

WIT AND HUMOR.

Why Pat O'Donnell was Hung.
One day, during my stay at Doray, I observed an unusual commotion in the streets. I asked the landlord of my inn, what was up, when he replied in rather metaphorical style, that "Larry O'Hone was putting up a picture frame at the other end of town."

"And, pray, what kind of picture frame is Larry putting up, and what is he putting it up for?" I inquired.

"Sure, and Pat O'Donnell is to be put into it," said he.

"Oh, there is a man to be hung!" said I, inquiringly.

"And what else would the frame be for?" said my landlord.

"What offence is O'Donnell to suffer for?" I inquired.

"No offence at all, your honor; it was only the liberty he took."

"Well, what was the liberty?"

"Why, you see, sir, poor Pat was in delicate health, and his physician advised him to take exercise on horseback; and so, having no horse of his own, he borrowed one from Squire Doyle's paddock; and he sooner was on his shoulders, than the dust put into the cracker gone, and his pocket stuffed full with a big lump of money."

"In short, said I, 'you mean to say he has been horse-stealing!'

"Why, sir, he replied stammering and scratching his head, 'they call it so in England, bad luck to 'em!'

Well, the time came round for the execution to take place, and Pat was hung, sure enough. And a pretty mess they made of hanging him, as the landlord told me the next day. It seems that after hanging the appointed time, this unfortunate Pat was cut down and conveyed away by his friends to an adjacent house where it being discovered that his neck was not broken, a physician was called in, and the means of resuscitation were successfully employed. He then fell into a sound sleep, and was ordered to be given a cup of new milk whenever he awoke and was thirsty. Two female relatives sat up with him; and the worthy doctor sent them a bottle of whisky to cheer the tedium of the night—but they were drinking to one and the others families, and long life in especial to Pat, soon became too social to be desired.

When Pat awoke, he rubbed his eyes, and looking all around him, wildly exclaimed, "Where am I dear lady?"

"Arnh, don't you know Judy Flin's cabin—our own sister Judy?"

"And is that you, Judy? and is this a bed?" he inquired quite bewildered.

To be sure, it is Pat," said she, "and this is a bed, though it is not a good a one as I could wish; and here I am fully dory, our own cousin-jimmy; and we have both been drinking to health, Pat, and long life to you, with the whisky the doctor sent us to have the cold blue devil from taking us!"

"But sure wasn't I hung, Judy darlin'?"

"Sure enough, was yo strong up for not returning Farmer Doyle's pony that you bor rowed?" said Mr. Mulread; blessings on him! who brought you into the world five-and-twenty years ago, and brought you alive again, after you had been made the picture of the 'slapsh' on the government sign-post."

"Why then?" replied Pat, with a deep sigh, "I don't think Dr. Mulread; I was very sick, and you, and here have you brought me back into this dirty world to beg, steal and starve as I have done before. I don't thank you, Judy, you never asked my consent. And by the powers' sake—since Dr. Mulread has had me born over again, he shall be at the expense of bringing me up!"

To mollify Pat's dissatisfaction at his restoration, the woman laid him the whisky bottle—though softly explained by the doctor to give him nothing but milk—which he, holding with desperation, drained at a draught, and the liquor meeting the wind in his throat, he struggled, gurgled, and fell back upon the bed, beyond the skill of doctor Mulread to revive him again.

"A TERRIBLE MEAN MAN.—We've known some very mean men in our time. There was Deacon Overreach; now he was mean also, always carried a hen in his big box when he traveled, to pick up the oafs his horse wasted in the manger, and lay an egg for his breakfast in the morning. And then there was Hugo Hemmelson, who made his wife dig potatoes to pay for the marriage license. We must tell that story of Hugo, for it's not a bad one, and good stories like potatoes are not so plenty now as they used to be when we were a boy. Well, when he was going to get married to Gretchen Glop, he goes down to Parson Rogers at Dibby, to get a license.

"Parson," says he, "what's the price of a license?"

"Six dollars."

"That's a dreadful sight of money. Couldn't you take no less?"

"No," says he, "that what they cost me at the Secretary's office, at Halifax."

"Well, how much do you ask for publishing in church, then?"

"Nothing," says the parson.

"Well, says Hugo, 'that's so cheap I can't expect you to give no change back. I think I'll be published. How long does it take?'"

"Three Sundays."

"Three Sundays!" says Hugo. "Well, that's a long time. But three Sundays only make a fortnight, after all; two for the cavers and one for the inside like; and six dollars is a great sum of money for a poor man to throw away. I must wait."

So off he went, jogging towards home, and looking about as mean as a new-sheared sheep when all at once a bright thought came into his head, and back he went as hard as his horse could carry.

"Parson," says he, "I've changed my mind. Here's the six dollars. 'Tis the last fortnight with my tongue that I can't mind with teeth."

"What, by what in nature is the meaning of this?" asked the parson.

"Hugo," says Hugo, "I've been exploring it out in my head, and it's cheaper than publishing books, after all. You see, sir, it's potato digging time, if I wait to be called in church, he'd either will have her work for nothing, and as hands are scarce and wages high, if I marry her to-night she can begin to dig our own potatoes and that will pay for the license, and just seven shillings over, for there ain't a man in all Christendom that can dig and carry more bushels in a day than Gretchen can. And besides, fresh wages like fury at first, but they get young and last after a while." He snatched her hand and made her dig potatoes during harvest-time. We call that mean."

"SISTER JONES' DAUGHTER.—This is not the age of purity—yet—Sister Jones' Daughter has inspired a Dowsy Easter who fits himself out as follows:

Hod is the roses posse's hue,

That grows down in the hollows;

And red is Uncle Nathan's hair,

That cost a hundred dollars;

And red is Sister Bess's shoes;

That cause I've bought her,

But neither still the blushing cheeks

Of Sister Jones' Daughter.

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