

Editor's Drawer.

HOW quick and felicitous Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes always is in his fresh way of applying an old or a new thing! After the famous breakfast recently given to him by Messrs. Houghton, Osgood, and Co. on the anniversary of his seventieth birthday, he met a guest who had contributed one of the best of the many clever poems that were fired off on the occasion. Said the doctor: "I knew there would be a good many things said that would be calculated to draw tears. I was resolved that I would not cry—that nothing should make me cry; and so I went to the breakfast determined to maintain a *rigid upper eyelid*!"

THE following, related by an officer of the Stonewall Brigade, may interest some of our soldier friends:

While Jackson's corps was cautiously moving to the flank and rear of the Union army at Chancellorsville, the Confederate cavalry in advance became engaged with the enemy. Soon a wounded and bleeding trooper was seen emerging from the woods in front. After looking around, he moved in the direction from which the infantry were marching as if seeking the rear, or, as the average gray-jacket would say, the *r'ar*. Soon afterward rapid firing explained that the blue-jackets had closed in behind Jackson, and it was not long before the poor cavalryman was seen coming back again. When opposite the "Stonewall," another cavalryman from the front also arrived. No. 1 at once recognized him, and said, "Hallo, Bill—wounded?"

"Yes," said No. 2, "but not bad. Let's git to the *r'ar*."

At which No. 1 exclaimed: "This is the darnedest fight I've bin in yit. *It hain't got no r'ar*."

WE are indebted to a New Hampshire friend for the following:

Judge Eastman, of Manchester, related that at one time General Franklin Pierce was opposed to the Hon. Natt Hubbard in some cause in a New Hampshire court. The general's strong point was his influence over a jury, and in this particular case the eyes of every jurymen were suffused with tears by his pathetic pleading. Mr. Hubbard, in a gruff voice, said, in his reply, "Gentlemen of the jury, understand that *I am not boring for water*." And this opening completely neutralized the effect of the general's eloquence.

In June last, at T——, Pennsylvania, "Children's Sunday" was observed, at which time several children were christened. Little Johnny was rather pugnacious by temperament, but seemed deeply impressed by the ceremony. At home, during the previous week, all the feather beds and pillows had been renovated

by a peregrinating renovator, which process had attracted much attention among the children. On the afternoon after the christening Johnny was quite angered by one of his sisters. Immediately the hand was raised, as of old, to strike; but slowly it was lowered, and with a serious voice and a look worthy the rebuke of an apostle, he said, "Oh, sister, how could you?—*and you just renovated, too!*"

"WITH respections to this child," as Dickens said—this New York child:

A young school-ma'am was endeavoring to teach one of her pupils what the word "mamma" meant, and to aid her in that great task, asked, "What does your papa sometimes call your mother?"

"*Old Seventy-six!*" was the somewhat unexpected reply.

This recalls the story of the Frenchman who at dinner expressed his appreciation of the wines served in terms usually addressed to the fair sex. A guest, sitting next to the wife, said, "Pray, madam, if your husband thus praises his wine, what words has he left for you?"

"Oh, he calls me his *Lafitte* of '48."

IN an English volume, just published, entitled *The Witty and Humorous Side of the English Poets*, we find this verse, attributed to Coleridge:

In Spain, that land of monks and apes,
The thing called wine doth spring from grapes;
But on the noble river Rhine
The thing called grapes doth come from wine.

JUDGE POLAND, of Vermont, was for many years a conspicuous member of Congress from that State, and in great demand in the New England States as a campaign speaker. He was not a strict temperance man, though by no means intemperate. He was once invited to make a speech in Maine, where the temperance laws are stringent. The chief committeeman knew that the judge sometimes required a little inspiration, so he placed two mugs, supposed to be filled with milk, on the table behind which the judge stood to harangue the crowd. Slyly the committeeman intimated to the judge which mug he should drink from. The hint was understood, and the judge had not gotten far in his discourse before he became thirsty; he raised the goblet, quaffed it to the bottom, and set it down with the unctuous exclamation, "*Ye gods, what a cow!*"

WE have this anecdote, fresh from England, of the late eccentric Dr. Monsey:

The Duke of Leeds, the doctor, and his Grace's chaplain being one morning, after breakfast, in the duke's library, Mr. Walkden,

of Pall Mall, his Grace's shoe-maker, was shown in with a new pair of shoes for the duke. The latter was remarkably fond of him, as he was at the same time clerk of St. James's Church, where the duke was a constant attendant.

"What have you there, Walkden?" said the duke.

"A pair of shoes for your Grace," he replied.

The chaplain, taking up one of them, examined it with great attention. "What is the price?" asked the chaplain.

"Half a guinea, sir," said the shoe-maker.

"Half a guinea for a pair of shoes!" ex-

fendant's counsel called, as a medical expert, old Dr. B——, an eccentric character, who delights in calling himself a "swamp doctor." The following portion of the examination in chief is too good to be lost:

COUNSEL. "Well, doctor, there is also such a thing as emotional insanity, is there not?"

DOCTOR (*looking hard at the lawyers on defendant's side of the table*). "Well, yes, sir; but it originated, I believe, among you gentlemen of the legal profession. It is not recognized in ours." (*Smiles among the audience.*)

COUNSEL (*after a look which seemed to say he had got just the answer he wanted*). "Now, doctor, will you please give us a definition of emotional insanity?"

DOCTOR. "Well, sir, as near as I can get at it, the term 'emotional insanity' is applied to a case where a man becomes highly exasperated, and in a moment of passion does a thing he would not have done a moment before or a moment after, and for which he is immediately sorry." (*Smiles all over the room, and "Thank you, doctor," from counsel for the State.*)

A good definition.

IN a certain Wisconsin city there lived not long ago three good fellows named Tom, George, and Jerry, who had long been close companions, and too often joined in the social glass. It happened that Jerry died. Tom soon followed him. George, bereft of his companions, and in declining health, was addressed one day on the probability of his soon passing

away, to which he replied, "Well, when I die, I shall at least have the consolation of knowing that I shall go where I shall be sure to find 'Tom and Jerry.'"

AN officer of the First Regiment United States Cavalry, stationed at Fort Walla Walla, Washington Territory, sends this to the Draw-er, which is good enough to be enjoyed outside of army circles:

On one occasion, while Lieutenant R—— was conducting a pack train from one post to another in Arizona, he was attacked by Indians while moving along the side of a very steep and rocky mountain. The Indians were above the command, and their attack consisted in rolling large rocks down at the troops. Lieutenant R—— gave his horse to an Irishman to hold while he was engaged deploying



SCARE-AMICS.

LITTLE JOHNNY COMES UNEXPECTEDLY UPON HIS MAMMA'S LAST PURCHASE OF POTTERY.

claimed the chaplain. "Why, I could go to Cranbourn Abbey and buy a better pair of shoes for five and sixpence." He then threw the shoe to the other end of the room.

Walkden threw the other after it, saying that as they were fellows they ought to go together, and at the same time replied to the chaplain, "Sir, I can go to a stall in Moorfields and buy a better sermon for twopence than his Grace gives you a guinea for."

The duke clapped Walkden on the shoulder, and said, "That is a most excellent retort, Walkden; make me half a dozen pairs of shoes directly."

At the January (1880) term of the Common Pleas Court of Ottawa County, Ohio, Con Hennesy was tried for the murder of his wife's paramour. The defense was insanity. De-

the men to dislodge the Indians. During the affair the horse was struck by one of the rocks, knocked off the trail, and hurled down the side of the mountain. The Irishman had hold of the bridle at the time, which was broken by the sudden shock, leaving a portion of it in his hands. After the affair was over, and the command was about to resume the march, he came up to Lieutenant R——, saluted him, and holding out the portion of the bridle, said, "*Leftenant, I haven't yer horse, but I have enough to presint to the quartermaster for condemnation, sur!*"

THE joy felt by a Missouri editor at being serenaded not long since is felicitously expressed in the following strictly first-class notice, copied *verb. et lit.* from his paper:

Never since the time the stars sung together and all the the Angelic choiresters of Heaven had there concert at creations down was there ever sweeter strains of music then greeted the ears and lulled the occupants of Cottage House into the sweet embrace of morpheus balmy natures sweet restore. We love music passionately. A man with no music in his nature—in his soul is very apt to be of morose and unpleasant temperament but we digress. The Corning band serenaded us Wednesday night. Every member of this band is an artist of high order.

"We digress" is good.

READERS of the Drawer have often laughed at some of the curious examination papers and compositions that are submitted to teachers of our common schools. But here is one from England that for scope of information surpasses anything we have lately seen in this country. It refers to the bases of certain European states:

The government of Russia is limited monster and is a strick government they speak different language and the church is a greek church called the Carthick church. The government of Germany is a strick government and the Empire of Germany is a limited monster and the church is called the greek church.

THE January number of *Blackwood's Magazine* has a carefully prepared article on the Roman Breviary, in which, by way of illustrating the duty of courtesy in conforming to the customs of whatever church one may happen to be in, the writer, in a foot-note, gives the following anecdote:

A well-known Nonconformist preacher of the present day noticed three young men who had mixed with his large congregation with the evident idea of extracting amusement from his sermon, and who ostentatiously kept on their hats. He paused in his discourse, and looking toward the intruders, said: "If I enter a place of worship not of my own connection, I always try to behave, so long as I am there, as I see the regular worshippers do. I chanced to go into a Jewish synagogue the other day, and instinctively took my hat off. A man next me whispered that such was not their practice. I put it on again at once. Now if those three young gentlemen of the *Jewish persuasion*, whom I see here among us, would—" Their hats were off, he said, in telling the story, before he had finished his sentence.

SOMETIMES the negro preacher is particularly strong in his elucidation of a theological

point. This was the case with Brudder Ephraim Jones, on the Bayou Teche, who, addressing the congregation on the great topic of predestination, said: "Let us, for argument's sake, grant that I, Ephraim Jones, am foreordained to be drowned in the ribber at Smith's Ferry next Tuesday mornin' at half pas' ten, and s'pose I know it, and s'pose I am a free, moral, voluntary, and accountable agent—do you think I's goin' to be drowned? I ruther guess not. I should stay at home; and you'll never ketch dis yer babe in de wood at Smith's Ferry, nor near de ribber neither—no, sir!"

THE following dialogue actually occurred anent the recent open winter:

PAT. "Moike, did iver ye see a winther loike this wan?"

MIKE. "Indade I did."

PAT. "Whin?"

MIKE. "Lasht summer, shure, and begone to ye!"

LOVERS of pure, simple, strong Saxon, and who delight, as the late William Cullen Bryant did, in words of one syllable, will read with zest the following sentence from Herbert Spencer's last work, the *Data of Ethics*:

But just as the rampant egoism of a brutal militancy was not to be remedied by attempts at the absolute subjection of the ego in convents and monasteries, so neither is the misconduct of ordinary humanity, as now existing, to be remedied by upholding a standard of abnegation beyond human achievement.

This reminds us of the concise language used by an old codger who wished to tell another codger that "nobody can tell what he don't know." So he said, "It is pretty impossible for us to communicate to others those ideas whereof we are not ourselves possessed of, for in doing so we are pretty apt to encounter those difficulties from which it is pretty impossible for us to eradicate ourselves therefrom."

PERSONS who are apt to forget names will be amused by a line from the *Memoirs of Madame De Rémusat*, recently republished in this country. The Emperor Napoleon, who had anything but a royal memory for names, one day asked an eminent musician: "What is your name?"

The answer was, "Gretry, as usual, sire."

CHANCELLOR BRUCE, of Kentucky, recently delivered before the Southern Historical Association, at Louisville, an extemporaneous address, in which he gave his recollections of some of the prominent members of the Confederate Congress. After referring in a general way to the causes which produced hostilities between the North and the South, Judge Bruce remarked that there were many Kentuckians who felt as did the lamented Colonel Phil Lee, who said he was "for the Union; but

if the Union was dissolved, he was for Kentucky; if Kentucky was dissolved, he was for Bullitt County; if Bullitt County was dissolved, he was for Shepherdsville; and if Shepherdsville was dissolved, he was for *his side of the street.*"

Another reminiscence of the judge was of two men in a Mississippi regiment, commanded by Colonel Stith, of Baltimore, one of whom contended that the Scriptures were of Divine origin, the other that they were of human invention.

"Do you believe," asked the latter, "the story about Jonah and the whale?"

"Yes."

"Do you also believe that the three Hebrews passed through the fiery furnace without feeling the heat?"

"Yes."

"Do you believe that Samson slew all those thousands of Philistines with the jaw-bone of an ass?"

(It was immediately after the battle of Shiloh, and the believer in the Bible

had just had some tough experience in the difficulty of fighting four or five to one.)

"Well," he answered, hesitatingly, to the last home-thrust, "I—I always regarded *that* story as a mere *camp rumor.*"

Speaking of the firmness of President Davis, which many called obstinacy, Judge Bruce related an anecdote of Mrs. General Henningsen, whose husband, a Hungarian (an unusually fine-looking man, well remembered in New York), having fallen into disfavor with the President, lost his position in the army, and no entreaty could obtain his restoration. This so enraged Mrs. Henningsen that she told some of the President's friends that if she had been at the battle of Bosworth when King Richard cried, "A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!" she would have pointed to Jefferson Davis and said, "There's your mule." Which saying became a by-word throughout the armies of the Confederacy.



MISTRESS. "Fix the fire."



MISTRESS. "Excuse me, Bridget, for troubling you, but any time when convenient—would you please—if not too much trouble—just fix this fire a little—please?"



MISTRESS. "Bridget dear, is it quite warm enough for you? Don't you think I had better fix the fire a little?"

MISTRESS AND MAID.