

commenced to indoctrinate him touching the late discoveries in the speerit warld. "Off with him!" hissed the sheriff—and the drop fell!

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DOCTOR.—Did you struggle much?

LAIRD.—I dinna ken! When I cam' to mysel', there was I lying on the floor, the cords o' the bed having given way; and Girzy, and Bauldie Blain, my hired man, were trying to extricate me frae the ruins o' the demolished couch.

DOCTOR.—Why you must have been almost in as bad a case as that of

"The auld wife ayont the fire
Wha dee'd for lack o' sneeshin."

MAJOR.—Our friend the Laird having recounted his non-snuffly experiences, let us now call a new cause. What have you been reading, Doctor, since our last sederunt?

DOCTOR.—Why not much, if the truth must be told. With the exception of Fredrika Bremer's new work, "*The Homes of the New World*," I have mentally masticated nothing.

MAJOR.—I trust that you found the affair appetizing?

DOCTOR.—Tolerably so, but there was too much of it. Miss Bremer is inclined at all times to be long-winded, and forgets the adage which inculcates that a dog may be choked with a plethora of pudding.

MAJOR.—Pray help us to a few morsels of the pudding aforesaid.

DOCTOR.—With pleasure. I take them just as they come to hand.

A BRACE OF ESCAPED SLAVES.

"This gentleman brought to us two lately escaped slaves, William and Ellen Craft. She was almost white; her countenance, which was rather sallow, had the features of the white, and though not handsome, a very intelligent expression. They had escaped by means of her being dressed as a man; he acting as her servant. In order to avoid the necessity of signing her name in the travellers' books, for she could not write, she carried her right arm in a sling, under the plea of having injured it. Thus they had succeeded in travelling by railway from the South to the Free States of the North. They appeared to be sincerely happy.

"Why did you escape from your masters?" I asked; "did they treat you with severity?"

"No," replied she; "they always treated me well; but I fled from them because they would not give me my rights as a human being. I could never learn anything, neither to read nor to write."

"I remarked in her the desire for learning peculiar to the white race.

MAJOR.—Hold there. I deny that in toto—Miss Bremer evidently either knows nothing whatever of what she is describing, or she wilfully

adopts the absurd fables respecting the colored classes having no desire for learning. I can declare from my own observation that the reverse is the case, and the crowded state of the schools throughout the West Indies will prove my assertions. In one small island alone, where the colored population was not more than thirty-seven thousand, there were seven thousand eight hundred and fifty-nine children at school. In this number too, I do not include the children of the wealthier colored class, but only those who attended the schools which answer to our common schools here; however, go on.

"How is it," said some one in company to the negro, "that the assertions of the anti-slavery party regarding the treatment of the slaves, that they are often flogged and severely beaten, are declared to be false? Travellers come to the North who have long resided among the plantations of the South, and have never seen anything of the kind."

William smiled, and said with a keen expression, "Nor are children whipped in the presence of strangers; this is done when they do not see."

CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN.

"I was two evenings at the theatre, and saw Miss Charlotte Cushman—the principal actress in the United States—in two characters, in which she produced a great effect, both here and in England, namely, Meg Merrilies and Lady Macbeth. Miss Cushman, immediately on my arrival in New York, had written very kindly to me, offering to be of any use to me in her power. Here, in Boston, she placed a box at the theatre at my service, which was very agreeable to me, as I could thus invite my friends to accompany me. Miss Cushman is a powerful actress; she possesses great energy, but is deficient in feminine grace, and wants more color in her acting, especially of the softer tone. This has reference principally to her Meg Merrilies, which is a fearful creation. Miss Cushman has represented in her merely the witch, merely the horrible in nature. But even the most horrible nature has moments and traits of beauty; it has sun, repose, dew, and the song of birds. Her Meg Merrilies is a wild rock in the sea, around which tempests are incessantly roaring, and which unceasingly contend with clouds and waves. She was also too hard and masculine for Lady Macbeth. It was merely in the night scene that her acting struck me as beautiful, and that deploring cry so full of anguish which she utters when she cannot wash the blood from her hands, that—I feel I shall never forget. It thrilled through my whole being, and I can still hear it; I can hear it in gloomy moments and scenes.

"I like Miss Cushman personally very much. One sees evidently in her an honest, earnest, and powerful soul, which regards life and her vocation with a noble earnestness. She has, through great difficulties, made her own way to the position which, by universal recognition and with universal esteem, she now occupies. She belongs to an old Puritanic family, and after her father's misfortune, she supported by her talent, for