

N. Y. Correspondence of the Commercial, New York, Feb. 14, 1856.

The great magician of the weather, in accordance with the prayers of afflicted thousands, has brought the "great circle" of snow to a close, and inaugurated a season of rain and slush.

In this winter, as if to pile a "Pelion upon Ossa" of ice, we have had icy plays and Arctic adventures spread before us to "freeze the genial current of our souls."

But the realities of New York Harbor, during the past fortnight, have out-Boreas'd the efforts of the dramatist or the dangers of the adventurer.

And the parties separated. Now "Sugar-loaf Hill" at the place aforesaid, was exactly what its name imports—a sharp conical pillar of ground, remarkable all over the immediate country round for its peculiar formation.

The time arrived, and the parties appeared on the ground; but the state of the case leaked out very quick.

"Well, I s'ppose I am! You know I was, or you would not have challenged me!" "They do say" that the two parties that went down the steep sides of Sugar-loaf Hill, on that memorable occasion, were as difficult of reconciliation as when they ascended its sides; and, moreover, that they were as different in temper as possible.

"Oh, no," said the tragedian, amused at the communicative spirit of his sable friend. "Hamlet was written by Shakespeare, and Virginia my knowles."

"What have you ever played?" "Why I've played Hamlet, and Polonius, and de Grabe Digger, all in de same piece."

"But what do you do for ladies?" said Mr. Forrest. "Ah, dar see stick! We can't get no ladies."

"Why; wot de colored ladies play?" "Oh, no," said the colored actor, "de colored folks here is de best."

DR. JOHNSTON'S

DR. JOHNSTON'S... A very laughable circumstance is said to have occurred in Albany, during a session of the Legislature at the Capitol...

"When can we expect your friend?" "Don't want any friend," said the challenged party. "I waive all such advantages. He can have a dozen if he wishes."

"Broad swords?" "The time?" "After to-morrow, at twelve o'clock on Monday, precisely."

"At what place?" "At O—, on the Saint Lawrence—Your principal shall stand on one side of the river, and I will stand on the other, and we will fight it out!"

"Why, yes I am, too! Hasn't the challenged party a right to the choice of weapons and place?" "Well—yes—sir; but not to unusual weapons in unusual places."

"Assuredly not; the gentleman's weapon?" "Very good, then. We will meet to-morrow in the little village of P—, and at twelve o'clock precisely we will fight on the 'Sugar-loaf Hill,' standing back to back, marching ten paces, then turning and firing. Will that arrangement be satisfactory?"

"And we shall be there." "The parties separated. Now 'Sugar-loaf Hill' at the place aforesaid, was exactly what its name imports—a sharp conical pillar of ground, remarkable all over the immediate country round for its peculiar formation.

"Sir!" said the second, as he arrived with his almost breathless principal at the apex of the Sugar-loaf, and surveyed the ground— "Sir! this is another subterfuge!"

"So much the better for both of us?" answered the party of the second party; "we are on terms of perfect equality, then, which is not always the case in modern duels."

"Out spoke the challenging principal" then, in words too plain to be misunderstood. "Sir!" he said to the second principal at the same time looking daggers at him; "Sugar-loaf is no longer a conical hill."

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