

DUCKS AND DRAKES.—The "Ladies' window" clerk at one of our post offices, hearing the usual "rap rap" which announced the presence of an applicant for a letter, on going to the window, found there a Mr. *Drake*. "Next window, if you please Mr. *Drake*,"—this department is exclusively for *Ducks*."

OLD EBONY, in an article descriptive of *American women and children* discloses to the "shuddering" contemplation of the "respectable parents" of Europe this dreadful picture of the dangerous confidence which American fathers and mothers seem to place in the honor of their daughters:—

The unmarried girl of nineteen or twenty, living with her father and mother, has as much freedom of locomotion, companionship, amusement, as her brother of the same age. She accepts invitations and pays visits on her own account, and does not think it at all necessary to ask permission of her elders. Sometimes she has the privilege of the latch key if she stays out late at the theatre. Still oftener she has the privilege, if she chooses to exercise it, of her own private box or pigeon-hole at the post-office of the town where she resides, where she can have her letters addressed, and whither by a "Ladies' Entrance," where no profane male can intrude, she can resort when she pleases and unlock her box from the outside, and take away her letters without observation. The merchants, bankers, and lawyers of the town, for a small annual payment, have their private letter-boxes, and why not she? To young women at the susceptible age, only half educated, and whose favourite reading is the trashy novels that are reprinted from the English penny papers, or that appear for the first time in American periodicals of the same character—novels in which there cannot be too much love, or bigamy, or murder, for the prevalent taste of a class—the post-office system offers a facility for clandestine correspondence, which no respectable father or mother on the European side of the Atlantic would think of without a shudder, if it were proposed to give our young women a similar privilege. The young unmarried girls of Europe living with their parents, can, if they earnestly set about it, carry on a secret correspondence with persons of the other sex, but they cannot do it easily. They must take the neighbouring pastrycook or stationer into their confidence; but in America the confidence of no third party is necessary. If a boy can receive letters, why not a girl? The *demos* is of no sex; and the young and old, men and women, fathers, mothers, and children, are all mashed and brazen in one mortar of republican equality.

POSTMAN'S POETRY.—In England, letters are carried in the rural districts by what are known as "country-walking postmen." One of them, Edward Capern, "the Wayside Poet," who is mentioned in Elihu Burritt's recent work descriptive of a pedestrian journey through

England, thus describes the joys of a carrier's life:—

"O! the postman's is as blessed a life
As any one's, I trow,
If leaping the stile o'er many a mile
Can blessedness bestow.

"If tearing your way through a tangled wood,
Or dragging your limbs through a lawn;
If wading knee deep through an angry flood,
Or a plough'd field newly sown,—

"If sweating big drops 'neath a burning sun,
And shiv'ring mid sleet and snow;
If drenched to the skin, with rain, be fun,
And can a joy bestow;

"If toiling away through a weary week,
(No six days work, but seven)
Without one holy hour to seek
A resting place in heaven:

"If hearing the bells ring Sabbath chimes.
Who bid us all repair
To church (as in the olden times)
And bend the knee in prayer;

"If in these bells he hears a voice—
'To thy delivery!'
God says to every soul 'rejoice,'
But, postman, not to thee.

"Oh, the postman's is a blessed life!
And sighing heavily,
'Ha, ha, he'll say, alack a-day!
Where's Britain's piety?'

"Heigho! I come and go
Through the muck and miry slough:
Heigho! I come and go,
Heavy at heart and weary O!

"Heigho! Heigho!
Does any one pray for the postman? No!
No! no! no! no!
Or he would not be robbed of his Sabbath so!

It is gratifying to know that this poetical complaint led to an amelioration of his condition by his official superiors, who increased his pay of ten shillings and six-pence per week, and relieved him from his Sunday labors.

LETTER ADDRESSES.

A letter arrived at the Post office in Chicago, a short time since, bearing the following address
Mr. George T. Pugh
tuke twaie, Percy County
Elen Wouise.

After a long time had been spent in endeavouring to decipher it, this result was arrived at,
George T. Pugh,
Dequoui,
Perry County
Illinois.