|  | " Pardon me, my lady, it is wetl\| Known you are single. <br> "I tell you I ammariied." <br> Where's your husband ? | From the Loodoa Punch. <br> Host Shootiag Igaoranct <br> A short ume ego, Punch had occasion |
| :---: | :---: | :---: |
| A "Fleet" M | - There, sir! and ste poinied 10 |  |
|  |  |  |
| Lady C. was a beautifut moman, but |  |  |
|  |  |  |
| ingle, though rather pait |  |  |
|  |  |  |
| eme youth. Like most preng fe. es she had looked too high-had |  |  |
| estimatedflyer own loveliness wo dearly, and now she refoused to believe that she was not as charming as ever. So no |  |  |
|  |  |  |
|  |  |  |
| onder she still remained umarried. |  |  |
|  |  |  |
| forty thousand pounds ; so, with all her wit and beauts, she got into the Fleet, and was likely to remain there. |  |  |
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| the barber of the Fleet was the land- |  |  |
|  |  |  |
| Pat Philami was a great admirer of the |  |  |
| Sure Pat was man lrithman. It was |  |  |
|  |  |  |
| one very fine morning, when Pbilam was dressing her captivating head, tha her ladyship tod tat was well pleased talk to him, and Pat was well pleased for Lady C .'s teeth were the whitest, and her smile the brightest in all the world. <br> ". So yon're not married, Pat,": eays |  |  |
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|  |  |  |
| Divil an inch, your honor's lady- |  |  |
|  |  |  |
| And would', yon lite to be mar: |  |  |
| "Would a duck swim 3 "Is there any one you'd prefer?" |  |  |
|  |  |  |
| niver heard of Kathleen 0 Reilly, down beyant Don raile? Her father's cousin |  |  |
|  |  |  |
|  |  |  |
| to O'Donaghue, who's own steward to Mr. Murphy the under agent to my |  |  |
|  |  |  |
| "Hüsh!" says sho; "، sure $I$, don's want to know who she is. But, would |  |  |
|  |  |  |
| the have you if you asked her !" "Aht, thin, I'd only wish 1 'd bo-afe |  |  |
|  |  |  |
| "And why don't you?" |  |  |
|  |  |  |
| heaved a prodigious sigh : <br> "Would you like to be neh.?" | you know, not a hundred miles̄ |  |
|  |  |  |
|  |  one but nyself, onder a promise of |  |
|  |  |  |
| "Mille murthers! your honor; dop’! be tanatizizing a poor bog." |  |  |
|  | one but nyself, onder a promise of secresy, the story of his:" Fleet Marriage." |  |
|  |  |  |
| "Indeed I'm not," said Lady. C. "So listen:. How would you like to marry me?" | $\qquad$ |  |
| "Ah, thin, my lady, I believe the King of Rossia himself would be proud | Willis, in his last tetter to the Nation- |  |
|  | Apropros of beggars-the esytem of |  |
| like Pat Philan." <br> "Well, Philan, if y gu'll marry me to-morrow, 'rll give you a thousand pounds. |  |  |
|  |  |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | (there is ine yound lady (of very correct |  |
|  |  |  |
| ople!'" roared Pat, dancing round room. | makes a living by means that wear a somewhat questionable complexion outof ""distinguished strangers." A mem- |  |
|  |  | Has paipled lowers in the ilizum; aiso |
| C. - "after the first day of our tials you must never see me again | Sor | how to deess things. Should suppose |
|  |  |  |
|  | triting of singular beauty. In the most |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | graceful language, and with the daintiest use of French phrases, be is informed | sheel for aught she knows. Canno |
|  | that a young lady who has long watched his career with deepest interest-who | say whether papa tuys or sells at prime cost. Has eaten fowf occasionally.- |
|  |  |  |
|  |  | Never dressed one. Does not know |
|  | a place she will recall to his memory |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | agai- who is an unhappy ceateare of | is a solicitor, thas offices in Gray's InI. |
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|  |  | 速 say that it was not personal |
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|  |  |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | him at frrat npon his orn ambitious his | were anicient Romans, house When Whe maries |
|  | Touy, contivivg to say the rue and flat |  |
|  |  |  |
|  |  |  |
|  |  |  |
|  |  |  |
|  |  |  |
| Philan was the husband, the legal huas. band of Lady $\mathbf{C}$. <br> "That will do," says she to ber | She takes is with tremulous pathos. demands of his honor that he will not fol | , |
|  |  |  |
|  |  |  |
| new husband, as he gave her a hearty kiss ; that'll do. Now, sir, giva me my marriage certiacate. The old gento the five pound note she gave him, he retired with his clerk; for sure enough I forgot to tell you that he was a parson. | gith whom she has appointed an inter- |  |
|  |  | amine, three only buew how to co |
|  | street! I I was in a company of stran-gera at a hotel not. long ago, when one | the whole numb |
|  |  |  |
|  |  | brew. They mposly could tell wha |
|  | hit sad one in his pooket for the same ha |  |
| "Go and bring the warden," says oy lady to one of her servants. |  |  |
|  |  | Every soul of them meant to marty; as soon as possible, What is to become "What!") and Punch shudders atithe |
|  |  |  |
| presendy the marden appeared. "o Will you be good enogi, says Lady C... in a voice that would call enough to send and fetoh mea hackney coach? I wish to leave ithis prist on immediately. <br> that you must pay forty thousand pounds before I can let you go," "I am a married woman. Yor cean detain my huaband, buit not me." And she smiled at Philan, who began rath or to dislite the appearnace of thinge. |  |  |
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|  |  |  |

ThE END peoing to cast my eye apon some mine
iature portriits 1 perceive thatithe fous
personager who occupied the most

Hanuiba, Cessar, and bonaparte.
had seen che same unnumbed times
before, but never did the same sensa
before, bot never did the same sensia-
tion arisein my bosom, and as my mind
tion arise in my bosom, and as my mind
hastily glanced over their several histo-
Alezander, afier having climbed the
dizzy heighths of ambition, and wish
his lemple bound with chapletg, dipped
in the blood of countless nations looked
domen upon a conquered world, and
down upon a conquered, world, and
wept hat there was not antiher world
to conquer;-set a city on fire, and
to cunquer;-set a city
Hannibal, after having to the aston
passed the Alps-after having put
fight the arnines of this "mistress of
the world," and stripped three bushels
of golden rings from the fingers of her
slaughtered knighisc: and make her very
who ouce essultingly united his name
to that of hieir god, and called him
to that of their god, and called him
oHanion Baal, and died at last by
poison administered by his own hand,
unlamented and un-wept in a foreign
land
Cæsar, after having conquered eight
in the hlood of one million of his foes,
after having pursued to death the only
rival he had on earth, was miserable
assassinated by those be considered his
rearest friends, and at the very place.
dearest friends, and at the very place.
the attainmemt of which had been thie
greatest of his ambiluon.
Bonaparie, whose mandate Kings
and Princes obeyed, after having delug.
ad Europe wihh lears and blood, and
ed Europe with lears and blood, and
clothed the world in sackeloh -closed
clothed the wiorld in sackeloth-closed
his days in lonely banishment almost
Wherally ex!led from the world, yet
whe could sometimes gee hit
country's banner waving o'er his
deep, but which would not, or could
not bring him/aid.
Thus those faur men who from the
peculiar situation of their portratit,
seemed to stand as representatives of
seemed to stand as representatives on
all those whom the world calls "great"

- tiose four who severally
The earth iremble to ist centre, severally
died-one by intosication, the second
by suicide, the third by as
and the last in lonely exile
"How are the mighy fallen!"
A Beattiful Centre Table.-Mr
J. T. Headly thus describes, in the
liable, which he recently maw in Roure
iable, which he recently saw in Roure,
In was finer work than I ever saw in
a breast pin at home- It needed the
losest inspection to deteck it was no
painting. The man hat been four
ears in finishing it, and had receire
years in finishing it, and had receired
an order for it from a Russian Priucess
who was: to give him four ithousand
dollars. It represented Rome in four
dollars. It represented Rome in foir
the outer edge of the table. First, he
- Piazza dol Popolo, by sunrise, with
its gate and obolisk, and fountains,
under tha blaze of a bright noon day;
next came the forum, the Capitol, the
next came the forum, the Capitol, the
runed Palae of Casar, and the lone
columns standing around this focus
old Roman glory, bathed in the so
light of the seling suif tist of
old Roman glory, bathed in the sof
light of the seling sun; tast of al
comes the Coliseum by moontight
comes the Colisedm by moonlight, and
a more perfect I never saw painted. It
had beside an elaboraty
had beside an elaborately wrought cen-
tre peece. I never broke the com-
mandmant "Thou shalt nit cove"
mandmant "1 never broke, the com-
mualt not covel" so
malf an hour in my life as dur
much in half an hour in my life as dur-
ing , he time I was inspecting this ta-
Not Siow.-A fellow in New Hamp
shire, afler having been drawn into the
meshes of love with one fair Nabby,
afterviards took a shine' to another.-
Thinking to rest of ithe 'f fane, 'he
dited a ney epistle of
dited a new epistle, of which the fdi-
lowing is a copy;
you Nar Naby, these are to inform
- Dear Nabby, these are to inform
you as am fasi coming to my later
end with the yallar janders from your
dying Esek.
dying Esek. P, S. I open this to let
you know as I am departed this life
you know as I am departed this life
about two hours ago, in great ageny.
Your gone Esek:?
Preservation.-Apples may be
preserved a long time, by packing
them in plaster of Paris, which pre-
Them in plaster of Paris, which pre-
serves them with all their freshness. It
is also suggested, that powdered char-
coal would be excellent for this puapose.
The antiseptic qualities of this ruhstance
are familiar to all. We have known
are faniliar to all. We have known
grapes and other fruis sept thit the
grapes and other frnits sept bill ihe
middle of winter, by baing paeked close
Morress. A man has no more righ
Motrves.-A man has no more right
to question the motives of othere when
their actions are good; than an anatomist
heir acions are good, than an anatomis
has a rightio dissees a living bibdy, with
a viev to discover rthe principle of life.
An individual who betraye sympion

ple Simon, of celebrated memory, who
ver where the wind lay.
A Sarewd Voter.-Have you vo
ed asked a political drume yor of 1 ,
loafer who was hanging round the polle
loafer Who was hanging round the pollts
in Louisiana, as he ctrast a ticket into
his hand.
No
No I havn't. and don' mean to,
that's more. till the thind day about
sundown. Nobody stakes hands with
sundown. Nobody shakeel hands with
me, oritreats after I have voied. You
can't catch me.

