

cundis gratia verbis," and its donor whose career has so aptly demonstrated the convenience of *two mollos*."

"We have at length reached our haven," said we? And now prudence suggests the propriety of proving this assertion by something more tangible and constant than the assurances of friends. Our great grandfather, who was a merry old boy, used to collect from the reminiscences of his juvenile years many amusing anecdotes which we frequently find convenient. The following is much in point—An Indian, yielding to the march of improvement and civilization, had solaced his bosom to freely with *fire water*; and in the helplessness of intoxication, fell a victim to the incantations of a corps of youngsters. On awaking from his debauch, he found himself metamorphosed into one of the feathered race, the place of bear's grease and vermillion being supplied by pitch and down. He surveyed himself with astonishment, and grew skeptical of his identity. At length, he called his dog, but the animal failed to recognise his master, who consequently came to the conclusion that he was some other person. We have hit upon a similar expedient—though too poor to feed a dog, we keep a pair of slippers which always fit us when we are ourselves. Although the phantom of our apparent situation might otherwise prove as fickle as Aladin's palace, the conformation of our slippers and their appendages precludes all deception; for the peculiar turn of a scientific gentleman's *under-standing*, & all the nameless inimitabilities of a literary pair of feet, would as much mock the skill of Crispin at hoax, as the adjustment of a peaked-toed shoe to the cloven-foot of Beelzebub. * * * * They fit! And now behold us,

On three-leg'd stool by gonty table plac'd,
Whereon in envious confusion lay
Our staidish, wafers, calendar and paste,
With all the current knowledge of the day—

But a truce to this rhyming—There will time to establish a poetical reputation, after having re-established the vehicle of our muse. We must be more staid, too, in our editorial scribbling. An impertinent fellow lately took the liberty to rally us on this subject; remarking, that when the Casket once came out with *two editorial heads*, he foresaw that the hydra would next appear with naked shoulders, in this respect. And so it turned out; for a wind that blew good to no one, unceremoniously puffed out our *lights* and left us to a Lapland night, in consequence of which our last editorial head was rather addle-brained. Now, though our prerogative allows us as many heads and horns as the beast seen by John the Revelator, or the usual number, or none at all, as caprice may will—still, for the gratification of those who look modestly into the casket without gainsaying or ridicule, we intend to cultivate a talent for writing about something or nothing, whether cheerful or moody, well or ill, by feeling or sight.

Having proceeded thus far by way of preamble, as used to say a certain prea-

cher after having sermonized us through a comfortable dozo, we shall now lay open our subject. An *Editor's Closet*, notwithstanding the spells that hang about it and the curiosity with which it is visited, is of all subjects least attractive in painting—nothing of those enchanting colours and fantastic shapes delicate symmetry or sober grandeur which Nature and Art, in maturation or decay, present to the admiration of even vulgar eyes. In short, like an allegorical non-plus, it racks metaphor for a similitude—but too hasty—one finally occurs, the Source of the Nile. We behold the endless flow of its waters, the grandeur which they acquire at a distance—the fertilizing influence of their inundations—and the extravagance of fancy, we exaggerate the origin into a mighty lake glowing and waving in splendor. But trace the river to its fountain—your expectations are quashed in a diminutive spring, a dusty garet. Approach an editor's threshold—the damps which hover over the access presage the deeper disappointment impending. Fancy pictures you at the portal of some splendid *camera obscura*, where all the beauties of the ambient region bask on a sheet of marble—near the focus of all that is sublime and pleasing—but ah, the reverse! Having formed some plausible apology for the nerve-jarring medley of worn out pens, lacerated papers, fragments of glass and pipe-clay, floor dust and skeletons of bosom, soaked ashes and soggy fuel, interspersed with sundry other rubbish about the door * * * you enter a dusky apartment—a kind of *dark chamber* indeed—but instead of Imagination's splendid collection of shadows, you only meet a meagre phantom of something in human shape, a spectre whose drowsy looks accord with the somnific raylessness of the solitude, surrounded by slurred periodicals and semilegible manuscripts, over which he sways a sceptre wrenched from some of the *Quack* lineage. He hangs up no maps, for the exhalations of pipes, cigars and lamps would soon bury them in smoky oblivion; he keeps few books, for his numerous visitants are always borrowing and forget to return; he keeps but few chairs or other furniture, for this would be robbing forums, theatres, museums, taverns and billiard-rooms of their guests. He sits there, like a humble door-keeper, to tend the great thoroughfare between obscurity and publicity. Such was the plight in which our visitors found us—nay worse—and went away perhaps disgusted. "There he sat, looking more fit to lend a pair of long ears in silence, than bray through the columns of a literary casket." Yes, there we sat, in a similarly sprawling attitude to that into which we had just pitched a huge bundle of manuscripts—some published and others unpublished, some promised and others rejected, some doubtful and some unread. * * * Oh, this moving—moving! What can have become of 'Tom Bowlin's' long Yarns, the proposed "Lectures" by "Hyginus," and "Nothing venture, Nothing

have? Translated, perhaps, to the regions whence inspiration handed them; or pilfered from their place of honour in the cock of our hat, by some pickpocket plagiarist who wishes to scrape an acquaintance with our correspondents. We shall be pushed to the necessity of enlisting a body-guard of supernumerated poets and punsters, whose Argus eyes shall surply that defect in our optics which disqualifies them to trace such a line as was described by a ball from Baron Munchausen's curved rifle.

"Here John," said a venerable old gentleman to his secretary, after having pored and puzzled himself out of patience over an illegible letter—"Here, John, find out what this is, or we will both fall down and worship it; for it hath no likeness in the heavens above, nor the earth beneath, nor in any thing under the earth." And so might an editor worship, without violating the decalogue, though this is the least of his perplexities. Notwithstanding the nice rules to which Penmanship has been reduced, no two men write naturally alike—some emulate the smoothness of the copy-plate, and others imitate the writing on the wall mentioned in Daniel; but there will, after all, be such shades of difference that one may as soon identify an undisguised hand as an unmasked phiz. Why not then as rationally study the mind in the former as the latter? Nay, more so—this is the perfection of Physiognomy, and one needs no better Lavater than his own experience in this matter. Suppose we make an experiment on the aforesaid bundle. Well, having pitched them upon the table, palm, which is somewhat like shaking a bag, now let us see who came out foremost. "Straws swim on the surface," and there is an old saying that "the D—l may take the hindmost," so that the alternative of being first or last out of the bag might as well be made by flipping a copper; still, if any correspondent feels ambitious on this subject, let him communicate, before our next publication, the number where he would prefer being stationed, and a transposition shall be made in his favor.

Notes by the Way.—The proposed excursion has been made, and afforded much that was interesting, which may in a future number be submitted to our readers.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—"D. W." "Jasper Beryl," "Silena" "A Child of Solitude," and several of our former correspondents have sent us articles which were excluded for want of room.

RECEIPTS.

LETTERS.—From Daniel H. Cornell, Robert Heron, W. J. Sumner, J. W. MacCaulay, O. S. Phelps, Abel E. Barker, H. Mittleberger, Griffin Smith, H. Scadding, J. Keefer.

REMITTANCES.—H. Scadding, \$2, N. Sears \$1.