

A PAGE BY FREDERIKA BREMER.

So Minna saw the Major coming down the street, on the pavement which he chose to walk upon, because it was not so dirty as the roadway; and presently, when he arrived at the door, he lifted up his hand, and taking hold of the knocker, struck it against the brass plate beneath, so that Minna guessed that he wished for admission—and she was right; indeed, her shrewd spirit told her many things that other people would not have thought of. And so, in a minute and a half or so, the door of the parlour opened, and the Major entered, taking off his hat as he did so—for military officers are generally well bred, and do not keep their hats on in parlours, where there are ladies.

Then this conversation took place:—

“Miss Minna,” said the Major, “I hope I see you well.”

“Pretty well, thank you, Major,” replied Miss Minna. “I hope you are the same.”

“Well,” retorted the Major, “I don’t think I can complain;” and then added, with peculiar slyness, “You know, Miss Minna, that I am not so young as I once was. Ha! ha! ha!”

Minna and the Major both enjoyed the joke, laughing heartily for some minutes; and then with some difficulty recovering her gravity, Minna said, “Ah! Major, you are always a wag.” And they laughed again.

“But enough of jesting,” said the Major, taking a chair, carefully spreading his coat-tails on either side, and sitting down between them; “It is a fine day.”

“It’s rather cold,” said Minna.

“Why, I don’t know. Spring is not yet far advanced,” replied the Major.

“This is the 30th of March,” urged Minna.

“Pardon me—the 31st,” interrupted the Major. “See; here is

to-day's paper,"—and he produced the *Stockholm Telegraph*—
 "which is dated the 31st."

"Ah! true," observed Minna; "I had forgotten. If this is the 31st, yesterday must have been the 30th of March."

"True," answered the Major, pursuing the same line of thought;
 "and thus it naturally follows that to-morrow is the 1st of April."

"Major," said Minna, solemnly—for she felt that she was not in the presence of an ordinary intellect—"Major, you are an oracle."

[NOTE.—This is the sort of stuff which Miss Bremer's admirers call "natural;" and to a certain and verbal extent we agree with them; for no one but a "born natural" could have written anything like it, and published the *niaiserie* afterwards.]

"DUMB VIVIMUS," &c.—We understand that, in consequence of the Chamberlain having refused to license a piece founded upon the Revolution, and written for the Victoria, it is now performed without the words, as a panoramic spectacle. We have not the smallest doubt but that the play is immeasurably improved by the omission of the dialogue; and we cordially recommend the plan to the attention of legitimate managements, as a capital mode of lightening the performances and alleviating the sufferings of their wretched audiences. Talking of this subject, we understand that the Marylebone legitimate experiment has proved a dead failure; and we tell Mrs. Warner, with very great candour, that we are extremely happy to hear it. It is said that she is in treaty for the Surrey; but we trust that better things are in store for that house than the dreary business of setting ignorant and uneducated audiences—for they are the patrons of the legitimate—asleep, by the interminable dullness of "intellectual" five-act plays.

ANOTHER HORRIFIC CONUNDRUM.

Why is a deception of learning like the French flag?
 Because it is a "trick o' lore."