ARTEMUS WARD

SEES FORREST.

LETTER IV.

Durin a recent visit to New York the undersined went to see EDWIN FORREST. As I'm into the moral show bizniss myself, I ginrally go to BARNIM'S moral Museum, where only moral peple air admitted, partickly on Wednesday arternoons. But this time I thot I'd go & see ED. ED has bin actin out on the stage for many years. There is varis 'pinions about his actin, Englishmen ginrally bleevin that he is far superior to Mister MACREADY; but on one pint all agree, & that is that ED draws like a six ox team. ED was actin at NIBLO'S Garding, which looks considerble more like a parster than a garding, but let that pars. I sot down in the pit, took out my spectacles & commenced peroosin the evenin's bill. The awjince was all-fired large & the boxes was full of the elitty of New York. Sevral opery glasses was leveld at me by Gothum's fairest darters, but I didn't let on as tho I noticed it, tho mebby I did take out my new sixteen-dollar silver watch & brandish it round more than was necessary. But the best of us has our weaknesses & if a man has gewelry let him show it. As I was peroosin the bill a grave young man who sot near me, axed me if I'd ever seen FORREST dance the Essence of Old Virginny? "He's immense in that," sed the young man. "He also does a fair champion jig," the young man continnerd, but his "Big Thing is the Essence of Old Virginny." Sez I, "Fair youth, do you know what I'd do with you if you was my sun?"

"No," sez he.

"Wall," sez I, "I'd appint your funeral to-morrow arternoon & the *korps should be ready!* You're too smart to live on this yearth." He didn't try any more of his capers on me. But another pussylanermuss individooul, in a red vest & patent lether boots, told me his name was BILL ASTOR & axed me to lend him 50

cents till early in the mornin. I told him I'd probly send it round to him before he retired to his virtoous couch, but if I didn't he might look for it next fall, as soon as I cut my corn. The orchestry was now fiddlin with all their might, & as the peple didn't understan anything about it they applaudid versifrussly. Presently, Old ED cum out. The play was OTHELLER or More of Veniss. OTHELLER was writ by WM. SHAKSPEER. The scene is laid in Veniss. OTHELLER was a likely man & was a ginral in the Veniss army. He eloped with DESDEMONY, a darter of the Hon. Mister BROBANTIO, who represented one of the back districks in the veneshun legislater. Old BROBANTIO was as mad as thunder at this & tore round considerble, but finally cooled down, tellin OTHELLER, howsever, that DESDEMONY had come it over her Par, & that he had better look out or she'd come it over him likewise. Mr. & Mrs. OTHELLER git along very comfortable like for a spell. She is sweet-tempered and luvin—a nice, sensible female, never goin in for he-female conventions, green cotton umbrellers and pickled beats. OTHELLER is a good provider and thinks all the world of his wife. She has a lazy time of it, the hired girl doin all the cookin & washin. DESDEMONY, in fact, don't have to git the water to wash her own hands with. But a low cuss named IAGO, who I bleeve wants to git OTHELLER out of his snug government birth, now goes to work & upsets the OTHELLER family in the most outrajus stile. IAGO falls in with a braneless youth named RODERIGO & wins all his money at poker. (IAGO allers played foul.) He thus got money enuff to carry out his onprincipled skeem. MIKE CASSIO, a Irishman, is selected as a tool by IAGO. MIKE was a clever feller & orficer in OTHELLER'S army. He liked his tods too well, howsever, & they floored him, as they have many other promisin young men. IAGO injuces MIKE to drink with him, IAGO slyly throwin his whisky over his shoulder. MIKE gits as drunk as a biled owl & allows that he can lick a yard full of the Veneshun fancy before breakfast, without sweatin a hair. He meets RODERIGO & proceeds for to smash him. A feller named MONTANO undertakes to slap CASSIO, when that infatooated person runs his sword into him. That miserble man, IAGO, pretents to be very sorry to see MIKE conduck hisself in this way, & undertakes to smooth the thing over to OTHELLER, who rushes in with a drawn sword & wants to know what's up. IAGO cunninly tells his story, & OTHELLER tells MIKE that he thinks a good deal of him but he can't train no more in his regiment. DESDEMONY sympathises with poor MIKE & intercedes for him with OTHELLER. IAGO makes him bleeve she does this because she thinks more of MIKE than she does of hisself. OTHELLER swallers IAGO'S lyin tail & goes to makin a noosence of hisself ginrally. He worries poor DESDEMONY terrible by his vile insinuations & finally smothers her to deth with a piller. Mrs. IAGO cums in just as OTHELLER has finished the fowl deed & givs him fits right & left, showin him that he has bin orfully gulled by her miserble cuss of a husband. IAGO cums in, & his wife commences rakin him down also, when he stabs her. OTHELLER jaws him a spell & then cuts a small hole in his stummick with his sword. IAGO pints to DESDEMONY'S deth bed & goes orf with a sardonic smile onto his countenance. OTHELLER tells the peple that he has dun the state sum service & they know it; axes them to do as fair a thing as they can for him under the circumstances, & kills hisself with a fish-knife, which is the most sensible thing he can do. This is a breef skedule of the synopsis of the play.

EDWIN FORREST is a grate acter. I thot I saw OTHELLER before me all the time he was actin, & when the curtin fell, I found my spectacles was still mistened with salt-water, which had run from my eyes while poor DESDEMONY was dyin. BETSY JANE—BETSY JANE! let us pray that our domestic bliss may never be busted up by a IAGO!

EDWIN FORREST makes money actin out on the stage. He gits five-hundred dollars a nite & his board & washin. I wish I had such a Forrest in my Garding!

ARTEMUS WARD.

A Case of Color-blindness

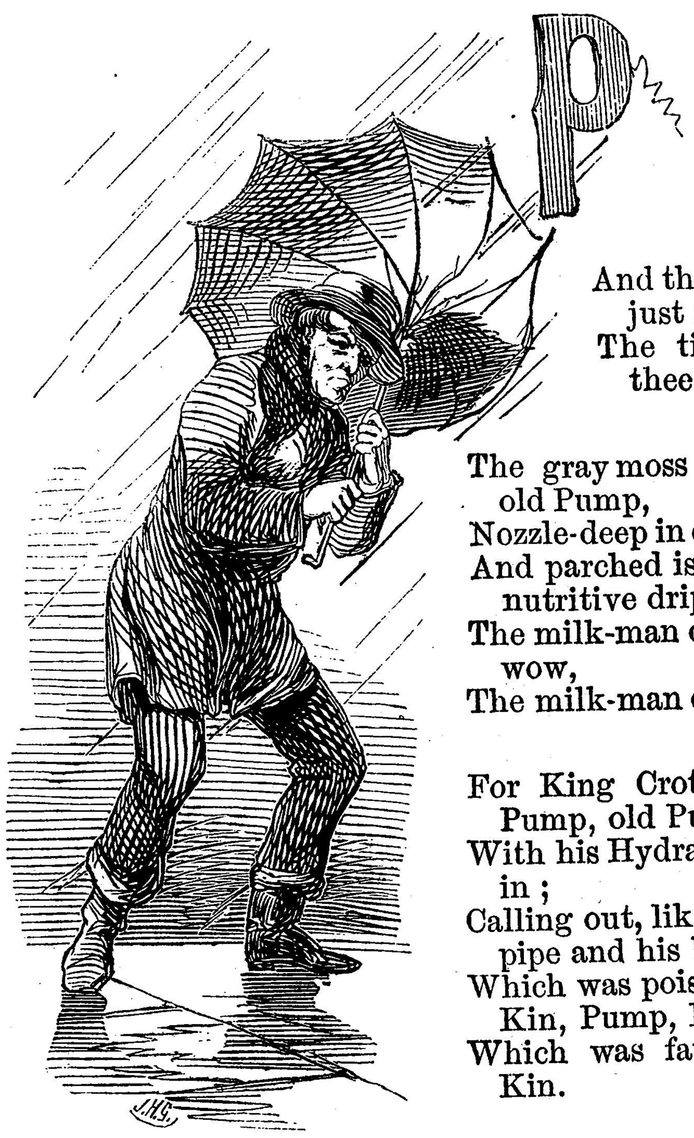
The late Professor GEORGE WILSON, and other physiologists, have recently drawn attention to a singular defect of the usual organization in some persons. It consists in an inability to appreciate the relative condition of objects with regard to color, and is commonly known as Daltonism, in compliment to DALTON, who first made much of it, or as color-blindness, on account of its being that.

The senior editor of the *Tribune* is a curious illustration of this defective sense—black being, in fact, the only color recognized by him. In that journal of December 4th, inst., the following passage, for example, it to be found:

"The unluckiest thing that can befall a man in this country is to be black."

Now, had not the senior editor of the *Tribune* been afflicted with moral Daltonism to a hopeless extent, he would have propounded that the worst thing that can befall a man in this, or in any other country, is to be Green.

PATERFAMILIAS TO THE PUMP.



PRAY don't look so crusty, old Pump, old Pump!
Nor flirt up your handle at me;
There's a tide in the span both of pump and of man,
And the tidings are cheerful just now for thee,
The tidings are jolly for thee.

The gray moss bemottles thy shins, old Pump,
Nozzle-deep in dark weeds thou art;
And parched is the lip with whose nutritive drip
The milk-man diluted his cow, wow wow,
The milk-man diluted his cow.

For King Croton the Wilful, old Pump, old Pump,
With his Hydrants came swaggering in;
Calling out, like King Cole, for his pipe and his bowl,
Which was poison for thee and thy Kin, Pump, Kin,
Which was fatal to thee and thy Kin.

But like King Bombalina, old Pump, old Pump,
King Croton blew up with a burst;
And his Pipe and his Bowl settled down in a hole,
Leaving nothing for washing, and less for thirst—
O! the dirt, and the thirst, athirst!

Then tip me your handle, old Pump, old Pump,
My jug I'll replensih from thee—
On revient toujours a ses prémiers amours,
And Pump is the King O! for me, for me,
King Pump is the Pumpkin for me!

FROM OUR ENGINEERING CONTRIBUTOR.

No. II.

Dear Vanity:—The first 20 miles of the Pioneer Rail Road, of Wisconsin, is remarkable for its curvature. The locating Engineer being called upon to state why such a succession of Compound Reverse, Parabolic, Hyperbolic and Diabolic curves were used, an air line being practicable, gave us as a reason, that they prevented lateral motion, a fact since proved, for it is notorious that no matter how freely one may from force of circumstances measure the width of a sidewalk, Centrifugal Force in all its rapid reversions, is all-sufficient to make a trip through the train remarkably steady—a beautiful system of compensation in all the eccentricities of motion. Some have asserted, that during the location of the road, the Engineer was horizontally and vertically inebriated—but that is a matter of doubt.

When New York capitalists were induced to furnish means to carry on the road, they sent out a competent Engineer to examine it. His report stated that he had found One place where another curve Could have been put in. This has, however, been denied, as it is believed he was persuaded to misrepresent the facts—no such place existing. Innocent passengers inquire which is the sunny side when they take seats. After one hour's ride, they are somewhat uncertain whether the train is not the centre of the universe, and the sun a revolving luminary.

It is stated that the Engineer of a long freight train, on a dark night, seeing a red light ahead of him, whistled on the Brakes, and on examination, discovered that it was the light on the tail end of his own train.

Legislation being necessary to prevent further progress in this manner, the Governor of the State, in his annual message, recommended that the Company's Engineers be provided with compasses with fixed needles, that they might be able to run straight lines.

The balance of the road is straight.

Yours Pro Track Tedly,

SCILICET.

SPECIMEN OF A DEBATE IN THE PRESENT CONGRESS.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 7

Dear Vanity:—You request me to report fairly, equably and evenly.

I rather flatter myself you have set me a hard row to hoe. But I am equal to any Emergency and trust that the following comments and jottings will be found U. T. T.—up to the times.

The session was opened with prayer.

Mr. SNOOKS (Dem.) of Coney Island, rose to introduce some resolution—concerning the State of the Union.

Mr. GRIMES (Rep.) of Kennebec, said he hoped no member would discuss such exciting matters in these times.

Mr. JONES (Opp.) of South Amboy, wished to present a bill for the better preservation of the Confederacy.

Mr. ROBINSON (Rep.) of Sconsett, expressed great sorrow that gentlemen should introduce such disturbing subjects now.

Mr. SMITH (Dem.) of Bedloe's Island, introduced some measures for relieving the present financial pressure.

Mr. JOHNSON of Peoria, thought the discussion of a topic so dangerous, should be deferred.

Mr. BROWN (Dem.) of Chilicothe, gave notice that he should present, shortly, a motion providing for the organization of a Pacification Committee.

Mr. GRIMES moved an adjournment.

Mr. SNOOKS asked what they came there for, if they were to do nothing?

Mr. JOHNSON begged that nobody would get into a dispute nor nothing.

Mr. ROBINSON moved that when they adjourned it should be for six weeks.

Mr. SMITH desired that something should be done . . . he had several bills to present.

Mr. GRIMES hoped that the gentlemen would do nothing just now . . . he insisted on his motion for adjournment, with Mr. ROBINSON's amendment.

Mr. JONES opposed this. The sailors and their wives and children were suffering for want of pay already overdue, and he had a proposition for their relief.

Mr. JOHNSON thought that no disputes on troublous subjects should be entered into at present. He called for a vote on Mr. GRIMES's motion.

Mr. BROWN said that their constituency expected something more than adjournments of this Congress.

Mr. GRIMES said that such sentiments were calculated to create unnecessary excitement. He called for a vote on his motion.

Adjourned.

Yours,

FOUNT IN PEN.

ALWAYS ON THE GO.

"We learn that an appalling rumor has gone up from Newburyport to Boston, to the effect that CUSHING cannot stop! He has been at his speech now for an indefinite time, and they say has wound himself up, like the famous cork leg, and now that he is started, is determined forever to keep at it. The rumor furthermore runs that the citizens of Newburyport are in a panic about it, and are moving their families to Plum Island as rapidly as possible."—*Tribune Dec. 7.*

Don't be alarmed, oh *Tribune*. There be others in like predicament who have Got a-Going and Can't Stop. And yet nobody moves Out of Town on their account. You are far from being In Town when you make such statements.

There you are Yourself, for instance, You know. You've been going on that everlasting Wool since goodness knows when—and yet you don't move away families—not out of New York that is. You do something in the Emotional line—but not much in the Remotional.

There's the *Herald*, too. It has been for a quarter century at its business of making bad worse in every conceivable form, from stirring up panics down to ripping up the most sacred and secret sorrows of private life, and giving all the shames and sins of unobstrusive men and women to the grinning world. It can't stop; but though it has undoubtedly broken up many families it never moved any of them to Plum Island, that we ever heard of. Possibly a certain connection with the neighboring Plum Gut may have deterred them from settling in that sea-girt paradise.

No *Tribune*, no. Perpetual motion, even in oratory, don't agonize us—after we're used to it. And we're all used to CUSHING. *Cu-Shing* means in Chinese, you know, "ancient glory," and CALEB keeps going in order to sustain his Old Renown.

"How goes the Enemy?"

We have met the Enemy and they are Hours.

EQUESTRIAN.

MR. HORNPOUT SUCCEEDS, TO HIS HORROR, IN "BITTING" HIS HORSE *à la Rarey*.

Never!

We in New York may be given to idolatry, may call the Dollar almighty, and may make graven images of brown stone; but we never shall be so sunk in heathenism as to worship Wood.

The Further you go, the worse you fare.

It used to be thought a severe punishment to send a man to Coventry; but a severer one has just been discovered, which is to send him to Coventry Patmore!

Sug-jested.

In view of the financial difficulties into which secession may plunge South Carolina, it is suggested that the State emblem be altered to the "Loan Star."

New Coinage.

Mr. MILLS (M. C. for S. C.) says that S. C. has agreed to go out of the Union.

One *Mill* makes *Assent* it seem now.

Why is Harvard University considered one of the Lions of the Day?

Because it sends forth such tremendous Rowers.

A Lesson in French.

Q. What is *tout le monde?*

A. The *demi-monde* multiplied by *Tout.*

A Motto for Delmonico.

BY OUR LATINIST.

Pop in a minute!

LANGUAGE WITHOUT A MASTER.

Dear Vanity:—I've been let down lately pretty deep into Languages Without a Master. With all due respect to that excellent work I think I know a better way to learn languages without a M., than even it teaches.

How?

Why—get a lady to teach you.

I myself am at present learning linguistics from my fascinating F., the Widow WILHEMINA WILLABY. Permit me to exhibit the following specimen as a result of one week's practice:

De Gustibus non est disputandum—"there's no doubt about these high winds," as Captain DAMBANGER said when his hat was blown off.

Chacun à son Gout as the Old Father said when studying out the affinity between his toes and his turtle.

Clara voce as I said when CLARA BROWN sung.

Chevalier d' industrie as the WIDOW said when she saw the eminent old B—— sawing up and down industriously, crosscut tip and sifter, in the Av, on that seventy-five dollar mare.

Cane vecchio non abbaia indarno—"That old dog don't bark worth a darn," as the thief said when Bose was after him.

Sub utraque Specie? "will you take it in silver or gold?" as the paying teller said to me on a small check.

Sui generis—"SUSAN is very liberal," as BILL thought when she sent back his presents.

Parva componere magnis—"You may mix me a little magnesia," as SAM told them round at the Apothecary's.

Ruse contre Ruse—"It takes a Russian to fight a Russian," as SPUYTENTUYFEL said when he got two *moujiks* to blows.

Rez de chaussèe—"I must raise a pair of shoes," as GEORGE said when he shied his last boot at his neighbor's flower-pots.

Tripotage as the Chevalier said when he raked down three pots at poker.

Tout au contraire, "I wish you'd toot that horn of yours t'other way," as HORACE said to the German musician who played in his face.

Yours rosily,

MEISTER KARL.

Found Lying in their Tracts.

Abolitionists.

VANITY ON THE MESSAGE.

P. B.—President BUCHANAN you know, not Permanent Basis—has just edited his annual publication. With the politics and principles—count us out.

But JAMES—JAMES *per se* we shan't let alone severely, "no how or any other-wise." So to begin, JAMES, we wish to know why you use the word Throughout so plenteously. Right in the middle of your three-cent pie of a start, you gave us Throughout once in each successive short sentence. Which is Tautological.

JAMES, were you thinking of anybody whom the indignant People Threw Out—out into political obscurity? Were you dreaming so much of being flung, that you couldn't keep from messing it up with the affairs of the age in your Message?

But hooray! Here is what makes the Effect.

"The only question of any importance which still remains open, is the disputed title between the two governments to the Island of San Juan, in the vicinity of Washington Territory. As this question is still under negotiation, it is not deemed advisable at the present moment to make ANY ALLUSION to the subject."

The divil a wurred will we spake on *that* subject. Sure an' it spakes for itself iligantly.

A Cryptographic Romance.

The following advertisement appeared in the *Herald*, the other day:

OZIRO!—PLEASE SEND ME A NOTE TO LEL ME KNOW BUT YOU intend to xszutv your Pmev? Soon comes the day when I sfnt that wvzi Lrocgfiv to my svzig where it shall yo, if not ivozawvw. Address Xszipvh Drpqrnhmn Dargv Lpzrno Hgzgh Nvw Bmig Z.

Now if there is anything exasperating in life, it is to learn the beginning of such a romance as this, without being able to follow it to a happy termination. Alas, we never know whether OZIRO intended to xszntv her Pmev or not. We dwell in ignorance of the happy day when XSZIPVH shall sfnt his wvzi Lrocgfiv to his svzig! Did it yo? Or did the dreadful ivozawvw prevent? Poor XSZIPVH! our heart bleeds for him, unless, as we hope, the wvzi Lrocgfiv did yo in peace upon his svzig. Answer, fair OZIRO; xszntv your Pmev at once, and bring happiness to the svzig of ZSZIPVH!

"LIFE ON THE ROAD."

Our head-line is a quotation from eight several captions to an article published by the *Herald* about a fortnight ago—an article descriptive of the horses of New York, their riders and their drivers. Among the notabilities of the road, one would naturally have expected to find the senior editor of the journal in which the article referred to appeared; but, either through modesty or mistake, no mention was made of that renowned rider of the hobby-horse—an omission which we feel ourselves inspired to rectify. Anybody who saunters through the columns of the *Herald* on a fine Sunday morning, may observe a remarkable-looking person mounted upon a rather "groggy" old hobby, which he rides as fast as he can get it to go through the tortuous avenues of that journal. Of strongly accentuated Scotch features, and with an energy remarkable for his years, this Caledonian ICHABOD CRANE is no other than the Senior Editor of the *Herald*, mounted upon his well-known hobby, "Washington Heights." It is remarkable that, no matter what hobby the S. E. of the H. selects for his constitutional jolting on week-days, the one just mentiond is rarely mounted by him except on Sundays. Whether the dam of this funny animal—the hobby, not the S. E. of the H.—was a nightmare or otherwise, we are not in a position to inform our readers; but we can aver that there is not a spot upon "Washington Heights" which is not "cracked up," at least semi-monthly by the S. E., as a spot of unrivalled beauty. Would that all the hobbies ridden from time to time by our Caledonian ICHABOD CRANE were of as equally pacific character as the one under notice! but, alas! many of them are vicious even beyond the skill of a Rarey or a Greeley. The celebrated woolly horse of the latter would have a bad time of it if shut up even for five minutes in the same stable with one of the mildest of them. Most of them are of the same race—sired by Mendax out of Firebrand.

The accompanying sketch was taken by a special artist, on one of the "spots."

THE SENIOR EDITOR OF THE HERALD, TAKING AN AIRING ON HIS SUNDAY HOBBY, "WASHINGTON HEIGHTS."

To Penny-a-Liners.

It being customary with gentlemen of the above profession to make use of the expression "limpid element," in reference to the Croton water, notice is hereby given to all concerned, that—on account of the manner in which the liquid in question Halted, a few days since, on its way down Fifth Avenue to the City, it is henceforth to be characterized as the "limping element."

WARD-ROOM WIND.

U. S. SCHOONER SLUDGE.

"We are Surveyors of the Coast in weather dark or fine,
The line we follow is not base, though we follow a Base Line.

"Say fellows," quoth our Sarcasm Man, "the Coast Survey of the United States is a material undertaking of the Highest character and importance. [*Vide* APPLETON'S CYC. TOME V.] The writer of some articles derogatory to the aforesaid 'n'sh'l und'rt'king' don't seem to see it. Did we credit the charges of wilful extravagance set forth by the Disagreeable Man, we might recommend a more suggestive title, U. S. *Cost* Survey. As for me, I can enjoy a segar at any time."

"*Il y a* (so can I!") It would be well to state that this was utteranced by our Man of Funth. He was formerly midshipman in the army, but resigned, very sensibly, when his present appointment was offered him—that of Brevet Corporal in the Coast Survey. The youthful scion had a pious contempt for things scientific, not essentially unlike the rest of us Poor but Talented SUBS.

"When are we going to sea?" sigheth ZEPHYR. "As soon as (sang SETH JONES) the South disunes, I cal'late. Captain WINDWARD U. S. R. Navy, Genl. Interfering officer U. S. C. S., will be on board next week to make another inspection."

At this The Grogneur made a humid allusion to "luck," coupled with a shocking word sometimes found hyphened with mill: adds, "If that aunt Sally-in-epaulets attempts to coerce *me* with his assumption of authority, I'll devilish soon give him a chunk of my mind in the rough, and 'shut him up,' in two lambs of a shake's tail. The Captain of *this* vessel is the proper head of *this* party, and to him I owe allegiance—and to *him* alone!"

"Tiger-r-r!!!"

"Our operations" (resumeth our S. M. meditatively) "are called Hydrography—from *Hydro*, you know—because they are confined to the water, for which we have a natural antipathy. In the determination of subaqueous irregularities, it"——

"Avast! messmate," (the senior Lunatic speaketh) "our operations should be called *Hydragraphy*—from *Hydra*, you know—because the number of chiefs who arrogate to themselves unlimited power over us poor master's mates is muchly." "Ay! a *little too more* than 'humans' can amiably put up with:" saith The Count, in a musing manner.

"*Il y a* (t are) most too most!"

[S. M.] "'Why *is* dust and ashes proud?' was the observeth of H GH JACK LOW the sailor-boy, when he finished the touching story of WELLINGTON and his Cat Friday on the dissolute island of Don Juan Fernandez." This moral reflection makes one feel charitably toward his fellow creatures; and in this mood, I think Capt'n WINDWARD (Genl. Interfering officer U. S. C. S.) *too good* for this world, and he should be called hence. Should he be induced to Drink his Sword, he will be cheered to know that he will not pass away unhonored, or unsung. His admiring friends will secure for his mortal remains. I trust, a *something* characteristic of the man during his long and honorable career in the service of his country. I would respectfully suggest *a soft spot for his head-piece*," "*Il y a* (so mote it be). * * * * *

"Ward-Room Boy?"

"Here, sah!"

"Is Captain on board?"

"No sah, he went asho' in his gig sah, an hour ago sah."

"Very good! now you can *run a traverse* to my state-room and bring "Inspiring John Barleycorn" hitherward; then *scull* some glasses on the table; after that, get a pitcher of water underweigh and *beat it up* to the head of navigation; and"—there's where—"Fill, fill the barkling sprimmer' comes in"——— * *

Oh! VANITY! Dear VANITY, This is all wrong—radically wrong, I know; but if I haven't convinced you that our wrongs are many, our *sighings* huge, then—you are not the man I take you for, or any other man.

Yours Considerably,
M. T. HEAD, U. S. C U S.

Marine Intelligence,

The prophet of the *Herald*, or the pilot, or somebody, came out in a late number of that journal with the following tremendous squall, all about the South wind:

"A terrible storm is about to burst upon our heads. Let everybody take in sail and be prepared for the worst."

This is nearly as bad as Cumming, and might lead weak-minded persons to think that we are all Going; on which account we think it judicious to republish it under the head of "Marine Intelligence:" less on account of its nautical flavor, however, than in consideration of its being remarkably provocative of the traditional recommendation—"Tell that to the Marines."

THY HAND, GREAT MAN, HAS LET THE CURTAIN FALL.

29 NORTH THIRTEENTH STREET,
New York, December 10.

OURTEOUS and Caustic VANITY: I've been to meeting. Saw an advertisement of the "New York Evangelical Alliance" for last Sunday night. Thought I would like to go. Didn't know what the Alliance was for, when I went in, but found out before I had been there long. Alliance is to furnish preaching for folks down town. Meetings to be held in theatres and sich. Poor folks to be visitated at their homes. Believe in the Alliance. Think if laymen as well as clergymen (*i. e.*, Re, as well as In-cumbents) will take hold of it, they'll make a good thing of it. Think though, it would'nt be a bad idea while they're about it, for them to leave a tin hat and a bar of soap at each house, with directions how to use them. Think of suggesting it to the Committee.

Meeting was very well till it came to the Doctor's turn to speak. He cut it rather fat I thought. He drew a picture. He didn't draw it mild either. See if he did:

"Of the 800,000 inhabitants of the city, there are 600,000 who never attend church. If this state of things continues, Infidelity, Intemperance, Murder, and Rapine will run riot in New York."

Bless the reverend gentleman's soul alive—Doesn't he know that a large portion—a *screechiny* proportion—of this number are babies-in-arms, who can't *crawl*, much less "run riot."

"This is a Mäelstrom which threatens to engulf the city."

There are divers ways of being sucked in, Doctor!

"We are on a volcano. You can hear it rumbling."

I listened, but heard nothing but an old gentleman in the next pew winding up his watch. But I couldn't help getting nervous. The speaker was a big man, and I am a little one, and of course I couldn't help looking up to him some. It made my blood run cold to hear him go on.

"Behold this great army, chained side by side, marching on to destroy us! Can we resist? No! They are too many for us."

I was completely unnerved by this. I trembled with fear. The only running comment I could make was to rush from the sanctuary, and cut for home before it got any later. My sensations weren't any of the pleasantest, for the only weapon I had was a walking-stick. I looked down every street I came to, to see if I could see the forlorn hope of the "army." I was in Fouché's pickle. "The air was full of poniard."

I dreamed bad that night. I thought the conspiracy had broken out. The 600,000 non-church-goers were in arms, infants not excepted. The work of butchery was begun. The churchiers made a feeble resistance. They were shot promiscuous. The army was led by the *Herald* man carrying a SHARP'S rifle. They had put him in the van, because when he aimed his piece every man thought he was aiming at him, and took to his heels. I was overtaken and knocked down. A young man whom I recognised as the man who supplies me with meat, stepped up, and with a horrible imprecation, discharged his cleaver at my head. By a lucky dodge I escaped with the loss of my nose. My invalid grandmother then hove in sight. She was in the garb of an applewoman. She brandished a cheese-knife, reeking with the heart's blood of a Baptist deacon, and shrieked "Slit his windpipe!" "Cut his liver!" suggested a tall man in crape. "Scoop out the bloody eyes of him!" growled an Irishman ("his accent betrayed him.") A little devil of a shoe-black put his block on the ground. My head was placed upon it. What would have followed, I don't know, for I found myself sitting up in bed, in a violent perspiration, and shaking in every limb.

Mr. Editor, rather than spend another such a night, I'd buy a *World* with my last solitary red. Oh tell me! Is my alarm groundless? *Is* there any danger of my waking up some morning and finding my throat cut from ear to ear. Ask Instinct. Find out in some way. Oh speak, and allay the fears of

A TREMBLING CITIZEN.

FOUR SPECIAL DESPATCHES.

In the Styles of the Leading Dailies.

I.

IN THE STYLE OF THE *Herald*.

WASHINGTON, Dec. —

The excitement rages terrifically. A financial crisis has paralyzed all business. A private session of the Cabinet was held last night, when trouble arose between Mr. BUCHANAN and the Secretary of the Interior. High words were exchanged, but they did not come to blows. I am not permitted to divulge the reason why they did not. This news you may rely upon, as I have it from *the highest authority*. It has been disclosed to no one else.

LATER.

The absurd rumor that appeared in some of the papers this morning, concerning a difficulty in the Cabinet last night, is totally without foundation. I have this denial from the very best source.

II.

IN THE STYLE OF THE *Tribune*.

WASHINGTON, Dec. —

There is no excitement whatever here. Mr. BUCHANAN will probably resign in favor of Mr. LINCOLN, within a few days. The Southern delegates are all enthusiastic Union men, and some of them hold strong Republican principles. One hears nothing of Secession anywhere. Business was never more prosperous. One of the senators from South Carolina will shortly introduce a bill for the better enforcement of the Personal Liberty Bills in the North.

LATER.

The excitement is rapidly decreasing.

III.

IN THE STYLE OF THE *Times*.

WASHINGTON, Dec. —

Unless something happens immediately, it will be some time before anything occurs. The tone of the South is not very favorable to abolitionism, and if South Carolina successfully secedes, nothing can prevent her going out of the Union. Trouble in the Cabinet was reported last night, but unless supported by facts, the rumor can have little foundation. The excitement here, in political circles, is not so great as it was before it began to subside, but is still greater than before it reached its present height.

LATER.

If there is no difficulty, all will be well.

IV.

IN THE STYLE OF THE *World*.

WASHINGTON, Dec. —

Private BUCHANAN, violent of last night, reports difficulty of question in session. Secterior of Cabinet arose, no words to question INCHANAN trouble. The dispute high old venerable public functionary floating around town, but nothing serious; secret session, merely, without Cabinet of the proof there is.

LATER.

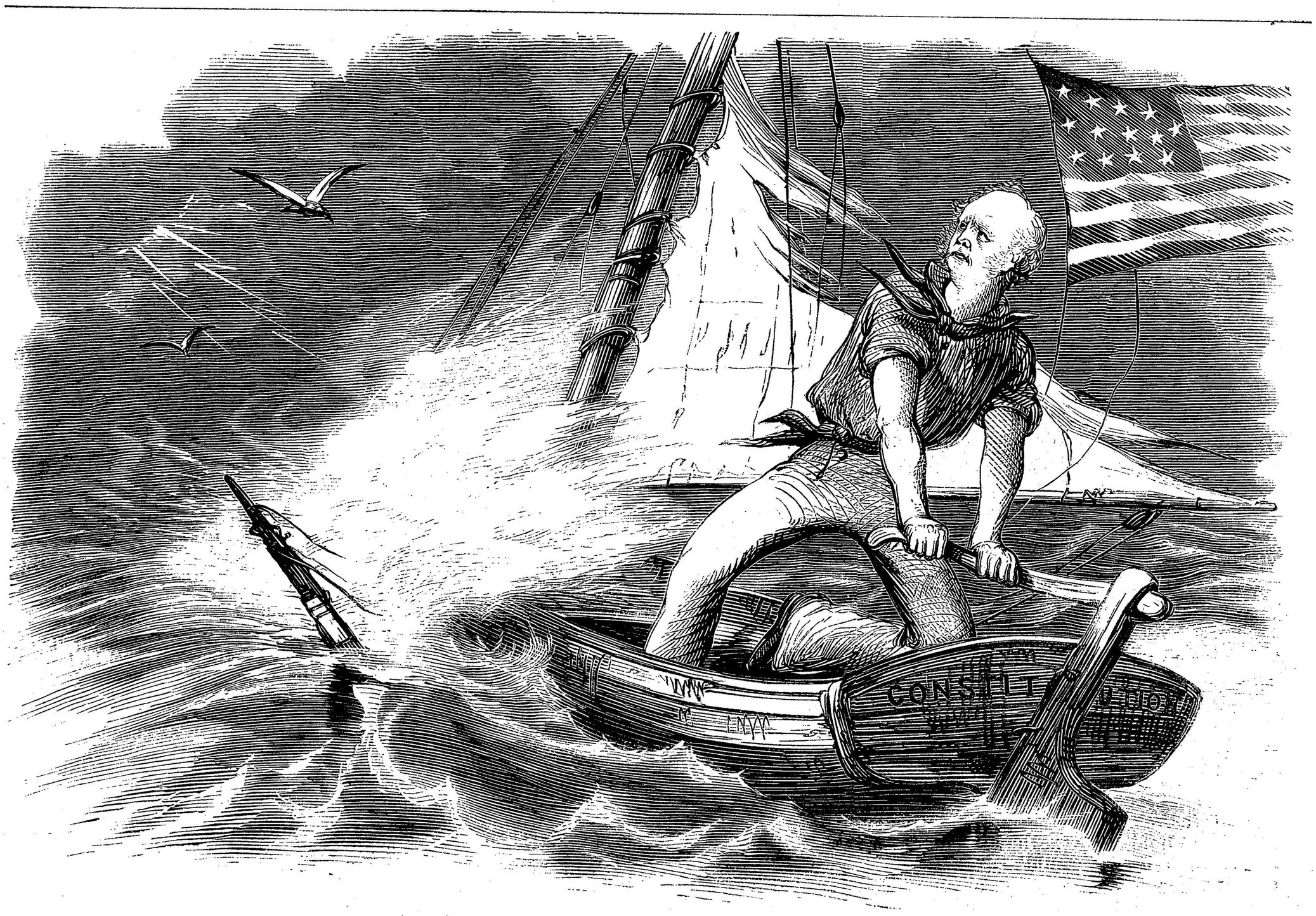
The weather is fine.

More Suffering.

As another instance of the unparalleled distress resulting even to the wealthy classes from the bursting of the Croton main, we are assured that diamonds have gone up several hundred per cent, on account of the Water in them.

One of the Best Booths in the World's Great Vanity Fair.

EDWIN.



BRAVING THE STORM!!!

"I REGARD THE CONSTITUTION OF MY COUNTRY, AND I AM DETERMINED TO STAND BY IT."—*Extract from Gen. Houston's Letter of Nov.* 14

SHOUT THAT ALL MAY HEAR!

"Oh, for one horn of Dundee!" oh for the great Will and iron Power which should force Conviction on the men of the North and the South, and strip from either their error and show them their madness!

"Oh for one blast of that dread horn" of the great Emperor, who, in a wilder age than this, could bend to his tremendous rule the Norman and the Latin, the Knight and the rebellious Savage? Men—brothers—we are drifting down and down—an eternal plunge before us—because we want a Voice—an awful Voice to sound in thunder-words broad and wide over our land and speak that which once heard can never be forgotten. Oh where is he slumbering who should utter it? Wake, wake, and warn them, Thou of the Mighty Will and Warning Voice!

In the great hour of awe on the day of death, in the year of destruction when Jerusalem was at her fall; when the enemy grieved her sore—in that hour evil prevailed, and the defenders fought one with the other and fell.

There is a fair river in the German land, and on its banks are two ruined castles called the Brothers.

Once they were full of life and light. Towers rose proudly in the sunlight, music rang out on the breeze, merry trains passed from gate to gate—the castles lent to each other joy and revelry in peace, and strengthened each other in war.

Clouds came between the Brothers—jealousy and bitterness, and rankling pain of soul, and enmity even to the black and bitter vow—and to Murder!

And the Curse came—the Curse which glides by night and by day, in slumber and waking, in storm and silence, over the brothers who hate. Never yet from Cain of the World's dawning did a brother hate, that that curse did not dart straight from the Lord of Dread, and hover over him, waiting its hour, dreadful in its inevitable power as the Fury of old. Woe, woe to him over whom that Nameless Horror unfolds its wings.

It came—and the music died away, the laughter was hushed, pleasant parties of cavaliers and dames rode no longer between the castles—the curse had stilled them all.

Then came the Blow and the Ruin.

The towers are crumbling away—the owl has her home in the hall, the wind wails through the once golden chamber—Beauty and Joyousness are dead—dead as the Warring Brothers.

Oh for the Voice—the stern order which shall turn Our Brothers again to one another—oh speak to them! speak! cry aloud if thou art—for verily the Curse is looming up from afar—already its lurid eye gleams through the clouds—save them, oh save them!

Strip and tear, rend and sear—cut away to the bone, but rend from each of you the foul disease which makes ye both hateful to each other. Soon and without fear. No delay—no cowardice—this is *no* hour for delay. Cut, cut deeply. Know ye not the terrible Voice which calls to ye? Obey, or a more fearful One will ring at some darker day from the deadly Shadow Land!

NEW BOOKS RECEIVED AT VANITY FAIR OFFICE.

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

BONAPARTE, L. N.—Thoughts about Smoked Provisions.
Vol. 1. Recollections of Ham.

ARCHITECTURAL, CIVIL ENGINEERING, &c.

DOUGLAS, S. A.—On the best mode of constructing Public Platforms, with Sectional Designs for a new Tammany Hall, and plan for a Patroon Bridge over Salt River.

SCIENTIFIC.

SCHELL A. CONCHOLOGY, of New York, from late specimens collected since the 7th of November, 1860.

ETHICS.

BENNETT, J. G.—On Moral Obliquity of Vision.
Its Cause and Cure.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

POORE, B. P.—The Diversions of Perley, with a view of the Hub of the wheel of the Wheelbarrow that wheeled the Barrel of Apples into the Hub of the Universe—6pp Cotton Edges.

SNYDER, JOHN.—Big Thing on him—Kalbfleisch & Co. All along the Bowerie—Half Calf.

DOGBERRY'S LAST CHARGE.

Dogberry - - - - -	J. B——n.
Seacoal - - - - - -	A. L——n.
Verges—A good old man—but who will be Talking -	J. G. B——tt

DOGBERRY.—*Come hither, neighbor Seacoal. Well, for your favor, sir, why, give God thanks, and make no boast of it; and for your writing and reading, let that appear when there is no need of such vanity. You are thought here to be the most senseless and fit man for the constable of the watch; therefore bear you the lantern: this is your charge! you shall comprehend all vagrom men! you are to bid any man stand, in the prince's name.*

SEACOAL.—*How if he will not stand?*

DOGBERRY.—*Why then, take no note of him, but let him go.*—SHAKESPEARE.

THE ÆSTHETICS OF BOOTS.

HAEV occupied myself considerably in searching for the out ward manifestations of the divine ME. I have travelled through the Wilt Whatman, the Weller & Fowls, and the R. A. F. Waldersonian Schools. With the first I have sat on the lap of Paumanok, and heard the little Child say softly—amid the hoarse, heaving breaths of the Old Mother, as W. W. put it :—

"O what am I?
O I don't know anything about it.
O that I did,
Or you,
Or any other man."

I commenced a course of lessons with the Professors W. & F., in their sublime science. But it was untimely ripped — no, nipped (isn't it ?) in the bud by an untoward or froward circumstance. You see, Prof. F. was instructing me in the location of the various organs. The practice consisted in moving the head quickly, at the word of command, in the direction of *Idee, Individ,* or *Caus*-ality, *Approbate, Vitate, or Combat*-iveness, as the Prof. tersely expressed it. And one day, as he gave the word—*Approbate!*—which, as the readers of VANITY know, would require a lateral movement,—I threw my head in the direction of *Self-Esteem*—backwards, of course. As the Prof.'s occiput was in critical proximity to mine, his *Perceptive* organs were suddenly increased in a much greater ratio than those of Jack Easy's father with his Self-Improvement machine. So the Prof. said our paths in the science of Mentality must thenceforth be divergent.

I have sat at the feet of the sage, octogenerical R. A. F. W., while he defined the Finality of the Senses, and the Supreme Illimitable Essence of Intellect, Subjective, Injective, Objective and Adjective, to the extremest, finest point of Intellectual Monadism, or Nomadism. I think that is what he calls it. Some Mad-ism, I know.

In my communion with these and other kindred spirits, personally and through their celebrated works, I have met with many theories of Manifestation. Some thought it was confined to the Countenance. Others claim the carriage and gait. Others the voice. These points may be considered debatable. But, strange to say, none of them have discovered another and unfailing test, which I have long known— from childhood, in fact.

At my first quarter's schooling in Tickletobyville, the earliest reminiscence is dated. I remember it as if it were yesterday, the dread and awe with which I took the seat that was assigned me, and stole a furtive glance at The Master. But one peep was all I dared. My eyes fell till they met his feet.

O, VANITY! here is my discovery. Here is that on which is based all my fond hopes of yet ranking with the Galileos and Harveys, the Galls and Spurzheims of the world :

THE ÆSTHETICS OF BOOTS.

O, ye dread pair, who first cleansed the rheum of ignorance from my young eyes, I will have you before me while memory holds her uneasy seat! Magisterial, sober-looking Boots were ye, with a mysterious, self-possessed repose clearly defined in your expression. (As my friend R. A. F. W. said to me once,—his ordinary, familiar conversation is just in this vein,—"Expression does not need eyes and facial muscles to him who has been given insight. Can he not read you the moods of prisoned, plaintive-singing brooks ,of hanging rocks their grim wardres, of trees drooping in pity over them?") I have seen those Boots stand erect in the corner behind their slippered owner; but no sign did they give that the life had departed from them ; they frowned as grimly as ever, and as firmly and self-consciously grasped the dusty floor. Nay, when the oldest boy—he with the sturdy limbs—ventured surreptitiously into the sacred Boots, and joined us in the playground,—they fitted him well enough, but which of us did not recognize the accustomed Presence, and tremble?

The other day I saw a portrait of the Count d'Orsay. He was a handsome man, and I carried away a general impression of a tall, elegant figure; but my whole being was wrapt up in delightful contemplation of his Boots. As much aerial grace as consists with dignity and power; courtier-like suavity, yet lofty resolution; in fine, the mind's highest ideal of the preux chevalier—all, and more, were stamped in every line, every curve of those miraculous Boots.

Numberless other representative Boots I might name. But I forbear. The world is slow to receive new ideas, and the promulgation of my theory must consequently be gradual.

It is to be hoped that one piece of vandalism will be checked when my discovery reveals itself to the consciousness of men. Shall we talk about an infirmary for worn-out horses, and devote our chimney corner to decrepit dogs, and cats in the decline of years, while we sacrifice our Boots to the Lares and Penates? (Mythologic for N. Y. Jeemses and Biddys.) As I was reminded by that Boanergetic youth, Forrest, at the W. G. the other night—must our Boots return to such base uses as stopping the bungs or forming the spouts of lager-barrels?

Forbid it, kyind Heaven!

Not mine, sir. Never!

Think, O VANITY! what gratification to the feeling breast to form a museum of his cast-off Boots! And how he could call up in retrospection the vicissitudes, the joys and sorrows of his past life! How vividly he could recall, from the dated memorials, the changing epochs of his character, from toddling infancy to sprightly, bounding youth, and firm, reflecting manhood. (Talking of a museum reminds me that I was at Barnum's the other day, and saw the sandalled shoon worn by the Japanese. After gazing only a few moments, I made a number of discoveries in the Japanese character. I think seriously of writing a refutation of Oliphant and the rest of them.) The pumps, honored as those in which your toe was stubbed by a Prince's heel in the Lanciers; or those which tripped in unison with Sophronia Boole's, at the Japanese riot; the highlows which elevated themselves in the schoolhouse at Lennieville, when Miss Smith wielded the birch with such marked effect,—are all these and the others, stamped with our individuality, to be discarded like our nail-parings and superfluous beard?

No! in ourselves our souls exist,
A part of ours."

ALDI BORONDI FOSCA PHORNIOSTICUS.

A REPUBLICAN ALLEGORY.

"A HUGE HORNET'S NEST.—Mr. E. G. WHITNEY has presented to the state agricultural collection the largest hornet's nest we have ever seen. It measures five feet in circumference in one direction and three feet in the other. It is supported on five diverging branches of a maple tree. It was found in the woods near Dickson, Franklin County, by RALPH HAZEN, who was out searching for a LINCOLN pole.

We scissor the above from the *Albany Journal.* Appearing at any other date, we should have been disposed to regard it only as a natural curiosity, an instance of insect industry, wherefrom nothing deeper than a Dr. WATTS-like moral might be deduced. But in these "parlous Times" everything becomes significant. We sniff an allegory. The huge hornet's nest is the Presidency; the discoverer "*who was out searching for a* LINCOLN *pole,*" (an evident, though uncomplimentary allusion to "Honest ABE's" well-known longitude of person,) is the Republican party; "the diverging branches of the Tree," supporting it are the factional divisions of American politics. While wondering that Mr. WEED should so cruelly satirize his own party, we cannot but admire the appropriateness of his simile. "A hornet's nest," indeed! could anything be more pertinent? What legions of hornets have rushed out of it, and how they are stinging poor Uncle SAM, to be sure! The proverbial condition of a man "with a bee in his bonnet," promises to be nothing to his in the Time coming.

Comparative Bores.

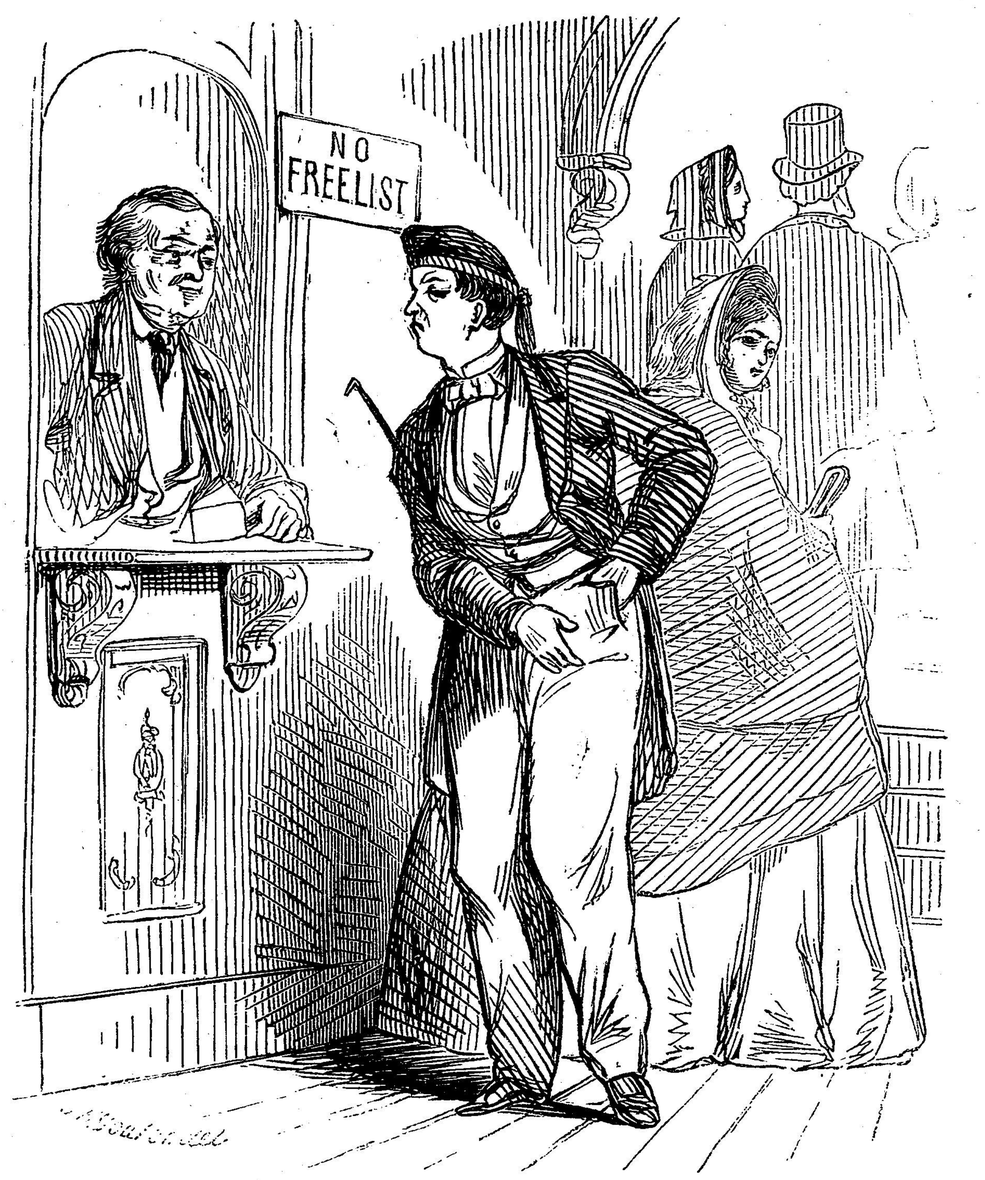
There is a great Artesian bore, at Columbus, Ohio, about which some calculating genius has gone to the trouble of figuring out a curious, but not very valuable statement. He finds by algebra or something, that if said bore could be conveniently continued so as to pass through the globe, the boring rod or grinder, or whatever they call it, would "come out" in China, within exactly fifteen miles of the great wall. This would be a great bore for any John Chinaman who happen to be sitting on the calculated spot just about gimlet-time. In view of such a contingency, we have written to our special correspondent in China, instructing him to avoid being around anywhere within fifteen miles of the big wall, lest the gimlet—or what would be worse yet—the Calculator, might suddenly crop out from the ground, and proceed to bore him.

Why the Wather giv' out.

Bekase we couldn't get it be the usual mains.

PROVERBS, NO. 1.

"A light purse is a heavy curse."—*Old Proverbs.*



Our "Newspaper Friend."—Loq.—No Free List! There goes my *tete-a-tete* at Maillard's.

MEDICAL INTELLIGENCE.

Editors of Vanity Fair:—Gentlemen,—I have long made it my study to secure the diagnoses and forms of treatment of curious diseases, and I wish to call your attention to a prevalent disorder, of intermittent character, which just now rages in this city again, after a brief disappearance. I can find no mention of it in any medical work, yet, if I mistake not, it has been known a long while.

I refer to the Athletic Fit.

The first symptom noticeable is a feeling of great strength, causing the patient to talk wildly and incoherently of his physical prowess and capabilities. About the second day, he speaks frequently of "batting you in the eye," "swatting you over the gourd," etc. Toward the third and fourth days, spasmodic symptoms appear, as exhibited in a tendency to bend the arms violently, so as to contract the *biceps* muscle. Indeed, I have reason to think that the muscle is the seat of the disease on its appearance, as there is a constant desire on the part of the patient to examine it and feel of it, saying frequently, "There's a muscle for you!" etc.

The fit is now well developed, and spreads in a short time to the entire muscular system. A sudden eruption of acrobatic feats often takes place, greatly endangering the patient's life. Gymnasium occurs on the twelfth day, with profuse perspiration, great prostration, colds, pains in all the muscles, and an incontrollable desire to witness circus-performances, sparring-exhibitions, etc.

The patient at this stage is very miserable . . . a nuisance to himself and all around him. I remember that at the time of the Heenan and Sayers excitement, Athletic Fits were epidemic . . . they raged everywhere . . . and it was as much as one's life was worth to venture about. I made some valuable diaries of cases, but it was so disagreeable to be constantly endangered by the terrible convulsions of the sufferers, that my studies were necessarily limited. The present attack, being slighter, offers better opportunities.

In order that these fits may be understood by the public, I append two marked cases from my diary:

1. Charles Augustus Aveynu—aged 20—lives in Madison Square—engaged in no profession. Taken while reading of the Woods and King prize-fight in the evening papers. Great feeling of physical power. Trouble in the biceps appeared on the second day. Third day, boxing-gloves completely covered both hands. Patient spoke wildly of mawleys, claret, peepers, getting the left home, etc. Went out on the fourth day, and returned with a large puffy swelling under the left eye, which gradually assumed a dark purple color. This was the culmination of the case, and the patient rapidly recovered.

2. Bob Short—clerk in a hardware store—aged 24—living in Bleecker Street. Taken while witnessing acrobats at the Bowery circus. Biceps symptoms visible immediately. Second day, severe attack of dumb-bells, followed by intense pain in arms and chest. On fourth day, gymnasium broke out. Patient greatly weakened. Good symptoms followed this exhaustion, but after the Woods and King affair, a relapse came on. Strong convulsions and general disposition to violence. Eighth day, swelling and discoloration of both eyes, and large contusion on right temple, which the patient ascribed to a "rattling slogger on the nob." This case terminated very singularly. The patient was married on the tenth day, and the fits instantly disappeared. On being asked about his Athletic symptoms, he replied that he had something else to think about.

I have as yet found no treatment for this disorder, but it seems to possess a decided resemblance, in most instances, to hypochondria. In every case I have seen, the patient fancied himself a very muscular and terrible person. Probably intellectual studies a free association with refined persons of both sexes, temperance, in drink, and mental occupations, would entirely prevent the appearance of any painful Athletic symptoms.

Yours truly,

Gallich Potts, M. D.

OUR TRUE BOND OF UNION.

The religious editor of our neighbor, the *World*, was stunned last Monday morning by reading the following paragraph, which preceded an able article under the above caption:

"We have often happy Union should be dissolved, and our country so diverse, and yet so allied and necessary to be divided up into two or more separate and possibly hostils states. Our material interests heard it asserted: "It is impossible that our each other," it is affirmed, "will hold us together as a nation. The productions of the North, both of nature and of art, are such as the South needs, and those of the South are such as the North needs.

"This is all so."

"This is all so"! Vanity closed its eyes and in imagination went on a waft to the breakfast-table of the aforesaid editor, and instantaneously the same imagination answered for him, "That is *not* so." Having thus soliloquised, we stepped round to the office of the *World*, to ascertain if Our Material Interests had Really Heard It Asserted, but he was not in. We then inquired for Our Each Other, and learned that he had just sailed in the "Berryofship" with the "Gold-headed Palcaptain." And we wended our way towards our sanctum, with strange forebodings for the future welfare of the *World*.

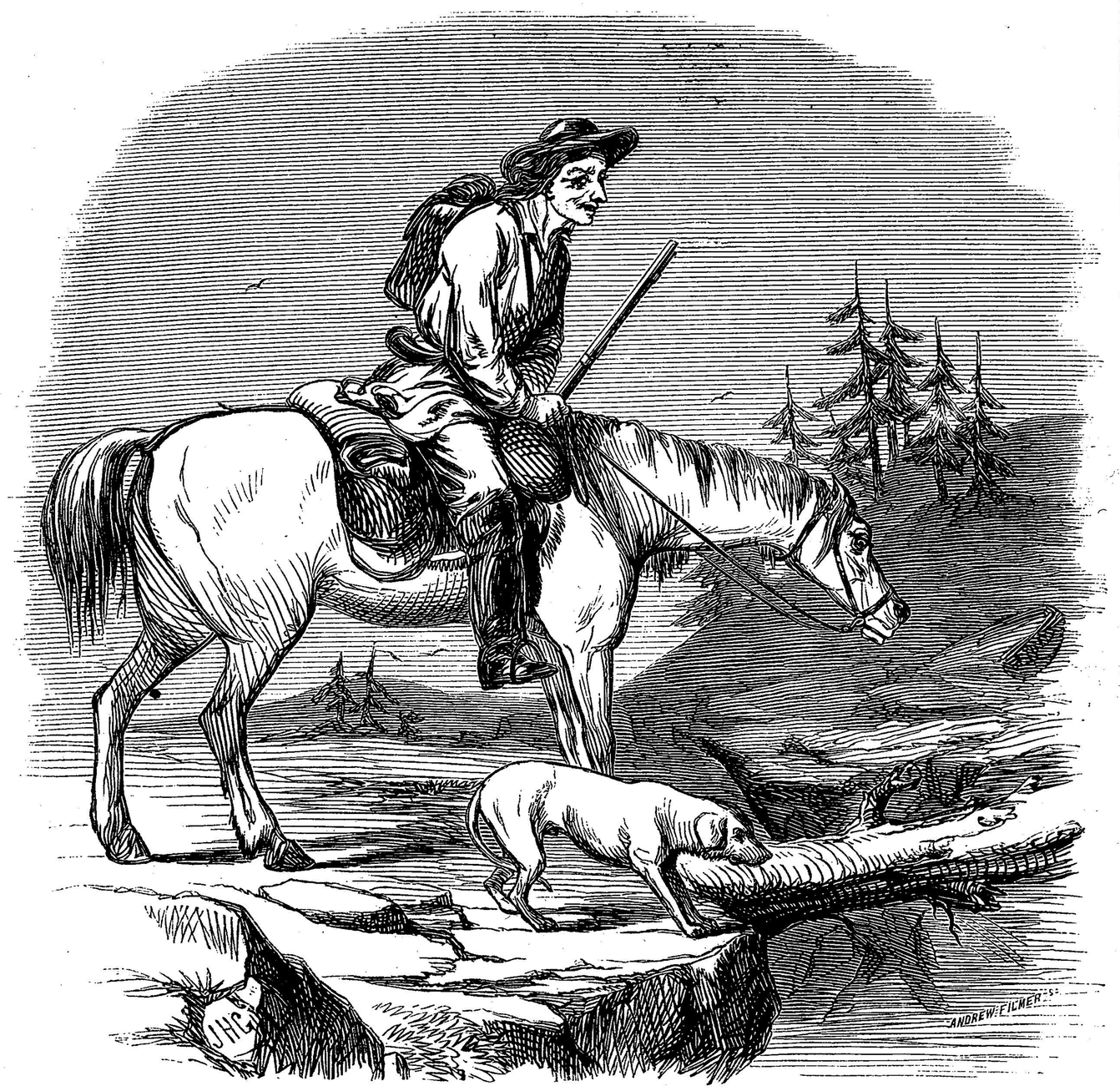
World—if you do that sort of thing because you think it funny, you must put some method in it. *Crede experto Roberto*—take the advice of the Immensely Gifted Vanity—and remember that all grotesque goblins are not merry devils, while to produce something more than a merely typographical impression you should be more artistic in the disposition of the Ink You Buy.

A Paragraph in Slippers.

In an article entitled "Thanksgiving Eve," in a late number of the *Herald*, the following fine passage occurs:

"It is not our intention, however, to go through the catalogue of good things, animate and inanimate, that tempted the unbounded stomachs of the crowd. It is simply enough to say that everybody and his wife seemed to be out laying in their store and providing for the comfort of the coming day, preparing, as it were, to crowd a maximum of dinner into a minimum of space.

There is a free, loose touch of nature in the expression "unbounded stomachs" that is vividly suggestive of unbuttoned waistcoats, and zones recklessly let out four or five holes to meet the exigencies of the repast. The position of "everybody and his wife" under these festal circumstances is, indeed, worthy of the pencil of a Teniers, an Ostade, or a John McLenan. But, alas! the writer of those exquisite words, like the wayward cow that kicks over the pail after contributing to it her quota of the lacteal fluid, ruthlessly dashes to the floor our mental ambrotype of "perfect looseness," by the last words of his paragraph—"a minimum of space." O! that an "unbounded stomach" should be identified with a "minimum of space!" Ah! the inconsistency of it!



ON THE CALIFORNIA TRAIL.

Traveller (sarcastically)—"HOORAY!—MAYBE THEY FINE A CHAP UP HERE FOR CROSSIN' THE BRIDGES QUICKER NOR A WALK!"

Sporting Intelligence.

A sporting paper of this city, called the *Tribune*, and edited by a well known old "sport" conspicuous for his white coat and black sympathies, makes the following statement in reporting a recent prize-fight:

KING'S left eye was nearly closed by the twenty-third round, and at one time he was driven back into his corner, where he fell into a water pail.

Now, with reference to the above, one of two things is clear: either this must have been a very small pugilist, or a very large pail. Or, stay, there is another solution of the thing: the fighting man in question may be a darkey, for all we know, and that would sufficiently account for the anxiety of H. G. to get him Inside the Pale.

The War of the Creeds.

"Allah is great!" exclaims the Turk,
In love of his Creator;
"But," cries the Christian, with a smirk,
"Sure *Allah mode* is greater!"

Street Item.

Are the ladies aware when getting into an omnibus, that if thereare no chaps on the sidewalk looking at them, that there are "felloes" in the wheels?

By an Astronomer.

Why is Donati's comet like an Irishman sent on an errand? Because you can't compute the period of his return!

Blessings in Disguise.

Fancy-dress Balls.

AQUARIAN.

Ho! Ho! Ho!

We out of Water. We're Deaquad. We haven't got no Limpid Rill left in the hyrdrant and our stop-cock refuses to Crow—ton.

What shall we do under these circums? There is a degree of rolling-mill pressure under which strength avails nothing—nor any other man. MILO—he was a Crotonian by the way—was a strong man—but he couldn't have done without water you know. You can't navigate even rum without some water.

Mayor WOOD—we're Extremely Obliged to you. In the name of a large and delighted constituency of manufacturers, merchants and upper ten-strikers, we return you deep and undying thanks. Your persistent opposition to the laying of the new Fourth Avenue mains claims a Vote—no, don't jump too quick—a Vote of Thanks! Everybody knows that You are opposed to Pipe Laying. Oh—Yes!

(N. B. "This is rote Sarkastikul.")

It may interest our readers to know what was done lately in New York, to remedy the general short crop of water caused by an accident in the Main and consequent enforcement of a New Liquor Law. (Good!)

At the *World* Office the doors and windows were at once closed, and evening services advanced one hour. Then all hands were assembled and each with a tub before him informed that in future the whole establishment would be required to practise what they preached. This produced such a C. F. T.—copious Flow of Tears—that the pails were at once filled and the boilers replenished.

The *Tribune*-ites finding HORACE in powerful convulsions owing to the perusal of an account of the smashing of FRED DOUGLAS'S N. M. in Boston, lost no time in attaching him to the beam of the engine. Of course he worked it—it fact it went rather too fast at first and they had to calm him off with a portrait of ABE LINCOLN—when we left he was singing Dixey, with the whole corps redactorial in grand chorius.

Now we's got de ting a workin'
Got de ole cobang a jerkin',
Come away, come away!
Away in Dixey.

Dar is whar dey'd like to bang us,
Dar is whar de fokes would hang us,
Way down Souf in Dixey.

As for the *Times* it simply turned on a flood of its usual eloquence and went like an overshot mill in an extra freshet. Our neighbor has, we understand, a contrivance by which waste editorial steam is laid away in bundles and used, as wanted in the boiler.

The *Herald* — — — — — — but the H. will tell the public loudly enough what *it* did. Only make some little allowance for its exuberant spirit of narrative. It's a gezzogerating thing you know, and sometimes take a little after the late GULLIVER.

The *Evening Post* had on hand as usual several hundred thousand reams of rejected MS. poems. These it promptly traded off as waste paper for a vast number of bottles of claret which were promptly poured in. Some of the genial fluid was, to be sure, spilt on the way—at least at the last advices the cobang was working like a wine press, much laughter was heard, and the festive party were singing BERANGER'S, VANITY FAIR'S and other beautiful lyrics, and putting conundrums to each other.

The *Express* tried at first a Torrent of Sass—but finding it too thick concluded to send over to Brooklyn for Seven Dollars' Worth of the Essential.

DELMONICO provided as usual large pitchers of ice-water, but many—most—of his Customers with great delicacy refrained from touching them. In fact many were so chary of his feelings as simply to take an extra couple of fingers of the Potent—just to show that at Such a Time they had too much G. B. (good breeding) to infringe on the Croton.

Go It. There's no Discount on this town. Not in any Emergency.

"Mutato Nomine," etc.

An article in the *Herald*, on the bursting of the Croton main, has for one of its head-lines, "*Scenes around* THE OLD PUMPS"—a caption which would have been very applicable to a report of the Prince of Wales Ball, considering the number of Old Pumps that were Seen Around on that occasion.

FROM THE OIL LAND.

Dear Vanity:—

GREEABLE to promise I will write you something of the Oil Regions, for I can now speak from actual observation. I have been here full 3 weeks and believe with HAMLET that there are more things in heaven and earth (especially earth,) than are dreamed of in OUR Philosophy.

After visiting a number of wells that pumped from 5 to 1900 Barrels of oil a day, I arrived at the great well at *Tidioute*, which has a 6 inch bore and is the Most Wonderful Phenomenon ever known. The owner, after boring about 7000 feet a few weeks ago, struck a vein of oil (pure sperm,) which burst out with such violence that the drilling and boring apparatus were thrown out of sight, and have never been heard of since. But this was only the beginning. For the last two weeks it has been pumping so, and has kept all the coopers in the country so hard at work, that several have gone off and died of Hooping Cough at extra hours.

On last Saturday night, the flow eased up, when they plugged it, and the operations had a rest. But this morning while listening to some of the wonderful stories of the well, a bumbling noise was heard, like the gurgle of a whiskey barrel, and out flew the plug. Oh, DAN RICE! you should have seen the oil! 'Twas terrible. Fancy a stream 6 inches thick, and spouting up 50 feet—to begin with. Such a waste, no barrels to put it in, and the united efforts of the whole populorum could not plug it. At this crisis, the steamer Corn Planter, arrived direct from Pittsburgh with a few barrels, and Captain H——N, knowing that oil had Gone Up, sung out, "I'll give you $50 an hour for four hours for the flow of your well!" It was bargained and all hands set to work. In a very few minutes with the staging and some planks a spout was made with which the oil as it came down was run into the hold of the boat. "Put out the fires and cool the boilers; lower the chimneys and plug the ends tight, for I'm bound to make the trick pay," sang out the Captain.

We all saw instinctively that he was making a very nice thing out of his speculation. Very soon the hold was brim full, when they turned the stream into the boilers, filled them, and then the chimneys, to say nothing of everything else—pockets alone excepted. The Captain then cut loose and floated down the river, but the well squirted on. Fifty dollars were then offered to the man who could plug this well. In this trying moment I happened to look up, and saw that a large, dead tree overhung the Institution.

I got some of the hands to cut a plug and hold the point of it at the edge of the well. Then I took my axe (you know I served my time logging) and felled the tree so exactly that it struck the plug fair and square, plugging the well as tight as a drum—saving the owner an immense quantity of oil, and giving him time to get barrels. Now is it any wonder, DEAR VANITY, that speculation runs high, and that people get excited? Lately, the fourth of this well has been sold for $5,000.000 cash. The party purchasing will immediately start for England and buy the Great Eastern, Bring her to New Orleans, buy all the empty barrels and casks at every Port she stops at, and come up the first Rise. Meanwhile bills will be introduced into the Legislature, to compel all the bridges to construct draws large enough to admit the great ship through, and to make oil in ten-gallon kegs, a legal tender for the banks in this section (they having all suspended, except the old bank doors at PETTS and JIM HAYS coal bank.) This will be a great relief, and our banks will not forfeit their charters and repudiate their money, for the people of Western Pennsylvania abhor repudiation above all things.

The great ROTHSCHILD sent an agent over by the last Steamer, and he and I are travelling together. They gave him, of course, a Carte Blanche for any amount he may see fit to invest for them. The demand is so great for this oil, that it has given new impetus to many branches, and seriously affected others.

The agent has seen all the wells, many of them as powerful as the one here. He has sent an order to England for 25,000 coopers, and has bought out 62 ROLLING MILLS, in Pittsburgh, 20 of which are to roll nothing but hoop iron, 5 to make nails, and the balance are to be converted into Cooper shops of the first magnitude. A great change is going on in Pittsburgh: a number of the largest Cotton Mills have been turned into Cooper Shops, and most of the Flour Mills have been converted into Oil Refineries. The Rafting interest has suffered. Raftsmen who used to get $2.00 per day now demand $5,00—their work being doubled. The oil, you know, floats on the water, gets on the rafts, in consequence of which the boards become so greasy that the poor fellows can't get a foot-hold to pull on, and the stumps and trees are also so fearfully lubricated that they can't tree up safely. But it has had one good effect. Formerly these Raftsmen, when they got to Pittsburgh, and Ports below, used to fight with everything, and being six feet six in socks, were ugly customers. But now, Ah! Mrs. Swisshelm! what a change!—All are as oily and sleek as if they had been under the instruction of Oily Gammon, and had read the *World* for a year at least.

I have engaged a lease for you, my dear VANITY—it is 20 feet square, and you can see oil on it now, (if your powers of Imagination are good for anything.) The terms are reasonable; $10,000, cash, and if you find oil, half to the owner of the land.

I was very fortunate in getting it for you; there are so many thousands bargaining for Oil Privileges, that to get one is a privilege indeed.

Mr. JAS. GORDON BENNETT and YANCEY have gone into partnership in a claim, hoping to find some kind of Oil that will Ease Her off. They have already got a show—their drill, in fact, looks quite FEATHERY, but it smells like TAR more than Oil. The Senior Editor of the *World* came up last week, got a site, and commenced Boring. In a short time the drill was taken up, and he applying his nose to its point, exclaimed:

"Oh, that my words were now written!
Oh, that they were printed in a book!
That they were graven with an iron pen,
And lead in the Rock for ever;
For I know that I have struck ILE."

I have heard it said by those who ought to know, that his OIL will throw some light on their past history and future prospects. That it will also enable him to make the thing slide. 'Tis also said that if he gets a 1000-barrel well, he intends to send the *World* free to every one that can be induced to read its Religious Items. HORACE GREELEY had an offer of an interest in a well, but declined, for the reason that he has struck *Ile* in a new spot early in November; but he does not intend to commence pumping until March 4, 1860. But the wagon is waiting to take ROTHSCHILD'S Agent and myself on to the next big well, so I will close, and let you know of our progress in my next. Aff. Yours,

SAMUEL HUGHES.

TIDIOUTE, Venango Co., Penn., November 25th, 1860.

"Spare the Rod," etc.

Chicago seems to be much in want of a rigorous "schoolmarm;" for, although there is lots of BURCH there just now, people don't appear to have been brought up much in dread of it.

Half a "Smile" too Much.

M. W. S. G., in a recent *Ledger* sketch, describing the fair heroine's features, said: "Around those rosy lips lingered a smile, half coquettish, half regretful, and yet half mirthful!"