

## BANKS OF THE POTOMAC.

No. — STATE-STREET—(storm without)—apartment strewn with sundry bachelor appurtenances, fronting on the Battery—a gentleman, in dressing-gown and embroidered slippers, measuring the room with hasty strides—exclaimeth impatiently—

North-east by the flags of the shipping in the bay! North-east by the chill rain dashing on the window panes! North-east by the weather-cocks on all the steeples, from St. Paul's to the dog-vane on the stable end! *North-east* by the ache of every bone in my body! Eheu! What's to be done? No going abroad in this torrent. I've read all the landlady's little library. How shall I kill the enemy? I'll whistle; vulgar. Sing; I can't. There are the foils and the gloves. Pshaw! I have no friend to pommel or pink; besides, the old lady in the room below, has nerves. Whew! how it pours. I'll—I'll—stand and look out into the street. Jupiter! how near the bread-cart came to going over the chimney sweep. Poor Sooty—how he grins! He owes the worm no silk—whatever obligations his rags may be under to the sheep. Poor fellow! Holloa! ho! blackey; catch this quarter, and get you a hot breakfast. There goes that con-