

shaped triangular bit of rock, a few feet above the surface, on which is sculptured a cross. It is a mark of burial; and within the rock lie entombed, in accordance with his dying wish, the heart and brain of a certain Herr Vogt, who was the chronicler of the Rhine Stories. This is no legend, to be sure; but a strange glimpse of poetic fervor outstretching our lifetime, and clinging to the mountain idols in death. It is certainly a pretty thought, that the waves, whose beauties the poor man doated on, and recorded, should be now paying him back in their own way, with an everlasting lullaby.

"—The word reminds me that the night is waning toward the small hours; though still the 'untired moon' is pouring a silver day upon the river. I wet my wafer in the Rhenish wine, and say,—Adieu."

In England, the public ear has been full of the Eastern alarm, and of the reviews at Chobham, and at Portsmouth. Nor have these last been without their interest even for stranger lookers-on.

The Queen, with her bustling propensities, has recovered from a fit of the measles, in time for two or three reviews at Chobham—for dinner-parties at Windsor, for the naval affair of Portsmouth, and for her *quasi* quietude of Osborne House. There are those who speak disparagingly of the Queen's gadding habit of life, and of the needless public expenditure which it entails; and, if one may judge from the lesser journals, this disposition of talk is on the gain. It is certain that she is determined to exercise all the prerogatives of kingly pleasure which the Lords and Commons have left her; and it is equally certain that she will find, like every other monarch, crowds to flatter and approve her action.

NEARER home the Exhibition is the thing be-talked of: and the various critiques upon statuary and painting are, to say the least, vastly amusing. The "*Times*" (London) has, as might have been expected, made itself clumsily merry upon the matter of our hasty opening; and drawn parallels, very self-laudatory, with the opening of the great Exhibition of London. Meantime, however, it is quite consolatory to think that the British farmers are taking present advantage of McCormick's reaper to gather in their belated harvest: and we may hope, in all compassion, that such grain as may thereby be saved from the weather, will go to feed in better way the hungry mouths of English laborers—if it do not choke the captious grumbling of the journalists.

With Julien's jeweled baton waving in triumph at Castle Garden, we, for the time, scarcely regret that Sontag, and Alboni, and Thillon, and the other operatic warblers are, for us, "mute as the lark ere morning's birth." The theatres, meanwhile, rejoice in fresh paint and marvelous delineators of impossible Irish, Yankee, and Negro character.

For those who seek entertainment through the eye rather than the ear, the "Bryan," the "Rhenish," and the "Düsseldorf" Galleries afford something to study and admire. Panoramas, moreover, stretch their gay length along more walls than one. Foremost among these is that of Niagara, to whose conscientious faithfulness to nature we have more than once borne testimony; the abundant success of which we are glad to chronicle; and for which we venture to predict still wider appreciation, when, some months since, the dwellers by the Thames, the Loire, and the Rhine have opportunity to behold this admirable presentment of our great American cataract.

Editor's Drawer.

WE were a good deal amused the other day, at a circumstance which occurred in one of the cars of the New York and Erie Railroad. It was witnessed by a friend whom no "good thing" ever escapes, and who thus describes it:

"On a seat two or three 'removes' from me, sat a smart Yankee-looking woman, with a dashing new silk gown, and a new bonnet, set jauntily upon her head; and beside her, looking out of the window, and every now and then thrusting out his head, sat a man, of a somewhat foreign air and manner.

"The woman watched him with every appearance of interest, and at last said to him:

"Do you see that hand-bill there, telling you not to put your arms and head out of the car-windows?"

"The man made no reply, save to fix upon the speaker a pair of pale, watery blue eyes; and presently out went his head again, and half his body, from the car-window.

"Do you understand English?" asked the woman.

"Yaw!" was the reply.

"Then why don't you keep your head out of the window?"

"There was no reply, of any kind, to this appeal.

"At length he put out his head a third time, just as the cars were passing a long wooden bridge. The lady started back, and once more exclaimed:

"Do you understand English?"

"Yaw—yaw!"

"Then why don't you keep your head out of the window? Want to get killed?"

"No response. And a fourth time he narrowly escaped 'collusion' with some passing object.

"The woman could 'stand it' no longer: "*Why don't you keep your head out of the window?*" The next thing you know, your head will be smashed into a jelly, and your brains will be all over my new silk dress—that is, if you've got any—and I don't much believe you have!"

"We had all mistaken the object of the woman's solicitude; which at first seemed to be a tender regard for the safety of her fellow-passenger; but when the true motive 'leaked out,' coupled with so very equivocal a compliment to his intelligence, a laugh was heard in the car that drowned the roaring of the wheels."

MORAL lessons, fairy tales, allegories, and other forms of composition have been resorted to, to illustrate the unpeaceful influence of suddenly-acquired wealth upon its "fortunate" possessor; but we never heard the fact more strikingly enforced, than in an account recently published in an English journal, describing the manner in which a gold "nugget," worth some thirty thousand pounds, and now exhibiting in London, was obtained, and the effect that its discovery had upon the finder. After relating how hard they had labored, night and day, to sink a shaft, often interrupted by "caving-in," and rising water from the bottom, the gold-digger proceeds:

"One day 'twas my turn to go down; and in the tunnel, about thirty inches high, and a yard wide, I found some very good 'nuggets;' and when I came up, I said to Jack, in a joke:

"This is the way to get gold: you don't know how to get it."

"I shall find some some day," says he.

"And, sure enough, he hadn't been down long before I heard him laughing like mad, and calling me. I leaned over the shaft, and could hardly speak.

"What is it, Jack?" I said.

"I've found it!" says he, and it's a big 'un!"

"Softly!" I said: 'for God's sake, keep quiet! How big is it?"

"Three or four hundred weight," says he, laughing hysterically again.

"I begged him not to make a noise; and went to call L——, and took him away from all the tents, and told him Jack had found a big nugget, and we must all keep it dark. So I got an old sack, and sent it down the hole; and Jack soon sent it up the hole, with the big lump in it. I slung it over my shoulder, and walked very quiet-like through all the diggers, till I came to our tent, and then I threw it down, on the outside, on the dirt-heap, and went inside, to consider what was best to be done.

"Leaving L—— to watch, I went off to the agent's, a distance of two miles, to ask for protection.

"What do you want protection for?" says he.

"We've found a large nugget, sir," said I.

"How big?" said he—"forty pounds?"

"Twice forty, I think," said I.

"O, you're romancing!" said he.

"But he sent three policemen and a horseman; and just at sunset they slung the sack on a pole, and carried it off to the government-station.

"It was soon all over the 'diggings,' and one man bid two hundred and fifty pounds for the hole out of which we had taken it. But we wanted three hundred. The next morning we went to the Commissioners' to get the gold washed, and weighed; but it was license-day; and there was such a crowd of people that we left off washing it; and when they all went away, we weighed it in an old pair of potato-scales, and found that it weighed *one hundred and thirty-four pounds, eight ounces, avoirdupois!*

"The Commissioners advised us to leave the place as soon as we could—there was so great an excitement about it: and as we went through the 'diggings,' they told us our mates had found another big nugget; but we didn't believe 'em, there's always so many romances flying about there. But we found it was true *this time.*"

What fears, what precautions, what anxiety, the moment this "nugget" was secured! Afraid to take it in, as a treasure; afraid to speak of it—almost afraid to have it in possession! An "enchanted ring," giving to its possessor the power of securing the fruition of every wish, could hardly have been more troublesome than this "lump" of good fortune.

VERY few readers of "The Drawer" but will remember "Professor" Anderson, the adroit trickist, and the skill with which he managed to blind his audiences to the *modus operandi* of his operations, some of which, to say the least, were very remarkable, and past finding out, by the shrewdest and most watchful looker-on. When the "Professor" said, in his peculiar way,

"Would an-ny gentleman aw lady lend me a po'ket-engkerchief?—Thenk-ye!" there was mischief; for thereby hung a "trick" that has hitherto defied solution by the most acute and penetrating observer. But this apart.

There are other "professors," it would seem; and in Europe they abound. Of one of them, a celebrated flute-player, the following amusing anecdote is recorded:

"He advertised a concert for his benefit in a country-town; and in order to attract those who had no music in their souls, and were not moved by concord of sweet sounds, he announced that between the acts he would exhibit an extraordinary feat, and

one never before heard of in Europe. He would "hold in his *left hand* a glass of wine, and would allow six of the strongest men in the town to hold his arm; and notwithstanding all their efforts to prevent him, he would drink the wine!"

So novel and surprising a display of strength, as it was of course naturally enough regarded, attracted a very crowded house. Expectation was on tip-toe, when the "Professor" appeared upon the stage, with a wine-glass, full of wine, in his hand, and in very polite and courteous phrase, invited any half dozen men to come forward, and put his prowess to the test.

Several gentlemen, among whom was the Mayor of the place, immediately advanced to the stage, and grasped the left arm of the "Professor," apparently rendering the performance of his promised feat out of the question.

There was an awful pause for a moment, when the manacled "Professor," eying the gentlemen who had pinioned him, said in broken English:

"Genteel-mens, are you all ready?"

"We are ready!" was the reply, as they grasped still more tightly his left arm.

"Are you quite sure you have got a fast holds?"

The answer having been given in the affirmative, by a very confident nod by those to whom it was addressed, the "Professor," to the infinite amusement of the spectators, and to the no small surprise of the group around him, advancing his *right* arm, which was of course entirely free, very coolly took the wine-glass from his left hand, and bowing very politely to the half-dozen gentlemen who were exhausting their strength upon his left arm, said:

"Genteel-mens, I have the honor to drink all your goot healths!"

At the same moment he quaffed off the wine, amid a general roar of laughter, and universal cries of, "Well done!—well done!"

This is almost equal to the Yankee expedient for "raising the wind" some years ago, in one of our far-western States. The exhibitor had tried various ways of "getting an honest living," as he called it, without hard work. He had toiled for many years on a farm, that yielded a scanty return for the labor bestowed upon it, and all "for the old man;" but becoming heartily tired of this kind of exercise, he determined, as he expressed it, to "leave the old homestead, and *shirk for himself.*"

He first tried clock-peddling; but his instruments—not the best made in the world, probably—were returned back upon his hands, having been only "warranted;" he next essayed school-keeping; but with a praiseworthy frankness, he said he failed in that, "'cause he didn't know enough;" then he tried phrenology, which he explained as a "dreadful *risky* business," bumps was so different on different folks; and (last-but-one-ly) he essayed dentistry; but his "travels" in that humane avocation yielding him but small remuneration, he went into another line. He mingled Phrenology with Zoology!

He gave out that on a certain evening, after his phrenological lecture had been concluded, he would exhibit to the audience two of the most remarkable creatures that had ever been publicly exhibited in any country. They had been caught among the sublime fastnesses of the Rocky Mountains; and were:

First, an animal, known in that remote and seldom-visited region as the "*Prock*," a creature that was only caught (and caught always with the greatest difficulty) on the side of a mountain, along which, and nowhere else, could he graze. He had a short

hind-leg, and a short fore-leg also, for the convenience of browsing on the mountain side, the discrepancy being intended to keep him erect; and the only way in which he could be caught was to "head him" on the side of the mountain, when he would turn suddenly round, and his long legs coming on the uphill side, he would fall down, from lack of underpinning on the lower side, when he at once became an easy prey to the hunter!

The other animal was called the *Guyanosa*; a terrific monster, and very dangerous, caught in one of the wildest passes of the Rocky Mountains, by some forty hunters, who secured him by lassos, after he had been chased for four days. Dangerous as he was, however, the lecturer said, he had been strongly secured with chains, and could be seen without any apprehension on the part of the audience.

The eventful night at length arrived; the phrenological lecture was delivered to a crowded house; and all the spectators were awaiting with breathless expectation the rising of a green baize curtain which had been suspended behind the lecturer, and from whence had come, at different times during the intellectual performance, the most hideous sounds.

Before proceeding to exhibit the animals, the lecturer dwelt at some length upon the characteristics of each; and describing, especially, the ravenous nature of the *Guyanosa*, and his enormous strength. He then retired behind the curtain, to arrange the animals for immediate exhibition.

There was an interval of some five or six minutes, when a great clanking of chains was heard, and a roar, half animal, half human, which shook the whole house. In a moment a shriek, as of one "smit with sudden pain," was heard, and out rushed the exhibitor, his hair erect, his eyes staring from their sockets, and dire terror depicted in every feature:

"Save yourselves! ladies and gentlemen!—save yourselves!" he exclaimed: "the *Guyanosa* has broken loose, and has already killed the *Prock*!"

The house was cleared in two minutes; and, what is remarkable, neither the lecturer, the "*Prock*," nor the "*Guyanosa*" was ever seen in the village afterward.

There were some who doubted whether the strange animals were present at all; but such incredulous persons were answered by hundreds:

"Why, we heard 'em howl, as plain as we hear you speak!"

Of course that settled the question entirely!

WE find this exposition of the value, the merit, almost the piety of "*A Cheerful Heart*," in one of the compartments of "*The Drawer*," and regret that we are not enabled to assign to some noble heart the honor of so true a sentiment:

"I once heard a young lady say to an individual:

"Your countenance to me is like the rising sun; for it always gladdens me with a *cheerful look*."

"A cheerful countenance was one of the things which Jeremy Taylor said his enemies and persecutors could not take from him. There are some persons who spend their lives in this world as they would spend their lives if shut up in a dungeon. Every thing is made gloomy and forbidding. They go mourning and complaining from day to day, that they have so little, and are constantly anxious lest what they have should escape out of their hands. They always look on the dark side, and can never enjoy the good that is present, for fear of the evil that is to come. This is not religion. Religion makes the heart cheerful, and when its large and be-

nevolent principles are exercised, man *will* be happy, in spite of himself.

"The industrious bee does not stop to complain that there are so many poisonous flowers and thorny branches in its road, but goes buzzing on, selecting his honey where he can find it, and passing quietly by the places where it is not. There is enough in this world to complain about, and to find fault with, if men have the disposition. We often travel on a hard, uneven road, but with a cheerful spirit, and a heart to praise God for His mercies, we may walk therein with comfort, and come to the end of our journey in peace."

THERE seems to be good reason for supposing that the man who wrote the following must have experienced "bad luck" in his choice of a wife:

"A man who marries nowadays, marries a great deal more than he bargained for. He not only weds himself to a woman, but to a laboratory of prepared chalk, a quintal of whale-bone, eight coffee-bags (for skirts), four baskets of cheap novels, one poodle-dog, and a set of weak nerves, which will keep four servant-girls busy flying round the house the whole blessed time.

"Whether 'the fun pays for the powder' is a matter of debate."

One would think it was!

WE put the following on record, that when the next steamboat is blown up in our waters, *some* portion of the blame may light upon the shoulders of those who ought at least to assist in bearing it:

"An old lady in Cincinnati had a large quantity of bacon to ship to New Orleans, where she herself was going for supplies. She stipulated with the captain of the steamer that he should have her freight, provided he would not race during the trip. The captain consented, and the old lady came on board.

"After the second day out, another steamboat was seen close a-stern (with which, by-the-by, the captain had been racing all the time), and would every now and then come up to the old lady's boat, and then fall back again. The highest excitement prevailed among the passengers, as the two boats continued, for nearly a day, almost side by side. At length the old lady, partaking herself of the excitement, called the captain, and said:

"Captain, you *ain't* going to let that thar old boat pass us, are you?"

"Why, I shall have to, madam, as I agreed not to race."

"Well, you can just *try* it a little; *that* won't hurt."

"But, madam, to tell you the truth, *I did*."

"Gracious! but do try a little more: see, the old boat is even with us!"

"A loud cheer now arose from the old boat, and the exultations of the passengers made the old lady more anxious than ever.

"I can't *raise* any more steam, madam," said the captain, in reply to the old lady's continued urgings, 'all the tar and pine-knots are burnt up.'

"Good gracious!" she exclaimed, 'what shall we do? The old boat is going by us! Isn't there any thing *else* on board that will make steam?"

"Nothing, madam," replied the captain, 'except—except!—(as if a new idea had struck him)—except your bacon! But, of course, you want to save your bacon.'

"No," exclaimed the old lady, 'throw in the bacon!—throw in the bacon, captain!—and beat the old boat!"'

The captain did not, as we gather, comply with the generous suggestion; and the "old boat" went puffing its way ahead, much to the mortification and discomfiture of the old lady.

This may be exaggerated; but there is a great deal of human nature in it nevertheless; and it illustrates, moreover, that kind of silent contempt with which passengers in a large boat look down upon those who happen to be in a small one!

THAT was rather a singular wedding party that met at the Nevada Hotel, in California, some year or so ago; and it is well worth a description in the "Drawer."

A marriage took place at the hotel in question of a lady who had previously had *four* husbands, three of whom were then living. The last happy bridegroom was a gentleman from Kentucky, well known in the States, and at that time an opulent citizen of the "Golden Republic."

By a strange concatenation of circumstances, her last two husbands, between whom and herself all marital duties had ceased to exist, by the operation of the divorce-law, had "put up" at the "Nevada House" on the same evening, both ignorant of the fact that their former *cara sposa* had rested under the same roof with themselves, and also that they had both, in former years, been wedded to the same lady.

Next morning they occupied seats at the breakfast table directly opposite the bridal party! Their eyes met, with mute but expressive astonishment. The bride did not faint, as perhaps might have been expected, but at once informed her new "liege lord" of her singular situation, and who the guests were that were regarding them with so much attention.

Influenced by the natural nobleness of his nature, and the happy impulses of his heart, he summoned his predecessors to his bridal-chamber, and the warmest congratulations were interchanged between the four "parties" of the "first" "second" and "third part," in the most unreserved and friendly manner. The two ex-husbands frankly and freely declared that they had ever found the lady an excellent and faithful companion, and that they themselves were the authors of the difficulties which had conspired to produce their separation; the cause being traceable, in each case, to a too-frequent indulgence in intoxicating drinks.

The legal "lord and master" declared that his affection for his bride was strengthened by the circumstances narrated, and the extraordinary coincidence, and that, if possible, his happiness was even increased by the occurrence.

After a few presents from their well-filled purses of rich "specimens," the parties separated; the two ex-husbands for the Atlantic States, with the kindest regards of the lady for the welfare of her former husbands!

There is so much of real romance in this incident, that it may seem problematical; but it is recorded as "true in every particular."

Hoop somewhere speaks of a sailor badly off for food and drink in the Desert, who "went in ballast with old shoes for victuals," and for drink was obliged to content himself with a "second-hand swig at the cistern" of a dead camel. An Oregon emigrant, who took the overland route to that far-distant region, does not seem to have fared much better. He says that food was so scarce in the beginning of winter that he boiled his boots and made soup of them, and did all this with so much success, that the proceeds gave him the fee-simple of one of the very finest

farms in the territory. For the last week of the "tramp," he writes, he "lived on a pickled head-stall, and a pair of rope-traces, made into a salad, with some green shavings, which they obtained at a deserted saw-mill!"

With pepper, salt, and vinegar, he might have made a good meal, he adds, but those condiments had unfortunately been forgotten!

"MRS. PARTINGTON" is an original creation; and the *true* one can be detected from her numerous imitators in a moment. The Rev. Sydney Smith first introduced this notable lady to the public; but the *Boston Post* is the only journal which records her original sayings and doings, which are only excelled—if indeed they are excelled at all—by Mrs. LAVINIA RAMSBOTTOM, the illustrious *protégé* of the witty Theodore Hook. Here are two of her late "utterances" which are quite as good in their way as any thing in Madame Ramsbottom's letters from Rome or Paris:

"Diseases is very various—very. The Doctor tells me that poor old Mrs. Haze has got two buckles upon her lungs! It's dreadful to think of—'tis really. The diseases is so various! One day we hear of peoples' dying of 'hermitage of the lungs,' another of 'brown-creatures;' here they tell us of the 'elementary canal' being out of order, and there about the 'tear of the throat;' here we hear of the 'new-ology in the head,' and there of an 'embargo' in the back. On one side of us we hear of a man getting killed by getting a piece of beef in his 'sarcophagus,' and there another kills himself by diskevering his 'jocular vein.' Things change so that I don't know how to subscribe for any thing nowadays. New names and 'rostrums' take the place of the old, and I might as well throw my old yerb-bag away."

Again she speaks of the various cures for the pest of "rats and mice, and such small deer."

"As for rats, it ain't no use to try to get rid of 'em. They rather *like* the 'vermin anecdote,' and even 'chlorosive supplement' they don't make up a face at!"

THERE was a good deal of "mother wit" in the remark made by a Western squatter, when encountering one of the more common dangers of traveling in the "Far West." He was fording a stream, wild and turbulent, grasping the tail of a stout mare, followed, at her side by a colt of some three or four years old. Before he reached the farther bank, however, his horse began to flounder, and give evident symptoms of sinking. Seeing his situation, a man on the bank called out:

"Change! change! Drop the mare and take the colt. The mare's tired out!"

"Shan't do it!" exclaimed the other. This ain't no time for *swappin' horses*!"

The words were scarcely out of his mouth, before down he went, and the horse with him. Both, however, after floating down the stream, borne by the rapid current, were landed upon a small island, the *débris* of the river, and were at last extricated from their perilous predicament.

Wit, under such circumstances must have been a "ruling passion" almost "strong in death."

THE subjoined beautiful thoughts are from Sir Humphrey Davy's '*Salmonia*.'

"I envy no quality of mind or intellect in others, be it genius, power, wit or fancy; but if I could choose what would be most delightful, and I believe what would be most useful to me, I should prefer a

firm religious belief to every other blessing: for it makes life a discipline of goodness; creates new hopes when all other hopes vanish: and throws over the decay, the destruction of existence, the most gorgeous of all lights; awakens life even in death, and from corruption and decay calls up beauty and divinity; makes an instrument of ill-fortune, and shame the ladder of ascent to Paradise; and far above all combinations of earthly hopes, calls up the most delightful visions of palms and amaranths, the Gardens of the Blest, the security of everlasting joys, where the sensualist and the skeptic view only gloom, decay, annihilation, and despair."

You may take up a paper, or you may take up a book, at the house of a friend, where you may be waiting to see some one whom *you* have called to see, or some one who is waiting, by appointment, to see *you*. He does not come. Time hangs heavily upon your hands. You are in the room where he sees his friends; it is his sanctum-sanctorum—his library; and every thing around will speak of him; the pictures, the books, and the many nameless little things that you see around you, shall almost bring him before you.

By-and-by he will come in, and *then* you will associate, ever after, that room, and all its furniture and adornments, with himself.

But how inconceivably painful, to memory and reflection, when he leaves that room vacant forever! when, in the beautiful language of the Bible, he "goes hence, and is no more seen;" when the places that knew him once shall know him no more forever!

"The church-yard shows an added stone,
The fire-side shows a vacant chair."

Think, when you casually meet a friend in the street, and exchange with him a few words of pleasant greeting, think, as you part in the busy thoroughfare, and he goes on his way of pleasure or of business ("for every man," as Shakspeare says, "has business or pleasure, such as 'tis,") and you depart on yours, that you *may* never look upon his face again; that among the foot-falls, like drops of autumnal rain in the crowded street, *his* will be heard no more. Think so for a moment, and you will love him all the more.

SPIRITUAL RAPPINGS are still in the ascendant in very many parts of the country, not to speak of our own goodly city of Gotham. *Punch* thinks he has discovered the secret: he says it has become reduced almost to a demonstration that the rappings are produced by phantom post-men, delivering "dead letters." We surrender the argument to that sage philosopher.

But in the meantime we desire to present, from a "*Spiritual Harbinger*," the following clear account of what may be expected when spiritualism has reached its acme:

"In the twelfth hour, the Holy Procedure shall crown the Triune Creator with the perfect disclosive illustration. Then shall the Creator in effulgence, above the Divine Seraphimal, arise into the Dome of the Disclosure, in one comprehensive, revolving galaxy of supreme Beatitudes."

A wag of a country editor, whether through a "medium" or no, is not stated, has imagined quite a different state of things, which he thus discloses:

"Then shall Blockheads, in the Asinine Dome of Disclosive Procedure rise into the Dome of the Disclosure, until co-equal and co-extensive and conglomerated Lumaxes, in one comprehensive Mix, shall assimilate into Nothing, and revolve, like a

bob-tailed pussy-cat after the space where the tail was!"

It seems difficult to assume which of these two exhibitions of the mysteries born of the "spiritual manifestations" is the true one; but we confess that the last is the most sensible, and certainly the most easy of comprehension.

ONE of the best illustrations we have ever seen of the great power of overweening *vanity*, is contained in the following anecdote from a late Parisian journal:

Two gentlemen were walking together through one of the most crowded streets of the "Gay Capital," when one remarked to the other:

"You see that man before us?"

"Yes; what of him?"

"Nothing but this: I will leave you, and go immediately up to him and kick him!"

"For what purpose? Has he offended you?"

"Not at all; I shall do it to illustrate a principle. I shall kick him, and what is more, he will neither resent it, nor be at all angry at the act."

He immediately left the side of his friend, walked up to the man of whom he had been speaking, and administered to him a tremendous *coup de pied*.

Astonished and indignant, the man turned upon the aggressor, who met his ferocious gaze with a face beaming with regret and sorrow:

"I beg your pardon, Monsieur," he said; "I have mistaken you for the Duke de la Tremouille, who has grievously wronged me!"

The duke was the handsomest man in Paris, and the envy of all the beaux in town; whereas the man who was thus unceremoniously kicked, was a miracle of ugliness. But instead of being offended, he was flattered and gratified by the *mistake* under which he believed he had suffered; so he simply smiled, bowed, and went on his way!

THAT this world is not all flowers and sunshine, even to the happiest, is forcibly set forth in the following passage which, when, or how, or whence, we know not, has found its way into our receptacle:

"Ah! this beautiful world! Indeed I scarcely know what to think of it. Sometimes it is all gladness and sunshine, and Heaven itself seems not far off. And then it changes suddenly, and is dark and lowering, and clouds shut out the sky. In the lives of the saddest of us there are bright days, like this, when we feel as if we could take the great world in our arms. Then come the gloomy hours, when the fire will neither burn in our hearts, nor on our hearths. Believe me, every heart has its own secret sorrows, which the world knows not."

We scarcely know why, but in reading the above, there came to mind those beautiful lines of Shelley's, written at Naples, on one of the most glorious days, and under the most beautiful sky that hangs over any part of the great universe of the Almighty:

"The sun is warm, the sky is clear,
The waves are dancing fast and bright,
Blue isles and snowy mountains wear
The sunny noon's transparent light."

But amid all this brightness, this carnival of nature, look in upon the poor poet's heart:

"I could lie down like a tired child,
And weep away this life of care,
Which I have borne, and still must bear,
Till Death, like sleep, should steal o'er me,
And I could feel in the warm air,
My cheek grow cold, and hear the sea,
Breathe o'er my dying brain its last monotony."

"Some might lament, when I was gone,
As I, when this sweet day is done,
Which my lost heart, too soon grown old,
Insults with this untimely moan!"

Inexpressibly sad, and sweet, and touching! "Some days will be dark and dreary," as Longfellow sings, how brightly and sweetly soever Nature may smile around. "We make the weather in our hearts," says a French writer, "whether the sun shines out, or the heavens are black with storms."

It is a curious thing sometimes to notice the effect of a word, and the different meanings given to it, by a simple "turn of the expression," as Sydney Smith terms it. There is a new anecdote of Charles Lamb, which exemplifies this very pleasantly:

On a wet, miserable, foggy, "London" day, in the autumn, he was accosted by a beggar-woman with:

"Pray, sir, bestow a little charity upon a poor, destitute widow-woman, who is perishing for lack of food. Believe me, sir, I have *seen better days*!"

"So have I," said Lamb, handing the poor creature a shilling: "so have I; it's a miserable day! Good-by! good-by!"

Two similar things arise to recollection as we jot this down. One is this:

A gentleman espying a number of mischievous little rogues in the act of carrying off a quantity of fruit from his orchard, without leave or license, bawled out very lustily:

"What are you about there, you rascals, you?"

"About going," said one of them, with his hand gyrating at his nose, as he seized his hat, and scampered off at double-quick time.

And the second is like unto it:

A mother always insisted that her children should append "ma'am" to every answer, in the negative or affirmative, which they gave her.

One day they had pork-and-beans for dinner (properly cooked, a dinner for a king, or the President of the United States), and after one of the little boys had twice emptied his plate, his mother, with the "serving-spoon" in the dish, said:

"Freddy, do you want some more?"

"No," said he.

"No!" exclaimed his mother: "no! What else? No what?"

"No beans!" said the little fellow—don't want none."

Now that "little rascal" knew perfectly well that he was expected to say "No, ma'am;" but sometimes children are *such* wags!

"OLD Uncle Spraker," well-known up in the valley of the Mohawk, once related a misfortune which had happened to his son in this wise:

"Poor Hans! he bit himself mit a raddle-snake, und vash sick into his ped, speechless, for six waks in der mont' of Augoost; and all his cry vash, 'Vater! vater!' Und he couldn't eat noding, except a leedle dea, midout no sugar into it."

THE following specimen of original criticism, from a country journal, evinces a knowledge of logical disputation that would do credit to the most rabid controversialist:

"A discussion had arisen in a stage-coach upon the apparent impossibility that a perfect man like Adam could commit sin.

"But he *wasn't* perfect," said one of the company.

"*Wasn't perfect!*" ejaculated the other, in great amazement.

"No, sir; he *wasn't* perfect," repeated the commentator.

"What do you mean?" asked his interlocutor.

"I mean what I *say*," was the reply. 'He was made perfect, I admit; but he didn't *stay* perfect.'

"How so?"

"Why, didn't his Maker take out one of his ribs? He wasn't perfect after losing one of his ribs, was he?"

"His antagonist was silent; and candidly confessed that 'Woman was the cause of man's original imperfection!'"

THERE is a good deal of Dr. Franklin's "Poor Richard" style about the ensuing paragraph, upon "*Making Auger-holes with a Gimlet*."

"My boy, what are you doing with that gimlet?" I asked of a little flaxen-headed urchin, who was laboring with all his might at a piece of board before him.

"Trying to make an auger-hole," said he, without raising his eyes.

Now this is precisely the way with two-thirds of the world—"making auger-holes with a gimlet."

There, for example, is young A——, who has escaped from the clerk's desk, behind the counter. He sports a mustache and imperial, carries a rattan, drinks champagne, and talks largely about the profits of banking, shaving notes, &c. He fancies he is really a great man: but every body around him sees that he is only "making auger-holes with a gimlet."

Miss C—— is a "nice," pretty girl: she might be very useful, too, for she has intelligence enough: but she must be the "ton." She goes to plays, lounges on sofas, keeps her bed till noon, imagines she is a belle, disdains all labor, forgets (or tries to forget) that her father was an honest mechanic; and all for what? Why, she is endeavoring to work herself into the belief that an auger-hole can be made with a gimlet.

SAINT PAUL, when preaching the kingdom of God and His righteousness, "ministered unto his own necessities, and was 'chargeable to no man.'" Some such service, and similarly performed, is described in a letter before us, from a Western missionary:

"We live on less than two hundred dollars per annum, including horse-keeping and traveling expenses; and my traveling in a year is not less than three thousand miles. I have to go to a neighboring wood and fell down the trees, chop them into ten or twelve feet logs, hitch my horse to them, drag them to the house, chop, saw, and split them for stove-fuel; and then, after preaching two sermons a week, riding most weeks fifty or sixty miles, teaching Sabbath-schools, riding three miles to the post-office, store, &c.; and even then I am told by my brethren that I 'don't do anything but ride about and read my books,' and they wonder why 'I couldn't work a little, now and then, and try to *earn* a part of my living!'"

A CORRESPONDENT has clipped the following from an old newspaper, which he sends to us as a "companion-piece" to the "cool" on board a Long Island Sound steamer, mentioned in an anecdote of Matthews the actor, in a previous number of "The Drawer."

"An 'exquisite' of the first water, reeking with scented hair-oil and Cologne, was 'demming' the waiters, and otherwise assuming very consequential airs. A raw Jonathan sat by his side, dressed in a very plain suit of homespun.

"Turning to his 'vulgar' friend, the former pointed his jeweled finger toward a plate, and said :

"Butter, sah!"

"I see it is," said Jonathan; "it's pooty good, tew, I guess."

"Butter, sah, I say!" repeated the dandy.

"I know it—very good—a first-rate article, and no mistake," provokingly reiterated Homespun.

"BUTTER! I tell you!" thundered the exquisite, in still louder tones, pointing with slow, unmoving finger again toward the plate, and scowling upon his neighbor as if he would annihilate him.

"Wal, Gosh-all-Jereusalem! *what of it?*" now yelled the down-easter, getting his dander up, in turn; "yeou didn't think I took it for *lard*, did ye?"

"The discomfited exquisite now reached over and helped himself; attributing that to 'greenness' which was, and was intended to be, no doubt, a rebuke of his ill-manners and haughty, overbearing tone. He might have learned politeness in this 'one easy lesson.'"

SOME idea of the ignorance which prevails abroad in relation to the growth and progress of this country, may be gathered from the following authentic anecdote :

"When Count Pulszky was visiting Lamartine, soon after that fine poet and poor statesman had retired from the Presidency of the French Republic, the ex-President observed to his guest that it was 'impossible to maintain a Democratic form of government in France.'

"Why not?" said the Hungarian; "they can do it in the United States."

"True," replied Lamartine; "but then they have no *Paris* there."

"I know," said the Count; "but they have New York."

"And what of New York?" inquired the Frenchman.

"Why *this*," said Pulszky, "that it is a city with a population of seven hundred thousand souls."

"Ah, *fanfaronade Americaine!*" replied Lamartine, shaking his head, and smiling incredulously; "Ah, my dear sir, that is American bragging; don't you believe a word of it!"

"Count Pulszky, being a civil man, only laughed in his sleeve, and dropped the subject."

This was in Paris; but Americans in England meet almost every day with ignorance as remarkable, and incredulity even stranger.

Literary Notices.

Men and Things as I Saw them in Europe, by KIRWAN. (Published by Harper and Brothers.) The author of this lively volume never forgets that he is a Protestant and a Presbyterian, never loses his good-humor and vivacity, never shuts his eyes where objects of curiosity are to be seen, never misses an opportunity through scruples of diffidence or delicacy, and never is mealy-mouthed in the expression of his opinions. He is an acute observer—knows the world like a book—every where makes himself at home—is never taken by surprise—is never at a loss for words—and is always well satisfied with himself. His remarks on European society, especially in its religious aspects, will be read with interest. For a professed partisan, he is not uncandid. Many of his personal experiences are amusing. And he is always ready to do justice to the ludicrous side of things. His tour embraces England, France, Italy, Switzerland, on each of which countries he presents many striking views, tintured, for the most part, with a smack of originality. The following general remarks on European character are suggestive as well as characteristic :

"There is nothing which strikes an American traveler in Europe more strongly than the attachment to old habits, fashions, and forms every where visible. The guides through the Tower of London are dressed as harlequins. The Lord Chancellor of England is buried in an enormous wig, with sleeves. The advocates pleading in court must wear their gown and wig. Welsh-women wear hats like men. The people in many of the departments of France are distinguished by their dresses. They will tell you in Rome to what village the people from the country belong by the fashion of their garments. Mountains, and rivers, and often imaginary lines, divide kingdoms, nations, and tongues. On one side of a river you find one set of customs; on the other, a very different set. On one side of a mountain you hear the Italian; on the other, the German, or the French, or a patois peculiar to the people. The British Channel is some twenty miles wide, and how different the people, the language, the religion, on either side of it. In a few hours you may fly from Liverpool to Wales and to the Isle of Man, and these hours bring you among a people who speak the English, the Welsh, the Manx languages. This all seems singular to us, who can travel from east to west, and from north to south, over a

country thousands of miles in extent, and find among all our people the same language, customs, and habits. These distinctions tend to keep up old jealousies, to foster prejudices, to retain the dividing lines of races and religions, and thus to obstruct the march of civilization and Christianity. They form strings upon which kings, princes, and priests can play so as to suit their own purposes. The people of Europe need to be shaken together, and to be kept together long enough, as it were in some chemical retort, in which they would lose their peculiarities, and from which they would come forth one people. The great peculiarity of our country is, that we take all the varying people from all the varying nations of Europe, and cast them into our mill, and they come out in the grist, speaking our language, Americans and Protestants."

"Kirwan's" sturdy Protestantism stands out in his description of

THE POPE AND CARDINALS AT THE SISTINE CHAPEL.

"The Sistine Chapel is, of course, an object of great curiosity at Rome. It is connected with the palace of the Vatican, which is adjoining St. Peter's, and is the private chapel of the Pope. You ascend the famous staircase of Bernini, which is guarded at the foot by 'the Swiss Guards,' the most fantastical-looking soldiers imaginable, and enter the Sala Regia, a large audience-chamber, adorned with fine frescoes, and, among others, with that commemorating the massacre of St. Bartholomew! Papists would deny any responsibility for that horrible massacre, and yet its blessed memory is perpetuated in the Vatican by a splendid fresco! From this chamber you enter the Sistine, and the fresco of the Judgment, by Angelo, sixty feet high and thirty broad, is before you. This is universally admitted to be the most extraordinary picture in the history of the art of painting. The conception is such as the genius alone of Angelo could embody, and the result is grand and sublime. Although faded by the triple effect of damp, time, and the incense so often burned on the altar beneath it, it is difficult to weary in gazing upon it.

"This spot we frequently visited; and it was here, at vespers and matins, on feast-days, we had our views of the Pope and his cardinals. The cardinals enter by the same door as do strangers—walk along the aisle, with a servant untwisting their robes, to the inner of the three apartments into which it is divided—there they kneel and pray toward the altar, their attendants fixing their robes all the while—then they rise, and, after bowing to the