

our corps of diplomatists? What would become of many of the peculiar institutions of the North and of the South? In short, how would our representatives contrive to lengthen out a session, or even make a speech for *Bunkum*, to be read by their constituents?

The subject widens as we write; absurdities throng around our quill, striving to get down to the nib of our pen; and the very fulness of the argument chokes our utterance; we grow fustigatory and impatient to lay about us; but we must conclude in the words with which an ingenious cotemporary a few months since began an essay upon the same subject, namely: '*Copy-right is a humbug.*'

'FULGURA FRANGO.'

L I N E S T O F I T Z - G R E E N E H A L L E C K .

ON READING 'FORGET-ME-NOT,' IN THE JULY KNICKERBOCKER.

BY CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN.

I.

WHEN spring-time fancies haunt the brain,
Or cluster round the young heart's shrine,
No sadness clogs the dreamer's strain,
To bid him o'er his lot repine:
By Love's first fantasies oppressed,
He hies him to some stream-laved spot,
And sighs along the blue-flower's breast,
'Forget-me-not! forget-me-not!'

II.

To manhood's sterner cares allied,
The image lords it o'er his will;
In vain the struggles of his pride,
The form and features haunt him still.
His pillow sought, the toils of life,
Trade, strifes, defeats, all are forgot,
While with one theme his dream is rife:
'Forget-me-not! forget-me-not!'

III.

Poor dreamer! like his fleeting years,
The autumn of his fond desires
Pours disappointment's icy tears,
To quench his youth's delusive fires.
Within his heart, time and despair,
To foil his hopes triumphant plot;
Unmoved at his unceasing prayer,
'Forget-me-not! forget-me-not!'

IV.

Like to the flower when autumn comes
To seek its folds with chilling breath,
And winter's earliest whisper roams
Its heart among, to tell of death;
Thus on man's heart, as o'er the flower,
Fall tears, with grief and anguish hot,
And speeds the cry to Heaven's high Power,
'Forget-me-not! forget-me-not!'

THE MAIL ROBBER.

NUMBER FOUR.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE KNICKERBOCKER MAGAZINE.

SIR: I can only account for your conduct by this one supposition: you must be a *drinking-man*. Nothing but the repeated, though perhaps unconscious, inebriation arising from an excessive use of stimulating drinks, could produce that torpidity of the moral sentiments which is manifested by your editorial career. Your late allusion to the cordwainers of Xeres, or in vulgar tap-room slang, '*sherry cobbles*,' is very strong against you. Your ill-timed merriment—the jocose levity of your 'Editor's Table'—all go to confirm my theory. You indulge—I know you do.

Now, Sir, as a strict Washingtonian, and the corresponding secretary of two temperance societies, I request you for the benefit of the community to make a statement of your case, with a phrenological chart of your developments, a brief account of your habit of body, your temperament, age, etcetera, together with the amount which you absorb daily, and a history of your propensity. In the anticipation of such a statement, I forego any offence at whatever may formerly have passed between us. You are to be pitied rather than detested. I know, from experience, that under the influence of stimulants we are not always accountable agents. We should be merciful one to another; and although I have heretofore found it difficult to repress my disgust at your folly, I assure you that I am far from entertaining unchristian feelings. May you yet live to become a respectable member of society, and an ornament of our ranks! You may find worthier employment in conducting some religious journal or temperance periodical. If you become sincerely anxious to reform, and to distinguish yourself as an ardent champion of virtue, the society will feel pleasure in lending you their powerful aid. Our funds are at present somewhat low, in consequence of the prodigious expense of a late fair and several temperance pic-nics in the country, at which we nobly burned many whole hogsheads of the most costly Jamaica and Cogniac spirits. The sight of the self-destroying monster wasting away in the blue intensity of his own suicidal flame, excelled any thing in the way of moral grandeur that I have witnessed since the Croton-aqueduct celebration. Still, in spite of our tremendous disbursements, I will venture to promise you, if you enlist under the banners of the cause, a handsome situation, either as a Reformed Inebriate, or a travelling County-Delegation Jubilee Pic-Nic Poet and Orator. Depend upon it, that under the cold-water system your profits will be increased, your morals improved, your appetite and intellectual faculties