Wit and Humor.

ARTEMUS WARD SEES FORREST.

During a recent visit to New York the undersigned went to see Edwin Forrest. As I'm into the moral show business myself, I ginrally go to Barnim's moral Museum, where only moral peple air admitted, partickly on Wednesday afternoon. 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 agout his actin Englishmen ginrally bleevin that he is far superior to Mister Macready; but on one point all agree, & that is that Ed drawz like a six ox team. Ed was actin at Niblo's Garding which looks considerable more like a parster than a garding, but let that pass. I sot down in the pit, took out my spectacles & commenced peroosin the evenin's bill. The aujince was all fired large & the boxes was full of the elitty of New York.—Several opery glasses was leveld at me by Gotham'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 & orandish it round more than was necessary. But the best of us has 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 immence in that," sed the young man. "He also does a fair champion jig" the young man continnered, 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 were my son?"

"No," sez he.

"Wall," sez I, "I'd appint your funeral tomorrow 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 individuool, in a red vest a patent leither 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 orchestra was now fiddlin with all their might as the peple didn't understan anything about it they applaudid versifiously.—Presently, Old Ed cum out. The play was "Otheller, or More of Venis." "Otheller" was writ by Wm. Shakspeer. The scene is laid in Venisa. *Otheller* was a likely man & was a giral in the Veniss army. He eloped with *Desdesony*, 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 a-fair, tore round considerable, but finally cooled down, tellin *Otheller*, howsever, that *Desdemony* had come it over her Pa, & 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 bleove 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* alleys played foul) He thun got money enuff to carry out his unprincipled skeem. *Mike Cassio*, a Irish man, is selected as a tool by *Iago*. *Mike* was a clever feller & orficer in *Otheller's* army.—He liked his tools too well, however, & they floored him, as they have many other promisin moore of *Mike* than she does of hisself. *Otheller* swallers *Iago's* lyin tail & goes to makin a nooseence of hisself ginrally. He worries poor *Desdemony* terrible by his vile insinuations and finally smothers her to death with a piller. Mrs. *Iago* cums in just as *Otheller* has finished the fowl deed & gives him fits right a left, showin him that he has bin orfully gulled by her miserble cuss of a husband. *Iago* cums in, a 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 unto 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, and 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 a-board a washin. I wish I had such a Forrest in my Garding!—*Vanity Fair.*

A LETTER FROM TOM HOOD.

"MY DEAR JEANIE: So you are at Sandgate! Of course, wishing for your old playfellow, M. H., (he can play—it's work to me,) to help you to make little puddles on the sand, and sawing on the gate. But perhaps there are no sand and gate at Sandgate, which, in this case, nominally tells us a fib. But there must be little crabs somewhere, which you can catch, if you are nimble enough—so like spiders! I wonder they do not make webs. The large crabs are scarcer. If you catch a big one with strong claws, and like experiments, you can shut him up in a cupboard with a loaf of sugar, and you can see whether he will break it up with his nippers. Besides crabs, I used to find jelly-fish on the beach, made, I seemed to me, of sea-calve's feet, and no shape. The mermaids eat them, I suppose, at their wet water parties, or salt *soirees*. There are star fish also, but they did not shine till they were stinking, and so made very uncelestial constellations. I suppose you never gather my sea flowers, but only sea weed. The truth is, Mr. David Jones never rises from his bed, and has a garden full of weeds, like Dr. Watts' sluggard. I have heard that you bathe in the sea, which is very refreshing, but it requires care, for if you stay under water too long you may come up a mermaid, which is only half a lady with a fish's tail—which she can boil if she likes. You had better try this with your doll, whether it turns her into a half 'doll-fin.' I hope you like the sea. I always did when I was a child, which was about two years ago. Sometimes I amuse myself with a fizzing and foaming, I wonder if it is like our London cheats do not bottle and sell it for ginger-pop. When they do, I think I shall buy, if you pour the sweet oil out of the bottle long enough, much smoother and better than the same time ago exactly. There are also in the sea, off the coast where you are large white birds, with black tipped wings, that went flying and screaming over the sea, and now and then plunged down into the water after a fish. Perhaps they catch their sprats now with nets, or with hooks and lines. Do you ever see such birds? We used to call them 'gulls,' but they don't mind [illegible] Do you ever see any boats or [illegible] Don't you wish when you [illegible] that somebody was a sea crystal [illegible] [illegible] bring you [illegible] [illegible] ever so many [illegible] Lavender parts? I [illegible] [illegible] a baby, which [illegible] [illegible] who blubbered dreadfully [illegible] I suppose there are [illegible] [illegible] but you might find [illegible] [illegible] or at least a stone for one. The [illegible] are not pretty when they are dry, [illegible] beautiful when they are wet, and we [illegible] keep sucking them. When I can [illegible] more powerful enough, I shall have [illegible] to you. I am told with a good glass [illegible] see a distance that the sea [illegible] Now I must say good-bye for [illegible] short, and not sweeter. Pray [illegible] love to your Ma, and my compliments [illegible] and remember [illegible] your affectionate [illegible]

THOMAS HOOD."

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Cure Cough, Cold, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, and Pulmonary Affections of the Throat. Relieving the Most Troublesome Cases of Consumption, Bronchitis, Asthma, and Catarrh. Clear and free, Strength to the Speaker.

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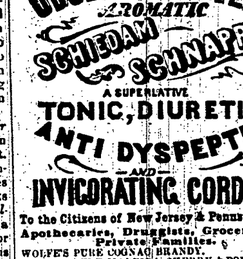

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