, very largely displayed, those protuberances which distinguished their *own* heads (the organ of *credulity*, if there be such, might have been one, perhaps), at which they felicitated themselves not a little.

A vote of thanks was passed to the donor; a chart of the head was dispatched for his inspection; and he was desired to forward it to his correspondent, to ascertain how far the Society had been correct in their reading of the character of the "illustrious deceased."

The return-mail brought the following letter from Mr. MacDonald:

"Gentlemen of the — Phrenological Society:

"I have received your chart of the cast which I had the honor, on the 2d instant, to forward to your learned Society. I regret to say, that we have all been misled in the matter. I dispatched you the cast in some haste, after its receipt, in order that it might be early before you. On re-examining the letter of my correspondent, I find the following Postscript on the top of the last page, after the signature on the preceding page. It now appears that I had anticipated the writer in forwarding the cast to your learned body:

"P.S. Please forward this to the most eminent of your Phrenological Societies in Edinburgh, where I understand the new science is making great headway. It is a cast of a *Swedish Turnip*, which grew in a garden in Stockholm, in such marvelous resemblance to a human head, that it has attracted the attention of thousands. The "original" is preserved in the collection of Natural Curiosities; and should you ever visit Stockholm, I shall be proud and happy to show it to you."

"Excuse, gentlemen, the precipitancy with which I hastened to add this cast to your phrenological archives, and believe me, your obedient servant,

"JAMES MACDONALD."

Perhaps it is not necessary to add, that this letter was not "entered upon the minutes" of the Society!

A VIRGINIA circuit-preacher gives the following

illustration of "faith that would remove mountains," which he heard from the lips of a negro preacher, who was holding forth to his congregation upon the subject of obeying the commands of the Almighty:

"Bred'ren," he said, in his broken way, "what-eh-er de good God tell me to do in dis blessed book" (holding up at the same time an old, and evidently much-read Bible), "dat I'm gwine to do. If I see in it dat I must jump troo a stone-wall, I'm gwine to jump at it. Goin troo it, 'longs to God—jumpin' at it, 'longs to me!"

Simple and homely as was the illustration, it had an evident effect upon the limited comprehension of the preacher's hearers.

We don't know that we ever heard a better instance of crime outwitting itself than the following: A Protestant clergyman, traveling with his wife in his private carriage through the south of Ireland a good many years ago, was suddenly stopped by a robber, who demanded his money, his watch, and his wife's jewelry and ornaments, all of which he proceeded, without ceremony, to take, menacing the party at the same time with a loaded pistol which he held in his hand. When he had taken every thing that was valuable, he permitted the vehicle and its occupants to depart.

The carriage had not proceeded far, however, before a second thought struck the robber, and he gave chase after his victims whom he soon overtook, while the wife was engaged in reproaching her husband for his pusillanimity in not making a determined stand against the highwayman.

"We must change clothes," said the robber. "Strip, and take these!"

This was done at once, for the clergyman was a non-resistant, and practiced what he taught. He was then permitted again to drive on.

His wife was rallying him upon the sorry figure he presented in the miserable garb of the highwayman, when he suddenly exclaimed:

"Bless me! it is not so bad, after all! Here, in the pockets, are all my money, my watch, and your jewels! It is all for the best."

The robber had forgotten, in his anxiety to disguise himself from detection or identification, to empty the pockets he had dishonestly filled, while the very means he had adopted to prevent detection were the cause of his immediate arrest. The minister and his wife stopped at the first inn upon the road, narrated the circumstance that had happened; a party was sent out in pursuit; and in less than an hour the criminal was brought back and secured, having been easily detected by his clerical garb.

MANY of the English newspapers have of late devoted a column or more to what they designate "*American Newspaper Wit and Oddities*." We commend to them the subjoined extracts from the Prospectus of a weekly paper to be called "*The Socdolager*," which some enterprising printer in the "flourishing city of Salt, in the State of Kanawha," has proposed to publish "in the first year of the PIERCEING reign, being the year after the "Big Lick" campaign." The "Programme of Principles" is arranged in order under appropriate heads:

"LOCAL MATTERS.—We are in favor of the construction of a wire-suspension-bridge across the river at this place; the funds for that object to be raised by a tax on *Female Beauty* in this county, allowing them to make the estimate.

"We are in favor of a thorough *School Reform*. The present system is entirely too old-fashioned for

the present age. We must have schools which we can rely upon in learning our daughters to speak French with fluency, walk Spanish, and faint in the most graceful manner described in our fashionable novels.

"We must have a school where our sons can learn to smoke, chew tobacco, drink champagne, sport a very stiff standing collar, and sit up late at night, in the 'most approved style.'

"We shall keep down all family-quarrels in the neighborhood; always taking particular care never to be in striking distance of intervention. Intervention, national or domestic, is against our principles.

"We are in favor of *increasing the pay of Justices of the Peace*, so that our citizens may all get a greater amount of justice than they once could. If they *pay* for it, they ought to *have* it.

"We object to allowing jurors any compensation whatever; for by so doing the ends of justice will be sooner accomplished than they would if the jury got two dollars a day for drinking bad liquor and playing dirty cards in the jury-room. By this means, too, good jurors can be obtained, and the officer of the court get rid of being haunted by hangers-on for the purpose of getting on juries. Such men are *not fit* for jurors!

"**NATIONAL AFFAIRS.**—We think that Congress, before the members spend all the contingent fund, should make some arrangement for a general *Hog-Mast*, as our opinion is that the present is not going to be a very good year for corn.

"We hold that President Pierce should be made personally responsible, or Uncle Samuel, whose servant he is, for the debts of every man whom he appoints to office of any kind, away from home, unless settled in some way before the individual takes his exit for foreign parts.

"*'The Socdolager'* will insist on the annexation of Mexico, as an asylum for our broken-down politicians; also our would-be great men, who are not very likely to succeed in doing any thing of importance for their country in many ages to come.

"**PERSONAL.**—The subscription-price of *'The Socdolager'* will be only fifty cents per copy per year, payable right away. This will insure a large circulation of our principles.

"We shall speak independently upon all subjects, except on those miscellaneous occasions when it may be to our personal advantage to speak otherwise.

"We shall have an Editor *pro tem*, or Head-Printer, who, in case of our absence or neglect, will give a correct account of things he has no knowledge of, that may occur in the community—provided he isn't drunk.

"We have selected as a suitable place for our editorial office the rooms generally occupied by the sheriff's legal guests, where all who are so lucky as to be of his party, may rely upon being well entertained."

There is more sly satire in the above than will meet the eye without a second perusal.

At the recent opening of the "Exhibition of the Industry of all Nations," at Dublin, the following dialogue was overheard by an American gentleman who was present at this "World's Fair" of the Green Island:

"I say, Pat, this mating is a grand thing intirely: and shure it's going on mighty swate and ppaceable."

"Yis, be Jakers, it is just *now*," replied Pat; "but, bide a bit! Be me sowl, it's impossible that such a many at a fair can pass without a fight!"

But the assembly, vast as it was, notwithstanding

this prediction, dispersed in peace, and without a single broken head.

We once gave in the "Drawer" a few examples of the wit of Nas-red-dyn, the *Æsop* of Turkey, in days gone by. Here is another and more recent one, which is characteristic, and, we dare say, well founded:

On one occasion, wishing to propitiate the conquering Tamerlane, it was proposed to carry him fruit.

"Hold!" said he; "two heads are better than one. I will ask my wife whether I had better carry quinces or figs."

His wife replied: "Quinces will please him best, because they are larger and finer."

"However useful the advice of others may be," rejoined Nas-red-dyn, "it is never well to follow that of a woman: I am determined to take figs."

When he arrived at the camp, Tamerlane amused himself by throwing the figs at the old man's bald head. At every blow Nas-red-dyn exclaimed, "God be praised!"

Tamerlane inquired what he meant by that exclamation.

"I am thanking God," replied the old man, "that I did not follow my wife's advice; for if I had brought quinces instead of figs, I should not have escaped without a broken head."

The Turks attach, in their solemn way, a great "moral lesson" to this story of the old Mussulman joker.

THERE was a great failure in a concert given "down East" lately, which is thus accounted for by the leader. He said the discord was probably owing to the fact that the G string of the principal bass-viol was not made of good tow! The first drummer, too, said he, "broke his right drum-stick the day before, and his new one was made of bass-wood; whereas, for playing high notes, it should be made of white-wood; and that probably had something to do with the discord." The leader also remarked that the absence of the little string from his "first violin" probably had a bearing on the subject. But none of these was the true reason. The fact came out at last, and it was this: the bass-string of the fiddle was *tied in two places*. The leader said that the discords undoubtedly originated in those knots. "One knot," he said, "could be got along with; but that, to a cultivated ear, *two knots* were insupportable."

We do not profess great knowledge of music, or musical instruments; but to even an untutored ear, music, under such circumstances as those above stated, could hardly have been "pursued" save "under difficulties." One can imagine Paginini's "fine ear" somewhat tortured by *two big knots* in *one string*!

SIDNEY SMITH, one of the rarest wits that England ever produced, had an intense aversion to all forms of the *charade*. He went so far as to say, that any man who could trifle away his precious time in making one of the silly things, should at once be hung, without benefit of clergy; nor, he added, should he be allowed time, when upon the scaffold, before being turned off, to state to the gaping multitude that might surround him, whether his "first" agreed with his "sixth," or his "seventh" with his "tenth."

We share, to some extent, Sidney Smith's aversion to this species of lingual mosaic mechanism. We never saw but one really good one, and that was

one in which, *in spite* of the trammels of the charade, the *thought* redeemed the *form*. It was written for a London weekly journal the day after the funeral of the poet CAMPBELL:

## I.

"Come from my *First*!—aye, come!  
The battle-dawn is nigh:  
And the screaming trump and the thundering drum  
Are calling thee to die!  
Fight as thy father fought—  
Fall as thy father fell:  
Thy task is taught, thy shroud is wrought,  
So farewell!—and farewell!"

## II.

"Toll ye my *Second*!—toll!  
Fling high the flambeau's light;  
And sing the hymn of a parted soul,  
Beneath the silent night!  
The wreath upon his head,  
The cross upon his breast—  
Let the prayer be said, and the tear be shed  
So take him to his rest."

## III.

"Call ye my *Whole*—aye, call  
The lord of lute and lay!  
And let him greet the sable pall  
With a noble song to-day.  
Go, call him by his name;  
No fitter hand may crave  
To light the flame of a soldier's fame,  
On the turf of a soldier's grave."

This is very striking, and forcibly illustrates some of the peculiarities of Thomas Campbell's poetry, its grand and martial spirit.

THE visitor to Greenwood Cemetery, as he passes through the beautiful grounds of that treasure-house of the departed, will observe among the many tasteful mementoes of affection with which it is profusely sprinkled, a monument of the most ornate beauty and grace—the work of his own design, and the tribute of a fond and affectionate father to the memory of an only and lovely daughter, who, at the ripe age of seventeen, lost her life by the running away of the horses with the carriage, in which she was riding to an evening party. We could not avoid thinking, while reading the following paragraph from late foreign intelligence, what a joy it would impart to the desolate heart of this devoted father, if he could look upon the lineaments of his beloved child, beautiful as in life, with all the apparent spirit which informed the lifeless clay while living!

"While demolishing, recently, the old church of the ancient Welsh college at Helmstadt, near Brunswick, a coffin made of lead, the lid of which was a glass of great thickness, was found to contain the body of a young girl, apparently about twelve years of age, which still preserved every appearance of youth and freshness, although the coffin bore the date of 1461. A private letter, from a correspondent who was present, gives the following account of the appearance of the body. The occurrence is fully corroborated as a veritable fact: 'The face and figure of the child were perfect as in life, not a single sign of decay being visible throughout the whole person. The cheek preserved its delicate rose tint—the forehead its snowy whiteness. The hair, which was of a beautiful gold color, was parted on the brow and fell in long ringlets over the bosom, crisp and fresh as though the child had lain down to sleep the moment before. The dress of white satin embroidered in gold flowers, the shoes of white velvet, the lace apron, all seemed bright as if newly purchased; and more astonishing still, the bunch of lilies held in the hand of the corpse still looked as fresh and moist as though

the dew still hung upon it. The workmen engaged in the demolition of the building were struck with awe, and immediately went in quest of the chief magistrate of the place, who soon arrived on the spot, accompanied by several of the inhabitants. Unfortunately the worthy functionary having recently been made the victim of a practical joke in the town, and being half suspicious that the same thing was intended, would not believe in the reality, and seizing the spade from the hand of one of the workmen who stood near, dealt a heavy blow upon the lid of the coffin, and smashed one or two of the diamond-shaped panes of glass of which it was composed. In a moment, and while yet we gazed, a thin cloud of dust or vapor, like a wreath of smoke, rose up from the coffin and dimmed the sight, veiling the corpse from our view. When it had disappeared, we gazed downward in awe; nothing remained of what had struck us with so much interest and wonder—all had vanished, and left naught behind but a heap of discolored dust, a few rags of tinsel, and one or two dried bones."

It would seem from this that the invention, hitherto supposed to be American in its origin, of the "metallic coffins," which, by producing a vacuum, by means of an air-pump, preserve corpses from decay, must have been known in the middle ages. In the case above recorded, no name was found upon the coffin. There was no doubt that the perfect preservation of the corpse had been produced by the abstraction of all air from the coffin. "It is supposed," say the journals, "that the child belonged to some great professor of the University, who had performed the experiment in secret; since it is curious that amid all this pains and care concerning the body of the child, no means should have been taken to preserve her name from oblivion."

After all that science, or affection, or skill of any kind can do, the mandate of the Almighty, "Dust thou art, and to dust shalt thou return," must be obeyed. We are all in the service of Death, the great Conqueror, and "there is no discharge in that war!"

"*He's taken too much Rum*," is the caption to a rough piece of verse which we find in a far-western paper, printed with all the bad orthography and typographical blunders with which the writer originally jotted it down. It seems to us, however, to embody too much truth, and too forcibly expressed, to be "made fun of." So at least we must have thought when we placed it among the contents of our multifarious "Drawer." We restore it to a correct orthography, and venture to print it, for its "moral," if for nothing else. It runs as follows:

"A grief-worn mother silent sat,  
Beside her little son,  
When thus began his childish chat,  
And soon attention won.  
"Why, mother dear, why do you weep?  
Why don't my father come?"  
"Alas! my child, it is because  
He's taken too much rum!"  
"Why is his nose so often red?  
His eyes with water run?"  
"The reason is—it must be said—  
He's taken too much rum!"  
"The winter winds, they make us cold,  
The house has poor become;  
We want for clothes, we want for shoes."  
"He's taken too much rum!"  
"Why does our farm no bread-corn grow?  
Why all with thorns o'errun?"  
"The reason is—sad is the truth—  
He's taken too much rum!"



WHEN the "*Siamese Twins*" were "on view" at the Museum in this city, we saw a lank, cadaverous-looking clergyman, with a white cravat adjusted to his neck at the precise point short of strangulation, go up to them and say, in very measured and sepulchral tones:

"Young men, may I ask how long you have been in this condition?"

They both replied, at one and the same time, and in the same words:

"Twenty-one years, the fifteenth day of last September."

"Umph!" resumed their inquisitor; "that is a long time—quite a long time. You must be very much attached to each other!"

A fact so incontrovertible amused us a good deal at the time, we remember; and we have been newly reminded of it by the following dialogue which took place between Chang and Eng on their recent visit to the East, and an inquisitive Yankee, of "that ilk."

After "dickering" some time with the long-legged door-keeper, he disbursed "the swindle," as he called it—a quarter of a dollar—and entered to see the "cur'osity." He surveyed the unique pair for the space of five minutes without saying a word. At length he broke out:

"How long you fellers been in this kind of a hitch?"

"Forty-two years," replied Eng.

"Do tell! Gettin' kind o' used to it, then, I 'xpect?"

"We ought to be, by this time," said the twins, both together.

"Yes—'zactly; should say so tew, myself. B'long to the same church, shouldn't wonder?"

"Yes," said Chang, "we do."

"Want to know!" continued the Yankee.—"Well," he added, examining the ligature, "ef one on you dies, t'other 'll be in a fix, won't he?"

"It would be bad," said Eng, with something of sadness in his face at the thought.

"Don't drink nothin', 'xpect?" pursued their interrogator. "Ever go in to swim?"

"Sometimes," they answered.

After gazing at and scrutinizing them for a few moments longer, the indefatigable questioner again burst out with:

"Look o' here! s'posin' one o' yeou fellers should get into a scrape, and was about to be put into jail? How do you calc'late you'd get along?"

"Oh," said Eng, laughing at the idea, "I'd go Chang's bail!"

"Sartain—ye-e-s: you could do that—couldn't ye?"

And here closed the instructive colloquy, and the inquisitor, whistling Yankee-Doodle, retired, and gave room for a fresh "lot" of examiners to interrogate anew the wonderful "cur'osities."

THAT was a most admirable and appropriate answer which a poor woman once gave to a minister, who asked her "What is Faith?"

"I am ignorant," she replied, "and I can not answer well; but I think faith is *taking our Heavenly Father at his word.*"

It was the gifted Summerfield who first mentioned this anecdote, in a discourse delivered in this city, soon after his arrival in the country.

"SPEAKING of bores," says a victim to one of the species, "I can scarcely imagine one capable of inflicting more misery than an intolerable *whistler*. I can stand a fife, when all the nation is "armed and

equipped" on training days, and a drum with its "flang, flang," serves to drown its screams; but to listen to a poor air, badly murdered by a poorer puckerer, I prefer death in some easier if not quicker way. I always think of the French stage-coach driver, who, being very much annoyed by such a bore, turned upon him with:

"Mine frien', vat for you all de times vissel? You loss your dog, eh?"

APROPPOS of "Bores:" they are of a good many kinds: and very long-winded preachers may certainly be counted among them. A good story is told of a certain preacher in a Western State, who was wont to indulge in unconscionable long sermons, and who once exchanged with a brother who always delivered short ones, and always very good ones, also. At the usual hour for closing the services, the people became uneasy, and being inspired with the love of warm dinners rather than long sermons, went out one by one, till the preacher was left with the sexton. Still he continued to "blaze away," till that functionary, seeing no prospect of a close, walking deliberately up the pulpit stairs, and handing him the key, requested him to lock up when he got *through*, and leave the key at his house as he went along!

As for the literary bore, who insists upon reading to us the poem he has just written for our Magazine, we have sometimes thought of profiting by the example of M——, the dramatist. He was one day stopped in a public square by Fitzgerald, a noted bore, commemorated in the "Rejected Addresses."

"My dear M——," exclaimed Fitzgerald, "I am delighted to see you. You were not at the Literary Fund dinner, were you?"

"No," replied the dramatist. "I could not attend."

"Why," answered Fitzgerald, "then you missed hearing me recite my last poem. But never mind, you're a lucky fellow in meeting me now; for I happen, by the greatest good-fortune in the world, to have a copy of it in my pocket now. Here it is; I'll recite it to you on the spot."

"Attempt it at your peril!" exclaimed the dramatist, thrusting his hand into his pocket with a determined air. "It's as much as your life is worth; I have pistols in my pocket."

THESE are the days for "Pleas" of all kinds; "pleas" for woman's rights; "pleas" for the poor, for the criminal, for the young, and for the tempted; but the annexed "plea" is somewhat out of the order of "common-pleas." It is entitled,

#### "A PLEA FOR EGGS."

"Be gentle to the new-laid egg,  
For eggs are brittle things;  
They can not fly until they're hatch'd,  
And have a pair of wings.  
If once you break the tender shell,  
The wrong you can't redress:  
The "yelk" and white will all run out,  
And make a dreadful mess!"

"'Tis but a little while at best,  
That hens have power to lay:  
To-morrow eggs may added be,  
That were quite fresh to-day.  
O, let the touch be very light,  
That takes them from the keg;  
There is no hand whose cunning skill  
Can mend a broken egg!"

WHAT good old English worthy was it, who said:  
"I would strive to be *virtuous* for my own sake, although not one were to know it on earth beside

myself: just as I would be *clean* for my own sake, although nobody were to see me."

SOMEBODY away out in Minnesota—as far up as the Falls of St. Anthony—has been perpetrating the following poetical description of "A Merchant." The subject, we take it, is the "merchant" of a country-store; quite a different variety from the "big bugs" of the trade in the Great Metropolis, it must be premised:

"Tare and tret,  
Gross and net,  
Box and hogsheads, dry and wet,  
Ready made,  
Of every grade,  
Wholesale, retail—will you trade?  
"Goods for sale,  
Roll or bale,  
Ell or quarter, yard or nail;  
Every dye,  
Will you buy,  
None can sell as cheap as I!  
"Thus each day,  
Wears away,  
And his hair is turning gray!  
O'er his books  
He nightly looks,  
Counts his gain and bolts his locks.  
"By-and-by,  
He will die:  
But the ledger-book on high  
Shall unfold  
How he sold,  
How he got and used his gold."

THE story is current, we believe, of the elder MATTHEWS, the inimitable actor and amusing *mime*, who, when in this country, took passage from New York for Boston in one of the Sound steamers. He was dreadfully annoyed by the gormandizing and bolting of food by the passengers at the supper table, as the boat was passing through the Sound. He reached out his hand for a plate of potatoes, which was nearly exhausted, there being but a solitary one remaining in the plate. He was about drawing it toward him, when a fork was stuck deep into the "murphy," and a harsh voice exclaimed:

"Halves, mister!—*haaves!*" The potato having been halved, and *that* business got through with, he said to a "gentleman" at his side:

"Will you oblige me by handing me the butter?"

"There's butter *by you*," said the man, in a cold, disagreeable tone.

"Thank you!" said Matthews, "I did not see it."

"Very well," said his amiable neighbor, "who said you *did* see it?"

This closed *that* conversation, at least between "the parties" mentioned.

THEY have a pleasant way of raising blisters in India, according to late accounts. The skin is raised with red-hot iron, and the blister is dressed with Cayenne pepper. "Gunpowder Pills," also, is a favorite medicine, in that region. Twelve of them are given for a "dose." A minute after they are down, a coal of fire is applied to a slow-match, leading down the throat, when a "movement among the particles" takes place, which either eradicates the disease or the patient—most commonly the latter!

It is a very common thing for people when they are on the downhill side of life to wish to disguise

their age, and to appear much younger than they really are. We have heard of a very polite husband who was accustomed, on coming down to breakfast on the morning of a new year, to address his wife with:

"Well, my dear, how old are you going to be *this* year!"

The probability is, from the question, that she was growing younger every year.

There is a good story recorded of Pope ("the little crooked thing, that asked questions") which illustrates, laughably enough, this propensity to grow younger with increasing years. If there was a sting in the satire of the trick put upon him, it was not so sharp as many that Pope had stabbed with; and it was his to "take" as well as "give."

When Pope first came to London in 1774, he was about twenty-seven years old; and he was very solicitous, toward the latter part of his life, of being thought much younger than he was; a desire that one Mich. Kelly thought proper, on all occasions, to thwart. One morning Pope called upon Kelly, and the latter placed in his hands a letter, with the Dublin post-mark, addressed to Pope, "to the care of M. Kelly, Esquire." After many thanks, Pope opened and read the effusion, which was from an unknown correspondent, begging an important favor for his grandson, and reminding Pope how often he (Pope) in Dublin had "patted the writer on the head, and praised his aptitude as a scholar," &c., &c., and concluding with the following paragraph:

"I am now *eighty years of age*, and do hope that the friend and patron of *my boyhood* will not desert me or mine in my declining years!"

Pope was rallied by his friend upon the contents of the letter, which it was in vain to attempt to conceal. The story got abroad, and the satirical little poet never heard the last of it, nor, it is stated, did he ever forgive it. Proof so circumstantially and inferentially overwhelming, could not be parried.

MANY a parent will feel these simple lines; feel them, the mother, as only a mother *can* feel, when she encounters some little object that was cherished by her departed child; a little shoe, a broken doll, a set of tiny tea-things; a little rocking-horse, or juvenile play-thing:

"Oh we shall mourn him long, and miss  
His ready smile, his ready kiss;  
The patter of his little feet,  
Sweet frowns, and stammered phrases sweet.

"And graver looks, serene and high,  
A light of Heaven in that young eye;  
All these will haunt us, till the heart  
Shall ache—and ache—and tears shall start."

And apropos of children: would not many a bitter thought be spared to surviving parents—many a pang arising from errors past and irretrievable—if more consideration were yielded to their little wants, their little weaknesses, their little faults, if need be, while living? On this point a correspondent will be permitted briefly to speak in some early number of the "Drawer."

THE following epitaph was copied by an American traveler from an old tomb-stone at Oakham, in Surrey, England.

"The Lord was good—I was lopping off wood,  
And down fell from the tree;  
I met with a check, and I broke my neck,  
And so Death lopped off me."

## Literary Notices.

*German Lyrics*, by CHARLES T. BROOKS. (Published by Ticknor, Reed, and Fields.) The selections, of which this volume consists, are, to a very considerable extent, taken from the productions of Anastasius Grün, the *nom de plume* of Count von Auersberg, a Viennese poet, whose writings have hitherto been little known to the students of German literature in this country. His spirited and original verses are rendered with remarkable success by the present translator. Favorite pieces are also given from Uhland, Rückert, Freiligrath, Gellert, Claudius, and a variety of others, who may be regarded as the minor poets of Germany. Mr. Brooks has not entered upon this responsible literary task without conscientious preparation. To a familiar knowledge of the German language, he adds a true sympathy with the peculiar spirit of its most characteristic poetry, and, with a happy mastery of versification, has reproduced his originals in their native quaintness and simplicity. His volume opens a field of beauty, whose treasures will prove a delightful surprise to many readers, and will be welcomed by all the admirers of natural sentiment and sweet and living fancies.

*The History of the Civil Wars in France*, by LEOPOLD RANKE. A new work by this profound historian will be welcome to every student of European history. The volume now issued by Harper and Brothers is devoted to the civil wars of France during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and throws much light on the events of that important period. Professor Ranke is always discreet and cautious; his principles of historical research are sound; and he never fails to present the subject to which he devotes his attention in a new aspect. The present valuable contribution to historical learning will add to his claims on the gratitude of the scholar.

*Theory of Politics*, by RICHARD HILDRETH. In this volume, Mr. Hildreth engages in a discussion of the foundation of governments, and the causes of political revolutions. It may be regarded as a counterpart to his "History of the United States," unfolding the theoretical principles which, in his view, underlie the progress of social affairs. Eminently acute and subtle—founded on an ingenious and refined analysis—and thoroughly original in their character—the ideas here set forth must attract the attention of thinking men, though, to a great extent, they will provoke controversy rather than secure conviction. The ability with which they are maintained is equal to the boldness of inquiry in which they had their birth, the author never shrinking from the conclusions to which he is led by a stringent logic, and never failing to give them the most vigorous defense of which they are susceptible. (Published by Harper and Brothers.)

*Old New York; or Democracy in 1689*, is the title of a tragedy by MRS. E. OAKES SMITH, founded on the memorable political episode in the history of New York, in which Jacob Leisler is placed at the head of affairs, by the spontaneous action of the people, in defiance of the constituted authorities of England. The author has clothed the materials furnished by the imperfect annals of the day, with a veil of romance, which reflects great credit on her constructive power and her facility and strength of expression. The plot is high-wrought, dealing in the darker elements of passion, and upholding the sentiment of remorse, in intense contrast with that

of love and patriotic devotion, which forms a leading feature of the play. In the conception of the persons of the drama, the author has drawn largely upon her imagination, though without violating the probabilities of history. Her language is terse and vigorous, marked by great poetic beauty, and well adapted for dramatic effect. In the general character of the play may be detected the same qualities for which the writings of Mrs. Oakes Smith are usually distinguished—earnestness of thought, strong individuality of feeling, a cast of expression not distinctively feminine, and a persistent self-reliance, which finds its law in interior suggestions, rather than in popular tastes and opinions. The tragedy is intended for representation on the stage, and whatever fate awaits it from the precarious verdict of a theatrical audience, it will increase the already high reputation of the author as one of the most gifted female writers of this country. (Published by Stringer and Townsend.)

A new volume of JACOB ABBOTT'S popular juvenile series, describing a visit of MARCO PAUL to the Springfield Armory, is published by Harper and Brothers. It contains an interesting account of the various processes in the manufacture of muskets at that establishment, with incidental notices of many objects of curiosity to the traveler on Connecticut River. The flowing style of this volume, as well as the multiplicity of facts which it sets forth, makes it one of the most appropriate works of the season for juvenile readers.

Murphy and Co., Baltimore, have issued an edition of *An Introduction to the Sacred Scriptures*, by the Rev. JOSEPH DIXON, now Primate of Ireland. The work is intended to present a popular view of Biblical Literature according to the doctrines of the Roman Catholic Church. The quarter from which it comes, and the unmistakable ability and erudition which it displays, will make it a standard authority among those for whose use it was intended.

A new serial, which bids fair to meet with popular success, has been started by Hermann J. Meyer, an enterprising German publisher in this city. It is called *The United States Illustrated*, and is to consist of views of American scenery, from original drawings by eminent artists. The principal editor is Mr. CHARLES A. DANA, who will be assisted in the preparation of the work by many of the most distinguished writers in the country.

*The Rum Plague*, translated from the German of ZSCHOKKE, is a powerful temperance story, showing in an original and impressive manner the inevitable evils arising from the use of alcoholic beverages. (Published by John S. Taylor.)

A collection of *Illustrated Memoirs*, by CHARLES C. SAVAGE, is published by Rufus Blanchard, comprising notices of a great number of distinguished individuals of all ages and countries. As a work of popular reference, it can not fail to command an extensive circulation.

*The Boyhood of Great Men* is the title of a valuable reprint by Harper and Brothers, giving brief sketches of the early career of those who have sought their way to eminence and distinction in the various walks of life. It embraces a noble company of poets, historians, statesmen, men of science, artists, and scholars of different nations. Among the great names which it commemorates, we find those of Sir Walter Scott, Daniel Webster, Dr. Johnson, Sir Isaac Newton, Sir William Jones, Dr. Arnold, Audubon, and