

hand of the Sieur V——. She received, rolled up, in a rich cashmere of India, the old, and the loving Follette, who had cost her so many tears, and all remembrance of the dead Duhamel!

### Editor's Drawer.

NOW it is the "wild and stormy month of March;" now, in the great and wide city, do the fitful winds, snow or sleet-laden, howl in fitful gusts along the comfortless streets. Now do loose and clattering window-shutters "bang" in the night-watches; and night-capped heads are thrust out to see "what is the matter;" now, in the thoroughfares, do little dogs, with bushy tails, make marvelous head-way. Now do pedestrians find their hats suddenly lifted from their heads, and borne away upon the invisible "wings of the wind;" now rolling in the gutter, now crossing the street, now crushed beneath the feet of gallivanting steeds, and now at last reclaimed—"a shocking bad hat," while the owner hesitates long whether or no he shall crown his occiput with it. Also there is laughter heard all around him, and little boys taunt the unfortunate loser, but commend his "running." Now do poor naked wretches cower in desolate tenements, and inly ruminate their coming sorrow, when even the elements have become their enemies.

Now, in the country, are the farmers, boys and men, getting ready for "spring work." Now are the "sap-buckets" taken from the garret and got ready for the delicious juice of the sweet sugar-maple; now is the smell of red cedar "spouts" through which the nectar is to distill into the "bucket," the stone-trough, and the potash kettle, when boiling, foaming, rising and sinking, the compound "stands at last confessed," Maple Sugar in the Grain. Now the thin blue spiral smoke-column rises over the reddening woods, and many a night-gathering is there before the blazing "sugar-fires," in comfortable wigwags, with odorous clean straw upon the "ground"-floors. Now red-hot coals are "sponked" upon green maple logs, and the naked forest resounds with cannon-like reports, and the ringing laughter of honest, careless hearts. Now the willow-basket of apples stands in the corner of the great kitchen fire-place, and a pitcher of sweet cider keeps it company; and the boys are cracking and munching the rich brown butternuts, by way of variety. Now we will close this reminiscence of city and country life. Now we will stop.

THAT was not a bad reply that was made by an old and very able New England preacher to a very young and inexperienced clergyman who had just been remarking that he could write a sermon every day in the week, and "make *nothing* of it."

"So can I," said the elder preacher; "but I don't want to make *nothing* of my sermons; I want to have *something* in them; something that I feel, and that I wish my congregation to feel likewise."

This reminds us of a colloquy between two parishioners of a certain church in a flourishing town in New England:

"Which do you like best to hear preach—Mr. C—— or Mr. D——?"

"Why," replied the other, "I like Mr. D—— best."

"Why so?"

"Because I don't like *any* preacher of their stamp; and Mr. D—— comes the nearest to *nothing* of any man that I ever heard!"

THOSE persons who lived in Providence, Rhode Island, some twenty years ago, will remember an exemplary but somewhat eccentric grocer, whose advertisements in the public journals were oftentimes of the most amusing description. Many of these, we remember, were at the time copied all over the States, and were wont to excite a great deal of merriment.

It is this tradesman, there is reason to believe, of whom the following circumstance is related:

"A layman in Providence, Rhode Island, who occasionally exhorted at evening meetings, thus expressed his belief in some doctrinal position he was assuming:

"I am just as confident, brethren, that this is true, as I am that there is flour in Alexandria; and *that* I know for certain; for I yesterday received from there a lot of three hundred barrels of fresh superfine, which I will dispose of as low as any person in town!"

This may probably remind the reader of an inscription on one of the tomb-stones in the cemetery of *Père la Chaise*, at Paris:

"Here rests the body of Antoine ——, aged," etc. "His disconsolate widow still keeps the shop Number Sixteen Rue Vivienne, where may be found a large and select assortment of gloves, hosiery, etc.!"

WE know not whom to credit with the following sketch of "*An Unfaithful Husband Done For*," but it is too good an instance of just retribution, not to find a place in "The Drawer."

"A lady at San Francisco, on the morning of the sailing of one of the Pacific steamers, was quietly seated, reading over the list of those persons who had entered their names as passengers, when she suddenly laid down the paper, and exclaimed:

"Can I believe my eyes!—why, my husband is a passenger here!"

"She was right. Her husband's trunk had been carefully packed; he had informed her that he was 'obliged to go to Sacramento on business, which would detain him a few days;' and she saw the whole game at a glance. He was about to desert her—to return to New York—and to leave her destitute in a land of strangers.

"Startled as well as convinced by the truth thus made manifest to her, she concluded to open the trunks of her husband, which he had left word would be sent for, which she at once proceeded to do. In them she found eight thousand dollars in hard cash, this she divided, taking three thousand herself, and leaving five thousand dollars (her woman's generosity declining the 'lion's share'), locking the trunks as before she found them.

"In due time the 'affectionate' husband came back to the house, accompanied by a porter, bade his wife good-by with many tokens of endearment; bade her not be down-hearted, for he should be back in four or five days; little suspecting all this while, that his wife was not only perfectly cognizant of his villainy, but that, out of his abundance, she had amply supplied herself with means to return to her friends; having the good sense to perceive that a husband who would once have deserted her could never thereafter deserve or receive her confidence.

"The husband left, went on board the steamer, and while on his way to New York learned for the first time that at least one unfaithful husband had been most justly 'taken in and done for!"

"THE following is narrated "of an old physician in a certain town, which shall be nameless," which

seems to be rather indefinite of the *locality* of the anecdote, whatever it may be of the *fact* recorded :

"Dr. — was very much annoyed by an old lady 'in his beat,' who was always seen to accost him, with great pertinacity, in the street, and entertain him with a long story of her ailments, real or imaginary. On one occasion she met him in the street when he was in an exceeding great hurry, and began to go over the old story :

"Oh, ay ; I see ; you are quite feeble," said the doctor. 'Now, if you please, shut your eyes and show me your tongue !'

"The old lady, who was slightly deaf, among her other grievances, followed the doctor's directions, while he, quietly moving off, left her standing in that ridiculous position, to the great diversion of all the passers-by who witnessed the amusing scene.

LET those young men who are approaching (or those, more mature, who have reached) the top of the hill of life, ponder upon the words which follow :

"We love the man or the woman who looks reverently upon those whose steps are fast going down to the grave. Young people too often shun the aged, as though their unavoidable infirmities were contagious. Old hearts are grieved, and weep in secret at such treatment. They themselves cling fondly to the young, and feel quickly the kindly tone or the helping hand. The old man's mind has garnered a good store of observation and experience, and he is always happy to impart it to others. His heart responds quickly to the voice of youth, and the dim eye kindles with a renewed light as he talks of the Past.

"We love the old man or woman. They are but a little way before us in the onward march of life. A few brief years, at most, and *we*, if our lives are spared, shall stand, as *they* stand, in the dim twilight of two worlds. Do the young ever think of this? Do they ever dream that years will steal upon *them*, until their black locks are gray, and their now strong limbs shrunken and tremulous? Does the spring-time of years last to the journey's end? Is there no autumn?—no cheerless winter? Yes, young man—young maiden—*you* too are growing old! You would not wish to be shunned because Time had carried *you* into the 'sere, the yellow leaf' of earthly existence.

"Shun not, then, the old. It is painful to witness such neglect of that veneration and respect to those who, like ripened shocks of grain are awaiting the harvest of death :

"Speak gently to the aged one,  
Grieve not the care-worn heart!  
The sands of life are well-nigh run—  
Let such in peace depart!"

"Pity old age, within whose silver hairs honor and reverence evermore have reigned! Think how soon you may be called to say, in the pathetic and touching language of the poet SOUTHEY :

"My hopes are with THE DEAD ; anon  
My place with them will be,  
And I with them shall travel on,  
To all eternity:  
Yet leaving here a name, I trust,  
That shall not perish in the dust."

But "the memory of the wicked" we are told, "shall perish;" and is it *less* than wickedness to fail to do honor and reverence to the sorrows and infirmities of Age?

THE spelling of the following—which is not excelled by any thing in Thackeray's "Yellowplush

Papers" for condensation and pungency—is the least of its amusing attractions. This "*Kard of Job Sass*," written some months since to the editor of the Boston Herald, is not without a sly satire on its *subject*, which will scarcely fail to be appreciated :

Job Sass of wallpole (But residing Now at The phoenix tarvern in deadham)—Presents his thanks to The follerin Societies & parsonages therein named For favurs received On His late tower tu Boston, to wit :

tu konducktur boyd on The Raleroad. i shant forgit his kindness For 1 month Or 6 weeks tu kum. i think i Never see such A perlite man. his attenshuns displayed tu parsengers—Of high degree and Low—wun my univarsal Approbashun. mister boyd is A man arter my own Hart.

tu the Keeper of the bite tarvern. his attenshuns Will be held In everlastin remembrance. he is well kalkulated to Keep that tarvern—I of the Fust Class as i heer Tell. "suksess tu The Bite Tarvern!" will bee my dyin mottoe.

tu the Appul wumon On the kornor of State street—for Her civilities while i Stood a Eatin a pint of chessnuts in frunt of Her stand. her konversyshun Was truly agreeabel. she is ably kalkulated to Raise my Expectashuns on Wumon.

tu mistur Kimball of The Museum. he invited Me tu see the kongaroos & Katamounts—stuffed elephants & Rhinazorees. awl free Of charge. wich i akordinly Did.

tu the editur Of the boston Herald—for allowin Me tu sit In His sanekturn Sanekturnum a readin The papurs of The Day without interrupshun for 4 Hours runnin. wen he Meets me at hum i Will try to Return the kompliment.

tu the Owners Of the exchange Koffee Howse for privilege Of a Cheer wile takin A morning siesty (so kalled). i Shall not soon forget their unblemished civility.

tu the Parson & proprieturs of the Stone church in summer street—for a Chance to promenard Up & Down the broad lle of the same on Sunday last—in sarch Of a seat—without bein molested. & tu The saxon Of the same for An offer of a Free seat in the garret.

tu konductur hawkins on the raleroad for special Priviliges on my Return. i telled him i hadn't Got but 16 coppurs Left on my Expenses Of the Tower—and the Fare was 25—but He lett me parse tu The detriment of 9 cents tu The Raleroad. i wud Rekommend mistur charles hawkins tu The travellin Komunity as A man who Knows at a Glance who's who—and who Aint.

tu mistur Farrington for an eskort in His Karriage from depot tu Tarvern.

tu mistur howe & Boarders for Hart-felt Welkome on the Pizarra of the phenix. their bowin & Shakin of hands was exhilliratin, & i was kind o' glad i Had got back.

Witness my hand, Job Sass.  
N.B. publish in 1 paper, inside thereof, & forrid Bill tu phoenix tarvern—postage Paid.

THE following incident, connected with the death of our late illustrious statesman, DANIEL WEBSTER, will possess interest at this time for all readers :

A few days before his death, he wished to leave his chamber once more, and look upon the little paradise which his taste had adorned about his mansion. He dressed himself with care, was aided to descend, and walked about his house, and, finally, to his library.

During the previous night there had been a severe gale, and he expressed solicitude for the safety of the fishermen off the coast. As he looked from one of the back-windows of his library, his eye rested upon some pleasure-boats that were moored at a little mound in an artificial pond, in the rear of his house.

"Well," said he, "the *Home Squadron* is safe : I think I will go back !"

This pleasant playfulness of remark was a common characteristic of Mr. Webster, and was, unquestionably, one of the many causes of his popularity among those who loved him the best, and had known him the longest.

A PLEASANT political wag in Albany is in the habit of mentioning the odd manner in which he once secured an unanimous vote for a Presidential candidate, while journeying (or, perhaps, "*voyaging*") would be a better term, although canal-traveling is very amphibious locomotion, at best) on the Erie Canal. The way of it was this:

He was traveling with a large party, in high political times, on the deck of a canal-packet, with a great number of heated politicians; among whom an animated discussion had been going on for some time, relative to the comparative merits of the opposing candidates. At length, it was proposed to "take the sense," as it is called, of the passengers, all of whom were promenading on the deck, it being about sunset, of a pleasant autumnal day, while the cabin was hotter than a furnace seven times heated.

Silence, at length, was called, and the question stated. The proposer had chosen a good time, for the boat was approaching a low bridge, and the steersman called out, as usual—

"Bridge! Bridge!"

But the people, anxious to take the vote, didn't think of any thing else but the "question," until the proposer roared out:

"All those in favor of Martin Van Buren for President of the United States, *stoop down*: all those contrary-minded, stand erect!"

The boat had just reached the bridge, and every man dropped as if he had been shot.

"It's an unanimous vote!" exclaimed the proposer, amid the laughs and cheers of even those who would have been far from swelling the same vote under less compulsory circumstances.

WE forget who it is that mentions the fact—but we have no doubt of its authenticity—that when the flag of the "*Victory*" was to be buried with Nelson, the sailors, when it was lowering into the grave, tore it in pieces to keep as relics.

Now this act, performed by any other persons, would have been very properly considered a gross outrage; but it was the *motive* which justified the act.

And this reminds us of a very odd circumstance that occurred soon after the great battle of Waterloo. At the time there was a magnificent representation of that renowned contest at one of the great theatres of London. So bitter was the general hatred of the British toward the French, that it was found, by the managers of the theatre, an exceedingly difficult thing to procure the necessary number of English supernumeraries to represent, even in a play, the French troops upon the stage, although double pay was offered for the performance of that branch in the theatrical military service.

However, the necessary Gallic army was obtained, and they went through the preparatory exercises, for several days, with exemplary order and discipline.

At length, the final rehearsal took place, and every thing promised fair for a gorgeous display of the great battle. But the following "talk" among the *in-*"subordinates" of the *British* army, gave the managers to understand what was to be expected when the troops came into action:

"I say, Bill, are you goin' to let them bloody Frenchmen make us beat a retreat? Are you goin' to run for a slab-sided, mustached Parley-voo?"

"Hush!" replied Bill; "say nothin' about it now: let's retreat at this last rehearsal: nobody'll see us run, don't you see? But, *to-night*, when the reg'lar thing's under way, let us stand our ground, and run the whole gang of frog-eating rascals off the stage!"

And although, as we have said, the plan was overheard, and all precautions taken against its execution, it was carried out to the letter in the evening. The entire French army—horse, foot, and dragoons—were driven either off the stage, at the "wings," or into the pit—and the British, without even the first repulse, retained possession of the hard-fought field!

A LATE writer supposes—plausibly enough, it seems to us—that the "indifference to danger," which most people exhibit on board steamboats, springs from the commonplace look that every thing wears. "Who ever believes," says he, "that a thousand horses are tugging to get out of a boiler, when he sees this immense power kept in subjection by a knock-kneed man in a paper hat and ill-reaped chin?"

Speaking of steamboats and "indifference to danger," isn't it sometimes the case that passengers themselves are a little at fault? Do you know of any man that doesn't rather look down upon passengers sailing in a boat somewhat smaller and slower than the one on which he may happen to be traveling? And don't such people have a good deal to do, oftentimes, in encouraging a spirit of racing on the part of the captain and officers of the boat?

There was a very amusing remark made upon this subject many years ago, by a venerable Quaker of Rhode Island. The old steamboats President and Franklin (if we recollect aright), were trying their speed one pleasant day through Long Island Sound. The deck was full of little groups of passengers, carefully watching the comparative progress of the two boats, and discussing their several chances of beating; confirming and strengthening each other's opinions, &c.

At length, an eager listener addressed our staid "Friend," the Quaker aforesaid, with:

"Mr. Brown, do you think the President has gained any on the Franklin within the last fifty miles?"

"Well, I do not *know*," replied Broadbrim, "and I should not be willing to express a decided opinion; but I should *think* she had."

"How much, Mr. Brown? how *much* should you think she had gained—in your *opinion*?" pursued the eager questioner.

"I don't know that I could approach the exact distance, but I should think—*about an inch*!"

A roar of laughter burst from all within hearing of this reply; but the speaker himself turned away, without the least semblance of a smile upon any lineament of his countenance!

Is it not a little remarkable that so many men, (and sometimes women, although it seems to us not half so often), should sit deliberately down, and with "murder aforethought" write on paper, and afterward send to the printers, and read the proof, matter which they fondly think to be "poetry," but which is of a kind that "neither gods nor men permit," and that not one man or woman out of five thousand would ever think of reading? But this fact doesn't stop the writing of such "poetry" in any degree; for the writers *would* write if they were the only readers in the world. Look at the following, for example; a passage from a long poem in a *book* not long since published in this country. We think the "least said about it the better," and as to the author, "let his name rest in the shade:"

"O those gloomy thoughts  
You may drive away and  
Think no more of sight.  
Only look on that black

Eyed dame, who is on that  
Noble floor. None  
In the giddy dance—  
Her cheeks as fair as  
The blooming rose in  
The morn of life. O with  
Her in your embrace, O  
How can you think of  
Aught but happiness.  
O when I have ever  
In this condition been  
Roving on the Eastern cliff,  
Not a thought of horror  
But eternal mirth.”

“It is more  
Than kind, for you  
Do them honor and yourself  
Dishonor, or the truth  
In part you have  
Spoken, in part with  
You coincide. I had  
Rather die than live,  
Than be compelled to  
Inhale the atmosphere that  
Bears resemblance to  
These fools around us.”

And so on and on, through thirty or forty pages.  
*Jam satis!*

WE have spoken elsewhere of the duty which the young owe to the aged; let us now hear, in the language of one who wrote wisely and well, what is due from Age to Youth, as well as from age to itself:

“Let us pray ever,” that as we still move on in life, traveling, as of necessity we must gradually, and imperceptibly, day by day, farther from the freshness, the joyousness, and the romantic ardor of our youth, that we may be privileged to carry with us the remembrance at least, if not a single vestige, of our bright experience; so shall we be blessings to the young; neither churlish nor discontented ourselves, nor a source of uneasiness to others. Let us bear in our years that knowledge of our youth that will suffice to save the elder from becoming the envious of the young; for what is that incessant evil-eying of the amusements of early life—those surly, fretful, and over-hasty complainings at its pleasures—but envy, the most malignant, the most odious, and the most unprofitable? Yes, let us pray that our sunset may be streaked with the memories and shadows only of the brilliant dawn.”

THE learned Dr. FRANCIS once made himself “memorable” by a remark which he made in a Homœopathic discussion; namely, the boiling of the shadow of a pigeon in a bottle of water, and dividing the fluid into infinitesimal quantities, and administering this powerful “concentrated medicine to the patient once every six months,” at night, before going to bed.

Something like this, “in substance,” is the novel idea of a certain Yankee “down East” who has invented “*A New and Cheap Plan for Boarding*.” One of the boarders mesmerizes the rest, and then eats a hearty meal; the mesmerized, meanwhile, being entirely satisfied from “sympathy,” which is the basis of the theory. One of the boarders, however, having recovered, mesmerized the landlady once a day, and endeavored to settle for the whole company by paying for one—but that plan wouldn’t work.

SOME modern American author has “shown up” the ridiculousness of many of the names of towns

and counties in this country. In an Eastern State, he passed through “South Smith,” “Smith’s Corner,” and “North Smith.”

“Why were these so called?” asked the traveler of the driver.

“From one of the heroes of the war,” answered the Jehu, “who shot a man, or a man shot him—I don’t know which!”

“A town would sometimes be thus descripted: ‘Lafayette,’ ‘Lafayette Centre,’ ‘Lafayette Bridge,’ ‘Lafayette Ferry,’ ‘Lafayette Cross-Roads’ and ‘Lafayette Corners.’ One town had eight corners, and these not on its edge but in its middle.

All this seems foolish enough; but it is scarcely less ridiculous than the substitution of classical names for the sweet-sounding Indian and other names, in two adjoining counties of our own State: “Dryden,” “Homer,” “Tully,” “Pompey,” “Camillus,” “Marcellus,” “Cicero,” “Cato,” “Lysander,” and the like. This selection of names for towns arose from the classical tastes of the original Surveyor-General of the State, who meant to leave a memorial of them behind him. It is a gratifying thing, however, that many of the most beautiful Indian names of rivers, lakes, and towns in the State have been preserved.

HERE is a graphic sketch of “*Holiday Love-Making*” in the streets of Gotham:

“I was amused, during my walk down to the Battery, by an instance of street love-making in the lower walks of life. The parties were evidently fellow-servants in some family in town—probably the chamber-maid and head-waiter. They had been to Hoboken, and I suppose had concluded to finish their holiday by a stroll upon the Battery. They were walking slowly along, hand in hand, swinging them thus united, as you have seen two loving school-boys, during their truant rambles. John had most likely asked Susan to marry him next Sunday: to which Susan, with proper maidenly reluctance, answered:

“O, no!—not so soon.”

“O, yes!” earnestly responded John.

“O, no!” faintly repeated Susan.

“O, yes!” again repeated John.

“O, no!” was the reply. “O, yes!”

“O, no!” “O, yes!” “O, no!” and thus, unmindful of every thing around them, “the world forgetting,” but not by “the world forgot,” they “dawdled” down the street, repeating the foregoing words, the articulation of them at each step becoming more and more indistinct, until it dwindled into a gentle sigh, on the part of Miss Susan, and a deep guttural sound on the part of the loving and ardent John.”

AN English wag thus writes off a “*Scene in a Western Editor’s sanctum, in the United States*.”

“The following affair is said to have ‘come off’ somewhere ‘out West’ lately.

“Editor in his sanctum, discovered writing: a six-foot customer approaches, with a newspaper in his hand.

“VISITOR (pointing out a particular article).—

‘Look here, Mister; did you write that?’

“EDITOR.—‘I expect I did.’

“VISITOR (laying off his coat).—‘Well, I’m going to whip you; so you’d better peel.’

“EDITOR.—‘Indeed! but I prefer *not* being whipped.’

“VISITOR.—‘Can’t help it: got to do it: better be pullin’ off your coat.’



"EDITOR (drawing a six-shooter).—"Thank you, sir; but I believe I'll keep my coat on!"

"VISITOR.—"What! you're not goin' to use that shootin'-iron, are you?"

"EDITOR.—"Not unless you render it necessary."

"VISITOR.—"Now, see here; that ain't gentlemanly. Just lay that thing aside, and let us take it out in a way that's becoming."

"EDITOR.—"Sorry not to be able to oblige you; but I can't do it, positively."

"VISITOR (putting on his coat, and backing out).—"Well, if you are *that* sort of a fellow, I want nothin' to do with you: you are beneath the notice of a respectable citizen."

There is a good deal of exaggeration, of course, in this cockney sketch; and yet scenes not in all respects unlike it have heretofore occurred, we believe, in certain of the chivalric river-towns of the Southwest.

"FRIENDSHIP," says the facetious Dow, Junior, "may sometimes be termed a *fledgeling of Love*, to turn to love itself as soon as it is able to fly. Then it is no longer Friendship, but Love—the same as a pollywog ceases to be a tadpole, and turns to a frog, after Time pulls his tail off." There ensue some touching "*Lines by a Bashful Lover*," who never knew that his friendship had changed into love until it was too late to retrieve his error:

"I never spoke to her of love,  
Though summer, fall, and spring;  
I changed my dickey and my boots  
To do that very thing!  
But while I sat (though I went in,  
Resolved to dare my fate,)  
My resolution, with my dog  
Lay shivering at the gate.

"For years her shadow was my light,  
She must have known it all;  
Although I only blushed and sighed,  
And stammered in the hall.  
Once only, 'Dearest, I—,' the blood  
Ran crimson to her cheek:  
My heart lay beating on my tongue—  
'Twas all I dared to speak!

"She read the meaning of my flowers,  
She treasured all my rhymes;  
'Faint heart ne'er won,' upon the snow  
She wrote a hundred times:  
And in the silver sand she'd try  
To make me rhyme her 'dove,'  
But stupid! I, with all her help,  
Would never write my 'love.'

"I never spoke to her of love,  
My tongue failed at the start,  
And so I lived to vow I would,  
And blame my chicken-heart.  
One steady pulse, one grasp of pluck,  
To nerve my quickening flame,  
And I had bravely spoken out—  
Alas! they never came!

"One fierce and desperate effort!  
It ended in a cough:  
The words were burning on my tongue,  
But I could not get 'em off!  
I never spoke to her of love,  
But another fellow *did*!  
He call'd, one lucky night for him,  
And did the thing, and 'slid'!"

HERE is a fair hit, by an American editor, at a certain affectation of avoidance of common terms in conversation:

"Names do make a difference in things, no doubt. At least most people think so, and act in accordance

with the supposition. Certain defects and diseases have been rendered 'quite genteel' for a time, by dint of elegant names. Even a 'cold in the head,' the most provoking and vulgar disorder possible to honest people, can be dignified and palliated a little by calling it an '*influenza*.'

"We once called upon a gentleman and his wife—the former a plain, blunt man, the latter a 'genteel,' affected woman—and both thoroughly sick with a 'cold in the head.' The man was taking it naturally and hard. The woman was dressed in rather a showy, carefully-made *deshabille*, and was clearly doing her best to make a handsome thing of her uncomfortable situation.

"And how is Madame to-day?" said we, addressing the lady.

"Oh, shockingly ill!" she replied, trying to look interesting, in spite of her swollen eyes and red nose: "I am afflicted with the per-re-vailing *id'nflued'nzah*."

"She pronounced the last word as if she were establishing the character of a fashionable woman by her elegant manner of having the '*id'nflued'n-zah*'"

"And you are sick too?" said we, addressing the husband.

"Yes, sir," said he, with honest emphasis—"yes, sir; I'm having this confounded *horse-distemper* that's round here!"

THE following lines were written and posted upon a tree at the entrance of a swampy "corduroy" road:

"The road is not passable,  
Not even jackass-able;  
When that you travel,  
Pray take your own gravel."

"Coal is coal now," said a city coal-merchant to a man who was remonstrating with him upon its high price.

"I am glad of that," replied the other, "for the last lot you sold me was half of it stone!"

"How is coal now?" inquired a gentleman of an Irishman, who was "dumping" a load in the street.

"Black as ever!" responded Pat.

#### CONTRIBUTIONS TO OUR DRAWER.

A FRENCH lawyer residing at the town of Mende, while searching in the library of La Ferté Saint Aubin, discovered an old book, entitled, "*Questions d'Avenir*," by Galaos, a monk of the Abbey of Saint Benoit-sur-Loire. From this book are taken the following figures, which constitute a numerical prediction:

12-15-22-9-19—14-1-16-15-12-5-15-14—  
2-21-15-14-1-16-1-18-20-5—18-5-16-18-5-19-5-14-20-1-14-20—  
4-21—16-5-21-16-12-5-4-5-4-9-23—  
4-5-16-1-18-20-5-13-5-14-20-19—19-5-18-1—  
16-18-5-19-9-4-5-14-20—4-5—18-5-16-21-2-12-9-17-21-5—  
6-18-1-14-3-1-9-19-5—9-14-4-9-22-9-19-9-2-12-5—16-1-18—  
12-5—19-21-6-6-18-1-7-5—21-14-9-22-5-18-19-5-12—  
22-5-18-19—12-5—4-9-23—14-5-21-22-9-5-13-5—  
19-9-5-3-12-5.

By taking each of the preceding figures as a letter, 1 as a, 2 as b, 12 as l, and so on, we find the following sentence—*Louis Napoléon Buonaparte, représentant du peuple de dix départements, sera président de République Française, indivisible, démocratique, par le suffrage universel, vers le dix neuvième siècle*, which translated into English is—"Louis Napoleon Buonaparte, representative of the people from ten departments, will be president of the French Republic, indivisible, democratic, by universal suffrage, about the nineteenth century."

The addition of all the figures representing letters of every word gives the following numbers :

Louis	77	Brought forward	1086
Napoléon	92	indivisible	114
Buonaparte	113	démocratique	131
représentant	155	par	35
du	25	le	17
peuple	75	suffrage	73
de	9	universel	128
dix	36	vers	64
départements	140	le	17
sera	43	dix	36
président	110	neuvième	94
de	9	siècle	53
République	126		
Française	76		1848

As will be seen, the total of these figures makes exactly 1848, the year of his election.

SPIRITUAL intercourse (so called) has become a fashionable amusement in up-town circles. It has got to be quite the rage to unite a select party of friends to witness the supernatural dancing of chairs and tables. These pretended phenomena are not paraded before the public credulity for the first time. Madame Elizabeth the sister of Louis XVI., in a letter written in June, 1788, to her friend Madame de Raigecourt, stated that for some time previous the most unaccountable phenomena had been taking place in the palace of Versailles. "The doors open and close by themselves; the pictures move without any human agency; the queen who is by no superstitious or timorous, was very much frightened a week or two ago, while she was alone in her chamber—all the various articles of furniture in the room began to move about. The same thing happened at the same hour in the king's apartments. I confess that all these singular events sadden and alarm me. Does not heaven forewarn us by these miracles that something dreadful is about to happen to the kingdom of France and the house of Bourbon?"

AN egotistical friend of ours—who believes himself at the same time the centre, the object and the cause of every thing that exists, and every thing that takes place, said to us the other day: "It is only to me that such misfortunes happen!"

"What is the matter?" we asked.

"Don't you see that it is raining," he answered.

SOME one remarked to us last summer. "At this season of the year, there is one thing which the least observant mind can not fail to notice. I mean, that female modesty is very much a matter of habit, fashion, and convention.

"We have here at New York, at the Battery, floating baths, very much resorted to by ladies and young girls who learn to swim there. Their costume is precisely the same as that worn at Newport and Rockaway. Upon no pretext is a father permitted to enter the establishment with his daughter, or a husband with his wife. A man who should dare to show his nose there, would be greeted with any thing but cordiality by the assembled naiads.

"But at the watering places it is different. At Newport, for example, the ladies bathe full well with the gentlemen, and no one takes offense at it."

The above was listened to by us with all proper indignation, and although we perfectly perceived the point of our friend's charge, we determined to refute him, which we did in the following terms:

You have undoubtedly heard the story of the Christian Virgin, who cut her nose off in order to escape the importunities of a Roman proconsul.

Well, you can see at Newport, Rockaway, Cape May, Rye Beach, and various other places, hundreds of women who follow this boasted example twice a day.

With their bathing costume, their jackets, pantaloons, and oiled-silks, they look like a crowd of dripping monkeys gambling on the beach.

Obliged to bathe among the men, they have ingeniously adopted the plan of making themselves as ugly as possible.

My adversary withdrew crestfallen, and I have prided myself, from that day forth, not a little upon my successful defense of the fair sex.

THE following affair occurred at Paris two or three years ago. A gentleman well known in the political world went one evening to the theatre of the Variétés on the Boulevard. As he was leaving, after the performance was over, a man whom he did not know, but who had evidently been dining out, trod upon his toes several times.

Mr. — became angry, and after some not particularly complimentary words, they exchanged cards.

The next morning Mr. — went to the residence of a friend, related his adventure to him, and placed his adversary's card in his hand, begging him to make the necessary arrangements.

"What is the appearance of this person?" asked the friend.

"He is stout and short, with light whiskers."

In about an hour the friend returned.

"Well?"

"The arrangements are made."

"What are they?"

"Pistols—at ten paces."

"What! was there no other way of settling it?"

"None. I arrived at the enemy's house—he was expecting me, for he opened the door himself. 'Sir,' I said to him, 'are you Monsieur de C—?'"

"Yes, sir."

"I came from —."

"I understand, sir. In reference to the quarrel at the Variétés?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, sir! what arms does your friend prefer?"

"But, sir, it appears to me that—"

"Impossible, sir! Your friend behaved in such a manner that I would accept no apologies."

"Of course I answered that I was not instructed to make any."

"Well?"

"Well, as I was just saying—at Vincennes—pistols and ten paces."

"This is very disagreeable."

"Yes, it certainly is; but it seems to me that you must have been very rude."

"Are you mad? He trod upon my foot, and told me that if I did not like it, he would give me satisfaction."

"My poor friend! your memory deceives you. Monsieur de C— has just been telling me the same story—only reversing the parties."

"I give you my word—"

"No—we had been dining together—and you do not recollect—"

"But I tell you that it was he who trod upon my foot. I gave him no provocation; I doubt if I should recognize him."

"I should think so. The description which you gave me is no more like him than if you had never seen him. You told me that he was stout and short, with light whiskers; on the contrary, he is tall, thin,

and beardless. Come, his carriage is below—we will follow in mine."

"I must, indeed, have been drinking very deep. Upon my honor, I was unconscious of giving any offense!"

They jump into the carriage and start. It was raining piteously.

They reach Vincennes—the two adversaries are face to face.

"There is some mistake here, gentlemen," said Mr. —; "this is not the person with whom I had a difficulty!"

"Be quiet," said his friend, in his ear; "you had been taking too much wine."

"But," said Monsieur de C—, "this is not the gentleman with whom I exchanged cards last evening!"

"Was it," said Mr. —, "on coming out of the Variétés?"

"No; on going in."

"You are mistaken; it was on coming out."

"No; I say it was on going in."

"Be quiet," repeated Mr. —'s friend; "I tell you that you had taken too much."

"You trod on my foot!" said Monsieur de C—.

"Just the reverse!"

"Excuse me! I am very sure—"

"At any rate, whoever was in the wrong, we have had a quarrel, and we have come to fight. You were certainly the man. Load the pistols, gentlemen! It is very odd; I took you to be much stouter."

"And I supposed you to be infinitely smaller."

"You had been dining out," continued Mr. —, while the distance was being measured.

"I!—on the contrary, I had not dined at all!"

"Gentlemen, take your places," said the seconds.

Mr. —, placed opposite De C—, drew from his waistcoat pocket his adversary's card, and, reading it once more, said: "Fire, Monsieur de C—!"

"No," said Monsieur de C—, "I never fire first: fire yourself, Mr. Leonard."

"Leonard?"

"That is the name upon your card."

"You are mistaken."

"Look for yourself."

"This is not my card. My name is —."

The seconds interfere. "What does all this mean?"

"I certainly, on coming out, exchanged cards with a man who trod upon my foot, and who, in answer to my demand for an explanation, said: 'If you are not satisfied, here is my card!'"

"But," said Monsieur de C—, "this is just what happened to me on going in."

"My man is stout and short, and has light whiskers."

"Mine is stout and short. I did not remark his whiskers."

"He was quite drunk."

"I did not like to say how drunk he was, when I supposed that you were the person."

"It was undoubtedly the same individual."

Explanations followed, which satisfied all that the mysterious Mr. Leonard had first had a quarrel and an exchange of cards with Monsieur de C—, on going into the theatre, and that on going out, he renewed the same scene with Mr. —; but, instead of giving his own card, he had given Monsieur de C—'s, which he had just received.

"It is a mistake," said Mr. —. "But where does he live?"

They examined Mr. Leonard's card—there was no address.

"It is rather an exhibition of good sense," said Monsieur de C—: "he evidently thought that if two men could be found mad enough to take up seriously such a quarrel, it was with one another they ought to fight."

## Literary Notices.

A COMPLETE edition of COLERIDGE'S WORKS is in press by Harper and Brothers, to be comprised in seven handsome duodecimos, and edited by Professor SHEDD. The first volume has been issued, containing *The Aids to Reflection* and *The Statesman's Manual*, with President MARSH'S admirable Preliminary Essay to the former work, and an Introductory Essay to the present edition, on the Philosophy and Theology of Coleridge. In common with the numerous admirers of the genius of Coleridge in this country, we welcome this publication, which embraces the only complete edition of his works in prose and verse, as an important and valuable memorial to the rare gifts of one of the most profound thinkers of the present century. Such an edition has been repeatedly called for by our most intelligent scholars, and we rejoice that their wishes, in this respect, are to be so fully gratified. This is not the place to present a critical estimate of the position of Coleridge as a poet, philosopher, and theologian. Nor is it necessary. His merits as a poet are universally acknowledged by cultivated readers. If he does not claim so lofty a niche as that assigned by common consent to Wordsworth, Byron, or Scott, he fills a sphere of brightness and purity peculiar to himself, and in which he may boldly challenge the pretensions of every rival. As a philosopher and theologian, his claims are clearly

and forcibly stated in the elaborate Introductory Essay prefixed to this edition. Describing his intellectual progress from the early Pantheism, in which he was involved, to the elevated Platonic and Christian Spiritualism, which he subsequently attained, the writer ably discusses the influence exerted on his mind by the philosophers of Germany, candidly points out the defective elements in his system of speculation, but warmly vindicates his title to the character of an orthodox theologian. According to Professor Shedd, the Pantheistic tendencies of Schelling find their most cogent refutation in the teachings of Coleridge, who was himself more fully imbued with the spirit of the Kantian philosophy than of any other modern system. "After all the study and reflection which Coleridge expended upon the systems of speculation that sprang up in Germany after that of Kant, it is very evident that his closest and longest continued study was applied to Kant himself. After all his wide study of philosophy, ancient and modern, the two minds who did most toward the formation of Coleridge's philosophic opinions were Plato and Kant. From the Greek he derived the doctrine of Ideas, and fully sympathized with his warmly-glowing and poetic utterance of philosophic truths. From the German he derived the more strictly scientific part of his system—the fundamental distinctions between the