

Wit and Humor.

TWO DOWNS AT HOME.—A friend's ours, living not far from Pontiac, was on a pleasant day impeded by his wife to take her to ride. This gentleman, being a man of business, pleased his engagements, when his wife replied with the old story that she must be "tied down at home." The husband rejoined that if any person would furnish him with clothing to wear, and enough to drink, he would be willing to be "tied down at home."

A few days after, the gentleman came home earlier than was his custom, and being fatigued, lay down on the sofa and fell into a sound sleep. His wife took cords and easily tied his hands together, served his feet in the same way, and made his hat fast to the sofa. She then set a table, with all that the house afforded, and placed an extra suit of clothes within his reach. This done she started to pay a friend a visit. Upon her return, late in the evening, she found her subject of domestic discipline as she left him, except he was wide awake, and very mad.

"What on earth does all this mean?" says he.

"Nothing," quietly remarked his wife, "except the consummation of your earthly wishes—enough to eat, drink and wear, and to be tied down at home!"

That couple were soon riding out the next day.

A SCHOLARMASTER, hearing one of his scholars read, the boy, when he came to the word "honor," pronounced it full; the master told him it should be pronounced without the H, as though: "onor."

"Very well, sir," replied the lad, "I will remember for the future."

"Ay," said the master, "always drop the H."

The next morning the master's tea with a hot muffin, had been brought to his desk; but the duties of his vocation made him wait till it was cold, when, addressing the same boy, he told him to take it to the fire and heat it.

"Yes, sir," replied the boy, and taking it to the fire, ate it. Presently the master called for the muffin.

"Have eaten it, as you had me," replied the boy.

"Eat it, you scoundrel! I bade you take it to the fire and heat it."

"But, sir," answered the lad, "yesterday you told me always to drop the H."

The Russ.—One of our Secretaries of State for the United States struck out a good mode of getting rid of an intruder in a particular case. It appears that the door-keeper of the Secretary's office was remarkably obliging, which proved quite the thing for a rabid office-seeker, who managed to get in every day and bother the Secretary. When the abominable continued three or four days, the Secretary stepped up one morning to the door-keeper, and said if he knew what that man came after daily.

"Yes," replied the functionary, "and I suppose."

"True; but do you know what office?"

"No."

"Well, then I'll tell you; he wants your place."

The next morning, the scene between the office-seeker and the polite door-keeper is to have been rich, from the peculiar manner in which the intruder was informed.—The Secretary is not at home!"

DELIVERING SOULS.—An Italian noble being at church one day, and finding a priest who begged for the souls in purgatory, gave him a piece of gold.

"Ah, my Lord," said the good father, "you have now delivered a soul."

The Count threw another piece on the plate.

"Here is another soul delivered," said the priest.

"Are you positive of it?" inquired the Count.

"I am certain they are now in heaven."

"Then," said the Count, "sitting the action to the word, "I'll take back my money, for it signifies nothing to you, now, seeing that the souls have already got to heaven, and there can be no danger of their returning to purgatory."

THE TEACHER STUPID.—I happened in a school room one day, while a class of very small boys and girls were reciting a lesson in arithmetic. It was about their first lesson.

"Five from five leaves how many?" asked the teacher of a little girl some six years of age.

After a moment's reflection, she answered "five."

"How do you make that out?" said the teacher.

Holding her little hands out toward him, she said, "here are five fingers on my right and five on the other. Now, if I take the five fingers on my left hand away from the five fingers on my right hand, won't five remain?"

The teacher was stumped, and obliged to knock under.

A MAN once went to purchase a horse of a Quaker.

"Will he draw well?" asked the buyer.

"Thee will be pleased to see him draw," replied the quaker.

The bargain was concluded, and the farmer tried the horse, but he would not stir a step.

He returned and said, "That horse will not draw an inch."

"I did not tell thee he would draw; friend, I only remarked that it would please thee to see him draw, and so it would me."

"Is'n't the world older than it used to be?" said a young hopeful to his senior.

"Yes, my son."

"Then what do folks mean by old times?"

"Go to bed, sibby, that's a good boy, and we'll talk of these things on the morrow."

DIAPOLEON.—Do you go in for the Maine Liquor Law? "Why, partly, but not partly too—I goes in for the Liquor, but not for the Law."

MANUFACTURES.

GIBSON & TALL.—**MANUFACTURERS OF MUSLIN, COTTON, WOOL, SATIN, CHAMBRAY, &c.**—Also for children, Whole-saunders and Retail, 67 Dock street, above Fenchurch-street, London, E.C. Tel. 28-60.

PLUMMING ESTABLISHMENT.

H. DICKINSON respectfully announces to his friends that he has purchased the entire stock of the late firm of H. & J. D. DICKINSON, Plumbers, situated in the building of the late firm, at the old stand, above the Postville House, where he hopes, by attention to business, to give his services to the public in a more satisfactory manner. He will guarantee his works to be good, and he will be done on reasonable terms, as can be done elsewhere.

H. DICKINSON.

August 12, 1854.

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