

GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS. — We have bent on a new snapper this month, gentle reader. Our friend and publisher, Mr. SAMUEL HUESTON, who has been 'cavorting' among the mountains of Lake George, and eating lake trout to repletion, at SHERRILL'S famous Lake-House, brings with him such abundant health and spirits, that we gladly resign the editorial chair to him for the nonce. So now we can pack up our carpet-bag for the West — razors, brushes, six shirts, two white waistcoats, half-a-gallon of bay-rum, one portable boot-jack, (to fold up,) thirty-two pairs of stockings, one pound of sealing-wax, the family breast-pin, one cravat and a half, ditto trowsers, one thousand segars, eleven tooth-brushes, one small mosquito-net, and the 'Editor's Table.'

Gentlemen and ladies, editorially we make you acquainted with Mr. HUESTON.

(HUESTON *speaks*.) 'The reader will no doubt be gratified to learn that since the beginning of our new volume, the circulation of the KNICKER-BOCKER has increased ten ——'

That will never do, HUESTON. Try again; dip into the easy, button-holding, colloquial, L. G. C. style.

(HUESTON *speaks*.) 'The sun was just gilding the spires of Hoboken, when a jaded pair of horses might have been seen rapidly approaching the Albany steamboat.'

Never do, sir. G. P. R. J. Once more.

(HUESTON *speaks*.) 'There is nothing in America that exercises a more delightful spell over my imagination than the power of a great steamboat, as it leaves the crowded wharf, and glides majestically upon the broad bosom of the Hudson.'

No go, Mr. HUESTON. W. I. Try again.

(HUESTON *speaks*.) 'There was the old steamboat lying at the wharf: the old steamboat, with its old rotten timbers, its mysterious machinery, with, here and there, an iron limb bound up in cloths, as if it had been in some battle, where every body had come off second best. There were the wretched passengers on the upper-deck, and the wretched emigrants on the lower-deck; there were the wretched news-boys, darting about like blue-bottle flies; there were the wretched firemen, and the wretched orange-women; there was the dark, slimy water below, suggestive of suicides, and the white plume of steam above, suggestive of an unlimited number of coroner's inquests. Then the old steamboat pawed the water, and struggled to get free; and then she relapsed again, and gave it up. Then the wretched captain said, 'Let go;,' and with a shriek, a gasp, and a snort, her wheels revolved, the hawser splashed in the dock, and the old steamboat sluggishly cut the slimy waters, and struggled up the river.'

C. D., Mr. HUESTON; and in his worst style. Try once more.

(HUESTON *speaks*.) 'We laughed 'somedele' at our friend and publisher, Mr. HUESTON, yesterday, 'we did.' Being a man of 'weak nerves,' he took it into his head to evacuate the city on the glorious Fourth of July, by taking a 'passage' on the 'Rip Van Winkle.' To be sure of a 'good berth,'

he engaged his state-room on board the 'Rip Van Winkle' two days beforehand. The polite clerk promised to select a good cool one, so as to let Mr. H. enjoy a comfortable night's rest, so that he could wake up '*aw ri*' in Albany the next morning. On taking possession of his room, number eighteen, our friend and publisher found the window opened upon an interesting little machine used on these boats to blow the fire; and instead of sleeping, he had the uninterrupted pleasure of enjoying its music all night. He says he never was so well 'blown up' in his life; but next time he wants to know before he pays in 'advance' for a state-room, whether it is a state-room 'simply,' or a state-room with an 'Æolian attachment.'

That will do. Go on, HUESTON; you hit it there. That's L. G. C.!

(HUESTON speaks.) '*Lines on Leaving the City*,' by G. W. A., is respectfully declined. Did G. W. A. ever read the following? or is the striking resemblance of *his* lines merely 'accidental?'

'To one who has been long in city pent,
 'Tis very sweet to look into the fair
 And open face of heaven—to breathe a prayer
 Full in the smile of the blue firmament.
 Who is more happy, when with heart's content,
 Fatigued, he sinks into some pleasant lair
 Of wavy grass, and reads a debonair
 And gentle tale of love and languishment?'

Who is more happy? - - - That was a capital reply of the Rev. SIDNEY SMITH to a lady who wanted a 'motto' to engrave on the collar of her poodle. He at once suggested a quotation from SHAKESPEARE: 'Out, damned Spot!' which the lady did not think sentimental enough, although thoroughly SHAKESPEREAN. We 'opine' the Rev. SIDNEY SMITH did not 'cotton to' poodles more than we do. - - - We 'plead guilty' to the 'soft impeachment' of loving a good story. Two gentlemen, not long since, visited our 'sanctum,' and in the whole course of the evening we managed to pick out *one*, that had the merit of being 'new.' It is no doubt good, from the mirth it excited in the relator himself; and we jot it down '*verbatim et cachinnatum*.' 'Tell that story,' said the gentleman with the pink cravat. 'What story?' said the one with the brown striped tie. 'That one about the dog.' BROWN STRIPED TIE, suddenly catching his face in both hands, and exploding: 'Oh! yes—ho! ho! ho! ho! You see, we were walking up Broadway—ho! ho! ho!—and met a dog—oh! ho! ha! ha!—a dog—ha! ha! ho! ho! (stamping his foot;) and in front of him was a Frenchman—oh! ho! ho! ho!—a little Frenchman—ho! ho! ha! ha! he! oh! my!—in a gingham coat—ho! ho! ho!—and the dog a little way behind—ho! ho! ho! ha!' PINK CRAVAT joins in 'ha! ha! ha! ha!' and for the rest of the time makes a sound as if he were jingling a watch-chain in his windpipe. BROWN TIE: 'Says I, JOHN, I'll bet you that dog belongs to that Frenchman—oh! ho! ho! ho!' Says he: 'That's what *I* want to bet'—oh! ho! ho! ha! hi! So we watched 'em—ha! ha! ha! ha!—to the next corner—ho! ho! ha! (hysterical tears in the eyes of BROWN TIE)—to the corner—oh! ho! ha! ha!—and there the little Frenchman turned down—oh! ho! ho! ho! (increased jingle of chain in the windpipe of

PINK TIE)—and we found the dog didn't belong to him at all, but to another man—ho! ho! ho! ho!—oh! my!' Does any body see the 'goak?' - - - THE unparalleled sorrows of PEPPER (compared with which those of 'WERTER' were unmixed happiness) have elicited the annexed feeling letter from an unhappy young lady in Pennsylvania, following which is a copy of our Pote's characteristic reply:

'A PETITION FROM A VICTIM OF A TYRANT TO THE GREAT MR. PEPPER.

July 2d.

'DEAR SIR: Your kindness in answering Mr. VOUGHT's letter has encouraged me to hope a line from one, whose heart is suffering from a grief like that which has prostrated your noble genius for so many months, might meet your indulgence. O Mr. PEPPER! *you* can feel for me; *you* who have suffered and grown strong. Tell me where is the balm that has comforted you, or reconciled you to your loss of the object of your affections; and would you please send me a bottle of it, with directions how to take it? Dear Mr. PEPPER, I am *alone*. I have loved. My mother forbade my adored THEODOSIUS HORATIO the house. I ran to the horse-pond. I cried: 'Cruel mother, you have killed me; I go to the eternal shades; farewell, my beloved, your ANGELINA dies for you.' I tore my hair; I scattered it on the winds. (Also my frock that caught on a nail that SAM had put to hold the tin pail.) I threw myself in. The cold waves surged around me. I struck the bottom. I cried out aloud. A strong hand seized me. The hideous sound of laughter grated on my nerves; SAM had rescued an unwilling victim to his kindness. O Mr. PEPPER! what can I do? They keep me shut up, for fear I'll do it again. They make me eat without any knife, for fear I will cut my throat. They have taken my object's letters; for, as he could not write, they soon heard from the man who wrote for him. I saw him last night. I wrote to him on a little card, and tied it to my cat's neck, and beckoned him to call her. He did. I thrèw her out of the window, for the door was locked, and he came as near to the fence as he could; but she ran to my mother, and she sent SAM to drive my object away. O Mr. PEPPER! Mr. PEPPER! take pity upon me, and help me to some of your balm, if you can get it to me. If I die, if I perish, will you not write my epitaph, and oblige the sad sorrow of the broken heart of

'Mr. K. N. PEPPER.

ANGELINA EUPHROSYNE TUTE.'

'N. B.—As I am very sure I shall not long survive, when I die, would you please write the epitaph, and let me see it in print in the KNICKERBOCKER before the world closes on

MY LIGHT FOR EVER.'

'North-Demosthenes 4 corners guly 10. 55.

'DERE MISS TOOTY: Yours hes cum! & ef Mr. PODD hes red it to me onot hese red it severil tymes at leest. wot hapines i fele wen discoverink a spirit like youn! so full ov felink & onhapines generally! o i no Genus is a serkelatin around your hart in Torrens, and wants to cum into your hed. let it cum, Miss TOOTY, let it cum. doant stop it. it cant do no hirt, and it may releve you cuite onexpected. o wot a relefe it wos wen i compoged that pome about HANAH g. W. last sumer! i felt better direkly, & even wile a ritink ov it, i was strong enuf to pich into old WATERS imejitly. (bi the way, you want to no wy ime so cheerle after suferink so much. heres the ceerit, onhappy i, wich you air to kepe as long as the warm wether wil allow. you no i disapered sum tyme sens in a Miss Terious maner, & hed strong intenshuns ov doin sumthink—peraps a Pond like you. al that wos onto Hanahs account. i felt bad, Miss TOOTY. o how Genus ken sufer & fele

meloncolly! i hed wondered along amakin up mi mynd, & afrade al the wile my dere fren Podd wood ketch me be 4 ide dun it, wen gitin tyred i saw a shed. this brot to mi mynd the 'SOLLLEKY, ADREST TO A BERD ON THE FENS,' wich i did wylst reclynk onto a bilding ov that speshy, as you hevent forgot, i supoge. as i felt the same meloncolly felinks, i got up; & in a dreme i saw HER! yes, their she wer a looking lik a smal swete wite Roas, wich a large red 1 hed ben a pickin onto. al to onct a cheerfle vois sed — '*Cheer up, mi boy, the old feler is a goink!*' Was it a aingle? no, it was Podd! how i huged him! in the confushun we roald of the shed, wich not myndink we rose with a smil & went direckly hoam. So you se theirs a chans for me yet, Miss TOOTY.)

'you alood to Bam. the oanly bam i use now is bam ov columby wich (the litle as is left) youm welcome to, in a vyal. is *your* har loos?

'you hev sufered a grate dele afflicted I, but not ekal to HANAH, wich hes got a crule Faither, & yourn is oanli a mother — wich we supoge her milk of human kyndnes hesent al dryde up into nothink. The pond must have felt rayther coald; and ov coars a yung lady is indignent at gittin al wet & not hevin the satisfackshun ov drowndink herself. it aint elegant to pich out ov a winder or you cood do it that way. ime astonisht at your hevin eny apetyte, wich i hadent, & ov coarse dident nede no nife. did you experiens eny dificulty in shrikin wen you wos onto the bottom of the pond? sum ken holer under water, but them as stays out alus swares they cant here nothink. you must hev ketched coald wen gerked out by the roothles han ov the yung man. ef you cood git Consumshun now, that wood be a good way, oanli it taks a lifytyme to doo enythink, onles it fortunately hapens to be a Galup.

'But o Miss TOOTY, ef we shoold Boath loos the obgecs of our afeckshuns, (onplesant thought!) we cood liv sum tyme by consolinck ov ech other: youm onhappy — ime meloncolly, & Consolashun shel be the Bitters as shel kepe us up.

'i woodent advyse you to di wile thays the lest chans. your crule mother may cum around—so may HANAH's onnateral Faither. but ef you cant help goink, i shel talk much plesyour in compogink your Epitaf: wich shel apear imejitly after yeuv gon up.

'So now onhappy I, Fairwel, from your meloncolly fren,

K. N. PEPPER.'

'Sweet are the uses of adversity.' Witness the tender sympathy of PEPPER, in behalf of Miss TUTE. - - - THERE never was a better exemplification of exquisite wit than in the following anecdote of Dr. TYNG. It seems the Doctor had been dining with the late Commodore CHAUNCEY, and toward the close of the entertainment, one of the guests was puzzled concerning a bottle of wine of most curious nature. 'Commodore,' said he, 'I have exhausted your decanter, and for the life of me cannot decide whether it be sherry or Madeira.' Whereupon Dr. TYNG arose and said promptly: 'Allow me to propose a toast —'

'Hold, hold, HUNSTON! put on the brake. Here is a large package from the West. L. G. C.'s 'hand-write' by all that is gossip! See there! piles of the Simon Pure material! Room for the Editor! (CLARK speaks.)

DEAR READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS: The EDITOR is on his travels: having joyfully accepted the invitation of an esteemed friend and neighbor, to accompany him through certain portions of the unvisited West.

He hopes that his readers will hereafter, in some degree, be enabled to partake of the enjoyment which he anticipates. In the mean time, as he leaves early in the month, he must crave indulgence for any short-comings which may be apparent in the present number, many editorial pages of which, hastily prepared, must pass without the usual supervision.

Not long since there was held in this city a large and enthusiastic 'gathering,' without distinction of party, so far as spectators and participators were concerned, to do honor to the late beloved and lamented HENRY CLAY, it being the anniversary of his birth. When we read the proceedings in the journals of the day, we called to mind some lines from the fertile pen of GEORGE D. PRENTICE, editor of the *Louisville Journal*, which we had long contemplated publishing. How the voices of the great statesman's admirers would have rung through the hall, could the following have been repeated on the occasion referred to! But here are the lines:

‘HENRY CLAY.

‘WITH voice and mien of stern control
He stood among the great and proud,
And words of fire burst from his soul,
Like lightnings from the tempest-cloud:
His high and deathless themes were crowned
With glory of his genius born,
And gloom and ruin darkly frowned
Where fell his bolts of wrath and scorn.

‘But he is gone, the free, the bold,
The champion of *The Country's* right;
His burning eye is dim and cold,
And mute his voice of conscious might.
Oh! no! — *not* mute — his stirring call
Can startle tyrants on their thrones,
And on the hearts of *Nations* fall
More awful than his living tones!

‘The impulse that his spirit gave
To human Thought's wild, stormy sea,
Will heave and thrill through every wave
Of that ‘Great Deep’ eternally:
And the all-circling atmosphere,
With which is blent his breath of flame,
Will sound, with cadence deep and clear,
In storm and calm, his voice and name.

‘His words, that like a bugle-blast
Erst rang along the Grecian shore,
And o'er the hoary Andes passed,
Will still ring on for ever more!
Great LIBERTY will catch the sounds,
And start to newer, brighter life,
And summon from earth's utmost bounds
Her children to the glorious strife!

‘Unnumbered pilgrims o'er the wave,
In the far ages yet to be,
Will come to kneel beside his grave,
And hail him ‘Prophet of the Free!’

'Tis holier ground, that lowly bed,
In which his mouldering form is laid,
Than fields where LIBERTY has bled
Beside her broken battle-blade.

'Who now, in Danger's fearful hour,
When all around is wild and dark,
Shall guard with voice and arm of power
Our Freedom's consecrated ark?
With stricken hearts, O God! to THEE,
Beneath whose feet the stars are dust,
We bow, and ask that THOU wilt be
Through every ill our stay and trust!'

Does not this stir your heart? - - - IN the following '*Distinction without a Difference*,' from PUNCH, there is more of condensed satire than could be crowded into a column-leader of '*The Thunderer*.' 'The following appears to be the distinction between two Admirals, who have not achieved much distinction of any kind: NAPIER was expected to do *something*, and he *did n't* do it: DUNDAS was expected to do *nothing*, and *did it*!' - - - IN the course of our 'experience,' it has often occurred to us, 'What *would* poor Mrs. PARSHALLS, who had sought a 'new home' in the West, have done if she had broken her 'dish-kettle'—a vessel so utterly indispensable in her 'household *economy*?' Some idea of the daily round of duties which it performed may be gathered from the report thereof, as recorded by the author of 'A New Home: Who'll Follow?'

'THIS vessel cooked the potatoes for breakfast, and was then put on to heat water for washing the dishes. When this same washing process was about to commence, the dish-kettle was always hoisted to the table, since where was the use of washing out a pan, when a dish-kettle did just as well, and kept the water hot longer, too?

'By the time the dishes were washed it was time to feed the pigs; and then poor Aunt, being sadly scanted in pails, carried this heavy iron vessel up the rising ground, at the top of which the pen was placed. Then the kettle was scoured and put on for dinner. After dinner came the whole washing process over again, and then the factotum was cleaned once more and put on to heat water for mopping the floor—a daily ceremony.

'At this point of the diurnal round I confess to a discrepancy of opinion between Aunt PARSHALLS and myself, since I could never quite like to see mopping going on in and out of the dish-kettle. But as she said, in reply to a very sharp remonstrance on this head, 'Why, bless your dear soul, I sca-oured it!' I will answer for it she *did*—but we all have our prejudices.

'The kettle has still *another* 'sca-ouring' process to cook the supper, wash the dishes, carry the pigs' mess up the hill, and come home to be cleaned again, in order that the beans may be put to soak for to-morrow morning's porridge.'

It is *almost* affecting to imagine what a loss this kettle would have been! - - - SELDOM do we meet in this work-day world with a more beautiful instance of benevolence and humanity than the one recorded in the following paragraph from a late Scottish journal:

'THE island of Rona is a small and very rocky spot of land, lying between the Isle of Sky and the main land of Applecross, and is well known to mariners for the rugged and dangerous nature of its coast. There is a famous place of refuge at its north-western extremity, called the 'Muckle Harbor,' of very difficult access, however, which, strange to say, is easier entered at night than during the day.

'At the extremity of this hyperborean solitude is the residence of a poor widow, whose lonely cottage is called '*The Light-House*,' from the fact that she uniformly keeps a lamp burning in her little window at night. By keeping this light, and the entrance of the harbor open, a strange vessel may enter with the greatest safety.

'During the silent watches of the night, the widow may be seen, like Norna of the Fitful Head, trimming her little lamp with oil, fearful that some frail bark may perish through her neglect: and for this she receives no manner of remuneration. It is pure and unmingled philanthropy. The poor woman's kindness does not rest even here, for she is unhappy until the benumbed and shivering mariner comes ashore to share her little board, and recruit himself at her glowing and cheerful fire; and she can seldom be prevailed upon to accept any reward. She has saved more lives than any light-house on the coast, and thousands of pounds to the under-writers. This poor creature, in her younger days, witnessed her husband struggling with the waves, and swallowed up by the remorseless billows:

'In sight of home, and friends that thronged to save.'

This circumstance seems to have prompted her present devoted and solitary life, in which her only enjoyment is doing good.'

Here is a fine theme for a poem. - - - We thought, when we first saw an account of the following instance of *Yankee Enterprise* going the rounds of the press some months ago, that it would not circulate alone on *this* side of the water, and now it reaches us from abroad: 'An American newspaper states that a little steamer, built to run on the Androscoggin River, in the State of Maine, having become frozen in, her owners drew her upon the shore in a cove, built a saw-mill over her, and used the engines as a motive-power for the mill, while the mill itself serves as a boat-house!' What do you think of that, 'JOHNNY BULL?' - - - 'If a man die,' says JOB, 'shall he live again?' 'All the days of *my* appointed time will I wait, until my change come!' But what will our modern 'spiritualists' say to the following perfectly well-authenticated statement, adduced by a writer in a late number of the *North-British Quarterly Review*? 'Can such things be, without our special wonder?' Let the reader answer:

'THE condition of trance can be induced by suppressing the respiration and fixing the mind; and we cannot convey a better idea of it than by giving after Dr. CHEYNE, of Dublin, the following account of the case of Colonel TOWNSEND, of Bath, a gentleman of a high and Christian character.

'Colonel TOWNSEND could die or expire when he pleased, and yet by an effort or some how, he could come to life again. He insisted so much upon our seeing the trial made, that we were at last forced to comply. We all three felt his pulse first; it was clear and distinct, though small and thready; and his heart had its usual beating. He composed himself upon his back, and lay in a still position for some time; while I held his right hand, Dr. BAYNARD laid his hand on his heart, and Mr. SKRINE held a clean looking-glass to his mouth. I found his pulse sink gradually, until at last I could not feel any by the most exact and nice touch. Dr. BAYNARD could not feel the least motion in the heart, nor Mr. SKRINE perceive the least sort of breath on the mirror he held to his mouth. Then each of us by turns examined his arm, heart, and breath, but could not by the nicest scrutiny discover the least symptoms of life in him. We reasoned a long time about this odd appearance as well as we could; and finding he still continued in that condition, we began to conclude that he had indeed carried the experiment too far; and at last we were satisfied that he was actually dead, and we were just ready to leave him. This continued about half-an-hour. By nine in the morning, in autumn, as we were going away, we observed some motion about the body, and, upon examination, found his pulse and the motion of his heart gradually returning; he began to breathe heavily and speak softly. We were all astonished to the last degree at this unexpected change; and after some further conversation with him and among ourselves, went away fully satisfied as to all the particulars of this fact, but confounded and puzzled, and not able to form any rational scheme that might account for it. In repeating this remarkable experiment on a subsequent occasion, Colonel TOWNSEND actually expired.'

'WHEN I take my eye, and throw it around this assembly' has been considered, by an English 'travelled' authority in this country, as a 'figure

of speech' not only peculiarly American, but as involving a physical impossibility in that 'cute and far-seeing nation. Let that croaking censor peruse the following, 'specimen of eloquence' from an authentic speech made by General BUNCOMBE, in the House of Representatives, in the days of 'Fifty-Four Forty or Fight:'

'MR. SPEAKER: When I take my eyes and throw them over the vast expanse of this expansive country: when I see how the yeast of freedom has caused it to rise in the scale of civilization and extension on every side; when I see it growing, swelling, roaring, like a spring-freshet — when I see all *this*, I cannot resist the idea, Sir, that the day will come when this great nation, like a young school-boy, will burst its straps, and become entirely too big for its boots!

'Sir, we want *elbow-room*! — the continent — the *whole* continent — and nothing *but* the continent! And we will *have* it! Then shall Uncle SAM, placing his hat upon the Canadas, rest his right arm on the Oregon and California coast, his left on the eastern sea-board, and whistle away the British power, while reposing his leg, like a freeman, upon Cape-Horn! Sir, the day *will* — the day *must* come!

A 'gel-lorious ked'ntry' this! - - - How much hard study, how continuous the labor, how unremitting the exertion required, to be a proficient in any profession or in any art! Ask of all the 'learned professions,' ask of all artists, ask of all mechanics, learned in their elaborate arts, and *they* will tell you what long-tried '*practice*' it requires to 'make *perfect*.'

Listen then to one — an actor, and the first of his class, who is passing away, not only from 'the stage,' *as* such, but from the busy stage of life — while he tells you what study, what care, what practice, are necessary, even to *seem* to be a proficient in the realities and observances of actual, '*real* life.' We quote from the unpublished note-book of the late HORACE BINNEY WALLACE, a young man of the highest promise, whom DANIEL WEBSTER pronounced to be 'one of the very first scholars and thinkers of his time:'

'September 23, 1845. — Mr. WILLIAM B. WOOD, the well-known manager and actor — a gentleman of irreproachable character, in a moral, social, or *any* point of view — passed the evening at my house. He was speaking of the immense labor, in the way of study, of a capable actor's life:

'*"I never omitted,"* he said, '*any labor that could make me more perfect in the *grace* of my profession.*

'*"Finding myself somewhat awkward in opening and shutting a door, in coming upon the stage, I asked the manager to permit me to come out and announce the play; and for *two whole years* I practised *that*; and when I was not *in* the play, I would come down and dress, in stockings, shoes, etc., merely for the purpose of announcing the play; so as to wear a sword and a cocked hat. I made a point of doing both these, at home and in my own room for years, so that this costume should be as natural and familiar to me as my ordinary one.*

'*"The manager said to me: 'I never saw any one in my life to whom the use of a sword seemed to be so natural and unconscious. You sit down, get up, and move about, and yet never seem to think of the sword at all, which I have remarked never gets in your way.'*

'*"Just so,"* continued Mr. WOOD, '*I had worn it until I thought no more about it than about my ordinary gloves. So I wore a cocked hat in my bed-room, and took it off and put it on a dozen times in an afternoon.*

'*"It may be necessary to explain, that this was part of the dress of the characters played at that time, and gentlemen meeting ladies in the piece, were obliged, in courtesy, frequently to take off their hats in the course of the play.*

'*"To put on the hat easily, and at once,"* said Mr. WOOD, '*and without a second motion of adjustment, was very difficult. I acquired it by this familiar use.*

'*"This was a process of assiduous labor, certainly; but Mr. WOOD felt that any thing that was worth doing *at all*, was worth *doing well*. Moreover, as he himself tells us, he 'derived great advantage from associating all his life with *gentlemen* — off the stage, and on.'*

'*"I had no genius,"* he said, modestly, '*but I had quickness of observation, and*

indefatigable labor.' That he had *more* (every one will say who ever saw him) than these last qualifications, must be admitted, or he never could have attained to the exalted position which he held for over forty years.'

It has always seemed to us that Mr. EVERETT 'touches nothing that he does not ornament.' With thoughts clearly conceived, carefully polished, and skilfully marshalled, he approaches and carries forward his theme, with a manner that is enforced by all the graces of practised eloquence. Witness the following passage from the admirable and widely-commended speech recently delivered at Dorchester :

'It has been said, in one or two well-authenticated cases of persons restored after drowning, where life has been temporarily extinguished in the full glow of health, with the faculties unimpaired by disease, in perfect action, that in the last few minutes of conscious existence the whole series of the events of the entire life comes rushing back to the mind distinctly, but with inconceivable rapidity—that the whole life is lived over again in a moment. Such a narrative, by a person of high official position and perfect credibility I have read. We may well suppose that at this critical moment of WASHINGTON's life a similar concentration of thought would take place, and that the events of his past existence, as they had prepared him for it—his escape from drowning and the rifle of the savage on his perilous mission to Venango, the shower of iron hail through which he rode unharmed on BRADDOCK's field—would now crowd through his memory ; that much more, also—the past life of his country—the early stages of the great conflict now brought to its crisis, and still more solemnly the possibilities of the future for himself and for America—would press upon him ; the ruin of the patriotic cause if he failed at the outset ; the triumphant consolidation of the Revolution if he prevailed, with higher visions of the hopeful family of rising States, their auspicious growth and prospering fortunes hovering like a dream of angels in the remote prospect—all this, attended with the immense desire of honest fame, (for we cannot think even WASHINGTON's mind too noble to want the last infirmity ;) the intense inward glow of manly heroism about to act its great part on a sublime theatre ; the softness of the man chastening the severity of the chieftain, and deeply touched at the sufferings and bereavements about to be caused by the conflict of the morrow ; the still tenderer emotions that breathed their sanctity over all the rest—the thought of the faithful and beloved wife who had followed him from Mount Vernon, and of the aged mother whose heart was aching in her Virginia home for glad tidings of 'GEORGE, who was always a good boy'—all these pictures, visions, feelings, pangs—too vast for words, too deep for tears—but swelling, no doubt, in one unuttered prayer to HEAVEN, we may well imagine to have filled the soul of WASHINGTON at that decisive hour, as he stood upon the heights of Dorchester, with the holy stars for his camp-fire, and the deep-folding shadows of night, looped by the hand of God to the four quarters of the sky, for the curtains of his tent.'

The close, in natural, simple eloquence, is scarcely less effective. We are not surprised to find that 'the eloquent orator exhibited much emotion as he concluded, and the cheering which had broken out frequently during the delivery of his address, again rose in one vehement and overwhelming and prolonged shout, which made the hills ring again.'

'Thus, my friends, in the neighborhood of the spot where, in my early childhood, I acquired the first elements of learning at one of those public schools which are the glory of and strength of New-England, I have spoken to you imperfectly of the appropriate topics of the day. Retired from public life, without the expectation or the wish to return to it, but the contrary ; grateful for the numerous marks of public confidence which I have received, and which I feel to be beyond my merits ; respecting the convictions of those from whom I have at any time differed, and asking the same justice for my own, I own, fellow-citizens, that few things would better please me than to find a quiet retreat in my native town, where I might pass the rest of my humble career in the serious studies and tranquil pursuits which befit the decline of life, till the same old bell should announce that the checkered scene is over, and the weary is at rest.'

A RECENT English paper states, that in a small town, not a hundred miles from London, the *curate* belonging to the parish preached a sermon on

Trinity-Sunday, which was recognized as a masterly discourse of the great TILLOTSON'S. In the afternoon, the *rector* returned and preached the same sermon! A 'hard-working clergy' that! - - - We have not unfrequently spoken, of late, in the KNICKERBOCKER, of a capital master of the broad burlesque, who signs himself '*John Phoenix*,' in the San-Francisco (Cal.) '*Pioneer*' monthly magazine. Rail-road officers and operatives say that his description of opening, or rather of surveying the route of a rail-road from San-Francisco to the Mission Dolores, which we lately published, is one of the most amusing and sarcastic things to be found anywhere. We think the following, sent to the editor, ridiculing the glowing descriptions, often furnished to the papers, of clipper-ships arriving at that port, will make ship-owners and ship-captains 'let out a reef' in their waist-coats. The vessel is called the *Highfulutin*:

'I SEND this by special current express, calculating that it will drift along a few days ahead of us; and you can have it all ready to put in, while we are within the usual 'two hours' sail of the port for twenty four days.' Do n't forget also to mention the fog, loss of sails, heavy weather, etc., and particularly 'the tight and baffling head-winds for a couple of months.' But you can regulate that by the length of our voyage. No matter if you do make a little error of ten or fifteen days in our favor, in reporting us. If not noticed, we won't correct it; but if it is, then pitch into the compositors, and call it a typographical error.

'She is one hundred and fifty tons register, and carries two thousand, as measured in Boston, with the measurer's thumb inside the callipers, which (the thumb) being much swollen and tied up in a rag, may have made a few feet difference in the measurements; but that don't amount to much. Her extreme length on deck is five hundred and ninety-seven and a half feet; eight feet breadth of beam; two hundred feet deep; twenty-four feet between decks. Her bow is a great rake, and the head is composed of a female carved figure, with one thumb resting on the extreme tip of her nose, fingers extended in the act of gyrating; the first finger of the left hand in the act of drawing down the lower lid of the eye; which the captain explains to us as a simile from the Heathen Mythology, denoting curiosity on the part of the figure to ascertain if any body discovers any thing verdant.

'The '*Highfulutin*' is finished with the patent '*Snogrosticars*,' indicating the millenium when it comes. She is rigged after the recent invention of Captain BROWHARN, which consists of three topsail-yards on the bowsprit, the balyards leading down through a groove in the keel, up through the stern-windows, and belay to the captain's tobacco-box. She has also the '*skyfingurorum*,' a sail something like a kite, which is set in light weather about seventy-five feet above the main-truck, and made fast by a running double hitch under the binnacle and aft through the galley, and belayed to the cook's tea-pot. It is sometimes (when the captain carries his family) made fast to the baby-jumper. Her windlass is rose-wood, inlaid with clam-shells. She has also a French-roll capstan, with musical bars. The caboose is elaborately carved with gilt edges, a Pike county galley-sliding telescopic stove-pipe, of gutta-percha, and a machine for making molasses-candy for the sailors.'

'MUSIC hath charms to soothe,' etc., but when an essayist of the *calibre* of HAZLITT can write as follows of '*The Opera*,' does it not behoove the managers of such an institution, the love of the true spirit of which is so general—for few there be who have not 'music in their souls'—to labor to divest opera of all its *needless* artificiality? Few opera-goers but must have seen and lamented the wholly unnecessary violations of nature which remain unexpunged from the *action* of even some of our most popular operatic representations:

'THE opera is the most artificial of all things. It is not only art, but ostentatious, unambiguous, exclusive art. It does not subsist as an imitation of nature, but in contempt of it; and instead of seconding, its object is to pervert and sophisticate all our *natural impressions of things*. At the theatre, we see and hear what has been seen, said, thought, and done elsewhere; at the opera we see and hear what was never said, thought, or done anywhere but at the opera. All communication with nature is cut off; every appeal to the imagination is shattered and softened in the melting medium

of syren sounds. The ear is cloyed and glutted with warbled ecstasies or agonies, while every avenue to terror or pity is carefully stopped up and guarded by song and recitative. Music is not made the vehicle of poetry, but poetry of music; the very meaning of the words is lost or refined away in the effeminacy of a foreign language.

'A grand serious opera is a tragedy wrapped up in soothing airs to suit the tender feelings of the nurslings of fortune; where tortured victims swoon on beds of roses, and the pangs of despair sink in tremulous accents into downy repose. Just so much of human misery is given as to lull those who are exempted from it into a deeper sense of their own security; just enough of the picture of human life is shown to relieve their languor without disturbing their indifference—not to excite their sympathy, but with 'some sweet oblivious antidote' to pamper their sleek and sordid apathy. In a word, the 'business' of the opera stifles emotion in its birth, and intercepts every feeling in its progress to the heart.'

Strongly put. - - - SONNET to '*A Country Post-Office*' needs correction. 'Murder' and 'further' do not rhyme. - - - SELDOM have we read a more vivid account of the accessories of a night-battle, than may be found in this passage from one of the letters of a correspondent of one of the London daily journals, in the camp before Sebastopol: 'For the last hour, (it is now a quarter to eleven o'clock at night,) a furious fight has been raging all along our front. To a person standing in front of the Fourth Division, the whole of the Russian lines are revealed in successive glimpses by bursts of red flame; and the bright star-like flashes of musketry, twinkling all over the black expanse between us and the town, for three or four miles in length, show that a fierce contest is going on before the trenches of the Allies. Shells, each marked by a distinctive point of fire where the fuse is burning, describe their terrible curves in the air, and seem to mingle with the stars; and fiery rockets, with long tails of dropping sparks, rush like comets through the air! Above all, the pale crescent moon is shining from a deep blue sky, covered with the constellations of heaven. The roar of the cannon, the hissing of the shells, the intermittent growl of the musketry, the wild scream of the rockets, and the whizzing of the round shot, form a horrid concert!' A terrible thing is WAR! - - - THERE are two or three recent inventions of our ingenious countrymen which might be turned to good account in the American department of the French 'Exhibition of the Industry of All Nations.' We have already mentioned in these pages the successful experiment of the inventive Yankee, who, convinced that a silk purse *could* be made out of a sow's ear, contrary to the maxim, 'went and *made* one that could n't be beat;' and which, he said, had 'become very '*popular*' among the women-folks.' Moreover, a mechanic of Genesee county, in this State, has rendered useless another maxim of a similar purport. 'Making a whistle of a pig's tail,' says the *Buffalo Courier*, 'has long been quoted as a synonym for an impossibility; but orators might as well let the comparison 'dry up,' for we have in our sanctum a *bona-fide* whistle made of a veritable pig's tail, 'and nothing else!' The manufacturer is Mr. WILLIAM HICOX, of Batavia, who has overcome all the obstacles that have hitherto prevented the use of pigs' tails for musical purposes, and *proved*, that after the last squeal has died away in the throat of the incipient swine, the latent elements of a melody still more pleasing to the ear, still exist in the caudal appendage.'

How many desperate cases are saved at the bar by legal ingenuity and eloquence! Here is an instance directly in point, and is entirely authentic. It comes from an eminent judicial source in a Southern State :

'A MAN in the town of — committed murder — a black, diabolical murder. There was not a single feature in the case that Mercy could render available. It was 'red murder,' in the truest acceptation of the term. A lawyer of considerable eminence was called on by the prisoner, but after hearing his own statement, he could give him no other advice than the following :

'My friend, if you are not hanged, it will be because you have broken jail, cut your throat, or — or — *shammed mad!*'

'The murderer took the hint. He was not able to accomplish the first; he was unwilling to do the second; so he attempted the third.

'He came into court on the day of his trial with one glove and one boot on; listened with apparent delight to his arraignment; and when asked, at the conclusion, if he was guilty or not guilty, answered, with a horse-laugh, such as I never heard before nor since :

'Yes — I thank you, Sir, and *no* mistake!'

'In this philanthropic age, this was quite sufficient to arrest the torrent of indignation which had been rightfully setting against the offender, and to substitute in place thereof a feeling of intense sympathy.

'He is mad,' says one.

'Poor fellow!' muttered another.

'What a mercy we have discovered it before he was tried!' ejaculated a third.

'Why don't they take him out of the box?' demanded a fourth.

'By this time, the prisoner, in great glee, had put his glove upon his foot, and thrust his hand into his boot.

'Of course, this was too much for the feelings of the crowd. It was the last hair that broke the camel's back.

'Shame! shame!' was muttered by a dozen philanthropic souls.

'Take him out of the box!' muttered the mob in general.

'Certainly,' said the Judge, 'take him out by all means. Mr. District Attorney, you can have no objection?'

'Not the slightest, may it please your Honor, provided you let two or three of the bailiffs stand between him and me.'

'The by-standers made a rush to execute the mandate of the Court, but the prisoner checked their zeal, though not their sympathy, by knocking down half-a-dozen of them with his boot!

'The Court briefly addressed the jury: 'It was unnecessary to enter into the evidence. The unhappy prisoner had certainly destroyed the life of a man — a husband and a father, leaving his widow and helpless children to misery and want. At the same time, it seemed evident that this was the result rather of misfortune than of crime. We have the evidence of our own senses that the prisoner is *mad* — mad, gentlemen of the jury, as a March hare.

'Would any man, gentlemen, conduct himself so strangely in a court-room — wear his boots and his gloves in so eccentric a manner — if he were *not* mad?

'Gentlemen: I have studied the anatomy of the human mind with much industry, and I think I may say with considerable success; and I flatter myself I am *particularly* conversant with the subject of insanity.

'The brain is a delicate organ. Its membranes are of still more delicate organization. These are the *dura mater* and the *pia mater*. These, intertwining with and intersecting, as it were, the porous substance of the brain, contribute largely to the exercise of its transcendent powers.'

'Our Judge *knows* something, don't he?' said one of the sympathizers.

'*K-n-o-w ? ! !*' said his interlocutor; 'KNOW?' I should think he *did*! All I have got to say is, that I never know'd a man as knows as much as what he knows!

'But,' continued the Judge, 'these membranes become impaired, and even *Reason*, Gentlemen, *REASON* reels, and totters on her throne!

'The most prevalent species of intellectual wandering, however, is denominated '*Homicidal Insanity*,' the prominent symptom of which is a desire to take away human life. Such, I doubt not, is the case with the prisoner.'

'May it please your Honor,' interposed the District Attorney, 'do n't you think that the jury might pronounce this a case of *malicious prosecution*?'

'Perhaps *not*, Mr. District Attorney,' responded the Judge. 'I honor your humanity, Sir; I am rejoiced to see that you can rise superior to the feelings which, I am compelled to say, too often prompt public prosecutors. But, Sir, I think, as a man has really been killed, it *might* be considered a bad precedent to declare this prosecution a malicious one!'

Is there a particle of exaggeration in this, aside from the (perhaps) exaggerated charge of the Judge? Certain it is, that the foregoing is from the pen of an eminent Judge at the South, (now, alas! deceased,) who *saw* what he here describes. - - - WHOEVER has been in Edinburgh, the noble capital of Scotland, cannot fail to have remarked the immense height of the houses in what are called the 'closes' of that romantic and picturesque town. All the artisans to be found in a common village are often congregated together under one roof. This multifariousness of avocation in the same building gave rise to the following lines from a stranger, who was struck by this peculiarity in the Scottish metropolis:

'You may call on a friend of note, and discover him
With a shoe-maker over and a stay-maker under him:
My dwelling begins with a periwig-maker;
I'm under a corn-cutter, over a baker;
Above, the chiropodist; cookery too:
O'er that is a laundress -- o'er her is a Jew;
A painter and tailor divide the eighth flat,
And a dancing-academy thrives over that!'

In the republic of letters we sometimes meet with some specimens of the *Scientific Burlesque* so grotesquely amusing, that the wisest heads can hardly help laughing at them. The *London Punch* has had many examples in this kind, some of which gave grave offence to learned professors, and other officers of learned societies. The following is good:

'If twenty-seven inches of snow give three inches of water, how much *milk* will a cow give when fed on Ruta-Baga turnips?

'ANSWER: Multiply the flakes of snow by the hairs in the cow's tail -- then divide the product by a turnip; add a pound of chalk, and the sum will be the answer!'

PROFESSOR JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, of Cambridge, Mass., now absent in Germany, to perfect himself in studies which he will be called upon to supervise in others, in the exercise of the new office which he has been unanimously chosen to fill in Harvard University, has the clearest *Yankee Thoughts* and the most felicitous skill and tact in expressing the same in flowing Down-East Yankee verse. Here is a little specimen from a piece of his called '*A Courtin' Scene*.' Observe how naturally the 'courtin'-room' and its accessories are described:

'Ag'in the walls the crook-necks hung,
And in among 'em, rusted,
The old Queen's-arm, that Gran'ther Young
Brought back from Concord, bu'sted.

'The very room, 'cause she was in 't,
 Looked warm, from floor to ceilin',
 And she looked full as sweet ag'in
 As the apples she was peelin'.

'She heard a foot, an' *knowed* it tew,
 A-raspin' on the scraper;
 All ways to once her feelin's flew,
 Like sparks in burnt-up paper.

'He kin' o' listened on the mat,
 Sum doubtful of the sekel,
 His heart kept goin' pitty-pat,
 But her'n went pity-ZEKIEL.'

which same ZEKIEL was, of course, the name of the lov'yer aforesaid.

Apropos of 'courtin': that was a 'cool' man who, after having given over a marriage which it had been currently reported was about to take place, on being asked the reason, said: 'I had been with her, you know, a good while, and noticed that she was rather cool in her remarks, and hinted that she would rather go home alone than have me with her; but I did n't mind that, you know. Well, one night when we got to the door, says she: 'Mr. —, I do not wish your company any longer, and I'll thank you to keep in your place, and away from me.' That was a little too hard, and I would n't stand it. *I sacked her that very night!*' - - - WHEN you hear a man, swelling with self-importance, derived solely from the accidental possession of mere money; without intellect, without sentiment, without feeling, read to him the following: 'Our minds are like ill-hung vehicles: when they have little to carry, they raise a prodigious clatter: when heavily laden, they neither creak nor rumble.' - - - 'Is it true,' writes a friend, 'that the KNICKERBOCKER 'crowd' have for several years had up a standing reward of a brass quarter, to be awarded to the first man who rhymes to *window*? Here goes! Exchanges please credit:

I.

'YE BAKER.

'Ye Baker stumbled ore ye Troffe,
 Where hee was kneadyng *in* Dough.
 Hys Ladye Loue began to loffe,
 As shee peeped thro' ye Windowe.

II.

'YE LAST DYING SPEECH OF YE BEETLE.

'Ye cruell Man a Beetle tooke,
 Avenst ye wall hym pyuned — oh!
 Then spake ye Betyll toe ye Crowde,
 'Tho' I me *stuck up* I am not proude!
 And hys soule flew out at ye windowe.'

Take the 'quarter!' - - - 'I have no recollection,' writes 'W.,'

of Troy, 'of seeing in print the following, which occurred in one of our Sabbath-schools. I send it to you, because I think it too good to be lost: A teacher who had seven or eight urchins under his charge, on a certain Sabbath asked one of them the question which is found in one of the 'Union Sabbath-School Question Books,' which is as follows: 'What is a vision?' None of the boys promptly answering, the teacher asked whether any one of the scholars could refer to an apt illustration from the Bible. The boys could not think of any. The teacher then called their attention to the vision which is related in the tenth chapter of Acts from the ninth to the nineteenth verse, inclusive; in which PETER witnesses a vision, which was a sheet let down from Heaven, and on it were beasts, fowls, etc.; and PETER was commanded to kill and eat. One of the boys, who seemed to feel a greater interest in the bodily wants of our nature than the spiritual, looked up into the face of the teacher, and wanted to know, if that was a vision? 'Why,' says he, 'how can it be? — was it not *provision* instead of a vision?' The teacher nodded an assent, satisfied that it was really both a *vision* and a *provision*.' - - - WE do not know that we shall be able to make a '*permanent engagement*' with the 'author' of the '*Verses on the Death of Mr. Thompson's Child*.' Our port-folios are full. But we are willing that he should 'show what he *can* do;' and therefore present a specimen of the Elegiac Poem in question: Scene, Rock-Island, Mississippi:

'THE solemn news I now relate,
Twas in Rockisland in this state,
A Boy was drowned in the Stream,
the Son of Mr. THOMPSON.

'Away from home this child did go,
it was on one holy Sabbath day,
he went on the Ice to wash his Sled
where he was numbered with the dead.

'the ice give way, this Boy Sunk down,
this little Son of high Renown.
the news quick to his Parents flew
they for their Son then did pesue.'

We forbear to harrow up the feelings of our readers with farther details of the catastrophe hinted at above. - - - WE very often receive articles, both in prose and verse, which as a whole are imperfect, but *parts* of which are striking and original. Of such is the following, from an effusion entitled, '*Shadows*:'

'It is an awful sorrow, when the Heart
Hath memories in it brighter than its hopes;
When Life's lone march is westward, and the light
Is evermore behind. Love is Life's light.
Love, 'spring-like, breathes upon the tree of joy,
And all its branches blossom, gush to fruit!
'Tis but for once: exhausted by the one
Full answer which it gives unto the call
Of its first season, it can bear no more,
And barren mocks the eye.'

IN the pages of the KNICKERBOCKER we have often spoken of '*The Southern Literary Messenger*,' and always in the terms of praise which its

merits demand. It deserves the liberal patronage of the South, which we hope and trust it receives. Its capable editor, recently returned from Europe has written for his magazine many interesting letters, from one of which we take a passage describing the great Cathedral of Cologne, which gives us the best idea of that wonderful structure that we remember to have seen :

‘Of the Cathedral of Cologne, I scarcely know how to state my impressions, so marvellously unreal did it seem to me in its unspeakable beauty. The tracery of the frost-rime on the window-pane, in the drear December, is not more delicate than its rich details of sculpture ; and as one gazes upon the exquisite creation, he half-fears that, like the frost-rime, it will melt into nothingness before him. The loveliest objects in nature are the most transient ; the meteor, the rainbow, the sunset-cloud, the early bloom of womanhood, endure but for a brief season, and the brightness, the glory, the *lumen purpureum*, is gone for ever. And so of this Cathedral, as the visitor lingers in its long-drawn aisles, and drinks in the delight of its purpled atmosphere, a sort of apprehension oppresses him that it will presently fade away as a dream. Begun at a period so remote that the very name of the architect is lost, and never yet completed except in fragments ; half a ruin and half perfection ; with the moss of centuries clinging to its defaced and mouldering towers, and the hammers of a hundred workmen clanking on the splendid gable ; its pavements irised with hues which the sun of the middle-ages first shed through the stained oriels ; and the superstitions of a long period of mental debasement yet mingling with the gloom of its cloisters, it stands the most interesting link that connects our own time with one long gone by, and the best symbol, perhaps, of the mediæval idea of religion. It is wonderful how that idea worked itself out, in these enduring and graceful forms, gradually advancing from the grove in which the earliest Christians worshipped God, and borrowing from the lofty arch of interlacing branches the vaulted ceiling, until the temples of the true faith became only the temples of the beautiful, and the spiritual part of devotion was lost in the sensuous.’

READER, if you wish to escape the warm weather, and see some of the most bold and picturesque scenery on this continent, we commend to you the following excursion, to wit : take one of the splendid North-River boats for Albany or Troy, then by rail-road to Whitehall, up Lake Champlain to Rouse's Point, then to Ogdensburg, where you should remain all night. Then take the morning boat for Montreal, which will give you a fine opportunity to see the noble St. Lawrence : passing through the Thousand Islands and over the rapids, you will arrive at Montreal in time for tea. Go to the ‘Montreal House,’ where one of the great COLEMAN family will receive you and take great pleasure in showing you the lions of the place. When you tire of staying here, after supper, you can go on board the ‘JOHN MUNN,’ or any of the fine boats that run to Quebec, which city you will reach in time for breakfast, and where you may spend some time with great pleasure and profit. Then take a trip to the great Saguenay River, where you will find such scenery as you must see to get any true idea of ; then, if you choose to return as you went, you can vary the trip by going into Lake GEORGE at Ticonderoga, where you will find the neatest, cleanest little fairy-like steamer to be found on any lake or river in the world. A sail of three hours through the finest lake scenery in the world will bring you to the large hotels at the head of the Lake, where you can spend all the time you can spare most delightfully. Such a tour can be performed comfortably in ten days or two weeks, and will form an era in your life, a joy that will not pass while memory lasts. Now is just the time to go.