

Enter to that arbiter, for instance, an "awful swell," who has written a satire in seven cantos, and wants to read it now, at a sitting. He does not require compensation for his work, which he originally intended to publish in pamphlet form, but would rather see it "set in the corner of your brilliant and admirable paper." The editor politely shirks the reading, but begs that the manuscript may be left for his perusal. On dipping into it in the still watches of the ensuing night, and discovering its utter worthlessness, he returns it next morning, by mail, to the writer,—“with thanks.” In a week or so, enter once more the slashing satirist, irate, yet triumphant, for he has called to crush the editor by informing him how the rejected manuscript had since been received with roars of laughter and applause at “the club,” before which august corporation it had been duly read and acted by the author of its being. The crushed editor subsides, of course; but, before he has fully recovered his usual serenity of mind, a sail appears upon the threshold, a splendid three-decker in silk *guipure*, followed in her fluted wake by a bark of lighter tonnage,—a tender, in fact, if, to sustain the nautical metaphor, I may so term her. The stately craft introduces herself with a little speech, thickly studded with handsome compliments to the paper, “a subscriber to which,” she says, “she has been from the first,—would not be without it for the world,”—and a good deal more blandishment of the same electrotyped stamp. Now she presents the younger lady, who is her niece, and has developed a specialty for inventing funny things, examples of which she has brought with her in an enamelled portfolio. The fair young humorist is really pretty. Sweet as nitro-glycerine is she, but fraught with danger, like that agent, and ready to make havoc of the stony editorial heart. “Has she designs?” inquires the editor, with a desperate attempt to be witty in the face of danger. She has brought a few with her,—fancies of the comic Valentine sort, consisting of groups of flowers very nicely painted on Bristol-board, with the petals converted by dots and dashes into grotesque human faces. But the point of each joke is dependent upon the color of the particular flower, the lines under one of vivid ultramarine hue, for instance, running thus:—

“Why lookest thou so blue, to-day?”
“O, I slept, last night, i’ the dew,
And the wind blew all my hair away,
And therefore I look blue!”

Herein the editor discerns a famous opening for escape, of which he is not slow to avail himself. He goes through the whole collection, thoughtfully, passing lavish encomiums upon the wit, the fancy, the eccentricity, the ingenuity, and the many other subtle elements discerned by him in each conceit. “But they can be of no use to us, you know. We don’t print our paper in colors, and more’s the pity, since it debars us from making use of such charming original ideas as these. Chromolithography, my dear young lady,—if you will allow me to say so much,—is yet in its infancy; but there’s a good time coming, and we may be happy yet.” And, having thus disposed of the matter, the editor recommends his fair visitant to try her luck with an eminent manufacturer of toy-books, to whom he gives her a line of introduction written upon the perfumed official note-paper.

(Conclusion in our next.)

A Lesson.—We misplace our tenderness in winter, and look with pity upon leafless trees. Each one is not dead, but sleepeth; and each bears a future summer of buds safe nestled in its bosom. Winter is no such solid bar between season and season, as we fancy, but only a slight interruption. Nature has a finger of air, but a grasp of iron. It is a wonder that the peep shows, which she provides with such endless variety for her children, and to which we are admitted on the bare condition of having eyes, should be so generally neglected.

GONE.

Oh, lay he gently in the mould;
Cover her o’er;
She from her bed so dark and cold
Will come no more!
Hushed now forever is her song,
So touched with fire;
Fain would I still its strains prolong
On Memory’s lyre.

Ye gentle gales, that breathe of Spring,
Flit o’er her grave,
And when ye balmy odors bring,
Give as she gave.
Oh, nurse the willow tree that weeps
O’er her sweet breast;
Oh, nourish each fond flower that keeps
Watch o’er her rest,

Thou soft and fragrant sum’er breeze,
Her grave come nigh,
And linger ’mong the cypress trees
That o’er her sigh.
Ye brightest stars of shining sphere,
Smile from above;
Thou rosy morn, thy dewy tears
Weep o’er my love.

Oh, weep then at thy dawning hour;
When none is near;
Oh, fill the chalice of each flower
With one pure tear.
So should they drop upon the ground
From floweret’s eyes,
They’ll fitly consecrate the mound
’Neath which she lies.

WHAT A LITTLE BOY THOUGHT ABOUT THINGS.

BY JOHN PAUL.

I am a little boy about so many years old; I don’t know whether I am a good little boy, but I’m afraid not, for I sometimes do wicked things, and once I cut sister’s kitten’s tail off with the chopping knife, and told her a big dog came along and bit it off, and swallowed it down before Kitty could say Jack Robinson, and sister said she was sorry, and it must have been a very naughty dog; and mother did not believe me, and said she was afraid I had told a lie, and I’m afraid I had. So then she asked me if I knew where liars went to, and I said yes—that they went to New York and wrote for the newspapers; she said no—but a lake of fire and brimstone; and she asked me if I should like to go there, and I said no, for I didn’t think there would be much skating or sliding on the lake, and the boys couldn’t snowball either on shore and she said it was more than that, just as though that wasn’t bad enough, for I don’t think they can play base ball nuther. Then she asked me if I wouldn’t like to be an angel and have a harp, and I said no, I’d rather be a stage-driver, and have a big drum, for I couldn’t play on t’other thing. So I shouldn’t like to be an angel, for their wings must be in the way when they go swimming, and play tag and leap frog, and besides it must be hard to fly when one is not accustomed to it. But it would be jolly to be a stage-driver and have a great long whip and touch up the leaders, and say “g-long there, what are ye doin’ on?” I should like that much better’n flyin’; and then mother said there was a dreadful stage of sin, and Bob hollered and said that he “guessed I was on it;” and then she whipped us and sent us to bed without any supper, but I didn’t care for any supper, for they hadn’t nothin’ but bread and butter and tea, and Bob and I got up and he lifted me in at the pantry window, and we got a mince pie and a whole handful of doughnuts, and they thought it was the cook that stole ’em, and sent her away the next day, and Bob said he was glad of it, for she didn’t make good pies, and the doughnuts wasn’t fried enough, and sometimes I do swear, for I said by golly the other day, and sister heard me, and she told mother, and mother said I was a bad boy and would bring her gray hairs to the grave, and she whipped me, but I don’t think it did her gray hairs any good, and

it hurt me, and when I got up stairs I said golly darn it; but I said it so she didn’t hear me, and when she asked me if I did not think I was very wicked, I said I was afraid I was, and was very sorry for it, and wouldn’t do so any more, and then she said I was a good little boy, and told me about George Washington, who cut down the apple tree, and was caught at it and said he did it with his little hatchet, just as though I hadn’t heard all about it before, and didn’t always think he was a big stupid for cutting wood when they had a hired man about the house, and dillin’ his little hatchet, and beside it would have been a great deal jollier to let the apple tree be, so as he could have stole apples off in the fall. I don’t care if he was the father of his country, he wasn’t smart, and I bet you the boys in our school would cheat him out of his eye teeth swappin’ jack-knives, and I could lick him and hardly try; and I don’t think he was very healthy, either, for I never see a good boy that wasn’t always sick and had the mumps and measles and the scarlet fever, and wasn’t a coughing all the while, and hadn’t to take castor oil, and could not eat cherries, and didn’t have to have his head patted till his hair was rubbed off by everybody that came to his mother’s, and he asked how old he was, and who died to save sinners, and what he’d been studying at school and how far he’d got, and lots of other conundrums, and have to say his catechism; no I wouldn’t like to be a good little boy; I just as lief be an angel, and be done with it; I don’t think I ever shall be a good little boy, and other people don’t think so, too, for I wasn’t never called a good little boy but once, and that was when my uncle John asked me where I stood in my class, and I told him that it was next to the head, and he said that was right, and he gave me a quarter, and when he asked me how many boys were in the class, and I said there were only two, myself, and a little girl, and then he wanted me to give him back his quarter, and I wouldn’t, and he ran after me and stumbled over a chair, and he broke his cane, and hurt himself, and he’s been lame ever since, and I’m glad of it, for he isn’t my father, and hasn’t any right to lick me, for I got enough of that at home, and the quarter wasn’t a good one either. I don’t like uncle John, and I guess he knows it, for he says I’m not like any of the family, and he says he expects I’ll go to sea and be a pirate instead of a respectable member of society, and I should not wonder, for I’d rather be a pirate than a soap boiler like him. I don’t care if he is rich, it’s a nasty business; and I shan’t have to be a pirate either, for one can make lots of money without that; and they are always talking to me about being rich and respectable, and going to Congress and being President, and all that sort of thing, but I don’t want to be President; there is Lincoln, he was President, and I guess he’s sorry for it now; and there’s Andy Johnson, I guess he don’t like it much either; and a fellow doesn’t have to be respectable to be a Congressman, for there’s John Morrissey, and he has got nice curly hair and nice clothes, and he don’t do any work either. Oh! I know how things are done; but there’s Bob calling, and we’re goin’ bird nestin’, for I know where there’s a yellin’ bird’s nest chuck full of eggs. Mother says it’s cruel, and the birds don’t like it; that I wouldn’t like to have my eggs stole if I was a bird; and I don’t think I should. But I ain’t a bird, you know, and that makes a difference, and if you want to print this you can, for next to bein’ a stage driver and a pirate, I’d like to be a editor, for your fellers don’t have to tell the truth, and you can go to circusses without payin’.

AN EPIGRAPH FOR A SCILLER.

Here lie his “skeleton;” and “scull,”
His soul to Heaven did soar;
In life full many a race he run,
But now his race is o’er.