

GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS. — Those of our readers, who were our readers eighteen years ago, will recollect a witty paper entitled '*Conversations on Vegetable Physiology*,' by WHARTON GRIFFITH, Esq., author of '*A Lift for the Lazy*,' which went the rounds of the press throughout the Union. The following '*War in the Wine-Cellar*' is quite in the same sprightly and humorous vein:

'WHAT does master mean,' said Colonel MADEIRA, his color rising as he spoke, indicating his resentment, 'by rolling a vulgar beer-barrel in amongst us choice spirits, who never associate with the canaille?' shaking from him in his agitation the dust and cobwebs that for years had been collecting. 'We patricians, who can boast of foreign ancestry, and have circumnavigated the globe more than once, too, and whose acquaintance is sought after by the rich and mighty, how could he suppose for one moment we should tolerate such an intrusion?'

'And,' said Mrs. SHERRY, turning *pale* with indignation, 'the precedent is wrong, decidedly wrong; other plebeians will presume upon this innovation when the facts come to be known.'

'Hustle him out! hustle him out!' said lively Miss CHAMPAGNE, in her most *spirited, heady* manner, effervescing with spite, so as to make her *beads* fly about her neck as though possessed, or suddenly seized with a fit of St. VITUS's dance, and requiring, not chains, but *wires*, to keep her rage within bounds.

'Order! order! ladies and gentlemen!' spoke elderly Mr. PORT, in a voice of authority. 'You all betray your ignorance of what becomes high birth and aristocracy of feeling, to deign to notice the interloper. Nabobs, like us, esteem him beneath contempt; and, depend upon it, our mistress, when it comes to her knowledge, will treat him with cold neglect; and he will regret from the bottom of his soul (that is, if their race have any, which I am inclined to doubt) that he ever showed his face here; and, chagrined and mortified, he will become *soured* and morose, a complete misanthrope; and, I ask, with what greater misfortune could any of our jovial band desire him to be visited?' So saying, the old nabob, *purple* with the effort of making such a long speech, rested his gouty foot on the shelf and prepared him for his usual siesta.

'*Soured*, indeed!' screeched Messrs. CLARER and HOCK, with vinegar looks, both speaking at once. 'Mr. Hock has the floor,' cried the demijohns and the bottles all; and fashionable Mr. Hock, with a 'Beau BRUMMELISH' air, stood deliberately scanning through his eye-glass, from stem to stern, the frightened, burly beer-barrel. *Soured*, indeed! a worse evil than that will overtake him, I trust, for his unpardonable, insufferable impudence thus to thrust himself into the society of the *elite*; and I will only say to this august assembly, that by the cultivated taste and the refined, *acidulated* wine is highly appreciated. But,' said the exquisite, readjusting his glass, smoothing his imperial, and viewing with complacency his shiny suit of green, 'I shall give him the cut direct, were he my grand-father, 'pon honor!'

A slight pause ensued among the nobility, when, from a remote, dark corner of the cellar, in a little squeaking voice, and with a nasal twang, spoke GINGER POP, his eyes glimmering like tiny glow-worms, and his cork just ready to fly with passion:

'You need not abuse and trample under foot us republican democrats,' said he, 'although noble blood does not flow in our veins. Still, the family of Hops, in England, are a very *aspiring, climbing* sort of folks, and of old and respectable origin, and allowed all the world over to possess more patriotism than any other family. We are considered indispensable in keeping 'Independence;' the demand for us on the Fourth of July is a caution. The WASHINGTONIANS will even smack their lips at us, whilst you, every mother's child of you, are looked upon as hostile to the American *Constitution*,

enemies to mankind, and anathematized by all; but as poisons are administered in small doses, in extreme cases, so are you resorted to in some incurable diseases. Whilst, on the contrary, we have the good will of all, and are looked upon as inoffensive and good citizens; and as for you, Miss CHAMPAGNE, permit me to give you a piece of my mind. You are no better than you should be, trying to impose upon folks with your '*Parlez vous francais.*' You had better mind your beads, and take yourself off to the *Jerseys*, bag and basket, where you came from.' And GINGER POP, still foaming with wrath, paused to take breath; then, in a whining, canting tone, added: 'If we should all live through the winter, which for my part I feared I could not survive, my constitution being always *weakly*, as I had no *strength*, nor even *body*, until I was forty-eight hours old, and dreading sometimes lest I should *burst* with the frost—I say, should our lives be spared until spring, we shall see what we shall see. We democrats will beat you aristocrats all hollow.'

'For a time, amazement at the audacity of a poor, forlorn, isolated, forgotten little orphan Yankee pottery bottle, venturing to squeak forth such a tirade of abuse, kept each one silent. And then such a clamor was heard as has seldom been equalled, even in old Tammany. Quiet at length being restored, old Mrs. JAMAICA, who had been reeling about her nook, with the assistance of her daughters, GIN and WHISKEY, her whole neck and face glowing like an ember, with swollen cheeks and carbuncled nose, puffing and blowing, and filling the cellar with her odorous breath, not quite like the 'south wind stealing over a bed of violets,' clearing her throat for a speech, with a thick, inarticulate voice, moved 'That a committee of the whole be appointed to take into *sober* consideration the propriety of setting forth their grievances to their mistress, and, in defiance of master's remonstrances, expelling *sans ceremonie* the corpulent beer barrel, the cause of all the disturbance.' Although 'Time's busy finger on her brow had written age,' yet the old lady's face was dyed with roseate blushes, which, partially illuminating the apartment, made 'darkness visible,' as she, with her pale and shadowy daughters left the rostrum, and with a limping and uncertain gait regained her shelf. Mrs. JAMAICA then 'treated resolution' by way of a nocturnal head-gear, and the dram proving soporific, she sank into an uneasy slumber, which fact was soon made known to all by the terrific snores that reverberated through the cellar.

'Alas! poor, unpretending, humble beer-barrel! the innocent cause of this commotion, trembling with fright, death staring him in the face, the *cream* of his life gone, steadying himself on end, murmured from the bung-hole an apology to the lords and ladies all.

'First, tendering his thanks to his cousin GINGER POP, for the able defence he had made of his pedigree, he then assured them 'that if the key-hole were larger, he would make his P. P. C., but his bulk prevented that; and although the manner in which he had been *treated* by the company of choice spirits in whose presence, without his consent, he found himself, was calculated to em-*bitter* his feelings, still he would feel under great obligations to them if they would permit him for one night to lodge on the stone floor, and he would unite with them in the morning in supplicating the mistress to send him back to his friends, who, he was happy to say, were very *strong* ones.

'The servile, cringing manner of the terrified beer-barrel operated favorably upon the minds of the overhearing aristocrats, their anger was appeased, the *fermentation* ceased, and peace and harmony once more reigned in the wine cellar.'

Liquor-wars are not ended yet. - - - 'BISHOP STEVENSON,' of Pittsburgh, is 'a perfect bird.' Our readers have heard of, and from him, heretofore. We have never 'set eyes' on him, and yet we fancy that we know him. He belongs to that class of religious wharf-rats, which we used to see and hear on Sundays about the pier-heads on the East and North Rivers, until Mayor Wood pretermitted their evangelism. It's curious: but we never meet one of 'em of a week-day, in the central thoroughfares, without at

once — through the power of association — being made aware of the presence of tar, bilge-water, scrap-iron, and old rope. Well: Bishop STEVENSON, 'located' promiscuously along the various avenues of commerce centering in Pittsburgh, essaying to discharge high service in exercise of his office, took seat in the cars one evening, with an eye to a missionary tour to the benighted vicinity of Greensburgh, and because of inability to comply with one of the trifling regulations of the company touching the matter of fare, was compelled to change platforms some miles from town, and left at Turtle Creek. In the language of the Bishop himself: 'the plane Staitment of the matter, is i spoak to the bagage master the evening Before Respecting of going to greensburgh and to Let me hav a fre pas Going and Returning which his repli was com and see about the Mater wich i did and the agint sade go to the conductor and prech him a serman and he shuld taik me. and when the conductor come to me he asked me Whare I was Going too and i reply to greensburgh to Delivir a corse of lecturs he asked me for a ticket wich i had non and stated to him they alowed me to prech him a serman and he shuld Take me. he sade the compeny had no soles, making of them worst than hethens, as regards the amortal sole. and he stated i wuld hav to Go out at the first station wich was turtle crick — wich i was left in a Bad situasion as regards the meanes of Getting alonge and sufford to be Left amonge a comunity that had a hart as hard as the conductor in a Starving situation and no Whares to lay my hed on.' An enthusiastic admirer of the Bishop does not hesitate to say:

'I CONFESS to a peculiar pride in being permitted to rank myself among the number of the Doctor's friends. I have enjoyed the satisfaction of standing under more than one of his 'course of lecturs.' I have admired his eloquence, when, in spite of the manifold annoyances which have assailed him, pebbles pelting, deposits of hen's-nests made projectiles of, crushing about him, meat-hooks in the market-houses whose blocks have been his rostrum inserted in his nether broadcloth, and all that — I have admired his eloquence, I say, when under such a combination of untoward circumstances, he has maintained his place, and spent his glowing thoughts upon the ears of congregations, unmoved, unterrified, serene. I have been witness to his matchless skill in the management of intricate questions, setting points beyond cavil in a quarter of an hour's treatment which have been in controversy ever since doctors began to disagree, and felt myself filled with wonder that from handling threads and needles on a tailor's board, one could have been found to ascend through the spheres of peddling 'esanses,' mostly sinamont, as being most in demand,' and scouring cloths, and inventing patent 'savs' for burns and blisters, price twenty-five cents a box, up to such reach of perfection in span of a life-time.'

We hope to see the 'Bishop' soon. - - - You will hear from 'JOHN PHOENIX,' the author of the following, and other equally capital satirical burlesques, at 'first hands' hereafter in these pages:

'MAJOR GOLIAH O'GRADY GAHAGAN, late of the H. E. I. Company's service, has the honor to inform the gentlemen of San-Francisco of his arrival from Calcutta, and he offers them his professional services as a *Duellist* and *Professor of the Code of Honor*.

'From his great experience and skill in his profession, having had the pleasure to be engaged in over four thousand 'affairs of honor,' and to have slain in personal combat, during the past thirty years, two hundred and thirty-eight gentlemen of high respectability, Major GAHAGAN flatters himself that he shall be able to give satisfaction to the chivalry of San-Francisco, and to conduct their little 'affairs' with unequalled *ecolat*.

'In soliciting the patronage of this enlightened community, Major GAHAGAN has the honor to submit the following scale of fees, which he has put at such an exceedingly low figure as to place a duel in the power of a gentleman of the most limited means.

For demanding an apology,.....	\$3 00
Ditto, an abject ditto,.....	3 75
For letters on the subject of satisfaction, each,.....	1 25

'For arranging and carrying through a hostile meeting, as follows:

With duelling pistols, ten steps,.....	\$100
Ditto, furnishing pistols, ammunition, surgeon, and carriages,.....	200
With rifles, thirty steps,.....	150
Ditto, with muskets, ditto,.....	150
With Colt's revolvers, six shots,.....	200
Ditto, six pounders, field pieces, (artillery provided,).....	500

'For settling satisfactorily a difficulty, 'without prejudice to the honor of either party,' as follows:

When the lie has been given,.....	\$100
When the expression d — d rascal has been used,.....	75
Ditto, d — d jackass,.....	50
When the nose has been pulled,.....	150
When a blow has been struck,.....	150
When a kick has been given,.....	175
Ditto, on or near the coat-tails,.....	200

'As a line must be drawn some how, Major G. feels it his duty to announce that he will on no account consent to serve in an affair between persons of color, and that his charges for conducting a duel between two tailors will be nine times as great as the ordinary fees, the proverbial tenacity of life of those tradesmen rendering this arrangement imperative.

'As interference with a gentleman's profession is an outrage by no means to be tolerated, Major GAHAGAN deems it his duty to inform all gentlemen who may think proper to engage in an affair of honor hereafter, whether as principal or seconds, without his assistance, that he will hold them personally responsible for so doing, in each and every instance.

'Posting, as Liar, Coward, and Scoundrel, by card or placard, executed on the most reasonable terms, and eligible lots in the Lone Mountain Cemetery provided for the unfortunate, or steamer tickets furnished the survivors for a small commission. Address Major GOLIAH O'GRADY GAHAGAN, corner of Clay and Leavenworth streets, upstairs.

Notices of the Press. — From the Bundelcund 'Galaxy,' June the 15th, 1854 — 'The fight yesterday between Major GAHAGAN and the Hon. FITZ ROY JOBSON, was one of the most beautifully conducted affairs we ever had the pleasure of witnessing. With five successive shots from a Colt's revolver, the gallant Major removed his adversary's five front-teeth, and with the sixth took off, as cleanly as with a scalpel, an inch and a half from the end of his nose, the profuse hemorrhage ensuing, rendering Mr. JOBSON *hors de combat* for the nonce.

'Major GAHAGAN attended the honorable company's ball in the evening, when we noticed him mingling in the mazes of the dance with Lady EMILIE JOBSON, etc., etc.'

'From the Calcutta *'Evening Journal,'* Aug. 9th, 1854 — "The duel between the gallant Major GAHAGAN and the Lord-Bishop of Bengal, came off this morning at daylight, and resulted in the Bishop's receiving an ounce-ball on the pit of the stomach. On learning the nature of his adversary's wound, the Major wittily remarked that he was much to be pitied, adding that he would have *winged* the Bishop, but for the fear of making an angel of him prematurely.'

'Hundreds of similar testimonials to the above may be seen by applying to Major G. O. G. G. at his office.'

There is a most trenchant satire in this. - - - 'THE following incident,' writes 'G. B. P.,' from whom we shall be glad to hear again, 'was related to me some years since, and afforded me so much amusement at the time, and whenever it has occurred to me since, that I am tempted to jot it down for the amusement of your readers, albeit, I must premise, that it loses half its savor in the telling: Mr. F —, who was for some years the President of one of the Southern telegraph companies, and for a much longer time the

clerk of the United States House of Representatives, is a very grave-looking, dignified sort of a personage, with a very slow, measured, and drawling voice, but who, withal, likes a good joke as well as any one, though he has a somewhat peculiar mode of expressing it. Happening one day, while in Boston, to come unexpectedly upon a somewhat familiar countenance, he inquired of the gentleman in company with him if that (pointing to the stranger) was not Mr. THAYER? His friend replied that it was. 'Why,' said Mr. F —, 'I used to know him once very well, and I recollect a letter he wrote me, too; and I don't think I shall ever forget it either. You see, he was an operator on my line some years ago, and a very good one too; but he had one great fault: he would take a little too much occasionally, and neglect his duties. I disliked to say any thing to him about it, he was such a gentlemanly fellow, and so it ran on for some time, until finally I thought it my duty to write him, and remonstrate against his conduct, and see if I could not effect some improvement. I wrote him as mild and delicate a letter as the circumstances would admit of, and what do you suppose he did when he received it? Why, Sir, he sat down and wrote me back, inclosing my letter to him, saying, 'If I was going to adopt it as a rule to write to all the operators who were in the habit of drinking, that I had better keep that letter as a copy, and get it s-t-e-r-e-o-t-y-p-e-d, and *send a copy of it to every operator on the line!*' Well, Sir, to tell you the plain truth, I was almighty angry at the time, and immediately sent him his discharge, but it makes me laugh now whenever I think of it!' - - - To our conception there is great beauty in the ensuing fervid lines. We know nothing of the author, save that they are said to be by a lady:

'Tarry with Us.'

'TARRY with me, O my SAVIOUR!
For the day is passing by;
See! the shades of evening gather,
And the night is drawing nigh:
Tarry with me! tarry with me!
Pass me not unheeded by.

'Many friends were gathered round me,
In the bright days of the past;
But the grave has closed above them,
And I linger here the last:
I am lonely; tarry with me,
Till the dreary night is past.

'Dimmed for me is earthly beauty;
Yet the Spirit's eye would fain
Rest upon THY lovely features;
Shall I seek, dear LORD! in vain?
Tarry with me, O my SAVIOUR!
Let me see THY smile again.

'Dull my ear to earth-born music;
Speak THOU, LORD, in words of cheer:
Feeble, tottering my foot-step,
Sinks my heart with sudden fear;
Cast THINE arms, dear LORD! around me,
Let me feel THY presence near.

'Faithful Memory paints before me
 Every deed and thought of sin;
 Open THOU the blood-filled fountain,
 Cleanse my guilty soul within:
 Tarry, thou forgiving SAVIOUR,
 Wash me wholly from my sin.

'Deeper, deeper grow the shadows,
 Paler now the glowing west:
 Swift the night of death advances —
 Shall it be the night of rest?
 Tarry with me, O my SAVIOUR!
 Lay my head upon THY breast.

'Feeble, trembling, fainting, dying,
 LORD, I cast myself on THEE;
 Tarry with me through the darkness;
 While I sleep, still watch by me
 Till the morning, then awake me,
 Dearest LORD, to dwell with THEE!'

Read this before you go to church on Sunday. - - - THE friendly correspondent who sends us the following considers himself very properly justified in doing so, by the place which we gave to the proceedings of the 'convention' held by the 'Man in the Moon,' as recorded in the '*Dua Fabula*' of our umqwhile correspondent, the 'Director in a Plank-Road Company:'

'THE fable (which I have just turned in in an old number of 'KNICK') of the man in the moon, who held a meeting all by himself, and passed resolutions applauding his own conduct, calls to my mind a real meeting I once heard of, convened in a city not a thousand miles from Cleveland. 'The Forest City' was the residence of the Secretary of a company, the stock of which was chiefly owned by an uncle of his 'down-East,' but which was organized and did business nominally in Ohio. Things were so fixed that when any new resolutions were to be passed, officers elected, or any thing of importance done, it was necessary to call a meeting of the company, and on those occasions, the express, on the day before the meeting, usually brought a package of instructions, and a hat-full of stock and proxies to E —, who acted on such occasions as the representative of 'all hands.' On the occasion to which I allude, E —, who, by the way, is a tall, good-natured, jocose fellow, with a keen relish for a good joke and 'Old Particular,' was the only voter in town, and of course he was puzzled, as the hour of meeting drew near, to contrive how he would manage the assemblage, or how he should support the united dignities of President, Secretary, voters, and audience — they all being combined in his own ungainly person. As the hour of ten drew nigh, however, a lucky thought struck him. Seizing his proxies and his hat-full of scrip, he went to his friend B —, a youngster in whose discretion he had confidence, and having written a transfer for one share, which constituted him a voter, he asked him up to the convention. Arrived in his sanctum, and being seated at the table, E — opened the meeting by informing B — solemnly, that 'pursuant to notice, the stock-holders of the — Company were then and there convened for the election of officers.' Said E —: 'Now B —, you move that I be President.' 'Done!' said B —. 'Now, I move that you be Secretary.' 'Done!' says B —. The meeting being thus fully organized, the voting began. E — threw in his hat-full for the 'down-East' officers, and B —, as in duty bound, put in his vote ditto. The result of the election having been ascertained, various resolutions were passed with great unanimity, and several speeches made by the President to the audience, touching the welfare of the company, which were received with unbounded applause, and after a very lengthy and spirited session, the President announced to B — that the convention was adjourned,

to meet a year hence, at same hour and place. The convention did then adjourn, and all the members descended to the saloon of the W — House, to refresh themselves after the fatigues of the meeting, and to drink to the prosperity of the — Company and the health of the successful candidates.'

APROPOS of the '*Dux Fabulæ*:' here is a '*Missent Letter to the People*,' from the same pen, which failed to reach the editor of '*The Tribune*,' who, being in Paris, is unable to redress all public grievances, as he could do through his influential journal, if he were at his post:

'Letter from the People.'

'TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW-YORK DAILY TRIBUNE:

'SIR: Allow me to make use of the valuable columns of your widely-disseminated sheet to stir up public opinion on the subject of a systematic system of outrage pursued toward the people, by a certain gigantic and overgrown monopoly, which imagines itself invulnerable in every quarter; and which, having the giant's strength, cares not how tyrannously it uses it.

'The first-class Express Comet, which was telegraphed to the Berlin Observatory several weeks ago as being on its way up from below, has come in sight, and is now making a frantic run down the long grade to this station. The papers say that this is the Comet of 1788. If the statement is true it was due, according to the time-table, in 1854, and is consequently two years behind time. Whether the delay was caused by the carelessness of a switch-tender, or the fatal curiosity of some straggling cow, I am unable to say, but the heedless and headlong character of the employes of the line, make it to my mind morally certain that to some such inexcusable negligence the failure of mails and the delay of passengers is to be ascribed. Now, Sir, what I want to know is, how long the Directors of this line are to be permitted to defy public opinion, and to snap their fingers at claims for damages? The other evening the Night Express, while going at an insane velocity through the avenues of the thickly-settled district beyond the Half-Way House, leaped off the track and ran smack into a large new moon which had lately been put up, with all the modern improvements, by the public-spirited proprietor of the well-known watering-place in that region. It is needless to say that the luckless 'obstacle,' as the superintendent of the line coolly called it, was knocked into a cocked hat, and to all who have ever had any dealings with the same surpassingly cool individual, it will be equally unnecessary for me to say further that the bill of the gentlemanly proprietor, when presented at the Company's office for settlement, was deliberately met by a bill for 'damages to cow-catcher,' and pigeon-holed, in the face and eyes of the astounded and helpless creditor, as 'cancelled per account!' This is not a solitary instance. I could give you forty — and no wonder, either, when the numerous trains are driven at headlong speed over a *single* track, and the most ordinary precautions against accident are totally disregarded. Last night the Comet, now in sight, crossed the orbit of a large planet, *without ringing the bell*, and this negligence is habitual. Plainly, no disaster is too overwhelming to be expected from such management. The Lightning Train is now due from the East, and as neither of the trains stop at way-stations, I expect nothing more than to see the two lock horns at the corner of my kitchen. Are the Directors of the road crazy, or is every body else crazy? Please inform. Excuse this encroachment on your valuable space. I have borne the evils complained of as long as I am able to, and have only spoken when the tread of a gigantic monopoly on my own corns has become unendurable.

'June, 1855.

'Your obedient servant,

PUBLICOLA.'

'PUBLICOLA' must not forget us hereafter. - - - 'An eminent physician of our city,' according to our contemporary of '*The Spirit of the Times*,' has supplied several prescriptions for complaints which it is feared the 'prohi-

bitory law' will in a short time entail upon the community, and the remedies for which any druggist or apothecary is obliged to supply, after the recipe shall have received the signature of a regular physician. The 'medicine,' it is said, is 'not bad to take.' We annex two or three prescriptions without giving their 'proper names,' as, under the circumstances, it might 'defeat the ends of justice:'

R.—SPIRITUS vini Gallici, fl ℥ j.
Tinct. Gentianæ comp., fl ℥ ss.
Sacchari albi pulv., cochleare minim. j.
Aque frigidae, fl ℥ iij.
Misce bene.
Adde corticis limoni sectionem parvulam.

S. 'Ter die Hauriendum.'

R.—SPIRITUS Hordei et Secalis cum lupul. destillati, et cum baccis Juniperi } fl ℥ j.
communis redestillati et rectificati, }
Tinct. Gentianæ et Amomi Cardamomi compositæ, fl ℥ ss.
Sacchari albi, cochleare minimum, fl ℥ iij.
Aque frigidae,
Misce bene, cum fustula; et adde corticis limonis sectionem parvulam.
'S. 'Quater die hauriendum: videlicet — mane, una hora post meridiem ad vesper, et ante recumbitum.'

PRESCRIPTIO AD FACIENDUM JULEPUM MENTHICUM.

SPIRITUS Vini Gallici, fl ℥ ij.
Spiritus Amygdali Persici, fl ℥ ss.
Spiritus Sacchari officinarum, fl ℥ j.
Sacchari albi puri, cochl. maxim.
Menthæ viridis foliarum — manip. minim.
'M. B. cum agitatione violenta, frustis glacies et aque puræ q. s. additis.

It is said that these 'medicaments,' to persons accustomed to drink brandy and gin cock-tails, or even mint-juleps, will prove a very pleasant substitute for their accustomed 'beverage.' - - - We are indebted to a friend in Washington City for the following very forcible illustration of '*What Constitutes Riches*.' We need not add that the anecdote is entirely authentic:

'To be rich,' said Mr. MARCY, our worthy Secretary of State, 'requires only a satisfactory condition of the mind. One man may be rich with a hundred dollars, while another, in the possession of millions, may think himself poor; and as the necessities of life are enjoyed by each, it is evident the man who is the best satisfied with his possessions is the richer.'

'To illustrate this idea, Mr. MARCY related the following anecdote: 'While I was Governor of the State of New-York,' said he, 'I was called upon one morning at my office by a rough specimen of a backwoodsman, who stalked in, and commenced conversation by inquiring 'if this was Mr. MARCY?'

'I replied that that was my name.

' 'BILL MARCY?' said he. I nodded assent.

' 'Used to live in Southport, did n't ye?'

'I answered in the affirmative, and began to feel a little curious to know who my visitor was, and what he was driving at.

' 'That's what I told 'em,' cried the backwoodsman, bringing his hand down on his thigh with tremendous force; 'I told 'em you was the same old BILL MARCY who used to live in Southport, but they would n't believe it, and I promised the

next time I came to Albany to come and see you and find out for sartin. Why, you know me, do n't you, BILL ?'

'I did n't exactly like to ignore his acquaintance altogether, but for the life of me I could n't recollect ever having seen him before ; and so I replied that he had a familiar countenance, but that I was not able to call him by name.

'My name is JACK SMITH,' answered the backwoodsman, 'and we used to go to school together thirty years ago, in the little red school-house in old Southport. Well, times has changed since then, and you have become a great man, and got rich, I suppose ?'

'I shook my head, and was going to contradict that impression, when he broke in :

'Oh ! yes you are ; I know you are rich ! no use denying it. You was Comptroller for — for a long time ; and the next we heard of you, you were Governor. You must have made a heap of money, and I am glad of it, glad to see you getting along so smart. You was always a smart lad at school, and I knew you would come to something.

'I thanked him for his good wishes and opinion, but told him that political life did not pay so well as he imagined. 'I suppose,' said I, 'fortune has smiled upon you since you left Southport ?'

'Oh ! yes,' said he ; 'I hain't got nothing to complain of. I must say I've got along right smart. You see, shortly after you left Southport our whole family moved up into Vermont and put right into the woods, and I reckon our family cut down more trees and cleared more land than any other in the whole State.'

'And so you have made a good thing of it. How much do you consider yourself worth ?' I asked, feeling a little curious to know what he considered a fortune, as he seemed to be so well satisfied with his.

'Well,' he replied, 'I do n't know exactly how much I am worth ; but I think, (straightening himself up,) if all my debts were paid I should be worth three hundred dollars clean cash !' And he *was* rich : for he was satisfied.' G. B. P.

There's many a rich poor man, and many a poor rich man. - - - We are indebted to an esteemed friend for the following beautiful 'Eastern Allegory.' It is from the pen of the lady of Mr. SPARKS, the eminent American historian :

The Recording Angels.

'Two Angels dear on every Soul attend,
And watch, with patient waiting, on each hand ;
One with soft eye of hope, and one of fear :
And both, with love intense, a golden record bear.
'And when that precious Soul, with love doth glow,
Those loving eyes with holy lustre shine ;
Then doth the right-hand Angel whisper low
'Tis ours for ever !' and with seal divine
Confirm the good, for Good can ne'er decay,
But, all immortal, wings to heaven its way.
'But if Suspicion dark, or fearful Wrath,
Trouble the lustre of those sinless eyes,
The left-hand Angel of Man's darkened path
In weeping silence writes, and sad surprise ;
But holds unsealed still the golden line,
And on his hopeful brother leans awhile ;
For if that Soul repent, the heavens shall smile,
And swift that record fade in light divine ;
And only Sorrow weep to leave so fair a shrine.

M. C. S.

WE are well pleased, in publishing, to perpetuate in these pages, events such as are recorded in the paper from a new but welcome correspondent, entitled, '*Captain Samuel Brady and Cornplanter, a Legend of the Alleghany River.*'

'MANY of the wild legends of border strife and Indian barbarity that have been enacted along the shores of the Alleghany and Ohio, have never been rescued from the dim and fading remembrances of a past age. But occasionally a story of thrilling interest is snatched from the lingering records of the red man.

'The story I am about to relate, I received from an old Indian pilot of the Alleghany. It was many years ago, when that stern old chief, CORNPLANTER, (whose remains now repose in silence and loneliness on the banks of that beauteous river he loved so well,) was in his glory. His tribe roamed over the dense and unbroken forests along its banks, fearless, unmolested, and free.

'His people were hostile to the whites, and never lost any opportunity to lie in ambush and seize the lonely voyager as he descended the river, and consign him to the stake and the torture. But the watchful, shrewd, and deadly foe of CORNPLANTER and the whole 'tawny race' was the indomitable and fearless Captain SAMUEL BRADY. This veteran pioneer and Indian hunter was one of those noble specimens of the hardy foresters who plunged fearlessly into the interminable forests that then overspread so large a portion of the Western States.

'Like DANIEL BOON, LEWIS WETZEL, SIMON KENTON, and others, who made Indian hunting a pastime, his deadly hate of the Indian, and his burning passion for hunting them down, amounted to a monomania. This hatred was in consequence of the wrongs they had inflicted upon his family — his father, Captain JOHN BRADY, and his brother having fallen victims to the tomahawk and scalping-knife.

'The scene of the present story is at a place known to boatmen and raftmen as 'BRADY'S Bend,' and where now the noise and bustle of a new manufacturing town called the 'Great Western' resounds along the shores, that then echoed only to the whoop of the savage, or the panther's scream.

'It is a bend in the river of nine miles in length, and is sometimes called the 'Nine-Mile Bend,' and is scarcely half a mile across the neck. Here in this bend CORNPLANTER, returned from some successful inroad upon the whites, had secured several prisoners, by tying them to as many trees, while his swarthy and hideously-painted followers were busy in making preparations for the faggot and the torture.

'The stake was erected and the faggots prepared with all the coolness and refinement of Indian barbarity. It was a beautiful evening; the sun was just sinking behind the lofty hill upon the opposite shore. Calmness had thrown its oily wand upon the Alleghany's crystal tide, and it slept. The full, round moon, just bursting through the tree-tops behind them, sailed calmly through the distant blue, and cast its mellow beams upon the sleeping river, and danced upon its placid bosom.

'The melancholy note of the whip-poor-will from the adjoining thicket, fell sweetly upon the ear. The victims were unbound and led forth to the place of torture. At this moment, a voice, high up among the frowning rocks that loomed out from the thick hemlocks that crowned the hill opposite, hailed CORNPLANTER

in the Indian tongue, informing him that 'he was an Indian warrior, just returned from the war-path with a goodly number of prisoners.'

'He desired that the ceremonies of the torture might be suspended until he could ford the river and join them, when they would celebrate the occasion with unusual demonstrations of savage rejoicings. To this CORNPLANTER consented. The flames that had been kindled were extinguished, and the prisoners again bound to the trees.

'In the mean time, BRADY, for it was he who had deceived the wily Indian, with a body of men moved silently up the river to a place known as 'TRUBY'S Ripple,' and there fording the river, drew his men up across the neck of the bend, and moved noiselessly down upon the savages. So cautious was his approach that the Indians were completely cut off from retreat before they became alarmed.

'BRADY'S men hemmed them in from behind, while the Alleghany rolled in front. The first intimation to the savages of his approach was communicated by a deadly discharge from his unerring rifles. The Indians fought with desperation, but were overpowered; all were killed or taken prisoners save the chief, CORNPLANTER, who, on finding himself alone, plunged into the river, and swam for the other shore.

'Being a good swimmer, he remained several minutes under water, but as he rose for breath, he was greeted with a shower of bullets. In this way, alternately swimming under water as long as he could hold his breath, and then rising to the surface, he escaped unhurt, and reaching the other shore in safety, secreted himself behind a large standing rock.

'The prisoners were of course unbound, and all joined in the jollification and joy at the timely and unlooked-for release. The rock that shielded CORNPLANTER from BRADY'S bullets was pointed out to me by the old Indian, in a recent trip down this river. It is known as 'CORNPLANTER'S Rock.' This old Indian gave me the story with a sad and dejected countenance, in broken English.

'Alas! how changed the scene! Where then the sheeny tide of the beauteous Alleghany parted only to the swift-skimming birchen canoe, and echoed to the wild voices that came out of the dense, dark forest, now is heard the shrill whistle of the steam-pipe, and the rushing of the mighty steamer. Where the tawny savage then reclined upon the shady banks, from his pursuit of the deer, the panther, and the bear, or rested from the war-path, is now the scene of life and activity.

'The tall old forest has receded from before the advance of civilization, and given place to farms, beautiful villas, and bustling towns. The Indian too has passed away; but a few, and they but miserable decaying relics of what they once were, are now occasionally seen, the descendants of the proud race that once could call these hills, and groves, and rivers all their own. Alas! in the language of the poet:

'CHIEFTAINS and their tribes have perished,
Like the thickets where they grew.'

'Passing away! — passing away!' - - - Our neighbor, Colonel S —, tells a capital story of a certain wag in Erie, (Penn.,) a jolly publican, who contributes a good deal to the life of that pleasant but sometimes very obstinate borough. One morning, a travelling phrenologist arrived at his inn, and took lodgings. The next day in the village paper appeared an advertisement, stating that Professor B — had arrived in Erie, and would make, 'for a consideration,' examination of the heads of the citizens, and accom-

pany the same with accurate, reliable charts of character. For three or four days the calls were sparse; but on the fifth day, there was a rush of five or six to the apartments of the Professor. One morning, a countryman entered the inn where the phrenologist had his rooms, and said to our landlord aforesaid: 'Is this the place where the phrenologist 'holds out,' who can tell a man's ka-racter by the bumps onto his skull?' 'Yes,' answered BONIFACE, with a reserved and dignified manner. 'Wal, I want my potato-trap looked into a little. Where is the man?' 'I am the man,' said the landlord. 'Oh!—you *be*, eh? Wal, put in: feel o' my lumps, and gin us a map. What's the swindle?' 'There is *no* swindle, Sir: phrenology is a *science*, Sir—a *liberal science*.' 'Oh! yes—'xpect so; but what's the price for feelin' a feller's head?' 'One dollar, with a chart.' 'Wal, *go* it: what do I du?—lie down, or sit up? Does it hurt?' 'Not in the least, Sir: take your seat in that chair.' There were four or five morning-loungers in the tavern, who checked a laugh, as the countryman took his seat, having first, as requested, removed his coat, vest, and neck-cloth. The wag of a landlord ran his hands through the hair of the 'patient' for a moment, and then said to his bar-tender: 'Mr. FLIPKINS, take a sheet of paper, draw four lines down its whole length, and put down my figures under the heads I mention to you.' It was done. 'Have you got it?' 'Yes: all right.' 'Very well:' and the landlord went on with his examination, which was rougher, perhaps, than there was any necessity for: 'Put down Philo-progenitiveness *sixty*.' 'Down, Sir.' 'Very well: Reverence, two.' 'Booked, Sir.' 'Combativeness, *two hundred!*' 'What's *that*?' said the victim. 'No matter, Sir: you'll see it on the chart. Caution, *one: Credulity, four hundred!*' 'What's that *last* lump?' asked the patient. 'Never mind, now: you'll understand it by-and-by. And now, (to the bar-keeper) Mr. FLIPKINS, you've put these in separate columns, as usual?' 'Yes, Sir.' 'Very well: add 'em up!' 'Add 'em *u-u-p-p!*!' exclaimed the phrenological 'subject': 'is *that* the way you do?' 'Of *c-o-u-r-s-e!* How else could we get your balance of mind—of intellect?' 'Wal, go ahead!' 'How does it DABOLL, Mr. FLIPKINS?' 'The three columns are equal—they foot up precisely the same!' The landlord looked solemnly and sympathisingly toward his subject: 'It is very strange,' said he, 'but *it is so*. Phrenology never lies. You have *no* predominant character, Sir: you have *no* intellectual *status*: you do n't know *any* thing, Sir. Excuse me, Sir; but I must state the truth, whether you take a chart or not: but, Sir, if there is any truth in phrenology, *you are a d—d fool!* Under the circumstances, Sir, I can scarcely expect you to desire to keep the chart which you have contracted for: that is a matter of small consequence, as it will be a valuable illustration of a unique species, which I can use in my lectures hereafter. I authenticate *all* my lectures, Sir, with real name and residence. The charge of deception, in science, is one which was never brought against me, Sir, and never *will* be, Sir—*never!*' 'Oh! never mind; give us the map,' said the subject; 'here's the swindle, for it *is* a swindle; but I'd rather pay it than to have you goin' round the country makin' a fool of me everywhere else, as you have here—you blasted philoprogenitive humbug, you!' With this

explosion, the subject retired. - - - The subjoined correspondence speaks for itself. The reader will perceive how impossible it is for PEPPER to be any thing but 'himself alone.' Even his unstudied prose, thrown off as it were 'at a heat,' is scarcely inferior to his immortal poetry. The letter which ensues was written at one sitting, with his 'left arm into a sling.'

'Dayton, Ohio, May 5th, 1855.

'MR. 'K. N. PEPPER': DEAR SIR: Relying upon the generosity of one whom it has not been my good fortune to see, I have taken the liberty to write you. If you cannot pardon my presumption, Sir, please be so kind as to let me down as easily as may be consistent with your sense of insulted dignity.

'I have seen, read, and laughed at your inimitable 'Pomes' in the KNICKERBOCKER, and more than that, I came near killing myself from over-exertion in laughing at the oddities and originalities of your last greatest work, 'Weelbarer.' The fact of my having suffered in the cause, must bear strongly in my favor. But to the object of my letter.

'I judge from the preface to 'Weelbarer,' as well as from the fact that none of your genius is exhibited in the pages of the last number of the KNICKERBOCKER, that you intend discontinuing your efforts. Now do please be so kind as to write a few more of those 'pomes' before you 'di.' I am but a young jour. printer, and do n't pretend to be an individual of much importance; or at least, if I am intended for a great man, the discovery has not yet become general; yet in spite of all this, I may venture to advance an opinion, and my opinion in regard to this matter is, that such productions as yours will run some time yet. Try it any how, just to oblige me: for who knows what the result may be?

'There are several upstarts, who, without the genius to *invent* a style, have been copying yours, and trying to steal your thunder. One of these is a resident of our sister city, Cincinnati. Push them off the track. If it is to be travelled at all, travel it yourself. You can make the best time, decidedly.

'I am almost astonished at myself: here I have been writing two pages of impudence to the immortal 'K. N. PEPPER,' (I wonder what in the deuce his *real* name is? But that's none of my business, of course.) But you have too much sense to be offended at me for doing it. I won't apologize again.

'The Shanghais are crowing most lustily, and I must get to bed. I am going to church to-morrow. So, PEPPER, good night! Please do n't die, though.

'Yours admirably,

JNO. E. VOUGHT.

'To 'K. N. PEPPER,' Esq.'

'North-Demosthenes 4 Corners, May the 15, 55.

'MR. JNO C. VOUGHT, esqr: DERE SIR: i reseve a leter frum you datid march the 5 wich i wos Plesse with. Mr. CLARK cent it 2 me ware i am staink to mi fren mr. PODDS. you rite a nexilen han, wich compairs faverbly with mine. your langig is good: wot you otto practis onto is stile, wich is rayther hard to git. ADISONS is very good onct in a wiles, but not fur a steddy stile. as a niustans ov wot i caul a pifric stile, their is the grate genus Mr. JOHN LANDIS, wich perhaps you no. their is troo elekens! and his Genus fur Paint is ekal to POWERS fur sculp. mi fren Podd hes contractid a good stile, wich yung men otto taik notis ov.

'i no that varis riters as hesent got no Genus air pertendin fur to proffisy into mi naim, but thaym poor creeters: wot air thayr felinks wen compaired to a troo Pote? nothink. thay doant fele no Fire or Genus becos thay aint got no fire to fele, wich acouns fur there coolnes. Genus recuirs a man as hes suferd & hes got a felink hart boath of wich is mi cais.

'you will se in the Jewn KNICKERBOCKER that your feres air not realize. i their adres the Moon wile she is absen in a e klips. you will se also that the chansis wos agin mi livin a grait wile & ov coars ov ritink. but in consekens ov mi dere fren Podd their is no tellink wen the afair wil cum of.

'the dr. ses i musent rite oanli a litle to onct wile ime a gittin wel so ile hev to stop pirty cuic. you say somethink about mi uther naim wich i dident no as i had. wen i get l ile write.

'frum your leter i shoold thinc as you must be a fine yung man, i shoold be happy to see you if you cum est. ask Mr. CLARK ware i am: hele alus no.

'n b. ef mi leter is sober thinc how bad i mus fele after goink throo ol i hev:
frum yours trooly,
K. N. PEPPER.'

PEPPER, we learn, is rapidly recovering. - - - Our 'variorum' friend 'Meister KARL' has, in the following, 'taken a leaf out of the book' of our departed friend and correspondent, JOHN SANDERSON, author of '*The American in Paris*,' touching whom Mr. IRVING once said to us that he 'exhibited superfluous wit enough to set up any six modern humorists;' adding, we remember, that although his papers in the KNICKERBOCKER were never too *long*, they were sometimes, he thought, a little too *broad*. We are assuming that the reader remembers the 'AMERICAN's' description of the 'home-feeling' which came over his mind and his heart upon seeing, on his first arrival in Paris, certain gowns and petticoats in a clothes-closet opening into a passageway to his apartment:

Ladies' Stockings.

I.

A CLOTHES-LINE in yonder garden
Goes wandering among the trees,
And on it two very long stockings
Are kicking the evening breeze;
And a lot of fancy dry-goods,
Whose nature I cannot define,
Are wildly and merrily flopping
About on that same old line.

II.

And a very fly young lady
At the parlor-window sews;
And I *rather* conclude, if you tried it,
You'd find she'd fit into 'them hose.'
She's only a half-length picture,
Fore-shortened below the breast;
But the dry-goods which dance on the tight-rope,
Out yonder, just make up the rest.

III.

So dream-like she seems, so gentle,
You'd think her *too good* for earth:
And I feel that a holier spirit
Is banishing vulgar mirth
To its worldly home — by Jingo!
What a flourish that muslin throws,
And how uncommonly taper
Those stockings go off at the toes!

IV.

O eyes! like the sky when 'tis bluest!
 O hair! like the night without star!
 O muslin and hose! I can't help it!
 Ye still draw my thoughts over 'thar.'
 The *lady* alone is substantial,
 The clothes but a fancy ideal,
 Yet some how or other — confound it!
 I've mixed up the sham and the real.

V.

O Love! you're the same old sixpence
 With the poet, the muff, or the brick:
 You go up with a rush like a rocket,
 But come down at last like the stick:
 And let love-thoughts be lofty or lowly,
 Platonic or flash, I opine
 That they all, like yon dry-goods and stockings,
 Belong to the *very same line!*

L'ENVOY.

BE sure that no letter A garden
 Was ever yet wanting in *hoes*;
 And MEISTER KARL thinks that a ballad
 Looks well when it ends with the close!

MEISTER KARL.

A FEW scraps of '*Juvenile Gossipry*,' each one from a different division of this 'great country,' and showing that 'smart children' and 'fond parents' are everywhere. Moreover, some of these little 'sayings' really 'point a moral:'

'SPEAKING of 'little folks:' we have them at our house, FRANK, three years old, and ADA one. They have a very kind and indulgent mother, and persuasion and rewards, in the shape of *bon-bons*, frequently take the place of the more severe discipline that once was considered indispensable. ADA was a little 'out of sorts' one day, and crying lustily: her mother, handing her a cake, said, 'Take this, and stop your crying.' FRANK, who had been playing merrily a moment before, suddenly burst into a terrible fit of grief: 'Mamma, give *me* a cake to stop *my* crying!'

'As little FREDDY and his father were walking' alongside the public square, on one of our recent windy days, a man's hat blew off, and after it started the man, at full speed. 'Look, Pa!' said the admiring FREDDY, 'see that man *driving his hat across the square!*'

'MY little CLARA was watching with much curiosity and interest a flock of fowls, as they were sunning themselves, when her attention was suddenly arrested by the gorgeous red crests of two roosters:

'Mamma, what are those red things on their heads?'

'Their combs, my dear.'

'Why, how funny! — they wear combs! Mamma, are they the *women?*'

'A 'WEB' cousin of mine, while talking with his aunt the other day, said:

'Aunt, I should think that SATAN must be an awful trouble to God.'

'He must be trouble enough,' she answered.

'I do n't see how he came to turn out so, when there was no DEVIL to put him up to it!' was the reply.'

'A LITTLE girl of scarce three summers called in at the house of a newly-married couple, neighbors of mine, and finding the lady a little indisposed, after talking a few minutes on some other matters, very politely and sympathetically asked:

'Do you think you will die, Mrs. H ——?'

'Oh! no! I presume not now.'

'What would you do with your clothes and furniture if you should die?'

'I should let GORHAM (her husband) have them.'

'What would you do with that white bonnet of yours? I think it's a very pretty bonnet.'

'I should let GORHAM keep *that*, too.'

'*Perhaps he might marry again!*' was the little one's last query.

'Was n't that decidedly 'fast'?'

'At a Sunday-school celebration, where, being very much crowded, the little ones, 'undergoing catechism,' were pushing and 'hunching' each other, as 'children will,' the catechizer inquires the definition of peace. One little girl, in a particularly uncomfortable place, seemed anxious to answer: 'Well, my little girl, what is the definition?'

'I think, Sir, it means, not to 'hunch' when you are crowded.'

'A NEIGHBOR of ours has a little boy of about half-a-dozen summers, a very innocent little fellow. He came into the office some time ago, and, in a very modest manner, asked: 'Mr. B ——, will you please to let WES. SUMMERS and I have your yoke of oxen?' (We have a very large span.) 'Who is to drive the oxen, SAMMY?' I said, thinking I might have misunderstood the little fellow. 'Why, WES. SUMMERS and I want to take them out on the hill to *play with!*'

'I HAD a little sister once (she lives in Heaven now) who was the wonder of all who knew her. She played and sang with accuracy several little songs upon the piano when only four years of age. Her imagination was very vivid. She would sit for hours and read long stories out of books or papers that she conceived as she turned the leaves over; for she only knew her letters. One day she took her little pocket Testament, and folding her chubby hands solemnly across it she read: 'And verily I say unto you, JESUS CHRIST put on His bonnet and shawl and went out to walk with His sisters.' This was when she was three years old. A short time before she died, she turned from her play one day, and said to our older sister: 'Sister CARRY, I shall die in three weeks;' and just three weeks from that day she lay a corpse on her little bed!'

What was that but a 'spirit-warning?' - - - WE have seldom seen a pleasanter sight, or witnessed a more interesting occasion, than the *Presentation of a Flag to the Piermont Guards*, by the ladies of the village, which has just occurred on a sloping green lawn a little way from our summer-cottage. The day was most charming; the ladies were out 'in full feather;' and the people of the place generally were in attendance. Colonel ISAAC SLOAT, on behalf of the ladies, presented the banner to the Company, (who never looked or marched better than on this occasion,) in an elaborate speech, replete

with American patriotism: while the flag was received on behalf of the corps by Colonel EDWARD PYE, of Haverstraw, in an excellent speech, which was frequently and deservedly applauded. The banner is thus correctly described and deservedly praised by the '*Rockland County Journal*:'

'It is a beautiful thing, made of rich Mazarine blue silk, heavily fringed. On one side is painted a wreath composed of all kinds of flowers, most faithfully drawn and colored, inclosing a view of WASHINGTON'S Head-Quarters at Tappanstown. In the background appears the American Encampment, and in the fore-ground is a fine figure of the General leaning upon his horse, which is held by his black servant. Surmounting the wreath is a shield bearing the stars and stripes, inclosed in a halo. At the base of the wreath, twining among the flowers, is a representation of crimson velvet drapery, falling into an open centre, on which is inscribed, 'PRESENTED BY THE LADIES TO THE PIERMONT GUARD, MAY 31st, 1855.' On the reverse side is a wreath of roses surrounding a golden wreath. At the base is an Eagle relieved by four American flags which fold in a rich cluster under his talons, while streaming from his beak is the national motto, 'E Pluribus Unum.' Striking out into the centre of the wreath is a green mound, on which is represented the arms of the Company, supported on the right by a Shore Guard of '76 in the old Continental costume, and on the left by a Piermont Guard in his blue uniform. In the centre of the device are the initials 'P. G., 17th Regt. N. Y. S. I.' On the left of the mound is a view of the city and bay of New York, with its shipping, steamers, etc., stretching off to the right in a open sea view. Over this wreath also is a shield in a halo. Too much credit cannot be awarded to Capt. WM. F. FOLGER for the manner in which he has executed the work intrusted to him by the ladies. In the designs on either side of the flag, which are original, he has displayed much judgment and taste; and in working them out, elaborated and complicated as they are, he has proved himself a painter of no mean skill. It is almost incredible the amount of work expended upon this flag; and we think we can safely say that the colors of the 'Piermont Guard' will bear comparison with any other in the State.'

Such, reader, is our flag: 'and long may it wave!' - - - THE *Boston Post* has an agreeable 'on dit' that JOHN G. SAXE, Esq., is engaged upon a new poem to be entitled 'THE PRESS:' a fruitful theme, which is to be treated historically, eulogistically, practically, and satirically. The topic is a broad one, and affords scope for all these and something over. '*Macte Virtute!*' which being translated, means, 'Do your prettiest!' The same popular journal has the following tribute to SAXE, from the pen, as we infer, of Mr. A. M. IDE, Jr., a sometime contributor to this Magazine:

'GREAT ex-exponent of our modest craft,
I read the *Post's* announcement of your poem,
And inwardly soliloquised and laughed;
If there's a greater wag I do not know him;
A muse so fruitful could conceive no less;
'Lay on, MACDUFF'—and as you soar and sing,
Up to 'The Times' in 'Progress,' make the 'Press'
A monarch mightier than the 'Money King.'
Time's noblest offspring always is his last;
And yours, like his, in Alpine order rise,
Chaste, pure, and strong, yet sweet and unsurpassed,
Winning you incense from our tearful eyes:
Long live your fame! from Beersheba to Dan—
A poet, 'torney, editor and MAN!

A. M. I.

Apropos of SAXE: let us 'set him up' a little, by quoting a circumstance mentioned to us by a distinguished New-York Democrat, whom we met in the street to-day. 'How comes on *The Knickerbocker Gallery*?' he asked. We told him that a new and extremely beautiful edition had just been issued. 'I saw a copy in Washington, at the PRESIDENT'S, the other day,' continued our friend. 'Some one had been paying him a compliment upon

his 'wearing so well,' with the cares of a nation on his shoulders. 'Ah! gentlemen,' said he, 'let me read you a short piece of poetry that hits my case exactly:' and taking up the '*Knickerbocker Gallery*,' he read SAXE's lines, '*I'm Growing Old*,' and commended them as they deserved to be. Put *that* in your pipe, friend SAXE. - - - We have seen nothing better than the following, in its kind, save the polyglot advertisement of the inn-keeper in the Valley of Chamouni, which we remember to have published some years ago from the manuscript of a friend who copied it upon the spot. Observe the *entirely* foreign idiom of the *affiche*. It is a New-Orleans placard of the thoroughfares:

'Advertisement.

'THE undersigned takes leave to inform the public that he has lately arrived from Paris, and that he is furnished with a few articles of new invention, very useful and economical for families:

'I. A liquid for the conservation of all kinds of furnitures, and all kinds of marble in all colors. With that liquid, on rubbing lightly the most elegant and gilded furnitures, will give them the most glittering lustre that one could not distinguish from new. That liquid procures on all articles a great duration, an agreeable smell, and preserves them from all kinds of insects. The most renowned manufacturers use it for their finest furnitures. Those wishing to be convinced are invited to make a proof gratis.

'II. A composition of varnish, lately invented, for the conservation of hides, harnesses, hides of carriages, and gentlemen's, ladies', and children's shoes: it preserves from all devastations that could make water or humidity.

'The method to make use of it as follows: Said composition must be rubbed with oil: one moistens the hides with the preservative composition, making use of a sponge, and rubbing it slowly, momentarily it will produce a very satisfying effect.

'III. A mixture, with which one can get out all stains, of each sort and color of woollen cloths, as cassimere, merinos, carpets, and billiard-coverings: also grease-stains, or those coming from perspiration on collars of clothes, cloaks, etc.

'The manner to scour each stain is: To wet with a little water a part of this mixture, to take this liquid upon a brush or the finger and rub the stain, after which said stain will disappear, and the stuff will recover its former lustre.

'IV. A blacking, also lately invented and privileged: with that blacking, in rubbing the hides, one gives it a greater duration than with any other until yet known blacking: makes it soft, black, and after a little friction with the brush, gives it a glittered lustre; makes it impenetrable for water, and prevent to try: said blacking is very much approved by the most renowned harness and boot-makers: it can be used for all kinds of hides, also for boots, to which it gives not only a distinctive blackness, glittering lustre, prolonged duration, great softness which makes stepping easy, but it renders them waterproof: by the very low prices of said blacking, the furnisher procures a proof to every body. For guarantee of counterfeit, each pack is covered with papers, and will be printed by the Chinese arms. It is composed of fish-grease, marrow, and decomposition of gum. The proofs will be showed gratis, a few days after reception of this circular. This advertisement will be called for. J. DE P — AND COMPANY.'

The above is *inimitably* genuine. - - - 'In this 'one-horse town,' writes a Mobile friend, 'as our New-Orleans neighbors designate it, there resides one whom we will call TOM for brevity. He is a shrewd, plain-dealing tailor as one could wish to 'trade with,' and as our rivers have been low this season, and but little cotton in the market, TOM ventured in company with a friend in purchasing a lottery-ticket in the Southern Military Academy Lottery, each sharing the cost and winnings, of course. The ticket was obtained, and TOM's name put in the agent's book for that purpose. Time wore on, and in course of a few days the lottery was drawn; and every one was on tiptoe to know who was the lucky man. The agent received the list

of prizes from Montgomery, and sure as shooting, TOM TIGHTFIT's name was coupled with the fifteen thousand dollar prize! Eureka! The agent sent his boy down to Tom's store to inform him of his good luck, and desiring him to bring up his ticket and get his check for the dimes. But alas! Tom's friend had the ticket in his pocket, and had started a few hours previous on a hunting trip, and Tom, not knowing the number on the ticket, took it for granted as 'all O. K.' He sauntered into his neighbor's store and very confidently whispered his good luck and requesting in a very neighborly manner to go along and *liquidate*. At the bar of course it was talked over, when one or two others were admitted into the secret. One treated, then another, and so on until Tom was toasted, tumbled, and toddied until his tongue ran fifteen to the dozen. A messenger was dispatched to the woods to hunt up SMITH, the ticket-holder. One, two, three hours passed, and no SMITH, and Tom's luck was the talk of the town. When — ah-hem! An engineer of one of our river-boats walked into the ticket-office and pulled out of his pocket the lucky ticket, *his* name being TOMMY TIGHTFIT as well as the other! Let us draw a veil over TOMMY's feelings during the next week of his life. He looks even now as if he had been guilty of stealing sheep! - - - We recognize in the '*New Siege of Sebastopol, in two Parts,*' by the 'TAUNTON DEAN,' the hand of an old correspondent of the KNICKERBOCKER:

PART I.

'THERE is a fortress fair and strong,
In Russia's waste and wintry regions,
Where France and England vain and long
Have poured their brave and fated legions.

'Long the besiegers' loud-mouthed guns
Have roared their summons to surrender;
As loud have Russia's serfs and sons
Roared back their purpose to defend her.

'The combat deepens: On ye brave,
Who strike for French and English honor!
The CZAR will fight till every slave
Becomes, like WILLIAM POOLE — a 'goner.'

'The CZAR, within his palace halls,
Still feels his solid throne unshaken;
His flag still floats above its walls,
And his 'Sebastopol's not taken.'

PART II.

'THERE is a fortress fair as art,
And cold as Russia's clime of winter,
Walled round within a maiden's heart,
My love has sought in vain to enter.

'Long I've besieged her castles fair,
With all Love's forces, sweet and tender;
But still she reigns unconquered there,
And still refuses to surrender.

'Oh! for some friendly power in arms,
Some Austria of contending nations,
To soften her resisting charms,
And bring her to negotiations!

'For, by consent of heathen JOYZ,
The siege shall never be forsaken,
Till conquest crowns the arms of LOVE,
And *my* Sebastopol is taken.'

A pretty conceit, well handled. - - - THERE are several things, the possession of which we envy the editors of our Metropolitan daily journals, and foremost among them is the ability, after having enjoyed to the extreme the perusal of a new work, of rare merit, the *immediate* opportunity of *saying* so, giving the 'why and wherefore' at once, and justifying the correctness of their decisions by copious extracts, while to less frequent and less favored contemporaries it is reserved only to announce, for future consideration, books, addresses, etc., which arrive at too late a period for adequate notice, until the issue of a subsequent number. The following works shall receive the attention which, 'for reasons stated,' they have a right to claim: 'The WINKLES, or the Merry Monomaniacs;' 'PEG WOF-

FINGTON; 'ALDRICH'S POEMS; 'CHRISTIE JOHNSTONE; 'Country Margins and Rambles of a Journalist; 'SOUVESTRE'S LEAVES from a Family Journal; 'Female Life among the Mormons; 'Poems, by F. W. FISH; 'Familiar Quotations; 'JULIA, a Poem; and 'The Englishwoman in Russia.' Among pamphlets, journals, etc., concerning which we shall presently 'have our say,' are many — and some which are 'some,' and not among the 'many' — of which our readers will hear more in our next number. Of these are the 'New-York Weekly Critic,' by MESSRS. CLEVELAND AND McELRATH; SPARKS' 'Analysis of the French Verbs; 'Report of the New-York State Library; 'LEWIS G. MORRIS'S 'Sixth Catalogue of Domestic Animals; 'Mount-Vernon Boarding-School; 'State Cabinet of Natural History; 'Professor BARNARD'S Address before the Alabama University, etc., etc. The favors of numerous correspondents await replication. - - - A FRIEND commends in the highest terms, and we believe with entire justice, the '*Grammercy Park House*,' as one among the best kept, most comfortable, and most charmingly situated hotels in the metropolis. Mr. CHARLES WRIGHT, of WRIGHT, LANIER AND COMPANY, of the LAFARGE Hotel, is the experienced and popular proprietor. There can be no doubt of the success of his house. - - - 'THE best thing I have heard,' writes 'J. H. L.' 'in exemplification of the saying, 'PROVIDENCE smiled on me,' I heard a Dutchman give. (I'll give it to you in English; you, being a KNICKERBOCKER, must put the polish on.) 'Have you got through harvest, HANS?' 'Yes; me and my boys worked like the devil all the time, very hard: had so much to do, did not know as we would get through before winter: but we did. 'PROVIDENCE smiled on me,' and we have just finished.' 'How did PROVIDENCE smile on you?' 'Why, you see He just blasted about forty or fifty acres of my wheat, so that it was not worth reaping, and so, you see, we have just finished!' - - - The following is from a rare old work, '*The Universal Asylum and Columbian Magazine*' for March, 1791:

'WHEN Mrs. F — (of Pennsylvania) was in England, she attended York races, where she met the celebrated LAWRENCE STERNE. He rode up to the side of the coach, and accosted her:

'Well, Madam, which horse do you bet upon?'

'Sir,' said she, 'if you can tell me which is the worst horse I will bet upon that.'

'But why, Madam,' said STERNE, 'do you make so strange a choice?'

'Because,' replied the lady, 'you know *'The race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong!'*'

'STERNE was so much pleased with the reply that he went home and wrote from that text, his much-admired sermon, entitled 'Time and Chance.'

This anecdote is unquestionably authentic. - - - We have heretofore spoken of the '*Anti-Choking Arch-Valve Pump*,' as a great and important invention, by a distinguished and popular dentist of this city, Mr. NEHEMIAH DODGE, of Number Forty-two University Place. The pumps of this patent, we are not surprised to learn, are destined to supersede all others. The Board of

Underwriters unanimously and strongly recommend them, over those in common use, for general adoption, with a special approbation, recommending them to ship-owners and sea-captains. California ship-captains pronounce them, after long voyages, the 'best pumps ever used,' and attest that they never choke. Mr. RUSSELL STURGIS, at Number Sixty-eight South-street, receives orders for this valuable invention. - - - We wish the reader could see the pen-and-ink drawing which accompanied the following: a forlorn-looking individual, in a unique chair, sitting under trees like inverted brush-brooms, gazing into the empty fountain in the Park; his whole expression that of a poor devil far gone in misanthropy:

'The Park Fountain.

A G U S H O F R H Y M E .

I.

'WEARY and worn, a foot-sore stranger came
To rest beneath the shade of 'brageous trees;
To meditate, amid the crowd that swarmed
Adown Broadway like to a hive of bees.

II.

'He had a guide-book in his hand, which told
Of a fair PARK, with fountain, and with trees:
To this he bent his way, intent on rest,
On shade, and cooling waters, and a breeze.

III.

'He reached the Park. O sorrow and deep woe!
The scrubby trees, all covered o'er with dust,
Looked like decrepid, used-up, *blazé* brooms;
The fountain dry! 'T was thus the stranger bu'st:

IV.

'Fountain, how long is 't since you first dried up?
Or is it 'cause you 're old, you dares n't play,
Thinking it childish? Wake up, old fellow!
It's only me who sees you—squirt away!

V.

'Fountain! I see your tubes that ought to squirt
The pure and limpid element on high:
I see your marble basin. Are you sick
Of life, and are you going for to die?

VI.

'Fountain! Have Maine-iacs, with their liquor law,
Stopped off your drinking; nipped you in the bud;
Sucked up your life-blood in a dreadful thirst,
Leaving you standing like an empty tub?'

VII.

'Bim-boom!' The band at BARNUM's here struck up,
Scaring the stranger with its fearful bray:
Thinking it thunder under ground, he said:
'The fountain's 'wet up,' now it's gwine to play!'

H. F. L.

'OBSERVING,' writes a town friend, 'the great legal acumen in late numbers of the KNICKERBOCKER. I am induced to present the following knotty case for your elucidation':

\$85

Oakhill Mar the 10 1855.

Ninty dayes after date we, or either of us promise to pay HENRY F. JUDY or order at the Chester Co Bank Eighty five Dollars for One Gray Mule that is now lame in the right hind foot the Said JUDY Guarantees the foot to Get well if not no Charge but JUDY is to have the mule.

J. S. B.

J. K.

'POINTS: *First*: If the above note be not paid, can the notary protest without examination of the mule's right hind-foot, to see if it be well, and if not well, can he protest at all? *Second*: Who is to have the mule, JUDY or the makers of the note, provided the foot is well? This is a bona-fide note, due in June, 1855. Ah! now comes the weather that makes us think of the calm waters and cool sequestered shades of beautiful LAKE GEORGE! And by-and-by, life and health permitting, we must go up and pay our old friends, SHERRILL and DAN. GALE a visit. Every reader of the KNICKERBOCKER knows what a pleasant house and sumptuous table SHERRILL keeps, but few of them are aware that GALE has opened a magnificent and immense hotel at the south end of the Lake, finished and furnished in the most regal style. That it will be well kept, no one who knows GALE will for a moment doubt. Success to both the Lake-Houses! There will be support enough for each.

ART, LITERARY, AND TOWN ITEMS. — COSMOPOLITAN ART AND LITERARY ASSOCIATION at Sandusky, Ohio, are making extensive purchases for their next distribution. They are making arrangements for noble statuary and paintings from all our best artists: indeed, their collection this year will be much better and much larger than the last. This Association we deem worthy of every encouragement, its object being to circulate *Works of Art and Good Literature* throughout the land. They ought to have one hundred thousand subscribers this year. The books are now open at the KNICKERBOCKER publication office, and at Sandusky, Ohio.

ONE of the agreeable things that we miss on the few days that we do not 'stop down to town,' is the pleasure of seating ourselves in the chair of our old favorite *tonseur*, Mr. AUGUSTUS BLESSING, at Number Twelve Ann-street, and, reclining luxuriously back, feel the easy subsidence of a 'short crop' of beard, so deftly performed that you might sleep under the operation. And a like pleasure it is to have the accomplished operator's hands in your hair, whether to 'shampooille,' manipulate with sharp scissors, or 'roll with curls voluminous.' How much such offices, slight in themselves, add to the comfort of the outer, and hence to the 'inner man!'

WE perceive that some body has been making a complaint on the 'Mayor's Book' against ARCHIE GRIEVE for keeping a 'Roaring Lion' in a cellar at his store in Chambers-street, near the Hudson River Rail-road dépôt, where he sells all kinds of fowls, foreign and domestic big dogs and little dogs, 'of high and low degree,' and every thing in the line of an experienced bird fancier and rare quadruped-purveyor. We somewhat suspect that this report is an advertisement: at any rate, ARCHIE has all he can do, and what he does he does from knowledge and experience: and, although no duellist, he is always ready and anxious 'to give satisfaction.'

MR. DERBY, the enterprising and very popular metropolitan publisher, has in press a volume entitled, '*My Confessions*,' of which we hear, from the best critical sources, the highest encomiums. It will appear, as we understand, in the course of the ensuing month.